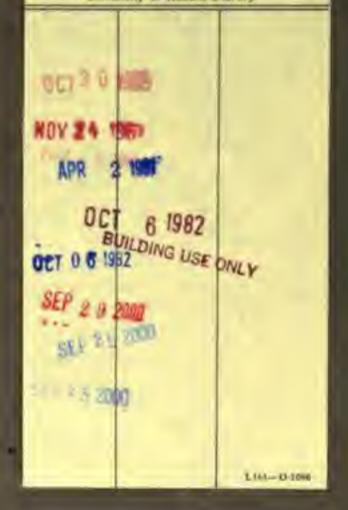




Return this book on or before the Latest Date stamped below.

Theft, multiplier, and underlining of breeks are received for disciplinary action and snay result in dismissed from the University.

University of Illinois Library



THE SATURDAY EVENIG POST

Founded A nj. Franklin RIL 4, 1914 5c. THE COPY

Beginning

MY SON-BY WILLIAM CARLETON

Digitized by Google

Salar Francisco



GOOD clothes are always the result of somefield body's good judgment: judgment of material, of styles, and especially of what well-dressed men like to wear.

That is why it is so important that your great childing house should be young and human and contemporary, rather than merely big and mechanical.

When you select your next ent, if you have an - ing clothing house in America.

opportunity to visit a Kuypenheimer dealer, we ask you to note one things the number of Kuppenheimer suits in your size that seem to express the way you feel about clothes.

This is one thing that makes success for Kuppenheimer dealers—that attracts good trade to their stores.

Incidentially it has made this the fastest growing clothing house in America.

Sent he hook "Series for Men"

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER

CHICAGO

THE PERSON OF STREET

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company Independence Square Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D' 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright.1914.
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office. as Second Class Matter

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottowa, Conada

Volume 186

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 4, 1914

Number 40

MY SON By WILLIAM CARLETON

CK came to me one evening in the early fall and placed his hand on my shoulder.

"Dad," hesald, "I've

"Done what?" I said. "Asked Jane to marry

Now I had known since the early summer that barring accidents I was going to hear this, and yet I felt queer.

The boy was ten years older than I was when I married and was many times better off financially. He and his partner had held steady the contracting business which I established and turned over to them, and both had a comfortable reserve fund.

I wanted the boy to marry. I would have been willing to have him marry long before he was as well off as bewas now. I realize better than a good many the terrible responsibility a wife and family may be if business goes wrong. I realize that the fight for existence is, in a good many ways, more acute

the history of the nation. But I realize, too, that the only fight worth while it not for the Individual but for the family. Too many young men are dodging that responsibility in an craven a fashion as did those who dedged calistment during the Civil War. I'd rather have seen the boy shoveling dirt and taking home on Saturday night his Iwelve dollars to a wife and children than enjoying a million by himself.

I couldn't have chosen for him a sweeter, saner, more lovable girl than Jane. Yet I felt queer. I felt a tug at my heart as though something were being approved. We were more like chuns than father and son, for I date the vital part of my life from the day I immigrated and the boy bore bravely his share of the struggle.

"Have you told your mother?" I said.

"Blese you, dad, she advised me how to do it," he taughed.

And mother had kept the secret even from me. She came into the room just then, and I believe she was waiting round the corner all the while. She put one arm round the boy and another round me.

"Our son is going to be married, Billy," she said. "Isn't it wonderful!"

"Sit down, mother, and let's talk it over," I said.

And then, who should come stealing into the room but Jane berself, who also had been waiting round the corner.

"You didn't need to hatch up a conspiracy," I said.

Then Jane came over and put her arms round my neck and said: "Dick seared me had enough. Now don't you go and scare me some more."

So Dick was engaged, and it brought back very vividly that tennis game where I had met Ruth. I won the game for her before we were introduced. And it brought back the Little room of the lodging house where we were married and the house in the suburbs to which I took Ruth afterward. I was drawing thirty dollars a week from the United Woolen Company then, and felt as secure as the president of the company himself. Well, Ruth and I had learned a lot since then; a lot for the boy as well as ourselves. Our struggle now seemed doubly worth while. We thought at the time that we were fighting only our own fight, but now we saw we had been fighting it also for Dick and Jane and possibly for many more to come.

Ruth sat down beside me, and honestly I think we felt as much like lovers as the children. We sersed the thrill of this new beginning as though it were our own. Life had never grown stale to us, but we were beginning to accept it as pretty well established when, presto, along came Dick and Jane to start it going again in the same old adventurous fashion. For Dick was so much a part of us that all his joys were our joys, all his griefs



"Have the Old Faratture Resulted; if Fac Can't, John II Jate Kindling Wood"

"I've got something else to tell you, dad," said the boy. "I've been

dickering with Dardoni."
"How?" I asked.
"I want his place and I think he'll sell. Those fellows are always willing to move on.

Now this had never occurred to me as a possibility. Dardoni had some forty acres all under a high state of cultivation. He was one of the latter-day pioneers in town, and while in every respect a steady, honest citizen, it is a fact that he remained a source of petty irritation to many of the natives. If Dick could buy that place he would at once acquire a good farm and add to the general peace and happiness of the community. Personally, I both liked and admired Dardoni, but I was from Little Italy myself. To the others be was merely a foreigner.

"How much does be want?" I asked.

"Eight thousand dollars."

Ten years ago he had bought the whole place for three thousand, and

every year since then he had made an increasingly good income from it. "Well," I said, "Durdoni's place is worth that if you mean to run it as a farm." "I certainly do," said Dick. "I don't want the house. He has made that impossible,

but I want to build a bouse of my own anyway."

"It couts a lot to build," I said.

Yes. And ten years from now it will cost a lot more. Anyhow it's the old way. Jane and I have been talking it over, and we kind of feel that we want our home to be part of us from the beginning. We know what we want-a little brick house with white pillars in front and white trimmings. Our scheme is not to build any more than we want new, and arrange it so that we can add to it."
"Are we foolish?" said Jane, blushing very red.

Ask Ruth," I said.

"You are very wise," said Ruth. "Have from the beginning every single thing you can afford. But keep your eyes on the ginger jar, my dears."

Then Jane said this:

Will you let me tell you right now what I want you to give us for a wedding present?" "You may choose from anything I have," said Ruth.

"Then," said Jane, "I want that little blue ginger jar."

"You'll have to get mother to show you how to use it," said Dick.

"You wait and see," said Jane,

I thought Dick was right myself. June was the daughter of the president of the savings bank, and though not extravagant had enjoyed the use of a lot more money than ever Noth had. Furthermore, in the case of her and Dick there was no such need of a ginger jar as there had been in the life of Ruth and myself. However, it is something to have a good idea even if not much use is made of it. I wasn't worrying about their ever lacking means, but I was worried a little as to just what effect this would have on their attempt to run a farm. Necessity is a great spur to a farmer-especially at the start. If Mathews at the end of the first year had inherited another windfall I don't believe he would ever have been worth his salt as a farmer. However, I didn't tell my doubts to any one except to Ruth, and she never was a great hand to listen to doubts of any kind.

Dick bought the place in October. Up to the last moment I didn't believe Dardoni would sell at any price. I forgot to reckon with two facts-that he wasn't so firmly rooted as the rest of us here, and that he saw plenty of other opportunities. To him America was puthing but a land of opportunities. He didn't care whether he was in Maine or California. Give him forty acres of land anywhere and he was just as sure of

making a good living as though the land represented ten-per-cent gold bonds. A man couldn't help it by his method, which was simply to spend fourteen hours a day cultivating every inch of it, selling the produce to those who didn't believe in working, and living on a tenth of his income. As a matter of fact he bought a worse farm in the next town and was at work on it within ten days. It is curious, when you stop to think about it, that it was left to this Italian peasant to come over here and show us New Englanders how to run a New England farm.

Dick began tenring down the old house at once, using his own men from the city. I suggested that he marry and live with us until his new house was done, but he wouldn't listen to it.

"It's mighty good of you, dad," he said, "but both Jane and I feel that when we start we want to start in the new house."

Dick had his heart set on a brick house. I don't know where he acquired all his notions, but after his

engagement they seemed to come forth fully developed. "I don't care how much more the house costs to start with," he said. "I'm going to save in the end on my hourance, my heat and my upkeep. But that isn't all. I like to think that I'm building for two hundred years. I want to feel that I'm here to stay and my children after me. I want to get as far away from the apartment-house idea as it's possible to get. It's time some of us Americans took to building real homes again."

"I don't know but you're right," I said, though I was surprised that the boy had thought this out.

"You bet I'm right!" he said. "The apartment house has done more to destroy the idea of permanency in Amerlean life than any other one thing. There ought to be a society for the suppression of apartment houses. You can't make a home in one if you try, and without a home I don't. see what you've got to base a family co."
"I suppose the explanation of the apartment house is

the fact that it reduces the cost of living.

"I wonder if it does," said Dick. "I'll bet a cent the saving all goes into theaters, hotel dinners and automa-Apartment dwellers have to get out or they'd go mad. And it's another significant fact that the first thing you hear when you try to hire an apartment is that children are not allowed. Did you ever figure that this is going

to have some sort of an effect on America?"

"I guma you're right, son."

"You don't find many of our friends, the Jews, in houses where children are not allowed. Not on your life! The inmates are all good Americans."

There is some truth in what the boy said. A woman with children who ham't a home of her own is almost an exile. She is treated worse than a leper. Children and dogs are not allowed, a few possible exceptions being made in the case of lap dogs. It looks like a small thing, but it's just such small things that in the course of years grow into big things. It's down in the tenement district that

women and children are made welcome. I didn't say anything more against the boy's brick house. It stood for a big idea, and as such was worth even to the town ten times what it cost him. It's surprising how a notion like this when expressed in definite form seeps into the minds of people. I suppose that's the good that monuments to great men do. Most persons learn more by seeing than they do by hearing. Dick didn't talk about his brick house outside the family, but I know for a certainty that just seeing it go up brick by brick with the idea of permanency which it suggested had its effect upon the young men of Brewster. That house preached a

"I'm starting life among you," it said. "I'm here to stay. I represent the idea that this young couple mean to establish a home and make a living among you and liveamong you for many generations. Their acts are not for today alone, but for all time."

That's the way houses were built in former times, and that's the lesson they preached. It makes for stability.

dune, too. It was all one big room downstairs, except for the kitchen. The dining room was merely the end nearest the kitchen. Upstairs there was nothing but bedrooms and baths. It was only a story-and-a-half high, the idea being to erect when necessary a brick ell on one side, and later, if necessary, another ell on the other side, thus completing a sort of courtyard. This was sound economy.

"I don't see why a man should invest any more in his home than he can use," said Dick. "He would not do so in his factory. Idle rooms are idle capital and a drain on the wife besides. What's the use?"



"If You're Going to Raise Mile Which Has to be Iterilized I Don't Want It"

isn't the usual way of building.

THE other day I ran across a paper which Ruth read before the Pioneer Club. The point of view made a good deal of talk at the time, but it had its effect. It had its effect, too, on Jane and Dick when they came to furnish their new house. I'll copy part of it. Ruth doesn't like to talk in public, but her heart was in this; and though it was all she could do that evening to stand on her two feet when she stepped on the platform I suppose I was the only one who knew it. She said:

"I hope you won't think I'm impertment-even you elder women - and I know you won't because we're all one big tamily here. I can talk to you as though you were all my sisters and your men folk all my brothers. By the same token you are free to talk to me that way, and when I'm through I hope you will. It's the only kind of talk which does any good-that which is personal and straight from the heart. Then this is what I'd like to do if I had the time and you'd let me--I'd like to start in your atties, go straight down through your houses to the cellars. and just take away from you the things you don't need. And I have a notion that the very women among you who feel that they are most in need would have the most things to throw away. I'd take those things and make them over into things you do need, or I'd sell them for what I could get, or I'd give them away, or I'd burn them. It's what I do in

my own house every six months.
"Half the burden of bousekeeping comes in doing the things we don't need to do and caring for the things we don't need at all. It isn't the doing of the necessary things. that breaks the backs of farmers' wives; it's the doing of unrecovery things. You all know the condition of your attics. It makes you shudder every time you go up there. Once a year, perhaps, you half kill yourselves moving things round and putting them back again. If you'd only move things out instead of moving them round you wouldn't have to break your backs but once anyway. Go through those old trunks and take out every blessed thing. Use what you can use at once and dispose of the rest.



Don't dispose of it into another trunk, but get it out of the house. Yes, even your old wedding dress, because it's only rotting there. Make it over for yourself or your daughters, but do something with it. It's poor sentiment that leaves a thing

to rot.
"Do the same thing with those broken-down chairs. Have the old furniture repaired and use it if you can; if you can't, split it into kindling wood. Don't leave it up there for next year. You'll never get rid of it that way. You'll just use up good live energy on poor dead things. The only useful attic is an empty

"Then I'd come down a flight to your bedrooms. These rooms ought to be the ensiest in the world to care for. They shouldn't contain a single. thing that can collect dust. I wouldn't have a stuffed chair or a tidy or any but the simplest bureau-scarfs in any room. Take up your carpets and have them made into rugs if they are good enough. The smaller the rug the better. You want something

I don't see any argument against the boy, though this you can throw out of the window now and then to lie in the sun. Do away with your tidies and such things. Don't have any pictures on the walls just because you happen to have them. If you enjoy them leave them there, but go round some day and look at them. You'll find some that have hung on your walls twenty years which you haven't seen since you hang them up. Keep only those you like to look at every day.

> "I'd like to go to your parlors and pull up the curtains and let in the sanshine. Oh, but my fingers itch to get at some parlors I've seen. I'd like to abolish them all. They don't belong in a house. But if you must have one, have it cheerful and bright and clean. That means doing away with the stuffed furniture and the lace curtains. Those are the things that kill farmers' wives.

> 'I'd do away with uncless dishes in the dining-rooms. I'd have every dish both useful and ornamental or I wouldn't keep it. I'd do away with all the old pots and kettles and pans in the kitchen which I didn't use. Give them to some one who can use them. It's easy enough to keep clean those you really use. You'd be surprised how few you need, even including those you think you might use some time. Do the same in your laundry and your cellar. Get back to the life your great-grandmothers lived.

> "Did you ever stop to think that half the energy of modern business men is devoted to creating a demand for new articles? They spend as much money making us women think we want a new thing as they do in supplying that new thing. For years they have been busy creating new demands in us until we are overburdened. Perhaps sometimes these new things do save us work, but in a good many cases they end by making for us still more work. It's a lot easier to decrease the amount of work pecessary to be done than it is to find an easier way of doing unnecessary work."

> That was the pith of her talk. The way she worked it out in her own bouse was to simplify every branch of her work. This meant simpler house furnishings, simpler food for the table, simpler things to wear as a means for decreasing the laundry work. This she preached and practiced. It involved no sacrifice of standards, but it meant simpler standards. And don't make the mistake of thinking that Ruth had no artistic standards. She did. But she preferred to decorate her home with living flowers rather than with wax flowers or lithographs of flowers, or for that matter very good water-color flowers. She preferred autumn leaves and green winter branches to tidies. She preferred a clean, simple house to a dirty, "artistic" house

> It is one thing to express your ideas to a group and another to express them as advice to an individual, especially if that individual is a prospective daughter-inlaw. No one could have been any chummler with Ruth than Jane was, but Ruth never made a suggestion to her unless it was asked. I thought it showed on her part a strange lack of interest and said so one night.

"This is their house, not ours, Billy," she said to me. We've built our house, and now they must build theirs.

As a matter of fact it wasn't necessary for Ruth to express her ideas to either Dick or Jane. They knew them. Any one could know them, for Ruth lived her ideas. And both the children were in hearty sympathy with them. As soon as the cornerstone was laid, Dick and Jane spent most of their spare time scouring the countryside for solid old pieces of furniture such as were made by hand a hundred years ago. They weren't looking for mahogany. That wasn't used much in our town, even in early days. Most of the pieces were veneered, but they were made upon honor by artisans who took their time. They are as

solid today as when they were made. With a handicap of a hundred years they'll outlast much of the machine-made

furniture of today.

Another queer thing is this: Much of the furniture which was made then for common everyday use is beautiful enough today for use in the most elaborate homes. I have a set of chairs that were made for the kitchen. They have wooden seats three inches thick and were put together with wooden pegs instead of nails. They are painted a bright canary yellow and have on the back an odd design that looks like a purple meion. But their lines are so beautiful, they are so solid and so reveal the hand of the careful workman, they are so unbackneyed and sincere, that they would grace a modern drawing room if such a room could be graced by anything. I have a number of little Colonial chairs with ash bottoms that stand as primly upright as Puritan children at church. I don't believe that even Chippendale ever designed anything of simpler beauty. Those old workmen must have had beneath their sturdy exteriors the hearts of artists.

Though antique dealers had skimmed the countryside of much of the best, Jane and Dick hardly entered a home but what they found something. And strangely enough the owners were always willing to part with an heirloom for a price that would supply them with new furniture to take its place. Most farmers have a passion for new things. They laugh at the old hardwood four-posters and are eager enough to awap them for the more ornate spick-and-span

products fresh from the factory.

Furmers don't take so kindly to hard-bottomed chairs as their ancesters did. Maybe it's because they don't get so tired. Two-thirds of them will swap any time a hand-made hardwood bureau that sits on the floor like bed

rock for a yellow pine thing that's new. Furnishing Dick's house in this way gave a personal

touch to each piece. These things were associated with long rides in the crisp winter air, with new friends made, and sometimes with wonderfully beautiful stories of the past. They didn't represent merely so many dollars and cents and a manufacturing plant. Then, too, when they were in the house they settled it. They brought with them the atmosphere of many homes. There was no newness about Dick's new house.

Dick had been brought up to help his mother. She had taught him to cook when a boy and there wasn't a better cook in Brewster. And there wasn't anything else about a house he couldn't do, even to washing and ironing. Any man with horse sense can do better housework than the average woman. This isn't any reflection on the women. They do their best, and goodness knows many of them put into the task everything they have. But they have fallen into a rut. Mothers have handed down to daughters for generations a routine method which has become antiquated. That's true of many a man's business.

Let a man with executive training, with fuller physical strength, untrammeled, come into a house and use his head, and he'll see things that the average woman can't see. A woman usually can't get any perspective, for she's

too much tied down to her home.

Jane insisted from the beginning that she was going to get along without a servant. At first Dick protested, though I think he was pleased at the spirit Jane showed.

"Your mother has done it," said Jane, "After her example I'd be ashamed to have a servant in the house. Besides they're apt to be more bother than they're worth. They are hard to get and hard to keep, and often end by

owning the house if you do succeed in keeping them. I'm an able-bodied woman and propose to do my own work as you do yours."

But if she proposed to do the work Dick proposed to simplify the task as much as possible. The house was furnished with this end in view. The bedrooms were kept as simple as possible. He did away with curpets and useless odds and ends. Anything that had to be moved was put on casters that would work. Then he installed a vacuum-deaning outlit. An invalid could have cleaned his house from top to bottom in half a day.

But the kitchen was where Dick centered his efforts. That's where most women who do their own work spend their energy; and half of it is wasted there. Dick's kitchen was the wooder of the neighborhood.

In the first place Dick proposed to have it easy to keep clean. To this end he had it floored with red tiling with a mop board of white tiling. It was watertight, so that with a bose attached to the funcet the room could be washed clean in less time than it takes to wring out a mop. He

got this idea from a hospital kitchen. "Where they do things on a big scale," he said, "you can always get ideas for doing the same thing on a small scale."

Then he proceeded to simplify the dish washing. The dishes passed to the kitchen through a door directly back of the dining table, were scraped out into the waste can and then placed on a wooden tack next to a slate tub like a laundry tub. This tub

was filled with boiling hot water from the bot-water fancet and plenty of soap used. Over this there was a pulley with a hook which fastened into the dishruck. The dishes were lowered into this, slid along to a tub next to it for a rinsing and then on to a third tub for a second hot-water rinsing. They were then lifted to a wooden drying shelf, where they were ready for a slight wiping. The dish closet was one step to the left and as fast as wiped the dishes were set upright in racks made for that purpose. The whole operation took but a few minutes, did away with the necessity of putting the hands in water, and left hardly a soiled dishtowel. This is the way dishwashing is done every day in hotels, and why no one ever thought of soing this method at home I don't know. It was in my home within a week after I saw it work,

If the kitchen is the heart of the house, the kitchen stove is the heart of the kitchen. And yet it is generally placed not with an idea for convenience, but with the idea of getting it out of the way. Dick figured that it ought to be where Jane could reach it easily from her cooking stand and dishes. He figured it ought to be where she could get at all sides of it. This didn't take a very long head and yet passed for a startling innovation. Instead of tucking it away in one corner, he placed it in the middle of one side; instead of thrusting it back against the wall, be brought it out so that it was almost in the middle of the room. To the right was the mixing desk with the oven doors facing it one step away. The tin and iron cooking dishes hung behind the stove on books where they kept dry. They were still within reach of the mixing desk. Running from the left of the stove and joined to it was a serving table, so that Jane



"I'd Like to Go Through Four Mouses and Take Sway the Things You Don't Heed"

could slide the heavier dishes on to it without lifting them. Incidentally the stove and the serving tuble were not an arbitrary height. Dick saw to it that they fitted Jane just as a carpenter makes his bench to suit his height. The end of the serving table was again within one step of the washing tubs where the cooking dishes could be washed and within two steps of the slot through which they were passed to the dining table.

The ice chest was in a little shed of its own built just to the right of the mixing desk and so arranged that it could be filled from the outside. All the cooking materials were of course arranged about the mixing desk; the bread and pastry floor in drawers over the desk; baking powder, spices and such things in glass preserve jars on shelves above these, and the less-used articles on a higher tier. A glance at her jure and Jane knew just how much of everything she had on hand. A stool stood in front of the deak so that she could always sit down when she wished. The walls were painted a bright Colonial yellow and there were plenty of windows one directly over the mixing desk, one next to the dish closet and one over the ironing board, and two on the opposite side of the room where a door led outdoors. The room itself was only twelve by fifteen feet. It was as compact as a laboratory.

This is the way it worked out in practice: It took but one step from the deek to reach the los chest, where Jane found her milk, butter, lard, and so forth. This done she could sit down and from her stool reach every other article needed in her cooking. Once her things were mixed it was an easy reach to the cooking dishes and only a step to the even door and wood box. When the meal was cooked she slid her pans and pots from the stove to the serving table. Two steps took the food to the entrance door into the dining room, where one more step brought it to the table. One step from the serving table brought her cooking dishes to the cleaning tubs.

I've given Dick's ides in some detail, because it seems to me worth while. It shows what a man can do by thinking in his home as well as in his office and is significant in showing the way Dick did everything. It also came pretty near solving the servant problem for them and left Jane with energy for other things.

Dick figured it out that he saved her in walking alone several bundred miles a year.

IT MAY be thought that for a farmer Dick was putting a good deal of time and money into his house. I'll admit that at first I thought so myself. I was afraid he was drifting toward the gentleman farmer class. There's no bigger nuisance in New England than the gentleman farmer and no more expensive luxury than a gentleman's farm. These farms are bad examples which discourage many real farmers. They are as mischievous in their effect as the false standards of living established at Newport. The gentleman farmer raises prize cattle and prize fruit and prize poultry, but at a cost that makes his effort essentially poor farming. The one test of a good farm is whether or not it pays not always in a bank surplus, but in furnishing a decent living in proportion to the capital invested.

But Dick was in a better position than I had been. After all im didn't put an unfair proportion of his capital into

(Continued on Page 81)



MY LADY'S CONSCIENCE

A Customs Inspector's Story—Told to Frank B. Elser

OR ten years I have been attached to the most unpopular branch of the United States Government Service-unpopular because it deals directly with that irritating obligation of our national life-personal taxation. I am an inspector of customs at the Port of New York.

By the average seaguer I know I am regarded as a pest. Even some of the framers of our tariff laws. so regard me. It was my experience once to hold up on the pier a standpat old New England protection-ist member of Congress who took a prominent part in drafting the tariff act of 1909. His declaration was

grossly incomplete; and when we got through with him he had added some two

thousand dollars to the value of articles purchased abroad-More than three hundred and fifty thousand cabin passengers alone now reach New York annually, and it is the duty of the customs inspectors—there are about four hundred of us - to examine their baggage and, if necessary, their persons, in order that the revenue may not be defrauded. This examination is an exasperating ordeal for passenger and inspector alike, made under conditions where only the keenest observation and the broadest understanding of human nature on the part of the inspector prevent a maximum of friction and ill-feeling. To perform his work successfully an inspector must be, among other things, something of a judge, a lawyer, a fashion and jew-elry expert, a tea-taster, an ornithologist, a dog fancier—and a gentleman.

Many of us are college graduates—some of us with professional training. Nearly all of us are over thirty years of age. Before taking up the work on the piers we are all put through a course of sprouts at the Custom House. Unique of its kind, this school is the outgrowth of an endeavor to fit men for the perplexing work incident to the enforcement of our intricate and everchanging tariff regulations. I mention this in deprecation of what appears to be the opinion prevalent among travelers—that the United States customs inspector is a uniformed menial, boscish in manner and speech, and selected according to his ability to muss my lady's lingerie when he goes through her

I want to disabuse you of this idea. There are exceptions, of course; but the majority of inspectors are chosen primarily for their tact, address and judicial temperament. I have known instances where candidates passed their civil-service examinations with credit, only to be rejected because they seemed not to possess these requisites,

The Little End of the Funnel

YET criticism and condemnation of American customs methods have become more or less a national habit. Invariably the boming passenger draws unfavorable comparisons between his home officials and those in foreign countries. Here, he complains, his baggage is rummaged as if he were a criminal. To the thousands who make such statements let me say a word in explanation.

In the first place the American tourist is the greatest of all spenders. He reaches Europe with his baggage lean and comes home with it bulging. Moreover, our tariff laws have, since 1897 and up to quite recently, demanded that a resident pay duty on pretty nearly everything he obtained abroad - exempting only strictly personal effects of nominal

Another thing: The port of New York in the matter of ocean travel is like the little end of a funnel. Easthound steamships are likely to distribute their human cargoes at a number of English or Continental ports; but that is not true of westbound ships. The congestion at New York is acute. The arrival of twenty-five hundred cabin passengers in a single day is not unusual.

One day last August nine great liners came up to their piers with a total of three thousand six hundred and



By the Average Jeaguer 1

ninety-six in their first and second cabins. Incidentally there were about nine thousand in the steerage; but as steerage passengers are not required to make declarations I shall not attempt to describe the difficulties we encounter in examining their pitiable belongings.

From the cabins alone come nearly a million pieces of baggage a year. I question whether any other port in the world equals this record.

The examination of this vast consignment is a tremendous job, entailing thorough though stop-watch work by the inspector—the sort of work that so riles the protesting passenger, impatient to be on

With the enactment of the Underwood-Simmons Bill by the Wilson Administration, I am happy to say, there was a decided broadening in the regulathose governing the loggage of returning residents. Formerly duty was exacted on everything not coming in the category of personal effects. Even these had to be within the hundred-dollar limit. The new act admits free practically all articles, whether personal effects or not, so long as they do not exceed one hundred dollars in value, or are not barred for cause, or are not intended for sale or for business purposes, or as commissions for others.

By no one more than by the customs officers was this change hailed with satisfaction; its adoption, in fact, was largely brought about by the rank and file of the customs men themselves, who saw in the former provision a species of class legislation probably never intended. Its enforcement prevented the free entry of any household articles, a manifest hardship on many-particularly the frugal ones in the second cabin. It harred table lines and the like in no matter how measur a quantity, though admitting as personal effects such articles as handkerchiefs and silk stockings.

You can imagine the outraged feelings of persons who justly felt the pinch of this distinction. Most passengers labored under the belief that they could bring in free any-

thing not exceeding one hundred dullars in value, regardless of its character. They were nearly always prepared to argue the point and a great deal of confusion resulted.

Until the year 1897 the Federal Government appears to have made no consistent attempt to collect revenue on passengers' liaggage. Such a customs net as was spread prior to that time was of a flimsy character, designed to sift out the whales, as it were, In order to hold merchandise in its proper

With the passage of the tariff act of that year, however, a sort of half-hearted system of impection was begun. Yet the revenue yielded was inconsiderable: it was hard to instill anap into the system after so many years of inactivity. The fathers of the new act had predicted a return of ten million dollars annually. They were sadly disap-pointed. The meshes in the net were still very wide, though slowly tightening.

New blood was infused into the service in 1901, a year when ocean travel began strongly to appeal to the popular imagination in this country; and, with radical changes in methods and personnel, things began to look up. A few pussengers were actually arrested for smuggling. Invariably they were released. A crusade was started against a notorious clique engaged in smug-

gling women's wearing apparel. Their operations were carried on through the medium of passengers' burgue-

The legal officers of the service remained ultraconscreative, however, working in an old groove of precedents: and It was not until 1908 that it became the regular order to place dishonest passengers in the some class with crooked importers—that is, to press for conviction in the Federal courts.

Then came to the Custom House a man with a determination. He had been secretary to Theodore Roosevelt in the White House. His name was William Loeb, Jr. Hu. assumed the office of collector of the port in 1909, and an if by magic the duties collected on passengers' beginned jumped during his term from four hundred thousand to two million dollars annually. He meant bus The service also was primed for action.

Arrests of passengers with moral lesions as regards, rendering unto Uncle Sam the things that were his becames frequent. Many prominent women had experienceshumiliating, to say the least. Several were stripped by inspectresses and searched. One or two were heavily fined . One was sent to jail for three days. She had brazenly smuggled a valuable fur coat. Her jail sentence, short ass it was, was worth to the service—as a deterrent to others five hundred thousand dollars annually. To date she isthe only woman smuggler on whom a jail penalty has beer; imposed, though women offenders predominate.

That is an ungullant remark and I want to couple it with s statement which will take away some of the sting. I am prepared to contradict the belief—widely current, generally accepted, and apparently supported by fact-that women are, as regards the customs, essentially more disbonest than men. Federal judges, in reprimanding and releasing a feminine offender, have declared it to be so;

but I stand ready to contradict it.

The Tempting Fetish of Fashion

THE truth is, women passengers attempt to smuggle and do smuggle more frequently than men; but I do not think their moral nature is one whit different. If conditions were reversed—that is, if man worshiped finery as woman does; if keeping in style were to him a fetish; if while abroad he exceeded his allowance in a hysteria of buying a wondrous assortment of gowns, lingerie and hats—I am convinced that we should find him just as persistent as his wife in seeking to avoid paying duty.

Back of nearly all the cases in which women are involved is the insinuating foreign shopkeeper. Dealers abroad, notably on the Continent, are irreconcilably bitter against the United States customs. They argue-and logicallythat our duties seriously reduce the amount of madame's purchases, and they are quick to suggest that outwitting the authorities is quite the proper thing.

One Parisian concern makes a specialty of false-bottom trunks and openly advertises them in the newspapers. Or a



pint may be dropped in a woman's presence that, as a special favor in her case, there can be furnished her a false invoice of articles purchased, stating their value at, say, conshalf.

Madam may indignantly reject any such proposal at the time; but the germ is a fertile one, and subsequently in the quiet of her stateroom, aghast at the extent of her extravagance, she may yield to temptation. Having rejected the false invoice and spurned the trick trunk, she may resort to the popular and often transparent scheme of sewing American labels in her purchases, meantime seeking to impart to them just enough of the appearance of wear to give credence to the statement that they are of domestic origin.

Many a woman has doubtless come in sight of the Statue of Liberty industriously putting the finishing touches to this fraud. The growing similarity of the products of our own modistes to those of the Parisians makes this deception harder and harder to detect. The recurring persistence with which it is attempted by the unscrupulous necessitates painstaking examinations and works a hardship on the innocent.

A good customs inspector must thus necessarily be familiar with the characteristic features of the products of all the prominent foreign dressmakers and millipers. He carries a list of nearly fifty of them in his memory book. No envious woman, covertly eying anoth-

er's gown, could be quicker than he to note its make.

The origin of lingerie and hosiery is much harder to detect. Stained dress shields w often find sewn in gowns and walsts bought abroad, along with the bogus demestiv bored sort of way, as if your stupidity were trying her patience to the breaking point: then she probably will remark, if you continue your inspection: "Oh, that old rag! Don't waste time on that! It's years old really, and purchased in this country."

Frequently, however, it happens that the dress shields alone show signs of wear. If the wrist and walst bands, or the hem of the skirt, as the case may be, are spotless the inspector is instantly alert; and in a preponderance of cases the fraud is detected. Sometimes a double roof tiny needleholes, indicating the sewing in of a different set of labels, will lead to the detection.

I wish I were word artist enough to describe or psychologist enough to analyze a woman's actions and feelings in the various stages of such an examination. Our directions are: "In case of suspicion processi quietly, observing and comprehending all surface indications, meantime asking searching and intelligent questions. Do not handle the articles or garments unnecessarily. Remember that they may be the passenger's most sacred possessions."

A Miserable Outrage

THE suspected woman, let us assume, of the wife of a millionaire banker or manufacturer. Her husband, she states with emphasis for your benefit, was a heavy contributor to the -- campaign fund of 19-, and has great influence at Washington. She looks at you more daggers than the man with the nice eye hurls at the spangled lady in the circus. How would you like to have the job of going through

Not so very long ago an estensibly outraged and indignant weman was in the midst of a bitter tirade against a quaking young inspector when a weary-looking man

stepped up.
"This is a miserable outrage!" the woman was saying. "Yes, Maria," said the weary-looking man-"an outrage against the Government. Stop it! I don't cure how much stuff you've bought abroad-I want to pay the full duty." And he did.

He was her husband. The wife gave him a mighty black look; but her declaration as revised was vastly different from the original.

It is not uncommon for husbands, on landing, to draw us quietly aside and caution us not to pay any attention to what their wives may or may not declare, but to rely on them for the truth. Others, who have remained at home while their wives traveled and acquired foreign wardrobes. sometimes notify us in advance that they - the husbandswill be on hand when the ship docks to see that everything dutiable is properly declared.

On the other hand we encounter many cases where husband and wife conspire together to smuggle. In other

instances wives, ordinarily honest even in the smallest matters, feel that they must defraud the customs as a necessary incident to concealing from their husbands the real extent of their extravagance.

Few passengers are arrested on the piers. We do not purposely seek to humiliate any one. If search of the person is necessary it is always done in a place screened from public view-most likely in the passenger's staterosm. Women, of course, handle such cases when women passengers are involved. In the inspectress' presence the unhappy and mortifled offender roust remove her clothing piece by piece and hand over each for examination.

Frauds against the revenue may be roughly classed under five heads, in the order of the loss sustained by the Government in their operation, as follows:

-False claims to non-residence.

Concealment of jewelry on the person.

False claims that articles are of domestic origin or manufacture.

4-Concralment of articles in trunks with false bottoms or similar devices.

5-Convenient of articles in the neg-gage such as, for in-ctance, quilting law in the lining of a sent or "ATT THE PLAY Targed Out in be

> Away above all other subterfuges as a supper of duties come the false claims to non-residence. Non-residents fall into two classes - aliens who at no time have had residence in the United States, and Americans who have adopted bona-fide residence abroad.

Diameted Tueburat

When I tell you that practically no limit is placed on the value of personal effects a non-resident may bring in duty free, you will understand the popular though unpatriotic demand thus to be classified. Accurately determining the truth or falsity of such claims is about as easy as swatting a will-o'-the-wisp. No other feature of the tariff act is more difficult to meet with a hard-and-fast rule.

It must be horne in mind that from a customs standpoint citizenship and residence are not necessarily one and the same thing. The Treasury Department tried to determine the length of time one must remain abroad before a claim of non-residence could be sustained. In this it failed, and the regulations under which we now work sidestep the issue, merely specifying persons arriving in the United States and residents of the United States returning from abroad. In the circumstances every case must be considered on its own merits.

About the only restriction placed on a non-resident and his personal effects, aside from the formal "not intended for sale or commission," is the proviso that his outfit shall be suitable to his station and appropriate to his journey. Here again is a beautiful little puzzle.

Yet it gives us an opening wedge for investigation. Maids, valets and other persons of inferior station frequently are pressed into service as carriers; and we are quick to note whether articles and garments, as well as their containers, are in keeping with the breeding and demeanor of their ostensible owners.

I regret to say that many an American woman of refinement and unsullied reputation has lent herself to the cheating of our customs by becoming a carrier while traveling under a false or legitimate claim to non-residence. More than one clear-eyed American girl has brought in a hatch of Parislan gowns for dishonest dealers, conspiring here and abroad; and more than once we have caught her at it.

Whenever possible we find and convict the guilty American dealer, and after hearing the girl's tearful confession let her go, with the expressed hope that she is inhapped of herself and will never attempt such a thing

I call to mind the case of an American woman, an army officer's widow, who resided in Paris, maintained by a Government pension. It was my bitter experience several years ago to wring from her on the pier a confession that an assortment of gowns in her trunks was intended for a

She had with her a letter from a gentleman in our diplomatic service attesting that she was a bona-fide non-resi-

dent, and beepeaking for her our courtesy and expedition in passing her baggage in band to an interior city. For reasons not essential to state here, we felt that a careful examination was necessary.

An Indignant Smuggler

MADAM," I asked, using the stereo-typed query required of us, "have you any articles intended as presents, or for sale, or as commissions for others, which have not been mentioned in your declaration?

"Certainly not?" she said indignantly. "It will be necessary to open your trunks," I said as courteously as possible. Her face grew livid.

They are to go through in bond," site said. "You will open them at your peril." "Madam, will you be kind enough to give

me the keys?" She turned and made as if to leave the

"Your keys?" I said again.

She troze me. I called a porter. Let me explain here that we are not required to perform the physical act of opening baggage. The department thinks it unwise, on the theory that in the eyes of many it would injure the inspector's efficiency.

Besides it would mean dirty hands-and dirty hands would ruin a dainty wardrobe. Of course, in the absence of a porter or a cooper, we give assistance when needed. "The keys, madam!" I insisted.

Again she ignored me. Her scorn was superb. I spoke to the porter. In a twinkling he had done something we seldom. resort to: he neatly cut out the lock of a trunk and threw back the lid. Before us lay a shimmering mass of women's finery.

Appraisal showed three thousand dollars' worth of apparel in those trunks, only a

small part of which belonged to the would-be carrier. Subsequently she turned state's evidence and gave testimony that resulted in the conviction of the dealer. In consideration of a few gowns and transportation to and from the United States she had become his tool. He was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

A slim young miss from Chicago, we shall say-though Chicago was not the city-essayed a similar performance after establishing residence in Paris. She had gone there to study, with a woman of apparent culture and integrity, retained by the girl's busy father-a widower presumably-as chaperon and traveling companion.

The character of the girl's baggage and the simplicity of her dress were so at variance with a lot of costly model gowns found in her trunks that the intent to defraud was patent. None of the models fitted her.

Gently we questioned the girl. She broke down utterly. weeping. Her chaperon, in league with a dressmaker, had persuaded her to take the chance. This woman was found guilty in the Federal courts; but to our great disgust she was fined only eighty-four dollars. The little girl was allowed to go. (Continued on Page 33)

HEN TAKES POSSESSION

EN HINKLEY softly shut the picket gate behind him. Then he looked stealthily around the corner of the house. He drew a long, deep, alcoholic breath - a sigh of satis-faction. Two figures labored in the dim distance. Ma Hinkley must be in the house alone. Things were coming Hen's way.

He tiptoed into the house. When he reached the kitchen he drew himself up to his full height and clomped in.

"Hello, ma!" he said. "Where's Gret and Gretta? They ain't takin' to leavin' you alone? "Tain't right, ma. I'll have to talk politics to 'em.

Hen's voice was lowered instinctively to a certain pitch. He wanted ma to hear him-and yet he preferred that two other people, working at the fence out there, should not even know he was about.

Ma Hinkley scrutinized bis face.

"Hen," she said in quavering tones, "Hen, you're lookin' better, Y'ain't so pale.

Hen nodded. He had been palevery pale. He had spent the winter months in the penitentiary, sent up as the chief offender in a drunken brawl. and he had been out but three short days. For two of the three days he had remained with this deathly pallor on his face. The reason was sufficient: He could not get drink without money or credit, and he had neither.

Only yesterday ma had yielded. Hen had had to buy some tools to start working at his new trade-what it was Hen did not just say - and ma had furnished a reasonable amount of the wherewithal. She had furnished it in secret, behind closed doors. Ma's daughter Gret had not known anything about it.

Hen, having procured this reasonable sum of money, had laid it out in tools that improved his complexion. His face was ruddy. So was his probessels.

"Y'ain't so pale, Hen," repeated his mother. "Ye'r lookin' betier, Hen."

Hen nudded toward her with an affectionate loor assumed for the occasion. He was glad of one thing-old age and many coughs and colds had taken from ma one of her five senses; she couldn't smell.
"I'm feelin' better, ma," returned Hen. "You know I

can't drink no more. They cured me of the habit up there.

I've come to hate drink, ma. Look here!"

He rolled over to a little supboard and opened it. Inside there was a brown bottle, kept for emergencies. He uncorked it. He smelt of it. A beatific expression overspread his countenance. Hen felt the need of a drink. He placed the bottle in close proximity to his lips. Then, remembering suddenly, he thrust it from him in disgust.

"You see, ma!" he went on virtuously. "I hate the stuff now. It ain't not only that I don't want it - I can't

take it. I've been cured."

"That's fine!" said ma gratefully. Something is her mouth her teeth possibly became disarranged. She paused in her speech to correct the interruption. Finally she mumbled—almost apologetically, as one who would not look a gift horse in the mouth: "Hen, did you get the

"Ordered 'em," returned Hen, "special. They told me up there where I learnt th' trude to order special; if I didn't 1'd get stuck. So I ordered special, ma-I'm New York," he added glibly. "I couldn't order special in this God-forsaken town of Hendershot-now, could I, ma? So I ordered I'm New York. An' ma," he went on con-fidentially, looking carefully round, "what d'ye think I got? I'm goin' to get a job."
"Come over close," said ma; "I can't bear—on'y don't

talk so load 'at Gret'll hear you. You've got a job; Hen?" Her eyes shone proudly. She wheezed with satisfaction.

Hen lumbered over toward her, but still stood at a respectful distance. He wasn't sure whether ma's infirmity as to smell was total or merely constructively so. Alcohol is an insidious thing. It searches out the feeblest kind of an olfactory nerve.

"What's yer job?" asked ma.

"You wouldn't understand, ma," returned Hen; "but you've heard tell of concrete, ain't you? Well, ma, it's a job on concrete. An' the tools there's a dozen of 'em.

By William Hamilton Osborne



"Hen, Fut That Maney East !"

graded-has got to be just so. You see the job is the same as the trade I learnt up there. An' I e'd go to work tomorrer if I had my tools." He looked at the floor. "If I only had my tools," he repeated; "an'—an' somethin' else. An' if I cun't get that somethin' else I don't get the job." "What else d'ye need?" saked Ma Hinkley.

Hen scraped the unoffending kitchen floor-it was as clean as wax - with his muddy shoes,

"I bate to tell you, ma," he foltered, his eyes on the floor.

"It ain't - it ain't money, is it, Hen?"

"Money!" returned Hen in despair. "It is money, ma. Monoy is the only thing that keeps me from that job. If I don't get th' money I don't get th' job; an' if I don't get th' job I'll get discouraged; an' if I get discouraged I'm liable to take to drink."

His eyes wandered toward the cupboard. He wished that he could take to firink at once.

"I-I thought you couldn't drink no more!" said ma.

Hen nodded.

"The doc at the -up there," he answered, "says there's only one thing that'd drive me back to drink, an' that's discouragement. That's what he said, ms. So long as I o'n get a job, I can't drink. An'"—he added desperately— "I got to have money to get it, ma."

How much d'ye need, Hen?" she quavered.

Hen drew a long breath.

"I need ninety dollars, ma," said Hen.

Ma shivered.

"I ain't on'y got ninety-two dollars," she sald.

"I know it, ma. The man wanted a bundred-that's what he wanted. An' I told him I c'd on'y raise ninety. So be said all right. But I got to have it, ma-t' keep me from drink,"

Ma rose feebly, struggling from her chair. Hen didn't dare to help her be feared to go too close. Besides, it was not within Hen's code to help anybody else.

Ma turned and lifted up her cushion, and then lifted up the seat. Under the seat was a little square recess and fitting tight within the recess was a battered tin box. This tin box was a thing ma lived with, day and night. She sat on it all duy and slept on it all night - and she was a light sleeper and a heavy sitter, was Ma Hinkley-especially of late years. She drew forth the box, replaced her cushion and the seat, and sank once more, wheezing, into her chair.

Hen, forgetting caution, bent over her. Ma fumbled with the bills.

"I've spent all my money on you, Hen," she said.

"You'll get it back, ma-every cent!" said Hen. He held out his hand and ma counted out the bills,

"An' ten is ninety-there y'are, Hen!" she finally exclaimed.

Hen's hand closed on the bills. He thrust them into his trousers pock et. He was just in time. An instant la ter a woman in a gray duster and with a disheveled hat on her head swoop-ed down on him and on Ma Hinkley.

"Hen," said this woman, "put that

money back!"

Ma glanced up in surprise.
"It ain't Gret!" she exclaimed. "Well, if it ain't Mens Kessler took us by surprise!"

Mena Kessler-she was ma's oldest daughter and she lived "over to Bascom," five miles away - did not answer, With one hand she held Hen's arm; with the other she gripped the tin box.

"Put the money back, Hen!" she exclaimed. "Y'ain't got no right to it." "It's ma's!" returned Hen stoutly.

"She kin do with it what she likes." "She can't!" said Mena, "She's got to leave it to us when she dies. How much did you give him, ma?"

Hen wrenched himself free and attempted to secure the tin box. Menaretained possession of it.

"You b'en drinkin' again, Hen! Shame on you!"

"He ain't b'en drinkin'," protested ma; "he's stopped drinkin'. He can't drink-it disgusts him, Mens. Hen

don't drink no more." He must wash in it, then," said Mena miffing.

Hen shook his head.

"What you smell, Mens," he explained, "is a medicine I take to keep me from it. I don't drink, I tell you. I've quit for good an' all."

Mena turned her back on Hen. Hen stole softly toward the door. Mens opened the cover of the tin box. In it there was a collection of odds and ends and a two-dollar bill - and nothing else,

"Ma Hinkley!" cried Mena, glaring in astonishment— "Ma Hinkley, what's become of all your money? You had hundreds an' thousands, for all I know, in this box. What's

become of it? I've got a right to know!"

Ma did not answer. The thin blood crept into her face.
"You give it to him!" cried Mena. "Is thet so?" Ma
did not answer. Mena Kensler stooped over and shook her mother. "Answer me!" she commanded.

Ma was silent. The full force of the truth broke in on Mena. Ma had permitted Hen to rob her, bit by bit, of almost every dollar she had.

"You ought to go to the penitentiary, ma," said Mena. "You're as had as Hen-every bit. I got some rights, ain't I? When you was dead I was goin' to set up my boy Herman in business with my share of that money. You're a criminal, mu—that's what you are! You've robbed bonest people of their money—you've robbed me——" "Who's robbed you, Mena?" said a voice behind her.

Mena swung about. She knew that voice. An undersized, middle-aged, wiry, well-formed little woman faced Behind this woman was her counterpart-a young girl. The woman was not without traces of beauty-she certainly looked fit. The young girl had all her mother's wiriness and form, and she had all the beauty her mother had lost as years went on.

'Who's robbed you, Mena Kessler?" defiantly queried

Mena Kender folded her arms and looked down in contempt and anger at her sister.

"Gret," she cried offensively, mother-ye don't know how. Mother's gone an' give all her money to that big drunken sot there!"

She turned to Hen-that is, she thought she did; but Hen was not in sight. With his clutch on ninety dollars in real eash Hen was on his way. His way, he assured himself, led along the primrose path. He humped himself, for he needed a big drink and then another; then possibly some more.

"For years," cried Mena Kessler, "she's been givin' him She leered suspiciously. her money."

added, "she's b'en givin' some to you."

Gret - her name was Gretta Schepp-had married; the young girl was her child. Gret was Ma Hinkley's youngest daughter. Gret shook her head.

"Ma never give roe no money, Mena!" she exclaimed. that now. But that ten months was pretty av-"What I need, I earn. What Gretta needs, I earn. An' what's more—what ma needs, I earn."

'Ain't you never borrowed?" queried Mens.

"Not from ma," said Gret.

Finding no thoroughfare here, Mena Kessler grew more "It's all your fault-lettin' ma squander on a drunken

loafer, Gret! Why didn't you watch her close?

"I did," said Gret quietly. "There ain't nobody can keep nothin' from me. I knew all about it all the time. What's more, many times I seen her give it to him."

"An' you didn't stop her!" screamed Mena.

"I didn't even let her know I saw," said Gret.
"You darned fool!" yelled Mena. "Why not? That money belongs to us."

"It belonged to ma," said Gret; "an' it was ma's one pleasure—givin' to Hen. She's got a right to pleasure, ain't she, in her old age? You know she always liked Hen. She never had no time for us girls-it was always Hen. Well, she's had her pleasure—an' she had a right to it. I'm satisfied to let my share go for that."

"I aln't satisfied!" cried Mens. "An'-what's more-I'm goin' to see that ma don't get robbed no more.

"She ain't got no more—Hen Hinkley's got it all," said Gret.

"She owns this place, don't she? An' it's worth thousands, ain't it? It's one o' the tidlest places an' one o' the biggest places in Hendershot, sin't it? 'Fore long she'll be givin' it to Hen."

"No, she won't," said Gret. "It'd take a lawyer to do that, an' ma's ekeered o' lawyers. And, besides, the lawyer wouldn't let her give it to Hen.

"He would if he was Hen's lawyer."

"Hen can't get no lawyer," answered Gret.

"Ma," said Mena firmly, "you git yourself ready.
You're comin' home with me—to Bascom."

Ma flushed. She flushed with pleasure and excitement. She had often hinted at a visit-had almost asked Mena; and not only Mena, but Sophie Gebhard-her third daughter-to take her for a visit. Hitherto invitations had not been forthcoming. She brightened visibly, "You're comin' home with me," went on Mena; "for a

while anyhow," she added, hedging a bit, for she wasn't just sure how her man might take this thing; "for a while, till I can get some sense in your head." She turned back

on Gret.

"You're no good, Gret!" she yelled. "You ain't get sense. You never ain't had sense. Th' idea! Lookin' on while ma squandered on a drunk! Ha! You never was o' much account. You couldn't keep your man for more'n ten months, c'd you now? An' look what you got-a miserable beast like that man Schepp!"

Gret smiled.

"I don't know," she said reminiscently, "but I'm about as well off as you be, Mena. I got married anyhow. An' I got a child. An' ten months is just about enough for me. Now I ain't got to knuckle down to no man-like others have. It was considerable of a strain i'r Schepp to keep decent for ten months. He was a beast, all right. I know

erage, Mens. An' I ain't got no man a-naggin' at me now-like others has.

"Who do you mean by others has?"

Gret laughed tuuntingly.

"I was just a-thinkin' o' my sister, Sophie Gebhard," she returned.

"That's different," said Mena.

"Sophie Gebhard-an' others," added Gret dreamily.

That very afternoon Ma Hinkley started for Baseom. Mena took her over in a hired carriage. Gret supplied the horse-Gret had a horse. He was an ice horse in summer and a coal horse in winter. Gres sold ire by the piece and real by the pail to the surrounding mighborhood. Her storehouse was an old about next the form. Her horse was a necessary used, for every day she went to the carni and bought half a wagonful of ice and half a regentful of coul.

"He'll get you there, ma," said Gret; "an' he won't get much estitled over it. So den't you werry --an'y," she mided to Mena, "you get him

hack lermorrer,"

"Where a that two dellars, ma?" sald Messa. "It costs me that to hire this carriage for a day." Ma pussed it over,

"Now," went or Gret, "you trest ma kind and gestle, Mesa. That's all I ask o' you."

Moun bridled.

"Don't you tell me how to treat ma!" she

cried with asperity as they drawe off.

As a matter of fact she did treat ma "kind and gentle." So this all the family in Baseron. Even Mena's man was kind and gentle. Ma felt as though she were in a butter tub. There was closely of hear and hors to out, and her favorite dishes were always in evidence. The children bought her gifts and made her aprons, pillows and west-rags. They played games with her.

Ma bugan to revise for ideas. Harrier tree almost a city. and Meta Empley and her mon over alcount city falks, Ms tound bereif quiverns with phonours and excitement.

Grot would have left her to royal in this Paradise; but sot so Mena. Mena brought the morning paper in one day and had it on me's lan-

Ma," she said, pointing out on itim, "you might as well know limb as limb. Hen Hinkley has gone up to the partientiary - for a year this lines. The's been on a tear ever sence you give him that money that I caught you givin' him - an' he got into another drunken brawl.

"Now, ma," Mena went on, ignoring ma's whimpers, "the time's come when your best blends book got to talk to you. Do you believe that I'm your best friend? That's the question now. I'm your oldest ma, and I'm best calculated to advise you. Alo't 1? An' my man an' my children-sin't we your lest friends? Don't we know what's best? Don't we treat you right?"

Ma had to acknowledge that they did. This point gained, Mena followed up her advantage. "I'm your best

friend, ma," she went on, "and I'm goin' to give you good advice. You ought to make your will. You got a tidy piece o' property in Hendershot, ma, and you ought to think about it. You ought to make your will."

Ma made her will in fear and trembling. She expected to drop dead immediately thereafter-but she did not. Something the enthusiasm of the Kesslers. Bit by bit they lost interest in ms. They even made overtures to Sophie Gebbard. They invited Sophie-Sophie, remember, was ma's see ond daughter-over to lunch one day, an unprecedented thing; and bed Suphie, much to ma's surprise, that me was visiting all her daughters before size died.

During the course of the day, Menu, with considerable back of tact, outlived the history of Hen's iniquity in getting his hands on all ma's tangible assets. From that time forth Sophie took interest: she urged ma to visit



"We Gut to Hire a Speakings, or We't! Die, Buth of Ua"

her-urged with enthusiasm.

Ma went with her. The Kemlers after her departure sighed with relief. Mena Kessler drew out the will and read it for the hundredth time to her man.

"She leaves everything to me," said Mena ecstatically. "Now I've got just what I want."

Her man nodded inquiet satisfaction.

"It's all in legal form," he said; "the lawyer said so. They'll never be able to break that will."

"Never!" said Mena.

Ma went to Sophie Gebhard's, where she was treated with eminent distinction. Mena had made the mistake of not keeping up her enthumastic hospitality until the end. The social air was getting chilly when ma left Mena's, The

warmth of Sophie Gebhard's welcome was delightful. Ma spent some months at Sophie's. At length Sophie had a heart-to-heart talk with ma behind closed doors.

Ma," she mid, "of all your children I'm the one who liked you best. I always liked my ma. Don't you remember, when I was a little kid, how I used to like you? And I like you now. . . . Ma," she said tenderly, "I want you to do something for me-I want you to make a will."

Ma started.

"I-I made one!" she gusped. It was Sophie's turn to start,

"For Hen?" she cried. "He's a good-for-nothin', ma."
"It—it wasn't for Hen I did it," whimpered ma.
"Gret nin't no right to think she owns you, ma,"
protested Sophie. "We all 've got some rights."
"It was Mena," Inliered ma.

Sophie burst forth into vituperation against Mena. Then she went out to see a lawyer. She came back with the lawyer and with a radiant face.

"Here's the lawyer, ma," she said. "You're goin' to

make your will."

"I made one," faitsred ma. "How can I make another?" "You may make as many as you like," said the lawyer. It's the last one that counts."

He took out his notebook. "What's your pleasure, Mrs. Hinkley?" be inquired.

"I've talked it all over with ma," said Sophie; "and to tell the truth, ma is afraid of all her children but me. She can trust me can't you, ma?"

"Yes, Sophie," said ma.

"Mena has done a mean thing," went on Sophle: "she's got ma to make a will in her favor, and she intends to keep it for herself. Now I thought that if ma put her estate in the hands of some person she could trust—like me—why, I'd see to it that the estate was rightly divided up. I'd see that all got justice. Ma can trust me to that extentean't you, ma?"

"Why shouldn't 1?" weakly responded ma.

"So ma wants you to make out a will leaving everything

And appointing you executor?" said the lawyer.

"Exactly," said Sophie; "just leaving it outright to me; and I'll treat 'em all right. Hen and Gret and even Mena too, That's right, ain't it, ma?'

Ma said it was. So the lawyer went back to his office and drew up the will and brought a witness back. The second will was signed.

Once more ma found the mercury descending. Finally Sophie sept for Gret. Before doing so, however, she cautioned ms not to say a word about the will-and cautioned her against making any other wills. She told ma that under the law a person could make two wills, but no more; and that to make a third was a state's-prison offense. Then she sent for Gret.

Gret came by train.

"We got to go back by train, you an' me, ma," said Gret, "unless Sophie can blow us to a ride."

(Continued on Page 48)



THE GAY-CAT By PATRICK CASEY

T WAS a night of fog. Slowly over the sleek,
wet ties the two hoboes shuffled. They were

I've spent a-trainin' of him to be a blowed-inthe-glass stiff. I'll make him that, like you and

It was a difference old as the world. It began when first a slave stumbled gather the dominator through the bleak dusk of the primeval. It showed that the one served the other.

The face of the boy burned with the chill of the fog. They had ridden the brakes from Ogden in cramped proximity to the roadbed and the clacking wheels. Flying pebbles had cut their skin with nasty scratches. Dust and cinders had eaten like acid into the cuts. The damp of the fog loosened those gatherings. Like salt in the wind it made the cuts sting.

The boy rubbed his face with a threadbare sleeve, stiff as sandpaper with dirt. He whimpered. The man went on. He heard the boy. He did not turn his head. The boy, had he done so.

would have backed away in fear. He rubbed his face again. Again he whimpered. It was not to arouse sympathy. It was the outpouring of a soul's misery. It was like an animal's. Misery was inside of him. Like an animal he whimpered to rid himself of that misery. All the while, at that interval of a step, hunched of shoulder, shuffling legged, he slouched on after the other through the fog.

Neither the man nor the boy caught the moan of the dog that followed them. It was like an echo of the boy's. It came from behind them, at each whimper of the boy', like sympathy. It echosel, as they reached the hangout, the last whimper of the boy.

The hangout was down from the railroad embankment in a field of rusted car-wheels. The wheels were in immovable twos, a three-inch axle slung between. At the end of the stretch of wheels was the hangout, barricaded on one side by a corrugated iron windshield, roughly thrown up, and on the other by a develict gondola freight car.

The man and the boy halted at the end of the car-whesis. The hoboes in the hangout had finished eating. They key on stray ties or on the scattered straw and excelsion with faces to the fire. The light of the fire disclosed the man, and behind him the boy.

"If it ain't Frisco Red!" exclaimed one prone figure.

A number of hoboes sat up and greeted the man.

No one spoke to the boy. He made at once for the fire. A stew was cooking there in a smoke-blackened oil can. He sniffed the stew like an animal as he drew near. He peered into the blackened can. There was enough left. It was a muligan. Everything was in that stew—meat, petatocs, onions, bread—an appetizing bodgspodge. They could eat their fill. What remained of the stew, now that the hobocs had exten, was any one's that would come and take.

The man had appropriated a tie near the fire. On it on his stomach he basked, his face to the blaze. It was a large face. The red stubble of a week's growth thickened the outline and made it appear more bloated. His nose

was fatly bulbous. He had borrowed the makings from one of the hoboos. He puffed deeply. At long intervals, in thick, complacent streams, he exhaled the smoke.

The boy hunted round for the tin plates. With excelsior he cleaned two. He fished out on a stick potatoes and onlone and meat and bread, and heaped them in a smelly, steaming mess upon the plates. To Frisco Red he brought one of the plates, The stew steamed fragrantly about the red shaggy head as with grimy fingers the burly hobo dug for the first mouthfuls among the potatoes and shreds of

"That's some kid yuh got, Red," said one hobo. He watched the boy as the youngster carried his own smoking dish to the



outer rim of the crowd and sat down with it on his kneen. "Say, how much yuh want fer that kid?"

The boy ateravenously. He did not lift his head. He ate an though he had not heard the offer of purchase. He ate inelegantly, quickly, greedily, with a thorough and wholesome enjoyment of the coarse food. It was his first meal in twelve hours.

"You wanter buy that kid?" Red mid. He looked at the boy. The hobe was watching the boy. "Wal, that kid nin't for sale. He's a valyable road-kid, that's what, and he min't for sale. There min't a kid like him this side of the Hump—nor t'other side either. He's valyable, I tell yuh. You should have seen him batter the back doors up in Ogden. Handouts every time. Handouts for me. That kid don't want no handouts. He gets setdowns. Yes, sires, bo; every time. Setdowns in the kitchen.

"And State Street, Chicago, bo. He sure mosched that stem. No nickels. Dimes, buddie, and most like a quarter or a half. The women fall for that kid. Them high-waisted farmers' wives most of all—'He's so wis'ful kinder,' one says to me—him bens' that white and thin and scrawny, though yub see how he sure digs into that stew. But he handles 'em cote, that kid. He's too valyable. He don't need to hatter no hack doors. He can beg coin. He don't have to throw his feet. He can beg coin enough to keep me in boone requirities. He's a valyable prushim, that kid. Yuh can't buy him."

He fell to again on the food. He thrust a dripping, meatcoated bone in his mouth. He sucked at the brown cells greedily with a clucking of licking lips. He gnawed the bone. He looked round like a bugs mastiff, bone in mouth, greasy fingers upholding the ends, to view his property. The boy was howed-head over his food.

The boy was howed-head over his food,
"No, bo." He removed the bone and shook his great
shaggy head. "I don't sell that kid, not for no money. I've
had him for three years, that kid. He was twelve. He's kept
me in grub and rum money for all that time. Three years

I've spent a-trainin' of him to be a blowed-inthe-glass stiff. I'll make him that, like you and me, blowed-in-the-glass stiffs. He's not what yu'h call attached to me. I'm a wicious man when drunk. But he knowsenough, that kid. He knowsenough to do what I say and hand me the coim.

"I learned him that, yuh see. One time it was comin' over the Hump under the headligh t. It was cold under them snowsheds and black. That light overhead was without any heat. I to beam 'ud make yuh shiver. It was cold. The kid he was whimperin' like a sick dorg. You know the way. It got my goat—that and the cold and that light in all the dark. I told him I'd showe him off. I did bend him over the irons. I guess he never forgot that. Did yuh, Kid?"

"No, Red," said the boy without raising his eyes from the plate.

The man looked triumphantly round at his listeners, emudgy faces trembling red in the light of the fire.

"Three years ago that was. Three years I've spent a-trainin' of him to be a blowed-in-the-glass stiff. But he's still enough of a kid to be worth coin to me. Not fur five bones would I

sell him. He's too valyable. No," he udded, more to himself than to the tramps, "I wen't sell him."

The boy was thin-wristed and slim. His face was pinched and very pale where it was not streaked with dirty scratches. His eyes were the blue of the gypsying Celt. They were pitifully deep-sunken.

He was a road-kid who begged at back doors and along public streets for the hobo who had appropriated him. There are many such read-hids. Their youth assures success at begging. Therefore they are of value. The hobo with a road-kid lives a life of sase. The kid is his drudge, his slave. It was that way with Frisco Red and the Kid. The Kid's appearance gave him power to attract sympathy. The burly hobo exploited that power. In return there were lessons in the tricks of the hobo trade. Also there were lessons in brutality. By sendry cuffs and kicks the man made the boy's life almost unendurable. At regular intervals there were thorough beatings.

Frieco Red had apprepriated the Kid to his own use, Had he not, another hobe would have done so. Three times they had tried to steal the Kid. The hoy had clung to him. Kicking, biting, screaming, the boy had clung to the red-headed, unlovely hobe. It was not attachment. He was afraid of the others. He was afraid of the road alone.

The Kid threw the bones and few left-over scraps of the meal upon the ground. He went over to Red to borrow from that borrower the makings of an after-dinner eignreits. He came back deftly rolling it.

In a sort of pitrous delight, as it nuzzled the bones the boy had thrown away, the dog was making soft noises. It had been haunting the shadows since it had followed the two along the tracks and into the jungle. The Kid had turned his back. Thereat the smell of meat had lured it in. The Kid run toward the dog.

"Hello, pup," he said. "How are you, old hobo?"

The dog was a yellow dog. He was a mongrel. There was some strain of terrier in him that made him small. He

hacked away, growling. He would not trust the Kid. He was starving. Yet, as the Kid approached to pet and make triends with him, he left the meat and, growling, backed away.

backed away.

"Aw, bo," the Kid pleaded; "let me pat you, will yer? What yer 'fraid of? I ain't no gay-eat that 'ud kick you after makin' friends. I'm a blowed-in-the-glass stiff, I am. Come on, old-timer. Let me pat yer. Aw, will yer?"

He leaned forward. His breath came in gasps. His hands went out. The partially rolled digarette dropped from his fingers. The fingers moved in soft caresses. They were wasted on the air, but they were pitifully significant; they were significant of how the Kid would treat that dog.



"Au, Red Shouldn't be Jo Mean. What's Batis' Red ?"

Onlis pale, dirty face was a peculiar expression. Rapture was in the deep-sunk eyes. In his eyes was the look some umarried women have when they see a child.

"Tryin' to scare me, huh?" Step by step he advanced on the slowly backing dog, his body crouched, his hands patting the air with infinite tenderness. "You old Gay-cat, you can't scare me. I'm a-goin' to make chums with you. You see. Aw, yer old Gay-cat, what you 'fraid of?"

The dog turned tail. With the indescribable hunched back of a cur, yellow tail snuggling between his legs, the dog bolted in fear of him into the shadows.

The boy sat down on a tie. He fingered his ears. "Aw," he said, "I wouldn't 'a' hurt him."

The dog was starving. From a different angle he stole into camp. He breathed with fear. The meat drew him on. The boy did not look up. He did not know that the dog had come back. He had lost all faith in that dog. The dog would not trust him. The dog was not a blown-in-the-glass stiff. He was a cur. He was a gay-cat! "Not a real guy-cat," qualified the Kid. "No, not a real

gay-cat. It's mean treatment that's a-done it. He's horstile to everybody, even boes like me. He's a stiff, all right. But he's 'fraid like a gay-cat. That's all."

A gay-cat is the scorn of hoboes. He is a fake hobo. He lucks altogether the qualities of a blown-in-the-glass stiff.

He will "peach" on his mates, He will turn against a friend when that friend is down to tomato cans. Anything and everything vile and despicable is worthy of a gay-cat. To call a man that is to brand him with the most loathed name a hobo knows. It is the quintessence of contempt.

The dog made the final whimpering plunge. Down on forepaws he went and burrowed his slant muzzle in the straw for the meat. He made soft sounds of self-pity and of joy. The while teeth and forepaws struggled over the bones, the tragic curl of tail, so used to snuggling his back in fright, wagged forlornly in a daze of

happiness.

Neither the forlorn tail nor the squeals of joy did the boy see or hear. His elbows were on his rocking knees. His fingers rubbed slowly up and down, with the gentle unconscious motion, under the lobes of his ears. It was not often be thought of home. But now, while his boy's soul was posnemed by an utterness of despair, he visualized the little cottage clearly. Whenever he thought of it it was the same-

always as it had been in the morning when the air was sweet and the marguerites near the picket fence had no dust on

their whiteness.

It was up in Grass Valley. Before the damp had got him his father had been a workman in the mines. His mother always gave setdowns to hoboes. Year after year she did that. All the hoboes knew the white-faced little woman. "The lady in the shawl," they called her. Always she asked them, in return for her kindness, to look for her baby who was out there among all those lost boys and men.

For him every night she kept a lamp lighted-an oil lamp in the window. That was his room. A hundred roadkids had slept for a night within the pink-papered little

cubby. They had told him.

But the Kid did not go back. He felt he never could go back. He knew when the train shrilled high up on the side of the valley and the sounds dropped down he would go as he had gone before. He never could stay on. An urge was in him. That urge had drawn him out of the arms of his graying mother when he was twelve, and after a circus train that had dipped into the little valley to extract its tribute of quarters and the irretrievable tribute of boys. That miserable urge kept him moving-moving to find peace. It was the wanderlust. The wanderlust held him in a and more irrevocable slavery than did Frisco For it he endured Frisco Red. But the urge for always. moving on was his real master. The accursed wanderlust!

The dog sought beneath his feet for more scraps. But the Kid did not know. He remembered one morning when the train whistles came clear across the valley and there was no dust on the white marguerites. He had played that morning with a black-and-tan puppy beneath the smelly bushes near the picket fence. The puppy was the gift of a miner. The boy called it Prince. All the time it had struggled in his arms in an ecstasy of affection to lick his face. The round bundle of fat had made him laugh. He remembered he had rolled, shrieking with laughter, over on his

back and the puppy had licked his face. He remembered exactly how it had licked his face.

He thought he imagined that wet kiss on his downheld cheek. It was as wet as real. A cold breath fanned the scratched cheek. The Kid's lack of movement had won the dog over. The mongrel that had fied from him was making friends. But it did cringe in a terribly abject way when the Kid leaped to his feet at the kiss.

"Yer not a gay-cat, are you?" he said exultantly. "You came back like a regular stiff. Now yer did!"

He reached down and quickly lifted up the dog, the while the frightened mongrel struggled and tried to bite. He sat down and began to pet, to reassure the dog. Against his pinched white face he rubbed the cold muzzle. The dog whined piteously. Then the dog squatted down and, cocking its head to the movements of the petting hands, tried to lick them. The little brute whimpered softly. The whimpers came every now and then as if in an excess of gratitude. He climbed up on the boy. Just as the other dog had done he tried to lick the boy's face.
"Like Prince," the Kid glowed. "He tries to lick my

face just like Prince." He put his cheek, in the restfulness of whole-souled affection, against the cold muzzle.
"What yuh got there, Kid?" asked a hole, sprawling near.

"A dog. Can't yer see?"



The Dog Did Not Lean Up and Upon the Kid

Prisco Red looked round at the proud rejoinder. "A dorg? Wot yuh doin' with a dorg, Kid?"

'Aw, playin'. Jee' playin', Red. But ain't be some dog though?"

The better to show off the mongrel the Kid put him down upon his feet. Frisco Red returned, without another word or a second look at the dog, to his conversation with Pittsburgh Shorty and Cheyenne Jos. Dogs did not interest him at all, and his road-kid but little.

Some time later Frisco Red spoke a short word. The Kid went out into the darkness to gather a few staggering armfuls of wood. It was to keep the fire blazing through the night. He paid with too for what he and his master had eaten; also for what the dog had eaten. That was a last thought. It made the boy stoop with a certain thrill of pleasure to the task. He ripped off planking from the floor of the derelict flat car. He trotted back and forth with the weighty armfuls. All the while at his heels the dog sniffed.

The hoboes drew nearer the fire and curled up preparatory to going to sleep. The Kid drew up his tie. It was not so near the fire as theirs. He knew his place. He took off coat and vest. He placed the folded vest under him for a pillow. Loosely over him he cast the dirt-stiffened cost.

The dog wriggled and squirmed, pulled with his teeth with his head, until he coat. Snuggling close for warmth he lay on the Kid's chest. So they slept, the Kid and the dog. The less hairy body was held tightly in the boy's arms. Against his neck lay the warm-breathing muzzle. The Kid waked from time to time with the cold of the night. The dog whimpered each time and ran a wet tongue along the Kid's neck. Then the Kid smiled and hugged the dog the tighter.

The Kid awake in the brisk of dawn. "Get out, you old Gay-cat," he mumbled to the hairy bundle of warmth on his chest. He called the dog a "gay-cat" and smiled— gay-cat, which means all that is despicable and loathed)

It was a species of mock contempt. So a man calls his wife old woman." It was to hide, in masculine fashion, the thrill of love in his voice.

The camp was heaving awake, like so many maggots in the dew. The hoboes crawled out of their floppings like dead souls awakened by some inexorable law in which they had no wish or say. They stood up and stretched grotesquely and shivered in the damp. Frisco Red stood up. raw of beard, ashen of face and seedy. He kicked into cowering life one who was old and who overslept.

"Get up, ho," he said, the before-breakfast husk in his voice. "Got to throw your feet if yuh want scoffin's,"

He turned a gray face to the Kid.

"Kid," he said, "you'll have to batter for handouts this mornin'. I'll get my own scoffin's. Gee, I feel like I used to when I'd downed three cups. But you batter for handouts, Kid. The women are horstile to me. I look rough and raw. But you're sure to get'em snivelin' over yuh, a pretty kid like you. We got to walk to the water tank this mornin' and we need handouts."

The boy started to leave the hangout. The Gay-cat stalked into life at his beels.

"Say, Kid," said Frisco Red, "can't have that dorg round. Lose him in the first back yard. Hear me, Kid? The boy turned back beseechingly.

"Aw, Red, can't I keep him? Can't I keep him, Red?"

"The first back yard, Kid. Get me? I don't want no pet dorgs for mine. How yub goin' to batter back doors with him all the time snoopin' round at yer heels?"

"Aw, say now, ited, he ain't hurtin' yer none. He's only a dog-a hobo dog, Red. He won't a-hurt me beggin'."

Prisco Red looked into the deep-sunk eyes of the Kid.

"The first back yard," he said with monotonous insist-

With shoulders hunched and head drooped miserably forward the Kid led the way. There was the field of rusty brown car-wheels, two by two, forever two by two. Then it was up the rough embankment of gravel where the tracks shot on either way into the lift of distance. Beyond that, after they had mounted it, could be seen a gray flat of marshy land that lay far to a blue suggesttion of hills. Hunched of shoulder, shuffling-stepped, the black hulks of the hoboes, at regular intervals along the embunkment, punctuated the sky like perverted question marks.

The Kid led the way. The dog ran by his side. His head drooped in sympathy. Every now and then the Kid spoke.
"Aw, Red shouldn't be so mean," he would say. "What's eatin' Red? He acts awful mean."

A side-tracked train of disreputably old boxcars bulked ahead. A man was climbing down the ladder of the first bunk car as, with the dog at his beels, the boy shuffled by. The dog barked at him as he leaped to the ground.
"That your dog, Kid?" he greeted.

The Kid halted. The other hoboes slumped spinclessly by toward town.

"You've said somethin', bo," he answered quite manfully. "Say, yer couldn't stack us up to some eats, could yer, boss jes' the dog and me?"

The look of the drooping dog and the pale, thin-wristed and wistful Kid had its effect. It was a picture so hoyish and forlors. The Kid ate with the foreman of the blocksignal installation crew. And the Gay-cat ate also, out of a tin plate of his own. The boss liked dogs. He placed, so be could watch him, the dog and his tin plate upon the eilcloth-covered table.

Smoking a cigarette he had borrowed from the construction boss the Kid went back to the hangout. There in that deserted field of rusted car-wheels he tossed sticks from some one in the past. Proudly he showed it off. All the time the Kid swore in fond raillery at the dog. When the little brute drew near he loved him with petting and as often with gentle cuffs. It was a strengthening of

Frisco Red slouched into the jungle. He looked at the quieted dog. Then he looked at the Kid. The Kid cowered. He put out his hand. In it was the handout he had obtained for Red from the foreman.

Frisco Red squatted down on a tie and munched the cold meat and bread. To the constant clicking of his jaws the burly bobo watched steadily the boy and the dog.

When the last mouthful was finished he wiped his fingers on his stubbly lips. He drew from his overalls' pocket the inevitable little white muslin hag and sheaf of brown papers. These he fortunately had forgotten, the night before, to return to their owner. He lighted a cigarette. He drew deeply a few times. Then, half-consumed, he flipped the cigarette away. He got up in his truck-worn

"Goin' to keep the dorg, Kid?"

"Aw, Red," said the Kid with dry lips. "Aw, let me keep him, Red."

'I told yuh to lose him, didn't I? The first back yard it

was, wasn't it?"

"I only went as far as the construction train, Red. Let. me keep him, will yer, Red? I didn't pass no back yards; honest, I didn't. Aw, Red!"

Frisco Red reached for the cowering Kid. He grasped him by the nape of the neck. He threw him on his face. He kicked him. He kicked more than once. He kicked viciously.

"The first back yard. Yuh was to ditch him. Yuh

The Kid sobbed from the straw and excelsior: "Don't, Red! Aw, Red!"

The dog snapped at that swinging foot. A well-directed kick caught him in the soft hanging part of the neck beneath the bristling ears. Over and over into the crackling litter the dog sprawled.

At last the Kid crawled out of it. He lay on his face. behind a tie. By a roundabout path far from that booted foot the dog slunk to him. The dog 'icked his neck and exposed ear.

Frisco Red walked at a sharp stride toward the embankment. At the foot of the embankment he slowed up. He came back.

"Kid," he said. "yuh ditch the dorg."
The huddle behind the tie did not unswer. Only in a tumult of sobbing it shook all over.

Frisco Red drew out papers and tobacco. Rolling a cigarette he moved away.

Two hours later, one of a reeling lot of hoboes, he reappeared. All were more or less drunk with cheap whisky. In Sacramento, in an alley behind the Capitol Bar, they had "rolled" a drunken rancher for his pocketbook.

The Gay-cat crouched in fear, at eight of Red, behind the Kid's legs. He whimpered softly in tense nervousness. Frisco Red stood absurdly hesitant on legs askew. He paid no attention to the Kid. He did not see the dog.

There was a consultation among the unsteady men. Then the grotesque squad moved forward. They moved forward in what appeared an exaggeration of their peculiar hobo shuffle. Dully, with heads telling on necks, they followed the tracks away from town; the while, as occasional accompaniment, they hawted broad songs or the hymns learned in some slum mission where he that would

The endless punctuation of ties led on and on until even the marshes rose and became level with the tracks and were prairie land. Here, behind a barbed-wire fence and beneath soughing sucalyptus trees, a weather-worn farmhouse stood. About the foundations of the farmhouse was a flurry of chickens; but there was no other sign of life.

Along the line of wire fence the water tank upreared on its stilts. Frisco Red and the litter of tramps lay down upon their backs and drowsed in the shade of it. A little apart sat the Kid, the dog between his knees.

It was stinging noontide. The sunlight pelted down upon the drab eucalypti and the drabber men. Everything

was silent and dead with heat as high noon of an Indian summer Sunday. "I'm hungry," said one

youngish hobo some time later. "I'd like ter throw my feet at thet house. I'd batter it myself only-only it's horstile."

All knew it was hostile. On the water tank was plainly written that it was hostile. Beside the monakers or road names of a hundred hoboes were scratched such messages as: "Beware of dog." "Farmer has gun." "Farmhouse horstile." The messages were of a nature to cause the boldest of the hoboes to hesitate ere begging at that particular farmer's door.

Frisco Red got up. He drank for long minutes the drippings of the water tank. Then he went over to the trough that was an adjunct of the tank. He doused his head at the uncovered end.

He came back. The hair, red and sodden, was dripping into his eyes. "Gee, that stuff had a kick to it!" he said. "I'm burnin' up. Burnin' up and hungry."

The dog escaped, at sight of Red, from between the Kid's knees. Backing away into the sunlight, he barked once in fear of the dripping red hair of the man. Frisco Red stared at the dog. A stupid expression of surprise marked itself on his hair-streaked face.

"You here?" he asked the air. "Where's the durg?" He looked round, his head moving stiffly on his neck. The Kid shrank into the sunlight. Circuitously he made toward the burly hobo.

"Aw, let me keep him, Red," he whined.

That dull spathetic :urprise in his eyes, the holio looked at the boy. He looked at him for a long time. Slowly, as he looked, his eyes narrowed into a certain squint of craftiness.

"The whole push is hungry, Kid," he said. "I'm

hungry."

Yes, Red," said the Kid submissively. His body fell into the conventional beby slouch. Shoulders bunched, head lowered toward the ruts in the road, he followed in the shade of the trees the line of the fence. He turned back a short space on and whistled for the dog. The Gay-cut trotted out with spirit at that call and commenced the inevitable dogging of his steps.

"Kid," called Frisco Red, "better leave the dorg behind. You can't hatter that horstile house with him

along."

The Kid steadily kept on. He was suspicious.

"Aw, let him come along, Red," he flung over his shoulder.

"Send the dorg hark, Kid," said Frisco Red. "Better send him back.

The Kid gave in to that monotonous repetition of command. He shooed the dog back toward the water tank. Dejectedly, tail snuggling between his legs, the dog walked slowly into the shadows of the tank and stretched out, with only now and then a questioning look after the Kid.

The Kid climbed over the one-hinged, wire-secured gate. He approached the front door of the sundoring farmhous He knocked and repeated the knock. The door was upened by an asthmatic and worn old woman.

"Such as I have I'll be givin' you with the help of God," she said in a remote way. She invited him into the stifling shadows of the kitchen.

When he came not be carried what the gasping old woman had given him for the other transpe-eight egg sandwiches. He himself in the shadowy kitchen had euten his fill. An anxious frown knuckled his forehead as he came back. His eye was agile for sight of the dog. He handed the sandwiches to Red and the others.

"The little Gay-cat, where is he gone to?" he asked, his breath coming short and leard as though he were the gasping woman. "My dog? He was here a little while ago."

A great to-do of struggle in the trough made him look oust the munching Red. The trough was partitioned into halves. One half was open. The other was covered by a stout heard. Under the board Frisco Red had shoved the dog. He had slammed the board tight. There was no chance at all for the dog to climb out. Paddling desperately in the water, with that board but a few inches above its head-scant inches of air and life-the dog was struggling for life. It sobbed passionately. As the Kid looked toward the trough the subbings rose into a long, echning

The Kid's pale, dirty face was much paler than usual and by contrast much dirtier. "Aw, Red!" he sobbed.

He ran toward the trough! His dog! Quite unconsciously, as he ran, he pulled up his sleeve for the plunge. The whine died away in a choked sob.

"That's all right, old feller. I'll -I'll -

Frisco Red sidled out of the shadows between him and the trough.

"I ditched the dorg, Kid," he said hoarsely. "Now you leave him there. You're not goin' agin me in this. Myself, I'm horstile to him from first sight. The first back yard it was, Kid. The first back yard and yuh didn't."

The burly hobo spread his legs. In the old known esture he reached out his hand for the Kid's collar. The Kid tried to slip past him for the trough, but Red got his grip. By the collar, as the Kid squirmed, the hobo swung him round into his arms.

"The first back yard, Kid," he muttered.

A certain pride was in his voice. It broke in a scream of pain. Red dropped his hold of the Kid. Frantically he pushed him away. All the while, as he did, he screamed as with pain unendurable.

The Kid had bitten his arm. The Kid had clawed with long fingernalls across his temples. The blood was burning into his eyes. The hobo backed away. He screamed with pain. He screamed with fury. He pulled from beneath his overalls apron his miserable weapon. Brushing the blood from his eyes Frisco Red groped forward for the Kid.

Quivering, ghastly white, his eyes aglare with an intensity of outraged feelings, the Kid crouched. To his ears came the shrill walls of his dog. Frisco Red groped toward him. In the hobo's hand was the razor doubled up against the crotch of thumb and forefinger in the regulation hobo manner. It was a glistening, terrible thing. But the Kid did not shrink away. The wail of his dog shrilled on his ears. He was in a madness of revolt. He had bitten Frisco Red's arm. He had scratched Frisco Red's temples. He had aroused in Frisco Red an anger that lusted for blood. The Kid did not shrink away. It would do no good. He had drawn blood. In blood he would have to pay. Always that has been primitive law,

The half-blinded hobe came on. The Kid sprang in. As he sprang he caught that rezor-wielding wrist. He turned that wrist. He was half-crazed with a madness of revolt and with fear of that vicious weapon. With strength born of his desperation he turned and turned Red's wrist.

Frisco Red was blinded by blood trickles. To the core of his being he was shocked by the Kid's frenzy of fighting. It was a thing utterly unlooked for. It was an appulling thing to him. It overwhelmed him. The razor fell from his wrenched wrist.

It fell into the gray-yellow dust. In a trice it was stamped out of sight. It was stamped under the feet of the Kid. In that trice the Kid had leaped. Upon the bloodblinded and bewildered hobo, at his bloated stubbly face the Kid leaped. He shrilled curses. He beat upon that face, He scratched. It was a frenzy of fighting.

It was the fight of a wolf and a wounded moose. With the tireless pursuits of his slavery the Kid was strong and bealthy. It was a wiry strength, an emaciated healthiness, like that of a lean-flanked wolf. His tissues were not wasted by cheap whisky. He had all that makes for the courage to fight fairly; but his education had run in different channels. He had seen men fight, kicking and clawing and shrieking like deprayed souls. Always they had been in liquor. Always the fight had been vicious. It was only for him, in the madness of revolt, to fight as he had been taught. He could not take any chances.

The Kid was on the hobo's neck. Like a wolf dragging down a moose he hung to that neck. Beating and scratch-

ing, shrilling curses the while, he worked round. He never released his hold on that neck. He jumped upon the bobo's back.

It was the dreaded "strong-arm" that is the road-kid's standby. Thus upon a man's back, forearms entwined about his neck, a puny boy can exert enough leverage to carl that man, gasping, upon his back. It was that way with the Kid. His thin, bony wrists were knotted about the hobe's throat, He pulled back on them. Frisco Red, as he cursed, swallowed hard for breath. He struggled to heave the Kid off. The Kid pressed his right knee against the joints of the man's backbone at the small of the back. Redshricked terribly. His back gave. It gave like a fish spine. Drawing for breath, on his back in the dust he collapsed.

(Centinued on Page 52)



He Had Drawn Blood. In Blond He Would Have to Po

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

WHEN THE SEVEN A. M. TUT-TUT LEAVES FOR ANYWHERE



Hit Ages and Place

Sathered Street Past

Imali Buy and Gues Him

Advice at the Tap of Their Votege

In TENDERING sundry hints and observations to such
of my fellow countrymen as may be contemplating
trips abroad I will, with their kindly permission and the
oditor's, preface this chapter by setting forth briefly the
following principles, which apply generally to railroad
travel in the Old World:

First—On the Continent all trains leave at or about seven A. M. and reach their destination at or about seven P. M. You may be going a long distance or a short one—it makes no difference; you leave at seven and you arrive at eleven. The few exceptions to this rule are of no consequence and do not count.

Second—A trunk is the most costly luxury known to European travel. If I rould sell my small, shrinking and flat-chested steamer trunk—original value in New York eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents—for what it east me over on the other side in registration fees, excess charges, mental wear and tear, freightage, forwarding and warehousing bills, tips, bribes, indulgences, and acts of barratry and piracy, I should be able to laugh in the income tax's face.

In this connection I would suggest to the tourist who is traveling with a trunk that he begin his land itinerary in Southern Italy and work northward; thereby, through the gradual shrinkage in weight, he will save much money on his trunk, owing to the pleusing custom among the Italian trainhands of prying it open and making a judicious selection from its contents for personal use and for gifts to friends and relatives.

Third—For the sake of the experience, travel second class once; after that travel first class—and try to forget the experience. With the exception of two or three special-fare, so-called de-luxe trains, first class over there is about what the service was on an accommodation, mixed-freight-and-passenger train in Arkansas immediately following the close of the Civil War.

Fourth—When buying a ticket for anywhere you will receive a cunning little booklet full of detachable leav at the whole constituting a volume about the size and thickness of one of those portfolion of views that came into popularity with as at the time of the Philadelphia Centennial. Surrender a sheet out of your book on demand of the uniformed official who will come through the train at from five to seven minute intervals. However, he will collect only a sheet every other trip; on the alternate trips he will merely examine your ticket with the air of never having seen it before, and will fold it over, perforate it with his punching machine and return it to you.

Hardships of De-Luxe Travel

BY THE time you reach your destination nothing will be left but the cover; but do not cast this carelessiy aside—retain it until you are filing out of the terminal, when it will be taken up by a haughty voluptuary with whiskers. If you have not got it you cannot escape. You will have to go back and live on the train, which is, indeed, a frightful-fate to contemplate.

Fifth - Reach the station half an hour before the train starts and claim your seat; then tip the guard liberally to By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON

keep other passengers out of your compartment. He has no intention of so doing, but it is customary for Americans to go through this pleasing formality—and it is expected of them.

Sixth—Tip everybody on the train who wears a uniform. Be not afraid of hurting some one's feelings by offering a tip to the wrong person there will not be any wrong person. A tip is the one form of insult that anybody in Europe will take.

Seventh—Before entering the train inhale deeply several times. This will be your last chance of getting any fresh air until you reach your destination. For self-defense against the germ life prevailing in the atmosphere of the unventilated compartments, snoke a German cigar. A German cigar keeps off any disease except the chalera; it gives you the cholera.

Eighth — Do not linger on the platform, waiting for the locumetive whistle to blow, or the bell to ring, or somebody to yell All aboard! If you do this you will probably keep on lingering until the following morning at seven. As a starting signal the presiding functionary renders a brief

solo on a tiny tin trumpet. One pupy warning blast from this instrument sets the whole train in motion. It makes you think of Gabriel bringing on the Day of Judgment by tootling on a penny whistle. Another interesting point: The engine does not say Choo-choo as in our country—it says Tut-tut.

Ninth—In England, for convenience in claiming your baggage, change your name to Xemophon or Zymology there are always about the baggage such crowds of persons who have the commoner initials, such as T for Thompson, J for Jones, and S for Smith. When next I go to England my name will be Zorosster—Quintus P, Zorosster.

Tenth—If possible, avoid patronising the so-called refreshment wagons or dising cars, which are expensive and uniformly bad. Live off the country. Remember, the country is living off of you.

Except eighty or ninety other things the British Channel was the most disappointing thing we encountered in our truvels. All my reading on this subject had led me to expect that the Channel would be very choppy and that we should all be very seasick. Nothing of the sort befell. The channel may have been suetty but it was not choppy. The steamer that ferried us over ran as steadily as a clock and everybody felt as fine as a fiddle.

A friend of mine whom I met six weeks later in Florence had better luck. He crossed on an occasion when a test was being made of a device for preventing sessickness. A Frenchman was the inventor and also the experimenter.

This Frenchman had spent valuable years of his life perfecting his invention. It resembled a hammock swung

between uprights. The supports were to be boilted to the deck of the ship, and when the Channel began to misbehave the squeamish passenger would climb into the hammock and fasten himself in; and then, by a system of reciprocating oscillations, the hammock would counteract the motion of the ship and the occupant would rest in perfect comfort no matter how high she pitched or how deep she rulled. At least that was the theory of the inventor; and to prove it be offered himself as the subject for the first actual demonstration.

The result was unexpected. The sea was only moderately rough; but that patent hammork bucked like a kicking bronco. The poor Frenchman was the only seasick person aboard—but he was sick enough for the whole crowd. He was seasick with a Gallic abandon; he was seasick both ways from the jack, and other ways too. He was strapped down so he could not get out, which added no little to the pleasure of the occasion for everybody except himself. When the steamer landed the captain of the boat told the distressed owner that, in his opinion, the device was not suited for steamer use. He advised him to rent it to a riding academy.

In crossing from Dover to Calais we had thought we should be going merely from one country to another; we found we had gone from one world to another. That narrow strip of rolly water does not separate two countries—it separates two planets.

Gone were the incredible stiffness and the incurable honesty of the race that belonged over yonder on those white chalk cliffs dimly visible along the horizon. Gone were the phlegm and stolidity of those people who manifest emotion only on the occasions when they stand up to sing their national anthem:

God save the King! The Queen is doing well!

Gone were the green fields of Sussex, which looked as though they had been taken in every night and brushed and dry-cleaned and then put down again in the morning. Gone were the trees that Maxfield Parrish might have painted, so vivid were they in their burnished greenand-yellow coloring, so spectacular in their grouping. Gone was the five-franc note which I had intrusted to a sandwich vender on the railroad platform in the vain hope that he would come back with the change. After that clincher there was no doubt about it—we were in La Belle France all right, all right!

Everything testified to the change. From the pier where we landed a small boy, in a long black tunic beited in at his waist, was fishing; he booked a little fingerling. At the first tentative tug on his line he set up a shrill clamor.

The French for Sport

AT THAT there came running a fat, kindly looking old priest in a long gown and a shovel hat; and a market woman came, who had arms like a wrestler and skirts that stuck out like a ballet dancer's; and a soldier in baggy red pants came; and thirty or forty others of all ages and sines came—and they gathered about that small boy and gave him advice at the top of their voices. And when be yanked out the shining little silverfish there could not have been more animation and enthusiasm and excitement if be had landed a full-grown Presbyterian.

They were still congratulating him when we pulled out and went tearing along on our way to Paris, scooting through quaint, stone-walled cities, each one deminated by its crumbly old cathedral; sliding through open country where the fields were all diked and ditched with small canals and bordered with poplars trimmed so that each tree looked like a set of undertaker's whiskers pointing the wrong way.

And in these fields were peasants in sabets at work, looking as though they had just stepped out of one of Millet's pictures. Even the haystacks and the scaregrows were different.

In England the haycocks had been geometrically correct in their dimensions—so square and firm and exact that sections might be sliced off them like cheese, and doors and windows might be carved in them; but these French haystacks were devil-may-care haycocks wearing tufts on their polis like headdresses.

The windmills had a rakish air; and the scarecrows in the truck gardens were debonair and cocky, tilting themselves back on their pins the better to enjoy the view and



fluttering their ragged vestments in a most jaunty fashion. The land though looked poor—it had a driven, overworked

Presently, above the clacking voice of our train, we heard a whining roar without; and peering forth we heheld almost over our heads a big monoplane racing with us. It seemed a mighty, winged Thunder Lizard that had come back to link the Age of Stone with the Age of Air. On second thought I am inclined to believe the Thunder Lizard did not flourish in the Stone Age; but if you like the simile as much as I like it we will just let it stand.

Three times on that trip we saw from the windows of our train aviators out enjoying the cool of the evening in their airships; and each time the natives among the passungers jammed into the passageway that flanked the compartments and speculated regarding the identity of the aviators and the make of their machines, and argued and shrugged their shoulders, and quarreled and gesticulated. The whole thing was as Frenchy as tripe in

a casserole.

I was wrong, though, a while ago in saying there remained nothing to remind us of the right little, tight little island we had just quit; for we had two Englishmen in our compartment-fit and proper representatives of a certain type of Englishman. They were tall and lean, and had the languid eyes and the long, weary faces and the yellow buck teeth of weary cartherses, and they each wore a fixed expression of intense gloom. You felt sure it was a fixed expression, because any person with such an expression would change it if he could do so by anything short of a surgical operation. And it was quite evident they had come mentally prepared to disapprove of all things and all people in a foreign clime.

The Cyclone Sneeze

SILENTLY, but none the less forcibly, they resented the circumstance that others should be sharing the same compartment with them or sharing the same train, either, for that matter. The compartment was full, too, which made the situation all the more

intolerable un elderly English lady with a placid face under a mid-Victorian bonnet; a young, pretty woman who was either English or American; the two members of

my party, and these two Englishmen.

And when, just as the train was drawing out of Calais, they discovered that the best two seats, which they had promptly preempted, belonged to others, and that the seats for which they held reservations faced rearward, so that they must ride with their backs to the locomotive why, that irked them sore and more. I imagine they wrote a letter to The London Times about it afterward.

As is the pleasing habit of traveling Englishmen, they had brought with them everything portable they owned. Each one had four or five large handlings, and a carryall, and a hathox, and his ten-caddy, and his plaid blanket done up in a shawistrap, and his framed picture of the Death of Nelson-and all the rest of it; and they piled those things in the luggage racks until both the racks were check-full; so the rest of us had to hold our baggage in our laps or sit on it.

One of them was facing me not more than five or six feet distant. He never saw me though. He just gazed steadily through me, studying the pattern of the upholstery on the seat behind me; and I could tell by his look that he did not care for the upholatering—as very naturally

he would not, it being French.

We had traveled together thus for some hours when one of them began to cloud up for a sneeze. He tried to sidetrack it, but it would not be sidetracked. The rest of us, looking on, seemed to hear that soweze coming from a long way off. Personally it reminded me of a musical-sketch team giving an imitation of a brass band marching down Main Street playing the Turkish Patrol-dim and faint at first, you know, and then growing louder and stronger, and gathering volume until it borsts right in your face.

Fascinated we watched his struggles. Would be master it or would it master him? But he lost, and it was probably a good thing he did. If he had swallowed that energe it would have drowned him. His nose jibed and went about: his head tilted back farther and farther; his count expressed deep agony-and then the log jam at the bend in his nose went out with a roar and he let loose the moistest, loudest kerswoosh! that ever was, I reckun.

He sneezed eight times—the first eneeze unligituded his waistcoat, the second unparted his hair, and the third one almost pulled his shoes off; and after that they grew really violent, until the last sneeze shifted his cargo and left him with a list to port and his lee scuppers awash. It made a ruin of him-the Prophet Isaiah could not have remained dignified while wrestling with a sneezing bee of those dimensions but oh, how it did gladden the rest of us to behold him at the mercy of the elements and to note what a moist, waterlogged wreck they made of him!

It was not long after that before we had another streak of luck. The train joited over something and a hat fell down from the topmost pinnacle of the mountain of luggage above and hit his friend on the nose. We should have felt better satisfied if it had been a coal scuttle; but it was a reasonably hard and heavy hat and it hit him brimfirst on the tenderest part of his nose and made his eyes water, and we were grateful enough for small blessings. One should not expect too much of an already overworked Providence.

The rest of us were still warm and happy in our souls when, without any whistle-tooting or bell-clanging or station-calling, we slid silently, almost surreptitiously, into the Gare du Nord, at Paris. Neither in England nor on the mainland does any one feel called on to notify you that you have reached your destination.

It is like the old formula for determining the sex of a pigeon-you give the suspected bird some corn, and if he eats it he is a he; but if she eats it she is a she. In Europe

For it the One Form of Incast Faut Angholy.

if it is your destination you get off, and if it is not your destination you stay on. On this occasion we stayed on, feeling rather forlars and helpless, until we saw that every one else had piled off. We gathered up our belongings and

By that time all the available porters had been engaged; so we took up our luggage and walked. We walked the length of the trainshed-and then we stepped right into the recreation half of the State Hospital for the Criminal Innane, at Matteawan, New York. I knew the place instantly, though the devreations had been changed since I was there last. It was a joy to come on a home institution so far from home—joysome, but a trille disconverting too, because all the losepers had died or gone on strike or something; and the lunaties, some of them being in uniform and some in citizen's dress, were leaping from crag to crug, uttering maniscul shrieks.

Divers lucaties, who had been away and were just getting back, and sundry lunaties who were fixing to go away and apparently did not expect ever to get back, were dashing headlong into the arms of still other lumatics, kinding and hugging them, and exchanging farewells and warre-blening with them in the maddest fashion imaginable. From time to time I laid violent hands on a flying. flitting maniar and detained him against his will, and saked him for some directions; but the persons to whom I spoke could not understand me, and when they answered I could not understand them; so we did not make much headway by that.

I esuld not get out of that asylum until I had surrendered the covers of our ticket books and claimed our baggage and cleared it through the custams office. I knew that; the trouble was I could not find the place to attend to these details. On a chance I tried a door, but it was distinctly the wrong place; and an elderly female on duty there got me out by employing the universal language known of all people. She shook her skirts at me and said Shoo! So I got out, still toting five or six bugs and bundles of assorted sizes and shapes, and tried all the other doors in sight.

arrived at the right one. To make it harder for me they had put it round a corner in an elbow-shaped wing of the building and had taken the sign off the door. This place was full of porters and loud cries.

To be on the safe side I tendered retaining fees to three of the porters; and thus by the time I had satisfied the customs officials that I had imported no spirits or playing cards or tobacco or soup, or other contraband goods, and had cleared our laggage and started for the calistand, we amounted to quite a stately procession and attracted no little attention as we passed along. But the tips I had to hand out before the taxi started would stagger the human imagination if I told you the sum total.

There are few finer things than to go into Paris for the first time on a warm, bright Saturday night. At this moment I can think of but one finer thing—and that is when, wearied of being short-changed and bilked and double-charged, and held up for tips or tribute at every step, you are leaving Paris on a Saturday night-or, in

Those first impressions of the life on the boulevards are going to stay in my memory a long, long time - the people, paired off at the tables of the sidewalk cafes, drinking drinks of all colors; a little shopgirl wearing her new, cheap, fetching hat in such a way as to center public attention on her head and divert it from her feet, which were shabby; two small errand boys in white aprorus, standing right in the middle of the whirling, swirling traffic, in imminent peril of their lives, while one light and his cigarette butt from the cigarette butt of his friend; a handful of roistering soldiers, singing as they swept saix

abreast along the wide, rutty sidewalk; t. he kinsks for advertising, all thickly plastered over with posters, half of which should have been in an art gallery and the other half in a garbage barrel: a well-dressed pair, kissing in the full glare of a street light; an imitation art student, got up to look like an Apache, and no doubt plenty of real Apaches, got up to look like human beings; a silk-hatted gentleman, stopping with perfect courtesy to help a bloused workman lift a baby-laden baby carriage over an awkward spot in the curbing, and the workingman returning thanks with the same perfect courtesy; our own driver, careening along in a manner suggestive of what certain East Side friends of mine would call the Charlot Race from Ben Hirsch; and a stout lady of the middle class sitting under a café awning caressing her pet mole.

To the Belgians belongs the credit of domesticating the formerly ferocious Belgian here, and the East Indian fakir makes a friend and companion of the king cobra; but it remained for those ingenious people, the Parisians, to tame the mole, which other races have always regarded as unbeautiful and

unornamental, and make a cuming little companion of it. and spend hours stroking its fleens. This particular mole belonging to the stout middle-aged lady in question was one of the largest moles and one of the curliest I ever saw. It was on the side of her nose,

You see a good deal of mole culture going on here. Later, with the reader's permission, we shall return to Paris and look its inhabitants over at more length; but for the time being I think it well for us to be on our travels. In passing I would merely state that on leaving a Paris hotel you will tip everybody on the premises.

Oh, yes-but you will!

Let us move southward. Let us go to Sunny Italy, which is called Sunny Italy for the same reason that the laughing hyena is called the laughing hyens—not because be laughs so frequently, but because he laughs so seldom. Let us go to Rosse, the Eternal City, sitting on her Seven Hills, remembering as we go along that the currency hus changed and we no longer compute sums of money in the franc but in the lira. I regret the latter word is not pronounced as spelled-it would give me a chance to say that the common coin of Italy is a lira, and that nearly everybody in Rome is one also.

Ah, Rome-the Roma of the Ancients-the Mistress of the Olden World-the Sacred City! Ah, Rome, if only your stones could speak! It is customary for the tourist, taking his cue from the guidebooks, to carry on like this, forgetting in his enthusiasm that, even if they did speak, they would doubtless speak Italian, which would leave him practically where he was before. And so, having said. it myself according to formula, I shall proceed to state the actual facts.

The Eternal City at a Glance

IF, COMING out of a huge and dirty terminal, you emerge on a splendid plaza, miserably paved, and see a priest, a soldier and a beggar; a beautiful child wearing nothing at all to speak of, and a hideous old woman with the a Madonna looking out of a tragic mask of a face; a magnificent fountain, and nobody using the water, and a great, overpowering smell—oh, yes, you can see a Roman smell; a cart mule with ten dollars' worth of trappings on him, and a driver with ten cents' worth on him; a palace like a dream of stone, entirely surrounded by nightmare hovels; a new, shiny, modern apartment house, and shouldering up against it a crumbly, cankered rubbish beap that was once the playhouse of a Casar, its walls bearded like a pard's face with tufted laurel and splotched like a brandy drunkard's with red stains; a church that is a dismal ruin without and a glittering Aladdin's Cave of gold and gems and porphyry and onyx within; a wide and handsome avenue starting from one festering stew of slums

ig in another festering stew of slums; a grimed and archway opening on a lovely hidden courtyard res are green and flowers bloom, and in the center a statue which is worth its weight in minted d which carries more than its weight in dirt-if in everybody in sight is smiling and good-natured ey, and is trying to sell you something or wheestle and something, or pick your pocket of somethingand pet for confirmatory evidence, seek the vast dome - Peter's rising yonder in the distance, or the green the tedars and the dusky clumps of the slive groves Mildes beyond - you know you are in Rome.

of the correct likeness of Naples we merely reduce rate by one-half and increase the beggars by twowe richen the color masses, thicken the dirt, raise ands to the ath degree, and set half the populace to We establish in every second doorway a mother er alspring tucked between her knees and forcibly are while the mother nearches the child's head for a a whow, it is more charitable to say it is a flea; and and a special touch of gorgeousness to the street

12 Naples a cart is a glory of red tires and blue shafts, are hills and pink body and purple tailgate, with a it that would have suited Sheba's Queen; and that draws the cart is caparisoned in brass and and the driver wears a broad yet tall. With an outfit such as that, you feel he and a peddling aurora borealises-or, at the very and an interest and interest and the has only a c desses or garbage in stock.

Main, also, there is, even in the most prosale thing. at a pladden your eye if you only hold your nose

we mak on it. On the stalls of the provies the cauliflowers and the cabare broked up with an artistic effect and exceedy equal if we had roses and newsk with; the fishmonger's cart and instill life, and the tripe is what and a harmonious interior.

Plate's Italian Brother

VEARLY all the hotels in Italy are con-I went places. They may have been - see a palaces, but, with their marble wand their high ceillings, and their dank, ammion, they distinctly fail to qualify . I should have preferred them and and sinful. I likewise observed wasty common to hotelkeepers in ay they all look like cats. The propriof if the converted palace where we and is Naples was the very image of a w used to own, named Plutarch's we. He was a cat that had a fine The voice though better adapted for or son than parlor singing and a wasn in every port,

Taktelkeeper might have been that cat's own brother the on he had Plute's roving eye and his bristling thun and his sharp white teeth, and Plute's silent, many treed, and his way of purring softly until he had we confidence and then sticking his claw into you. way difference was, he stuck you with a bill instead

linter interesting idiosyncrasy of the Italian hotelme a trat he invariably swears to you his town is the

only honest town in Italy, but begs you to beware of the next town which, he assures you with his hand on the place where his heart would be if he had a heart, is full of thieves and liars and counterfeit money and pickpockets.

The tourist agencies issue pamphlets telling how you may send money or jewelry by registered mail in Italy, and then append a footnote warning you against sending money or jewelry by registered mail in Italy. Likewise you are constantly being advised against carrying articles of value in your trunk, unless it is most carefully locked, bolted and strapped. It is good advice too.

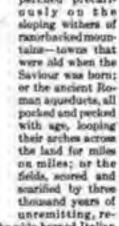
An American I met on the boat coming home told me he falled to take such procautions while traveling in Italy; and he said that when he reached the Swiss border his trunk was so light he had to sit on it to keep it from blowing

off the bus on the way from the station to the hotel, and so empty that when he opened it at both ends the draft blowing through it gave him a bad cold. However, he may have exaggerated slightly.

If you can forget that you are paying first-class prices for fourth-rate accommodations-forget the dirt in the carriages and the smells in the compartments—a railroad

journey through the Italian Peninsuls is a wonderful experience. I know it was a wonderful experience for me. I shall not forget

the old walled towns of atone perched precari-



lentless, everlasting agriculture; or the wide-horned Italian cattle that browsed in those fields; or yet the woman who darted to the door of every signal-house we passed and came to attention, with a long sudgel held flat against her shoulder like a sentry's musket.

e Jeargeons in the Truck Gurden.

Ware Detennir and Cooky

I do not know why a woman should exhibit an overgrown broomstick when an Italian train passes a flag station, any more than I know why, when a squad of Paris firemen march out of the engine house for exercise, they

should carry carbines and knapsucks. I only know that these things are done.

In Tuesany the vineyards make a fine show, for the vines are trained to grow up from the ground and then are bound into streamers and draped from one fruit tree or one shade tree to another, until a whole hillside becames one long, confusing vista of leafy festoons. The thrifty owner gets the benefit of his grapes and of his trees, and of the earth below, too, for there he raises vegetables and grains, and the like. Like everything else in this land, the system is an old one. I judge it. was old enough to be backneyed when Horace wrote of it:

Now each man, hashing on his slopes. Weda to his widowed tree the

rine: Then, as he gayly quaffe his

Salutes thee, God of all his hopen.



Classical quotations interspersed here and there are underful helps to a travel article, don't you think?

In rural Italy there are two other scenic details that strike the American as being most curious-one is the amazing prevalence of family washing, and the other is the amazing scarcity of birdlife. To bimself the traveler says:

What becomes of all this intimate and personal display of family appared I see fluttering from the front windows of every house in this country? Everybody is forever washing clothes, but nobedy ever wears it after it is washed. And what has become of all the birds?"

For the first puzzle there is no answer; but the traveler gets the answer to the other when he pusses a meatdealer's hop in the town and sees aprend on the stalls heaps of pitiably small starlings and sparrows and finches exposed for sale. An Italian will cook and eat anything he can kill that has wings on it, from an ostrich to a katydid.

Thinking this burbarity over, I started to get indignant; but just in time I remembered what we ourselves have done to decimate the canvasback duck and the wild pigeon and the ricebird and the red-worsted pulse-warmer, and other pleasing wild creatures of the earlier days in America, now practically or wholly extinct. And I felt that before I could attend to the tomtite in my Italian brother neve I must needs pluck a few buffalors out of my own; so I decided, in view of those things, to collect myself and endeavor to remain perfectly calm.

We came into Venice at the customary hour- to wit, eleven r. M. - and had a real thrill as our train left the mainland and went gliding far out, assmingly right through the placid Adriatic, to where the beaded lights of Venice showed like a necklace about the withered throat of a longahandoned bride, waiting in the rage of her moldered wedding finery for a bridegroom who comes not,

The Tactless Tax Gatherer

AND better even than this was the journey by gondola from the terminal through narrow canals and under stone bridges where the water lapped with little mouthing tongues at the walls, and the tall, gloomy buildings almost met overhead, so that only a tiny strip of star-buttoned sky showed between. And from dark windows high up came the tinkle of guitars and the sound of song pouring from throats of silver. And so we came to our hotel, which was another converted palace; but baptism is not regarded as essential to conversion in these parts,

On the whole, Venice did not impress me as it has impressed certain other travelers. You see, I was born and taised in one of those Ohio Valley towns where the river gets emotional and temperamental every year or two. In my youth I had passed through several of these visitations, when the family would take the family plate and the family row, and other treasures, and retire to the attic floor to wait for the spring rise to abate; and when really the most annoying phase of the situation for a housekeeper, sitting on the top landing of his staircase watching the yellow wavelets lap inch by inch over the keys of the piano, and inch by inch climb up the new dining-room wallpaper, was to hear a knocking at a front window upstairs and go to answer it and find that Moscoe Burnett had come in a john-boat to collect the water tax.

The Grand Canal did not stir me as it has stirred someso far back as '84 I could remember when Jefferson Street at home looked almost exactly like that.

Going through the Austrian Tyrol, between Venice and Vienna, I met two old and dear friends in their native haunts—the plush hat and the hot dog. When such a thing as this happens away over on the other side of the globe it helps us to realize how small a place this world in

(Continued on Page 60)



2-21 TO COMPANY NO.

ake of All the Eastier Rulers of Germany, King Verboten

KEEPING JOHN BARLEYCORN OFF THE TRAIN—By Rufus Steele



Why didn't the general manager tell me it was not a boost but a jolt be was dealing when he sent me fare?"

The new division superintendent at Omaha drave his right fist into his left pulm as he pased the floor of his office in the depot building, his extraordinary legs carrying him across the seven widths of green carpeting in seven strides.

"Why couldn't be tell me the division was shot to pieces?" be pursued, with no listener but himself. "Two freights clean off the right-of-way and four close calls in the three weeks I've been here! And Engineer Dennis Mason and the twenty passenger runners he leads by the nose actually boasting that they never climb into the cab until they've had their bracers! And the G. M. must have known it too!"

The truth of the situation caught the new Old Man with the force of an unseen locomotive pilot and lifted him across the room into his chair. Why had four superintendents succeeded each other at Omaha in three years? Why had he, after showing a little skill at handling men, been assigned suddenly to the job? Of course the G. M. knew! Why, the G. M. was watching right now to see whether he—Galloping Garnon—could knock the liquer out of Denny Mason's crowd without knocking the whole gang out of the railroad's employ!

The superintendent hunched down and draped one long arm across the back of his chair and one long leg across his maple desk. He was thinking. In thirty minutes he pulled himself together, like a steel trap that had been sprung, and began to make notes on a yellow pad. His compaign was complete. There was a long chance in it—and he was going to take the chance.

A week later Superintendent Garson pushed the peuributton that summoned his chief clerk and inquired:

"Where is Engineer Dennis Mason?"

"In the engineers' room changing his clothes most likely," the clerk answered. "He's due to take out Number Ten in fifty minutes."

"Tell Mr. Mason to report here immediately. Fill his run with a short-call man—Mason won't be pulling Ten today."

Denny Mason entered with his cap collapsed in his great hands. He were his cab clothes.

"Sit down," said the superintendent.

"No time for that," sparred the redfaced engineer. "I go out in forty minutes - and I haven't oiled."

"Did the clerk tell you your run would be filled today?."

"He's crazy! This has been my regular run four years."

The superintendent swung round to face his man.

What the Pictures Showed

"MASON, why do you allow yourself a drink before taking your locomotive, and why do you lead the enginemen who look up to you to do the same thing, when you know the use of intoxicants is absolutely prohibited by the rules!"

The engineer became as righteously rigid as a Patrick Henry statue.

"I stand on my rights as an American citizen!" he defiantly said.

"What will you stand on when you have piled the flar in the ditch as the monument over a hundred dead passengers?"

"Wait till I do!"

"No; I shall not wait!" Galloping Garson assured him.
"I'm going to prevent it. Mason, you are discharged!"

"What—what do you mean?" groped the unbelieving engineer. "Why, I've pulled that train under four super-intendents."

"Yes; and you have been the finish of three of them. Now it is your finish!" The Joines of an United Number of Ruitroad Disastets Never Hot Seen Joined

"I'm a respectable man of family," shouted Denny Mason. "I've got a wife and four kids dependent on me; and—and I know my business!"

"You have the wife and children," admitted the superintendent quietly; "but you don't know your business, and the family isn't able to make you respectable, though they have probably done their best. It will soon be suppertime at your house and your kids will be eating—what? Liver, probably. But Monte Zink's kids will be eating porterhouse. You were in Zink's Sunshine Salson from sleven until two, day before yesterday, and in those three hours you took ten drinks."

Mason's lips parted in scorn—then began to frame the word "spy." The superiotendent opened a drawer and lifted out a stack of enlarged photographs. The pictures were numbered. The first showed Decay Mason in front of a bar. His face was upturned toward the skylight with a small glass held to his mouth.

"You began," said Galloping Garson, "with whisky."
He shuffled the pictures. "The third drink was a cocktail,"
The shuffling continued, "Whisky—cocktail—whisky!
In nine and ten you seem to have both eyes glued to a
telescope—that means, of course, you finished on beer.
Look at the photographs!

"That thing in breeches there, always staring at the ceiling through a glass, claims to be a respectable family man and an engineer! Say, Mason, while those pictures were being taken through the wall I saw your second little girl coming from school. She had her hands tucked under her arms to keep them from freezing, and there was a hale in her shee higger than the dollar you were dribbling to Monte Zink for the stuff that would help you wreck your train. You are fired for being too hig a fool to be trusted with an engine. Get out of here!"

The photographs accompanying the indictment had left Denny Mason temporarily without the power of speech. They had transformed the stiffest bully of the Omaha Yards into cartilage. They did not accuse—they damned! Mason swayed, clutched a corner of the desk and went to his kness.

"For God's sake, Mr. Garson," he at last exploded,
"tear up those pictures and let's begin all over! I swear
I'll do whatever you say."

"Get up and go home!" said Garson. "Let your wife know that when she is through with the supper things you have something to tell her. If she doesn't fall dead from shock when you speak kindly to her tell her you've lost your job. You have always told her it was none of her business, when she asked wiry you forgot to bring home shoes for the bables; but this time you'll have to let her make your affairs her business, because you are going to need her help more than you ever needed anything in your life. Tell her you are in the ditch for a reason that no devent man could ever mention as an excuse. Get down at her feet and beg her to help you. Get acquainted with the mother of your children. After you and she have talked the situation over for four or five days, if you feel like it come here and talk it over with me—I mean both of you

As Denny Musen staggered out the clerk came in with a sheaf of papers requiring his chief's signature. The clerk stood silently until the pen had ceased its scratching.

"Excesse run, Mr. Garara," his ventured then, "I wish to ask a question: As a student of railroading I should like to know what kind of a dedgeharmer you used to kit that engineer."

In tour days Dennis Mason came back. He returned at the back of a patient-funed woman, who puned as kwardly at the edge of the superintendent's desk but who spoke without thuidity.

"We thank you, Mr. Garson," she said. "You've been a friend. I've taught the children to bless your name along with their father's before they tumble into bed at night. Denny and I have come in to tell you that we've had an understanding—we're partners now. It'll be teamwork bereafter. If the railroad doesn't need Denny any longer—why, we haven't any complaint; but I wanted you to know—"

The road needed Denny. It did not need him for the flier—which was now carrying permanently on the righthand side of its engine cab a clear-eyed fellow who was no friend of Monte Zink—but for a freight trick that offered the right man an opportunity to earn a passenger run in two or three years.

After a Year on the Wagon

AFTER twelve menths the Masons again stood before the superintendent. It was a friendly call. The partnership had made good. Man and wife looked about ten years younger. Something was due them and Garson did not withhold it. He told them their example had revolutionized the conduct of twenty men who held the throttles on his limited trains.

"Are the kids enjoying their parterhouse?" kindly inquired Garson.

"It's still liver," smiled Mason; "though the kids will be learning about porterhouse pretty soon, I guess—the boroe is almost paid for."

Dennis Mason went out of the service a passenger engineer—and a hero. His second daughter, a proud slip of animation, finds no holes in the shoes she wears to school these days, her wardrobe, as one of the details of her college course, having been carefully arranged by a railroad that bonors the memory of her father.

Right on the beels of the discovery that the running of trains by steam could be made safe and practical came the discovery that the running of trains by alcohol could not. The secret of an untold number of railroad disasters never has been solved, for the reason that the engineman's stomach was allowed to go to the cemetery instead of to the chemist. Because alrohol became a factor in transportation soon after steam did, and because it has remained a factor, the general public has never learned to distinguish clearly between a hazard consequent on the natural stimulation of an engine and the hazard consequent on the unnatural stimulation of an engineer.

Late in the first half of the last century trains began to do better than fifteen miles an hour, and immediately splintered rolling stock began to litter the right-of-way. A fact apparent at the beginning, which has never altered a hairbreadth with the coming of devices marvelous beyond the early railroaders' wildest dreams, is that the placing of matter in violent motion—when the matter is measured in hundreds or thousands of tons—is safe only when controlled by intelligence alert to its highest capable degree.

For seventy-five years American mechanical genius has found perhaps its farthest expression in locomotive and train development, yet the invention of the airbrake has been as powerless as the invention of the automatic block system to reduce the operating importance of the human factor—the passengers are still at the mercy of the man on warrand end, the brass-bound captain, the switchman was pulls levers in a tower, and the brakeman with wheel lamps and flags.

he see railroad era of "The people be blessed!" the pane out. It appears that the vital concern of railicals has always been not the rolling stock but the
for two generations the stuff that could make
was of the transportation department hapse from
westled—even a bigger worry than governcommissions. Railroad officers have wrestled—even
westled—with an enemy more dangerous than
saitches, washed-out bridges, and train orders that
tapped. Also, like Jacob, they wrestled unto reward.
The propagation what has been and is being accomplished by
the rail of the familiar propagands of prohibition
will shad and vain.

The set results are embraced in the twofold statement a minwrecks are going out of fashion and that every at the seven hundred thousand men who operate the set of the United States has subscribed to a rule that set to have him no hour in the twenty-four, whether a daty, when he may lift an intoxicant to his lips. The because two fingers of red liquor can turn a effect-dollar safety block-signal system into a tenderallar waste of money that Rule G was framed. The a worded with the maximum of adroitness by therein Railroad Association and set forth in the ard Book of Rules, is in force on every railroad in the ty. It reads thus:

Their use, or the frequenting of places where they are a sufficient cause for dismissal.

The imployees concur in the opinion that the rule is such shibitive—that the loophole one at first seems to be cling but a deceptive shadow on an unbroken will. Division superintendents, who are the bookers of the men and directly concerned in enforcing to 3, after somewhat in constraing its clause—though a emplain that it does not meet their requirements as any more rule might do. The weakness of Rule Galile punishment it prescribes for violation.

is men of the transportation department begin at for the most part they are the youths who drift

is less the small town and the farm, by beginst braking or firing on freights. have a much thing as a permanent fremaker brakeman's job. It is strictly a presse game that is played. Hefore apprintedent or the trainmaster much the applicant on probation the very min had passed a physical, moral described examination more rigorable to would have to survive to get the samp. He was made to account your month of his time since he left to the tall of his parents and of what a builty bearth was like.

The Road's Best Investments

He was admitted finally, not merely because he answered questions well a same it was believed he was a man take of being developed. He does developed by a same in the proudest from the service. The beautievelope into a freight engineer; in the proudest day of his life he is lived to pull a passenger train. The manner alter four, five or seven years, and a freight conductor; after as many he halful years he may be uniformed at the master of the train that carries in Engineer and conductor are the sur-

The milroad regards an engineer as of presistered commercially than his engine, set a moductor as better property than an accuration car—the road regards the men has investments. The penalty for violation of Rule G is incharge, and a railroad has no engerness discharge its chief investments. The half have gone at the matter the other by road. In varying degrees and by milarmethods they have undertaken to see their men to keep Rule G unbroken.

People don't quite understand rallsing, because rallroading is so different. In anything else," a veteran passenger factor said. "For instance, the genculture said. "For instance, the genculture said." For instance, the genculture said. "For instance, the genculture said. "For instance, the genculture said." A train in motion. In start and its middle. We are told to start and when to stop; the rest to be lands of the engineer and the starter. They put the train in motion. and they land it in the station or in the ditch. Their responsibility is shared by the brakemen and the fireman, by switchmen, signalmen, and the dispatcher who sends the train orders and the operator who scribbles them off the wire and hands them to the conductor; but primarily it is the man on the front end and myself who are responsible.

"I need my wits about me sixty seconds in every minute and sixty minutes in every hour. Things have happened to my train sometimes just because all the wits I have were not enough. It is my opinion that one day, when the devil had used all the tricks in his bag to ruin a trainman and had failed in his attempt, he sat down and invented boone."

"One man or one generation didn't make railroading what it is," said an engine runner who has pulled a transcontinental limited over a mountain division for twenty
years; "and it is all one mun can do to master enough of
it to run an engine as it should be run. If there is any
industrial job in the world that calls for more complete
concentration, sounder judgment and quicker action than
the engineer's, or that has more natural distructions. I
have never heard its name:

"Giving all my attention while I'm running is not sufficient; I have to prepare my mind for the run before I climb into the cab. I leave things as harmonitum as possible at home, kiss the wife and kids and promise to think about them—when I reach the other end of the division, I avoid quarrels or arguments, and never go near the mall-box before starting out—there might be a reprimand or a query there that would creep into my thoughts when I ought to be devoting myself exclusively to the throttle, the steam gauge and the Johnson bar.

"I do my gabbing and my storytelling with the fireman before we start. He never speaks to me when we are in motion except on business—and then he doesn't holler round the boiler; he comes and stands by my side so I won't have to take my eyes off the track and the semaphores that tell me every two or three minutes what about the block ahead. I build a stockade round my mind and then stand at the gate with a gun; I admit no thoughts except those that concern my orders and my train.

"Some enginemen may think they are big enough to carry a drink; I know I'm not. Frankly I had rather take the Limited over the division with a bandance across my eyes than with two swallows of whisky in my insides!"



Engineer and Conductor are the Juraiwars of the Fittees of a Choice Let

The railroad's hig opportunity to help the men with Rule G grows out of the fact that the heardless husky who comes into the service as fireman or brakeman is not likely to have habits already fixed. The first step in cooperation is along the line of protection. The young railroader has some sort of home at one end of the division. The other end of the run, where he will lay over several nights a week, immediately becomes of interest to his superintendent.

The Old Man makes it his business to foster a stopping place for railroaders in that town which will supply something in the way of a cheerful atmosphere, company and diversion. Many a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, offering ted, board, athletics, reading room and amusements, thrives in an unpromising place for the reason that that place happens to be the end of a railroad run and the railroad company secretly takes care of the deficit.

One Eastern road is said to contribute substantially to the Y. M. C. A. in no less than a dozen towns. Many a concern, sectarists or secular, with accommodations near the tracks and the ability to keep the railroader from wandering downtown after supper, finds the railroad a sympathetic listener to the stary of its financial needs.

A more difficult task than starting the youngster right has been keeping the veteran out of temptation. The railroad has learned to fight King Barleycorn for every individual who slips into the danger zone. The modern superintendent—through his observation, through his trainmasters, through his countless little sources of information—keeps himself as well informed of what his men are doing in their offtime as when they are running the train. He is not spoing on them; he is apping for them.

The Case of Tlp Bunter

AT THE first appearance of anancial or demestic difficulty the redronder is surrounded with every supporting influence—so that he will not go looking for solace in the nack of a bottle. One Western superintendent who is an odd mixture of iron and benevelence never misses a picnic of any of the brotherboods. He swings the offspring and persuades the wives to tell him the secret of their pies. Once, when he put off a conference with his general manager to attend an outing of engineers and their families, he

was asked whether he considered his going to the picnic as of more importance to the road.

"I do," he replied. "It is absolutely necemary for me to know how every engineer is standing with his family. I must know whether he is proud of his kids. If I don't find a man caring more for his wife as she grows older I prepare to keep a close watch on that man and his run. The engineer who knows he has an angel at home-or a bunch of angels-is not going to want a drink, is not going to pile up his train. One picule is of more service to me than a hundred detectives. After every little outing of this kind you'll find my trainmasters busy with a list of names. The men whose names are on that list are going to be studied; then they are going to be wrestled with."

The superintendent knows that men do not drink liquor because they are thirsty. His business is with the fact behind the act. There was the case of Tip Bunter. No better mechanic ever groomed mountain-climbing locomotives in a certain Utah roundbouse. His skill at setting engine valves is attested by the fact that he was twice taken back into the service after knocking holes as big as a boderhead in Rule G. The skeptics said he would fall again. He did; and the foreman told him to get out of the roundbouse forever. The mechanic went on a two weeks' spree.

The Old Man of the division saw Tip Bunter, after he became sober, leaning against a telegraph pole and looking the outcast he was. The Old Man went over and planted a shoulder against the pole.

"What made you do it, Tip?" he inquired.

"I had a right to get drunk if that suited me," testily muttered the jobless mechanic, "Just as we have a right to let you go

hungry because you no longer suit us," assented the Old Man, "But what was the good of doing it?"

"Oh, because nobody cared a rap,"
"That isn't true and that isn't the reason.
Why did you do it?"

"You're so darned inquisitive I'll just tell you, though it doesn't cut any ice one way or another," snapped Tip Bunter,

Continued on Page 67

The Boy Who Counted a Million

Our town had thrived while the whale was worth hunting and rum worth shipping; then languished for a

By HARRY LEON WILSON

couple of decades until the motor car made it a summer haven for the idle rich. It was thus a returned native came upon it, and stayed a bit to ponder its living newness. Three vast new hotels were there, a casino and a bathing beach. Here the moneyed aliens bathed more or less ritually where aforetime the natives had merely "gone in swimming." There were shops that ministered to waird wants, and the long-tranquil waters of the bay were stirred by pleasure craft. Our stageneral store was now a department store, with no longer a stove in the rear and a pleasant loading group about it of an evening. Our one-time Lasty's & Gents' Eating House was now emblazoned Ye Olde Tea Rooms.

It was presently an acceptable game to explore those smartened streets for vestiges of the ancient order, with eyes warily askew for the strange electric car and the playfully murderous motor. Here and there a small shop survived dustily, dusty tradesmen lurking within like bewildered ghosts who had haunted too long and been caught by daylight. One such engaged the eye for its perfect look of the old days. "Silas Balch" spread the name on the glass above the tarnished lettering "Real Estate, Mortgages, Lawres," adding in smaller letters, as if an afterthought, "Notary Public."

A glance within revealed the bare floor, the locked safe, the littered desk with its revolving chair, the two straight-backed chairs for clients, the county map on the east wall furing the well-remembered portrait of Daniel Webster caught in a moment of reposeful dignity. On either side of the old frame building were the gay new shops, for this was Main Street. Siles Balch had held his own. But how?

Even in the old days Silas Balch had been far descended into the vale of years—old "Slicky" Balch, the richest man in our town, who lent money at ruinsually high rates of interest, who had no foolish and expensive views, and who permitted himself a smile only when be grimly foreclosed a mortgage.

Hasty computation was revealing old Slicky to be now in his early hundreds when, to the puzzled wanderer's first glance, the veritable ancient one bimself seemed to mount the steps, unlock the dingy door and vanish behind the lettered window - the spare stooping figure, loosely clad in a pepper-and-salt weave from

some antique loom, the pinelied gray face under the flabby soft hat of dusty felt, the sharp now above the shaven upper lip, the wisp of whisher, concealing if not adorning the pointed chin. The wanderer stood aghast. By trick of gait and gesture this was old Slicky, yet younger than be could ever have been. What magic draughts of usury had he quaffed to prolong himself on God's green earth and acquire the title thereto by forced sale? Another glance at the window and a tiny bit of lettering, unnoted before, leaped to the eye and illumined the mystery: "Amos Apple, Successor to . . ."

Slicky Balch must have been moldering beneath his own specialty these twenty years. But Amos Apple Memory plunged into her sea, where it is thirty odd

Memory plunged into her sea, where it is thirty odd years deep, and brought Amos Apple to the surface. He had dawned on our world as "the new boy that's come to

live on the Stubbs place." Handicapped at once was Amos, for no entirely worthy person had ever lived on the Stubbs place. The house was a battered structure at the edge of town, set in a weedgrown lot that in itself shrieked despair. Usually it was without a tenant. Its transients either progressed to faintly reputable dwellings or slunk off with eanty belo ings. None could long endure the social ignominy of it.

This is not to say that Amos Apple could not by sheer merit have acquired honorable station in our boyish democracy. We were not snobbish; merely exigent in the matter of gifts, powers,



Daily He Issael in His Dearway in See Amas Go My.

achievements or peculiar possessions. But we found Amos a born deficient who rapidly slid down the scale of our requirements. Fighting was the first of these. In swift succession he was licked by enough of our gladiators to demonstrate the ulter barreoness of such victories. Amos offered a mere tired submission, with so stolid a lack even of annoyance that the proceeding had no sect.

In our sports he was clumsy. We might let him play at baseball when a ninth man must be had, but only in far right-field. Socially be was slow-witted, lacking enthusiasm, initiative, magnetism. The aggressiveness of his upper front teeth might have brought him distinction of a sort; indeed he was dubbed Gopher Apple on his first appearance at school. The teeth were really noteworthy; but unsupported by talent they came to be overlooked, and he was at length merely called Sour. Such was our witty contempt for him. Who was he to stand beside persons of mark—beside him who had the largest collection of birds' eggs,

or him who could swim farthest under water, or was the most during tree-climber, or could unjoint his thumbs with a ghastly ease? How could be have hoped to rank with the doctor's son, who carried a scalpel which he asserted had been dipped in a solution of arsenic and would, therefore, bring to instant and horrible death any whose person it might abrade?

Amos had met no test of worth. He was negligible in all his aspects. Dully he haunted the dim outskirts of fellowship, an unnoted wraith of futility, and one would have been a prophet of parts who had foretold his emergence from that obscurity. Yet he was destined to emerge, and memory now identified the moment when the first intimation of his fame stole upon us like a mist-shod dawn.

A group of Amos' ablest scorners played expertly at hop-scotch on a stretch of broad, elm-hordered side-walk. It will be observed that each was a person of glittering consequence when it is said that the least notable contestant was Spit Barclay, who, the previous sutumn, had found an egg laid and long since abandoned by a cynical or perhaps too prolific acreech-owl. The thing had burst in his mouth as he descended the tree, whence—let us be delicately meager of details—had issued his title, after his masterly analysis of the more than peculiar taste of his prize, together with an exciting estimate of the quantity of samafras bark, happily obtainable on the spot, which in his agony he had macerated.

It was no group from which Amos Apple could have hoped for cordiality. And Amos seemed to know as much when he skulked into view that day. From the opposite sidewalk he surveyed us in silence, unnoted as ever. But after a moment of this he did, for Amos, a daring thing. He crossed the street and overlooked the game, though still from a safe remove. As his attitude remained one of wholly respectful alcofness he was, in the rigor of the game, permitted to remain unmolested. And presently the players became aware that a novel dignity marked his bearing. His ordinary solemoity of visage was strikingly intensified. He gazed aloft, raptly unconscious of us, and his lips moved as if in silent prayer. Curiosity was at once aroused, though this was for the moment ably dissembled,

since the laws of caste commonly forbade any recognition of his existence. When, however, his eloquent lips were briefly stilled and he very formally transferred a white bean from the left to the right pocket of his tattered denim overalls, more than one pair of eyes frankly challenged him. There was visible annoyance that this lowly one should thus cource the attention of his betters. With fine disregard Amos once more fastened his gaze remotely aloft, and again his lips moved swiftly, without sound, yet with a definite effect of rhythm.

One by one the players stood to stare, openly now and in sheer discomfort. There were twistings and writhings among them, lips half parted for insult, threatening steps toward the suddenly mysterious one. Yet be silenced and held them for another interval, until his trancelike absorption broke again and another white bean was solemnly

removed from his left to his right pocket. So impressively performed was this transfer that the person of Amos was for once held sacred. The raging curiosity was now voiced, unattended by the physical indignities that would commonly have lent it authority.

"What you doing, Amos?"

But Amos only lifted his gaze to the heavens and again waggled his upper lip in that maddening mystery. And this, quite naturally, was too much. His questioners broke for him. Amos turned and fled. But when our swiftest runner had enught and held him it was seen that his lips were still in frantic action. Again we



At "Jem Hund' Jem Thous', Jem' Run' Sis-Two" the Ruler Rung Upon the Deth

stared, piqued but constrained by the something as of a priestly rite. Amos breathed with difficulty, owing to a tightened collar, but his lips were not stilled.

Then he of the poisoned blads fearsomely drew it and with sinister contortions approached the prisoner. This was rightly considered a guarantee of profuse and explicit details. A moment more the ordeal endured.

"Tell!" commanded the inquisitor, and the eyes of Amos were seen to roll in terror while the speed of his lips increased.

"You tell—now!" The blade was brandished alarmingly.
Then the answer came—exploded rather.

"Hunderd! Countin' a million!"

Again a white bean passed from the left pocket to the right, though this time with a sort of timid bravado.

Counting a million! We took it blankly, I think.
"What do you mean—counting a million?"

"Countin' a million," persisted Amos, and again his lips took up their silent toll.

"There be goes again; stop him!" cried a watchful one, and the collar of Amos was savagely constricted by his captor. Moreover, the captor shook him in hearty disgust. "I tell you I'm countin' a whole million!" shricked Amos

when sufficient breath was permitted him.

Then the vastness of the thing, the cosmic minutise of it, flooded our understandings. The dazed captor slowly released his victim and Amos doggedly confronted us. "Countin' a million!" he began, as if it were a chant,

but the scalpel-waver checked him.

"What do you mean by it? Do you think we want you to count a million? Who's making you do it?"

"No one makin' me do it," declared Amos stoutly. "I thought it up myself. I jest says to myself: 'I'll count a million'—jest like that. I'll count a million. I'll count a million. I'll count a million. I'll count a

"Shut up!"

This was harsh but necessary, for Amos was chanting again. But instantly we were paying full tribute to the magnificent inspiration of his genius—not audibly nor openly, to be sure. Magnificent it might be, but it was also intolerable from one so abased and despised.

"You stop it, do you bear? We won't let you count a million." This from one of our quickest

minds,
"You can't hinder me from it. How'd you

from it. How'd you stop me countin' in the night—countin' all night?" Thus Amos staunchly and at the point of the still imminent scalpel. There was a whitish crust on the slender hiade.

"I'll count a million myself," warned the scalpel's owner, plagiarizing shamefully. "I'll count two million!"

"Yah, you'd never ketch up!" persisted Amos. "I'm forty-nine thousand seven hunderd a'ready. You'd never ketch up. I'd always be ahead, always be ahead, "He had become lyrical again.

"Shut up!"

We deliberated unessily. Amos had us, it seemed. Then we paltered.

we paltered.
"You can't keep count."

"I can too now! I can too!" sputtered Amos with frantic volubility. "I put a lot of these here little white beans in m' left pants pocket, and ever' time I get to a hunderd I put one over into m' right pocket, and ever' time there's a hunderd little white beans I'm gonna hide a lima bean out in the barn, and when they's ten lima beans I'm gonna drive a nail in our maple tree, and when they's ten nails drove in I'll have a million counted."

He ended the deadly recital breathlessly and faced our zbomy stares. The scalpel's owner tamely sheathed it and

esperately resorted to ridicule.

"Well, what do you want to do it for? Ho! Ho! Who'd twr want to count a million!" He jeered, but falsely, lacking power to dissemble the envy that gnawed him. Nor had any of us the spirit to join in his pretense.

"What do you want to count a million for?"

And Amos went accurately to the keystone of his arch.
"No one eise ever did—no one eise in the whole world,"
he declared with the fine simplicity of greatness. "No one
ever counted a million."

We gasped anew. In the glamour of the bare performance we had not perceived its veritable uniqueness. Amos seemed newly impressed with it himself. He backed off a few paces, with needless caution now, for no one would have laid a hand upon him, and the fanatic light rekindled in his pale-blue eyes.

"Yah! No one ever done it.—Alexander the Great never done it, Julius Casar never done it, George Wash'n'ton never done it.——"

Slowly he faded down the street, calling back to us as he went the names of trumpery world heroes who had never done what the lowly Amos Apple was then doing.

"Napoleon Bonaparte, Abraham Lincoln, Queen Limbeth, Jesse James, Christopher Clumbus, Dan'l Webster—" They came back with a note of hideous taunting. We were sickeningly done for. No more games were played that day.

Nor had we divined the true eminence Amos was fated to scale. News of his monstrous ambition spread through the quiet town; rapidly among the young, more slowly among the elders. The latter were at first inclined to take the thing lightly, but as the days of spring went by and Amos drew on to the half-million mark, the slow hypnotism of the idea had its way with more than one grown-up.

Majestically Ha Stathed to a Searchy Maple Tree and Jave Its Stready Shured Sale He Steraty Drove a Sail

Memory freshly records Amos' daily progress down Main Street. He came into view followed by three or four adoring-and much younger-disciples. He stared raptly ahead and passed with long, flat-footed strides, his restless lipe in silent fervor ever weaving the intangible but splendid fabric of his vision. To the wharf he went, where he perched on top of a pile and stared with unswing eyes out over the blue waters, counting and counting and counting. His disciples sat at a respectful distance, counting also with such concentration as their younger minds permitted. But they were weaker vessels. If, as occurred now and again, one or another of these threatened rivalry by actually achieving ten thousand or so, Amos had only to approach him and hiss out something like "Four hunderd and eighty was always heart-breaking to these aspirants.

Of the grown-ups there were those who merely called it a fool trick and reformers who declared that it ought to be stopped. Yet the most radical of these would not be above displaying an interest in the "score," as it came to be called. Quita brazenly, as Amos passed on his mumbling way, one of these would grasp his arm and, with affectations of the jesting spirit, demand to be told the score. It was usually the misfortune of Amos to be at some small remove from the terminating hundred. He would glare at his termenter with harassed, appealing eyes, counting hysterically against time, until he could burst into the relieving "hunderd!" concluding resentfully with some such minor explosion as "Six hunderd an' ninety-four thousand eight hunderd—you lemme alone!" It might be suspected that Amos courted these interruptions in the public highway for the advertisement they gave him. But he was, I am sure, above this; the fire of his genius burned pure. He even attended church gludly for the period of unbroken counting it secured him.

Enters here, quite unobtrusively at first, Silas Baich, Real Estate, Mortgages and the rest of it—old Slicky who, it was believed, could tell offhand, without "figgering," the interest at seven and one-half per cent on some such amount as \$219.73 for six years, four months and eighteen

days, compounded semi-annually.

One of the first to learn of Amos' audacious project, old Slicky had in the marketplace openly scoffed. "He'll never do it, mark my words! No boy could in these days. Now is my time—well, I never happened to think of it." And he continued incredulous through the first few hundred thousands of Amos' numbered progress. Then, blending with his unbelief, there showed a grudging but very extain respect for such tenacity in one so young. He came to be one of those who daily demanded the score of Amos, and his eyes widened as the score grew. Moreover, he never made any lil-timed demands for this item, as the other grown-ups constantly did. Always he awaited the end of the hundred, marked by the white bean's transfer. Old

Slicky was so much the artist himself!

After six hundred thousand he succumbed utterly to the fascination of Amos, and was now a fervid partisan of him be had once derided. Daily he stood in his doorway to see Amos go by. Daily his eagerness mounted with the thousands. At seven hundred thousand the magic that lies in immensities had him briefly engaging Amos in talk at their daily meetings. He frankly wished to know how "it felt" to have counted seven bundred thousand, and Amos, divining the delicate comprehension of a brother artist, seriously sought to analyze and impart the sensation.

"It makes you feel big and excited"—after a conscientious search for the right words. "Does, hey? What

no7"

"Well, now—it makes your backbone feel all grand and funny."

Amos was never a word painter, but his effort seemed to suffice. Old Slicky nodded eloquently. He was sharing the exaltation of it. There was now a bond between them. At eight

hundred and fifty thousand, achieved before old Slicky's door and in his breathless presence, he escorted Amos to the town drug store and halted him royally before the soda fountain.

"Take some sodawater," invited Slicky most astoundingly. Amos timidly did so. His infatuated benefactor thereupon, in the presence of excited but veracious witnesses, several of whom had crowded in to behold the spectacle, removed from his most secret pocket a long, flat, well-tised black wallet. Opening this with trembling fingers he took from it a small-change purse with a metal clasp in perfect repair. From this be withdrew a dime and sternly pushed it across the marble slab. Receiving a nickel in change, he thrust it back, even ere Amoe had drained his

"Lickrish drops!" he commanded, and turned to glare at his now gasping audience. As no million had by man ever been counted, so had old Slicky never before spent money with this licentious abandon. It created a sensation in the town that threatened for a week to dim the glory of its provocation.

Amos blushingly accepted the confection in a paper bag and ambled out at the heels of his patron. They were seen to return to the office of old Slicky, and it became known that Amos was to finish his counting in that sanctuary.

(Continued on Page 89)

The Trail of the Tammany Ti



The Most Wanderful Demonstration New York Had Jeen

AYOR VAN WYCK'S irritable temper was exhibited from the moment that he took the oath of office as first mayor of Greater New York. The only two Tammany men who were conspicuous by their absence from his inauguration were Richard Croker and John C. Sheehan. Croker had made the rule that he would not visit the city hall, but would issue orders elsewhere; while Sheehan had been left entirely in the cold. Croker had achieved his ambition in having secured a good position for every Tammany leader, with the exception of Sheehan, whom he now regarded as a political enemy.

The new mayor was very abrupt to his predecessor, Colonel William L. Strong, who had prepared a lengthy address of welcome. Van Wyck did not mines words in telling Mayor Strong that he did not want any long-drawnout speech, and after taking the oath of office he declared the ceremonies at an end. I did not see Mayor Van Wyck until next day. I called at his office a large outside room that was then used by the mayors.
"I do not like this office," he said snappily. "I wanted

to be on the bench. This work is not at all to my taste. I am going to have a miserable four years."

The mayor then left with the same abruptness that he had used in beginning his conversation and went back to his desk in the outer room. I did not see him again for two or three days, and then he called at my hotel.

The King and His Court

"IT IS fortunate that the Democratic party has such a great leader as Croker," said the mayor; "because any mayor that tried to run the political part of his administration and attempted to conduct his other duties would break down. I have been working eighteen hours a day and shall have to continue to do so for months to come. The new charter is full of inconsistencies; besides all the towns and villages in the horoughs of Queens, Brooklyn. and Richmond have piled up bonded indebtedness when they became aware that they were to become part of the greater city, with the expectation that the Borough of Manhattan would have to pay the bulk of the debt. It will be a difficult task to keep the tax rate down and weld this greater city together into a workable unit."

During this early period Van Wyck became known only as a hard-working mayor who discouraged publicity. On the other hand, Croker filled considerable space every day in the newspapers. He had established himself in a handsome clubhouse in Fifth Avenue, to the astonishment of

the rank and file of his organization. The Avenue was regarded by his constituents as exclusive territory. The old Democratic Club, which Croker now controlled, was first a Tilden and then a Cleveland organization, the great majority of the clob members being known as independent Democrats. The club was almost bankrupt, owing to the withdrawal of members who had decided to support W. J. Bryan in 1896.

The day Croker was induced to visit the club the bar license had expired and the club was too poor to pay for a new one. Croker agreed to build up the club, provided he was given the majority of the board of governors. This was agreed to, because the only alternative was to close the club. Croker at once took rooms in this club; practically made it his residence. Every person who had any kind of job under the Van Wyck administration became a member. and it was necessary for the board of governors to meet every night in order to pass on the large number of applicants for membership. Within two weeks the club had about the largest membership of any in New York, and was in a remarkably short time afterward able to pay off the mortgage and still have a fair-sized surplus in the treasury. Inside of a year it was known to be the richest club in the city.

Croker carried on the management of the club on a most luxurious and elaborate scale. There was no end of entertainments of one kind and another. Ladies' day became a feature of New York life. One of the New York papers made a hit by running on its editorial page a court calendar, such as the Lundon dailies print. Croker was called the king, and other prominent officials of the city government were given titles of nobility. This aroused so much interest that the court calendar was continued for nearly a year. Croker behaved as if he were doing his best to enact the rôle of king. He made such a success that he announced that he was going to make the club national in character, his idea being to follow out the plan of the National Liberal Club in London. He thought that all the leading Democrats who visited New York would make their headquarters there. A great many preminent Democrats did go there out of curiosity; for it was really as good as a play to watch Croker every evening. He had a table near the center of the dining room and only the chosen few were permitted to sit with him. An officeholder receiving ten thousand a year or more might be occasionally invited to dine at the "king's table," but an efficientler receiving less than five thousand a year would never think of approaching. Andrew Freedman, who had become Croker's right-hand man in business matters, had a permanent seat at the

When the mayor dined at the clubbonse he always dined. at the "king's table," as did likewise John F. Carroll, who was now the assistant leader of Tammany Hall and looked after the small details relating to patronage. Any one who wanted to stand well with the chief was expected to disat the club at least once a week. Only one dollar was charged for the dinner, but each dinner cost the club three dollars. No one ever thought of going into the diving room until Croker was seated. I have always believed that Croker regarded the whole thing as a huge joke and may continually laughing in his sleeve at his nate-record forlowers. Frequently he would not go to the dining room until very late, and the hungry members would for obliged to bear their hunger. Just as soon as Croker entered the

dining room there was a grand rush. The majority of those in the dining room would watch what Croker ordered, and then they would order the same things.

Croker, of course, pretended not to notice this, but he did. Frequently, to carry out his joke, he would order very little. and some of these braway leaders who had large appetites would suffer because they were airsid to go any further than the chief. Nothing pleased Croker so much as to have Democrats of prominence go to the club. This gave me an opportunity to have my joke as well as Croker. I frequently would invite United States senature who happened to be in the city to dine with me at the club, and on such occasions I always picked out an obscure table in the dining room as far from Croker. as possible. Croker felt it incumbent upon himself at the end of the meal to come over to my table in order to meet my distinguished guests. In this way I managed

to receive courteous treatment from the leaders far beyond my importance, and it also gave them the impression that I was supposed to look after the national political end of the Democratic party as the representative of Croker.

As it fits in here, I will relate an incident that happened more than a year after Croker had established himself in control of the Democratic Club. William C. Whitney and a number of prominent men among anti-Bryan Democrats had sent a man to Manila to sound Admiral Dewey, and learn if he would agree to become a candidate for the Demo-cratic nomination for president. The night that the man returned from Manila, Croker had a number of prominent Democrats at his table, and among them Colonel Henry Watterson, to hear the message from Admiral Dewey. The message was that Admiral Dewey would not consent to be the Democratic candidate, and this answer had a rather gloomy effect upon all present except Croker.

"I am glad that he won't be a candidate," said Croker, to the astonishment of his guests. "I have a much better candidate — a man who will suit the Southern Democrats."

"Who is it?" asked Colonel Watterson impatiently. Who is it?"

"General Nelson A. Miles," said Croker with a selfestisted air.

"Good heavens!" shouted Watterson, "Man alive, don't you know that Miles is the man that put the shackles on Jefferson Davis?"

Van Wyck Takes the Aggressive

AT THIS time Croker was absolutely ignorant of Amer-ican history or the biography of our leading statesmen. All he knew was that New York state cast so many votes in national conventions, and that no Democrat was likely to be elected president without receiving the electoral vote of the Empire State.

In the meantime Van Wyck was working hard, and he was generally given credit for the good work that he was doing at the city hall, although his frequent manifestations of irritability were telling against him. His nerves were on edge, and no one was quite sure of how they would be received at the mayor's office. He never failed to ask me what people were saying about his administration, and I was brutally frank with him. I continually advised him to assert himself more, and he always issisted that he did wherever the interest of the taxpayer was concerned. Finally early in May Croker set sail for England. There was an immense throng at the docks to see him off, and he announced to the newspaper reporters that during his absence John F. Carroll would act for him. Carroll was the leader of the district in which Van Wyck lived and they were warm friends. I thought at the time that this would be a good thing for Van Wyck, and I was fully convinced of this three weeks after Croker sailed. Van Wyck asserted himself. He removed two Republican police commissioners, and he appointed in their place two Republicans who were pledged to remove Chief of Police McCullagh. William S. Devery was elected chief of police instead.



As it turned out Devery's selection was the worst thing that could have happened to Van Wyck. About the same time Van Wyck removed two of the aqueduct commissioners. As a result of this action the mayor struck terror in the hearts of the other officeholders, and they did not breathe easily until after the first of July, when the mayor's power of removal expired. After that very few of them were loyal to Van Wyck, although he did not realize it until after his term of office had expired. They knew that they had been selected by Croker and were under obligation only to the organization. I could see the change in their demeanor toward the mayor and I told him of it.

"Mr. Mayor," I said, "if you continue in this office you will be a ruined man. Of course you can't resign, and Tammany won't put you on the bench because they want you in the mayor's office. There is only one thing for you to do, and that is to be candidate for governor. You can be elected. I believe you can be nominated and that you can reunite the party up the state. I have already started

is to carry out this plan."

Mayor Van Wyck did not at first give me any encouragement, but on the other hand he did not tell me to stop, so I went ahead. The Jacksonian way in which Van Wyck had gone about the removal of the four commissioners had created a good impression on the up-state Democrats. Just at this time Governor Black had vetoed a two-cent-amile railroad bill, and the commercial travelers had begun organizing against him. I at once took advantage of this situation and set about organizing the Democratic commercial travelers. I got a great many of them to promise that as they traveled through the state they would beem the New York mayor for governor. I felt that Croker would not be altogether pleased with what I was doing, so I lost no time in faunching the Van Wyck gubernaterial boom through the newspapers.

Tammany Solidly for Bryan

TAMMANY always showed up strong in Saratoga toward the end of July. Prominent Democratic politicians from all over the state usually went there to meet the Tammany men. Croker was to be at Saratoga about the first of August. By the end of July Van Wyck was more talked of for the Democratic nomination for governor than any other man, and if Croker was to kill the hoom he would have to come out into the open. After I had got the Van Wyck boom pretty well going Senator Murphy indicated that he favored the nomination of ex-Governor Flower, who had belted Bryan in 1896. I was afraid on this account that Croker might declare himself for Flower shortly after his return, and I began to work on the national Democratic suders who were Bryan men. It happened that Governor William J. Stone, of Missouri, who was vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, was in New York at the tone that Croker returned from England. The Flower boom was making some headway. I induced Governor Stone to give out interviews to the New York papers, saying that the National Democracy would resent the New York Democracy's nominating any one who had bolted Bryan. The interviews caused considerable sensation in political circles, and they were particularly well received by the up-state Democracy. There was no question as to how the rank and tie of Tammany stood; they were almost solidly Bryan.

I Induced Governor Francis to Glav Our Interviews to the New York Paners

Croker was always with the rank and file, whether it was for love or fear. As a consequence of this, Croker did not come out for Flower, nor would be say anything about the Van Wyck move.

When I met him at Saratoga his manner to me was not very inviting, but I kept actively at work, and was constantly in company with Van Wyck and his brother, the judge in Brooklyn. One day Croker came up to me and asked me how I was getting on with the Van Wyck boom.

'Van Wyck will be nominated unless you prevent it.' I said. Croker said that what he wanted more than anything else was the reflection of Murphy. I told him that I was as strongly in favor of that as anybody could be, but that as ninety per cent of the Democratic voters of the state were with Bryan, the only possible way to win was to nominate a man for governor who had cordially supported Bryan. I could see that this impressed itself upon Croker and I no longer feared any opposition from him. Then be began to question me thoroughly about the commercial travelers. He thought that it was a splendid idea, which he afterward paid great attention to, and in the Bryan campaign in 1900 Croker was a generous contributor to a commercial travelers' organization.

Ex-Governor Flower was at Saratoga at the time and he sent for me. "I hear you are booming Van Wyck for governor," said Mr. Flower. "I thought that on account of our old friendship you would be for me.'

"Governor," I answered, "I would not support my own father for an office if he had boited Bryan as you did."

There were a number of up-state candidates for governor and David B. Hill was encouraging all of them. He was strengly opposed to Van Wyek, saying that his election meant Tammany domination of the state. The fact of Hill's taking this position forced Croker to favor Van Wyck. I arrived at Syracuse where the convention was to be held several days in advance, and induced everybody I could to wear a badge marked "Commercial Traveler, and containing a picture of Van Wyck. I also distributed hundreds of buttons with Van Wyck's picture, and when the bulk of the delegates gathered together in Syracuse it was generally conceded that Van Wyck was well in the lead, Croker arrived a day ahead of the Taromany delegation. and I rushed to his room every delegate I could whom I knew to be favorable to the New York mayor. From the way Croker acted I have always believed that he intended to support the mayor. When the Tammany delegates arrived, to my great astonishment I found they were very lukewarm. They had not realized until they reached Syracuse how strong Van Wyck was up-state. Hefore they had been there many hours they were in a state of revolt. They said it was Van Wyck's duty to remain as mayor, and that if he became governor Mr. Randolph Guggenbeimer, who was chairman of the city council, would become mayor, and that he was not a sufficiently dyed-inthe-wool Tammany man for them to trust. I soon saw that this was having its effect on Croker.

Late the night before the convention was to meet to make a nomination I learned that Croker had fully decided to yield to the wishes of his leaders. A number of the up-state delegates who had been for Mayor Van Wyck, then proposed that Judge Augustus Van Wyck should be nominated instead of his brother. The whole object of my efforts was defeated. I went to bed that night feeling more melancholy than I ever had been before, though personally I was just as fond of the Brooklyn Van Wyck.

Colored Roosevelt two or three days previous to this had been commuted governor by the Republicana, and he

was regarded by his followers as the real hero of our war with Spain, I became the manager of Judge Van Wyck's exmpaign tour, and although he was defeated by less than seventsen. thousand votes, I think it is conceded that he would have triumphed over Colonel Roosevelt had it not been that during the last two weeks of the campaign the question of Croker's interlerence with the independence of the judiciary was made an issue, and hundled by Roosevelt in a most musterly manuer. Once when T. R.'s voice failed, he said: "As long as Croker's voice holds out it makes no difference."

Supreme Court Justice Joseph F. Dailey had been refused a renomination by Croker, although almost every leader in Tammany Hall believed Dailey as a matter of good politics should have been renominated. When Judge Dailey first went on the bench he refused to appoint a clerk at the request of Croker. Croker then vowed that if he remained in power Dailey would retire from the bench at the end of his term. Thus Croker threw away the governorship and changed history by his stubbornness. Independent Democrats, although not opposing



Good Bencens!" Incuted Watterenn. "Man Attee, Dan't You Know That Miles is the Man That Put the Ikackies on Jefferson Davis?"

Van Wyck, held meetings denouncing Croker for his actionregarding Justice Dailey. At one of the blg meetings Boarke Cockran graphically described the situation in Tammany Hall.

"A nominal government is installed at the city hall—the actual government is administered in the Democratic Club," said Cockran. "Officials are sworn and appointed to discharge certain functions, and to a certain extent they do discharge them; but outside the mere routine duties of their departments, every exercise of discretionary power is controlled by, prescribed by, a private individual-Croker-who is not even under the necessity of recording his decrees or of acknowledging them.

"All city appointments are made through favor or the forbearance of the boss, whose nod may make a fortune or destroy a career. Every great interest in this great city essurts his favor and dreads his hostility. Considering his power I wonder at his forbearance. Thousands of men are eager to do him any menial service. Croker has not created. the boss ship which he administers. He is the product of a system brought on by existing conditions."

Croker Before the Mazet Committee

TROKER Inid the defeat of Van Wyck to Senator Hill. Judge Van Wyck left the supreme court bench when he accepted the nomination for governor, so that he returned to his law practice after his defeat. His brother, the mayor, seemed to be more irritable than ever in his relations with visitors at the city hall, and the newspapers were anything but friendly to him. In view of the hard work that he really was doing he might have received considerable praise, but he did not seem to crave that. I happen to know that it was entirely through Van Wyck's initiative that the present subway system was established. Without consulting any one, Van Wyck arranged to save thirty million dollars to use in the subway construction. He accomplished this by saving so much from the appropriations of each

One day he went unannounced to a meeting of the Rapid Transit Commissioners, and astonished them by saying that he had arranged to secure the money in order that they might begin work at once. The commissioners were greatly surprised, for they had expected no such good luck under the Tammany administration. I urged the mayor at the time to give these facts to the newspapers, but he would not hear of it, preferring, if any credit was due, that it should go to Croker and the Tammany organization.

The lid was entirely off the town and gambling was conducted almost openly. There was no question that leading police officials were growing rich from this source of revenue, and that considerable money was finding its way into the hands of Tammany politicians. The newspapers openly charged that Chief Devery was rapidly becoming a

rich man.

In the spring of 1899 a committee of the legislature was appointed to investigate conditions in New York City. the name of Mazet, from its committee tool man. In April of that year Croker was the star witness. He testified that he was working for his pocket all the time.

The investigation showed how Tammany was commercializing politics. But the probe did not go very deep on account of the bipartisan agreement still existing between Mr. Croker and Senator Platt. Another conspicuous witness at that time was Charles F. Murphy. The investigation drew Murphy more into the limelight than he had ever been before. Murphy was then the head of the dock board and he was closely examined about contracts with

(Continued on Page 68)

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

ETER took the polished horns to the hospital the next morning, and approached Jimmy with his hands behind him and an atmosphere of mystery that enshrouded him like a cloak. Jimmy, having had a good night and having taken the morning's medicine without argument, had been allowed up in a roller chair. It struck Peter with a pung that the boy looked more frail day by

day, more transparent.
"I have brought you," said
Peter gravely, "the cod-liver

"I've had it!"

"Then guess."
"Dad's letter?"

"You've just had one. Don't be a piggy."

Animal, vegetable or mineral?"

"Vegetable," said Peter shamelessly.

"Soft or hard?"

"Soft."

This was plainly a disappointment. A pair of horns might be vegetable; they could hardly be soft, "A kitten?"

"A kitten is not vegetable, James,"

"I know. A howl of geiatine from Harry!" For by this time Harmony was his very good friend, admitted to

the Jimmy rlub, which consisted of Nurse Elisabet, the dozen with the red beard, Anna and Peter, and of course the sentry, who did not know that he belonged.
"Gelatine, to be sure," replied Peter, and produced

It was a joyeus moment in the long low ward, with its triple row of heds, its barred windows, its clean, uneven old floor. As if to add a touch of completeness the sentry outside, peering in, asw the wheeled chair with its occupant, and celebrated this advance along the road to receivery by placing on the window-ledge a wooden replica of himself.

bayonet and all, carved from a bit of cigar box.

"Everybody is very nice to me," said Jimmy contentedly. "When my father comes back I shall tell him. He is very fend of people who are kind to me. There was a woman on the ship — What is bulging your pocket,

"My handkerchief."

"That is not where you mostly carry your handkerchief." Peter was injured. He scowled feroclously at being doubted and stood up before the wheeled chair to be searched. The ward watched joyously, while from pocket after pocket of Peter's old gray suit came Jimmy's salvagetwo nuts, a packet of figs, a postcard that represented a stout colonel of husears on his back on a frozen lake, with a private soldier waiting to go through the various salutations due his rank before assisting him. A gala day, indeed, if one could forget the grave in the little mountain town with only a name on the cross at its head, and if one did not notice that the boy was thinner than ever, that his hands soon tired of playing and lay in his lap, that Nurse Elisabet, who was much inured to death and lived her days with tragedy, caught him to her almost flercely as she lifted him back from the chair into the smooth white bed.

He fell asleep with Peter's arm under his head and the horns of the deer beside him. On the bedside stand stood the wooden sentry, keeping guard. As Peter drew his arm away he became aware of the Nurse Elisabet beckming to him from a door at the end of the ward. Peter left the sentinel on guard and tiptoed down the room. Just outside, round a corner, was the docent's laboratory, and beyond the tiny closet where he slept, where on a stand was the photograph of the lady he would marry when he had become a professor

and required no one's consent.

The dozent was waiting for Peter. In the amiable conspiracy which kept the boy happy he was arch-plotter. His familiarity with Austrian intrigue had made him involuable. He it was who had originated the idea of making Jimmy responsible for the order of the ward, so that a burly Trager quarreling over his daily tobacco with the nurse in charge, or brawling over his soup with another patient, was likely to be hailed in a thin soprano, and to stand, grinning

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART



sheepishly, while Jimmy, is mixed English and German, restored the decorum of the ward. They were a quarreisome lot, the convalencents. Jimmy was so busy some days settling disputes and awarding decisions that he slept almost all night. This was as it should be.

The dozent waited for Peter. His red beard twitched and his white cost, staited from the laboratory table, looked quite villainous. He held not a letter.

"This has come for the child," he said in quite good English. He was obliged to speak English. Day by day he taught in the clinics Americans who scorned his native tongue, and who brought him the money with which some day he would marry. He liked the English language; he liked Americans became they learned quickly. He held unt un envelope with a black border and Peter took it.
"From Paris!" be said. "Who in the world

suppose I'd better open it."

So I thought. It appears a letter of - how you say it? Ah, yes, condolence."

Peter opened the letter and read it. Then without a word he gave it open to the depent. There was silence in the laboratory while the docest read it, silence except for his canary, which was chipping at a lump of sugar. Peter's

face was very sober. So, A mother! You knew nothing of a mother?"

"Something from the papers I found. She left when the boy was a baby-went on the stage, I think. He has no recollection of her, which is a good thing. She seems to have been a bad lot."

"She comes to take him away. That is impossible."

"Of course it is impossible," said Peter savagely. "She's not going to see the child if I can help it. She left because she's the boy's mother, but that's the best you can say of ber. This letter — Well, you've read it."

"She is as a stranger to him?"

"Absolutely. She will come in mourning-look at that black border- and tell him his father is dead, and kill him.

The canary chipped at his sugar; the red heard of the depend twitched, as does the heard of one who plots. Peter

re-read the gushing letter in his hand and thought flercely.
"She is on her way here," said the dozent. "That is had. Paris to Wien is two days and a night. She may hourly arrive."

"We might send him away-to another hospital."

The durent shrugged his shoulders,

- " he said, and glanced through the door to the portrait on the stand. "It would be possible to hide the boy, at least for a time. In the interval the mother might be watched, and if she proved a lit person. the boy could be given to her. It is, of essure, an affair of police."

This gave Peter pause. He had no money for fines, no time for imprisonment, and be shared the common horror of the great jail. He read the letter again, and tried to read into the lines Jimmy's mother, and failed. He glanced into the ward. Jimmy still slept. A burly convalencent, with a saber cut from temple to ear and the general appearance of an assessin, had stopped beside the bed and was drawing up the blanket round the small shoulders.

"I can give orders that the woman be not admitted today," said the dozent. "That gives us a few hours. She will go to the police, and tomorrow she will be admitted. In the mean time-

"In the mean time," Peter replied, "I'll try to think of something. If I thought she could be warned and would leave him here-

"She will not. She will buy him garments and she will travel with him through the Riviera and to Nice. She says Nice. She wishes to be there for carnival, and the boy will die.

Peter took the letter and went home. He rode, that he might read it again in the bus. But no scrap of comfort could be get from it. It spoke

of the dead father coldly, and the father had been the boy's idel. No good woman could have been so heartless. It offered the boy a sent in one of the least reputable of the Paris theaters to bear his mother sing. And in the envelope, overlooked before, Peter found a cutting from a French newspaper, a picture of the music-hall type that made him groan. It was endorsed "Mama."

Harmony had had a busy morning. First she had put her house in order, working deftly, her pretty bair pinned up in a towel—all in order but Peter's room. That was to have a special cleaning later. Next, still with her hair tied up, she had spent two hours with her violin, standing very close to the stove to save fuel and keep her fingers warm. She played well that morning: even her own critical ears were satisfied, and the portier, repairing a window lock in an empty room below, was entranced. He sat on the windowsill in the biting cold and listened. Many music students had lived in the apartment with the great salon; there had been much music of one sort and another, but none like this.

"She tears my heart from my bosom," muttered the orties, sighing, and almost swallowed a screw that he held

After the practicing Harmony cleaned Peter's room, She felt very tender toward Peter that day. The hurt left by Mrs. Boyer's visit had died away, but there remained a clear vision of Peter standing behind the chair and offering himself humbly in marriage, so that a bad situation might be made better. And as with a man tenderness expresses itself in the giving of gifts, so with a woman it means giving of service. Harmony cleaned Peter's room,

It was really rather tidy. Peter's few belongings did not spread to any extent and years of bachelorhood had taught him the radiments of order. Harmony took the covers from washstand and dressing table and washed and ironed them. She cleaned Peter's worn brushes and brought a pincushion of her own for his one extra scar(pin. Finally she brought her own steamer rug and folded it across the foot of the hed. There was no stove in the room; it had been Harmony's room once, and she knew to the full how cold it could be.

Having made all comfortable for the outer man she prepared for the inner. She was in the kitchen, still with her hair tied up, when Anna came home.

Anna was preorcupied. Instead of her cheery greeting she came somberly back to the kitchen, a letter in her hand-Mistory was making fast that day.

"Helio, Harry," she said. "I'm going to take a bite and burry off. Don't bother, I'll attend to myself." She stuffed the letter into her belt and got a plate from a shelf. "How pretty you look with your head tied up! If stupid Peter saw you now be would fall in love with you."

"Then I shall take it off. Peter must be saved!"

Anna sat down at the tiny table and drank her tea. She felt rather better after the tea. Harmony, having taken the towel off, was busy over the brick stove. There was nothing said for a moment. Then:

"I am out of patience with Peter," said Anna.

"Why?"

"Because he hasn't fallen in love with you. Where are his eyes?"

"Please, Anna!"

"It's better as it is, no doubt, for both of you. But it's superhuman of Peter. I wonder——"

"Yes?"

"I think I'll not tell you what I wonder." And Harmony, rather afraid of Anna's frank speech, did not insist.

As she drank her ten and made a pretense at enting, Anna's thoughts wandered from Peter to Harmony to the letter in her belt and back again to Peter and Harmony. For some time Anna had been suspicious of Peter. From her dozen years of advantage in age and experience she looked down on Peter's thirty years of youth, and thought she knew something that Peter himself did not suspect. Peter being unintrospective, Anna did his heart-searching for him. She believed he was madly in love with Harmony and did not himself suspect it. As she watched the girl over her ten-cup, revealing herself in a thousand unposed gestures of youth and grace, a thousand lovelinesses, something of the responsibility she and Peter had assumed came over her. She sighed and felt for her letter.

"I've had rather bad news," she said at last.

"From home?"

"Yes. My father-did you know I have a father?"

"You hadn't spoken of him."

"I never do. As a father he hasn't amounted to much. But he's very ill, and —I've a conscience."

Harmony turned a startled face to her.

"You are not going back to America?"

"Oh no, not now anyhow. If I become hag-ridden with remorae and do go I'll find some one to take my place. Don't worry."

The lunch was a silent meal. Anna was hurrying off as Peter came in, and there was no time to discuss Peter's new complication with her. Harmony and Peter ate together, Harmony rather silent. Anna's unfortunate comment about Peter had made her constrained. After the meal Peter, pipe in mouth, carried the dishes to the kitchen, and there it was that he gave her the letter. What Peter's slower mind had been a perceptible time in grasping Harmony comprehended at once—and not only the situation, but its solution.

"Don't let her have him!" she said, putting down the letter. "Bring him here. Oh, Peter, how good we must

be to him!"

And that after all was how the thing was settled. So simple, so obvious was it that these three expatriates, these waifs and estrays, banded together against a common poverty, a common loneliness, should share without question whatever was theirs to divide. Peter and Anna gave cheerfully of their substance, Harmony of her labor, that a small boy should be saved a tragic knowledge until he was well enough to bear it, or until, if God so willed, he might learn it himself without pain.

The friendly sentry on duty again that night proved singularly blind. Thus it happened that, although the night

was clear when the twin dials of the Votivkirche showed nine o'clock, he did not notice a cab that halted across the street from the hospital.

Still more strange that, although Peter passed within a dozen feet of him, carrying a wriggling and excited figure wrapped in a blanket and insisting on uncovering its feet, the sentry was able the next day to say that he had observed such a person carrying a bundle, but that it was a short stocky person, quite lame, and that the bundle was undoubtedly clothing going to the laundry.

Perhaps—it is just possible—the sentry had his suspicions. It is undeniable that as Jimmy in the cab on Peter's knee, with Peter's arm close about him, looked back at the hospital, the sentry was going through the manual of arms very solemnly under the stars and facing toward the carriage.

XIV

FOR two days at Semmering it rained. The Raxalpe and the Schneeberg sulked behind walls of mist. From the little balcony of the Pension Waldhelm one looked out over a sea of cloud, pierced here and there by islands that were crags or by the tops of sunken masts that were evergreen trees. The roads were masses of slippery mud, up which the horses steamed and swented. The gray cloud fog hung over everything: the barking of a dog loomed

out of it near at hand where no dog was to be seen. Children cried and wild hirds squawked; one saw them sot. During the second night a landslide occurred on the side

During the second eight a landslide occurred on the side of the mountain with a rumble like the noise of fifty trains. In the morning, the rain clouds lifting for a moment, Marie saw the narrow yellow line of the slip.

Everything was saturated with moisture. It did no good to close the heavy wooden shutters at night: in the morning the air of the rosen was sticky and clothing was moist to the touch. Stewart, confined to the house, grew irritable.

He chafed against the confinement; he resented the food, the weather. Even Marie's content at her unusual leisure irked him. He accused her of purring like a cut by the fire, and stamped out more than once, only to be driven in by the curious thunderstorms of early Alpine winter.

On the night of the second day the weather changed. Marie, awakening early, stepped out on to the balcony and closed the door carefully behind her. A new world lay beneath her, a marvel of glittering branches, of white plain far below; the snowy mans of the Raxalpe was become a garment. And from behind the villa came the cheerful sound of sleigh-bells, of horses' feet on crtsp snow, of runners sliding easily along frozen roads. Even the barking of the dog in the next yard had reused rumbling and become sharp staccate.

The balcony extended round the corner of the house. Marie, eagerly discovering her new world, peered about, and seeing no one pear ventured so far. The road was in

view, and a small girl on ski was struggling to prevent a collision between two plumpfeet. Even as Marie saw her the inevitable happened and she went headlong into a drift. A governess who had been kneeling before a shrine by the road hastily crossed berself and ran in the rescue.

It was a marvelous morning, a day of days. The governess and the child went on out of vision. Marie stood still, looking at the shrine. A drift had piled about its foot, where the governess had placed a bunch of Alpine flowers. Down on her knees on the halcony went the little Marie, regardless of the snow, and prayed to the shrine of the Virgin below—for what? For forgiveness? For a better life? Not at all. She prayed that the heels of the American girl would keep her in out of the snow.

The prayer of the wicked availeth nothing; even the godly at times must suffer disappointment. And when one prays of beels, who can know of the yearning back of the praying? Marie, rising and dusting her chilled kness, saw the party of Americans on the road, clad in stout boots and swinging along gayly. Marie shrugged her absulders resignedly. She should have gone to the shrine itself; a balcony was not a holy place. But one thing she determined—the Americans went toward the Sonnwendstein. She would advise against the Sonnwendstein for that day.

Marie's day of days had begun wrong after all. For Stewart rose with the Sonowendstein in his mind, and no suggestion of Marie's that in another day a path would be broken had any effect on him. He was eager to be off, committed



"Animal. Vegetable or Mineral?"

the extravagance of ordering an egg npiece for breakfast, and finally proclaimed that if Marie feared the climb he would go alone.

Marie made many delays; she dressed slowly, and must run back to see if the balcony door was securely closed. At a little shop where they stopped to buy mountain sticks she must purchase postcards and send them at once, Stewart was fairly patient; air and exercise were having their effect.

It was eleven o'clock when, having crossed the valley, they commenced to mount the slope of the Sonnwendstein. The climb was easy; the road wound back and forward on it.elf so that one ascended with hardly an effort. Stewart gave Marie a hand here and there, and even paused to let ber sit on a boulder and rest. The snow was not heavy; he showed her the footprints of a party that lad gone ahead, and to amuse her tried to count the number of people. When he found it was five he grew thoughtful. There were five in Anita's party. Thanks to Marie's delays they mot the Americans coming down. The meeting was a short one: the party went on down, gayly talking. Marie and Stewart climbed silently. Marie's day was spoiled; Stewart had promised to dine at the hotel.

Marie's sordid little trugedy played itself out in Semmering. Stewart neglected her almost completely; he took fewer and fewer meals at the villa. In two weeks he spent one evening with the girl, and was so irritable that she went to bed crying. The little mountain resort was filling up; there were more and more Americans. Christmas was drawing near and a dozen or so American doctors came up, bringing their families for the holidays. It was difficult to enter a shop without encountering some of them. To add to the difficulty, the party at the hotel, finding it crowded there, decided to go into a pession and suggested moving to the Waldheim.

Stewart himself was wretchedly uncomfortable. Marie's tragedy was his predicament. He disliked himself very cordially, losthing himself and his situation with the newborn humility of the lover. For Stewart was in love for the first time in his life. In his despair he wrote to Peter Byrne. It was characteristic of Peter that, however indifferent prople might be in presperity, they always turned to him in trouble. Stewart's letter concluded:

I have made out a poor case for myself; but I'm in a hole, as you can see. I would like to chuck everything here and sail for home with these people who go in January. But, confound it, Byrne, what am I to do with Marie? And that brings me to what I've been wanting to say all along, and haven't had the courage to. Marie likes you and you rather liked her, didn't you? You could talk her into reason if anybody could. Now that you know how things are, can't you come up over Sunday? It's asking a lot, and I know it; but things are pretty bad.

Peter received the letter on the morning of the day before Christmas. He read it several times and, recalling the look he had seen more than once in Marie Jedlicka's eyes, he knew that things were very bad indeed.

But Peter was a man of family in those days, and Christmas is a family festival not to be lightly ignored. He wired to Stewart that he would come up as soon as possible after Christmas. Then, because of the look in Marie's eyes and because he feared for her a sad Christmas, full of heartaches and God knows what loneliness, he bought her a most



All Day He Had Stayed in Sed for the Privilege of an Estra Musi

hideous brooch, which he thought admirable in every way and highly ornamental and which he could not afford at all. This he mailed, with a cheery greeting, and feeling happier and much poorer made his way homeward.

CHRISTMAS EVE in the salon of Maria Theresa! Christmas Eve, with the great chandeller recklessly ablaze and a pig's head with cranberry eyes for suppor! Christmas Eve, with a two-foot tree gleaming with candles on the stand, and beside the stand, in a huge chair, Jimmy!

It had been a busy day for Harmony. In the morning there had been shopping and marketing, and such a temptation to be reckless, with the shops full of ecstasies and the old flower women fairly overburdened. There had been anxieties, too, such as the pig's head, which must be done a certain way, and Jimmy, who must be left with the portier's wife as nurse while all of them went to the hospital. The house revolved around Jimmy now, Jimmy, who seemed the better for the moving, and whose mother as yet had failed to materialize.

In the afternoon Harmony played at the hospital. Peter took her as the early twilight was falling in through the gate where the sentry kept guard and so to the great courtyard. In this grim playground men wandered about, smoking their daily allowance of tobacco and moving to keep warm, offscourings of the barracks, derelicts of the slums, with here and there an honest citizen lamenting a Christmas away from home. The hospital was always pathetic to Harmony; on this Christmas Eve she found it harrowing. Its very size shocked her, that there should be so much suffering, so much that was appalling, frightful, insupportable. Peter felt her quiver under his hand.

A bospital in feetivity is very affecting. It smiles through its tears. And in every assemblage there are sharply defined lines of difference. There are those who are going home soon, God willing; there are those who will go home some time after long days and longer nights. And there are those who will never go home and who know it. And because of this the ones who are never going home are most festively clad, as if, by way of compensation, the nurses mean to give them all future Christmasss in one. They receive an extra orange, or a pair of gloves perhapsand they are not the less grateful because they understand. And when everything is over they lay away in the bodside stand the gloves they will never wear, and divide the extra orange with a less fortunate one who is almost recovered. Their last Christmas is past,

"How begutiful the tree was!" they say. Or, "Did you hear how the children sang? So little, to sing like that! It made me think-of angels."

Peter led Harmony across the courtyard, through many twisting corridors, and up and down more twisting staircases to the room where she was to play. There were many Christmas trees in the hospital that afternoon; no one hall could have held the thousands of patients, the doctors, the nurses. Sometimes a single ward had its own tree, its own entertainment. Occasionally two or three joined forces, proempted a lecture room, and wheeled or hobbled or carried in their convalencents. In such case an Imposing audience was the result.

Into such a room Peter led Harmony. It was an amphitheater, the seats rising in tiers, half circle above half circle, to the dusk of the roof. In the pit stood the tree, candlelighted. There was no other illumination in the room. The semi-darkness, the blazing tree, the rows of hopeful, hoping,

hopeless, rising above, white faces over white gowns, the soft rustle of expectancy, the silence when the docest with the red beard stepped out and began to read an address—all caught Harmony by the throat. Peter, keenly alive to everything she did, felt rather than heard her soft sob.

Peter saw the hospital anew that dark afternoon, saw it through Harmony's eyes. Layer after layer his professional callus fell away, leaving him quick again. He had lived so long close to the heart of humanity that he had reduced its throbbing to beats that might be counted. Now, once more, Peter was back in the early days, when a heart was not a pump, but a thing that ached or thrilled or struggled, that loved or hated or yearned.

The orchestra, insisting on sadly sentimental music, was fast turning festivity into gloom. It played Handel's Largo; it threw its whole soul into the assurance that the world, after all, was only a poor place, that heaven was a better. It preached resignation with every deep vibration of the cello. Harmony fidgeted.

"How terrible!" she whispered. "To turn their Christmas Eve into mourning! Stop them!"

"Stop a German orchestra?"

"They are crying, some of them. Oh, Peter!"

The music came to an end at last. Tears were dried. Followed recitations, gifts, a speech of thanks from Nurse Etisabet for the patients. Then-Harmony.

Harmony never remembered afterward what she had played. It was joyous, she knew, for the whole atmosphere changed. Laughter came; even the candles burned more cheerfully. When she had finished a student in a white cost asked her to play a German Volkapiel, and reared it out to her accompaniment with much vigor and humor. The audience joined in, at first timidly, then

Harmony stood alone by the tree, violin poised, smiling at the applause. Her eyes, running along the dim amphitheater, sought Peter's, and finding them dwelt there a moment. Then she began to play softly and as softly the others sang.

"Stille Nacht, heilige Nacht,"

they sang, with upturned eyes.

"Alles schlöft, einsam world. .

Visions came to Peter that afternoon in the darkness, visions in which his poverty was forgotten or mattered not at all. Visions of a Christmas Eve in a home that he had earned, of a tree, of a girl-woman, of a still and holy night, of a child.

> "Nur das traute, hoch hellige Poar Holder Knahe im lokkigen Hour Schlof' in himmlineher Ruh', Schlof' in himmlineher Ruh',"

they sang.

There was real festivity at the old lodge of Maria Therena that night.

Jimmy had taken his full place in the household. The best room, which had been Anna's, had been given up to him. Here, carefully tended, with a fire all day in the stove, Jimmy reigned from the bed. To him Harmony brought her small puzzles and together they solved them.

"Shall it be a steak tonight?" thus Harmony humbly.

'Or chops?'

"With tomato sauce?"

"If Peter allows, yes."

Much thinking on Jimmy's part, and then: "Pish," he would decide. "Fish with egg dressing."

They would argue for a time, and compromise on fish. The boy was better. Peter shook his head over any permanent improvement, but Anna flercely selzed each crumb of hope. Many and bitter were the battles she and Peter fought at night over his treatment, frightful the litter of

authorities Harmony put straight every morning. The extra expense was not much, but it told. Peter's carefully calculated expenditures felt the strain. He gave up a course in X-ray on which he had set his heart and cut off his hour in the coffee house as a luxury. There was no hardship about the latter renunciation. Life for Peter was spelling itself very much in terms of Harmony and Jimmy those days. He resented anything that took him from them.

There were anxieties of a different sort also. Anna's father was failing. He had written her a feeble, half senile appeal to let bygones be bygones and come back to see him before he died. Anna was Peter's great prop. What would be do should she decide to go home? He had built his house on the sand indeed.

So far the threatened danger of a mother to Jimmy had not materialised. Peter was pursied, but satisfied. He still wrote letters of marvelous adventure; Jimmy still

watched for them, listened breathless, treasured them under his pillow. But he spoke less of his father. The open page of his childish mind was being written over with new impressions. "Dad" was already a memory; Peter and Harmony and Anna were realities. Sometimes he called Peter "Dad." At those times Peter caught the boy to him in an agony of tenderness.

And as the little apartment revolved round Jimmy, so was this Christmas Eve given up to him. All day he had stayed in bed for the privilege of an extra hour propped up among pillows in the salon. All day he had strung little red berries that looked like cranberries for the tree, or fastened threads to the tiny cakes that were for trimming

only, and sternly forbidden to eat.

A marvelous day that for Jimmy. Late in the afternoon the portier, with a collar on, had mounted the stairs and sheepishly presented him with a pair of white mice in a wooden cage. Jimmy was thrilled. The cage was on his knees all evening, and one of the mice was clearly ill of a cake with pink icing. The portier's gift was a stealthy one, while his wife was having coffee with her cousin, the brushmaker. But the spirit of Christmas does strange things. That very evening, while the portier was roistering in a beer hall preparatory to the midnight mass, came the portier's wife, puffing from the stairs, and brought a puzzle box that only the initiated could open, and when one succeeded at last there was a picture of the Christ-Child within.

Young McLean came to call that evening—came to call and remained to worship. It was the first time since Mrs. Boyer that a visitor had come. McLean, interested with everything and palpably not shocked, was a comforting caller. He seemed to Harmony, who had had bad momenta since the day of Mrs. Boyer's visit, to put the hallmark of respectability on the household, to restore it to something it had lost or had never had.

She was quite unconscious of McLean's admiration. She and Anna put Jimmy to bed. The tree candles were burned out; Peter was extinguishing the dying remnants when Harmony came back. McLean was at the plane, thrumming softly. Peter, turning around suddenly, surprised on expression on the younger man's face that startled

For that one night Harmony had laid seide her mourning, and were white, soft white, tucked in at the neck, abort-sleeved, trailing. Feter bad never seen her in white

It was Peter's way to sit back and listen: his steady eyes were always alert, good-humored, but be talked very little. That night he was unusually silent. He sat in the shadow away from the lamp and watched the two at the piano; McLean playing a bit of this or that, the girl bending over a string of her violin. Anna came in and sat down near

"The boy is quite fascinated," she whispered, "Watch bis eyes!"

"He is a nice boy." This from Peter, as if he argued with himself.

"As men go!" This was a challenge Peter was usually quick to accept. That night he only smiled. "It would be a good thing for her: his people are wealthy."

Money, always money! Peter ground his teeth over his pipe stem. Eminently it would be a good thing for Harmony, this nice boy in his well-made evening clothes, who spoke Harmony's own language of music, who was almost apenchlum over her playing, and who looked up at her with

the girl was to him.

eyes in which admiration was not unmixed

with adoration. Peter was costless. As the music went on he tipteed out of the room and took to pacing up and down the little corridor. Each time as he passed the door he tried not to glance in; each time he paused involuntarily. Jealousy had her will of him that night, jealousy, when he had never acknowledged even to himself how much

Jimmy was restless. Usually Harmony's music put him to sleep; but that night he lay awake, even after Peter had closed all the doors. Peter came in and sat with him in the dark, going over now and then to rover him, or to give him a drink, or to pick up the cage of mice which Jimmy insisted on having beside him and which constantly slipped off on to the floor. After a time Peter lighted the night-light, a bit of wick on a cork floating in a saucer. of lard oil, and set it on the bedside table. Then round it he arranged Jimmy's treasures, the deer antlers, the cage of mice, the box, the wooden sentry. The boy fell usleep. Peter sat in the room, his dead pipe in his teeth, and thought of many things.

It was very late when young McLean left. The two had played until they stopped for very weariness. Anna had

(Continued on Page 70)



A YEAR IN BOHEMIA



HEN I realized that my husband had been disloyal to me; when I knew that he would not give up that other woman, would not come to our old beme for the summer with the children and me; when I heard him shut the door and go to her, I think I went mad for a few minutes. I came to myself walking in the streets. After a time I found myself at the apartment house where Rhoda Sheldon lived. I hesitated; then I entered. I felt. that if I stayed in the company of my own thoughts any longer I should throw myself into the water.

Rhoda knew at once that something had gone wrong. She told me afterward that my eyes were insane; that I looked as if I wanted to tear the fiesh off my bones. She kissed me with more feeling than usual and put me in her most comfortable chair, talking about inconsequential matters while I looked at her blankly, not hearing, as miserably absorbed in my grief as if she were not speaking. Presently she said:

Dollie, you know I am loyal to you and fond of you. I wasn't the first day we met; it was Grant I liked. Because you are so quiet and so conservative and so conventional, I thought you were just a little backwoods person bern to hamper a brilliant husband."

"I suppose my dumpy figure helped," I put in bitterly, "But," she continued, "I found out that though you are conservative, it is your independent thinking that has made you that; you are not that just because you are blind. Also you efface yourself because you think Grant is

I began to say something, but she interrupted:

"Wait just a minute. You need me; you can't bear this thing alone. I went through it all alone because I couldn't trust any one. I like you too well to want you to suffer as I did without any vent."

Until she spoke of her suffering I had felt repelled, unwilling to confide in her. But when I saw in her eyes a shadow of the same torture that I knew was in my own I broke down, weeping on her breast.

"Don't men know what Sophie Marston is like?" I sobbed.

"Some of them don't. Some of them do and don't care," she replied. "For that man is rare who will judge severely a pretty woman who he thinks is fond of him." "I can't bear it," I said.

"Oh, yes, you can," Rhoda said. "I'm here to help you." "You say you have suffered, Rhoda?" I asked. "I thought you believed a man and wife should each go his or her own way?"

"Oh, yes," Rhoda said in a hard voice: "of course I play the game. Dollie, do you remember that first supper you attended in my lower? There were next forty people there. Of all those people, only you and Grant, Archie and I and the Sigeroom were living with the same partners with whom they had set

"Oh, not really?" I gasped.

"You take an much for granted," Rhade said -"and so do the real Bobenians, for that matter,

You take it for granted that people have never been divorced. We Bohemians take it for granted that we are to accept each other at our face values and not sak any questions.

"The Signmona!" I said. "That woman's face has haunted me. She isn't happy. I don't see how she could deceive any one. And no one seems to feel sorry-

"Of course they men't sorry; however, we cover it up with manners. Ours is a cut-throat game of getting what we want. It's might that conquers, and the beaten one has the privilege of abeltering her wounds the best way she can—for in the end it is always the woman who is beaten."
"Sigersun looks like a brute," I said hitterly.

Somehow altusing any man made me feel a little as if I were punishing Grant and bringing him to heel.

"Sigerson is a brute," Rhoda said. "They were married over twenty years ago, and she worked like a slave to advance him. They came to New York ten years ago and in ten weeks she had lost him. You have only to look at her face to see what she has gone through and still goes through. She adores him. She looked at it in this way: She could divorce him, and maybe she would get alimony and maybe she wouldn't, according as he felt like paying up. For after all, you know, the courts may order a man to pay alimony, but they can't make him do it. If she did divorce him she could not hope to marry any one else, for she's too faded and she hasn't any charm. So she just plays the game his way. He falls in love with a new woman every year, and stays away from his wife for weeks and even months at a time. She never complains, never asks questions. When he is nominally at home, and comes in at three or four in the morning, she always has hot potato soup ready for him. If he is sick she nurses him."

"Doesn't he know it hurts! How has he got the hardihood?" I stormed.

"Of course he knows, but he likes Limself better than any one in the world. He would answer you that he supports her, and that if she doesn't like his way of living she is e to leave whenever she likes. I think he does appreciate her patience-and he likes the potato soup. Poor woman! She could play the game better if the men liked her more."

Rhoda looked at me speculatively. Then she went on: "I want to help you, so I'll tell you my own little tale of woe. Archie and I were lovers till about seven years ago, when he fell in love with some one else. I won't tell you what it cost me. When I got over the first smart I had an affair of my own. It didn't amuse me very much, and while it did have the effect on him that I boped it would, that came too late to help me much."

"Don't talk about it if you don't want to, Rhoda,"

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALRIGH

"Oh, I don't mind," she said wearily, "Archie and I are the best of comrades. I am sure he is sorry for that first affair of his, and I think he loves me better than he ever did. The difficulty is I'm not like most women-I can't forgive and let things be as before. That first affair of his killed my love. I like him swfully and I'll never leave him, but he robbed me of something infinitely precious. I'd like to love again. I've really looked about a hit for a great love, but I haven't found it in Behemia. Archie and I have both philandered a bitsince those first affairs, but not seriously."

Rhoda's eyes flashed and she added:

"I can't help feeling glad that he is the one that had to pay most in the end in our case. And still I do keep heping I'll somehow get back that old fondness for him. A woman's life is so empty when she is not in love."

"Oh, it isn't fair!" I said passionately. "The men have such an advantage of us. All wives can't he pretty and fascinating. We've spent our youth and looks on taking care of the children and on advancing our busbands, and then-

"Then along come these unattached women of whom the world of Bohemia is full," Rhoda said -

girls of about twenty-eight; women separated from their bushands and seeking an understanding soul. They are al ways younger than we are. Dollie, and always with a little more vitality."

In our passionate duet we had been generalizing so vigorously that we had rather lost sight of my problem. I felt that Rhoda's words had made me understand our world as I never had before; it had made me realize the dangers of Bohemian life,

How I longed for the old binding force of the marriage tie as we had seen it in our little Western home! I wanted Grant and me to be humdrum, and fixed eternally in a rut

"What shall I do, Rhoda?" I asked helplossly.

"Of course, Dollie," Rhoda said, "Grant doesn't understand your suffering. He just thinks you're unreasonable. Men have a queer way of using that word, and letting it cover a multitude of traits in women which interfere with their having their own way. Really, Dollie, the best way to get on with a man would be to let him have his own way in every detail."

"It wouldn't be good for him, any more than it would be good for a child," I said drearily.

"We're talking of tart and not of morals, you little Puritan," Rhoda said. "Now as to what you're to do, you can't stop Grant—yet."

"You mean there is no way I can get him away from

"She wouldn't have it, and her tenacity is perfectly devilish. And Grant wouldn't have it. This is a piquant experience for him. Try to think of it from his point of view, Dollie. Imagine being married for seventeen years, and then coming to New York to find a score of pretty and charming women eager to attract you and considering you handsome and brilliant."

Don't, Rhoda!" I said sharply.

"But Grant is handsome and brilliant," she persisted. "If you saw it, don't you suppose other women have eyes too! And there are plenty of women, like Sophie Marston, whose joy in the chase is intensified because the prey is supposed to belong to another woman."

'I suppose I am too jealous and unhappy to be reason-

Rhoda went on in the tone of a kindly surgeon who believes that the sight of the knife will prove good for the patients

"Now the best way to lose Grant forever is to make scenes at home. That will drive him to Sophie for sympathy."

"I won't make scenes."

"And the next best way to make sure of losing him is to be cold and hard to him, and show that you think him a poor husband, and are only speaking to him at all for the children's sakes."

Do you mean that I've got to act as if I approved of all this?" I demanded fiercely, looking at Rhoda with eyes that were full of indignation.

"Just that. You've got to play the game his way, for a while at least. You can't lose by it, and you're sure to lose the other way. If you keep on friendly terms with Grant, you've gained just so much."

I reflected. "Very well," I said, "I'll try to play Grant's game. I'll have all these people here, including Sophie Marston, and I'll go out whenever I'm invited."

You talk as if you had intended to sulk at home," suid

Rhoda with a sharp glance.

I blushed and she went on: "That isn't enough. You'll have to stop being such a mouse. You spoke of your dumpy figure. It isn't a had figure, if you'd take care of it. You must wear conspicuous colors-deep blues and queer yellows. You can with your coloring. And you must be nice to the men.'

"If you mean that I must flirt, I can't do it," I said.

"No, I don't mean you to thet. They'll do that if you give them half a chance," Rhoda said. "I mean you're to try to forget when you are talking to a man that you are married. What difference does it make, in discussing a new play with Archie, whether you remember that you are married or not?"

"I don't think it does, but I feel as if it did," I said. "But, Rhods, even if I could do as you say, Grant would only take it as an excuse for carrying on his attentions

"He'll do that anyway. I don't think he'll get jealous because men begin to pay you attention, but he won't

expect it, and he'll have more respect for you. Besides, it will take your mind off Grant and Sophie."

I could not agree with her. I knew that I had no talent for flirting. I could not try to philander with some man to make Grant jealous. But I put myself in her hands to the extent of staying all night with her, telling her, too, that I could not bear to see Grant again before I left for our old home. She suggested that I go with her to the seashore to visit Mary Sigerson while Helena did the packing.

I think Rheda believed that it would do me good to see Mary Sigerson with the look of strained pluasure all gone from her face, and on it seconity. She supposed that the contemplation of Mary and herself, two who had gone the road I was now about to travel, and quite as unwilling as I, might help me. For, as she pointed out, they both had lived through it and were getting quite a lot out of life. But I was by no means at the stage when any one else's example did me any good. I didn't accept my misery any the more placidly because Rhoda and Mary Sigerson had survived theirs. Rhodn did her best to comfort me, sometimes by abusing Grant and sometimes by excusing him-

"What a stupid give-away it was for him to hand you that jewelry," she said cynically. "That alone proves that he is new to this business. The convincing thing for him to have done would have been to come home and complain about the dinner, and ask you how you expected him to do his full stint of work on overdone beef. Never mind, Dollie, he'll soon get sick of her.

"He hasn't in seven months," I said miserably.

"That was because he was gently wading in, so to speak," Rhoda pointed out. "He didn't take the sudden dive that Teddy Sigerson would have taken and that Sophis is accustomed to. That was what kept her interested. She was determined to get him, and the way he held off only whetted her appetite. She'll tire him out this summer, you'll see. For one thing, she'll insist on late hours; there will have to be gayety every night. For another thing, she always has wretched food. It's so stupid in her, but she's really no judge of what good food is. She'll ruin his digestion and make him unfit to work, and he'll be glad to crawl back to you.'

"I'm to have him when he is no good for her any more." I said bitterly.

"But you want him on any terms, don't you, Dollie?" she asked gently.

"I don't know what I want," I said. "I can't tell until I have gone home: until I have begun to live without him."

"You've got a great hold on him as long as you have the children," Rhoda said softly, "Isn't it strange how men can torture a woman with indifference and resent her

sense of possession, and yet they want to own their children? Look even at this brute of a Teddy Sigerson! He comes to see Mary once a week and writes her twice a week. It's just because she is going to be the mother of his baby. There isn't a day during the last twenty years when he wouldn't have let her go if she had tried to divorce him. But now, he'd fight like a Turk if she suggested it."

But I didn't want Grant to wish to hold me just for the sake of the children. I wanted him to want me because he loved me. Rhoda saw that.

He does love you," she said. "This is only temporary. Sophie is like a disease, and when she passes off him his blood will be clear and he won't have another attack. He's not like Sigerson; he's not even like Archie.

I did not see Grant before I went home. I wrote him that I was coming to our flat, but would rather not meet him. He replied that he would do as I said, though it would look strange to the children if he did not see us off. I replied passionately that that was not the only thing that would look strange to the children, if they knew the whole truth about our life in New York. To this he made no answer. When I arrived at our flat I found a note from him, inclosing the monthly sum he allowed me for housekeeping, and saying that he would send the same amount while I was gone, but that he hoped I'd he able to manage. return railway fares out of it, because he had been slacking

"I'm Affinid I'm Old-Bushinand. I Soully Believe That There is Only One Great Lore in a Life."

up on his work of late and, besides, proposed to take a rest during part of the summer.

There was no happiness in going to my old home without Grant. Archie and Rhoda traveled with us, for they had not yet sold their farm, and indeed they were glad to go to it and rest and mive money. When we reached our journey's end there was a crowd of friends to meet us, and I think I should have broken down if it had not been for Rhoda's warning hand on my arm. I explained to every one who asked that Grant was coming later; that business was keeping him in New York.

My mother thought I looked older and my friends said I looked smarter. I knew I did. As soon as I had been among them for a little while I realized that I really had taken on a kind of cosmopolitan air. Rhoda said so too. She said that whatever lack Grant might find in me, he could not access me of not keeping up with the procession. I was not one of these dowdy wives who hold their husbands back.

"Sophie Marston would say I was trying to hold him back," I said. "She would say that I was keeping his soul. from developing."

"When Sophie goes to hell," Rhoda reflected, "this will he her punishment: She will be made to full in love with a fascinating devil, and then for a billion years she will have to watch him making love to a series of devilesses, each more fascinating than she is."

One of Rhoda's forms of comfort was to figure out various kinds of punishment for Sophie here and hereafter.

We both knew that if we were willing to wait she would be punished in this world. For she could not always be thirty-five and a siren of men.

"The woman has uncanny luck," I said. "She will probably die just before she comes to the end of her power

of making wives unhappy.

I don't know what I should have done without the Sheldons that summer. To every one but Rhoda I had to keep up a pretense. To her I could speak freely. As the summer were on Grant, who wrote me a brief letter weekly. always posted in New York, said nothing about coming to me. I do not know what I should have written if he had said he would come. But when he showed no signs of wanting to be with the children I felt I had lost him indeed.

Only a woman whose busband some other woman has taken can realize what I suffered. The horror of thinking through the day: "Is he with her now?" All his little ways I knew so well; it was maddening to think that any other woman should know them too. A man has only one way of malong love. No matter how different the quality of love he feels for different women, his fashion of expressing it must be the same. When Rhoda was thinking up tortures for Sophie Marston I wanted to add: "Give her the torture of jealousy. There is nothing worse than that,

I am told that it is feminine for a jealous wife to wish to crush the woman in the case, but excuse her husband. If

> that is true I am not feminine. I blumed Grant precisely as much as I did Sophie, I don't think I really should have wished to take revenge on either of them, but I certainly should have been glad if I could have made them both sorry, and then got my husband back.

> August drew toward a close and Grant had not come. At last he sent a letter inquiring if it was not pretty nearly time for Tommy's school to open and wanting to know when I was coming back. He said that he thought I ought to try to rent the house to the schoolteachers again, and that indeed it would be impossible to do anything else, for he did not see his way to supporting the flat and the house both. He had not been working so hard as he meant to, and his finances were such that he could not manage unless we were all living under the same roof as eronomically as was consistent. I showed this letter to Rhoda.

"He's spent all his money on her," I said wildly,

"No, he hasn't," replied Rhoda. "I must do Sophie the justice to may that she does not graft off men. She would, of course, if she had to, but she gets heaps of cash out of the poor wretch she's nuarried to. She's already

got more mere things than any man she's ever known could possibly raise for her. I suppose Grant has given her a few presents, but what has happened is what I've told you: She's hurt his power of work, and that's all to your advantage,

"I know his work has gone downhill," I said. "It's not good for a man's art just to be working for money. Still, I don't see how Grant's inferior work is to my advantage.

"Well, anyhow," Rhoda said a little impatiently, "this letter has taught you what you want to do. You don't want to divorce him and you do want to go back to him." "No, I don't want to divorce him," I said miserably.

"I can't give him up."

You poor dear!" Rhoda said; "what you want is to go back to him, and have things as they used to be. But you can't do that, Dollie. You'll have to go back on his terms. He knows he has the whiphand of you too. That's what he means when he talks of money. Oh, I don't mean to say he is doing it consciously," she added, as I made a movement of protest. "But a man can be very brutal to a woman when she's in his power, and when he's angry at her; and he's angry at you because you've put him in the wrong."

For the moment I was angry at Rhoda too, and I wished fruitlessly, as I had wished so many times, that we had never gone to New York, and that I had never had to listen to her cynical interpretations of human nature. And to think that the human nature belonged to the one I loved most on earth, and that I had to admit that there was some truth in what Rhoda said!

"You'll find that things will be better," Rhoda said. "By now his first enthusiasm for Sophie is dulled. She makes the men devote themselves so deeply to her that she soon tires them. Just go back and act as if nothing had ever happened and I am sure things will change."

Grant was at the station to meet us. He greeted us joyfully and kissed us all, even Tommy, who glanced about fearfully to see if any other male creature was looking on. It was then that I noticed Helena's attitude toward her father. She shrank from him the least bit when he kissed her the second time. He did not notice it, but I did. This child, who understood me as no one else did, could not forgive her father because he had chosen not to spend the summer with us.

When we reached the flat I saw that Grant had had it thoroughly cleaned for our homecoming, and I praised him for that. He carried Helena's dress-suit case to her room and Tommy's to the spareroom and mine to our room. He put his arm about me and whispered:

"I've taken yours to the right place, haven't I. Dollie?" "Oh, yes," I said, but I could not make my tone warm or forgiving. Perhaps I lost a chance there for reconciliation. I don't know. Rhoda says not. She says that all any man would want in such an affair would be for his wife not to make a fuss.

Grant was a homekeeping soul for the next few days. Our friends were slowly coming back to town from the mountains and the sea. Through Rhoda I learned that Sophie Marston was in Maine with her husband—one of her placating trips, Rhoda called it - and rejoiced to think what boredom Sophie must be enduring. For my part I cessed to give Grant full credit for his present devotion.

Early in October Knight gave a supper, with the usual people present all except Sophie Marston. She came when the evening was almost over. Late entrances were her specialty, but this one had not been calculated. She explained that she had not been able to stand her husband. a minute longer, had reached New York at eleven, and had telephoned about until she found who was having a party. She and Grant gravitated to such other at ones. I could tell by the amused eyes of some of the group that they considered that Sophie had not yet done her worst to my hushand. Archie Sheldon sat by me and talked. I don't know what he said, but I know that he was infinitely kind.

Sigerson was present, and almost none of the group had seen him since he had become the father of twins six weeks before. Some of them congratulated him and some of them tessed him. Sigemon, so strange are men, seemed far more willing to conceal the fact of his affection for his children than he ever had been to conceal his attraction for women other than his wife. He seemed positively irritated when Knight accused him of having spent most of the six weeks at the shore with his wife and babies.



I Believe the Child Bid in the Closet Most of the Time

"Well, what if I have?" he asked sharply. "How do I know but the maid might leave or the nurse? Mary and the children have to have some one to look out for

Sigerson had no sense of humer, and his friends kept him annoyed and apologizing for his attention to his wife and children until Rhods interfered and rescued him. Afterward he came to me, as one of the less

women present who had children, and gave me a chance to draw him out about the twins. I did not like Sigerson and I was loath to believe that he could have any real sense of fatherhood. It was only, I thought, the newness of the sensation that interested him. But I had to believe that he really did feel a sense of proprietorship in his children, and affection for them. He described their appearance to me minutely, bragged about their strength and their appetites and their lung capacity and their prehensile qualities. I

listened to him, thinking all the time how little he deserved the happeness of having them. I am frequently blunt and impulsive, and I interrupted him as he was telling

me his theory of gymnastics for bubbles by saying abruptly: "I can tell you what your wife said when they told her their sex. She said: 'Thank God, they are knys.

His jaw dropped.

"How did you know?" by solved. "Did she write

"I just guessed," I said.

He stared at me. Of course he didn't understand. But I knew that poor Mary Sigerson, who had eclosmed these children as the great reward of her life of main and as the means of getting at last a family life for becoulf and her husband, had out of her very love and experience been grabeful that they were not girls whom their husbands might some day burt. Human like the rest of us, she was not sparing thought for the girl babies whom those boys might grow up to burt.

Well, they're great kids anyway," he said.

"Let me tell you this," I said: "You may be their father, but they won't be your children unless you help Mary bring them up.

"I'm helping her now," he said almost indignantly. "I rocked one of them to sleep yesterday. I'm going back day after tomorrow too. I just came down for a change.

I rose to join Bhoda; I never could stand very much of Teddy Sigerson. But I reflected that Mary Sigerson's life promised well, after all. A man like Sigerson could be held at fifty with children where he couldn't have been at thirty. Tears came into my eyes. I almost wished I could begin over with Helena and Tommy as lures to get Grant away from Mrs. Marston. She and Grant were off by themselves in a corner of Knight's smoking room.

It was dreadful just to look at the woman who had taken my husband away from me. I had intended to avoid her, but that was not always possible. One night she and I had arrived together at a studio flat and were taking off our things in a bedroom. Grant had not yet rome, so she felt no reason for hurrying. She began to talk about Archie Sheldon.

'Archie is a wonderful person, Mrs. Hollister," she said. "I knew him first seven years ago. We were very close friends. I think I helped him; but Rhodafinished with an injured sigh.

In the mirror I saw her face with its mixture of triumphant reminiscence and mock sentimentality, and I realized that it had been she who had first spoiled Rhoda's happiness; it had been she with whom Archie had fallen in love. I wondered hitterly if Sophie Marston ever would, in Teddy Sigerson's words, "get hers." I didn't think she would.

So often a man marries the wrong person," she went on plaintively as I rubbed a powder-puff over my face. "And after that his life principle sinks, unless the great love comes that develops his soul."

I went on powdering my face.

But what about the man's asked lightly.

"They cannot be considered, if it is a question of developing his soul," she said earnestly.

"I'm afraid I'm not so keen an individualist as some people," I said, taking some pride in the way I kept my tone light and seemed primarily absorbed in beautifying my face. "For example, take Teddy Sigerson. He's had half a dozen love affairs. I'm told. Did he need them all to develop his soul?"

"Certainly," she returned firmly.



powder-puff to its box. "I really believe that there is only one great love in a life."

"Ah, you are wrong!" she said, in a tone which I suppose she thought was thrilling. "It may take several great loves fully to develop a person's soul."

I raised my eyebrows at her in a supercilious fashion. It is the only facial trick I have that is especially effective. "Really, Mrs. Maraton," I said, "I wish you would tell me what is the good of a soul like that when it is fully

developed." She made on answer. There was none to make. I walked off furious at her insolence. If I had had the power at that moment to transport her to a desert island where there were only women who disliked her, I am afraid Sophie

Marston would never have seen New York again. That evening among the guests was a young man who came late. He was about twenty-eight, very blond and very handsome. Knight and two or three other men gave welcoming shouts. Rhods peered doubtfully at the newcomer, and then she said to me excitedly:

"It's young Baring! He was with Scott on that expedition to the South Pole. It's four years since he's been in New York, so no wonder we failed to remember him. And, Dollie, I've a new plan to quell Grant and Sophie! You needn't ask me what it is, for I'm not going to tell you yet."

Sophie Marston traned her neck from the corner where she lurked with Grant. She reminded me of nothing so much as a tigress scenting new prey. Rhoda, I am sure, had the same thought. But presently Sophie sank back and again gave all her attention to Grant.

"Never mind," said Rhoda; "he'll be her meat sooner or later. But, Dollie, don't let us wait for that. I told you I thought I saw a way out, and I'm going to make you take it whether you like it or not."

At the moment I was too unhappy and listless to care what she meant. A very few days later I was to learn. She and Helena came to me together. Helena looked unhappy, but transfigured, and Rhoda looked rather guilty.

"I'm afraid you'll never forgive me," she said hesitatingly, but I've been talking to Helena."

"What do you mean?" I asked suspiciously and resentfully.

Helena put her slim arms round my neck.

"Mother dear, you mustn't blame Aunt Rhoda," she said. "I've known for a long time that you weren't happy, but you wouldn't tell me why. And Aunt Rhoda explained that it is because you don't like father's friends and what they do. So we thought out a plan for making father sick of them too." (Continued on Page 76)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

by Subscription \$1.50 the Vene. Fire Cants the Copy of A5 Newsderlers. To Cenada—By Subscription \$1.35 the Year Glassys in Toronto, \$1.56, Single Copies, Fire Costs.

Fureign betseripment: For Commissin the Fueral Union, Single Scientificate, 53.28. Remittingen to be blade by Interestored Posted Storey Order

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 4, 1914

Steel Armor for Passengers

AMERICANS are always looking for a machine to save our lives because we have no time to save them ourselves by hand. To get the simplest safeguards for life and limb introduced into factories using dangerous machinery took an enormous amount of political agitation. Though the first blame for unguarded dangerous machinery rests on the employer, there is no question that workmen themselves take quite lightly the risks involved.

Trolley companies are finding it expedient to adopt a type of vehicle that is hermetically sealed when in motion, in order to prevent reckies citizens from jumping on and off moving cars. Stout chains and guards are necessary to keep impatient ferry passengers from throwing themselves into the water at each end of the trip. The annual railroad viaughter is appalling; but the first analysis of the figures shows that a great proportion of those killed are trespassers who should not have been on the tracks at all, or being there should certainly have kept vigilant watch for trains.

Just now we are insisting on all-steel cars, which are no better than any other cars until after a collision or derailment caused by human carelessness has occurred. This is more or less like dressing pedestrians in motorproof steel armor, instead of requiring both chauffeurs and pedestrians to go circumspectly.

Of course all-steel cars are good and should finally be the only sort used on passenger trains; but to supplant the present wooden cars with steel ones will take ten years at the very least, and probably twenty. To do this in ten years would require the construction of from five thousand to six thousand cars of this type a year—and the lower figure is decidedly above the present capacity of the shops.

There is no question that curelessness of life is an American characteristic. So long as it remains one, no mechanical device will save us from a heavy mortality record.

The Russian Temperance Plan

THAT the Czar's Government is willing to keep his beloved subjects from worrying overmuch about politics by supplying them liberally with vodka is a charge that has recently been made with same force by Russian radicals. The statistics are rather on their side. For several years the traffic in vodka has been a government monopoly, for which Count Witte was originally responsible.

In ten years sales of vodka have increased by two hundred and fifty million dollars—the increase last year alone being over forty million dollars—which largely comes out of very meagerly furnished pockets. It is hardly disputed that drunkenness has greatly increased during the period of government monopoly; that there are industrial communities where at week-ends "in every house some one lies drunk"; that the spread of inebriety is a national problem.

Count Witte now comes forward with a novel suggestion: In addition to restricting the sale of vodku he would turn over to temperance societies a considerable part of the government revenue derived from the traffic, to be used by them in persuading people to abstain from the government's alcohol. The proposed temperance fund would

amount to fifty million dollars a year, or about a tenth of the national drink bill.

Giving a man a penny's worth of temperance for every dime he spends in drink does not look like a final solution of the liquor problem; but there is something in the suggestion that every government deriving a revenue from alcohol might study.

Policing the Seven Seas

"MAN'S control stops with the shore," said Byron; but in one very important sense it is much less true now than when he said it. Social control over the high seas is extended almost year by year. We are in the process of setting up a police court for Neptune.

In Byron's time the captain on the deck of his ship ten miles from shore was almost as unfettered by human control as the elements themselves; but law now steadily pushes not be see.

It will not be long before a vessel in mid-Parific will be subject to as exact and binding regulations as an automobile on Fifth Avenue. She will have to turn square corners and the cuptain will be arrested by wireless if he lets the tail-light go out.

No one nation, of course, could do much by way of socializing the ocean; but fourteen nations participated in the international conference on safety at sea that sat in London last November and ended its session recently. The conference formulated regulations as to an international patrol for ice and derelists, watertight compartments, firebulkheads, lifeboots and crews to man them, wireless apparatus, prohibition of dangerous cargoss on passenger vossels, and the like.

No doubt these rules will be duly ratified, thus constituting a code of police regulations covering practically every vessel on every high sea.

Humanity affect almost anywhere on salt water, under almost any flag, will be as much safeguarded by law as in a city street.

Broadly speaking, the true interest of one nation is the true interest of all. This fact gets more and more practical recognition each year. In another generation it will be so universally recognized that dreadnoughts will be used as finating police stations to see that bars on transatlantic liners are closed promptly at one o'clock.

A Monroe Complication

IN 1910 Mexico issued some bonds and sold them to foreign investors. The bonds were secured not only by the general credit of the nation but by a special pledge of sixty-two per cent of its customs receipts. On application they were officially visited by the French Government and listed on the Paris Bourse, which was equivalent to the French Government's introducing them to French investors. The other day President Buerta announced that interest on the bonds would not be paid, owing to circumstances over which he had no control. Naturally the French Government made a formal protest. These bonds are held in England also, and probably in Germany and the Netherlands.

Mexico is now in the position of a defaulting mortgagor. Suppose the mortgages—the bondholders—elect to foreclose on the customs receipts. Would this country have a moral right, by virtue of the Mosros Doctrine, to forbid it?

When a country financially no stronger than Mexico berrows money abrused on bonds it is an almost invariable rule to give some specific security over and above the general credit of the nation—such as a liret lies on customs receipts or on some governmental monopoly—exactly as a larmer gives a mortgage on his farm.

Even Japan thus secures foreign loans. Can we prevent a country like Mexico, which is theoretically under our sing because of the Montoe Ductrine, from giving a specific lien on some national asset? And if we cannot or do not prevent that, should we prevent the foreign creditor from foreclosing when a default occurs?

Probably France will not press the point in respect of the mortgaged customs dues at this time; but the point is very likely to be pressed some time.

English Schools and Ours

ENGLISH free schools are very good as free schools go. Free instruction furnished by the London County Council is said by respectable authority to be better than the average furnished by private schools, because the public body, with the resources of the community to draw on, can get the pick of teachers; but an Englishman in tolerable circumstances must not send his children to these free schools. They are for the poor; and in spite of all democratic politics the poor and the tolerably well-off people are still two distinct folks in England.

One of the heaviest hurdens on many an English income of two thousand dellars a year consists of the cost of maintaining one or two children in expensive pay schools, while in this country the children of a similarly circumstanced family would go to the free schools as a matter

of course. Some Americans consider private schools more efficient; but those Americans who choose private schools for children under fourteen on purely social grounds are quite insignificant—thank heaven!—both numerically and intellectually.

In England there is hardly a choice. The tolerably welloff child does not go to the free school. "We do not make
these class distinctions," said an Englishman recently;
"they were made for us generations ago and we cannot
ignore them."

In spite of Lloyd George, the sharp class distinctions do not seem in the way of getting unmade very fast.

Curbing the Money Trust

NEARLY forty years ago, when the biggest pot of money in the United States was inconsiderable in comparison with today's hoards, Henry George wrote:

But there is another far more insidious and far more general form of monopoly. In the aggregation of large masses of capital under a common control there is developed a new and essentially different power from that power of increase which is a general characteristic of capital, and which gives rise to interest. While the latter is, so to speak, constructive in its nature, the power which rises on it as aggregation proceeds is destructive.

A railroad company approaches a small town as a highwayman approaches his victim. The threat, "If you do not accede to our terms we will leave your town two or three miles on one side!" is as efficacious as the "Stand and deliver!" when backed by a cocked pistol. . . Or if, where there is water communication, an opposition boat is put on, raise are reduced until she is forced off; and then the public is compelled to pay the cost of the operation. . And just as robbers unite to plunder in concert and divide the spoils, so do the trunklines of the railroad unite to raise

rates and pool their earnings.

And just as the Duke of Buckingham's creatures, under authority of the king's patent granting a monopoly of gold thread, searched private houses and seized persons and papers, so does the great telegraph company, which by power of associated capital deprives the people of the full benefit of a heneficent invention, tamper with correspondence and crush out newspapers that offend it.

The tremendous power to plunder possessed by great masses of aggregated capital has long been recognized; but what should be done to cure the evils of which Henry George spoke?

Obviously railrands should be forbidden by law to hold up towns along a prospective right-of-way. They are already forbidden by law to raise rates except by permission of the Government. Law already reaches toward a prevention of that cutthroat competition to crush rivals of which the great singletaxer spoke. We do not think a telegraph company would venture to tamper with correspondence or discriminate against any newspaper nowadays. If it should the fault would be largely our own for not having brought telegraphing sufficiently under Government regulation.

In short, the best safeguard against a Money Trust is efficient inspection and regulation of those great and indispensable activities and agencies that employ big aggregations of capital.

If a Money Trust means the aggregation of large masses of capital under a common control, there will be several of them just so long as the capitalistic system endures. The safeguard lies not in disintegrating the masses, but in forbidding them to do injurious things.

Some Bargains in Books

OUR mail constantly reminds us that one of the most deserving hooksellers in the country is comparatively little known to the public. We imagine his sales are not at all what his authors think they should be or what the merit of the books really warrants, and that he must be as much in the dumps about the book trade as every other publisher we know anything about habitually is.

This bookseller's business style is Superintendent of Documents and his address is Government Printing Office. Washington, District of Columbia. His output covers a great variety of subjects and his prices are merely the cost of printing. On application he will send you a circular; and if you are interested in any one of many special subjects you will very likely find, on inquiry, that he has something worth looking at.

For many people the idea of favor and patronage is so closely associated with the idea of government that if they want a Government publication their first notion is to find a senator or a representative, or other influential person, who will procure it for them gratis. Indeed a great many people do not know that anything of the Government's can be procured except by the exercise of some pull; but it is not worth while to bother the senator or representative or anybody else.

The easy and simple way to get a Government publication is to send to the Superintendent of Documents and buy it at cost. You are beholden to nobody then, and the price is so low that you would probably rather pay it than ask a favor.

WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Shagbark by the Genesee

'OW dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood!" Thus the poet wrote and thus the souses sing, for no ballad lends itself with greater effect to the harmony superinduced by conviviality than the tender lines of The Old Oaken Bucket, of which this line

is the tenderest. How dear, indeed!

Full well do I remember a tall and stately shagbark hickory tree that stood proudly on the banks of the Genesee River-a noble shagbark bickury tree that guarded the calm waters of the Buck Hole, where the boys of Geneseo-the same being the most beautiful village in the most beautiful valley in these United States, or any other-went to swim-a haughty hickory and a high. How well do I remember that tree! Many a time have I shucked nuts beneath it-and shucked a calico shirt, and a pair of what it were courtesy to call pants, underneath it in the summer, to go whooping and headlong from its shade into the water.

And now it comes to mind with all the clearness of vivid retrospect, for I venture to say it is the only shagbark hickory tree in all this broad domain of ours that has attained a celebrity because of the recent assumption of the reins of government by the Democratic party—the driving being done exclusively by that eminent tooler of the political coach in which we are riding - Mr. Woodrow Wilson, to be exact. It is the only

tree of this kind. I am certain of that.

There can be no denial of the fact that trees have played great parts in polities as well as in poetry and in prose, from the great oak under which the barons met for the signing of Magna Charta down to those other oaks under which the Republican party was formed, and which were variously located at Jackson, Michigan, and at other points-the geography depending on the native obligations of the historian.

This tree, however, the shaghark hickory tree that stood—and, I hope, still stands—on the banks of the Genesce at Genesco, is preeminently the historic tree of this era of the New Freedom; and it is my happy duty to tell the reason why. A historic tree-a historic bickory

tree-and the tale appends.

Away back yonder in the late seventies and the early eighties there was a brick house on Main Street, in Geneseo, not far from the Wallace House and next to the home of good Doctor West, who assuaged the ills of most of the populace. It was a big house, one of the hig houses of the village, and notable because it was the residence of a most imposing Democrat of the old school, one Benjamin Franklin Angel, who had been Minister to Sweden and Norway, by appointment of President Buchanan-a stately man, who moved about is black broadcloth and becoming dignity, albeit a peppery one and much averse to having his harvest apples stolen.

The Episcopal church and the rectory were just across the street; and that rectory was overflowing with boys, sons of the beloved Mr. Coale. Back of both church and rectory was a large lot, and there a coterie of the village boys played ball and pursued various other sports and pastimes.

How Buck Hole Became Historic Ground

WHEN summer came and school was out the big house that sheltered the diplomatist of those former days took on an air of life and gayety, for then there came to spend the heated term grandsons from New York-several of them-from the city of New York, mark you!-regular city boys. There came grandsons ciad in city clothes. wearing shoes in July-think of that |- and stiff starched shirts and collars, and various other paraphernalia that seemed both unnecessary and absurd to the native ladsstrange garments that stamped their wearers as dudes, and to be scorned and scoffed at as such.

However, they had pocket money and they were eager to be of the gang. So they were taken in each summer and their eccentricities of costume were tolerated, as were their eccentricities of speech and New York manners: for trips to Rogers' corner drug store, with its soda fountain, the city boys standing treat, served to soften asperities caused by the enormities of Eton jackets and the insufferable stuckupness of shoes in summer, as well as condened patronizing descriptions of the wonders of the elevated railroad, the theaters and the crowds, and all the wonderful details of metropolitan life.

So the grandsons of the Democrat of the old school were taken in and made integral parts of the definite section of boydom that used the lot back of the church as a rendezvous, battlefield and amphitheater.

No Was a Nice Boy, With a Lisp, a Smite and a

Once a day, at least, the whole crowd went rollicking down River Hill, across the railroad tracks, through the lumberyard, and thence to the deep side of the Buck Hole-only the kids who could not swim were forced to go

round by the mill, tramp across the dusty covered bridge, and walk up the river bank to the shallow side. The older visitors were taken to the deep side, where the long slide was made in the slippery blue clay and where there was a

high bank.

The brief ceremony of undressing took place regularly beneath the hickory tree-a brief erremony, indeed, for when the last fence was climbed and the race across the narrow intervening field began it was an inexpert and clumsy boy who did not arrive there in such a state of preparedness that a shake and a clutch at the neck of a shirt were sufficient to unincumber him of all impedimenta in the way of clothes. The city boys, cramped as they were by shoes and collars, were forced laboriously to divest themselves, and were rarely ready to splash in before the rest had raced across the hole and back again.

Still, no boy, however tempered his aversion to city boys with city airs may have been by lavish soda-water hospitality, ever could or ever will be so false to all the accepted tenets of boydom as to let escape the chance provided by such a swimming expedition to prove rural superiority over

urban sophistication.

Thus and then the shagbark bickery tree played its part: for the first time the city boys went in, after neatly piling their clothes beneath the tree-at that precise moment, with the metropolitan innocents disporting themselves in the water or on the blue-city slide, the village boys swam down stream, climbed out, made a long detour to reach the foot of the hickory, and, taking the fashionable clothes of the city boys, tied a few artistic knots in each shirt; and then, with an accuracy achieved by long practice, they threw the garments one by one into the branches of the tree and sneaked back into the water to overwhelm the visitors with boyish kindness and attention.

The hours passed and the time came to hurrah back to the village. The village boys dashed up the bank and inserted themselves helter-skelter into pants and shirts-then waited. The visitors came. Greatly to the astonishment of all present, the city boys found themselves totally without protection against the outer air, save such as hung in the branches of the tree. There was much sympathy. It was the universal and vociferous opinion that the Temple Hill gang had sneaked in and done the dastardly deed. All hands tried to club down the ciethes, but to no avail; for the city boys were inexpert at clubbing and the village boys took good care to throw clumsily.

Then came the distressing but now historic moment. The clothes must be secured. So the elder of the city boys was incited to climb the tree. Need I say more? Imagine a boy brought up in New York nakedly climbing a shagbark hickory tree! The world presents no sadder

sight—no more tearful spectacle.

I draw the veil, but only over the sorrows of the climber; for it is at this point and because of this episode repeated summer after summer-so credulous are city boys and so persuasive and innocent are village boys in such circumstances-because of this episode the tree became historic, and now, I hope, stands there as the only shagbark hickory tree in the country ever climbed by a future ambassador to Germany, when said potential diplomatist were nothing to guard him against the shaggy and rasping bark save his tender city skin and such protection as his tears of woe afforded by softening the edges of those slings and arrows of his outrageous fortune.

The Hickory Hero's Rise in Life

You have guessed the name of the climber-none other than James W. Gerard, now, as the dispatches tell us, hobnobbing with the Kaiser and shedding as much luster on the job of being our ambassador to the Kaiser's domain as he shed scalding tears on the occasion to which I have referred. Possibly there will be a brass plate put on that tree. Let us hope so. Surely the Democracy must have one historic tree—an obvious necessity.

Jimmy Gerard was a nice boy, with a lisp, a smile and a trustful disposition. Presently be ceased to come to Geneseo for the summer visit and presently others of us left that favorite spot; and thus the world wagged along and Jimmy Gerard became James W. Gerard, one of the

leading young lawyers of New York.

The spirit of his stern granddad's Democracy always was strong in him and possibly he inherited his tendency to diplomacy, for his rise in politics was rapid. At an age when most young lawyers are just beginning to get cases he was on the beach of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. Always diplomatic, he maintained an equable political position in the metropolis until be became a judge. After that he was judicial, of course.

The call of the chancelleries was strong within him. He was as ardently and usefully for Mr. Wilson after the nomination as a judge could be; and when the election was over and the contest won his friends and admirers suggested him as a most admirable person for an ambassadorship. The President canvassed his qualities and named him; and now he is in Berlin doing what an ambassador to Germany

does with exceeding credit to himself.

He is in his middle forties-a most affable, polished and courteous man; a clever speaker, and tactful and tractable. He will make no mistakes, will represent his country skillfully, and undoubtedly will continue in high favor with the Germans, for he is able, cultured and a fine specimen of a well-bred young American. He made an excellent record for himself while he was a judge, and there seems to be no reason why he should not be as successful in diplomacy as he was in law.

Show me, I say, a hickory tree so worthy of celebration. You cannot. It is much more than thirty years since that sador-in-luturo shinned up that tree and left shreds of his epidermis on every jagged shag; but now the tree has come into its own. It is a noble tree-a historic

Of course we did not know, away back yonder, that the city boy would one day be persona grata at the Court of the Kaiser. We did not know that, for the future then was of no concern. Had we known it—ah, well, I suppose if we had known it we should have tied knots in his stockings and pants as well as in his shirt, and thrown the wholeregalia into the topmost branches rather than tossed it into the lowest boughs.

The Translation of the Specialist

Business Explanations to the Public Usually Begin Inside

ON THE books of a big manufacturing corporation the figures showing yearly sales to one of its best customers began to go down in a most alarming way, apparently without cause.

This company makes machinery and supplies of a technical nature, and its customer was another big corporation, which buys such equipment and with it produces various forms of service for sale to the general public.

Both companies seemed to be the last word in largescale organization and modern specialization. Everything the manufacturing concern made was rentered in its particular department,

with the best experts obtainable, paying little attention to other products, and bucked by research laboratories that sought advancement in the realm of pure science, as well as in matters of practical utility.

The public-service corporation, too, had specialists to make and distribute its products; and because it operated over a dozen states it had everything down to fine averages in finance, administration, standardization, and so on. Yet sales of the first corporation to the second were

One banner year they had reached nearly a quarter of a million dollars; but several years later the total had dropped to less than a hundred thousand, and two years after that only thirty thousand dollars' worth of equipment was sold to the second company, despite steady growth in its plant and business.

The situation became so serious that one of the manulacturing company's officers—a first-rate executive undertook an investigation; and here is what he found:

From the many departments of his company a dozen or more experts were constantly calling on the purchasing and operating heads of the other company. All were technical men, each an authority in his line. One was abreast of developments in power production; another knew what the practice would be tomorrow in transformers, alternators, switchboard apparatus, meters—but none of them knew much about other experts' fields or had a grasp of the husiness as a whole, or could grasp the customer's side of problems. Each had the specialist's disposition of regarding his subject as most important. Few knew where their specialties fitted into the other fellows' specialties. All were lacking in sales sense.

Utility Corporations and the Public

In TRYING to give the public-service company the best technical aid the manufacturing company had been bothering it with non-essentials, and the customer had cut down purchases in self-defense.

When he understood what was the matter this executive organized a clearing house for his own specialists, through which all the information, advice, schemes and technicalities were brought together, checked, harmonized, boiled down and translated into the bare essentials. The specialists were kept at the works and communication between the two companies was delegated to a couple of men who had little technical knowledge, but were strong on the generalities.

This new plan was developed about two years ago. Last year that manufacturing company's sales to the public-service company exceeded a million dollars!

In business everywhere this is a day of explanation. The public is asking questions that are apparently simple. It wants to know about rules, methods, rates, shortcomings,



The Josephia Barbond Painthlank

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHEL

and so on, of the hig public-service corporations; and it is curious about the affairs out, and then told of industrial and commercial houses that yesterday were regarded as sacredly pri-

Answering these questions is not always simple, for they involve technicalities and difficulties in carrying on the business; but they must be answered, nevertheless. The business has found that out by trying other measures. At first, it bluntly told the public to be blowed—with the outcome that public opinion singled out the most blunt and conspicuous official in sight and lynched him, with the willing assistance of his competitors and political opponents.

Then business tried hiding its head in the sand. When the public asked Why? it was blind, deaf and dumb. That did not work out happily either; and then it turned to special pleaders and secret agents, trying to influence public opinion and legislation, with no more success.

Finally the business world has come to understand that frankness is the best basis for meeting these questions. When the public saks Why? nowadays, business is disposed to tell the truth. This involves more difficulties than one would suppose.

Some months ago a crack passenger train going West ran into a blimard. Autumn had hardly gone and there was no reason to think of snow in that place and season; but a big storm came sweeping East, burying the track in snowbanks, and the train ran into it, with the result that what was usually but a few hours' brisk run to its destination turned out to be an all-day creeping over a disorganized system.

This train was luxuriously equipped. It carried club cars, a burber, a manicure, a stenographer, and received the latest newspapers and market quotations all along the line; but for a whole day it ran without a dining car, and passengers accustomed to fat living were up against the elemental situation of having nothing to eat—three meals were missed forever, and not even a cup of warm coffee was obtainable.

When that train reached its destination eleven hours late it did not carry the crowd of confident, conservative business men who were its ordinary passengers, but a mob of howling radicals suger for the blood of the man who had blundered. By one mischance in a few hours there was created enough ill will to offset a year of good train service.

Now when the railroad management looks into a shortcoming of this kind it finds precisely what the executive

found at the bottom of the manufacturing company's diminishing sales—namely, specialization. Like other big business, railroading has been divided and subdivided. Each detail of its work is in charge of some specialist who centers on that one thing alone and develops it to the finest point, without much reference to other details or grasp of railroading as a whole.

All the specialties and the specialists are hound together in a unit organization that is a masterpiece of specialization two. Normally the units fit into one another and do their work skillfully; but if a blizzard happens along out of season, running wild, and the unit system provides for dropping the dining car off at a certain station where it has been found best to drop it in normal weather, off she goes, regardless, according to schedule.

In another case a fast train running East in the night apparently got tired of following the rails, for presently it left them and wandered a few hundred feet over into a cornfield, where the engineer brought it to a stop. None of the cars turned over and nabody was hurt; but the steam-heating connection from the engine was broken and in half an hour the passengers, who were all up to see what was the matter, were shivering with cold.

On that train was a young man connected with the passenger department. Hooked behind was the breakfast car, locked and dark. The young man from the passenger department

knocked on the door until the steward cautiously peered out, and then told him to open the car, get his crew at work making hot coffee, and serve everybody with coffee and sandwiches free of charge. The steward refused pointblank. His car was scheduled to open for breakfast, several hours later. He had to obey his orders. Besides, though the passengers might be cold and the train in a cornfield, he was still responsible for all the sandwiches and coffee, and anybody who get them would have to pay him.

The young man from the passenger department argued; but it was only when he paid for the refreshments out of his own pocket that the steward felt free to depart from the rules so far as to serve them. It cost the young man fortyodd dollars; but all the passengers got warm and cheerful, felt that the railroad company was big enough to take care of them, and went back to bed. The next morning, on arriving in New York, he went to his chief.

"You may fire me when I tell you what I did last night," he said, and explained the whole case.

"That was the right thing to do," said the chief. "I'd
'a' fired you if you hadn't done it!"

Specialism Run Into the Ground

BOTH of these happenings occurred on the same railroad and to the same crack train. One turned out happily, because a man was on hand to go over the routine; the other turned out otherwise, because there was no such man.

Some of the most difficult explanations the business world is now called on to make do not involve statements to the public as to why service is not better, or how it broke down, but explanations to workers inside the organization as to what the business stands for as a whole, what it is driving at, and how those shortcomings may be eliminated that arise because every man sticks too close to his own job.

For years the specialist has been sought and encouraged everywhere. This began in Germany. The German felt that his country was a bit crowded and looked about the world for room to grow. Most of the good colonies were already in possession of other nations. Not being able to expand geographically, therefore, the German did it mentally. He sat down at home and expanded into a series of the hydrocarbons, and it was a magnificent success. Thus modern specialization appears to have been born, and other nations have been going in for it ever since.

American business, however, now suspects that the specialist has been rather overdone. He is often blind in one eye or deaf in both ears, so far as the rest of the organization is concerned. The organization tends to be a diversified patchwork of splendid technicalities. It lacks organization spirit. It is afraid to break a rule in an emergency—or does not know how to break one intelligently;



Three Meats Were Missed Forecer, and Not Loen a Cup of Warm Coffee Was Obtainable

to there is a disposition to develop the suman side of business as it existed in days when organizations were smaller.

Twenty-odd years ago a young man ran mill in one of the famous metal-working alleys of New England. His business of ice was in town. Once a week, however, appeared at the mill, opened his desk, and got in touch with things and people. dvice about educating a boy or investing a few hundred dollars. Farmers hauling ordwood to the mill in winter looked in, then they saw he was there, to ask how verything was going. Everybody called am by his first name.

Since then a great trust has grown out of hat mill. It has two dozen big plants scat-

hat mill. It has two dozen big plants scat-ered over the country and processes have seen wonderfully developed by specialists. Ie was president for years and guiding pirit of the organization during its growth. The other day he resigned, saying that he company has reached a point where it is and spensable to get into it some of the old, lose personal touch of the days when he an the original mill. Size and distance and pecialization have brought public criti-ism, legislative regulation, labor troubles and other difficulties—all due, he believes, to the cultivation of the technicalities at the spense of the humanities; so the rest of spense of the humanities; so the rest of is business career will be devoted to restor-ng the humanities. He says he himself loss not know just how this is to be done; sat he is certain it is the next thing to do

nd he is going to find out how to do it.

Some months ago a man prominent in great public-service industry brought to ight a larger phase of the same problem. This industry was about to held its yearly onvention, and he urged that presidents of

ompanies and managers and executives sperally attend the meeting in person.

In the early days of that industry, he reminded them, every company was run by superintendent or manager, or perhaps y its actual owner, because it was small here men came to conventions and were the to discuss any phase of the business.

hese men came to conventions and were ble to discuss any phase of the business can their own experience and with authority. Any broad issue that areas was pretty are to be settled promptly and wisely. As the business grew, however, and communist became larger, they were aplit up to departments, each in charge of a specialist. Presently the yearly conventions are attended by these specialists only and evoted chiefly to technical matters. When a came to discussion of engineering, maintenance, cost accounting or claim adjustenance, cost accounting or claim adjust-pent, the apocialist was in his element; but bere the industry touched public welface a matters like franchises, state regulation, aluations, investors' and employees' interste, the specialists could not speak with uthority or give much light.

The Specialists' Narrow Groove

Because these broad generalities of the odustry were being neglected at conven-ions it was under fire from the public; and e believed that good public relations could of be restored until the big fellows with he say-so again took an active part in the metings.

For years the man dealing with broad uman issues in business has held the spealist in awe, looking on him as one so soply learned in his particular line that was useless for a mere layman to try to slow his mental processes and, therefore, be judged only by his results. This view as been helped by the specialist's disposion to wrap up his knowledge in mysterious chulcal jargon of his own making.

Now that overspecialization fails to pro-

wee results in some important directions, owever, the man concerned with the gen-calities of business begins to see that there a good deal of charlatanry in specializa-on—that it is as full of dogma in some ays as the old world of theology ever was; nd that many an engineering, electri-al, chemical or metallurgical expert would illingly burn other experts at the stake as

The broad-gauge business man sees, too, ast mystery, jargon and fine-spun points a specialization usually cover up lack of

ue technical ability.

So, without discounting the value of speal knowledge and service, business has its yes on the specialist with a view to broadning his gauge. It is going to translate in into plain language, make him human, ad set him working with the team.

The specialist himself has gone so far in is own special direction that nowadays he

begins to be lonesome. Big concerns grow up by making and marketing highly tech-nical products, and hig public projects of a technical nature are carried out. The specialist knows all about doing the work, and success is built on his skill and learning; yet he sees other men climb past him into the big jobs and salaries—bankers, salesmen, managers, lawyers, politicians. When they want anything from him they re-tain him by a fee for consultation, or just press a buzzer and summon him from the aboratory.

He is beginning to ask why he holds no place on the boards and commissions, and why a great specialist is so seldom found sitting in the boss' chair. Echo answers very plainly. It tells him that it is because he lacks knowledge of people, perspective, and the shrewd generalities and humanities that go so far in administration. He admits that go so far in administration. He admits that echo is right and new shows a disposithat echo is right and now shows a disposi-tion to make good his shortcomings. Yesterday the specialist's conception of a

great specialist was a man too busy with his specialty to pay attention to anything else; but today he sees that paying a good deal of attention to everything else is about the best way to become a great specialist -for specialists and specialities are not of

much value in business unless they fit in.

And in the work of explanation, by which
husiness is new being adjusted to the public's standards, and public standards mudified by a better understanding of business conditions, the specialist fits in pathy and has broad possibilities ahead of him, for both business and himself.

Broadening a Technical Man

A rundown machinery concern was taken over by a man whose experience had been chiefly along the lines of organizing and selling. This concern made a type of me-chanical equipment that was then coming into wide use among all sorts of manufacturers, and made it well, but had no particular standing in the industry technically, compared with competitors who maintained

experts.

To secure technical standing, the new boss picked out the best-known consulting specialist in that field and secured his exclusive services, on a salary, to advise the salasforce in selling equipment and hidding for contracts, and to supervise design and installation for customers.

This expert was really a winard in his own work, but he was a narrow man in every other way.

His new hoss went to work to educate him in the generalities. A big convention of manufacturers was to be held. The bess asked the expert to attend and give a little

talk.

"Humph! What do a lot of manufacturers know about my line!" objected the specialist. "If I put my knowledge and time into a paper they wouldn't be interested in the facts. I'm too busy to talk anyway. Besides, it would hurt me professionally."

"You've got those fellows sized up just right," said the boss. "They don't think about our equipment five minutes a week. They wouldn't understand the science of it; but I believe you can tell them in lifteen or twenty minutes how to use our equipment to the best advantage as part of a big plant."

The boss was a good salesman; and his specialist was at the convention and read a paper free from technical terms. It explained how to use the equipment in a general manufacturing plant so that employees could be kept busy in slack seasons and pressure relieved when times were good.

That simple, non-technical treatment of a complicated specialty was the feature of the convention. Trade journals printed it, manufacturers commended it, and in three months the specialist was looked on among laymen as the one authority in his line-because he was the only one they had ever been able to understand.

Once he had tasted the pleasures of gen-eral reputation the specialist liked it and epeated his hit at other conventi a year or so his counsel in connection with equipment was in such demand, and the

concern doing such business, that his earn-ings increased far beyond anything he could have hoped for as a specialist in the bare technicalities.

And it all came about because a general man took pains to translate a special man into ordinary terms for the benefit of people who needed his special services.

Editor's Note - This is the second of three articles by James H. Collins.





For Large Business Buildings

THE St. James Building, Jacksonville, Fla., is built on modern lines. And like almost all first-class modern buildings, its 60,000 square feet of roof are covered with a Barrett Specification Roof.

The general acceptance of The Barrett Specification among first class engineers and architects is a highly significant development in the roofing trade. It is a movement which began with the leaders of the profession, who recognized its technical soundness. Accordingly, the inclusion of The Barrett Specification in full in building specifications is rapidly becoming a universal custom.

The Barrett Specification has the advantage of furnishing a uniform and fair basis for competitive bids, together with satisfactory methods for determining the quality of the workmanship and materials on the job. Our own experts are usually available to inspect the contractor's work and certify whether or not the Specification has been strictly complied with.

A Barrett Specification Roof will usually last twenty or more years without a cent's worth of repairs. It takes the base rate of insurance. It gives the most service per dollar, its unit cost being less than a quarter of a cent per foot per year of service.

Booklets on Request.

Special Note We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any missender-standing. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested: ROOFING-Stall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in ; Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Circups Philadelphia Rotten M. Louis Count City Correlated Circinvati Minotophia Publisher Branis Branish Branishers THE PAYERSON MFG, CO., Lended ... Minotophia Transcr Winning St. John, N. H. Heiter, S. S. Spitory, N. S.



What Next?

Antiseptics as Fertilizers

AN ODD discovery has recently been made—that the very antiseptics that help quickly to heal a cut or wound will help to raise plants quickly and healthily. Antisepties are too expensive now to be used regularly as fertilizers, but the distinguished British chemists who have made

the discovery see hope of actually applying the idea to plant growth before long. Steam is an excellent disinfectant, for instance, and under some conditions even now steam could be used as a substitute for

Why antiseptics will do this is not fully understood yet. The first result of apply-ing them—formaldehyde, for instance—to the soil is to kill off large numbers of the hacteria in the earth.

After the chemical has evaporated the bacteria begin to appear again; and the bacteria that are useful in producing ammonia contriply with great rapidity until there are many times as many of these in the soil as there were before treatment. The final effect is therefore the same as though fertilizers had been applied.

Thus, in order to fertilize soil by anti-Thus, in order to sertime soil by antisepties, what is needed is something that
will work its way through the dirt thoroughly and kill off the bacteria quickly—
and then take itself out of the way, so that
other bacteria will get a chance to grow.
I team does all this less; but formaldehyde and a long list of chemicals have been
found to do the work fairly well, though
expensively at their present cost.

Rapid Stars

EVEN astronomers are expressing auton-ishment at a new speed record re-cently discovered among the stars. The Andreweds rebula has been found to be moving in the general direction of the earth at the rate of about states million miles a day, or nearly two hundred miles a second. This is vastly faster than the motion of the earth round the sun or of the sun in

It will be some time before the nebula approaches very close to the earth, however. Observations of the nebula by telescope and photographs do not show the slightest measurable trace of movement toward the earth, which indicates that it is so far away that traveling sixteen million miles a day is too slow to be apparent. The discovery that it is coming at this rate was made by a study of the spectrum of its light.

Seeing Double

DHOTOGRAPHS that give the same effect as pictures in a stereoscope, but that give the plastic effect without the use of any lens, have now been produced. The only requirement in viewing them to get the effect is to look at them squarely in front. The idea has been worked out so that it appears practical and a few such photographs have been exhibited, though the idea has not yet gone much beyond the

laboratory stage. In order to get the plastic effect it is necessary that the person looking at such pho-tographs should really see two photographs ended together exactly as they are blended by a stereoscope, and the new device ac-complishes this. Two photographs are placed one above the other, and the whole problem is to prevent them from interfer-ing with each other. Each photograph is on a class transparency, but one is taken so that it will be visible only when placed on a black background, and the other only when

on a white background.

After the two have been placed one over the other a sheet of ribbed glass is placed over both. The ribbed glass has the effect of giving a different view for each of a person's eyes. The right eye will see the picture at one angle through the ribb and the left eye at a different angle. The whole device is so arranged that the right eye sees only one of arranged that the right eye sees only one of the two photographs and the left eye sees. only the other photograph. The eyes then blend the two together and give the stereosample effect.

In the best examples produced the per-son viewing the picture does not notice the ribs at all, but sees only a sharply defined picture with plastic values.





Satisfaction

in the taste of Hunt's Fruits is the reason millions and millions of cans of Hunt's California Fruits are eaten every year.

- The Kind that is NOT Lye Peoled

grow in layer every year because they can be depend ed upon for quality and flavor. Our present reputation is founded upon quality and our luture reputation depends on satisfying you. The secret of our success is your confidence in our fruits.

"Hant's is bought.

When the best to sought."

Hunt's Supreme Quality, 35e

ALL GROCERS Special points in asserted devens or cases.

Hant Benthers Company, San Francisco









reserver at a loss to know what to

any time, anywhere or to any one you think of beautiful rings—
aranteed Rings.

right a gift from the heart. Research the passing fancy in jeweley h-W-W ring is always a better gift in the gift that endurer. Its style, is sentiment will never diminish.

When You Give a W-W-W Guaranteed Ring

worderfully fashioned—a ring
the only in solid gold—a ring bethe only in solid gold—a ring bethe only favorite precious or semione-whole pearls, turquoise, rotus; garnets, sardonyx, ame-mired birthstone. Such a ring seriet gift for Easter.

And Guaranteed

of it is doubly welcome, for with

one comes out or is cracked, we replace and reset it free. This is but diamonds.

At Your Own Price

with the adapting of W.W.W. Hings, with these parties. Try there in, see our case get that the ries you the passe you wish in my 10, 54,

scial and "Mother's Ring"

the first two special the great is a great managed value. The other is "Nother Ring" and he are the crimes of social country.

the close. Her contact a fine To in Arev.

ILLA WARNER, Dem A. 104 Buffalo, N. T. Cold Con Sa Rings to Which



MY LADY'S CONSCIENCE

Continued from Page 7

We exercise this unrecorded elemency We exercise this unrecorded cisenescy wherever possible—tempering the wind to the weak. Many a lady's maid, palpably coerced into smaggling, has been sent away with a lecture. The law reads to the contrary, holding all parties to a conspiracy to be equally guilty; but I am sure most of those who have thus escaped will be on our side in the future. side in the future.

There was one woman on whom being caught in an attempt to defraud made such an extraordinary impression and resulted in such an extraordinary sequel that I must cite it us the one instance of its kind on record. record.

She was a woman past middle age and a bit eccentric. Always she carried with her a rope to be used as a means of escape in case of fire. For years she had made a study of the philosophy and religious of the East, and better to pursue this hebby she went to India. Shortly before starting home she bought a pearl necklace, paying ten thousand dollars for it. Homeward bound she stopped in Paris and there was told by a jeweler that she had been victimized. The pearl necklace was worth but five thousand dollars at the outside.

These details I learned subsequently from her. The voyage to New York found her brooding over her loss; and, woman-like—or mantike, for that matter—she was making plans to recoup. What was more natural than the thought of defeating the customs?

customs'

That is what she tried to do. She unstrung the necklace and wrapped the pearls in two paper packages, one much smaller than the other. In her declaration she specified simply pearls, and she was pre-pared to produce for inspection the smaller

pared to produce for inspection the smaller package.

Under the very first questions, however, she faitered and gave up the entire string, stating the full cost. She simply could not lie. So long as the fraud had been confined to a clerical operation she could submerge her conscience; but she could go no further.

Pearls Lead to a Tragedy

The pearls were seized and with their owner taken to the Custom House preparatory to a hearing. There the woman confided to me the history of the necklace. She added that she had but one friend in New York, and if that person should hear of her plight she believed she would die of mortification. I felt extremely sorry for her and suggested that she employ counsel. This she did; the hearing was postponed and she was allowed to go to a hotel. She selected one of the smaller, quieter piaces on Fifth Avenue.

Early next morning, standing on a corner

Early next morning, standing on a corner near that hotel, a sleepy policeman chanced to look up. Dangling from a rope over the sidewalk of the avenue he saw a woman's body. The lady from India had tied her fireescape coil about her neck, fastened it in the room, and leaped through a window to her

Contrary to general belief, the customs service maintains no agents abroad to spy on the casual traveler in the matter of his purchases. Certain men are sent there as attachés of the Treusury Department, but their chief duty is to keep in touch with and report market-price changes as a basis for duties on this side.

We do manage to hear of any conspicu-

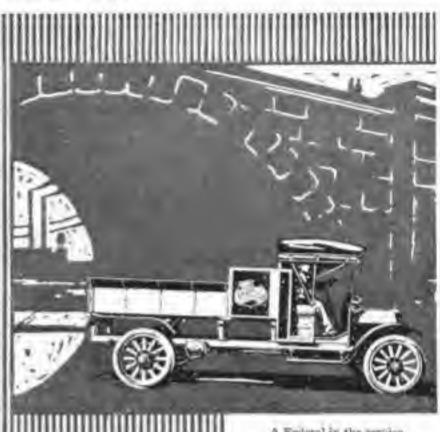
duties on this side.

We do manage to hear of any conspicuous jewel sale; but the returning American,
no matter how potential his purchasing
power or how great his reputation for
exercising that power, steps on the dock
innocent in the eyes of every inspector,
unless there are marked indications to the
contrary. This is one of the cardinal doctrines of the service. And therein lies one
of its greatest problems. of its greatest problems.

To indicate by word or action that he suspected, of intent to smuggle, a pompous individual, with a baughty wife, two demure daughters and twenty trunks, might em-broil an inspector in an unpleasantness leading to his dismissal. Yet even swifter might be his end should a costly lot of dutiable articles escape him. Only a level-headed man of skill and long experience

can meet such situations with cresift.

To a veteran, baggage speaks a various language. By noting the character and the number of pieces he can with reasonable accuracy tell you the size of the family



A Federal in the service of the Long Brewing Company,

FEDERAL

Not Merely Sold to You-**But Fitted to Your Business**

We pride ourselves upon the fact that so many concerns now using large fleets of Federals started with the purchase of one, and bought the others largely because of the assistance we were able to give them in economizing haulage labor and costs. For instance:

> "During July, 1912, we purchased one of your Federal Trucks. After unloading from the shipping car we at once made a temporary body and started the rig on its way. With the exception of two weeks for painting last winter the truck him done daily work. Never in the last year's me have we been held up a mimite. The track has been used in hauling water from our spring to city wurehouse, a distance of about four miles (tound trip); rouds ore very poor in places in winter, but when-ever the FEDERAL can get traction it will go through, - Rock Spring Water Co.

Many other bottlers, dairies and creameries have had similar experiences with Federals.

Our advisory service—the result of years of experience in practically every line and under all haulage conditions is free to any manufacturer. It is one of the best means of demonstrating conclusively the relative value of motor and other haulage in different lines of business.

Why not write us? One of our representatives will he glad to call; and he will not try to sell you a truck unless he has convinced both you and himself that you can use one profitably.

Federal Motor Truck Company Detroit, Michigan



Take the tube home

VOU introduce into your household a dentifrice I with three distinct advantages when you take home a tube of

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

As your dentist can tell you-this three fold superiority makes Colgate's an unusually good dentifrice.

It is safe—the base (which we ourselves manufacture for use only in our dentifrices) gives it cleansing efficiency. This base is wholly free from the hard, sharp-edged crystals which in inferior dentifrices so often scratch the enamel.

It is convenient—the ribbon form enables you to use just the right amount without waste or scattering.

It is delicious—the flavor is so pleasant that regular twice-a-day care of the teeth becomes a habit because Colgate's is a treat.

Take the Tube home without a day's delay.

Your dealer has Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream for you: or Colgate's Dental Powder if you prefer that form-as good a Powder as the other is a



accompanying it, the sex of the various members and the approximate age of each. A glance at the hotel, steamship and railroad labels reveals to him with equal swiftness a fair idea of the course of their journey; and a cursory examination of the condition of the baggage gives him more than a suggestion as to the duration of the trip. The determination of the latter is highly im-

Obviously persons who have been away from home a year have had greater need for making and greater opportunity to make purchases than those absent a month. Similarly brand-new trunks almost always indicate that the passenger's luggage ca-pacity has not kept pace with the additions to his wardrobe and offects. It is a curious thing that perhaps four out of ten persons will fail to include a new piece of luggage-itself dutiable—in their declarations. Oftener than otherwise it is a case of honest

forgetfulness.
Now a word concerning tips—both kinds. gratuities and what purport to be isside information of smuggling plots. equally suspicious of each. Aside from the fact that accepting fees of any sort is pro-hibited, we have learned by experience to regard with suspicion even the individual regard with suspicion even the individual anxious to press a cigar on us. If you are a passenger it might be well to remember this. To offer an honest inspector a tip will not only get you nothing but will incite him to probe every cranny of your trunks. Undeabtedly there are amisble persons whose motives are of the best; but it is not human matter to give without assertion.

nature to give without expecting a return.
Tips of the other sort pour into the Custem House continually. They come by small, telephone and telegraph—warning us to watch Mr. A. or Mrs. B., who is, so our mysterious informants assert, about to smuggle in a fortune in jewels, perhaps consculed in the gentleman's works or the lady's confure.

The vast majority of such communica-tions are based on malice, desire for re-venge, misinformation, a perverted sense of bursor, or what-not; and we take them with considerable sait. If one should incite an investigation the case is put in the hands of a tried and tactful inspector, lest be stumble into an embarrassing situation.

The Lady Who Boasted

Regularly we receive misleading reports concerning persons of prominence. For years some busybody, writing anonymously, has sought in involve a well-known woman writer, accusing her of repeated attempts to bring in diamonds in her show. This wornan makes frequent trips abroad. Her mythical attempts to beat the customs have become a matter of just with her and certain impectors.

Yet I have in mind a vivid exception to the rule. One of the most important arrests ever made in the history of the service was brought about on information received from

a patriotic woman.

While in a London hotel she overheard another American woman boasting, while she displayed valuable jewels purchased alread, that she knew a customs official who would enter the jewels free. This so roused the unintentional cavesdropper that che made it a point to ascertain the steamer on which the other was sailing. When the vessel docked in New York the customs authorities had in their possession proof that the jewels in question had been pur-chased abroad. Moreover, they were aware of their cost, and had other facts. The jewels were found deverly concealed on the wom-an's person and, after a scene trying to all concerned, were seized. The woman was heavily fined.

Possibly you wonder, in view of the fact that no spies are kept abroad and tips are seldem productive of results, how frauds against the revenue as attempted by the passenger are discovered. It is no exaggeration to say that ninety-five per cent of the seizures are the result of original observation on the piers. No oath is required of the passenger; no traps are set for him.

the contrary every opportunity offered him to play on the square. If he has omitted to declare certain articles he may assume the rôle of forgetfulness and get by with it. The inspector is only too glad to clean the slate, provided the case is not a flagrant one. Let me quote here the words of a Nestor, as contained in a rulebook for the guidance of the tyre:

"The discovery of undeclared foreign articles requires careful consideration. The fact of their omission may indicate a willful intent to defraud, ignorance, or a careless indifference to the law. To determine which taxes the judgment and common sense of the inspector. The method of packing, whether bidden or visible; the value and bulk of the articles; the action and explanations of the passenger before and after discovery; and even his mentals;

are factors to be cautiously weighed.
"It is not infrequently the case the small articles are omitted from a large declaration unintentionally, by reason of the large number of small purchases, or that the passenger declares nothing, deeming that; few small, inexpensive articles are too in significant to mention. In the absence of any evidence of intent to conceal or defraud, such instances should not be taken

too seriously.
"The successful inspector finds that close study of human nature and externals is of material assistance in formulating at opinion of the power, desire and oppor-tunity of a passenger to purchase. Intu-tively he considers age, sex, nationality occupation, residence, station of life, demeanor, condition, personal appearance.

Things Inspectors Notice

"He learns in this wise, among other things, that the aged, infirm and sickly acthings, that the aged, infirm and sacity acquire only necessities; that the wardrobes of women are more lavishly replenished than those of men; that the nationalities of the different travelers are reflected in the character of the articles imported; that the American of wealth is the most liberal and general buyer of all tourists. liberal and general buyer of all tourists; that occupation is frequently denoted by particular articles in the baggage; that there are a marked difference and a widerange between the possessions of a school-teacher and a dressmaker; that the hapgage of physicians is likely to contain surgical instruments; that frequently the most valuable of the dutiable effects are on the person and not in the trunks; and that the passenger's descenance is more often a better index of his intent than the declaration of the buggage." tion of the buggage.

The last clause cannot be made too emphatic. Frank and positive answers are emphatic. Frank and positive answers are always a point in the passenger's favor. We notice everything—whether his hands tremble; whether he licks his lips nervously whether he walks unnaturally, as if afract of jouncing something from his clothing whether he seems loath to stoop or move rapidly. Meantime, no matter what we suspect, we proceed—or endeavor to-with an air of courteous solicitude, as if our sole aim were to grease his way through the anneyance occasioned. annoyance occasioned.

Visitors to the piers have to be closely watched. Frequently small articles, partic ularly jewelry, are passed to them. It is not uncommon for a thousand persons with pier passes to greet an incoming liner,

pier passes to greet an incoming liner, mingling with perhaps more than a theusand cabin passengers.

One pretty little girl not so long ago, after impressing the inspector with her naive frankness, turned to a girl who had come to meet her, opened her fur coat evoso slightly and whispered stagily:

"This is all I have!"

Unfortunately for her the remark was overheard. "All she had" turned out to be a diamand sunburst, which was seized while she wept.

while she wept. Naturally we save time in examinations by taking into consideration the class of the ship and the port from which she comes. The gayest birds of passage, with the plumpest purses and accordingly the most staggering array of foreign purchases, come and go, as a rule, on the big, supersumptuous floating hotels, which, notwithstanding their levialhan proportions, speed from their leviathan proportions, speed from Daunt's Rock to Ambrose Light at almost

express-train speed. In their baggage and on their persons are the rarest finds—jewelry, laces, fura, Con-tinental-made gowns and garments. The quality sloughs off as the luxuriousness of the craft decreases.

Passengers from the West Indies seldom have anything of great value-souvenirs. usually duty free, predominating. On ships from Mexican and Cuban ports we center our attention on drawnwork, mantillas, tobaccos and cigars.

Of late we have been busy with the aigret crusade. By this I mean enforcement of the new law barring the plumage of wild birds. Most of the women have bowed before the regulation with good grace; a few have been fuscy and argumentative. The newspaper boys have written a lot



known and recognized in every Civilized Country as the Leading Brand of Condemed Milk.

UNDENSEL

la pracipal use in all lands n for the Feeding of Infants. It is prepared with Scrupulast Care for this specific purpose.

No expense in spared to safeguard the production of the raw milk from which Eagle Brand is prepared. Every sonitary precaution is taken at Dairies and Condensing Plants, with a Determination to supply a product that is Perfectly Safe for the Baby.

5md for our Baby's Book and Feeding Chart-also our booklet "Where Cleanmess Reigns Supreme."

BORDENS CONDENSED MILK CO. "Leaders of Quality"



about our wielding long shears and snipping off hat decorations while the owners shricked. That is not true. If the feathers are found to be those of a wild bird the owner is requested politely to remove them. If she has not the means at hund implements are provided.

The contraband property is then taken to the public stores for destruction. More than one woman has blushed when feathers she bought at a fancy price, as those of an egret or caprey, have been returned to her as imitations. Aigrets of the horsebair or barnyard variety are plentiful.

Recently I questioned a woman passenger

about the plumes on her hat.

"That's right!" broke in her husband, a big, wholesome sort of man. "I'm a game-warden. Take 'em along! I'm in favor of the less."

the law."

"Oh, you are, are you!" exclaimed the wife. "Weil, then — And she snatched her hat from her head and threw it off the pier into the Hudson.

The plumage of unplucked game birds also comes under the ban. This has hit a number of New York's exclusive clubs, which import for their fastidious members pheasanta, grouse, and so forth.

everal consignments have been held up while the anxious importers contended that they were not game birds, having been raised in captivity. If they were not game when they arrived such shipments as were removed to the public stares, pending determination of this moot question, were certainly game by the time they reached the club table.

the club table.

While on the subject of prohibited articles, I must not farget scalakins. The importation of skins or manufactures thereof of scale taken in the North Pacific is absolutely prohibited, even if they are bought in this country. When found they will be seized and destroyed—unless you care to ship them back to Europe.

If you have any scalakin you wish to take abroad—and bring back—the only way to avoid conflict with the law is to register it at the Custom House before you sail. Production of this certificate of registration when you return and identification of the

when you return and identification of the skin will insure its entry.

The Forbidden Mongoose

Finally, do not try to import a mongoose. Rikki's entrance is barred, the theory being that we have in this country more chickens than cobras. The mongoose, I understand, is a great killer. It has never been my pleasure to find one about ship or on a passenger's person or in a trunk. Nor have

He likewise is classed as a nuisance.

At the outset I mentioned being a dog fancier as a necessary qualification of an impactor. Not only are dogs dutiable, but they are subject to inspection by the Bureau of Animal Industry in order that the state of their health and their breed and origin may be ascertained.

As it is inexpedient for the bureau to have its inspectors at the pier, this duty devolves on us. Dangerously unhealthy does are sent to a quarantine station at Athenia, New Jersey. You can picture My Lady's perturbation if she thinks Cutie or Toutles or whatever his name may be—is likely to be seized. Many Tootlesss cross and recross the ocean in luxury these days.

A few years ago a well-known woman, accompanying the body of her late busband, sent a wireless message summoning a young New York physician to meet her at Quarantine. She was a wealthy woman; and the young physician, who had heard of her husband's fliness abroad—but not at his death—climbed absord at Quarantine with visious of fat fees and enhanced reputation. What was his disjust to be informed by the lady that she had summoned him to examine her pet dog! That is a true story. s a true story.

The Magnet Lamp

A LITTLE electric light that will stick to almost any part of an automobile where it is placed is the latest form of the electric

magnet, which has come into such great use for odd purposes in the last few years. The magnet is on the side of the lamp and obtains its current from the same wires that supply the lighting element. As most parts of an automobile are of steel, it can be applied almost anywhere and stays put. furnishing light for any repairing or cleaning operations.

A new idea in Self-Filling Fountain Pens

The wonderful new Parker Self-Filler is a decidedly different self-filling fountain pen. Its barrel, without projections or outside contrivances, is a refreshing innovation. There is nothing in the way to interfere with your grip or impede writing. From outward appearances you can't even tell it's a self-filler.

but to see it work!-well, that just about settles it. You want one for its convenience, writing qualities and because the new self-filling idea will win your instant approval T



Press the buttonfills in 2 seconds

Take off the shield cap at end of barrel, drop pen point in any inkwell, press the button and it fills itself in 2 seconds.

Self-Filling Fountain Pen



The new Parker Self-Filler is a practical fountain. pen behind which are experience, stability and a wellgrounded reputation, plus the endorsement of 15,000 of the most progressive merchants in the country. Ask any Parker dealer

to show you this wonderfully handy pen. It makes writing a positive comfort. Find out for yourself how a clever invention made possible this big improvement in fountain pens. Regular prices prevail—\$2,50, \$3, \$4 and \$5.

Transparent Pen

The Parker Jack Knife Safety

The most cherished of all fountain pens and a great favorite with ladies. It simply can't leak. A lock-ing device holds in the ink. You can carry it upside down, rightside up or flat - drop it into any pocket or toss it into a trunk or traveling bag without danger of leaking or smearing fingers or linen. It has the wonderful Lucky Curve, the big idea that has made the Parker cleanly.

Parker Fountain Pens are made in over 200 styles—Self-Filling, Safety and Standard. Furnished with disappearing clip which clings to the pocket like a steel trap, but snaps back to the level of barrel when you write—25c extra. If you cannot locate a dealer, write us and we will send you illustrated catalog

Parker Pen Company 90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.

Fig. are seedingly second or creation. Near First Retail there in the hig M mineral Building, and an every data of Parker For on manufactures.



THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: To be conservative about it, I have seen our valued Republic tottering to its fall ten times in the past twenty years, and have observed twice as many crises within that period which, though not totting the nation to a totter, shook it to its foundations; or, in other words, headed it toward the reefs—to say nothing of jamming it over to the edge of

the precipies.

We laugh at the excitability of the French and jeer at the ebullitions of our lemon-colored neighbors to the south of us; but all persons and sundry will have a difficult time showing me where either the French or the Latins have anything on the Americans when it comes to emotional absurdity as related to national affairs. We tell ourselves we are a clear-headed and a sober-minded people, when the fact is there is no nation on the face of the earth more volatile than ours.

We may have been staid in days gone by, but as things stand now we fly off the han-dle at the slightest provocation and often-times without the slightest provocation. And we run round in desultory circles, shouting over whatever crisis seems to crise at the moment, without any idea as to what it is all about, where we are going, why we want to go, or what we intend to do

As I recall our history, the progress of this country has been marked by one crisis after another. We had them in the begin-ning and we have had them regularly ever since—like chills and fever—and have es-

caped dissolution each time and proceeded on our way with considerable celerity.

However, few repember the past and lewer still take a poor at the future. Today is always the hottest day, or the coldest, or the finest; so the crisis that is at hand is the one to be excited over; and, as it falls out, we are now excited over the Mexican busi-ness. The newspapers are clamoring about it and the statesmen are yammering about it, and everybody is all tern up about it that is, everybody with the exception of Woodrow Wilson, who has the final say in the matter.

The Warlike Investor

Let me tell you something about Mexico, Jim, and you can stick a pin in it: Unless there shall be some real—not fancied, but real – affront to our national honor and our settled American policy of the Mooroe Dec-trine, there is no more chance of our going to war over Mexico or with Mexico, because of what has happened or is happening, than there is of our going to war with Switzer-land because we don't like the size of the holes in Swiss cheese.

It may happen, of course, that some of our Mexican friends will indulge in some indecency like the blowing up of the Maine and force us to go over there and larrup the whole lot of them—federals, constitutional-ists, brigands, bandits and hoss-thieves in-cluded: but unless that sort of thing does happen, or a classty European nation breaks in in an arrogant manner, we shall continue in our attitude of absolute calm.

Notwithstanding the newspaper screams about it, and the editorial howls, the Mexican situation isn't at this writing, and never has been up to this time, a crusis or any-thing like a crusis. What it is and what it has been is a troublessene affair nearby that has never in any sense demanded the sacrifice of the lives of our soldiers or the spending of our money. When you get to the bottom of most of these demands for immediate action of some kind in Mexico you will find they are based on self-interest and on nothing else.

The loud shouters for protection and intervention, the men who are proclaiming that we have sacrificed our national honor and have become cowards, and all that, are men who own land or mines, or have some other similar interest there; and they do not care a hoot along national honor except to invoke it to help them save their mone There isn't one of them who isn't perfectly willing to have a thousand, or ten thousand, American soldiers killed by bullets or disease if the shaighter will avert the greater—to these men-disaster of losing a few dollars.

One man in this country who understands this is President Wilson; and you can put it down, Jim, and so can all others who are interested, that a greater incentive to war than greed and self-interest is needed to force him to move a soldier across the border. There have been some anxious moments for him, but those have not been due to any lack of determination on his part to hold off, any lack of patience, any lack of self-control. They have been due to unforeseen situations arising always through the blundering, the vanity, the incapacity, the absolute asininity of others. The President hasn't flickered an eyelash since he took his stand on Mexico. He is not going to fight on a pretext or a protest, or because a lot of

on a pretext or a protest, or because a lot of hollow-headed jingoes are shouting at him. If there should come a real cause for righting he will be on the Mexicans before they think he has started; but he is not a person who deals with half facts. More than any man I have ever known in public life, Woodrow Wilson demands to be shown. You cannot convince him with conversation. You cannot scare him with threats. You cannot swerve him by clamor. If you have the facts on your side he admits them and acts accordingly; but he does not admit them until he has proved to his own satisfaction that what you have are facts, and not half facts or shadows of facts, or reports, or rumors, or opinions.

The Englishman's Conundrum

Often the President must be reminded of the yarn about the Englishman who was a visitor at the Lambs' Club, in New York. At the time the members of the club were amusing themselves by asking conundrums. The Englishman listened for several nights, vainly trying to think up a conundrum of his own, so he might get into the game. He was out of it. No conundrum occurred to him. to him.

One night, however, he came in beaming.
"I say, you fellows," he shouted, "I have
thought up a jolly good conundrum for you, you know.

"What is it?" chorused the crowd.

"Aw," the Englishman replied, pulling at his mustache—"Aw, what is it, you know, that has feathers, a long bill, builds its nest on a chimney, stands on one leg, is popularly assumed to bring the babies, and barks like

a dog, you know?"
Nobody could guess.
"What is it?" was finally demanded.
"A stork!" exclaimed the Englishman

"A stork? "A stork? Why, you bally ass, a stork doesn't bark like a dog."
"I know that, old chap: I know that.

I know that, old chap; I know that. I put that in to make it more difficult!"

A whole heap of things seem to have been put into the President's Mexican conundrum to make it more difficult. Take that Benton killing, for example. That was bad emough: but when there were hopen of composing it, what happened? Why, nothing—nathing, at all, exemt that our old friend. nothing, at all, except that our old friend Carranza, universally esteemed to be the brains and, what is more to the point, the horse-sense possessor of the constitutionalists, gave a loud snort, grabbed out a hand-ful of his own whiskers and went stark, staring, raving mad at the exact moment when all the horse sense he was reputed to have was worth as much a gram as radium to the constitutionalist cause.

Instead of assuring Secretary Bryan that be would do all be could to help get himself and his people, and especially his brigand Villa out of the mess, Carranza haughtily replied that, inasmuch as Benton was a replied that, massing as Benton was a British citizen, be, Carranza, as supreme chief of the constitutionalists, would treat only with representatives of Great Britain in the matter. Whereupon the jingo press shouted that Bryan had been rebuffed by a reisel chieftain, and the pot began to boil again so furiously that it sounded like Mount Pelée blowing off its head. It so happens that I know the men who

are earnestly trying to bring about some semblance of order in Mexico, and who are trying to do what they think is best by eliminating Huerta and giving support to Carranza and the constitutionalists. Some of these men are in Washington. They have been and are in close touch with affairs, and

they have been aided to some extent by the inendly attitude of this Government toward the anti-Huerta movement. They worked for a long time to get the embargo on arms removed and they have had considerable success otherwise. Do not think they are doing all this for love, Jim, for they are not; but they have at least a semblance of right on their side and certainly have a

strong case against Huerta.

Well, I have heard many men in my time rise to heights of denunciation of other men; but I must confess that all I ever heard before was merely kindergarten work compared with what these men said about Carranza the day he made it more difficult. The telegrams they shot into that swelled-up patriot must have scorched his whiskers! They told him about himself in code, in Spanish, in Mexican, in English and in American. They roasted, toasted, basted and lambasted him. They described to him what an idiot he is in any and all sorts of the company would as

what an idiot he is in any and all sorts of language the telegraph company wouldn't take straight, for fear there might he some lady operators on the line, they sent in code. It all goes to show, though, that in a situation like this anything is likely to happen—or everything. No person on earth knowing the circumstances would have supposed Carranza would have taken such a wallop at men who were trying to help him, and at a president and a secretary of state who felt, bad as the constitutionalist outfit is, that it is the best to be had, and is to be tolerated for a time provided it comports itself anywhere within the bounds of reason. bounds of reason.

Anyway you look at it, it is a nasty mess; but that doesn't mean that we are to go to war about it. War, James, is a much more erious proposition than the gentlemen who lowi about the flag imagine. No person realizes its seriousness more than President Wilson. War, as General Sherman said, is bell! And this Administration isn't taking

any of that, as we put it is English.

Meantime the celebrated aggregation of topliners in the State Department has been broken up. Of the Bryan-Moore-Folk combination there remains only Bryan, for John Bussett Moore has resigned and Joseph W. Folk has shifted. John Bussett couldn't stand the gaff and Joseph Wingate wouldn't, so Moore is retiring to private life and Folk so Moore is retaring to private life and Felk is to become first attorney for the Interstate Commerce Commission, and Colonel Bryan holds the fort alone.

The action of Moore is not surprising. He is a big man, Jim, is John Bassett Moore, within his limitations. He lacks initiative, though he didn't need any where

he was. When you tell him what you want, within the radius of his activities, he is a wonder at working out the correct details. He knows how to do everything that inter-national law and usage demand—but he

Cite a set of circumstances to him, and after he has looked into the case he will hand you all the precedents, all the traditions, all the law, all the difficulties neathy to buletted all the specifications and all the tabulated, all the specifications and all the plans of operation, based on every national or international event of similar character from the time the Children of Israel crossed

the Red Sea until now. His heart was bowed from the very first however. He was in wrong—if you know what that colloquinlism means. Of course you understand—or if you do not I am tell-ing you—that John Bassett Moore is the author of an eight-volume work on inter-national law and author of many other vol-umes of similar import; indeed, he is our umes of similar import; indeed, he is our leading authority on that evanescent subject. When President Wilson came in Mr. Moore was lecturing on international law at Columbia University. The President, who knew Moore, knew his reputation and admired him, and sent for Moore; and Moore came to the White House.

The President asked Moore to take the place of counselor for the State Department, ranking next to Mr. Bryan, and Moore consented.

Moore consented.

Moore consented.

Wherefore, the story goes, the President, after thanking Moore, suggested that he go over to the State Department and see Mr. Bryan, his new chief, and arrange about going into the Department. Moore went. Mr. Bryan received him graciously. They talked of many things. Mr. Bryan told Moore how glad he was to have him as his right hand, how sure he was they would get along together; they made many politic exchanges and a pleasant time was had.

As Moore rose to go, Mr. Bryan said:

"By the way, Mr. Moore, there is another thing I should have mentioned. Of mourse, as you know, there are many matters con-

as you know, there are many matters con-stantly arising in this Department that have to do with international law. Have you ever made any particular inquiry into that subject?" Well, I am telling you the story, Jim—telling it as it was told to me—Moore tottered out; and from that time which was a very are until he quit time, which was a year ago, until he quit there never has been any other outcome of his latest adventure into our diplomacy. His heart was broken at that particular juncture.

Small wonder, too, when one considers those eight volumes and what they contain!
Yours diplomatically, Bitt.



at Eastry-or any other time. A variety of choice is offered in the special Easter List below.

A Finsy Parkage for Fastidious Folks.—

The most andocratic package of sweets ever put up. Designed particularly for those who do not care for cream centers. Selected chocolates—all hard and nut centers. In me-half, one, two, three and live-pound boxes, at \$1.00. the round."

The Sampler Package -

Allords an opportunity to enjoy, or sample, ten varieties, selected from ten popular Whitman packages. Two wees, \$1,00 and \$2,00.

When you have donaled within you like how, you can get show as individual partiagra-

Assarted Milk Chocolates-

One of the newer Whitman favorites. Made with contings. of pure milk chocolate. Centers are creasus and note. An artistic 20-oz. box, \$1.00.*

Old Time Favorites-

This parkage is the seasonne to a demand for old-habitoned candies—Caramela, Mana, Taffers, Molasses Candy, Gum-Drops, etc. In bright, 20-or, boxes with an old-time design, fille a package.

"1842" Bitter Sweets .-

Put up especially for tolks who delight in the combination of the old-style hitter chocolate coatings and very sweet, creamy centers. Really one of the choicest of the many Whitman varieties. A taste makes many people devoted to them. One and two-pound boxes, 80c a pound."

The Pink of Perfection Package-

Checolates or confermons in one, two and five-pound 51.00 a round." A brantful box in old-rose and gold-subbon bedecked. Contents packed in removable trays.

Whitemark confine or one had not fremently from the factory in rech local asserts. Every parties or pursuased 2 there is no Wincome agency non-new by I and any of the Europe Late proposed, or everythy price.

Wester for Illustrated List of Koff Packages

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia.

Makers of His ... Instantaneous Classifiate and Masshmallow White Address believe applicate II & subseque of the Minimatel

The Forehanded Man By WILL PAYNE

UNDOUBTEDLY a great many small investors start wrong. I shall not attempt to estimate the number of letters I have received describing wrong starts, and I have heard many verbal reports on the same subject. It strikes me that the man who is beginning to invest is very apt both to lear too much and to expect too much, with the melancholy result that a lot of peo-

ple start their investing career with a loss.
We used to hear that the great difficulty
in making a fortune lay in secumulating the
first thousand dollars; after that it would
be comparatively plain sailing. Probably
the typical amateur investor in this country is a man on salary or in a profession. He sets a point at which he will begin invest-ing—one thousand dollars or five thousand, according to his income.

When he has reached that point he ex-

pects something rather important to hap-pen. The nest-egg, no doubt, represents a good deal of self-denial and careful nursing on his part. Now that it is ready to hatch, he wants it to produce a bird commensurate with the pa ans he has bestowed on it.

He could have had a good deal of fun with the tens, twenties or hundreds he has dutifully salted down to make up that in-vestible capital; his wife could have had some fine clothes and the flat some new furniture. He rather feels that the foregone enjoyments ought to come back to him in a lump-or quite rapidly.

Naturally a poor five per cent looks inadequate. A man cannot get rich very fast by adding only fifty dollars a year of bond interest to his income. Twelve per cent, or

something with a handsome bonus of com-mon stock, looks more like what he wants. non stock, looks more like what he wants. Of course there are no statistics on the subject; but I am satisfied that venders of wildeat securities find their victims pretty largely among people who are making their first investment—especially if women with life-insurance money be included; in fact it is only the fakers who can promise what they have to are so and to want—earliest. first investors are so apt to want—safety and an extravagant return.

On the other hand, by an odd sort of parados, it is rather characteristic of the

first investor to hesitate unduly long before investing at all. I knew a man who wound up a small business in which he had been engaged a good while, realizing twelve thousand dollars cash. The husiness from which he retired was the only one he knew anything in particular about. He spent eight months looking for a satisfactory investment for his twelve thousand, rejecting opportunity after opportunity because it did not quite come up to his mark. Then he invested all his money in a fly-by-night.

concern and lost two-thirds of it. Almost everywhere in the United States some sound bank will pay at least three per cent interest on a time deposit. If a man accumulates any money at all it nat-urally goes into a bank. He feels that it is cafe there—yet wants a greater return than three per cent. Now if he has never made an investment he is very likely to artach an exaggerated importance to the rather simple act of converting that bank credit into a bond credit or a mortgage credit-of exchanging the piece of paper

hilmans



For Service, Endurance, Economy-**Build YOUR Roads of Concrete**

AD streets and roads are a disgrace to a community. They are a menace to life. They hamper commercial activity. They actually help to keep some towns from expanding.

Any highway should outlive its guarantee and that is why wide-awake public officials in every section of the country are specifying concrete for new highways.

Concrete, made with Lehigh Portland Cement, is the logical form of road construction.

Lehigh Cement gives a concrete road just the strength, resisting power, solidity and surface that mean ideal service under every traffic condition.

It is extremely economical. It is an assurance against continuous and expensive upkeep. No need of pocket-draining, special assessments to over-tax the members of your community.

And here's another vital reason why you should

LEHIGH CEMENT

Concrete made with Lehigh, grown stronger with each succeeding year. All tests prove that its strength continues to increase. It continually gathers power to resist the wear and tear of traffic, rain and snow, heat and cold

We want every public officer or tax payer to know about Lehigh Cement for concrete roads. Write and tell us about the road plans in your community. We will help you in planning concrete roads and give you some valuable information. We have some astonishing figures on the economy of Lehigh Cement concrete that apply equally to the construction of private roads, terraces, walks and other forms of private home construction.

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT CO.

673 Young Building, Allentown, Pa. 376 Consumers Building, Chicago, III.

11 Mills-Annual Capacity Over 12,000,000 Barrels

"Concrete's the Thing-Lehigh's the Cement"



which shows that the bank owes him so many dollars for another piece which shows that some other concern owes him the same amount. He sort of feels that this exchange is a letting go of the sheet-anchor and sailing away on unknown seas. So in many cases, by an odd paradox, he sticks long at the dock, then sails off with a pirate. Now few bankers will deny that plenty

of other concerns can offer you, as a longtime creditor, a position as secure for all practical purposes as that which the bank offers you. They will take your money, give you better interest than the bank can afford to pay, and practically as good security. They can do this because they get more

complete use of your money. The bank gets a strictly limited use of your money. It must stand ready to pay it back at the end of ninety days—or even on demand; but the railroad or street-car line or gas company, borrowing on a long-term first mort-gage, gets undisturbed use of the money for twenty or thirty years, and so can well afford to pay more for it than the bank

afford to pay more for it than the bank does—but not a great deal more.

The difference between the bank rate and the bond rate samply represents the price for a less limited use of the money and not necessarily a difference in security or in the creditor's ability to pay. A and B are equally good. A will pay you three or three and a half per cent for your money on ninety days' time. B will pay you five per cent on twenty years' time.

twenty years' time.

There is nothing of a momentous character in converting the back credit into a bond credit, and the point to which I have been working round is, if you are saving money begin investing it early. Do not say: "When I get one thousand or five thousand dollars in the bank I will make an investment." Let yourself into the investing habit by shorter steps. A number of concerns now issue hundred-dollar bonds, and the number, no doubt, will steadily increase.

The city of New York, for example, now issues bonds of that denomination. There are one-hundred-dollar railroad and other bonds, which any well-informed banker would recommend. As a cure both for being too fearful to invest and for expecting too much from investment the purchase of a good hundred-dellar bond is excellent. The whole point about investment, anyway, is that by exercising reasonable judgment and dealing with thoroughly responsible persons you can get more interest than the bank will pay you.

The Safest Place for Bonds

One important consideration is involved, hosever, in the purchase of a bond-namely, a safe place in which to keep it. No doubt more than nine-tenths of all the bonds outstanding in this country are of the coupon form, which almost invaria-bly means they are payable to bearer, and that, generally speaking, physical possession of the bond is taken as sufficient proof of

ownership.

In other words, the coupon band passes from hand to band like a banknote, without indersement and with no record of the owner on the books of the company. So the possession of a bond may bring trouble to the unhappy individual who is always leav-ing his portable properties within reach of others or walking off and leaving them on

It is a notable fact that wastepaper haskets are seldom found in the coupon rooms of safe-deposit vaults. The reason is that some absent-minded renter is always throwing his bands into the wastebasket and putting the blotting paper securely away in his box. With a perfectly have floor, it is easier for the attendants to discover the absent-minded renter asscurities and return

I should not advise any one to kuy a bond and trust its safekeeping to the bureau drawer or the mattress. It should, in fact, be kept where it is not liable to theft or to destruction by fire or other agencies, though every now and then a complaint at police bendquarters shows that some cheerful investor has been keeping his bonds in the writing desk at home of on the sill of the open window

The sale-deposit box is the usual expe-dient for the salekeeping of bonds.

True, the reot of a small safe-deposit box will probably come to two or three dollars a year, which would not leave much from the interest on a hundred-dollar bond; but somebody else's box or safe may be available as a friendly accommodation.

The destruction of a bond by fire or other agency, to be sure, does not entail a loss of its value. Nearly all mortgages nowadays provide for the issue of duplicate bonds to provide for the issue of duplicate bonds to replace those that may be destroyed, and on satisfactory proof that the bond has been destroyed the company that issued it will give the owner a duplicate; but the trouble and possible expense of getting a duplicate are enough to make it well worth

while to keep your bond out of the fire. Nor is the loss of a bond by theft necessarily irreparable—especially under the new income-tax law. Every bond bears a sep-arate number and wherever it is kept the owner should have a record of the number, If the bond is stolen notice should at once be given to the broker from whom it was bought. By newspaper notice or otherwise the theft may be published and banks warned not to bandle the coupons-or the bond itself if it has matured.

The new income-tax law also requires that certificate of ownership must accompany bond coupons when they are turned in for collection; so it should be comparatively easy to trace a stolen bond, and corre-spondingly hard for the thief to dispose of it. Even without this provision of the income-tax law, it was generally possible to trace a stolen bond; and payment of the principal and interest of a stolen bond can

be stopped.
The income-tax law, I believe, will have another important effect, still further reducing the very slight liability to loss through theft, fire, and the like. As I said before, more than nine-tenths of all bonds in this country are in the coupon form, payable to bearer. Investors have preferred that form mostly because they did not want to be known. They felt a trille more confortable when an record of their ownership. fortable when no record of their ownershipwhich a prying assessor might possibly discover- was in existence.

Registered Bonds

It is true the payable-to-bearer form is casier to handle. It may be sold or put up as collateral by simply handling it over like a banknote: but the secrecy it permitted was no doubt a strong reason for its popularity. That reason is removed by the new law, which requires a bondowner to disclose himself when collecting his interest.

Title to a registered bond passes of

Title to a registered bond passes, of course, by an entry on the company's books. The mere physical possession of the bond is of no consequence. Thus there would be no more object in stealing a registered bond than in stealing a stock cert-ficate that is in some one else's name; and with a registered bond, there are no coupons to be collected. On every interest day the company mails its checks to the registered owners of its bonds, just as it mails divident checks to its stockholders.

Some bonds are registered as to principal, but not as to interest; but I expect the bend that is registered as to both princi-pal and interest will come into vogue as a result of the income-tax law. The borrow-ing corporations no doubt prefer the coupon bonds, payable to bearer, because that form involves less trouble and expense to them. It is easier to use the payable-to-bearer coupons than to keep a register and make out a check to each owner. Brokers also may prefer the coupon-bearing bonds because they are easier to handle.

To the investor—especially the small investor—the advantages of the registered form are that he need be at no trouble or expense to protect his investment against lose by theft and fire; that he is spared the bother of making out certificates every time he turns in interest coupons; that his interest will come to him wherever he may be

Bond interest that falls due in the owner's absence is not collected until he gets back to his safe-deposit box-or else he has to cut off the coupons before leaving home and deposit them in the bank for collection at maturity. With a registered bond, the in-terest check would follow him like any other

Cashing your pay check or collecting money that is due you involves some little bother and risk. You may have to walk two or three blocks to the bank and back You muy lose the check. It may be stolen. Yet you regard pay checks as very desirable things to have. So with the

coupon-bearing bond—the slight trouble of taking care of it is amply recompensed by possession of it. Do not be too fearful about making an investment. Start small and early-and do not expect any miraculous return.

The Coming Back of Jawn Doherty-by Edmund vance cooke

I'VE got to do it, dad, before I leave for Ann Arbor," said the young man in the yard.

"I did it when I was yer age meself and I did it when I was twicet yer age," said the older man at the story-and-a-half cottage window, out of which he bulged like a yeasty loaf overrunning its pan. Then he sighed. "Tis manny the year—at loast 'tis several—since I've been able to do it."
"Careful, dad! If any one hears you counting up on yourself like that you'll be chucked into the Home for Aged and Infirm County Commissioners."

County Commissioners."
""Tis not old I am. I'm stout!" asserted

the senior Doherty gravely.

"No one will deny you that last word, dad," grinned the youngest of the Dohertys.

dad," grinned the youngest of the Dohertya from below.

"Do yer stunt!" said his father sharply.
"All yer brothers before you could do the same before they was allowed to vote the Dimmycratic ticket: but you—you may be on the track team of yer college, and they say you're not bad at pushin' a pigskin full of wind across a whitewashed cow pasture if there's a gob of girls a-lookin' on! An' I also hear you did a fine job feedin' a pair of pillows to the perfesser at the Turnverein last Friday, him bein' nothin' but a Lutheran. But all that doesn't make you a Doherty—not yet."

Lutheran. But all that doesn't make you a Doherty—not yet."

"Put your hands under your belt, dad, give yourself a grand tug, and see whother you can lift yourself off that windowsill—for I'm a-coming!" cried the lad.

With that he spat on his hands, leaped for the polished hickory pole and swing out until his pointed toes all but touched the clapboards of the house. As his body came hack he brought the soles of his feet against the pole, and as his head came up he released his hands and came upstanding on the pole, his legs slightly bent. Then, as he poined for one dizzy half-instant atop of the pole—perhaps five degrees past the vertical—his legs straightened out like two rods of spring steel and he shot into the air with arms outstretched toward the open window.

It was the Doherty trick which, up to that time, he had never accomplished. He could do the snap-up as easily as a painted monkey can climb its stick; he could do the giant swing; and could chin himself with one hand—his left one at that; he could hang from the bar and go straight up to a vertical arm position above it in a single pull, keeping both elbows even all the way but all these may be seen wherever good

but all these may be seen wherever good barwork is done.

The Doherty stant was as individual to the Doherty pole as some particular hazard a to its golf links, or some extraperilous water-jump to a hurdle course.

The Doherty mansion had been founded in the old days when Doherty Senior was on the force at eighty dollars the month and could handle any three roughnecks on the river heat in a short strap. It was not a the river beat in a short scrap. It was not a very lofty mansion, being of the kind known as a story-and-a-half cottage; and, more-over, it was not so wide as some church doors nor yet so deep as some cathedral altars; yet it covered most of the cramped city lot and left but scant room for the open lawn in front—on which his wife had insisted—and the athletic field at the back which had been John Doberty's chief desire.

In consequence of this the horizontal bar

was erected but a few feet from the house, and most of your fancy stunts had to be

done with your back to the house, so that you might have room to swing forward and alight gracefully when you had finished.

For the Doherty stunt, however, you laced the house, as we have already seen. It was well for you if you did not face it in a most familiar sees. a most familiar sense; for if you leaped at any but the exactly correct fraction of a second in your orbit round the pole, or if you weakened ever so slightly in your jump so that you missed the windowledge by an inch, or failed to find sufficient prehensibilty in your flat fingers against a sloping surface, down you came, leaving part of your face attached to the Doherty clap-boards and crumpling into a hapless heap at the bottom—lucky if you escaped a snapped bone or two.

And has Danny Doherty been pointing. like a human indicator, at five minutes past

the hour all this time, or hung in midair like Mohammed's coffin? Not he! As before explained the entire trick is a single operation and admits of no pauses. It is one fine exemplification of the motto that he who hesitates is -well, whatever he is,

he is no Doherty.

Danny made the leap and his fingers clutched the ledge—but, alas! the ledge only. The trick is to make your leap strong enough so that you hook the sill. His trick is to make your leap strong enough so that you hook the sill. His father, standing just inside the window, saw the finger ends whiten against the ledge and restrained his deep yearning to grasp the lad's wrists. Even though he expected, in a moment more, to see him crumpled like an old newspaper at the foot of the window, he would not help. It was the Doherty

There was a mighty cohesiveness in Danny's finger tips however. Even the swing of his body against the house did not wholly jar him loose. For a second he hung; then slowly, slowly, up he came. It was a hard strain and Danny felt his grip, such a fit was a hard strain and Danny felt his grip, such as it was a hard strain and Danny felt his grip. was a hard strain and Danny felt his grip, such as it was, weakening. With a great effort he stuck on, his elbows crooking. Then, with a sudden lift, he shifted his weight to his right hand, thrust in his left and hooked the sill.

"Come on in!" said his father kindly but calmly. "Ye'r a Doherty!"

"Lucky I haven't got your front elevation, dad!" grinned Dan as he somersaulted into the room. "Well, I can go back to the U now, a grave and reverend senior—and at peace with the world."

"Dan," said his father, "that's twice today you've cast shire at me figure. Honest, am I so damn fat."

The earnest note in his father's voice got

The earnest note in his father's voice got under Danny's skin; yet he was too honest

to spare him entirely.

"Why, dad, surely you're entitled to a bit of flesh at your age! You eat like a—well, I mean you have a fine inclination toward mealtime. And you haven't trained for fifteen years, have you?"

His father was allent a minute before he managed.

"Don't tell your mother, Dan; but I'm alraid it's that which grips me inside once

in a while."

Danny took the Ann Arbor Special that night; and the next morning his father woke betimes, but had no inclination to woke betimes, but had no inclination to get up. He lay and fought for breath and pretended he had no pain over his heart. After a while his wife woke also, lay idly for a few minutes, then rose; and still he did not move. She berated him in her wifely way about his laxiness and he took it so meekly she saw something was wrong. "You stay in hed and rest yourself, Jawn!" she cried. "Maybe you're gettin somethin. Is there annythin particular you want to eat?"

Half an hour later she brought him a

Half an hour later she brought him a grapefruit, a bowl of outment, eggs and bacon, a Pour'd tower of paneakes and a pot of coffee.

"You must keep up yer strenth, Jawn, dear," she said.

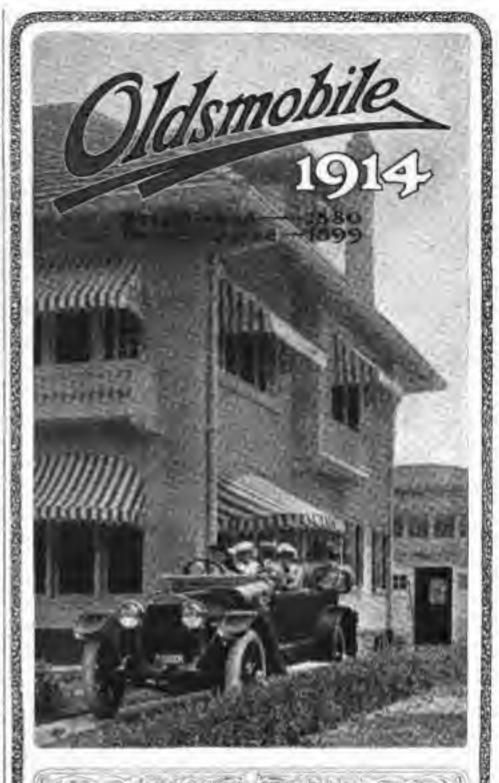
Doherty ate the breakfast and felt no better. He lay and thought a long time. Then he crawled out of bed with an effort and got his friend, Doctor Holliday, on the

wire.

"Say, doe, don't think I'm gone looney, but I got a little bet with myself. Do you remember fifteen or twenty years ago, when I was runnin' the Albambra Gym, and Billy Madden and Jawn L. come through town?—Yeah; that's it! Well, you was some sport in those days, and you and me and Billy Madden and Jawn L. was gassin', and Billy Madden told us of a wonderful doctor that knew all the good people and could tell what ailed a man by giving him could tell what ailed a man by giving him a once-over.—Yeah, that's the name, Mac-Murray. Where is he now? New York? Somethin' in the press dispatches about him this mornin'?—Well, what do you know about it? I guess I win my bet. Good-by!" Deberty, exhausted, crawled back to bed; but not for long. He ate his luncheon, still keeping up his strength, and then said:

still keeping up his strength, and then said:
"Mollie, gimme my clothes and call me hack."

"A back!" cried his wife, aghast.
"Oh, well—a taxi, then. Why bother me with yer fine distinctions? I was minded of the time when Jawn L. visited my old



THE GREATEST SIX-CYLINDER MOTOR CAR

We believe this to be

EVER PRODUCED

The underlying principle of Oldsmobile success is in the experience of its manufacturers. and their desire and ability to build into each car as a unit - power, stability, utility and beauty.

Combination 4 or 5-passenger Plaston, touring hody type. \$2975. 7-passenger tooming body \$175. serta. Limousius \$4300

Fully equipped including Delot states, lighting and ignizion system. Write for tacking.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS

LANSING, MICH.

STATE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE P



teel Blades

Druler, Disnated on General Sturp to

tare an ourfir

for you.

Inc. Makers Bruoklyn New York

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO.,

Operatories Co.

Gym, and a low-necked hack was good snough for him—and him Champeen of the World! Call me a taxi, woman." "But, Jawn, yer sick!" "I am and I'm takin' one taxi for that all-gone feelin'. When taken, likely I'll be

well shaken."

It speaks well for what was to be the vital ingredient of John Doherty's treatment that his wife gave in, recognizing his in-domitable determination, even though she euphemized it by the more expressive name

of pigheadedness.
"Union Station!" ordered John to the chauffeur.

"Mollie, I'm off for New York on business. I'll be back in three days at the furthest. Don't sit up for me."

The trip to New York was not an easy

one for Doherty, but he was not an easy one for Doherty, but he was upheld by a great hope. He was going to see Mac-Murray. Arriving at the Grand Central he called another taxi and drove straight to the office of the great MacMurray. He was two hours too early and was told he could see the physician only by appointment; but

"I've come six hunderd mile and I was a friend of Billy Madden. You tell him!" he

God is on the side of the heaviest artillery and luck favors the determined man. In this instance luck brought the eminent diagnostician to his office half an bour earlier than usual. Doberty seized the half

hour.
"Tell me what alls me!" he demanded,

and his jaw clamped hard.
"All right: Strip!" said the doctor and turned to the window.

"Is it a fight to a finish or a Turkish bath?" murmured Doberty. He had refused to disrobe on the Pullman the night before through abser weariness:

but now, when the dector turned round, he was as naked as Adam.

The doctor gave him a comprehensive glance. "You were a good man once," he

conceded.

"Why not twicet?" jerked out Dollerty.
"Man, you were once a wedge from your shoulders down, and now you're a pyramid from your belly up. Lie down!"

The doctor went over him carefully with most of the usual instruments and with his own good digits. He burrowed for Doherty's backbone until the big man grunted in spite backbone until the big man grunted in spite of himself. He spirometered him; he stetboscoped him; he sphygmomanemetered him, and thumped him in many places. Then he said:

"You may have a test breaklast and a blood count, if you like, but I don't think it is necessary. Your case is plain enough."

"So is me face," answered John Doherty;
"but I can't see it like you can."

"You drink, don't you?"

"Sure! I take me glass on occasion, not to say opportunity; but I'm no two-handed

say opportunity; but I'm no two-handed

"You don't put any such limitations on

your eating, do you?"
"I have a fine, healthy appetite,"
"Wrong adjusting the state of the state

"Wrong adjectives-diseased appetite would be better. You used to be an active

would be better. You used to be an active athlete. Your severest exercise lately has been pulling at a cigar." Doberty opened his mouth, but found no words. "You're fat!" snapped the doctor.
"Is that all? Just fat?"
"That's all, but that's fatal. You're seventy pounds overweight and getting heavier. Your heart's fat: your liver's fat. In a sense your brain's fat. You're lost the power of resistance, of determination. I power of resistance, of determination. I can send you to Carlsbad if you prefer to die in Europe instead of America: but I don't suppose you do. Some of the sana-toriums might help you temporarily, but not for long. The fault's in you. You've dug your grave with your teeth."

But Doberty had heard only the first

"Seventy pounds, did you say? Only seventy pounds! If I shook that off, would I be well again?"

The doctor smiled grimly.

"Why, man, at your age it's an impossi-bility! Every ounce of you is crying to be fed - crying for sugars, starches, fats, carbohydrates. You're like an alcoholic or a dope fiend—only worse. Drugs and alcohol are an unnatural diet, and, properly sided, Nature overcomes the desire for the unnatural; but the appetite for food is entirely natural and you have two men in you demanding food—your natural self and your superfluous self. You have pampered

The Pipe That Became "House-Broken"

"That pipe of yours" and "Oh, that pipe" and "Please, you are not going to light that pipe in here" are familiar expressions on the lips of the wife of the man who loves po-smoke his pipe in the dining room after

supper. Now this is the tale of a man whose will formerly was displeased when the pipe cans-

This man saw one day an advertisement beaded, "The Man With Fifteen Pipes And What He Suid,"

"Whew, I wander what his wife said," is thought, as he read further.

The upshot of his reading was that he sea: to Larus & Bro. Co., 1 South 21st Street. Richmond, Virginia, for a free sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed Tobacco that they offer to send.

In due time the sample came-a liberal package of tobacco.

That evening be pushed back his chair fetched out his pipe, blew in it, opened at the Edgeworth sample and filled up. The be familied tried another pocket, found he match box and lighted up.

After a few minute the good wife looked up and sniffed - "Will thank goodness you've bought a new pipe she said. "But I haven't—do

is my same old pipe." "Well, it isn't the same old olfactory is suit," the woman per sisted. "What have you done?" Her husband pulled

a couple of satisfied puffs before answering. Then he said, in a new decided tone:

"I'll tell you what I've done.

ADVRUBBLE

changed my brand to Edgeworth, and I thin I shall never change again.

A sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is something easy to obtain. All you have to the is to make up your mind to ask for it on send a post card request to Larus & Bro. Co. I South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia, who will be glad if you will also mention you tobacco dealer's name. You are invited to send for the sample.

That every man who smokes a pipe vil try Edgeworth at least once is a fond hope of

try Esigeworth at least once is a fond hope of the makers; and this offer of a liberal sample free is the best means they know of meeting you half way. Will you go the other half by sending that post card?

The original Edgeworth was a Sliced Plug wrapped in gold foil and sold in a blue til. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed may be bought in 10c and 50c tims everywhere and in hand some \$1.00 humider packages. Edgeworth Sliced Plug, 15c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00, Sol-by practically all dealers but mailed preport if yours has none.

The Little Beaver that



BOARD was unknown; today it is almost as staple a building naterial as brick or concrete.

It is used to build walls and ceilings, nd is made in large panels of difonnt sizes, which are nailed to the idding, joists and headers of new ame or over the plaster of old walls.

It is quickly and easily put up, des not crack like plaster, has a beauno pebbled surface, offering great reservairy for decuration by paintse, and has many other advantages.

Good as it was at the start, it is to-I more rigid, durable and climateand than ever-

Wire for booklet, "BEAVER SOARD its Uses," and free painted somet-a for full information regarding the co-tions service to users, architects, dusters, content contracting and decomposes.

hai by serm builders' supply, lamber and maker dealers, in sizes to meet jour seeds

The Beaver Board Companies

178 Beaver Road, Suffain, N. V. 478 Wall St., Bearingthic, Ottown & Southkenton Rive, London, W. 1879 Observe St. Adultation Victoria.

BEAVER BOARD





them both until they have mastered you and they're two to one anyhow; and the majority rules.

Two to one, did I say? Millions to one! Two to one, did I say? Millions to one:
The cells of your tissue are erroneously
trained. Their habits are fixed now: and
those habits are fatty habits, so to speak.
You've noticed how rapidly a young athlete can train down to weight and how
impossible it is for an old one to get down to ringside requirements? It's a matter of cellular habit."

"Doc, how much do I uwe you?" Call it twenty-five.

"It's cheap at twicet the money. Here tis. I'll be on my way, doc."
As soon as he had finished getting into

his rlothes Doherty walked to the station, upheld by a new purpose in life. The said new purpose in life was to live. On the way home Doherty thought it all out. He walked to his office in the courthouse from the train. He also walked home at night,

where Mary greeted him with an excep-tional banquet in honor of his homecoming. "Tis a fine supper, Mary," grouned John. "Could I have some toust and John. "Could I may tay! What's come to the Toust and tay! What's come to the are Toust and Mary in genuine alarm.

man?" cried Mary in genuine alarm.
"I can't eat like this any more. Mary.
I'm in trainin' to fight old Adipose Tesue three rounds a day for the rest of me life. You've got to help me, gurrul, and not tempt me with such conglomerations of joy as will put me into Purgatory before me time.

From prehistoric times-out that I have

From prehistoric times—not that I have any more knowledge of prehistoric times than other prehistorians, but that is one reason for making the assertion—from prehistoric times woman's prime duty has been to prepare man's food and to see that she prepared enough of it.

It is second nature in her to resent any interference with this plan, especially on the part of the beneficiary. John knew that his first fight was to overcome his wife's culinary kindness; so—though his yearning esophagus yammered for the roast chicken, the mashed potatoes with the butter meiting into them, the hot biscuit, the candied sweets, the pickled pears, the marble rake and the apple pie—he sat and cracked jokes.

and the apple pie—he sat and cracked jokes over his dry toset and diluted tea.

It might have been a consolation to his wife had she known that he was not to forget the sight and smell of that supper for mouths—that his glands were to ache and his norves to tingle at the tantalizing memory of that lost opportunity!

After supper Doherty read the paper for a while, without lighting his pipe; then he took a walk, as brisk as he dared make it, a bath and a rubdown, which left him puffing like a grampus; and he rolled between blankets and lost himself in sleep.

Next morning Doherty woke and, lying

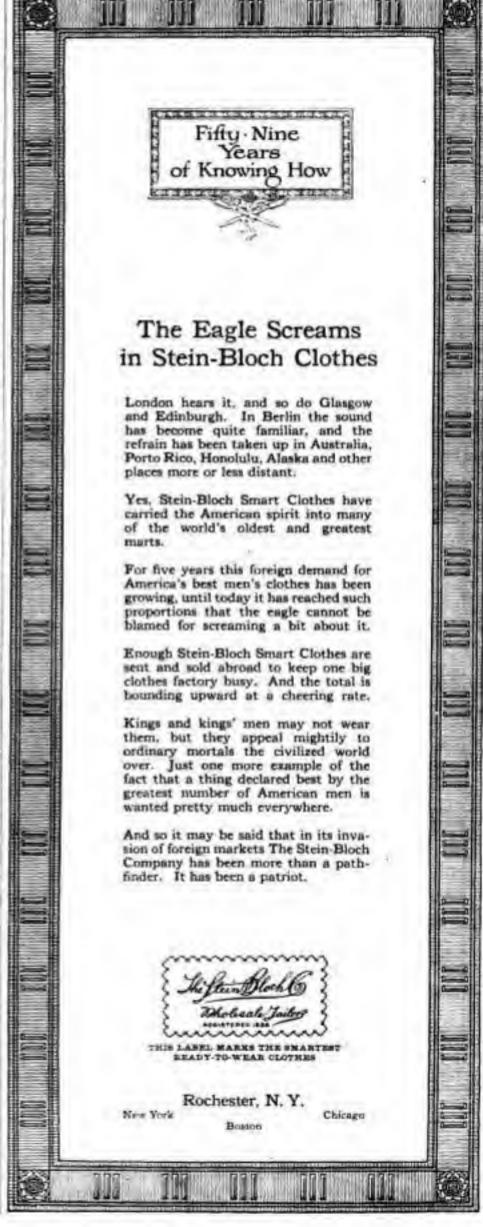
Next morning Doherty woke and, lying on his back, tried to bring his body in a sitting posture—a familiar exercise of his youth. He was startled to find he could not do it. His abdominal muscles refused to raise his hulk. Doherty reversed the process, trying to lift his feet slowly back to touch the pillow. He failed by considerable, there being too much Doherty intervening; and when he let his feet return to normal position they got away from him and jarred

man when he let a be received him and jarred Mrs. Doherty into wakeful complaint.

"Ye'r right!" said Doherty. "I'll take Danny's room at the back. It has little but the bed in it and will give me room to swing myself."

Back to Dan's room he went, where he tried the bricklayer's exercise. Standing with his feet apart, he extended his arms at right angles to his body and stooped with a straight back as though trying to pick up a brick from the floor with each hand. Two or three trials convinced him he was not yet ready for the severity of this. Standing flatfooted and stretching his hands above his head he lifted himself from the pelvisued by himself from t and let himself down again until he was tired. Still keeping his hands above his head he awang round in a circle from the in a circle from waist, making very heavy we chiefly because he had no waist. work of it,

One of his old exercises had been to lie on the floor, face downward, and-keeping a straight back-see how many times be could raise his shoulders from the floor. It sounds like an arm exercise. As a matter of fact the strain comes on the abdominal and disphragmatic muscles, which, indeed, was the aim of all Doberty's exertions. There had been a time when Doherty could let himself floorward to the limit and only his tues and now touched; now when he had





pushed to the highest his frontal protuberance filled the space. Doherty blushed with mortification. Now Doherty tried shadow fighting. lunging at an imaginary opponent, ducking from an expected blow, escaping punish-ment by pretty footwork, and coming back strong, with a tattoo on shadowy ribs.
Eventually the shadow beat him, but not
until Doberty was drenched in perspiration.
A bath and a rubdown, and Doberty could
have eaten a horse right down to its shoes. Instead he are one hard graham biscuit and drank a cup of milk. He took a roundabout route to the office and day by day increased the roundabout-ness until he was walking four or five miles to work. Then he added indoor pedestrian-ism to his curriculum. Be it known that county commissioners have some very important work to do. Now let us, after the manner of Koko in the opera, step to the other side of the stage, where the captions taxpayer cannot hear us, and remark in a properly modulated aside that county commissioners also have will better your health. It will some idle moments. The top floor of the courthsuse was little used. The space round its railed rotunda made a very fair running track, with no gallery for annoying spectators. Several times a day Duherty ascended to the top floor and did his mile, at liret at a brisk walk and latter at a destree. also help your complexion, even in indement weather, if you apply before and after exposure a little and later at a dogtrot.

At first, too, he took the elevator to his truck; later he climbed the stairs. If you have any doubt about the effectiveness of stairclimbing on wind and limb, just try lifting your own weight, plus seventy psunds, several hundred feet several times a day.

We have seen the simplicity of Doherty's breakfasts. His luncheons were exactly the same. His dinner was a little more elabo-I in pure, non-greaty emolhent, rate, for he usually allowed himself a portion of white meat or fish and a single vegeprotects and restores the skinof white meat or fish and a single vegetable.

He cut out cuffee, tobacco, alcohol. Water he drank inordinately except at meals. Whenever he felt hungry, which was pretty much all the time, he drank water—cold water, hot water, or just water. Even in the middle of the night he would rise and drink all the water he could hold.

And he frequently woke in the night; not from insoronia but from pain; from the mental and physical pain of hunger—lesen, crying hunger. Often he had the most delicious dreams—always dreams of food, of good things to eat. Often and often he smelled his wife's last supper. Often he was in a favorite café, where the joint was wheeled round on a server and one fell to and belped oneself to just the quantity of juicy tenderness one wished.

Often he was in Florida, with a repast of red snapper, crisp lettuce, tender pees, luscious strawberries, sparkling wine, aromatic coffee—all served on a snowy cloth spread in a perfumed orange grove with the volder globes heading down to tempt preventing roughness and windburn. The reward of using every day this refreshing, cleansmg, antiseptic cleam is an always. elear, velvety, youthfully bresh complexion.

spread in a perfumed orange grove with the golden globes bending down to tempt his fingers. Then, as be touched them, be would wake up, crying like a child with the

It a bound he would be on his feet, headed for the pantry, telling himself he would eat one real meal and die happy. And

then MacMurray looked at him from six

then MacMurray looked at him from six hundred miles away:

"You're fat! Your heart's fat: your mind's fat. You're a dope fiend—only weese. Habit holds you in the hollow of its hand. You think you can crawl away from it. You can't! You're weakened by indulgence and you carry the sign of your decadence in front of you."

Yes, a man had so talked to him—to him, a Doherty! So John Doherty would drink much water, bits his lips, nip his nails into his flesh and resolve to die fighting if die he must. For Adipose Tissue was

ing if die he must. For Adipose These was fighting too-fighting for its life; and it is

a stuntern toe.

For a long eternity—or so it seemed to Doherty—the said A. T. utterly refused to retreat at all, though Doherty's muscles grew responsive and his wind durable. Then—almost, as it seemed, while Doherty was not watching him—A. T.'s forces began to desert, and desert rapidly. Doherty have

to desert, and desert rapidly. Doherty began to feel some of the rewards of a winner. He was still hungry, but he felt well. He got past Thanksgiving without any of the trouble he had anticipated—except

that it was all be rould do to restrain himself

from rushing on to the football field when he witnessed the game.

"Man! Man!" he yelled at the quarter-hack. "Are you a stump waitin for the

blastin' powder to move ye! Push in a

disappointment.

a stubborn foe.

THE ENGINE CO.

171 Willew Street Lannua, Mick.

Wir guarantee Hinda Cream not to case a grawth of hair. It is safest and most beneficial for baby's skin protetions. Men say that # makes shaving easing and prevents skin tenderheus. Selling terrysylvers, as plan. Comment by ser an except of prive. Hinds Code Cream in bonles 504 (mals Code Cream in tubes 25s.)

Samples will be rentil you on. choic Zo storop, by pay postage A. S. HINDS 227 West St., Portland, Maine

The should say HHADD (force) and Ahmed Common CAF) hamtly informed, dissiplicitly frequent and formation. The produced, No complex.



In black or blue, MultiKopy cover fields. Eco-pensical, too, because one abort makes 100 cuptes. Write for FREE Sample Sheet

F. S. WEBSTER CO., 335 Congress St., Boston, Mass. New York Chicago Philodelphia Pittaburgh Makers of Ster Brand Treverster Ribbans

Preachments on Tailoring

of Indianapolis

F you crave the lean-and-lithe figure in your Spring Suitmost young men do-see that the waistline of the coat is placed high in the back, as this creates the illusion of lengthening you out and seems to add to your inches.

This is as true of the "un-English" suit sketched here, as of the English" clothes some men like.

Whatever your preference may be you cannot get clothes with the un-

mistakable customale" that will compliment your taste and supplement your figure unless they are tailored of "cus-tom" materialaby "conform - triamed men with custom methods. Not can you get them for less than you'll pay



Kahn-Tailored-Clothes \$20 6\$45

-"custom"-drafted and "custom"needled singly in every process, part and particle. Some of our tailors—born and bred to "the bench"—have served us an unbroken quarter of a century.

Sketched here is a "smart" Three Button Sack Suit for Spring, And, one of the precious privileges of Kahn Service is that you don't have to take this suit as it's drawn here. We will gladly model or modify it to meet your precise want or whim.

Indeed, we will tailor this or any other style to your measure from any of 500 "custom" fabrica that our Authorized Representative in your town will be proud to show you. Go to him to-day. Our seal, reproduced below, is in his window.

Kahn Tailoring Company



few faces and run! Run, you light-headed, heavy-footed Swope! Give me the ball and let me show you!"

There was a telegram from Danny, who had to play on the Varsity that day against Wiscorsin, but who promised to be home for the Christmas holidays.

"Think of that, mother!" cried John, executing an Irish Jigstep and then kissing his wife long and loudly. "Our little boy will be home for Christmas!"

will be home for Christmas!"

"Go along with you!" cried Mary, wiping off the kiss and looking immensely pleased. "Our little boy, is it? If he's gained a pound since last summer he's bigger than you this minute, you scarecrow, with yer clo'es flappin' on four sticks!"

A few days before Christmas it chanced that Doberty was called out of town. Returning in the middle of the night be found himself minus his latchkey. Stepping round to the back he found the window of his room wide open, for the winter was open

his room wide open, for the winter was open too and the night was mild.

A boyish whim seized Doherty. He laid his suitcase on its side, put his hat, cont and vest on the case, and his shoes alongside of it. Then he leaped for the hickory later was to be the case. pole, swung out and enapped for the tackery pole, swung out and enapped back. Not far fifteen years had be tried it; but the mem-ory latent in well-trained muscles remem-bered. He came atop of the pole, his legs straightened and he shot for the window, hooking the inside of the sill cleanly. A joy welled up in Doberty's soul as he best-

The next instant a heavy body fell on him and two hands clutched his throat. Doherty seized the hands, tore them away indignantly and drupped on all fours, with his head huddled into his shoulders.

Seemingly his assailant understood the challenge and accepted it. He tried for the half-Nelson once, twice, thrice; and thrice Doherty's bullneck evaded it. The man on top now feinted for a toehold, but presently his hands shot under and he had an irresistible full-Nelson.

Doherty's hulk came into the sir with the pressure on his neck; then his feet shot straight up, he spun on his head out of his opponent's grasp and came down across his budy. Out of the mélée he issued with a cruel hammerlock; and, with a sudden effort, he flung the other man over and landed him

heavily three points down.

Both were on their feet in an instant and both seemed to realize instinctively that the game had changed. Doberty stood, his left hand forward, his right guarding his body. The other crouched like a panther, his hands in front of his head and work-ing censelessly. Like a panther, too, he

Doherty took a single step saide and swing to the other's head as he went by. Like a fury the panther-man came back and in that fury he lost his mode of delense. Doherty straightened him up with a left uppercut and crushed heavily to his rike with his delt and crushed heavily to his rike. with his right, sending him flying across the room. Despite himself the man's hands came down and, finding himself near the electric button, he flashed on the light. "Dad!" he cried.

"I thought it would likely he you. Danny," said John Doberty, breathing easily, "though you said Friday and 'tis only Wednesday. Would you go down to the yard and bring up my suitcase like a good lad?"
"Dan again in the same tone."

'Dad!" cried Dan again in the same tone of amazement, and running his hands over

of amazement, and running his hands over his father's body with a sort of awe.

"'Tis all my fault, son," said his father apologetically: "me coming in at the win-dow that way. I should have wired I was coming back."

"Dad!" exclaimed Dan for the third time. "You don't need to wire anybody you're coming back. You are!"

Electric Scrubwomen

MACHINERY has now invaded the field scrubbing machine has just come into use It is a little pushcart, supplied with electric power through a cable connected with a samp socket. The operator simply pushes it over the marble floor and controls its operations by levers on the cart handle. A set of brushes revolves on the floor while a little stream of water trickles down through them from a tank. Powdered soap is fed to the water in easily regulated amounts. As the cart is pushed sheed the dirty water is swept up to a pipe, and a little pump sucks it up from the floor.



When a fellow's got his pipe in his mouth he don't have to say a lot o' fool things. It gives him a chanst t' think up Welvet for suthin' wuth sayin'.

DIGHT, Joe; that's what the college president was driving at when he said that the thinkers of this country were the tobacco users. If every man considered his words for half a pipe full of good, old, slow burning VELVET, there'd be fewer words spoken, but they'd be kinder, wiser words.

VELVET, the smoothest smoking tobacco, mellowed by more than 2 years' ageing, is the choicest of Kentucky Burley, with all the richness, the flavor, and the satisfaction that has won for it the title of "Nature's



It's what we keep in VELVET that makes it the cool, fragrant, friendly smoke that

> Ask for VELVET at the next tobacco store.

> > Coupons of Value with VELVET

Lagett & Myers Tobacco Co.



The Most Suitable And Sour

RIGHT now thousands of families are daily depriving themselves of an endless chain of economical pleasures, comforts and benefits that could be theirs just as well as not. Get a big handsome Overland touring car into the very midst of your family, and you increase the pleasures and broaden the viewpoints of everyone in the house.

Thousands could be enjoying a better life, a fuller life, and could be getting a whole lot more fun out of life if they had a spick and span brand-new Overland at their beck and call. Ever figure it out that way? Well it's time you did.

Nearly 150,000 of the most substantial American families own Overlands. And every Overland owner is a loyal Overland booster. Find the Overland owner in your neighborhood. Get his experienced opinion. Talk to him before you make your decision.

He knows the difference.

Taking everything into careful consideration, the Overland is the most practical all-year-around-familycar on the market. It is not too large, nor is it bulky or or stunted—bu and the comple member of you

It seats five jamming—just can drive an Ov There is practic

Soft, deeply ceptional elastic and hardest rut

\$950. Completely equipped f. o. b. Toledo

\$1075

With electric starter and generator f. o. b. Toledo

The Willys-Ove

Canadian Factory: 1



vestment For The Whole Family

and, it is not small, dinky I size for the full comfort, sting enjoyment of every

ith ease. No crowding, no I the time. Then-anyone r, mother, daughter or sonlearn.

cushions and springs of exto take the roughest spots jolt or jar.

It is a hig thirty-five horsepower touring car which gives you all the speed and power you will ever want.

The long wheel base, in addition to giving you ample leg room, also adds to the riding comfort.

So do the large tires.

And the price-

Other cars of similar specifications cost a great deal more. How much? That varies. But in practically every case a careful comparison will prove to you that an Overland costs a full 30% less than any other similar car made.

In view of this can you afford to pay more for some

other car that does not give you as much as you can get in the Overland?

Then again-

The Overland is outselling every other similar car made. This is a positive indication of how the buying public regards this car as against all others.

Remember the cost is 30% less.

Spring is here. Get your family out of doors all you can. There is an Overland dealer in your town. Look him up today. Catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 26,

ompany, Toledo, Ohio of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Canadian Prices:

\$1250 Completely equipped t. o. b. Hamilton, Ont. | \$1425 With electric starter and generator



Finish This Story for Yourself-

The girl got \$6 a week and was lonely. "Piggy"-you can imagine his kind-was waiting downstairs. He knew where chain-

pagne and music could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord Kitchener's doing. But another night?

HENR

wife about it in this energ, with that full knowledge of women, with that frenk facing of sex, and that clean mind that have endeared him to the men and women of the

This is but one of the 274 stories, in 12 big volumes, you get for 25 cents a wank, if you send the coupon.

From the few who mapped up the first edition at \$125 a set before it was of the press, to the \$0,000 who have ragerly sought the beautiful volumes offered you here-from the stylint who sits among his books to the man on the street—this whole nation bows to O. Henry—and balls him with love and pride—our greatest positive of mindes.

To Those Who Are Quick

KIPLING

GIVEN AWAY

Never was there an offer like this. Not only do you get your 274 O. Henry stories in 12 volumes at less than others paid for one volume of the first edition, but you get Kipling's best 178 short atories and poems and his long novel-without paying a cent You get 18 volumes, packed with love and have and laughter. A big shelf full of handsome books.

Send the Coupon and you will under-stand why "O. Henry" is hailed as

"The American Kipping," "The V. M. C. A. Becovery," "Master of the About Steep," "Greature
of a frim Libratures." Discourse of Romanie in
10th York 2 Members, "The American de Mangae,
20th, "The Mount of the Landerman, "Foundary
of a Mem Style," "American Greatest Stary Tellion," The Date
Contact Harpent At Hashed, stor takes you in every source of
the Master Baydon. New York."

Riving

10 Irving Pater.

Send Coupon and you will understand as never

before why other nations are going wild over him-With (Description of the control of

Send the Coupon Without Money

You got built and have a supported by your chart to only the support Carly length and resemble of the second resem

Removal Reviews Co. 30 Immy Place New York

HEN TAKES POSSESSION

(Continued from Page 9)

"Seein' as how business is," said Sophie, "it can't be done. I'd like to do it, but An' what's the matter with yer horse? You could 've brought over the ice wagun fr ma to ride back in."

"Ma rouldn't ride in that," said Gret wearily; "she'd die with the juit. Besides, I ain't got no horse no more. He's gone. Somebody stole him." "Who!"

"I don't know!" returned Gret, with the emphasis on "know."
"Hen's in ind " went on Sonkier "bu

Hen's in jail," went on Sophie; "he couldn't 've-

"It wasn't Hen," interrupted Gret curtly. "Come on, ma; we've got to catch that train. We've got to get back early, i'r Grettan'n me has to cart ice an' coal in handcarts now. Come, ma!"

handcarts now. Come, ma!"
On the train she gripped ma by the arm.
"Ma," she said, "it was Schepp that stole
the horse."
"Your man?" cried ma. "How do you
know, Gret?"
"Al Simonson saw him." returned Gret.
"He saw him with the horse and he knew
him; and he spoke to him. Al thought
he'd come back and that I'd taken him in."
"You can get the law on Schepp." You can get the law on Schepp,"

returned ma.

Gret shook her head. "I don't get the law on nobody," she returned, discouragest. "If he's that mean let him take the horse. It's tur'ble, ma. Me an Gretta's gettin' all wore out." She shrugged her shoulders. "Let 'em go!" she went on. "There's two men I ain't got no further use for—one of 'em's Schepp." "Who's the other, Gret?" quavered her mother.

mother. "Never you mind, ma," returned Gret.
"Look! We're almost home."

In due time Mu Hinkley shuffled off this mortal coll. There were two people present at her deathbod—one was Gret her daugh-ter, the other was Gretta Schepp her grandchild, the young girl. Hen was still in jall. Sophie and her older sister were too far away to stir themselves to come. They got word but they did not heed it. They attended the funeral—that was expense enough; and then they went back to their

451 SHORT STORIES

2 LONG NOVELS

REART-

KIPLING

respective homes.

"Twasn't necessary," Mena explained to her husband, "that the will should be read at the funeral—or after, neither. Our lawyer told me so; so I didn't fetch it. Our lawyer says we'll go over to the courthouse after ten days and be'll probate it for us."

Eleven days after, Mena and her husband

went up the courtbouse steps.
"Won't Sophie an' Gret an' Hen be furious?" said Menn, her eyes glittering. "But my lawyer says they can't break the will. He says ma knew what she was about."

They turned a corner in a corridor and met Sophie Gebhard and her husband.
"We got ma's will," said Mena. "Our lawyer's goin' to probate it today."
Sophie nodded and followed Mena into the probate office. Mena's lawyer was already there with the other witness to the

will.

"Let me have it, Mrs. Kessler," he said, holding out his hand. He turned to an official. "This is Mrs. Hinkley's will," he

official. "This is Mrs. Hinkley's will," he said.

"No it ain't!" cried a voice in tones of assurance. "This is Ms. Hinkley's will—and it leaves everything to me!"

It was her will—there was no doubt about that, for it was the latest. No later will had been offered. The ten days were up. Sophie's witnesses were present. The probate office, in the presence of the gaping Kesslers, admitted Sophie's will.

"It leaves all to me," repeated Sophie with a lofty smile.

with a lofty smile.

"It's a fraud!" said Mena.

"Why?" said Sophie's lawyer, "Because it leaves everything to Mrs. Gebhard, one daughter, rather than to you, another describes? Rather difficult, isn't it? Better daughter? Rather difficult, isn't it? Better go ahead and try it out. We'll meet youand we'll heat you too.

The Kesslers did not fight it out. They had played a trick. Sophie had played another. She had gone them one better, however; so they slunk away in dudgeon. Sophie and her husband left the court-

house with their heads in air. Sophie nodded to her lawyer.

"You must come with us to Hendershot," said Sophie. "We've got to take possession of that house,"

The lawyer went with them. Before they entered, the lawyer from a discreet

distance looked the place over.

"Some property!" he said admiringly.

He was quite right. There was a white house—small but quaint; kept constantly coated with repeated doses of whitewash—Gretsaw to that. There were green shutters. There were a white barn and a white shed. There was almost half a mile of white picket fence—so, it seemed—inclosing the entire. fence—so it seemed—inclosing the entire domain. There were a small orchard, a big garden and a multitude of flower beds. The

garden and a multitude of flower beds. The place just as it stood was a gem, a bit of pleasing landscape. It might have caught the eye of any artist.

"Some place!" repeated the lawyer.

He knocked at the front door. Gret opened to him. Gret kissed Sophie on the cheek and shook hands with Gus Gebhard.

cheek and shook hands with Gus Gebhard.

She bowed to the lawyer.

"You wasn't over to the courthouse," said Sophie. "We been over there today to probate ma's will."

"I didn't know ms made a will," said Gret. She turned to the pretty young girl who stood behind her. "Did ms say anything to you about making a will?" she asked.

Gretta shook her head.
"She never did," she answered.

"She never did," she answered.

The lawyer interposed.

"I may as well tell you, Mrs. Schepp," he said, "that she did make a will and that the will was probated today; and that by its terms Mrs. Hinkley left everything to Mrs. Gebhard h.r.e."

"Everything!" echoed Gret. "Why, ma didn't have anything but this property here. All the household goods was mine." Sophie lifted her chin. She glanced contemptuously about the room.

"I don't care about the household goods," she said leftily; "they're not worth having. You're welcome to them, Gret."

"Thanks!" said Gret. "They belong to me anyway; but I diln't want to have no trouble—I thought you might be thinkin' ma had some claim on 'em."

"All we want," the lawyer proceeded, "is possession of this place. You can have a reasonable time to get your goods out,

reasonable time to get your goods out,

Mrs. Schepp."
Gret seemed startled.
"I don't have to move, do 1?" she

queried. "Of course!" said Sophie. "I got to get

my rights."
"I don't know nothin' about law," said Gret. "You know Brad Fettinger, don't you—the lawyer here in Hendershot! Well, you go down and see Brad Fettinger. If he says for me to get out, I'll git—that's all."

"That's better," said Sophie's counsel.
"I can talk to him. He'll understand and
he'll advise you right. We'll go down and
talk to him."

talk to him."

They went down. Gret did not accompany them. They found Brad Fettinger. He was a long, lean, lanky individual with ing hair shot with gray, and with a dingy office replete with dusty lawbooks. He possessed a drawl. He knew Sophio's lawyer and shook hands with him. He acknowledged that he represented Mrs. Schepp.

"Here's a copy of Mrs. Hinkley's will," said Sophie's counsel.

Brad Fettinger examined it.

Brad Fettinger examined it.

"Satisfactory to me-seems to carry everything the old lady had to Mrs. Gebhard here. Looks all right and regular to

me."
"Then," said the other man, "you'll advise Mrs. Schepp to move out?"
"Bless you, no," exclaimed Brad Fettinger; "not at all!"
"Why not?"
"Why should I?"

"Why should I?"

"This will gives everything that Mrs. Hinldey had to Mrs. Gebhard here."
"True; but what's that got to do with Mrs. Schepp's moving out, I'd like to

"It's our property-it's Mrs. Gebhard's

house and lot."

"Oh, no," drawled Fettinger; "it's Mrs.
Schepp's. It was Mrs. Schepp's before
Mrs. Hinkley died."

"Did she leave a later will?" queried the

other man, alarmed.
"No," said Fettinger. "I'll tell you all about it. Ten days before she died—she was a spry old woman, Mrs. Hinkley, even if she couldn't smell Hen Hinkley's breath ten days before she died I was passing there—I pass there once in a while—and she called me in. Mrs. Schepp was down to the canal and so was Gretta. They were carting ice and coal by hand—Schepp stole their only horse, you know."

"Never mind the horse," said Sophie's

lawyer.
"The old lady called me in. She was in a great state of mind. She said she'd made her will twice and she'd go to state prison if she made another—she said you told her

Sophie flushed-her own lawyer even

noticed it.

"She said she'd treated Gret, her daugh-ter, like a dog. She'd given all her money to Hen when Gret needed it. Gret had supported her and had worked for her. Nobody else had done anything for —" "Oh-h-h-h!" said Sophie, shocked. "And

it cost us over twenty dollars extra to

have ma visit with us!

have ms visit with us!"

"That's what she said," went on Brad Fettinger: "but she wouldn't make another will, for she'd go to state prison. She didn't see any way out; but she wanted me to fix it right. Bless your heart"—Brad laughed in his long-drawn-out way—"I didn't want to send her to state prison; so I had her make a deed—she executed it. I delivered it to Gret and then I recorded it for her. You can search the record. Mrs. Schepp has no objection to the will at all. It carries anything of which Mrs. Hinkley died seized—but she didn't die seized of this real property. Bless your heart, before her death it belonged to Mrs. Schepp!"

"It's a fraud!" screamed Sophie in the accents of her other disappointed sister, Mena. "An underhanded swindle—that's what it is!"

"Good!" drawled Brad. "It's that kind of spirit that makes lauguits. If you feel

"Good!" drawled Brad. "It's that kind of spirit that makes lawsuits. If you feel that way you hire my brother at the bar and Gret Schepp'll hire me; and we'll go to it, tooth and nail—and may the best man win!" man win!"

They did not fight it out, however. Law-suits in Hendershot and Bascom were events too overwhelming for the Gebhards. Besides, as their counsel took pains to inform them, there was a doubt-considerable

form them, there was a doubt—considerable doubt—about success.

"Ding 'em!" said Brad Fettinger to himself one day. "Why don't they fight!"

His musings were interrupted. The door of his office was flung open and a man lunged in. He was a very disreputable-looking man. He was Hen Hinkley. He was not alone. With him was another disreputable individual. They had been drinking, both of them.

Hen Hinkley brought a heavy fist down

on the desk.

won't stand for it!" he said.

"I won't stand fer it!" he said.
"Where did you get your money to buy drink, Hen?" queried Brad. "And where did you get the nerve, two burns like you, to come into my office? Get out!"
"Not," said Hen, "until I've had my say. I serve notice on you. I know a thing or two! Gret Schepp—my own aister—what do you think of that!—she sends me to iail to get me out of the way. An' then to jail to get me out of the way. An' then she gets my mother—my poor old mother— to give her all her property!" At the words "all her property" Hen's voice broke with

deep emotion.

"All her property, you understand! An' when they let me go, what do I find in the warden's office? A five-dollar hill—a measly five-dollar hill—and a letter—an insultin' letter—tellin' me all about it; an' warnin' me—warnin' me!—her own brother—to clear out and to stay cleared out! Says she stood me just on account of out! Says she stood me just on account of ma, to make ma happy. Now she's through with me. Insultin' minx! Through with me, eh?" He turned toward the door, pulling his companion with him. "Well, I ain't through with her-nor Schepp ain't,

neither."

"You bet I ain't," said Schepp—for the other man was Schepp. "I'm her husband. Ain't I got some rights in that there property? Ain't that there my home?"

"Come on, Schepp!" went on Hen Hinkley. "We ain't through with her. We'll just naturally go down and talk politics to her." He stopped and brough his fist grashing down once more. "I give you tics to her." He stopped and brought his fist crashing down once more. "I give you fair warning, counselor," he said, "that piece of property belongs to me. My mother

meant it for me. It's mine! And I'll tell you what I'm goin' to do—I'm goin' down today—I'm goin' down to take posses-sion! See if I don't. Schepp an' me'll go down and take possession. Won't we,

"Yer kin stake y'r bottom dollar 'at we will!" said Schepp.

"Fair warning, counselor!" repeated Hen. "Hen Hinkley goes down and he takes possession! See if he don't!" They left the office. Brad followed them

downstairs. He prepared to follow them further; but Brad was a lawyer and his chief concern for the past few days had been the scarcity of clients. The richest man in town was coming up, and he stopped Brad as Brad was going down.

"I was looking for you, Brad. Are you coming back?"

"I'll come back now," said Brad.
Brad went back to his office. He tried to
get the town hall on the wire, but nobody
answered. He tried to get the constable's home, but no one answered.

"What's the row?" queried the richest man in town.

"Never mind," said Brad; "I can't help it. It's beyond me now. I'm not a peace officer. Go ahead and spin your yars."

It was late in the afternoon when the yarn was fully spun. Brad advised his rich client and started a processing. He got a fee. His client left. Then Brad's con-science smote him. He feft that he should have warned Gret Schepp and her daughter somehow, at any rate.
"I can't sleep tonight," he told himself,

"unless I go right down there and tell her all about it."

all about it."

It was dusk when he reached the turn in the road that led to Gret Schepp's house. As he turned he saw two figures coming toward him. They were clinging together. He stood and waited. Finally they approached him. He looked them over.

One of them was Schepp. Schepp had both eyes blackened. His nose was bleeding generously. One ear was three times its normal size. The other man was Hen. Hen as an exhibit was quite as wonderful. Hen had a scalp wound that would have done duty as a saber stroke. He was expectorating blood. Three teeth were out. His coat was torn to rays.

"Come on!" mouned Hen. "We get to hire a speshlust or we'll die, both of us—an" ge to hell."

They did not even notice Fettinger,

Fettinger went on.
When he reached the little white house he pushed open the door and stepped fear-tully inside. His alarm was unjustified. Gret Schepp, clad in a clean white shirt-want, was washing off a rolling-pin at the

The pin in spots was slightly ruddy.
"The hair sticks to 'em sometimes," she

eaid nonchalantly. "Hen came to take possession, then?" queried Brad Fettinger. Gret dropped her rolling pin into the water

to let it soak.

"Hen come to take possession," she repeated; "but he took us by surprise. We wasn't quite prepared for Hon. We wasn't quite prepared for Schepp. If I'd knowed they was comin' I'd 'ave made out to treat 'em rough; but they took us by surprise.

We wasn't quite prepared."

We wann't quite prepared."

Brad looked at Gret. He looked at the rolling-pin. He rocalled some blackened eyes and broken noses and injured scalps. "I wonder," he said gently, "what would have happened if you had been quite prepared."

prepared!

"As I was sayin'," returned Gret. "I might 've treated 'em some rough."

A young vision of beauty had tripped into the room. She was warm and rosy. Probably she had been taking exercise, but she

did not show it. "Somebody fr some coal, ma," she

announced.
"I'll get it," said Gret. "You run along. There's Al Simonson a-comin' up the road, and he'll be wantin' to lalligar with you from now till suppertime."

Fettinger strolled homeward, laughing to himself.

"They wasn't quite prepared," he smiled, "not quite prepared! Dear me!"





Never rub the dirt in -always wash it off

On dry, breezy days, gusts of wind fill the pores of your skin with dust; in damp, rainy weather, they are constantly breathing in smoke and soot from the heavy, humid air.

These conditions, which must be endured, soon ruin any skin unless precautions are taken to intelligently counteract their effect.

There's a big temptation to rub this dirt off with your dry handkerchief. Never do this. The rubbing of the grime and dust over your skin irritates it and destroys its texture. Instead of this way, which throws an unnecessary burden on the skin and tends to overtax it, use this specific cleansing:

> Apply your bot washeloth, lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap, for several minutes. Then when the pures are thoroughly open, rub in a fresh lather of Woodbury' It dissolves the dirt, makes it almost melt away without the slightest irritation. Then close the pores and arouse the circulation in your akin by a cold water risse.

Use Woodbury's regularly. It costs 25c a cake, No one hesitates at the price after the first cake.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers throughout the United States and Cunada

Write today for samples

samples of Woodbury's Facial Soup, Facial Gream and Facial Powder. For Soc, a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. 2-D, Spring Grove Avenue, Convenants, Ohio.

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Ca., Ltd., Dept. 2-D, Perth, Ontario.





Styleplus \$17

The Time, the Store and the Clothes

Next week is the week before Easter. Easter—the time for New Clothes! And next week is Styleplus Week, which means that over the entire country merchants will send off the new season with a big Spring Opening Display of Styleplus Clothes \$17. One great nationwide movement to show men everywhere the remarkable style and values in these clothes-at-the-price-that-wins!

ONE Stylephus Store in your town.

A Famous Trademark it Pays You to Know

Thousands of young men and older men—
men in every walk of life—know and esteem
the kindly face of Henry Sonneborn. His
portrait pledges our responsibility for the high
quality of Styleplus and protects you against
inferior imitations. To men everywhere his features spell "Opportunity"—for quality clothes at
a reasonable price! Look in your town for the
store window with his portrait (as it appears
on this page).

ONE Styleping Store in your town.

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.

Founded 1849

Styleplus of Clothes

BALTIMORE, MD.

THE STORE OF CLOTHING ECONOMY-THE STYLEPLUS STORE

from Maine to California!

ASSESSMENT AND

Styleplus \$17

Have Clothes of Style and Value and Save your Money 100!

That is the special virtue of Styleplus Clothes \$17—clothes to be proud of and clothes to save money on—real value at the lower price. If you had to pay \$20 to \$25 for such clothes you wouldn't think it was unusual. But you only have to pay \$17! \$3 to \$8 in your pocket!

ONE Styleplus Store in your town.

Look for the Styleplus Window in Your Town

> Next week—and every week—you will want to keep your eye on the window of the Styleplus Store and watch the succession of splendid styles displayed there. Soon you'll step inside—and come out a Styleplus man all over—new clothes, new lesson, new man, and several dollars to the good!

> If there is no Styleplus merchant in your town, write us, and we will be glad to refer you to one not far away.

Send for our book, "As Others See You".

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.
Founded 1849 BALTIMORE, MD.

THE STORE OF CLOTHING ECONOMY-THE STYLEPLUS STORE



One Broken Threadthe Tire is Gone!

The strength of a tire is all in the fabric - the layers of tire fabric which are built into the tire, Without this fabric the tire would blow up like a toy halforen. It is the labric that withstands road shocks and strains. Let one little thread of the fabric break and your tire is gone. The tremendous strain widens the break the air seeps out - worming its way in between layers until is havreached the surface.

So it all gets back to the thread, The threat of a good tire fabric must be subroudable after it's in the tire-literally unbreakable.

Unbreakable Vitalic Thread

The triumpk of Vitalic Tires is really the triumph of Vitalic Triply Twisted Thread. For the splendid rubber would be worthless if the thread broke. This thread is made of the finest Sex Island Carson with mugh, silky fibres fully two inches long.



Triply Twisted Thread

The thread is twisted - not once like ordinary thread-but again and still again until it has almost the tendle strength of wire. The bicycle rim itself will break before a thread in Vitalic

Into this indestructible fabric foundation we force by tremendone pressure the finest, toughest, most enduring rubber that can be compounded.

And then we build up each tire by hand, layer on layer, by a process that makes a joint-

After the tire is vulcanized it is tested three times - the test is so drastic that no imperfect tire can escape.

Satisfaction or a New Tire

Now you know why Vitalie Tires to you, "If a Vitalic Tire in any way fails to satisfy you, take it

The Continental Rubber Works 19th and Liberty Streets

Largest Single Makers of Bicycle and Metercy le Tiers in the World back to your dealer and get a hew tire or your money."!



Vitalic Pure Red Gum Tubes

A truly great tube—for automobiles, mature-clea and be ycles. Made by a new process
and of rubber so care and tough
inst extraordinary wear is the
poult. Our tubes are issues,
for quality but this is far and
away the fessel and langest
fixed tube on ever mide. Tryjust one—we'll not have to
orge you to hay the sessed.



Section and a booklet, "The Truth From Tube to Trend," mailed FREE

THE GAY-CAT

The Kid was on his feet. He was sob-bing. The madness of revolt was still on bing. The madness of revolt was still on him. He must knock out Frisco Red. It was the law of the road. Ere he could save his dog he must prove his right thereto—his right to run his own game. The Kid had learned from Frisco Hed to be cruel and hrutal. Cruelty and brutality are the gods of the pagan road. Frisco Red was supine, that on his back in the dust. With his foot the Kid applied two finishing blows. They the Kid applied two finishing blows. They were cruelly placed. They were brutally

It had all occurred in a shock of time. The Kid looked down at the still heap on the ground. Then the Kid looked full at the many eyes in the shadow. He had besten Frisco Red. Viriously, in brutal fashion, he had besten his master. That brutality was the fault of his education. But that brutality was effective with the many eyes in the shadow. He was free to run his own game, to work his own will, to

do as he pleased.

The wall of the dag shrilled on his ear.
He stepped over the body of Frisco Red.
Precipitantly, breathing hard from the fight, he ran to the trough.

"Come out, old-timer," he called:
"You're in a deuce of a fix, aren't you?"
His voice was for all the section stranger.

His voice was, for all its gasping, strangely pliant and tender. He jerked up the board cover. By one of the frantic furepaws be lifted out the drowning Gay-cat. He huggest the whimpering, wet, shaking form to him. He laughed once hysterically.

"You should have seen how." I he whimpered.

"You should have seen how I heat up Frisco Red."

Traco Red."

The dog whimpered and souggled close. Hugging the dog in his left arm the Kid came back. He felt round with his right hand until he found the raner. That he examined with great pride. He doubled it up against the crotch of thumb and forelinger and, like a regular blown-in-the-glass stiff, stashed about with it in the air. Then very exrefully he tucked it away in an overalle

Silently he joined the hoboes neprawl beneath the tank. They had no word for him; but they roads space for him—for him and for his dog. It is the way of the road. As soon as a road-kid is strong road. As soon as a road-kid is strong enough to beat his master the domination of that hoho ends. Age makes no difference. It is the primeval law of strength. The Kid becomes a masteriess road-kid, a younger hoho. The Kid had besten Frisco Red. Impossible it was for him longer to serve that holo. He was free. He was free to wander wherever the wanderlust called. He and his dog were free. That thought He and his dog were free. That thought made freedom awart. He was fer at once being off along gypsying roads where Red would be forgotten and the dog could chase sparrows through the fallen leaves.

"Give me a smoke," he said to the

In his voice was the note of equality. In the silence of equality they gave it him. The Kid rolled the brown-paper tube. The Southbound whistled far up the track. He Southbound whistled far up the track. He lighted the cigarette. The rumble of the approaching train shook through the ground. The Kid got afoot. Walking to the trough, the Gay-cat at his heels, he filled his cap with water. He downed it on Frisco Resi. "Get up, bo," he said, the gruffness of manhood in his voice. "Can't yer bear the

Frisco Red opened his eyes. The Kid turned and walked away. Daredly Red rolled over and felt in the dust for the razor. But the Kid did not notice the futile search. The hoboes had spread out. The train was slowing at the tank. The Kid lifted the

dog in his arms.

At ten o'clock that night at a waystation the Kid was ditched. The bark of
the startled dog at sight of a brakeman was
the cause. The Kid with the dog had been riding all alone on the humpers between two freight cars. The others were not discovered. The Kid stood on the tracks, the dog in his arms, as the train foreshortened into the night.

"Goodby, Frisco Red," said the Kid soberly. Then his head lowered to the

dog's drooping ear and he whispered:
"It was for you I done it, Gay-ext, old-timer! Honest, it was for you I done it."

"Always movin', always movin' on," the Kid would say to the dog. "Gay-cat, when we gets tired of bein' boes we'll go

back to the valley and surprise my ma. But I guess"—with a wistful smile—"you and me'll never get tired of bein' hoboes. We're blowed-in-the glass stiffs, we are, and it's in our blood."

The Kid was, when he said that, an older The Kid was, when he said that, an older boy by a full year. Also his love for the Gay-cat had made him thoughtful. Sometimes on dewy mornings he saw, more clearly than the road he walked, the cottage up in Grass Valley. The marguerites near the picket fence were white and fresh. It was sweet where he was born. Sometimes he wished he could go back. But there was that itch in his boy's soul that kept him wandering—wandering to find peace.

And the dog understood. It was wonderful. The dog understood why he could not

ful. The dog understood why he could not go back. The dog too, was cursed with the wanderlust. The dog whimpered in sympathy up into his face. Then onward into the dawn the dog led the way.

They came back over the Hump for the fall and winter in California. The freight from Ogden was headed for Sacramento, the great dumping off place of the winter.

from Ogden was headed for Sacramento, the great dumping off place of the wintering bobo. It was here near Sacramento, just a year gone, that the Kid had found the Gay-rat and that he had beaten Frisco Red. It was near Sacramento, up in Grass Valley, where were his mother, graying in her shawl, and the cottage with the picket fonce and marguerites. Perhaps that was why, while the Kid still wandered, he wandered close.

They rolled in that train of flat cars

he wandered close.

They rolled in that train of flat cars through the Sacramento Valley, golden with autumn, until Sacramento neared. The train slowed down. The Kid swung off. He feared the railroad police in the terminal yards. The train clacked onward in a cloud of hot dust as he stood to one side, the dog in his left arm. He set the dog afoet, and the dog led the way up the levee for a look at the river where so often they for a look at the river where so often they

had gone swimming.

In a flushed sky slowly the sun sank. It drapped behind the black feathers of tule on the other levee. The levee dimmed and on the other sevee. The sevee dimmed and grew remote. A stern-wheeler from San Francisco coughed upstream. Its whistle sounded, through the screen of dusk, weary and lonesome. The swell from its paddles broke in tiny ripples at their feet as the streamboat rounded a bend in the river and

was gone with the day.

Thoughtfully the Kid and the Gay-est turned their backs on the darkened river.

They walked down the slope. The Gay-cat barked. He dashed, with a sudden show of spirit, across the tracks and into a little faded road hidden in the mystery of twi-

The Kid followed his brave lead. The lane was pungent with fruity odors. It wound between green curtains of hop vines. softly stirring in the breezes of the evening. A strange peace was on the Kid. Something about the lane, lost in the thick of twilight, the smells and random breezes filled his soul with a gypsy content. That gypsy content it was that made his wanderings content it was that made his wanderings
with the Gay-cat sweet. And so they came
to a white wooden gate beyond which, on
the black flat of a patch, melons lay cut
and tempting, splotches of gold and green.
"Cantaloupes," said the Kid. "Cantaloupes would go good now. Wet and cool
after that ride, hub—Gay-cat?"
The Kid demonstrated over the greeking

The Kid clambered over the creaking gate. The dog bellied under the gate. They gate. The dog bellied under the gate. They were inside when, in the gray house that squatted down in the field, a door was flung open and voices came from the lighted doorway in the uncouth vocables of the Japanese tongue. The Kid crouched. The dog barked sharply. The Kid pulled the dog off his feet and quieted him.

The door slammed shut. The house slept grayly. Sniffing the air for danger, the Gay-cat trotted out on the black loam of the natch.

the patch.
"Come here, Gay-cat," the Kid whis-pered. "Keep close to me and don't think you own this here patch. Them Japs don't invite boes in here to mooch melons. They sleep in the fields sometimes with guns."

The Kid made short dashes between the muskmelons to see how ready for eating each was. Some were green. Others were overripe. One, cut from the trailing vine

and leaves, was a golden temptation. He lifted that. It was quite heavy.

The dog scuffled ahead. The Kid, ready for retreat, called softly. The dog answered in a yelp of fright. Abruptly the



Make Every Hour Pay a Profit

THE CLICQUOT CLUB CO., box A. Mills. Name

Wantum Office Marcines Sprinting Suntin. Washington. How York Office, 146 Musium in Chiennan Uffice, 881 W. Mirbigest Ave.

Vost tier can some a limiter of income as entire and agent for The Oliver Tv worther in your cointonity. One 15-red others are cointon space time time one cointon space time time one in our cointon space. Bushers, shifted overhead, combines, departments of income thingraph tiperators—all statements in name bushers are in the Oliver Agency decided one cointoning the Oliver agents.

No Experience

It is not required. It is not mecousiry. For my trans and at home - free, We have trained thousands of bything reports, makers through the Object behind of true deal being magazine. And office we will perform matrix-part.



The Standard Vailde Writer

Never has it been onter to sell filters yearstars than now. For we are executing employing an armed the first and continued

The Silent Seven

A response retirement to expected that expresse arthrogenest to expect or holding visible residue, and the coldinal annuard lawker, printing—all office rate breaking inventions are included. And improvements and refinements that goes the breaking and refinements that goes the breaking and refinements that goes the provider and displaced type arms a constitutely the behaved type arms and that's known.

Prospects Furnished

Every reall brings orders and repoleus mare our peofes solt them. And solver are not people solt them. And solver are anti-crust in self this Sient Seven so our peopler printess plan - 32c to day. We carry the account. The hard agent gitt die people.

Opportunity Book Free

Make poor amplication pre-pile, become territory is assigned. Do not held the Virginian or otherwise, whatever the control of the control of

The Oliver Typewriter Company 1106 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago

dog came back. He came back as if shoved by some invisible hand on his quarters. To see what was the matter the Kid moved forward. The dog was whimpering nervously at his heels when he came full nervously at his heels when he came run upon the Japanese laborer asleep on a mat among the vines and leaves, his brown shiny, stupid face upturned. The Kid stepped back in fright just as the dog had done. His heel caught in a melon vine. The vine tripped him. His arms flung behind to ease the full. The muskmelon bounded from his

the fall. The muskmelon bounded from his flinging arms and rolled against the laborer.

The laborer leaped afoot. His arms were upraised before his face in an almost articulate gesture of bewilderment. The Kid lenped aloot. Thereat the laborer, seeing what had awakened him, screamed shrilly in Japanese. He gave chase. He showed in his hands a long-handled shovel.

"Gay-cat!" yelled the Kid. "Oh, Gay-cat! Come here!"

But the dog did not run for the rate at

But the dog did not run for the gate at the heels of the Kid. He dashed, barking and snapping, toward the oncoming laborer. The laborer cried out. He cried out in what appeared to be genuine fear of the dog. Full on the head of the runhing, snapping dog he brought down the sharp metal edge of the

The defiant barking of the dog rose into a shrill yelp of pain that was almost a scream. A second yelp followed on the beels of the first. Then another, and another. The yelps were continual and

The Kid ran back. Unconscious of all The Kid ran back. Unconscious of all personal danger he ran back to the yeiping dog. He had no eyes for the Japanese laborer. He saw only his dog, bleeding from a red gash in the head and staggering, as he yelped, on bending legs. He scooped the bleeding Gay-cat up into his arms. White and cold and blind with grief, he rushed past the bewildered laborer. He floundered through the soft field to the gats. He sobbed love words. The yelps of the little Gay-cat dropped to whimpers, slow and dull as moans.

little Gay-cat dropped to whimpers, slow and dull as means.

The Kid walked in a miserable dream. He was stupefied by his despair. On the outskirts of Sacrumento he stumbled into a drugstore. At sight of his anguish-filled eyes and the bleeding dog the druggist was won over to mercy. With a gause bandage he bound up the gash in the Gay-cat's head between the drooping ears.

The pain of the dag was somewhat coothed. The Kid staggered on through the railroad yards, through the city and slong the road to where, in a grass-disheveled field, a haystack bulkest. The wretched search was ended. In the hay he would find some soft next wherein to lay the wounded Gay-cat.

wounded Gay-cat.

All that night in the haystack the Kid watched and worried over the whimpering watched and worried over the waimpering dog. He was a boy alone in a waste where sympathy was not. Yet out of those harrens of brutality had mene to him a great love. And that love was stricken, sick with pain. Through that long night, as the dog whimpered continually in dull agony and the mosalight silvered down, the Kid accused himself:

accused himself:
"It's all my fault that you're half dead.
Gay-est, all my fault. Cantaloupes! I couldn't do my own moschin' for cantaloupes! And look at the other risks I let yer take. I let yer ride where you could be killed. You could fall off the rods. You could slide from the rouf. A piece of coal thrown from the cab could mash yer. You, the only one that loved me, and I let yer bobe with me like that for all these months

hebe with me like that for all these months and days and days."

The dog licked his face. That only made him the more miserable. He wanted to ask forgiveness of the dog. And the dog reached up and licked his face. It was terrible, such love. He would prove himself worthy of that love!

"Hoboin' is no place for to keep a dog!" he told the dawn. "Jes" supposin' he was killed!"

His white face was set with lines deeper than ever had been the dirt scratches. He

pering little brute.

"Gay-cat, we'll square it!" he said fiercely. "It'll be hard for you. It will be hard for me. But it's got to be done. This night has give me a lesson. Right now it's get to be done. This mornin' I gets a job, see? I gets a job. We'll square it, Gay-cat,

old-timer. You and me, we'll square it.

That was an appalling step, but after the tragic happening of the night it had to come.

The Kid took that step without quiver of lip. He would prove himself worthy of the

beautout adver-



Those pictures of father and mother-quaint in their old-fashioned clothes, are all the more precious because they recall the father and mother of your childhood.

Some day your photograph will be just as precious to others. And the present-day photographer is well equipped, both in skill and in the tools of his profession, to pay the obligation that this generation owes to the next.



There's a photographer in your town. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.



dog's love. He would cease to be a hobo. He would fight the lust for moving on. He would settle down in one place. In one

place—that was the appalling thing.

The Kid slid down out of the stack in the early morning to beg food for the hungry dog. He had little choice. There was the camp beyond the fence of the field where ate the workmen who were macadamizing, for the county, the road into town. There was the shanty of a farmhouse. The Kid looked at the house.

The house was two-storied, clapboarded and drab. It stood sullenly alone in the grass-disbeveled field. On the second floor were two windows, opaque with dirt. Yet ame one lived in that house. As the Kid

same one lived in that bouse. As the Kid looked a wisp of smoke lifted out of its roof. It was a pathetic wisp of smoke, like the draggled exhalation of an old hobo's instrigarette. All that night no lights had showed in the house. The wisp of smoke was the only sign of a life within.

The Kid decided. The miserable aspect of the house made that decision. Its occupant or occupants would be as miserable. Were the Kid to approach that house it would be discovered that he was living in the haystack and he would be routed out. the haystack and he would be routed out. There was no better nest, no softer flopping for the wounded Gay-cat than that hollow

The Kid begged food from the camp cook. He fed in pinches most of the bread and mest to the dog. In a battered tomato can, sunk in the hay, he left a supply of water. He pressed the warm muzzle of the dog to his cheek. Then he went into Sucramento to make, along K Street, his last clean-up of dimes.

With a load of groceries and a singing heart he reappeared at noon. He had landed a job. A man from whom he had begged a nickel had offered him work. It was in a cracker factory, piling empty boxes at the bottom of an endless boist. It was treadmill work, but it was an anchor to

was treadmill work, but it was an anchor to hold him fast.

The while he fed the dog the Kid talked happily, but there was no hiding the sacrifice. It was a sacrifice. Day in, day out for a full year the dog never had been out of eyesight of the Kid. And now the Kid was going to leave him for the greater part of the day. It was a terrible sacrifice. But they were squaring it. That meant sacrifice. As the Kid left in the damp earliness of morning the dog whimpered miserably. The Kid, as he tore himself away, muffled his ears with his hands. He worked manfully; but his thoughts were not with the empty cracker boxes. They were out in the sun-scorched haystack with the dog. He knew it was lonely far the dog. His own life, while he was away, seemed desolate. Through the dragging hours be heard, as he Through the dragging hours he heard, as he bent over the baxes, the whimpers of the lonesome Gay-cat. He even remembered how the love-mad dog had licked his hands, his face, and forternly wagged its tail when he had hurried back at noon to the farm.

he had hurried back at noon to the farm.

They lay, that night of the first day's work, side by side in the baystack. Over their heads the stars breathed.

"I knew it's lonely, Gay-cat," said the Kid. "It's lenely for me as well as for you. But yer got to bear it. I got to bear it, Gay-cat. I hates the smell of crackers. The piles of boxes jes' bear me down. And I hates to think of you so lonesome. Perhaps if we went home, Gay-cat, if we went up the valley to my ma it might be easier. She rould take care of you and love you for me. It would not be so lonesome for you while I was away at work, and we would while I was away at work, and we would love her so much we could square it. There would be no longin' to be hoboin' it again. We'd never want to leave her no more."

The dog lifted up his bandaged head and licked the Kid's face for all the world as though he understood and sympathized.

The Kid fell into a period of uneasy slumber. Rose, against the lids of his eyes, a bush of white marguerites, clean of dust and sparkling with dew. Behind it shaped the cottage and on the doorsill a pale little shawled woman. He could see the dimmed plaid of the shawl about her thin shoulders. Her pale fees was that near and distinct be could see the blackness of her once brown She looked over the marguerites along the road. She called. She called his name. Then she faded from sight. The

white marguerites Inded.

The Kid looked up at the breathing stars.
The air was thick with odors. It seemed to quiver with his name. That call of his mother seemed, in all reality, to be quiver-ing through the heavy air. He sat up in the

(Cencluded on Page 57)



Why that pain, when Blue-jay would relieve it instantly?

Why have a corn, when Blue-jay would remove it in two days?

Why that discomfort, when millions of people could tell you a way to get rid of it?

These are the facts.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. And from that instant the pain is relieved

Then, while you work or sleep or play, Blue-jay undermines the corn. Generally in two days you can lift it out, without any pain or trouble.

Think how easy, how simple.

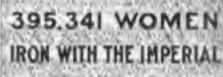
While you pare corns, or treat them in other petty ways, Blue-jay is taking out a million corns a

It is simply folly, in these modern days, to suffer from a corn. A

Blue-jay For Corns

15 and 25 cents-at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York Makers of Physicians' Supplies





women have been island froming day deadle, ery. With little effort, they get quicker, better, more oconomical Tronting, Why don't you use the

Imperial Self-Heating Flat Iron

Oldest and best, Unated from within by gusoline of decident about Berns gusoline Shown by Lorne No takes or cords. Sate and others. More points all imperiority than one other self-hostine iron. Die anywhere, Lore points. Leliural guarantee. Write for 10 Day Fron Trial Offer gud

Imperial Brass Mfg. Co. Dept. 534-1210 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS A Wonderful Seller



Labyrinth Keylem Padlock, Works has a self- Operated in the day as a self- operated by the self- operator, automotive, even better, automotive, garn better, automotive, garn better, and consider places. But self- operated by a construction of the self- operated by the self- operat

THOMAS KEYLESS LOCK CO. 9668 West Street, Dayton, Ohio Concluded from Page 54)

thing hay. The dog stirred. The Kid at boughtfully still. Deep in his brains hat all stirred poignant memories.

the must be a-callin' me up there in writey," he said, "a-callin' me all these

The dog grew strong enough to play are the was sliding down the slopes of the prothe ground. Often, at noon or night, and found the dog nesting in some nook the base of the stack. Because of that the kid grew afraid. He was afraid lest, this way, their presence would become must to the inmate or inmates of the use and the Gay-cat mistreated while he

at there was another thing that worried te kid. The Gay-cat was growing indif-met to the Kid's leavetakings. True, he tred in forlorn attempts to follow the kin but why did he not whimper at the large! The Kid brooded over the case. be dog's indifference was quite natural, be dog was growing used to being left to The Kid should have foreseen it. Yet

se it now pained the Kid. I-raised dust, up the road and under the case, so Gay-cat ran from the baystack a ump on him and lick his hands. The kil went to the stack. He whistled. No roc old head shoved above the ragged edge No four-legged streak of yellow and so much as a rustle from the hay.

"Kid was alone.
"Where is he?" he asked himself. "The the Gay-cat! He's a-foolin' me to make

the gy-cat; He's a-toom me to make a steered."
Under the gray of dust his face was white. It surched the field. He looked along the ad. There was no sign of the Gay-cat, a whistled. He called. He was in a lock of dread. Despite his fear of the occurs of the house he called and called in a shouts. Nor dog nor answer of any

I desuit. Nor dog nor answer of any indicame to him.

That which was broad noon closed like the black and elemental, about the Kid.

I stood in the dead field stooped to an universite despair. From his heart, the loss of blood, some-set was running out. And he could not for all his loss and his despair he was try. of not cry

ome time later, with hard eyes, he ad-aid on that old derelict of a tarmhouse. Maybe," he choked —"maybe he's in

The door, lacking knob and lower panel, penel to his touch. He reeled into shad
The place was thick with dust and the place was thick with dust and the was a living thing on that whole we floor, excepting some honeslies that the same back and forth through the dusty

is one wall from the entrance tot-ced a rickety staircase, thick with dust sanded white near the wall with fallen user. The Kid went up. At the top he well across a creaking flooring in a room her the sun fought through a dirt-coated who to light a bed and a bureau.

con the bureau were a tin plate of food, the bed. She was fully dressed in the server clothes of a woman that struggled by feet until the last insufferable pangular fell disheveled and white about her tometed head. She lay, eyes closed, on the lay of the bed. One hand hung limply the side of the bed, and snuggling and that hand was the Gay-cat.

The dog, at the creaking sounds of the long, turned from licking the hand. He is the Kid. He did not leap up and upon Kid. He turned back to licking that

he old woman did not move. The Kid old over her. Her eyes opened, but she worked over him. She was looking up at that dow as though to pierce its dirt-thick and see into the day.
Ralphie," said she. "Oh, darlin'!"

Ralphie," said she. "Oh, darlin'!"
Her voice was plaintive with longing.
It sudden strength she lifted berself up
the sudden strength she lifted berself up

the pillow. On her old worn face was radiance of love.
It laded suddenly as it came. Her radian ebbed. She fell back upon the

The dog at her side whimpered.

Mamma!' cried the Kid. "Oh, ma,

you know me? It's Ralphie that's

pou-Ralphie."

ty years and by worry. She saw with

a brain unclouded by sorrow. Her love saw. And in an indescribable voice she

cried out:
"My boy! Ralphie! It's prayin'—
prayin' on my worn old knees that brought you. Four years and me prayin' all alone. Oh, my boy!"

There was everything in her voice. Sor-row suffered, and age, and joy transcendent. Until she could stand no longer the loneliness and the longing she had lived in the little cottage up in Grass Valley, where the marguerites were fresh and white. She had fed hoboes, and as she rocked in her misery before the fire they had given her advice. They had told her to go to Sacramento. That city was the clearing-house of all the hoboes. Soon or later he would come there, they had said.

or a small sum she sold the place in the valley. She came down to the city. She was pitifully wrought up for the meeting; but he did not come. She waited and slowly spent her money. She became penniless and then, with lack of nutritious food, sick. Sick of workworn body and sick of living all alone she crept to the ramshackle farmhouse to die. house to die.

So she cried and yearned and faded. He did not come. Only came a little yellow dog to lick her hands. It was the Gay-cat. He came every day. She told the dog of her lost boy, and he seemed to understand. In pity he licked her hands. She called that

dog Prince.

And now her boy had come!

The Kid put his tousled boy's head on the pillow heald her. She touched and kissed his hair. The Kid wept as she crooned

over him.
"It was the Gay-cat." he gulped to him-self. "It was the Gay-cat that done it. The little old hobo Gay-cat brought me

The Kid went to work in the sunsy, pungent hopfields behind the levee below town. He had lost, on account of his absence, the job in the cracker factory. Bare of feet and happy he picked hops. At soon his old mother brought him his lunch. She nat in the shadow of the vines and watched the hop—her hoy—est. She picked a few hops for his basket. She picked as much as he would let her. Then ahe went miltly into the peace of the afternoon.

The Gay-cat was growing stronger and friskier. Of afternoons she left the Gay-cat with the Kid. The Kid would weigh in his hops at tour o'clock. Then it was over the levee with the dog to take in the meliowness a swim in the river.

Thus each day the road called. The sunset lured. The tracks had in them some magnetic pull.

set lured. The tracks had in them some magnetic pull.

The day was mellow and gelden. Again were they fresh and tingling from the swim. The dog was wet and draggle-haired. He was eager. He leaped upon the ties. The Kid fell into the elouching stride, shoulders hunched, head lowered. The dog whined with happiness. Down the tracks he followed the Kid. He was eager. Down the tracks he followed the Kid toward the glow of sunset.

of sunset.

The Kid drew up. Pale with the effort of it he drew up. He turned slowly round. The Gay-cat whimpered. He kept on The Kid stood still. He watched. His face was drawn. He whistled. The dog looked back. The dog backed once shortly. The lust surged up in the Kid. The world reeled—the world of glistening tracks and glowing, beckening sunset. He bit his lip. That held him from taking the first step—that first step that would give momentum and send him onward all his days!

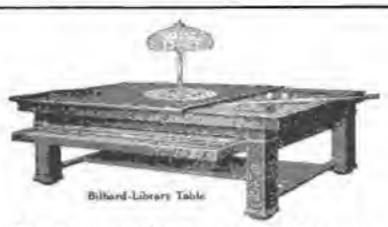
The Gay-cat weet on. His head was

The Gay-cat west on. His head was lowered to the ties. His tail was a-droop. There was in that drooping tail something that appalled the Kid. He stood aghast. His head was After a time he called: "Gay-cat! It's for her!"

The dog halted. All that time be had been going on. He sat up. Over a wet, hairy shoulder he sent back one look of utter misery. He dropped down. Alone and drooped to the long walk the dog swang on into the samet.

Flat on his face on the grassy bank the Kid threw himself. He raged against fate. He cried hotly. He was to cry for love and longing of that dog later in his mother's arms. But just then, as he cried, in his voice was all the contempt of those that resist temptation for those that fall:
"The Gay-cat!"

For the first time he said the word as a blown-in-the-glass stiff should may that



Billiard-Library Table -20 Cents a Day

The trifling sum of 20 cents a day will pay for this beautiful Brunswick "Convertible" Billiard-Library Table, including complete Playing Outfit.

The table is made of finest Quarter-sawed Golden Oak, handsomely finished. Equal in playing qualities to the famous "Baby Grand."

Concealed Cue Rack and Accessory Drawer hold entire playing equipment.

Adapted for use in library, living room, or den; no extra room required.



Brunswick "Baby Grand"

Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Table

The Brunswick "Baby Grand" is a masterpiece in Mahogany. Fitted with a genuine Slate Bed, the celebrated Monarch Quick-Acting Cushions and Accessory Drawer to hold entire playing equipment. Sizes 3x6, 31-2x7, 4x8. Furnished as a Carom, Pocket-Billiard or Combination Carom and Pocket-Billiard Table. Attractive prices and easy terms,

Let the Boy Buy the Table

Your boy can easily pay for the table-it's a good way to teach him to save. We offer very easy terms.

Playing Outfit Free

The price of each table includes complete high-grade Playing Outfit Cues, Balls, Bridge, Rack, Chalk, Markers, Brush, Cover, Rules, Book on "How to Play," etc., etc.

Send the Coupon

or a postal card for richly illustrated book, "Billiards - The Home Magnet," containing pictures, descriptions, Factory Prices and details of Easy-Purchase Plan. This book will help solve the gift

The Brut	nswick-Balke-Collender Co.	
Dept.	X. F 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chica	go

Please send me the free color-illustrated book

"Billiards - The Home Magnet"

Name			-	_
Address_		-	-	 -



to a limit the to-alse helps and subject

Jap-a-lac-ing done" as it is to think "I must get my mending done." The only difference is it's fun to Jap-a-lac.

The uses of Jap-a-lac in your home are limitless. Your white enamel dresser is turning yellow-Jap-a-lac it. Your chair does not harmonize with your living room-Jap-a-lac it. The hall floor is scarred and marred-Jap-a-lac it. The radiators are dull and unsightly—renew them with Jap-a-lac, Gold or Aluminum. These are merely suggestions. There is no end of uses...

Three groups—many colors

JAP-A-LAC transparent colored finishes—(in pine colors)-color, but allow the grain of the wood to show through. Also Floor and Interior Varnish (Natural).

JAP-A-LAC enamel colors—(10 colors, including white in chamel surface and three flat huishes)color and cover the grain of the wood.

JAP-A-LAC Gold or Aluminum-for producing a true gold leaf or aluminum effect.



Three things to remember-

Jap-a-lae is a very real economy in making your old things new. Real Jap-a-lae results are possible only with Jap-a-lae.

So when you go to your dealer to buy, just to be certain, remember these three things:

Jap-a-lac-Green Can-Glidden

You may forget one-or two, possibly-you can't forget all three.

Jap-a-lac has put the renewing of everything in your home on an easy basis—right in your own hands. That's why you naturally think of it first, But don't merely think Jap-a-lac—do things with Jap-a-lac.

You will find Jap-a-lac at quality stores—where everything in stock is on a par with Jap-a-lac.

Canada

Caradian readers will be pleased to know The Glidden Varnish Cm., Lul., of Toronto, are supplying Glidden products to Canadian dealers throughout the Derrottion. Most dealers are now in position to supply you with Japa-luc and other Glidden goods, but if you are numble to get just what you want, write direct to our Canadian factury.

Delivers

We do not tell jupe do re optilizingly drollers, but should you experience my definably in a conting just the cellus you want, send on you is remissable plant for each of the you are supplied primpile through the center dealers it has you all of the street in the according to the cellus you all of the street in the according to the cellus you perfor. The experient lap a labelled proper full instruction, the color and shows all endors. They are soon, free, or request.

Intervelor to mid the world over

Many dealers to foreign committee com early lapsacker and Glödden products in more republic, any dealer anywhere can get Glödden product can get Glödden product can get Glödden product contribution of Glodden any language.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY 10410 MADRON AVE., N. W. CLEVELAND, OHIO

PACTORIES CLIVILIANO TOWNERS





The Girard Smile D. Minhell

It is no small thing to have discovered a blend of tobacco so made that the combination of leaves yields a smoke which is agreeable to the taste, satisfying in aroma and yet so mild that it is easy on nerves.

GIRARD

are being smoked by an ever-growing clientele. The first few cigars are very likely smoked by most men because they like the flavor, but very soon they discover also that they feel better than when smoking strong heavy cigars.

Girard eigars are made in 14 sizes, from 3 for a

quarter to 20c. straight.

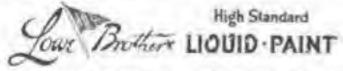
Antonio Roig & Langadorf Established 1871 Philadelphia



"I finally made Jones paint his house"

"When I told Jones I was going to paint my house, he said, Mine looks good enough for a year or two more.' He changed his mind after my house was painted and now he's an enthusiastic neighborhood improvement booster."

You, too, can set the stample in improvement more which your neighbors will follow, by palating your home with



Write for Five Book

This bear Brown Attenuage on all of place of the same attention for beautifying name from the base of the same from the same fro

The Lowe Brothers Company

485 E. Third Street, Daytrin, Ohio Arried Elly Gillowen Blancas Gle-Lowe Stothers, Ltd., Toronto Cacada

Mammonia

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

after all, and how closely are all peoples knit together in common bonds of love and affection. The hot dog, as found here, is just as we know him throughout the length and breadth of our own land—a dropsical Wicerreurst entombed in the depths of a rye-bread sandwich, with a dab of horse-radish above him to mark his grave—price,

The woolly plush hat shows no change either, except that if anything it is slightly woollier in the Alps than among us. As transplanted, the dinky little bow at the back is an affectation purely—but in these parts it is logical and serves a practical and a utilitarian purpose, because the mountain by ways twist and turn and double, and the local beverages are potent brews; and the weary mountaineer, homewardbound afout at the close of a market day, may by the simple expedient of reaching up and finger-ing his bow tell instantly whether he is

going or coming.

This is also a great country for churches.

Every group of chalets that calls itself a village has at least one long-spired gray church in its midst, and frequently more than one. In one sweep of hillside view from our car window I counted seven church steeples. I do not think it was a particular steeples. I do not think it was a particularly good day for churches either; I wished I might have passed through on a Sunday, when they would naturally be

Along this stretch of railroad the mountaineers come to the stations wearing the distinctive costume of their own craggy and slabsided hills—the carling pheasant feather in the hatbrim; the tight-fitting knoe-breeches; the gaudy stockings; and the broad-suspendered belt with rows of huge brass buttons spangling it up and down and crosswise.

Such is your pleasure at finding these quaint habilinents still in use amid set-tings so picturesque that you buy freely of the fancy-dressed individual's wares be

always has something to sell.

And then as your train pulls out, if by main force and awkwardness you jam a winmain force and awkwardness you jam a win-dow open, as I did, and cast your eyes rear-ward for a farewell peek, as I did, you will behold him, as I did, pulling off his parade clothes and climbing into the blue overalls and the jean jumpers of pressic civilization, to wait until the next carload lot of foreign tourists rolls in. The European persons is indeed a simple, guildless creature—if you are careless about how you talk.

In this district and on beyond, the sight

In this district and on beyond, the sight of women doing the bulk of the hard and dirty farmwork becomes common. You see women plowing; women hoeing; women carrying incredibly huge bundles of fagots and fodder on their heads; women hauling heavy carts, sometimes with a straining, punting dog for a teammate, sometimes unaccompanied except by a stalwart father or husband, or brother or son, who salks along-side emoking a china-bowled pipe to see that the poor human draft-animal does not shirk or balk, or sky over the traces.

Where Nobody Works but Grandma

To one coming from a land where no decreat man raises his hand against a woman except, of course, in self-defense this is indeed a startling sight to see; but this is indeed a starting aget to see; out worse is in store for him when he reaches Bohemia, on the other edge of the Austrian Empire. In Bohemia, if there is a particularly masty and laborious job to be done—such as spading up muck in the rain or grabbing sugar-beets out of the half-fruzen earth—they wish it on dear old grandmother.

She always seemed to me to be a grandmother—or old enough for one anyway, Perhaps, though, it is the life they lead, and not the years, that bends the backs of these women and thickens their waists and mats their hair and turns their feet into clods and their hands into swollen, red

Surely the Walrus, in Alice in Wonderland, had Germany in mind when he said the time had come to sing of cabbages and kings—because Germany certainly does lead the known world in these two commodities. Everywhere in Germany you see them - the cabbages by the millions and the billions, growing rank and purple in the fields and giving promise of the time when they will change from vegetable to vine and become the fragrant and luscious trailing sauerkraut; but the kings, in stone or bronze, stand up in the marketplace or the public square, or on the bridge abutment, or just back of the brewery, in every German

city and town along the route.

By these surface indications alone the most inexperienced traveler would know he had reached Germany, even without the halt at the custom house on the border; or the crossing watchman in trim uniform jumping to attention at every roadcrossing; or the beautifully upholstered, handswept state forests; or the hedges of willow trees along the brooks, sticking up their stubby, twiggy heads like so many disrep-utable hearth-brooms; or the young grain stretching in straight rows crosswise of the weedless fields and looking, at a distance, like fair green-printed lines evenly spaced on a wide brown page.

Also, one observes everywhere surviving traces that are unmistakable of the reign of that most ingenious and wideawake of all the earlier rulers of Germany, King Verboten the Great.

In connection with the life and works of this distinguished ruler is told an interesting legend well worthy of being repeated here. It would seem that King Verboten was the first crowned head of Europe to learn the value of keeping his name con-stantly before the reading public.

The Legend of King Verboten

Rameses the Third, of Egypt—that en-terprising old constant advertiser who swiped the pyramids of all his predecessors and had his own name engraved thereonand had his own name engraved thereon— had been dead for many centuries and was lorgotten when Verboten mounted the throne, and our own Teddy Roosevelt would not be born for many centuries yet to come; so the idea must have occurred to King Verboten spontaneously, as it were. Therefore he took counsel with himself,

Therefore he took counsel with himself, saying:

"I shall not erect statues to myself. Dynasties change and wars rage, and folks grow fickle and tear down statues. None of that for your Uncle Dudley K. Verbeten! No; this is what I shall do: On every available site in the length and breadth of this my realm I shall stick up my name; and, wherever possible, near to it I shall engrave or paint the names of my two favorite sons, Ausgang and Eingang—to the end that, come what may, we shall never be forgotten in the land of our birth."

And then he went and did it; and it was

And then he went and did it; and it was a thorough job—so thorough a job that, to this good year of our Lord 1914, you still see the name of that wise king everywhere displayed in Germany—on railroad sta-tions and in railroad trains; on castle walls and dead walls and brewery walls, and the back fence of the Young Ladies' High School.

And nearly always, too, you will find hard by, over doors and passageways, the names of his two sons, each accompanied or underscored by the heraldic emblem of their house—a barbed and feathered arrow pointing horizontally.

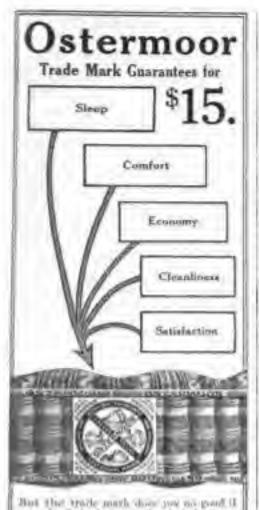
And so it was that King Verboten lived happily ever after and in the fullness of time died peacefully in his bed, surrounded by his wives, his children and his courtiers; and all of them sorrowed greatly and went.

and all of them sorrowed greatly and wept, but the royal signpainter sorrowed most

I know that certain persons will contest the authenticity of this passage of history; they will claim Verboten means in our tongus Forbidden, and that Ausgang means Outgoing, and Eingang means Incoming-or, in other words, Exit and Entrance; but surely this could not be so.

If so many things were forbidden, a man in Germany would be privileged only to die—and probably not that, unless he died according to a given formula; and certainly no human being, with the possible exception of the romedian who used to work the revolving-door trick in Hanlon's Fantasma, could go out of and come into a place so often without getting dizzy in the head. No-the legend stands as stated.

Even as it is, there are rules enough in Germany -rules to regulate all things and all persons. At first, to the stranger, this seems an irksome arrangement - this posting of rules and orders and directions and warnings everywhere but he finds that every one, be he high or low, must obey



you don't make on so you as post of you don't believe you buy a mattree and if you don't believe to the Outerprise sufficiently to refuse any one of the handreds of purposes which are offered in its place on a lower price—off course. Their charmons contribute previously is their only are use

Send for Free Book

Send for Fr
of 144 pages, with
multiples of CeDrig.

A hardelman, for Ge
Georgian parties.

It to m, write quite by
in drong preparate for
mail, and the man to
core, engreen preparly
mines day we get you
closely or quite of
your parties with or m
Your parties with or m
Your parties with or m
I you see disaptor
and at the west of all
days. My it results
you had in builting to
parties and british, fully
great and british, fully
great and british, fully

OSTERMOOF & CO.

Meltingen Full Durbin Bed Son A C to Total of Chinal State Purple | Line | Edited State | Edited 1600 E3.66 No.



the

FAMOUS ACOUSTICON

ment not confuse the Acoustican with her marganism. The Acoustican is the ment, you regulate installing is clearly

Hear Every Sound or or distant - brid or her, indexes or or size every consistential bridgeren. The larger the second by our exclusive ratio and any any furnishment of the processor of the second by the second bridger of the second of the seco

48 Degrees of Deaforms

of Degrees of the Aventure

of th

NO DEPOSIT TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL

GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO.

Direct By Mail

or go to jail-there are no exceptions and no evasions; so that what is a duty on all is a burden on none.

Take the trains, for example. Pretty much all over the Continent the railroads are state-owned and state-run, but only in Germany are they properly run. True, there are so many uniformed officials aboard a German train that frequently there is barely room for the paying travelers to squeeze in; but the cars are clean and the schools of the schools. the schedule is accurately maintained, and the attendants are bonest and politic and cleanly of person—wherein lies another point of dissimilarity between them and those scurvy, musty, fusty brigands who are found managing and operating trains in certain nearby countries.

I remember a cup of coffee I had while going from Paris to Berlin. It was made ex-pressly for me by an invalided commanderin-chief of the artillery corps of the imperial army -so I judged by his costume, air and general deportment—who was in charge of our carriage and also of the small kitchen at the far end of it.

He came into our compartment and bowed and clicked his basis together and saluted, and wanted to know whether I would take coffee. Recklessly I said I would. He filled in several blanks of a printed form. and went and cooked the coffee and brought it back, pausing at intervals as he came along to fill in other blanks. Would I take creum in my coffee? I would: so be filled in a couple of blanks. Would I take sugar?

I said I would take two lumps. He put in two lumps and filled in another black. I really prefer my coffee with three lumps in it; but I noticed that his printed form was now completely filled in, and I hated to call for a third lump and put him to the trouble of starting his literary labors all over again. Hesides, by that time the roffes would be cold. So I took it as it was

with two lumps only—and it was pretty fair coffee for European coffee.

It tasted slightly of the red tape and the chienry, but it was cleanly prepared and promptly served.

Hessian Hands Across the Sea

So, over historic streams no larger than creeks would be in America, and by castles and cabbages and kings and cows you come to Berlin; and after some of those other Continental cities Berlin seems a mighty rentful spot to be in and a good one to tarry in a while.

It has few historical associations—has

Herlin; but you are loaded to the gills with

Most of the statuscy in Berlin is new and shiny and provided with all the modern conveniences—the present Kaiser attended competently to that detail. Wherever in his capital there was space for a status he has status by has stuck up one in memory of a member of his own dynasty, beginning with a statue apiece for such earlier rulers as Otho the Oboe-Player, and Joschim, surnamed the Half-a-Ton-let some one current me if I have the names wrong - and finishing up with forty or fifty for himself - that is, there

with forty or fifty for himself—that is, there were forty or fifty of him when I was there. There are probably more now.

In its essentials Berlin suggests a progressive American city, with Teutonic trimmings. Imagine a bit of New York, a good deal of Chicago, a serap of Denver, a slice of Hoboken, and a whole lot of Milwaukee; imagine this combination as being secured every day until it shines; imagine it as being heautifully though somewhat profusely governed, and laid out with magnificent drives, and dotted with hig, handsome public buildings, and full of reasonably honest and more than reasonably kindly people—and you have Berlin. It was in Berlin, too, that I picked up the most unique art treasure I found anywhere

most unique art treasure I found anywhere on my travels—a picture of the composer Verdi that looked exactly like Uncle Jue Cannon, without the rigar; whereas Uncle Joe Cannon does not look a thing in the world like Verdi, and probably wouldn't if he could.

I have always regretted that our route through the German Empire took us across the land of the Hessians after dark, for I wanted to see those people. You will recollect that when George the Third, of England, first put into actual use the great Angle-American policy of Hands Acress the Sea he used the Hessians.

They were hired hands. Editor's Note-This is the third in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The fourth will appear in on early lesse.



B Second Mary of the angent and accompany to the state of the second market and accompany to the state of the second market and accompany to the state of the second market and alts often found in other quite plays but never in Board Plays. Book Plays are designed to uploted the representation of the nature they hear - they must be good.

From the portion flow h Magnetic preper represent the loss to effeconcept the first the last of improperty designed and purely constructed plays. Don't use these care though Plays.

In the Earl Plant and purious equal the spark plant officers of an Albach pulse and a Previous Plant Armor Hadren, Money, Larton, Sparshvell, Jeffery, Vria, Frat Marion, Carr, Stret, Michael, Larton, etc.——stock persons, or Backs Page Lyappi Witte for "Laspons oly states Plan." Sear free on opposit.

Be Satisfied

Specify Basch

\$1.00 Each from your dealer Roach Service Stations or Sires

BOSCH MAGNETO CO., 233 West 46th Street, New York



PRESERVING the appetizing flavor and healthfulness of food de-pends not only upon temperature, but upon proper air circulation. Both these features are provided in the fullest measure in the

Bohn Syphon Refrigerators

A second on the enter the three dates or mine the person of the order of the term of the t of the state of th log year covering and long water

The Bohn System is adopted by the Pullman Company and all American Railroads, With the Carl Stream in the Miner," a book it that to

WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR COMPANY

Main Office and Works, 1508 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn. New York. 50 W. 42nd St. Chicago, 50 E. Jackson Bird. Law Angelos, 803 Se. Hill St.



There's Style, Grace and Beauty

in the new "Schloss-Baltimore" Young Men's Clothes for Spring. These models are uncommonly attractive; especially designed for particular men by a famous Fifth Avenue Custom-Tailor, - a genius of rarest skill.

You'll find the new Schloss-Bultimore models incomparable with any ordinary Ready Clothes, and of a class and character which only the very high-priced made to measure tailors could equal. Ask your dealer to show you the new designs for Spring.

Schloss Bros. & Co. Vane Clarker Baltimore and New York



KEEPING JOHN BARLEYCORN OFF THE TRAIN

(Continued from Page 17)

"Ninetsen years ago, hack in Tennessee, I married a girl whose folks didn't like me any more than my folks liked her. Both sides made all the trouble for us they could. Finally the girl's people convinced her that I was a bad one. I was so disgusted I skipped out and went to New Zealand. I beard two or three years later that a boy had been been after I left. It took me ofteen years to realize what I should have done under such circumstances.

"Lately I've got to thinking what a fool I was, and I can't stand it—that's about all there is to it. You wouldn't like to tell the con of that train over there to carry me to

the next town, would you?"
"Suppose I made them take you back in the roundhouse for three months, would you give me your word not to take a drink during that period?" asked the Old Man.
"No-because I might not be able to keep my word."

"I'm willing to take a chance on your word." Two weeks before the three months expired Tip Bunter appeared at the super-

intendent's office.

"Lift my promise off my neck and fire

The Old Man grasped Tip Bunter by the shoulder, threw him into a chair, and went about coazing a soul back into what had become beef. It was a changed Tip Bunter who slipped away to the roundhouse— after he had given his word to go another quarter year dry.

When the third three months, served under a third promise, were ending, the

Old Man sent for the mechanic.

"I've arranged a thirty-day layoff for you, Tip," he said. "Here's the wages you asked me to look after and here's a roundtrip pass to Memphis."
"What does all this mean?" asked the

astonished Tip.

thought maybe, now that you have a good job and money and a pass, you would be wanting to go back and look up that buy in Tenne

Tip's News From Memphis

Tip Bunter said nothing; he just grabbed the Old Man's hand as though it were the throttle of a train about to be run into from behind. Four weeks later Tip came back to the office. He had undergone a facial transformation.

"Did you find the boy?" the super-intendent asked when he had made sure of

his caller's identity.
"Aw. say," Tip Bunter answered, "you ought to see that lad! Tall as I am—and they say he looks like the. His mother died years ago: but he's had a good raising. Why, he's the brightest boy in the old town! Last mooth he graduated from the high school. He was to go to work in a foundry, but the school principal got him to take the cotrance examination for the university anyway—the professor told me he just wanted to show off his prize pupil. The boy

made ninety-seven per cent.

"When I found him he was already an apprentice molder; but I got the foundry people to let him off. I took him to the university myself, got him started and left him about all the money I had. I must get over to the roundhouse now. You see, I'm over to the roundhouse now. You see, I'm going to make a great railroad builder out of my son; and I've got to keep the money orders going back there regularly every month for the next four years. Do you want my promise for that length of time?"

"No," smiled the Old Man. "Your promise for the rest of your life happens to be written in indelible letters across your lare."

Ince.

Eight years ago a young man from San Francisco presented a letter at the New York office of Edward H. Harriman,

This note from the vice-president says you bring something he wishes me to con-sider. What is it?" said the head of the great railroad system as he tapped impa-tiently with his pen.

"A scheme for saving ninety per cent of the breakage on Rule G." confidently answered the caller.

face undoubtedly was the face of a dreamer,

The magnate gazed at his visitor. His

but sanity looked out of his eyes and pur-pose fastened the corners of his mouth. Mr. Harriman let his pen fall to the blotter.

"Do you mean you have discovered why railroad men drink?" he asked. Yes. They drink for the same reason

that workmen in countless other trades drink."

And that reason is what?"

"So they can forget for a little while our artificial social distinctions," the young man replied.

"You don't think they drink for the love of the drink, then?" asked the railroad president.

"Men have to learn to love the kick in liquor. They drink primarily because they have found that sloohol wipes out the sense of inequality. With three joits under his belt one of your section men feels himself equal to the head of the road—equal to

"How do you know so much about our section men?"

Explaining to Mr. Harriman

"I have worked for you as a section man, as a section foreman and in other capacias a section foreman and in other capaci-ties. Also, I have gone up and down the right-of-way as a tramp. The railroader is the most interesting worker in the world. I have spent several years studying him in order to help him."

"And what has your study taught you about the railroader?"

"That he is subject to the same four instincts that govern all men-the fear instinct, the play instinct, the social instinct and the mating instinct. He is going to give these four instincts expression. The saloon flourishes because the saloon catera to the last three.

The head of the system showed his in-terest in the ideas of this unusual young

By what process does the saloon get hold of the railroad employee in order to

cater to the play instinct, the social instinct and the mating instinct?" he inquired. "By an offer of equality that cannot be felt outside the swinging doors. The ordi-nary saloon is the home of the only true democracy. Any one who enters puts him-self on a parity with every other man who is there or who may come in. A total stranger denies your right to refuse to drink with him. You must play the game or get out. "The workman doesn't want to get out, because he finds the saloon catering to in-

stincts within him that he could not anabyze if he tried. He has the blessed feeling of being mentally comfortable. Equality breeds real congeniality. The social instinct fields agreeable expression. Every drink adds to the sense of equality and sociability. The machinery for gratifying the play in-stinct is at hand. The pictures in saloons are not landscapes; they cater to the mating instinct."

A Highly Developed Institution

"There is no doubt the saloon employs an admirable though unhappily directed

intelligence in carrying on its business,"
the railroad president agreed.

"The saloon is the most perfectly developed of our institutions," the young man pursued. "It is the finished product of experience. It does nothing haphazard. The salt pickles and dried herrings on the lunch counter, the glint and shape of the glassware, the nature and location of the conveniences, the lights, pictures, music-all

are dictated by a system in which the crude and the uncertain have no part."
"Sit down," said Mr. Harriman, "and tell me how we can knock the saloon off the

track and rescue Rule G.

The dreamer rested his elbows on the reat man's desk and unfolded his plan-What are known as the Harriman railroad clubs, of which fifteen are in operation on the Pacific System, grew out of that confer-ence. The young man, often fighting for enlargement in funds and in specifications, put his idea into vigorous practice; and after several years, when his institution had outgrown reliance on its founder, he beaved a sigh of satisfaction and went into the practice of law.

(Continued on Page 65)

Continued from Page 62)

wirst clubbouse was established at a mad division town in the California matrix. The town had a rough-and-mar reputation. It had twenty-six saand all within sight of the depot and the our and the roundhouse. An attractive anding was constructed on a site a little ser to the railroad yard than the nearest and. The rooms were comfortably furand for lounging and recreation purposes.

The was plenty of light and warmth.

The was a library of interestingly chosen and a reading table containing many are and magazines; there were games pastimes; there was a writing room n stationery; a tobacco shop; and a and shears.

to supply any reasonable want that was regit to him. There were no admission an no dues, no rules, no special privi-iga. Every man who had been in the em-any of the company for ten years or ten rules was invited to use the club as he mid his own home, without any expense De experiment was on. Could the hun-me of alreaders be enticed into their Would it supply some of the human m' Would it supply some of the human conties that the twenty-six salooms were assumed to supply? Predictions were that the men would be afraid of the morern because it was free. At first more came timidly—then boldly; then which possession, as a matter of course, began to give the place an atmosphere, from the first they hung up their titles of their hats, and were equal. They be not draw up their chairs round the great rotics of an evening and in congenial and may council to discuss the day's work, our tales of experiences, regulate all traffic war tales of experiences, regulate all traffic recess and criticize the officials of the in six months the clubhouse was aread headquarters.

There isn't a darned rule on the walls,"
eigneer told his wife. "You can do
enting you want to—though the men
he agreed among themselves not to play
to for anything but cigars. You never
se a much light as fills the rooms! It
there is fellow want to sing. Why, the place
is like a saloon with the boose cut out."

Ladies' Night at the Club

Why can't you arrange to have ladies' occasionally?" asked the wife. ries and dancing would be mighty is the firemen and brukemen and shop who are not married. Ask the secreabout it.

Lat the secretary replied was that the sever bess—that the club belonged to new. The ladies' nights began. They are rever ceased. When a party is on at the day you need not look anywhere else to be railroader who is off duty. Half the action in the town have their inception what is served.

athet is served.

In after this first clubbones opened, is respected to the road arrived in private car to inspect it. Standing is to porch that evening, he pointed to the sparkling necklace of twenty a stone and said to the division supering. "I hope you understand that we are even you this weapon so you may the hose places to a finish for possession for men." At the end of a year there we ravive saloons in the town. Today

In the time the second and third radroad well aperation in substantial buildand the them in dividen towns the can with the idea the title of statish The was given an office on the call the superintendent of transaction of the superintendent of transaction of the superintendent of transaction of the general passenger agent to longer a theety accupying a life was very busily social error. He hired a chemist and required from the chain correction Adverse from the chief surgeon.

is an movine scientifically toward resons. When the little labora-The family to furne and smell, when and and conference had achieved

: bien hear deadlesse --the discount of Rule G. I must permand the departments for the clubbinus to do their enting And Mark Berry

"Your dining room would have to keep range hours," the vice-president smiled. strange hours, Railroaders do their esting when the train

gets in."
"Exactly," said the social engineer. "It is the trainman who gets in late, maybe long past the meal hour, and who is hungry and coid, that we must head off before he goes uptown. I want a restaurant that will be on the job twenty-four hours a day for seven days a week. I want two stoves in the kitchen so there will never he a time when the coffee isn't hot or when a famished brakeman can't get a rib steek days. brakeman can't get a rib steak done to his order in five minutes; but it is not merely on account of the late brakeman that I want the restaurants. We have just dis-covered that the chophouses where rail-roaders now have to eat are the finest imaginable drummers for the saloon, though they don't know it themselves."

"I do not follow you," said the vice-

president.

The Water Cure

"We have discovered," explained the so-cial engineer, "that the load in the appetite-killers along the right-of-way is prepared and served without the slightest regard for the reasonable demands of the human digestive process. The mests are carelessly selected and shominably cooked. The con-fee is warmed over. But the chief crime lies in the vegetables. Usually they have been cooked several hours before they are served; and our experiments show that the longer a vegetable is off the fire the more indigestible it becomes.

he railroader slides down from his The railroader sides down from his stool after a hearty meal and in ten minutes he is in distress. The lump inside is talking. He knows only one prescription for indigestion, which he can get filled in any neighborhood. Most men have a hard time remembering Rule G when there is work alread and they are doubled up with pain. We must do as much of the feeding as we can sod must do it scientifically. We will serve everything at cost: and the lower serve everything at cost; and the lower price, as well as the better food, will make the man out on the road willing to go hungry until he gets in."

"I suppose we can find the money somewhere," and the vice-president thought-ulty. "Why the bathtubs?"

fully. "Why the bathtubs?"
"To expand the skin. The logy condition that tells a man he is badly in need of atimulation is frequently due, we have discovered, to the fact that his pores are not the fact that his pores are n properly exuding. His skin must rid itself of the unwholesome secretions. A proper hath will do it. I want to offer, for the sum of ten cents, a fine porcelain tub with shower, a forty-two inch Turkish towel and the services of a white-uniformed attendant who will conduct the man to his hath-room, draw the bath and look after the laundering of the man's linen if he wishes. "I want to make bathing a revelation.

A man must be able to bathe whenever he gets in or whenever he wants to. Like everything else in the club, the bath department must be in operation twenty-four hours a day." hours a day.

hours a day."

"I understand," said the vice-president.

"This is just another of your physical means for accomplishing a moral end."

"My double aim is to achieve pep and purity at the same time. Why, a man just out of a good bath can't even tell a smally story! I wish to make the trainman so fit physically that he will not require an artificial stimulant of any sort, and so wholesome mentally that the right of a saleon sign will make him mad."

New clubhouses came into existence with

New clubhouses came into existence with New closhouses came into existence with architectural provision for a model kitchen and dining room—table or counter style, take your choice—and a bathing department. Every man found a ventilated locker ready for the safekeeping of his liner and his Sunday sait. The installing of eating and bathing facilities made easy an addition the social engineer had had in his lines from the hearings. plan from the beginning—the building of deeping rooms.

When prepared to feed his man the social engineer wished to be able to send him to rest close at hand, between fresh sh the finest hair mattress money could hay. It would be impossible, the social engineer theorized, for the man to wake up feeling himself any other man's inferior. He would bank on the man's eating a cheerful breakfast and going down to the yards with his face puckered in a whistling effort to ex-press the harmony of his being. The theory

is a mere theory no longer.

The addition of sleeping rooms completed the magic circle the social engineer was







Guaranteed

FOR NINE YEARS Ajax Tires alone have been guaranteed in writing for 5000 miles. We have always believed honest manufacture, right materials and

skilled workmanship would produce a tire capable of 5000 miles use, and from the start every Ajax Tire has been so guaranteed.

The number of Ajax Tires produced has increased steadily

as Ajax users told others of their satisfaction. The demand has always exceeded the supply. Since February, 1911. Ajax factories have run continuously 24 hours.

daily. This growth has been possible because our guarantee has been justified by higher in-built quality.

Investigate! See the Ajax dealer who is close at hand, or write for Ajax booklets.



AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER COMPANY

1796 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Branches in 18 Leading Cities

Factories: Trenton, N. J.



PATENTS That Protect and Pay BOOKS, ADVICE and SEARCHES FREE Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lauguer, Washington, D. C.



drawing about his men. The club swallowed the man when he came off duty; and, since it new contained about everything he needed at desired, whether it was a postage stamp, a recupaper, of a domino opponent, the man did not meed actually to emerge from the place until he went back to his train. It was really pretty rough on the saloun up in the next block.

And how the salout-keepers in the clubhouse towns raved and round! After that first club showed how twenty-six suloses could dwindle to seven in two years, the coming of the clubbouse to a railroad town was bitlerly opposed and its reaching out for the men was contested at every step. The saloons strone the railroad company with the much of their united political influence. Town councils and munty boards of supervisors were admitty worked up to the point of passing hostile and annoying ON THE STREET

A frequent form of attack was by take reports that had a semblance of founda-It was conningly suggested to the men that the generosity of the railroad was in order to get them into a tran. When a einbloms was opened in a certain terminal town in California an effort was made to bribe the railroaders not to go near it. Unpleasant consequences were promised those who only laughed at the offer of a bribs.

But presently the club thrived.

Then on era of illness fell on the place.

At the end of an investigation in which many deterrition played parts, the chef broke down and confessed that he had been supuled with a my derivan powder and had been paid to stir it into the food that went on the club tables. The powder was a light

What the Committee Reported

The protective committee of an organisation of liquor need was instructed to make an investigation into the secret of the value of clobe, mount and undiminishing In time the chairman appeared before the parent hady with the report.
Why, he exclaimed without reference

to the typewritten paper in his hand, "they are making all this noise with our own thun-der! With the single exception of liquor, they offer everything we offer—only they offer it more attractively. The railroad has a fortune tied up in those clubbouses. The only hope I see is that the big cost may soon begin to make the company tired of its little game of philanthropy.

What the chairman could not understand was that the cumpany did not regard the club as philanthropy, but as the cheapest as well as by far the most effective device ever found for patching the hole in Rule G.

The social engineer kept on with his work. It appeared from the study of many cases that there were times when even the best of food, prepared by the most nearly perfect methods, did not meet the full demands of the busky railroader's husky stomach. The men grew confidential with the social engineer. They confessed to an occasional craving they could not explain. It was not exactly a craving for liquor, they thought—and yet alcohol seemed to be the only thing that would satisfy it. What they was that a drink made them forget it.

The social engineer undertook to analyze that craving and find its non-alcoholic anti-date. Again his efforts were rewarded by discovery. He discovered - candy! Candy has taken care of the craving; candy fills the bill. Every clubhouse now has its glass case of the choicest chocolates, caramels and French mixed. Last year the clubbouses sold at cost to the men of the Pacific System forty-eight thousand pounds of amorted sweets.

The average rost of a clubhouse when ready to open its doors has been twenty thousand dollars. The railroad asks of the clubs merely that they sustain themselves; no interest is asked on the investment. That sum is a cheerful sacrifice on the altar of Rule G. Maybe the auditor charges it off

to disasters that never occurred! There is no doubt that the use of intoxicants by railroaders in the West has been reduced to a minimum. The number of discharges under Rule G has decreased amazingly-as has the number of wrecks.

A decrease in the miner mishaps attests to a gain in the individual efficiency of the trainmen. The duration of service has increased and so has the total amount to the credit of the men in numerous savings banks. There is more contentment. Several roads, sharers in the struggle to preserve Rule G, are taking up the clubhouse idea. One road is transforming its libraries

into clubs.

If you are privileged to go into one of these clubhouses, where there is order with-out printed or unprinted rules, and where vandalism is unknown; where wholesome food, wholesome pastimes and wholesome habits are enjoyed; where the prices are low and the conversation is high; where neither secretary, waiter nor barber is able—on peril of his job—to distinguish between a rear brakeman and a division boss, you are likely to discover that in this place the man satis-fies the wild craving in his heart to express himself to the full of his ability among men who are neither above nor below him, but his equals.

The social engineer came to know hundreds of trainmen intimately. Sometimes he was the target for the grouch, but more often he suffered the rich embarrasament of being idolized. He was a man of ready resources—he needed to be. Usually he could master the situation; but once the situation mastered him beyond any human expression that may be translated into

print.

The social engineer was visiting one of his towns. On the way to the club he was stopped by a passenger fireman he knew. The fireman introduced his wife. The wife extended a cordial invitation to dine at their home that evening. The invitation was accepted.

When the social engineer arrived at the when the social engineer arrived at the fireman's dwelling he was not met by his host, but by his hostess. There were no other men present, but there were women—ten of them. The lone male was led to the dining room and seated at the end of the long table. On each side of him stood a brilliant bouquet. There could be no doubtest to who was the princt of honor. The renas to who was the guest of honor. The gen-uineness of the hospitality and the excel-lence of the cookery made him forget his unique position.

The topic from which they seemed un-able to get away was the railroad club and its work. The social engineer told the ten women how the idea grew out of his study of the railroaders' needs; how the club-houses were made possible because the president and the vice-president gave their enthusiastic support. He declared that because the clubs were appreciated by the men the company could not fail to regard them as a good investment.

The Thankful Ten

When they were finishing the lemon pie an elderly woman rose to her feet, and the nine other women laid down their forks. The elderly woman was the wife of a loco-motive engineer. She might herself have been the engineer, for the burden of the runs was written on her face. Periods of mental anguish had pinched up her temples, but her even were the steady headlights of but her eyes were the stendy headlights of

a conquering patience.

"We are the wives of ten railroaders.

Mr. ____, she announced; "and we asked you to come here tonight so we could tell you face to face how we thank you for the club. You have said that because the men appreciate the club the company is satisfied with its investment. No miracles be-tween friends, my friend! We know what it is all about. Shall I tell you how we

know

"We are the wives of ten railroad men who used to be soaks. They never take drink now-they never want a drink! a drink now—they never want a drink! That's why we got you here—to thank you out of the bottom of ten women's hearts. Maybe you think you can guess what it meant to be the wife of a trainrunner who had to have his booze. Well, you can't! Nobody could imagine it, my friend-unless maybe another woman who has had her own hell.

"Can you guess what it means to go to had four rights a week knowing something."

bed four nights a week knowing something dreadful may happen before sunrise to the father of your children? Can you guess what it means to sit holding your baby against your breast all night when the feeling is on you that your man's unsteady hand is going to rile up his train? Can hand is going to pile up his train? Can

Vain inquiring! The social engineer's forehead had sunk down-down until it foreneed had sunk down—down until it rested on the shining white tablecloth between the bouquet of red roses and the bouquet of pink and purple sweet peas; and, though his face could not be seen, the convulsive digging of his fingers into the cloth made it plain that he was not going to answer one of the questions the wrinkled old beginn asked. old heroine asked.



Some Far-Famed Dishes

Made from Priceless Recipes — By the Very Chefs Who Devised Them And Served by Van Camp to Two Million People Daily

Where Would You Go?

Where would you go for the finest Soups in the world? Perhaps most cosmopolites will answer, "To the Flotel Ritz in Paris."

But the chef who used to make those Soups is in our kitchens now. The very chef who won French medals against all rivals in this line. His finest creations are now known as Van Camp's Soups. And your nearest grocer sells 18 kinds, all at 10 cents per can.

Where would you go to get Chili Con Carne with the tarest tang and flavor? Bon vivants who travel will tell you the place—in Mexico. And the chef who created it gained international fame.

But that chef also is now in our kitchens—making Chili Con Carne for you. Your grocer will supply this identical article, made by the chef who made it in Mexico, if you specify Van Camp's.

Italy's National Dish.

Where would you go to get Spaghetti at its best? Among connoisseurs, perhaps nine in ten will name a restaurant in Rome.

But we use the same recipe and employ the same secrets. In the cheese and tomatoes we get better materials. Now Van Camp's Spaghetti—sold right at your door—has all the savor, all the richness of that famed Italian dish.

What nation excels in Evaporated Milk? Most experts in Milk will say Holland. But the scientist who perfected the best Milk in Holland came here and perfected Van Camp's. Now no homes in the Netherlands enjoy better sterilized Milk than your grocer can bring in five minutes.

Where Would You Go For Baked Beans?

Once you would say. "To New England."
but ideals on Baked Beans have changed.
Now armies of city men who lunch downtown can tell you where to go. They
will name you a lunch room, cale or hotel
which serves a superlative dish.

They will tell you of Beans which are mealy and mellow, uncrisped and unbroken. Of a sauce that a baked into them—a matchless sauce with a gestful tang and sparkle.

Some think, no doubt, that only one caterer serves Baked Beans like those. But the truth is that thousands do it. Those

VAN CAMP'S PORKABEANS BAKED WITH

Also Baked Without the Source

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Some Other Van Camp Delicacies

Van Camp's Evaporated Milk
Van Camp's Soups—18 Kinds
Van Camp's Tomato Catsup
Van Camp's Chili Con Carne
Van Camp's Tamales
Van Camp's Spaghetti à l'Italienne

talked-about Beans are all baked in one kitchen, and that kitchen is Van Camp's.

Countless restaurants, and even Broadway hotels, are serving Van Camp's Pork and Beans. In New York City alone, over 500 restaurants serve them every noon. They have learned that men like them like them better by far than the Beans which they baked themselves.

These Envied Dishes Now Brought to Your Home

Note what Van Camp has done for you. You can serve Soups in your home like the best Soups in Paris. You can serve Spaghetti better than the best in Rome.

You can serve Chili Con Carne exactly the same as the best in Mexico. And Evaporated Milk asperfect as the best in Amsterdam.

You can serve Baked Beans identical with the best men find downtown. In less than ten minutes you can serve them hot, and fragrant with oven flavor. And you can have all of these dishes always on hand, ready for any emergency.

About two million people daily enjoy these Van Camp delights. Your folks should be among them.

Some of these recipes are priceless. Some of these dishes have cost us years of effort. The ablest chefs prepare them. Experts select the materials. Chemists analyze them here to know that they are right.

No home or hotel could afford the facilities to prepare these foods as we do.



Representatives Wanted

We have positions for several young men and women of the right kind to assist us with our spring subscription work. These positions are only for men and women of good address, refinement and ability. Seraices will be paid for in each. If you leel you are our type of person and would like to be out making money to this invigorating spring air, we shall be glad to consider your application. Address letter as below, staring your multivations.

Agency Dissume, Ben 250

The Cartis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

THE TRAIL OF THE TAMMANY TIGER

(Continued from Page 21)

the deck department, which according to common going was the most valuerable of the departments. Rowever, the assertions

made at that time have onver been proved.

Croker salled for Earope immediately after giving his testimony, and when he came back in the fall he used all his energy and power to making a fight against the resection of Chairman Masset. There is no doubt that the machine Republican politi-cases aided Croker in his effort, and Manet

west flown to defeat.

Among all his achievements while leader of Tamemary Hall. Croker was probably providest of a banquet that be gave in 1899 to exhibit Jefferson's hythiay. Acting for the Democratic Club be engaged the Mattagolistan Opera House. It took coniderable money to arrange the auditorium uitably for banquet purposes. In this he enantlement his wonderful power over New York. He had two spects, Thirty-sinth and Fortieth Streets, leading from Broadway to Seventh Avenue, closed for a comple of days. Improvised bitchess were set up in these streets, for there was no place to do the creating inside the healding. All the house were well at hig prives and each diner paid ten dollars. Unquestionably it was the result elaterate basepirt, comidering the large number who attended it, ever given in America. Everything was done with spieuder. For weeks before the homout was brid it altracted national attention. Croker had not then become an out-andour Bryan man. The friends of Mr. Bryan on the saver day gave a largely attended the par at Chicago, where the Mebraskae was the guest of honor.

The chief craim at the Meropulitan homoset was Former Justice Augustus Van

Wyels. In his speech by said that the crust quantities was the greatest must before the American people; and the conservative New York papers howled next any about Van Wyck's radionium. As a result of this speach there was no end of talk for several mostles to come of a Van Wyck presidential trees. Jumph J. Willett, a brilliant reason, took charge of the Van Wyck been and in parts of the South 2 was taken quite. bright of the south of the last it was only lotended to make Van Wyrk a candidate for was president on the treat with Mr. Hryar, but the Ire Trust candal which developed a your after this residend Van Wyrk a candwar out of the question.

The Famous Ice Scandal

The greatest most that Tammare, bad ever received since the days of Tweed was early to 1900, when it was discovered that Mayor Vac Wyck, John F. Carroll, the assessed leader, Charles F. Marylly and many other by Tammary leaders were involved in the two Irust a notal. When first read of the charges in the renepapers I could not believe myeyes. Var Wyek and said to see a hundred times. If he had once, that any mayor who use I his office to make morely as a crook. I after heard blim really the same remark after to consect to be regard. The expansive was first brought about oben Van Wye's and Carroll, in consect with Charles W. Morse, violated the the plants of the Kennether River in Maine. If Van Wyck had according been convicted at himse being he rould not been been more manually shared by the accompany had it was about that the my company had received some favors from the duck departnext which gave it a great advantage over the independent companies, and with the uspely in the rechainness, with increased

To make mattern three there was an Fro of the newspapers larving He largest readerson and mitty early other to strugg the marrial. These may be also went into the queen. There are a rise or in the city men administration to repositions. to all anything to the only. So it was an dutal Van Wynt and other thrust-and more in the fire Trust, which did us as and the one denoting on they are said to a real from office. Van A. I am hand serior the triets and and the best to the man work was in his the and that he was purchased to

from Charles W. Morse upon credit, giv-ing his notes as security. He had sold the stock at a loss of \$40,000. There had been stock at a loss of \$40,000. There had been much speculation in the stock of the ice company, and on account of the exposure the price of the stock fell rapidly in value. Hundreds of Tammany politicians who had been induced to buy it were heavy losers. Assistant leader Carroll was generally blamed for these losses, as it was charged that he had advised his friends that ice stock was a "big buy." Charges were filed with Governor Roosevelt against Van Wyck and his removal from office was demanded. The acundal was at its height when the Republican National Convention met in Philadelphia, and Governor Roosevelt, in

Republican National Convention met in Philadelphia, and Governor Roosevelt, in a speech before the convention, after he had been nominated for vice-president, denounced the Ice Trust scandal and prophesied that no Democratic candidate for president would dare talk about trusts in the ensuing campaign. This led to the belief that Governor Roosevelt intended to remove Van Wyck. Croker was known to own Ice Trust stock, but holding no official position he could not be brought into court. From this time to the end of the term of From this time to the end of the term of office Van Wyck's picture was seldom printed except encased in a block of ire. Usually Croker was pictured as the ice-man holding a black with a pair of tongs.

Croker Behind Bryan

When Mr. Roosevelt went on the stump as a candidate for vice-president a large part of his speeches dealt with the Ice Trust, which again strengthened the belief that Van Wyck was to be removed from office. During the campaign the report that Governor Roosevelt made, dismissing the charges against Van Wyck, was stolen from the governor's office in Albany and published in a New York paper. This was the only time that I ever heard Van Wyck make a complaint about the treatment he received when mayor. He always excused the newspapers for attacking him, but he the newspapers for attacking him, but he said that Governor Roosevelt had no right to go on the stump and hold him up before

to go on the stump and hold him up before the country as a criminal when he had already dismissed the charges.

"I can only be thankful that my old mother is dead," said Van Wyck, "If she were living these speeches of Governor Roosevelt's would have killed her. The Van Wyck and Roosevelt families have been friends for years and I do not think that Theodore has treated me fairly. He should have made known his decision as promptly have made known his decision as promptly as possible, and not locked it up in his safe. However, he probably thought that as I was only a bachelor, political expediency justified his act. But I never can feel the same toward him again.

When the Democratic State Convention met that year Croker practically assumed the leadership of the party in the state. He furnished ninety per cent of the money for the campaign. James K. McGuire, then in Syracuse, was in charge of the state com-mittee, but he strictly followed the orders of Creker. Croker attended the Kansus City Convention where Mr. Bryan was nominated for the second time, and he was the most conspicuous man at that conven-tion. His fierce fight with ex-Senator Hill tion. His fierce fight with ex-Senator Hill made Croker the most prominent Democrat in the United States, with the exception of the Democratic presidential candidate. He etond for Bryan in everything, including free silver, and this was his excuse for pre-venting Hill from serving as a member of the committee on resolutions.

The fight over silver was probably one of the most dramatic things that ever occurred at a national convention. Croker, with the consent of Mr. Bryan, decided to make Judge Augustus Van Wyck the New York member of the committee. Hill fought desperately, and even went so far as to make a personal appeal to Croker not to humiliate him. When Hill entered Croker's room, hat in hand, and begged for the mercy of the Tammany leader, Croker turned his back were him and simply remarked. upon him and simply remarked:
"I believe in Bryan and free silver."

Hill next appealed to Senator Murphy to save him, but Murphy also refused. Then Hill appealed to Judge Van Wyck, who, though he refused to accede to Hill's demand, was more sympathetic.

GENECH



Over Forty Thousand People

Added to the comfort and attractiveness of their homes this past year by placing into them Limbert's Holland Dutch Arts & Crafts Furniture.

For beauty and refined simplicity of design, for strength and durability, for long, hard service, for looking well with little care, FOR BIG VALUE, there is no furniture made superior to Lumbert's Arts & Crafts.

There is a dealer near you who sells this furniture. Let us send you his name and our FREE, 64 page booklet which illustrates the suite to match sideboard shown here and over 300 other patterns—several Arts & Crafts rooms in colors - and tells an interesting story about the Dutch Craftsmen who make Limbert Furniture.

For 20 pertures send you a pair of min-isture, band-made Durch Wooden Shoes.



CHARLES P. LIMBERT COMPANY

Dope. 4 Grand Rapids, Mich.

Holland, Mich.

"RANGER" BICYCLES



WE SHIP ON APPROVAL

The think of hunting any other bitycle.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL is allowed on every bitycle. Not a cret not to you if you follow wish to keep it after tiding it for 10 days and posting it to every test. Our "Bangue" lityches are of each high quality, handsome appearance and low price that we are willing to ship to you, prepare, for your examination and trial, and leave it matterly to you whether you wish to keep it or not a complete the price of t

produced a late that we have all you envise bury a flicycle or a pair of Three catalogs and learn our direct factory cos and allocate new ofer.

car large complete catalog and learn out direct factory prices and allocate saw afer.

BECOND HAND BIOYCLES—a limited number taken in trade by our Chicago retail tocase will be chested out at score, at 25 to 58 coch. Descriptive bargain late free.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in every town and exhibit a sample 1914 "Bangee" his yeller for the and exhibit a sample 1914 "Bangee" his yeller for the year spore time you can take many orders for our heycles, tires and sundries. Write at once for our large Catalog and a remarkable special proposition we will make you on the first 1914 models going to you town.

TIRES, pur wheels with constier brake, inner tubes, thing is the bicycle line at lowest prices. Denot wall—write today for large catalog containing a great fault of interesting, asseful bicycle information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it now.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-55, CHICAGO

Everybody was wondering how Croker would meet the Ice Trust scandal when the Democratic State Convention met. The majority of the committee on the platform was composed of up-state Democrats, and they did not want to offend Croker, knowing that he was expected to finance the campaign. They drew a platform simply denouncing the trust generally. When Croker saw the draft he pronounced the plank regarding the trust to be bosh. Tak-ing his pencil, he wrote: "And we particu-larly denounce the Ice Trust as the most vicious and indefensible of all trusts, be-cause it most affects the poor." While Croker was writing these words he never cracked a smile.

The demonstration in bonor of Mr. Bryan about the middle of October was the most wooderful thing that New York had then

The night of Mr. Bryan's speach Croker, surrounded by his chief advisers, the majority of whom were not Bryan men, pointed to the cheering crowds and re-marked: "If I had not come out for Bryan the rank and file would have taken Tam-

many Hall away from me."
Shortly after the election Croker appointed a committee made up of Tammany men, and headed by Lewis Ninna, to investigate the horrible social conditions on the East Side. The committee brought in a report showing that the conditions were

very bad. Hird S. Coler, who was the controller of the city, had been fighting Cruker for some time, and, aided by ex-Senator Hill and John C. Sheehan, had built up a consider-able following. It was apparent to any close observer that Coler was about the only man who could be elected by the Democrats as mayor to succeed Van Wyck. However, nobody believed that Croker would consent to Coler's nomination. The legislature had amended the city charter, cutting down the term of the next mayor to two years instead of four.

The Defeat of Tammany

Croker spent over six months in Europe this year, although his friends told him that if he did not stay in New York Tammany would be defeated at the approaching election of 1901. Croker replied that rather than give up his life in England he would prefer giving up the leadership of Tammany Hall. It was generally accepted as fact that Croker had become very rich and that he was tiring of the hardships of political life; nevertheless he returned in the early fall and in a very bad temper. He became convinced that the police conditions were fully as had as the newspapers tions were fully as had as the newspapers had painted them. Be met John F. Carroll, his assistant in the Democratic Club, and his assistant in the Lemon sponsibility, in charged him with the full responsibility, in the charged him with the full responsibility. He the presence of a number of others. Ho told Carroll that he had lied to him about the horrible conditions in the city. He also promised that the Brooklyn Democracy could name the candidate for mayor. Van Wyck was nominated for the supreme court bench and Carroll really made most of the ther nominations. I am satisfied that Croker saw what was usuing, although he buckled down to work and spent hours every day at Tammany Hall, after Edward M. Shepherd had been nominated as the Democratic candidate for mayor against Seth Lew, the Republican and Fusion candidate. didate.

The horrible social conditions on the East Side, Crokerism and Deveryism were the only issues of the campaign. It was in this campaign that William Travers Jerome was a candidate for district attorney, and he made a national reputation as a stump speaker. The whole Tammany ticket went to defeat. Van Wyck ran behind the greater part of his ticket. The Tammany defeat, however, was not so emphatic as the defeat of that organization at the recent election, when John Purroy Mitchel was elected mayor.

A few weeks after the defeat, Croker astonished New York by calling a meeting of the Tammany district leaders and tendering his resignation. He then made a motion, which was carried, making Lewis Nixon his successor as the Tammany leader. A few weeks after this Croker sailed for his home in England, and since then he has made only four visits to America, never spending more than two weeks at a time in New York.

Editor's Note-This is the third of four articles by Herry Wilson Walker. The fourth will appear in an early number.



of the pictures and pleasures of photography for the old as well as the young. All the way from the stordy little SCOUT at two dollars, to the superb

Folding Roll Film Seneca

they present a perfect unity of whatever is good in Camera construction,

Sint movely enapshin camerus, but choroughly equipped instruments. SENECAS accommodate all-manulard makes of roll film and allow the operator the wallest latitude in every branch of artistic photography.

There is a SENECA that just fits yest. For a more intimute apquaintance with the great SENECA. bribe, get a copy of the

> Sensea Photographic Handbook for 1914 Free for the Asking

The 14th edition of this new text book entalogue, cantalogue 25th pages of photographic law, is now ready; it foroishes belts and suggestions for amateurs and professionals offer such describes everything one in photography and auguster. Ask your dealer or write or her a sayy.

We must dealers in open territory who desire to supply opened agreems at reasonable prices.

Seneca Camera Mfg. Company 287 State Street, Stochester, N. Y.

\$72**S**avedOnOneWintersCoalBill -With an Underfeed!

Here's testimony that convinces. Resultate, Worth a letter. I hank about to Let it sink in: It's one of the greatest money-outing pieces of evidence we can bear of. Mr. Worth series: "My traderical is the next remained fromth have installed. During the last very cold winter I burned only iff tuny of soft coal screenings at \$4 per can for my 15 runned and coal screenings at \$4 per can for my 15 runned and coal screenings at 5 per can for my 15 runned and coal screenings at 5 per can for my 15 runned and coal screenings at 5 per can for my 15 runned and coal screenings at 5 per can for my 15 runned and coal screenings at 5 per can for my 15 runned and coal screenings at 5 per can for my 15 runned at the following the following the coal screening at 5 per can for my 15 runned at the coal screening at 5 per can for my 15 runned at the coal screening at 5 per can for my 15 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can for my 15 per can be coal screening at 5 per can for my 15 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can for my 15 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can for my 15 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can for my 15 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can for my 15 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can for my 15 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can for my 15 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can for my 15 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can be coally at the coal screening at 5 per can be coally at the co add complains to his recommendation, he said: "The times Minneapade park buildings heated by the Under-

ford have given cory good actionaction." Others write:
"Heats 12-room house for \$40." "A great fuel saver." "No
repears in 7 years." "For economy and heat, can't be heat."
"Ten rooms heated for \$28." "Saved \$122 a season." Over 25,000 Underfood users have front our claim that

> ILLIAMSON INDERFEED urnaces and Boilers Cut Coal Bills % to

The University of the interest from all others—and it's better Cool is true from a large of the fact is on long. See as and gives a recommendation of the fact is on long. See as and grows of the contract of the fact is one of the fact in the fact is one of the fact in t



50% Saving Guaranteed With an Underfeed

The state of the property of the Control of the Con MACHINE STORY

The Peck-WILLIAMSON CO. 26 W. Fifth Street, Cucitmati, Ohio

The Peck-WILLIAMSON CO. 26 W. Fifth Street, Communit, Ohio

I would like so leave him to our use out this from muchal, to everythink wing an Undertern. Where Air Strangue Hat Water (Mark on X after system interested by)

Address.

My Louise Librar II.

Pounding away your energy





made with O'SULLIVAN'S HEELS right on them. If he does not every them, send as his name and got our catalogue. It shows and describes forwardess newest styles of cumfortable, actylerable above in stock.

Stock No. 0192 (as illustrated) — made on the newest English Model — how, broad O'S ULLIVAN'S HEEL — Geomine Russian Calf upper. (Price \$3.50.)

R. P. HAZZARD COMPANY GARDINER, MAINE

Pay You 6 % Interest 2.4 Georgia State Savings Ase's, 175 York Street, Environment, Co.



ALEXANDERS **DOVE BRAN NEW ORLEANS** MOLASSES

Aloganile's Foury Coar Street See GHAR Colon. Bullyman worded for ground his

Vacuum Cleaners and Sweepers

HWEEPGLEANER OD Sea H. Tierrington. Conn.



SCOTTS PROOF AND DON'T PROOF

STATE SALLIE, 110 June 20, New York

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

yawned herself off to bed. From Jimmy's room Peter could hear the soft hum of their

"You have been awfully good to me," McLean said as he finally rose to go. "I-I want you to know that I'll never forget this

evening, never."
"It has been splendid, hasn't it? Since little Scatchy left there has been no one for the piano. I have been lonely sometimes for some one to talk music to.

Lonely! Poor Peter!
"Then you will let me come back?"
"Will I indeed! I—I'll be grateful."
"How soon would be proper. I daresay
temperow you'll be busy—Christmas and

"Do you mean you would like to come LOUDOLTOW

"If old Peter wouldn't be fussed. He

might think —"
"Peter always wants every one to be happy. So if you really care—
"And I'll not hore you?"
"Rather not!"
"How—about what time?"

"In the afternion would be pleasant, I think. And then Jimmy can listen. He loves music

McLean, having found his fur-lined coat, got into it as slowly as possible. Then he missed a glove, and it must be searched for in all the dark corners of the salon until found in his pocket. Even then he head-tuted, lingered, loth to break up this little world of two,
"You play wonderfully," he said.

"So do you."
"If only nomething comes of it! It's
curious, len't it, when you think of it? You
and I meeting here in the center of Europe and both of us working our heads off for something that may never pan out."

There was something remisseent about

that to Harmony. It was not until after young McLean had gone that she recalled. It was almost word for word what Peter had said to her in the coffee house the night they met. She thought it very curious, the coin-cidence, and pondered it, being ignorant of the fact that it is always a matter for wonder when the man meets the woman, no matter where. Nothing is less curious, more inevitable, more amazing. "You and I," forsooth, said Peter! "You and I," cried young McLean!

QUITE suddenly Peter's house, built on the sand, collapsed. The sbuck came on Christmas Day, after young McLean, now frankly infatuated, had been driven home by Peter.

Peter did it after his own fashion. Harmony, with unflagging enthusiasm, was looking tired. Suggestions to this effect rolled off McLean's back like rain off a roof. Finally Peter gathered up the fur-lined coat, the velours hat, gloves and stick, and placed them on the plane in front of the younger man.

"I'm sorry you must go," said Peter calmly, "but, as you say, Miss Wells is tired and there is supper to be eaten. Don't let me hurry you."

The perfer was at the door as McLean, laughing and protesting, went out. He brought a cablegram for Anna. Peter took it to her door and waited uneasily while she read it.

It was an urgent summons home; the old father was very low. He was calling for her, and a few days or weeks would see the end. There were things that must be looked after. The need of her was imperative. With the death the old man's pension would reuse and Arma was the breadwinner.

Anna beid the paper out to Peter and sat down. Her nervous strength seemed to have deserted her. All at once she was a stricken, elderly woman, with hope wiped out of her face and something nearer resent-

ment than grief in its place.

"It has come, Peter," she said dully.

"I always knew it couldn't last. They've always hung about my neck, and now——"

"Do you think you must go? Isn't there ome way? If things are so bad you could hardly get there in time, and—you must think of yourself a little, Ama."

"I am not thinking of anything else.
Peter, I'm an uncommonly selfish woman,

trut I

Quite without warning she burst out crying, unlovely, audible weeping that shook her narrow shoulders. Harmony heard the sound and joined them. After a look at Anna she sat down beside her and put a white arm over her shoulders. She did not try to speak. Anna's noisy grief subsided as suddenly as it came. She patted Har-mony's hand in mute acknowledgment and dried her eyes.

"I'm not grieving, child," she said; "I'm only realizing what a selfish old maid I am. I'm crying because I'm a disappointment to myself. Harry, I'm going back to

America.

And that, after hours of discussion, was where they ended. Anna must go at once. Peter must keep the apartment, having Jimmy to look after and to hide. What was a frightful dilemma to him and to Harmony Anna took rather lightly.

"You'll find some one else to take my place," she said, "If I had a day I could find a dozen."

"And in the interval?" Harmony asked

without looking at Peter.
"The interval! Tut! Peter is your brother, to all intents and purposes. And if you are thinking of scandal-mongers, who will know?"

Having determined to go, no arguments moved Anna, nor could either of the two think of anything to urge beyond a situation she refused to see, or rather a situation tion she refused to see, or rather a situation she refused to acknowledge. She was not as comfortable as she pretended. During all that long night, while snow sifted down into the ugly yard and made it beautiful, while Jirony slept and the white mice played, while Harmony tossed and tried to sleep and Peter sat in his cold room and smoked his pipe, Anna packed her untidy belongings and added a name now and then to a list that was meant for Peter, a list of to a list that was meant for Peter, a list of possible substitutes for herself in the little soumsbold.

She left early the next morning, a grim little person who bent over the sleeping boy hungrily, and insisted on carrying her nwn bag down the stairs. Harmony did not go to the station, but stayed at home, pale and silent, hovering around against Jimmy's awakening and struggling against a feeling of panic. Not that she feared Peter or herself. But she was conventional; shielded girls are accustomed to lean for a certain support on the proprieties, as bridge players

support on the proprieties, as bridge players depend on rules.

Feter came back to breakfast but ate little. Harmony did not even sit down, but drank her cup of coffee standing, looking down at the snow below. Jimmy still slept.

"Won't you sit down?" said Peter.

"I'm not hungry, thank you."

"You can sit down without eating."

Peter was nervous. To cover his uneasiness he was distinctly gruff. He pulled a chair out for her and she sat down. Now that they were face to face the tension was that they were face to face the tension was lessened. Peter laid Anna's list on the table between them and bent over it toward

ber.

"You are hurting me very much, Harry,"
he said. "Do you know why?"

"I? I am only sorry about Anna. I miss
her. I—I was fond of her."

I have that isn't it, Harry. It's

"So was I. But that isn't it, Harry. It's something else.

"I'm uncomfortable, Peter,"

"So am L. I'm sorry you don't trust me.
For that's it."
"Not at all. But, Peter, what will people say?"

"A great deal, if they know. Who is to know? How many people know about us? A handful, at the most, McLean and Mrs. Boyer and one or two others. Of course I can go away until we get some one to take Anna's place, but you'd be here alone at night, and if the youngster had an

attack "Oh, no, don't leave him!"
"It's holiday time. There are no clinics until next week. If you'll put up with

"Put up with you, when it is your apart-ment I use, your food I eat!" She almost choked. "Peter, I must talk about money."

"I'm coming to that. Don't you suppose you more than earn everything? Doesn't it humiliate me hourly to see you working

"Peter! Would you rob me of my last vestige of self-respect?" This being unanswerable, Peter fell back

on his major premise;
"If you'll put up with me for a day or so
I'll take this list of Anna's and hunt up

(Continued on Page 73)

(Continued from Page 70)

somebody. Just describe the person you desire and I'll find her." He assumed a certainty he was far from feeling, but it reassured the girl. "A woman, of course?"

"Of course. And not young."
"Not young," wrote Peter. "Fat?"
Harmony recalled Mrs. Boyer's ample

figure and shook her head.
"Not too stout. And agreeable. That's

most important."
"'Agreeable," wrote Peter. "Although Anna was hardly agreeable, in the strict sense of the word, was she?"

"She was interesting, and—and human."
"'Human!" wrote Peter. "Wanted, a woman, not young, not too stout, agreeable and human. Shall I advertise?"

The strain was quite gone by that time. Harmony was smiling. Jimmy, waking, called for food, and the morning of the first

day was under way.

Peter was well content that morning, in spite of an undercurrent of uneasiness. Before this Anna had shared his proprietor-ship with him. Now the little household was his. His vicarious domesticity pleased him. He strutted about, taking a new view of his domain; he tightened a doorkneh and fastened a noisy window. He inspected the coal supply and grumbled over its quality. He filled the copper kettle on the stove, carried in the water for Jimmy's morning bath, cleaned the mouse cage. He even insisted on peeling the little German peta-toes, until Harmony cried aloud at his wastefulness and took the knife from him.

And afterward, while Harmony in the sickroom read aloud and Jimmy put the wooden sentry into the cage to keep order, he got out his books and tried to study. But he did little work. His book lay on his knee, his pipe died beside him. The strangeness of the situation came over him, sitting there, and left him rather frightened. He tried to see it from the viewpoint of an out-sider, and found himself incredulous and doubting. McLean would resent the situa-tion. Even the portier was a person to recken with. The skepticism of the American colony was a thing to fear and avoid.

And over all hung the incessant worry

about money; he could just manage alone He could not, by any method he knew of stretch his resources to cover a separate arrangement for himself. But he had undertaken to shield a girl-woman and a child, and shield them he would and could.

Brave thoughts were Peter's that snowy morning in the great calon of Maria Theresa, with the cat of the portier purring before the fire: brave thoughts, cool reason, with Harmony practicing scales very softly while Jimmy slept, and with Anna speeding through a white world, to the accompani-

ment of bitter meditation.

Peter had meant to go to Semmering that day, but even the urgency of Marie's need faded before his own situation. He wired Stewart that he would come as soon as he could, and immediately after lunch departed for the club, Anna's list in his pocket, Harmony's requirements in mind. He paused at Jimmy's door on his way out. "What shall it be today?" he inquired.

"A posteard or a crayon?"
"I wish I could have a dog."

"We'll have a dog when you are better and can take him walking. Wait until apring, son."

Some more mice?"

"You will have them-but not today."

"You will have them—but not today."
"What holiday comes next?"
"New Year's Day. Suppose I bring you a New Year's card."
"That's right," agreed Jimmy. "One I can send to dad. Do you think he will come back this year?" wistfully.

Peter dropped on his baggy knees beside the bed and drew the little wasted figure to him.
"I think you'll surely see him this year, old man," be said huskily.

Peter walked to the Doctors' Club. On

Peter walked to the Doctors' Club. On the way he happened on little Georgiev, the Bulgarian, and they went on together. Peter managed to make out that Georgiev was studying English, and that he desired to know the state of health and the abode of the Fraulein Wells. Peter evaded the latter by the simple expedient of pretending not to understand. The little Bulgarian watched him earnestly, his smoldering eyes not without suspicion. There had been much talk in the Pension Schwarz about the departure together of the three Americans. The Jew from Galicia still raved over Harmony's beauty.

Georgiev rather hoped, by staying by Peter, to be led toward his star. But l'eter left him at the Doctors' Club, still amiable, but absolutely obtuse to the question nearest. the little spy's heart.

The club was almost deserted. The holidays had taken many of the members out of town. Other men were taking advantage of the vacation to see the city, or to make acquaintance again with families they had hardly seen during the busy weeks before Christmas. The room at the top of the stairs where the wives of the members were apt to meet for chocolate and to exchange the addresses of dressmakers was empty; n the reading room he found McLeun. Although not a member, McLean was a sort of honorary habitue, being allowed the privflege of the club in exchange for a depend-

It was in Peter's mind to enlist McLean's assistance in his difficulties. McLean knew a good many people. He was popular, good looking, and in a colony where, unlike Lon-don and Paris, the great majority were people of moderate means, he was conspicuously well off. But he was also much younger than Peter and intolerant with the insolence of youth. Peter was thinking hard as he took off his overcoat and ordered beer.

able willingness to play at entertainments

The boy was in love with Harmony already: Peter had seen that, as he saw many things. How far his love might carry him, Peter had no idea. It seemed to him, as he sat across the reading table and studied him over his magazine, that McLeon would recent bitterly the girl's position, and that when he learned it a crisis might be pre-

cipitated.

One of three things might happen: He might bend all his energies to second Peter's effort to fill Anna's place, to find the right person; he might suggest taking Anna's place himself, and insist that his presence in the apartment would be as justifiable as Peter's: or he might do at once the thing Peter felt he would do eventually, cut the knot of the difficulty by asking Harmony to marry him. Peter, greeting him pleasantly, decided not to tell him anything, to keep him away if possible until the thing was straightened out, and to wait for an hour at the club in the hope that a solution might

stroll in for chocolate and goesip.

In any event explanation to McLean would have required justification. Peter disliked the idea. He could humble himself. if necessary, to a woman; he rould admit his asininity in assuming the responsibility of Jimmy, for instance, and any woman worthy of the name, or worthy of living in the house with Harmony, would understand. But McLean was young, intolerant. He was more than that, though Peter, concealing from himself just what Harmony meant to him, would not have admitted a rival for what he had never claimed. But a rival the boy was. Peter, calmly reading a magazine and drinking his Munich beer, was in the grip of the fiercest jealousy. He turned pages automatically, to recall nothing of what he had read.

McLeun, sitting across from him, watched him surreptitiously. Big Peter, aggressively masculine, heavy of shoulder, direct of speech and eye, was to him the embodiment of all that a woman should desire in a man. He, too, was jealous, but humbly so. Unlike Peter he knew his situation, was young enough to glory in it. Shameless love is always young: with years comes discretion, perhaps loss of confidence. The Crusaders were youths, pursuing an idea to the ends of the earth and faunting a lasty's manufact from speer or middle box. guerdon from spear or suddle-bow. ilder men among them tucked the handkerchief or bit of a gauntleted glove under jerkin and armor near the beart, and flung to the air the guerdon of some light o' love. McLean would have shouted Harmony's name from the housetops. Peter did not ac-knowledge even to himself that be was in love with her

It occurred to McLean after a time that Peter being in the club, and Harmony being in all probability at home, it might be possible to see her alone for a few minutes. He had not intended to go back to the house in the Siebensternstrasse so soon after being peremptorily put out; he had come to the club with the intention of clinching his resolution with a game of cribbage. But fate was playing into his hands. There was no cribbage player round, and Peter himself sat across deeply immersed in a magazine. McLean rose, not stealthily, but without unnecessary noise.

So far so good. Peter turned a page and went on reading. McLean sauntered to a window, hands in pockets. He even whis-tled a trille, under his breath, to prove how





Pape Model L.14. "The Greyhound of the road." Chain driver. Broch magneto: Eclines multiple disk clutch; Pope celebrated rear spring stepension, 50% and whose base. Phon \$250.

To and from your work with comfort and pleasure

Ride a Pope Motorcycle to and from your work. Save time, strength and money; enjoy the keen, open-air exhilaration of gliding smoothly and swiftly along the streets. Run your errands on a Pope; take your holidays on it.

No one can pass you on the road. You can take hills that are supposed. to be impossible; many competitive hill-climbing tests have proved that.

All working parts are exceptionally strong: they do not get out of order. No stopping beside the road for mussy, tiresome repairs.

The Pope is comfortable; it is as nearly "jarless" as a motorcycle can be made. It holds the road like a six-cylinder automobile.

Madel H-14 is built for the man who mants a facts, reliable, moderate prices markine. It has a spend range of 4 to 45 miles as boar. It was the first and leading papalar priced moissivy le made, and is a splendid baggain at the price. It holds the read as well as a leavy machine, and is a wonderful hill climber.

Model L-14 "Twin" has developed, under scientific test, 18.9 h. p. measured at the rear whoel. It has the Pope Overhead Valve Motor—the most powerful and economical motor. Also rear spring suspension, insulating frame. motor and rider complet. By protected from each abacks, and assisting steady, between motion. No one can passet - 70 milespeed if you want it.

Other Pope Models, \$200, \$215, \$285

Quality Has Never Been Questioned

Pope Motorcycles have the benefit of 36 years' extensive and successful experience in making mative vehicles. Write for Catalogs-bicycles, motorcycles. Free. POPE MANUFACTURING CO., 14 Cycle St., Westfield, Mass., U.S.A.

The First Derby Made in America Was a C & K



The Crofut & Knapp Co., 251 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. Authorized Makers of Dobbs & Co.'s Fifth Avenue Hate, agencies for which will be found in most large tities.

Cutting Wholesale Bookkeeping Costs

HIS is the subject of the new Burroughs bullerin for wholesalers and jobbers.

This bulletin is filled with short-on bunk burping ideas gathered by the Burroughs Information and Research Department from thousands of pro-greenive homes in all lines of business

"Cutting Whitenile Buckkeeping Circi" shows how wholenders are getting records and cost figures by simple, abort-out methods and how you can get buines-building informuting in the same way,

Among the short cut ideas in this collisin are boiled-down compeniums for petting out mouthly statements on the among-collecting dates; for arms-proof levelce checking, for a duity sides recapitulations by across limitative plug and statement forms, and other valuable suggestions.

that purpose in offering you this service bulletin by that the business may who saees maney by using short-out methods is made ready to book into the still greater saving he can make by handling these same methods on a resolding

Send the evapors for aid our Systems in refer Disportanent has good for intromodicironyout book keeps ag problems.



Compact Superior Child treal for a rapy of year new balletin, "There will be to the proof of one in obligation to care

The ... Direct live Control of the second of the s

Burroughs Adding Machine Company

99 Borrough Block, Derrot, Men. Matter of a trap and making a first many facilities again to the large season and the season of the

PATENTS OF BUILDINGS OF BUILDINGS AND BUILDINGS OF BUILDI





SHORT-STORY WRITING tory Services. Acres to the American Services of the Company of th



Dec. Cots. Singrated, \$1.00 Rel. All all Bookstorm or from the Publishers THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.



The Best in Bookcase Construction

Send for Free "BOOK OF DESIGNS" (and Sources Beckmark)

should the facet Series of Daniers - it is a first to book - In our Series of Danier - Colonial and Standard Series of Stocky Smithed Materials and Oak. Beauty - by the proof Colors of C OUR PRICES ARE LOWER THAN OTHERS

Very will written writing these texts of the books are. Sure with constant, and for an immedial South through the reserve County provides an in-

THE GUNN FURNITURE CO., Dept. M-3 PLANT LATTICE CO.

very casual were his intentions. Still whistling, he moved toward the door. | Peter turned another page, which was curiously soun to have read two columns of small

type without illustrations.

Once out in the hall McLean's movements gained aim and precision. He got his coat, but and stick, flung the first over his arm and the second on his head, and —

"Going out?" asked Peter calmly. "Yes, nothing to do here. I've read all the infernal old magazines until I'm sick of them." Indignant, too, from his tone. "Walking?"

"Yes."

"Mind if I go with you?"
"Not at all,"

Peter, taking down his old overcoat from Peter, taking down his old overcoat from its hook, turned and raught the boy's eye. It was a swift exchange of glances, but illuminating—Feter's whimsical, but with a sort of grim determination; McLean's sheepish, but equally determined, "Rotten afternoon," and McLean as they started for the stairs. "Half rain, half

"I'm not particularly keen about walk-ing, but—I don't care for this tomb alone."

Nothing was further from McLean's mind than a walk with Peter that afternoon,

He hesitated half way down the upper flight. "You don't care for cribbage, do you?" "Don't know anything about it. How about pinocle?"

They had both stopped, equally deter-mined, equally hesitating.

"Picocle it is," acquireced McLean. "I was only going because there was nothing to do.

Things went very well for Peter that afternoon-up to a certain point. He beat

McLean unmercifully, playing with cold deliberation. McLean wearied, fidgeted, railed at his luck. Peter played on grimly. The club filled up toward the coffee hour. Two or three women, wives of members, a young girl to whom McLean had been rather attentive before he met Harmony and who bridled at the abstracted bow he gave her. And, finally, when hope in Peter was dead,

one of the women on Anna's list.

Peter, laying down pairs and marking up score, went over Harmony's requirements.

Doctor Jennings seemed to fit them all, a woman, not young, not too stout, agreeable and human. She was a large, almost ho-vinely placed person, not at all reminiscent of Anna. She was nest where Anna had been disorderly, well dressed and breezy against Anna's dowdiness and sharpness. Feter, having totaled the score, rose and looked down at McLean.

"You're a nice lad," he said smiling. "Some time I shall teach you the game."

"How about a lesson tonight in Seven-Star Street?"

"Toucest?"

"Tanight? Why Per surry. We have an engagement for tonight." The "wo" our deliberate and crost. McLean writhed. After the statement was false, but the lary was spared that knowledge for the marrout.

Things wert well. Ductor Jennings was tackly of for quarters. She would make a wange if she sould bester berself. Peter drew for off to a corose and stated his case. She introded attentively, allely you without

She frankly discredited the altruses of Peter's motives when he told her about Harmony. But as the restal went on she found berself rather insurind. The story of Jummy appealed to her. She scolded and laceded Peter in one breath, and what was more to the point abe promoved to voit the bouse in the Shimonternatrone the next

"So Ania Gates has given home!" she reflected, "Whap?"

"This morning."

"Then the girl is there idene?"

"Yes. She is very young and inexpensioned, and the boy in a myocardin. She's afreed to be left with birm."

"In the gorte time."

"Is the quite thum?"
"Absolutely, and without hunds, except

was that she should been the house going: Doctor Jennings was impressed. It was expossible to talk to Peter and our believe

term. Weeners tracted Policy always You've have very facility she said as she rose; "but you're to the districted engine of the Unit and to the control of the for shame. Tomorrow at these, if it will not. You said the Sain term trace?"

Prive west began continue.

- IN CUSTING THE



Drops of Prevention

Ward off discuss by dropping a little Lynd in water used in washing, what ever there is the alightest danger a germs or infection.

Lysol should be used regularly to your household, as it is in practically every haspital in the country. Discuscan actively enter a house pund-by the physician's favorite Amarquic Disinfection and Germicide



Lysol is the standard anthopsic in nateralty cares and is therefore about for every day use. Five films mare powerful as an antisepsic than corfolic westy better in every way than dangerour hickbride of mercury taldets,

It is the ideal disinfectant for bange

hold and personal hygiene,
A small bottle lasts for months and
is practical incurance against heavy
medical hills, has of health, and wone.

Three Sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 Sold by Druggiste Ecorywhere

IMPORTANT—He may you get fixed from. It is put up in a and bester with the disputure of Lelin & Fink on the label. Level is note and will selegued you; its imputions may not.

Helpful Booklet, "Home Hygiene," Mailed FREE Send your name and address for the Lyes back-t. It is full as your real being for processing broke.

Lehn & Fink, Magnitude 98 William St., New York

Trees from Biltmore Nursery Are Started Right in Life

NOTHING is before chance. The basis or growth, the resistance to chimatic changes, all come true to the descriptoms in the Biltznore broke to the various Ritmont broke will bein you to solod the plants for your locality.

Billion ... Brimary Dataling. A period to the collection of player of 20th to broad at 10th page 222 Blockers.

Filter that Trees and Billions. Description of the collection of the collection

* 1000 Jr. Boxer Howevel Committee of the well

INCOMENT SPECIFF, See 1607, BOTWOOL M. C.



Smart Emplish Knockabout Hat

PARAMATIAT CO. Dest. A. 526 Brandway, NEW YORK CITY

The Franklin Six-Thirty



All the same of th

Six-Thirty Touring Car. Weight 2725 lbs. Price \$2100



hin-Thirty Rendster. Weight 2610 Ho. Price \$2300



Sis - Thirty Coupé. Weight 2788 lbs. Price \$2750

Lightest of all Sixes The Six-Cylinder 30 Horse Power Franklin

The touring car weighs 2725 pounds, the roadster 2630 pounds and the enclosed cars are proportionately light. Light weight means economy and comfort, and economy and comfort are demanded by experienced motorists. Heavy weight adds nothing to comfort and safety but does add to expense.

Tire Mileage, Gasoline Mileage and Upkeep

can be reasonable only when the car itself is reasonable. The great success of the Franklin is based on the fact that it is a reasonable car, a car anyone able to buy a good car can afford to run.

Any Franklin dealer will weigh the car for you.

Prices are F. O. B. Syracuse, N. Y. Catalogue sent to any address.

Note: Orders for Enciosed Cury, early full delivery, accepted now.

Franklin Automobile Company

Syracuse, N. Y.



Six -Thirty Sedan. Weight 2924 lbs. Price \$1200



Six-Thirty Limousine. Weight 2979 lbs: Price \$1300



Interior of Roudster



Six-Thirty Herlin. Weight 3121 fbs. Price \$3400

2725 Pounds

41/2 in. Tires



For Easter

Our choice of gifts proves not only our sentiment but our good taste. A box of se is universally recognized as in perfect taste. It is always appropriate and always appreciated.

The many vaneties of see give ample range for individual

preference. Besides which bonbons and chocolates—the masterpieces of flavor - there are fluffy marshmallows, toothsome caramels and nougats, almond bars and others equally delicious,

A Few of Many Varieties:

My Favorites, a delegant assertment of outcomers only, control with affect law on

Beverly Checolates, a new assumest with a slightly "femoment" country.

Cream Peppermints, look, side at rouse out mit the split smooth of the

Old-fashioned Molasses Candy, in respiral melanes carely, made as we made If forty yours ago.

"Seld Bonbons and Chocolates and many other aveset things from "Seld" are wild by "finit" sales agents (leading druggers everywhere) in United States and Canada. If there should be no sales agent near you, please



Positions for Students This Summer

WE will have openings for about six hundred students this summer to assist us in our field work. Students may either work at home or travel, alone or in company with other students.

Last summer, of the five hundred students, men and women, who assisted us, 8 made over \$1,200.00 during the vacation period; 15 made \$600.00 and upwards; almost all averaged over \$25.00 a week.

Applications for this year should be made at once. State your qualifications. Address EDUCATIONAL DIVISION, Box 257, THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

A YEAR IN BOHEMIA

Continued from Page 27

I looked into her innocent young eyes. No, she didn't understand. Rhoda had said sothing to make her doubt her father. But I caught my breath at the narrow escape and I looked coldly at Rhods.

"It's the only way," she said in answer to my unspoken arcusation.
"Mother," Helena said, "I want you to take me to all those parties you and father go to. Aunt Rhoda says father won't want it, and she thinks he will begin to see that what isn't good for you and me isn't good for him either."

"Go into your room for a moment, dear," I said, "and let me talk alone with your Aunt Rhods.

After she had gone I turned angrily to Rhoda

"If this is your way out —" I began.
"It is," she said coolly, "and it is the only way."
"It's nonsense. I can't let that ignorant

"Helenx is innocent, but she is not ig-norant as you think," Rhoda said. "She knows you are unhappy. Outsider as I am, I have seen that she blames her father for You know her manner to him isn't natural any more.

"But he doesn't know that. That is not the point anyway. I can't have her meeting these men."
"Most of them would respect her youth. Besides, don't you see that Grant would have to be leeding of the her? I'd not broken

to be looking after her? I'd put Archie on, too, in case Grant ever fell asleep at his post."
"I can't do it, Rhoda," I said,
"You're always talking of using children to bind a man to his wife." Rhoda reminded me. "Here's a new way of using your daughter. It isn't as if Helens would get smirehed."

"She can't help it," I said. "She doesn't even know that we drink at our parties."

Helena came down the hall.

"I can't help hearing some of the things you say, mother," she said. "I know you do have things to drink, because one day last year I saw the bottles in father's closet when I went to berrow his sweater."

Rhods compressed her smiling lips.

Rhods compressed her smiling lips.

"And once or twice you waked me last year when you came in, and I looked at my watch and it was past two." Helena said.

"Go away, child," I said irritably.

After she had gone, Rhoda said:

"Now do be sensible, Dollie. Won't the day come when Helena will have to meet your friends if you stay on here? You are simply pashing things ahead a year or so. I tell you Sophie's kept her hold on Grant far longer than I thought she would. I thought she'd let go when Baring was flashed on her sight, but she was in a crowd with him last night, and as soon as Grant with him last sight, and as soon as Grant came in she dropped him. The point is, flaring's a nice, clean, sophisticated chap who wouldn't look at Sophie

"Thanks on Grant's account!" I put in.
"Grant is no judge of women," she said impatiently. "At heart he's only a country boy, or he'd have shaken Sophie long ago. Excuse me for speaking the plain truth, but you've irritated me, when I'm doing my level best to help you. As I started to say, women Baring wouldn't look

doing my level best to help you. As I started to say, young Baring wouldn't look at Sophie, but Sophie doesn't know that. Doubtless she thinks she's got him in reserve. Now do you see what I mean?" I shook my head.

"I mean," explained Rhoda patiently, "that if we bring Helena out, Grant will be so busy looking after her for a little while that he'll have to neglect Sophie. Then to make him angry she will begin on Baring. Presently she'll find Baring as impervious as one of his South Pole toebergs, and she'll drup Grant like a bust year's bone and sink drop Grant like a best year's bone and sink every touth in her head into Baring. I tell you I know Sophie. She's taught me all her ways.

But if anything should happen to Hel-

"How rould it?" urged Rhoda. She saw that I was weakening and she pressed her advantage. "It's the only way to save things for yoursell. The men are all saying that Grant's work is losing its grip. Of course if you're afraid of the row he will make when

he finds out what you're up to ——"
"I don't care for that," I said, tightening
my lips. "I suppose I'll have to do it, Rhoda, since you've gone so far with Helena. But I do resent your doing this over my head."

She kissed me relievedly.

"I don't care what you resent if you'll only do it," she said. "I had to proceed over your head, otherwise you would not have consented. It would have seemed to you as if you were making a burnt offering of your child."

It still looked to me a little like that, but I felt I was committed. I arranged for a big supper, nominally in honor of Baring. Grant was pleased with me for thinking of it, and for one or two of the special "stunts" I had hit on. He said to me that of course

I had hit on. He said to me that of course I had made arrangements for sending Helena to spend the night with some one of her college friends, and I replied carelessly that I had attended to it.

On the evening of the supper Helena stayed in her room until half the guests had arrived. I believe the child hid in the closet most of the time, so fearful was she that Grant would spoil the plan. For all my Helena's innocence and highmindedness, I think there was in her an element of excited enjoythere was in her an element of excited enjoythere was in her an element of excited enjoy-ment at being on the brink of the pit, so to speak. Grant did not see her when she first appeared, because he was talking to Sophie Marston. Between us Rhoda and I had in-troduced her to several people before Grant wake to her presence. She was listening to Knight's talk at the time, her hig soulful eyes gazing up at him trustfully. I saw Grant go over and shake her playfully by the shoulder, and say something to her. Then he went back to Sophie. back to Sophie.

Helena came to me presently.

"Father told me to ge to bed as soon as Mr. Knight got through that paragraph, mother," she said, "and he was so sure I would that he went back to that thin lady. I think she's borrid. And Mr. Knight said: 'I should like that paragraph to last forever!' Isn't he a funny man?"

"He didn't mean that," I said,
"Oh, I know he didn't," Helena replied serenely. "Aunt Rhoda told me that your friends always say things in jokes, and that I am never to take what they say seriously."

"Go over to your Aunt Rhoda now," I said, for I saw Grant coming toward us. It was some minutes before Grant could speak to me alone. Then he said rapidly, for people were coming toward us:
"I told Helena to go to bed twenty minutes ago. What does she mean by disobeying me?"

I looked him straight in the eye. Helena came to me presently.

I looked him straight in the eye.
"She's going to stay up till the last person goes if she wants to," I said. "I told her she might."
"She shall obey me," he said, gritting his teath.

his teeth.

"Make a scene, if you want to," I said, "but you know what Helena's will is. If it comes to a choice between her parents, I don't think she'll choose to obey the one who deserted her this summer.

who deserted her this summer."

A fresh guest arrived and I greeted him smilingly, and even with a little elation. For many months I had been unwillingly yielding to Grant. I had a feeling that I might get the whiphand of him now.

Later on, when the supper was half over, he left Mrs. Marston to come to me again. "Send Helena to bed," he said, and this time his tone was pleading rather than commanding. "I don't want her to see any of these people taking wine."

"Can't you trust your friends?" I asked mockingly. "Anyhow you are free to protect your child from your friends."

Three things I noted in the course of that to me very exciting evening. What with his anger at me, his watchfulness over

to me very exciting evening. What with his anger at me, his watchfulness over Helena and the attention he had to pay his other guests. Grant was very little with Sophie Marston, and he was not so devoted as usual. She did just as Rhoda predictedmade a dead set at Baring. As Rhoda predicted also, Baring was impregnable, though I am afraid Sophie could not bring berself to see it. And lastly Baring scarcely took his eyes off my beautiful young daughter. I had a fierce pleasure in the irony of the situation.

Grant scarcely waited for the last person to leave before he turned on me, his teeth

set, his eyes angry.

"Now what does this mean?" he said grimly. "Why did you let that child..."

"Helena? She's not a child. She's seventeen. Her birthday was last week, but

you weren't home. He wineed at the thrust. 'Seventeen is a baby.'

Helena is quite mature for seventeen." I said. "You'd have noticed that if you





MUSIC LESSONS

had been with her very much during the past year.

I was trembling, and yet I was not afraid. I had been passive for a long time, for loving Grant so much I had been in his power. Now that I saw signs of his being in my power I liked the change. I am not one of those who prefer the meek martyr's crown. "I won't have it," he cried. "I forbid you

to allow Helena to-To meet our friends?" I finished.

"If you put it so.

"What will you do if I disobey?"

I had him there and he knew it. He couldn't send us away. He had already said that he could not afford to keep up two said that he could not afford to keep up two
establishments for his family. He could
not afford to send Helena to some woman's
college when she could live at home and
attend Columbia. He could not drag her
away from any company to which I took
her without giving the people we know a chance to gossip.

chance to gossip.

"Why are you doing this?" he stormed.

"Isn't it obvious? You are away so much, I can't always depend on your escort in the evening when we are invited out. I want Helens for a companion. It's only putting forward the time a year or so. Had you thought of that?"

you thought of that?"
Evidently he had not.
"Whom is she to meet if not our friends?"

pursued.

He began to storm again.

"She was talking to Knight—Knight whom two women have divorced! Upon my soul, Duflie, you are me! Where is your mother-care and love for that child?"

My voice broke.

"Where have been your husband-love and care for ms. Grant, if it comes to that? She is only meeting the sort of people I have met. As to Knight, she might do worse than marry him."

"Might slo worse!" Grant dashed his test down on the table by which he was sitting, "Do you realize the sort of man Knight is?"

"Oh, of course," I said, pretending to misunderstand; "he's twenty-five years older than Hellena, but he has money."

"Dollie," said Grant, trying to speak quietly, "I don't know what has got into you.

"Oh, I don't prefer that sort of marriage for her," I broke in; "but as I tell you, whem is she to meet and marry if not one of our friends? I have had to change all my views of life since I joined this group you have chosen. I have not liked it, but I have accepted it. I want to keep our family together. If I have compromised to please you, so shall Helens."
"But I don't want her to compromise!"

he shouted.

he shouted.

"Why not?" I taked innecently.

"Why not?" I taked innecently.

"Why not? You're mad. She a a young girl; we're middle-aged. There is no need for—for spoiling her girlish ideals."

"What you really mean," I said slowly, "is that you don't want her to be in our world and learn what kind of man you are. But why should I help deceive her in that? It will be better for Helena to open her blind eyes soon. According to your scheme, she would some day marry one of our friends and, finding out what he was, learn what you are. It will be less expensive for her to learn what you are, and decide whether or not she'll risk a husband like you."

You."

I had Grant gusping, appalled at my cynicism, yet not daring to answer me for fear he'd get tangled still further in the net

of my logic.
"I'm sure, on thinking it over, that you'll agree with me and that your daughter might as well understand what is coming to her now as later," I went on in a reasonable tone. "Suppose she marries Knight. That's what you are afraid of, isn't it?"
"I won't discuss it!" roured Grant, for he was a late! I was coming to again.

saw what I was coming to again.

"That is what you are alruid of. You don't want Helena to be hurt. But you let me be hurt. Knight, or whomever Helena marries, will probably look at things about as you do. He needn't protect his wife from pain if it interferes with his own pleasure, but he is determined to protect his daughter. Now I want Helena to be happy in her marriage. But I don't see how I can insure it. That being so, she might just as well get used to our world early. It is because I want to save Helena what I have suffered

that I am beginning to inure her now."

Grant was as baffled as he was enraged. There simply was no answer to my argument. I was merely carrying out logically for the whole family the kind of life he had

Have YOU a camera?

If so, do you know Photo oid PHOTOLOID-

the wonderful new material for printing?

Photoloid is to photography what canvas is to painting-it makes your pictures permanent.

WHAT PHOTOLOID IS:

Photoloid is a hard impervious, washable product made of Fiberhild - imperiolately, trainless, fadelym, indestructible, waterpead and chemical proof. Its fine, but surface readily receives the most delicate and misseres (1988).

Photohold is bandled similar to any "go-light" paper.

Photoloid is a toyourcloss time paver Plantohold is life at for transparencies

Photoloid is soitable to amateur and professidest attive

Photoloid is made in Purcelain White-Opaque, Velord Ivery and Cream transla-nest. Blacks, Seplas, Oliver and Greyn printed by direct development.

Photofold is the most important discovery in plutigraphy in years, and therefore de-

WHAT PHOTOLOID DOES

Photodoid facilitates the princes of printing.
Photodoid ignores genuinely activity uses PEK-MANENT pents.
Photodoid eliminates progning.

Pianulaid simplifies the securing of earbon offerta. Plumbold takes more colors excits

Photokrid makes wonderful comistions Photokrid makes you an artist in plentigraphy.

ITS SALIENT FEATURES

1. IMPERISHABLE
2. NERDS NO MOUNTING
3. NON-CURLING
4. WASHABLE
5. QUICK-DRYING

Any way to add paint arms photograph by PROTESLAND II at an any world. All continues of P. I. I. yield and arm to be a continue that we continue that we can appealing all the absence that will be a seen of the absence that we can appealing all the absence that the same that the absence that the absence and a seen at the absence that a see a see a seen at the absence that a seed of the absence tha

PHOTOLOID



If not on hand at your dealer's, we will gladly and promptly fill all orders accompanied by resolutance. He mue to specify color and size.

The Fiberloid Company " Total Areas



GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY TRUCKS

Offer to the business world a complete line of commercial vehicles at prices which even the closest buyers consider equitable and fair.

Gasoline From 11/4 Tons, at \$1500

Electric From 1000 lbs. at \$1200 To 12000 lbs. at \$2500

(Chasels Without Batteries)

GMC trucks are the product of General Motors Truck Company, one of the units of General Motors Company, the strongest organization of its kind in the world.

Your business needs a truck with the Service built in it. If you choose a GMC-that's the kind of a truck you get.

Correspondence are thed with dealers of financial responsibility.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY

Pontiac

Michigan

ston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chitago, Kansas City, St. Louis est New York, B.



PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED AL RADE DWEN. OF CHES DIES.



PUT A LITTLE CALIFORNIA IN YOUR HOME. Stillwell California BUNGALOW

PRINCE PROPERTY OF A PARTY OF THE PARTY OF T

WHIT COAST ECHNALIWA

T. W. STILL W. L. L. & CO. Bushaleds



EFFERCES APOLOGO

\$2 to \$20 💥

Name Friedling Decreas Start Co., Miscontinuos, Olio-

A line tortay addressed as below will give you complete details of a permanent, pro 19able, interesting plan that will satisfy your money wants, "however large they may be. Address THE SATURDAY EVENTS POST, Box 255, Philadelphia, Pressultan

set for himself and me. To resent it merely put him in the wrong.

He flung away to our room and locked the door on me. I was too exalted with my victory, for I saw it was that, to be amoyed, and besides I was amused at his childish-ness. After a little while I tapped on the door and said saftly:

"You'd letter open the door, Grant. Otherwise I'll have to stay with Helena." When presently he flung open the door

I could not help adding:

"I want to protect you from her judgment just as far as I can."

It was a hateful thing to say, though true, but I had been hurt for so long, and this was the first chance I had had for months really to count with Grant.

Then began for me a time of victory and of miscry. For after the first glow of the tattle I was not happy in getting on hadly with the man I loves; and besides I was terrified about fickens. I was afraid that after all I might be sacrificing her to myself. Perhaps Grant went to Mrs. Marston for sympathy and perhaps he bore his anger alone. I saw very little of him for the next week or two, except when we were out to-gether. Then he was pretty busy helping guard Helena.

Things fell out much as Rhoda had predieted, with just one variation. Sophie Marston began to pursue Baring, but I do not think she did this at first because she thought Grant was neglecting her or be-cause she was really tired of him. She did it because she saw Baring's adoration of Helena. She could not bear to have a man whom she considered worth while prefer any one to herself. Heddes, I think she considered it a test of her power to take a man away from a girl almost twenty years younger than herself. She was absolutely sure that she could do it. I do not think her interest in Grant waned until she realized that Baring would not look at her. Then she went after Baring tooth and nail.

she went after Baring tooth and nail.

Helera passed through it all, serene and with shut eyes. She still considered Knight amusing, and told me always what he said and thought it all just jokes. She looked on Sigerson as a funny sid man rather silly about his twin boys. Grant's care of her she resented a little. She told me she thought father must be afraid she did not be. know how to talk to grown-up people, be-rause he kept poking round and listening

to all she said.

What my bushand's psychology was I tould not guess: I was too much interested to dare judge. Rhoda said that he plainly rescuted it when Sophie first shandoned him to sail after Haring. Her belief was that Grant did his best to hold Sophie, and that Sophie, angered that she could not move Baring, showed her teeth and claws to Grant and disgusted him. I suppose that was it. Grant had a good deal of vanity, self-righteousness and fastidiousness. He would have been hurt at Sophie's attitude; then angry; then he would have argued that she wasn't worth it, and pretty soon it would be hard for him to believe that he had ever been more than superficially attracted

All I can be sure of is that I dragged him out as much as he would go, and that I entertained lavishly in our own home. Some-times I bet him think Helena was going to he with us when I really sent her to bed. I did my best to guard the child's health. But I did nothing at all to guard Grant's, for I wasted to wear him out. He did very little work, and Rhoda told me that not only his fellow-writers but even the editors now had begun to say that his power was leaving him. His attitude toward me was hard and disapproving. Sometimes he did not speak to me for days and sometimes we had dreadful seems, and I felt all the time as if I were on a testdefield.

I wondered when it would all end. About May, Sophie Marston broke down from nervous prostration, and her long-suffering that Baring had told her he loved Helena. He told me so, and said he had not spoken to her because he knew I would think she was too young. I was glad he had so much consideration. I asked him to wait a year or two. I said I wanted to see how he wore in some place not New York. He announced

that when we went West he would com He was and is a very understanding perso

At last the end came, but in a way I he not anticipated. Tommy had a dreaff fall from the roof of one of the school buildings. Grant was in Washington when I gethe telegram, but I sent him word at one He reached the school only a few hours aft Helena and I did. For days Tommy hubetween life and death, unconscious, som times delirious, calling especially for Gra-Once when he was asleep and the the of us were walking in the school ground Helena said;

"If Tommy dies you'll always be ser you weren't home last summer, won't ye father?"

She did not mean to be cruel; it was h the trick a young girl often has of dro ping into a state of tactless, truth-telli childhood.

childhood.

"Oh, don't, Helena," I cried, and I p my hand on Grant's arm with all the a love showing in my face.

That was the beginning of our reunion and one at first when we did not knowhether Tommy would live or die, a sgain when, though his life was saved, did not know what state his body and mi would be in. Toward the end of June, wh Tommy was fit to be moved, he ask wistfully:

"Are you coming home with us U summer, father?"

"Of course I am," Grant said. "Buris going to take the flat off our hands! the summer."

That was the only remark he made abour plans. He and Helena went down New York and packed, and, as she wrome, we didn't even leave a Hollister hair. me, we didn't even leave a Hollister bairt me, we didn't even leave a Hollister harr behind. But it was not until we be reached our own home, and had giv Tommy his supper and put him in he with Helena sitting beside him, that Gra-gave me any indication of what our futu-would be. I had gone to walk in the gr-den, which the achoel-teachers had kind kept up for us, and after a few moments joined me there.

We paced quietly up and down to paths, the starlight above us, the accept the flowers about us, and in the distance to laughter and voices and songs of our neigh hors. It all fused into a sweet sympho-of home, which made the tears roll do:

my face.
"New York seems a long way of Grant said.
I nodded. He looked into my face a

saw my tears. "It can stay a long way off for all of me

my husband said.

He gathered me into his arms a

went on;

"Can you see, Dollie, that I had a ki
of mid-summer madness? No, it w
Indian-summer madness. I wanted a fre
go at youth, and Sophie Marston gave;
the chance. But it's all over now. I
purged and same. I care so little about the

that I don't even want not to see her aga I'm so indifferent that I'd just as soon pu the time of day with her as not."

They were very sweet words to me. il I sobbed quietly in Grant's arms. "I have never loved any woman but yo and I'll never look at any one but you. said. "I'm afraid you'll never feel quite t same again, but do try to let it all be as was before."

It was the same as before, even though did not tell him it would be. It is amazi what human beings can live through, a be happy and not remember the scars. It be happy and not remember the scars. It as happy as I used to be, but a much keer critic of life. We live in our old home a Grant's work is better than ever. It that old adage about the tiger tool human blood is true. Every two or the months Grant gets restless, and I knothat means a trip to New York. I prup and go with him, putting Tommy in mother's care. I trust my husband, but prefer not to let him go to New York also We do everything together—see out if We do everything together-see our i friends, stay up late, drink deep of Bohem And at the end of two weeks or so Grt.

"Guess I'm getting old, Dollie, Le gu home."

(THE END)



my son

(Continued from Page 5)

some. He didn't rob his land to mainmores as Mathews had done. He was

ly farm is going to pay in proportion he had a some to pay in proportion had no partner, keeps well and atrong tapp." he told me. "Every cent I've ests with a view to saving her unnecessfort and annoyance. There's plenty ravidable work left even then."

It he very start of his housekeeping

id down a set of rules which he

tog aren't going to waste your time in to be see any fancy cooking on our anth French names, no bridge-whist in no afternoon tea desserts. If I in the local I'll go without. If you want is things I'll buy them all made or take town to dinner. I'm willing to eat as heast hash or a stew that isn't call a show what's in it. And I can eat regetables plain-boiled with plenty of the on them. As for desserts, a simple this with real cream, or a simple take of fashioned chocolate frosting, with and doughnuts and now and then a a good enough for me. And what's a cough for me is good enough for Tyretik.

at a the way Ruth cooks. Take a shock three inches thick, and you can ave every recipe to a variation of an inchange and the wouldn't as a book half an inch thick. You get age fifty real recipes and then five the cames for the same thing. It's for yourd with those five hundred that as the ritchen slave. It's fooling round the hundred that helped bring as the decline and fall of the Roman face and goes a long way toward bringhore and goes a long way toward bring-about the decline and fall of many un

mens household. is med to figure out the reason for a Obviously they are meant, for one to tickle a palate grown stale with and food and too little exercise. But the many a cook doesn't appreciate that a few things made right will are that a few things made right will be that a few things made right will be the that a few things made things. It often could be to set a army made. It often costs less to get a rut of meat and cook it well than it of pt a cheaper cut and bolster it up mulrooms. A simple cake made of cor and eggs is cheaper and better many cakes dependent upon fancy And cream, expensive as it is, a n the long run a cheaper desert any substitutes which offhand are

lett to be more economical. People tale into account the fact that creams merely tickle the palate, but

as sound nourishment. we were living in Little Italy a socked out a scheme of simplified

other was a revelation to many. in temple standards ell's the foreign immigrants, applied all better results to simple New lod cooking. Dick's idea was a little where Ruth's chief object was The hoy could well afford many that had been beyond our means. that necessary for Jane to spend her nothergy seeking food bargains. Her rules, as well as her eggs, milk and were supplied by the farm, which to a great saving. Her meats she could is buy at current prices and buy the is bren so she might have wasted a lot that energy if it hadn't been for Dick. a much of an art to save work as to

they many families of means who was of foolish burdens in the home t in such headless fashion as to The bome into the chief burden of all. buband, instead of securing a haven 385 discovers that he is nothing but proa small hotel which isn't paying; of housekeeping, finds herself the cor of an employment agency and a better to her servants. Their money, of saving them work, makes still sek for them. It's small wonder end either in sanitariums or THE BOOMSE

Now Dick undertook housekeeping as every sane man undertakes a new business He considered first what he wished to accomplish and then the best way to accomplish t. He planned his home us a man plans a business plant—for efficiency. Then be made it beautiful, still retaining his simple standards. Next he proceeded to operate it, keeping always foremost in his mind the idea of peace and rest and comfort for the wife first and himself next and his guests last. This was to be first of all his wife's home, with some real meaning in the word home; then it was to be his home; and finally guests were always welcome so far as they didn't interfere with this mutual

When Dick said no folderols in cooking he meant it. Take, for instance, the matter of breakfasts. He was up pretty nearly the year round at four o'clock. There's many a man will do this in camp and come back boasting about how much better he feels. but there are mighty few in town who wouldn't think they were being killed if they had to rise at four regularly. But Dick was sound as a nut and in as good condition the year round as an athlete, and he enjoyed

the early morning.

A man who sleeps between dawn and

sun-up hasn't half lived.

Dick came downstairs and lighted the kitchen fire, which after all isn't much more of a job than getting some one else to do it. He put on the oatmeal and coffee and tea-kettle, which didn't take him five minutes. Then he went out to the barn, where he had plenty to do for the next hour. By that time Jane was up and had made the toust and boiled the eggs. That was all there was to it. Outmenl and cream, teast, collec and eggs day in and day out.
I know that right here there's many a

man and many a woman who'll turn up their noses at the scheme as impossible. No human beings could stand it; they'd tire of it. But understand this: that outmeal was cooked right some three hours the day before; upon that natmeal cream was used—thick, yellow cream that tasted like nuts; the coffee was cooked right and when used with that cream turned a golden brown; the eggs were fresh from the nest; the toust was cut thin and served daintily. If a man tires of such things, then in my opinion there's something wrong with the man. Dick is no weaking and requires a man's diet, but he kept full weight and hard on this. That's true, too, of Jane.

Having this first meal fixed, definite and easy to prepare both were left fresh for the day. I don't believe Jane was half an hour in the kitchen and the boy not over ten minutes. Once the breakfast things were

cleared away Jane spent her time with Dick until he left for town.

After this she cleared up her routine housework and did her general cooking. Perhaps three days a week she was husy in this way until eleven, but more often she was through by halfpast nine or ten. Two ordinary servants would have puttered round about the same tasks until noon. To do this she had to get up about five o'clock. Yet I've seen many a woman come down yawning at ten and then not be half so fresh for dinner as Jane. I believe men and women were made to get up in the

Jane consulted her own taste about lunch. She didn't worry much about what she had—bread and butter and milk as often as not. She was no more of a weakling than Dick, and perhaps it's this very fact that gave her a reliab for the simple

June began her dinner about halfpust four. It seldom took much over an hour to prepare it-a plain soup, a reast with potatoes and sometimes one other vegetable, lettuce, and a dessert prepared in the morning. This was ready for Dick the morning. This was read thirty. It as soon as he arrived, about five-thirty. It was out of the way an hour later. could be done in the new kitchen without any lost motion. I've seen it done day after day, and next to Ruth, who was a good housekeeper when ten years old. Jane, had very little previous experience, did it more easily than any one else I've ever

THERE'S nothing like beginning right.

Dick and June began their housekeeping from the day they were married, for,
in violation of all established custom, they





HOMES OF OAKLAND A New California Bungalow Book

chan being of underen homeogous will find the house of paint you have been broking for. Vers much use to beak factors mixing your the iman. Many river stor to said simple designs are shown. Jend yourset and as well lend you a body prepaid.

LINITED SICHER SUILDERS, 1762 Brandon, Cokland, Cal.

Grow Your Own Vegetables

Planet Jr Garden S L Aller & Co Ben 1205 C. Philadel

PLANT THE DULU IAPL IT'S THE SCIENTIFIC WAY

Make Vegetable Gardening Easy

Send ONE DOLLAR for Bit it would of White and Red Studiek, Busines and Carty Latters, Gesten, Smooth, Bart, Tennes, Carnet and Cabbury Sends, 100 R. in all. Cornect planting contractions in each package. Send the dollar saw. NO ACENTS. AMERICAN SEED TAPE CO. 1604 Walley Assess CLUYTLAND, ONDO

POULTRY PAPER

POPLITRY ADVOCATE, Dept. 31, Syractes, M. T.

BOAT OWNERS Fine Large Catalog on Racing Propeller Wheels, Reverse Gears and motor boat accessories. WRITE TODAY. MICHIGAN WHEEL CO. Grant Sapita, Michiga





The most estimational bank on one sees published. Not a stability but experience of the oldest rose-growing by disciplination in taking colors, it THE SPRICES & CONNECT CO., But 642, West Green, P.



passed their honeymoon quietly in their new home instead of wearing themselves out with travel. This was Jane's idea. boy suggested Yellowstone Park, California, or a trip abroad, not because he himself wished to go, but because like every honest American he felt he ought to do something big to celebrate the event. But Jane said: "Dick, starting life fresh in a new home is a big enough change for me. Let's just visit by ourselves. So instead of fretting themselves half to

death jumping from train to train or adding the strain of foreign travel to hearts al-ready besting hard with excitement, they just drove from our house, where they were married, to the peace and seclusion of their own little home. And by passing their honeymoon there they hallowed their home forever with those first joyou

memories.

I never saw a new house which showed its newpose so little as Dick's. It was settled from the first day they moved in. Dick left no traces of the builders and had the patience to wait until it was complete in every detail. When he and Jane moved in, the early spring flowers were growing round the house as though they had always been growing there. And being right there by Jane's side during those early days gave Dick a chaose to help. He had his own ideas about the home duties of man and the state of the s wife. I think they were sound—absolutely sound. This is the way he put it to me one

day:
"I don't see why there should be any
sharp line of division, dad. I expect my
wife to take an interest in my business and to help me run it in every way she finds possible. I, in my turn, want to take an active interest in my home and help there in every way I find possible. It's the only way a home can be run today without servants, and a real home for the average mun must be run without them."

"Homes used to be run without servants,"

"Yes, but then the wife did all the homework. I don't think that's quite fair, either. Besides, mighty few women can do it to day without killing themselves. They are the product of a different civilization. They baven't the physical endurance to stand what their grandmothers stood. Jane hor-self ham't. Women lead different lives today. But here's another point—the men folk are leading different lives too. In the old days when a man got out at dawn and worked his body until dark there was some excuse for leaving all the home work to the wife. There wasn't any alternative. But men aren't doing that today. Even most day laborers are on an eight-hour schedule. Why shouldn't they give the wife the benefit of their shorter hours by taking some of this extra leisure and making things essier for her?

"That might apply to the day labore, but how about the business man?" I said

for the sake of argument.

The boy was dead in earnest about these things he was working out for himself and perhaps in his enthusiasm he overstated them. But I den't mind that. I don't like to see young men too conservative. I like to see them make a dash for truths I like to see them play the swift, impulsive game for a few years. Now Dick wasn't like that at all in his business, for there his training had been different; but in the way he tackled everything else he was. "What about the business man who

doesn't have time to do anything round the home?" I said.
"Dad," said Dick, "you know as well no I what a hypocrite the tired business many is. He's as big a bluff as the man the bire labor agitator pictures as a slave to cap talism. You know this better than any one because you've had experience with both ways of earning a living. You know it isn't hard work that's killing either of them. but what they do with their time when they aren't working."

This is the way the boy argued, and he lived up to his own convictions. But at the basis of his convictions lay an unusual respect and passion for the home. I had never been aware of it until his engagement. don't believe the boy himself was aware of it. But when I spoke of this to Ruth she smiled—that deep, quiet smile of hers that comes from a spot in women men don't know

anything about. The boy had a passion for home-for the old-fashioned home built upon a warrant) deed and free of debt. His house wasn't

Continued on Page 84)









Hot Nose Me







en infrasioni-



Top Beauty - Top Service

A NEVERLEEK Top adds to the appearance of your car as well as service value. It gives a smarter, handsomer look. It keeps its shape, its smoothness, its richness.

Guaranteed Without Limit

NEVERLEEK is guaranteed absolutely transproof without time limit - your top recovered free if it falls to make good.

Specify a top made of NEVERLEEK for your new car. Many high-grade cars include it as reguler equipment. If your present car needs a new top, write us for the name of a top maker who will supply NEVERLEEK.

Samples of owe doll and semi-bright Solshes free on request. Write today,

REVERLEER

TOP MATERIAL

F. S. CARR COMPANY, 31 Beach Street, Boston, Mass.

Factories at Framingham, Mass., and Tilbury, Ontario, Can.



Smith & Wesson Automatic

The give that makes you think

Receives a discile motion of the model imper to release the automatic salety. This was the best and the form propose. No one can discharge the Smith 6 Washington in the Art the hand appropriated, non-communic salety makes the gun makes the Washington in the machines as the located completely, so that it is mechanically an article of the United

Easiest to load

The requirement can be included disconnected in that the "Just" may be drawn that and made in the water administration and the game based

Easiest to clean

His releasing a simple that emigre cates, the Swint is Wester may be opened up to come the property of the change of the contraction.

The special caliber

Amounts of another or made expectable for the pain.

Another Carriadoe is made expectable for the pain.

At the these beginns S. P. W. mechanical perfection and S. P. W. desertes and you have been some Smith in books Automatic, the gas you totally own.

And your evaler for a ser- ner. Write for five beautist describing gas in detail

SMITH & WESSON, 720 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.





Supplementing Your Income By \$20.00 a Week

WE have permanent openings for five hundred men in given localities throughout the exautty, including your locality. We prefer family men, men who are well known, with present business connections. but sufficient time to develop our work as a side line, men of stamins, who need more money and given the opportunity, will get it.

Mr. Turney (allow at lot) is a hardware paleonic, who devines only one had a day or pay work, and her payed. own \$200 08 is now recent morning.

Mt. Dicker (conter) averages over \$100.00 a month extra. He is a department store Manager in a Militage stay.

fifr. Stephene trigost supplements has become than lares \$150,00 a month along the lines we propose to you. He is an expert accountable.

If you need more money and are our type of person, we will show you how profushle, interesting and permanent the work is. Write today to

African Division, Box 254

The Cartis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Fa-

(Continued from Page 82)

built as an investment or as a speculation; it was built as a home and nothing else. This was fundamental. It was built to be the permanent capital of his little republic. That was the way he felt about it from the first, and it had a lot to do with his whole attitude toward life. When he married he founded a new house of Carleton.

This was the boy's point of view and it accounted largely for the spirit in which he tackled the problem. It lent dignity to his home and to his work in the home. It accounts for the fact that with Dick the home was always first. If any sacrifices had to be made, either of time or money or social pleasures, those sacrifices were always made contribute the home, which is rather on the outside the home, which is rather an un-usual stand for a young man to take as I've

observed other young man to take as I've observed other young men.

The boy was young men.

The boy was young when I fought my fight in the suburis, and yet I think he must have learned something from that. There the bome was always last. We must have our social pleasures, our parade clothes, our clubs even though we couldn't afford them. If it was necessary to sacrifice anything we didn't sacrifice those items but we cut down our home expenses. We took it out of our hides.

But Dick didn't have to go back so far as that. He had among his town friends a dozen examples of this policy of considering the home last. His own partner wouldn't marry because it meant giving up his automobile, his clubs and a certain amount of freedown. That man was sacrificing a home after his own fashion. There was Stephens who had married, but who lived in apartments rat to save money but in order to be able to spend more money outside the able to spend more money outside the able to spend more maney outside the home. And his wife egged him on. There was Chadwick with a boy ten years old whem he shipped off to a boarding school in the winter and to a boys' camp in the sum-mer, while he with his wife burned up gus-oline all over the state and slept in any hotel

sline all over the state and slept in any hotel where they happened to be at night.

Lord pity all of them when with dulied senses they find their hands empty! Lord pity them when they realize the hideous, hollow settishness of it all! With their unsatisfied longings, with their lives incomplete, some day they'll learn that the price of not sacrificing is in the end to offer themselves a sacrifice—a value and useless secrifics.

The boy was making money in his con-tracting business and he might have made more, but from the day he stepped over the threshold of his home there never was a moment when he heatated if the issue was raised whether it should be less home and more business or less business and more home. As much money as he was able to make and still maintain the established standard of his home, that much he would make and no more. His office hours in town were from nine to five, and no money reward could tempt him to extend them. When he was at his desk be worked samely and consistently, but he never came home exhausted. The business he developed on the farm later on made a longer day for him, but back of this was a spirit that made it different from the business of sheer morey-making.

What was true of his business was true of his social life. He and Jane went out whenever doing so did not interfere with their home life. In this matter June was the boss. She said where and when it pleased her to go, and Dick went along cheerfully. But Dick was back of her when she didn't want to go. There were sussocial obligations or social duties in their lives. It must be a social pleasure or nothing. They never besitated about refusing an invitation if they preferred to stay at home.

There were those who called them selfish at the start, but when they really knew Dick and June and knew their home, that beeling didn't had long among those worth

feeling didn't last long among those worth knowing. Their home stood for something worth while in the village, and people came to understand this.

In their turn they entertained, but they entertained genuinely. The people they in-vited to visit them were the people they enjoyed. They were their real friends. And they established a new standard for entertaining. A guest who came to their bouse came to their home. He or she became for the time being one of the family.

I have told of these things because to me the boy's home seemed just what a home ought to be and because in his home life the boy and Jane got back to ideals worth while. Their standards had a great influence not only upon Jane and Dick themselves



The Boss is proud of his business

and the treasurer is proud of his land telanter. The more I my for office entitioners the laster planed is the laster planed in the laster motter in explain to the transmiss form letter in wh-priced band.

I holed them both. "How do you like our new letterhead?" may I to the Hims, handling him a new, erackle show "Circus," in cold. "Brick to it." "(Int'" soit the Honouse dale mady. "Louis like pretty expandly paper house, inster use happingly."

The first intertact was an Hammourn II bond and cost is a than

7 eros, a proud;

I now too Hemourmill Bond in

I now too Hausquerold Bond los errey and a determent, office and lactory forms, price lists. It's non-monical, but an introduce, clear of foods and "quality". In feet that the flace is ground to man a fester on it.

What's mane, Hammerold is watermorked. The man what would his paper owner to my to me? "Not only this, year, but price year and every year thereafter, I will make the paper thereafter, I will make the paper the outer. It will make the paper the outer, I will make the paper the outer. It will make the paper the outer, I will make the paper the paper on entereds, the emin spatiny and the same in all diversity and the same in way will I choopen the paper on which I have not this, any mark."

Views / http://price // Prochaging algorithms to the prochaging and the prochaging algorithms for the prochaging and the process of the prochaging and the prochaging and the prochaging allows all many impropriations there for the prochaging allows and the prochaging allows are prochaging allows and the prochaging allows and the prochaging allows and the prochaging allows are prochaging allows and the prochaging allows and the prochaging allows and the prochaging allows are prochaging allows and the prochaging allows are prochaging allows and the prochaging allows and the prochaging allows are prochagi

HAMMERMIA PAPER CO., Dre. Pac

MAMMERANILL BOND "The Other Business Payme"



Edwards Stal Shingl

the general soft east twenty, for the off, lighteing hard condition proof of the result families (lighteen Process, for the property of the result for the product of the result of the lighteen products in the lighteen and the soft of the lighteen and the lighteen for disconting. Very laborate and transfer and transfer of the lighteen for lighteen and lighteen for lighteen the lighteen for lighteen and lighteen for lighteen and lighteen for lighteen and lig

The Edwards Mig. Co., 4325-4385 Lock St., Cincinnel





CHAS. C. BENNETT CO., 364 Codar Street, Harrish





MATIC THE ST. OVER THE PROOF PAGE Money-Back Guarantee

"Vapadium" Rubber and the figure for the control of the con-part with a maker publication and present a built from any flowing of Francis LEETIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

Corchohocken, Pa-



but upon the whole village. Though Ruth has been doing much the same all her life, the influence of the older woman didn't carry as far with the new generation as did the influence of the younger.

WHEN Dick bought the Dardoni farm his interest was centered chiefly in the fact that it was to be the site of his future home. He didn't have in mind anything very definite as to how he would work the farm itself, although he was definite enough about the necessity of working it. In a gen-oral way he had in mind the mixed farm that prevails in our town and that I have always recommended. He proposed to keep a horse, a cow, chickens and pigs for his own use, to raise his own produce and sell off all surplus. But about this time Doctor Barney, the young physician who had taken Doctor Wentworth's place in the village, had a talk with Dick.

This man Barney had come pretty near This man Barney had come pretty near revolutionizing medical practice in Brewster. We had accured him right after his hospital service, while his ideals were high and his courage good. He hadn't fallen into any rut and he hadn't had his hands and feet tied by that old octopus of the profession, "Prefessional stiquetts." He wasn't afraid to speak right out in meeting about conditions in the village needing a change, even when it meant burting the feelings of the three other doctors in town. feelings of the three other doctors in town. He was a live wire. One of the first things he did was to give a talk before the Pioneer Club on the dangers of the promiscuous use of morphics that made the other three physicians sit up and rub their eyes. As a result of that the three talked of bringing action against him before the medical so-ciety and one of them even proposed saing him for libel.

him for libel.

"Let him do it if he dares." I told Barney.

"I'll furnish the money to fight it and we'll give him an airing such as a doctor hasn't had in this old state for a good many years."

As for Holt, he was so anxious to get at him that he almost pushed the old doc into the suit.

"If only I could get him into court once," he said, rubbing his hands together.

As a result of the talk Barney gave us we voted him a salary of five hundred dollars a year to give us a regular monthly talk on such problems of sanitation as he thought most urgent and to serve as general health officer for club members. He had just been married and named the money to live on married and needed the money to live on. I didn't want to see him forced to his knees for lack of money. That's what happens too often to young men. Our law schools turn out every year hundreds of young men filled to the brim with enthusiasm, clearsighted and untrammeled, ready to throw themselves into business reforms and po-litical reforms and legal reforms. Unbound by conventions, ungagged by business affiliations, afraid of no man, they may be a bit extravagant in their ideals but there's fire in them and a noble purpose. Then that grim old bully, Expediency, stands over them with a club and threatens them with starvation and bribes them with them with starvation and bribes them with buubles until within a year most of them have fallen into line. That's equally true of the medical schools. Listen to a young doctor fresh from his hospital service and you'll learn what the professional weak-nesses are and what nught to be done to reform them. You'll hear that farce, pro-fessional etimestra, which help doctors fersional etiquette, which bids doctors protect each other at the expense of the public, called by its right name. Listen to that same youngster five years later and you'll probably find him right in line—a tritle shamefaced, to be sure, but right in line.
And it's just as true of other professions.
It's a burning shame the way the fresh and
daring and hoble-enthusiasm is pounded out

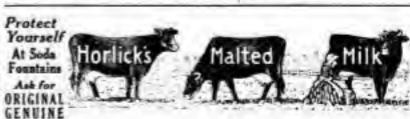
of young men. So we gave Barney enough to live on in connection with his small farm. Not only that, but we threw a lot of practice his way. Then I said to him:

"Now you go ahead and express yourself.
I'll guarantee to furnish the funds to protect you, and Holt will furnish the legal experience. Keep young. Call things by their right names. If you ratch the other doctors leaving forceps in a wound after an operation, as I've heard has been done, let us know. If you catch them not setting hones properly, as I've also heard has been done, let us know about that. If you yourself make a mistake, own up to it. For heaven's sake let us have the truth."

So far as I've been able to see, that's what he's done, and we've benefited wonderfully







Food-Drink for All Ages Nourishing Delicious Digestible Others are In furious

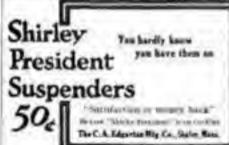


WARNER'S Rust-Proof Corsets Made-to-Wear

NOT TO RUST, BREAK or TEAR \$1. to \$5.

EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED SOLD EVERYWHERE







New 1914 Catalog FREE

er 40 (at her beautiful example) of Come-Packt Furniture Co., 414 ft

by it. One or two hysterical women have objected to being told there was nothing in the world the matter with them after they'd been under Wentworth's care for fifteen years, but they didn't have a very sympa-thetic audience to listen to them.

Barney came over to the house one night shortly after the fact was announced that Dick had bought the Dardoni place.

"I'm glad you've bought that farm," he said to Dick. "It makes you just the man I've been looking for."
"How's that?" said Dick.

"You can raise milk for some of my

Dick had used Barney to look after any of his men that were sick. The men liked him and had called him, in a good many cases, to their families. In this way Barney had worked up quite a practice in Little Italy. It wasn't a practice that paid him very much, for half the time he wouldn't present a bill and about half the rest of the time he spent in preventive work. His hearty common-sense and his genuine in-terest in these people made him tremen-dously popular. Some of the physicians down there—though not among the public health officers—were shysters and quarks. They were not only incompetent but bar-barnosty cruel, prolonging cases purposely, sometimes at the cost of lives.

"You mean you want to turn my farm into a free-milk supply station?" said Dick, a hit friehtened.

a hit frightened. "Free?" mid Barney. thought of that now. But if you could

afford to do it
"I can't," said Dick.
People in Brewster had become almost superstitious about Barney. He had put through so many reforms against opposi-tion, which though for the public good had been at private expense, that folks began to think he had some privilege like that of Federal conferation. Most of his sugges-

tions came pretty near being commands.
"I'm not a millionaire," said Dick.
"I've put a lot of maney into this farm and
I've got to make it pay."
"Oh, I see," said Barney. "Well, I wonder new if you rouldn't make clean milk pay."
"I haven't thought about it," said Dick pressily.

orcasily.
"Then why don't you?" said Barney.
"I can't imagine any line of farming that would bring a man a desper personal satisfaction than the production of clean milk

at a fair price "But can the kind of milk you want be produced at what you call a fair price?"

I believe you can produce it, Dick," said Barney.

"I don't know. The cost of sterilizing

"I don't want my milk sterilized," exclaimed Barney.

Buh7 "If you're going to raise the kind of milk that has to be sterilized I don't want it for my tables. Clean milk is sterile milk. When milk comes from a healthy row it's as sterile as Nature wants is to be. All you

have to do is to keep it clean."

This was a new idea to Dick. So it was

"Then what's the meaning of all this

bullabalos you doctors are making about sterilizing milt?" Dick asked. "It's a war measure," said Barney. "We sterilize it, not because we want to, but because we can't trust the average milk any other way. It's a shame it has to be. What I want is a milk the public can trust. "But you demand so much of it."

"I densared nothing of it but decent cleanliness," broke in Barney, "Just simple, decent cleanliness and four per cent fat. It's kind of tough on the kiddies, isn't it, when that is clossed as a luxury. Kind of tough an everyone when to stand a fair show of not poisoning their children so many men either have to pay a fancy price of denature their milk. That surely doesn't speak very well for some of the men who raise and handle milk."

Barney leaned over and put his hand on Dick's knov.

He spoke soherly, but with a tourh of something in his voice that made my own heart heat faster.

"I honestly believe that it's actually within your power to make a decent profit and at the same time save each year more children than all the doctors in the whole city save. That would be a fine thing to do, wouldn't it? And Carleton milk would do it.

(TO RECUNTINUED)



FOR every occasion you will find a Florsheim-pre-eminent in style - perfect in fit and finish - suited precisely to your taste. An essential to correct attire. Priced at \$5 and up to \$7.

The Flundeum dealer will show you the season's versel villes.

"THE SEC OF CONFECT STYLES"

The Florsheim Shoe Co. Chicago, U.S. A

FOR THE MAR WHO CARES

YOUR OFFICE BOY

Do you know how he lives, and what an extra dollar or two each week would do ha his home?

TENDREDS of office buys, errand hurs and stock bors will Wite Sequential Ferming, Part Inthen employers and other mento the buildings where they work-Your office lay can at this way therease his parames without interfering with his other duties.

from us the some and address of any lim who needs money and to willing to work for it and we'de tell into look he can get ome hundred ensumors and earn 5. (a) more each week. To his mirens well and, tree of con, a must helpful losokler entitled, Who stoll I Do With My Hoy - Gare in the chance in help martin young Priceto of your Small his yame and address in

THE CONTRACT PRODUCTIONS COMPANY

comment of the same

THE BOY WHO COUNTED A MILLION

beside the desk, he was seen to be moving his lips as always, seen by any who cared to peer through the window, secure at last from vexatious interruptions. It became known later in the day, also, that Amos had nobly relinquished the licorice drops, to be locked in the safe against the nearing day of his triumph.

Old Slicky had observed that they seemed

to delay his counting

It was frankly conceded that evening, upon the best village authority, that Slicky Baich had come to his second childhood—"throwing his money right and left like that!" His mind had gone or was going. Even when it was definitely ascertained by several of these hopeful theorists that he was, in the matter of compound interest and overdue notes, still curiously his old normal self, the theory was by no means abandoned. It was still believed that he would presently be giving away all he had, and an unwonted cheerfulness sat the faces of his clients.

How were they, indeed, to divine that for the ordinary mechanics of his trude the delicately stupendous performance of Amos had merely ground his acuteness to a finer esige? How were they to conceive that he might—and still retain his craft—squander the interest for a year on nearly a whole dollar, in that delirious moment when Romance had flung her silvery veil across

his cunning old eyes?

That spring was "in our midst," as the editor of the local weekly would have it, a New York reporter in process of recupera-tion from his city toil. He had sent to his paper such freakish items as came to his notice, and had written up several of our local worthies- to their mingled wrath and pride. And Amos was considered to be a pride. And Amos was considered to be a Sunday feature. At the dizzy altitude of the nine hundred thousands he was led to the photographer; nor was old Slicky omitted. The two were portrayed, Amos standing a bit in advance, stiff and terrified, old Slicky seated and revealing a kind of proud humility. A week later the likeness came to us in a Sunday base of the New came to us in a Sunday issue of the New York paper, festconed with impressionistic portraits of Alexander the Great—in armor—Julius Cusar, Charlemagne, and some minor celebrities who supposedly had never counted a million. "Obscure lad in teems stirs New England village," declared the heading, and in the course of the column write-up it was intimated that one Silas Balch, "respected as the leading capitalist of this thriving community," intended to make the young post of numbers his sole heir. In fact old Slicky was bluntly labeled "A Village Morcenas."

That was a bitter day for us who had so

That was a bitter day for us who had so recently scorned Amos Apple for his inept-ness at sport, his rabbitlike timidity. How small beside him now was one who merely possessed a fishhawk's egg or a bone felon! At five hundred thousand he had been called upon to settle a dispute, and even at three hundred thousand we had asked him— asked him—to join our games. New we would as soon have asked the minister. Far above us, he went to and fro upon his lawful occasions and we were the abashed

Nor was the million to be achieved without a further, an unbelievable exaltation. At nine hundred and seventy-eight thou-sand—to be precise—Amos became truly feverish and was conveyed to his home in a hired carriage by old Slicky. There he was put to bed and the doctor was thrillingly called. Old Slicky, who was himself feverish, hore all the expense. The mother of Amos had stolidly declared for a mustard footbath and boneset tea, proffering gratui-tously, moreover, the diagnosis that her son suffered from nothing but incurable laziness. Yet she was overborne by old Slicky, and the mysterious and expensive drugs were administered.

The doctor's son disclosed to us that Amos was indeed sick unto death—that the fever was slowly turning his blood to water. It was fascinating pathology. While I think none of us really wished Amos to die, there must have been an undercurrent of opinion that it might be best for all concerned. It would show that a mere nobody had better be mighty careful how he exalted himself

Erect upon one of the straight-backed chairs above his superiors by a trick; and if he really had to go, it were better, dramatically, that he went before the count was done. We were discreet of speech in this matter, but I think that is how we felt.

But regardless of our secret convictions, our fine esthetic willingness to see Amos a martyr to his pride, the god of numbers permitted him to survive, not only to survive but to persevere; for on his sickhed he continued to count, and bulletins were fetched to us, chiefly by old Slicky, who watched and tended him as if he had been

a delicate mortgage.
On the third day's seclusion—a Saturday—we learned that one million was at hand. A hushed and respectful group, we gathered on the new grass before Amos' door. We came at nine hundred and ninety six thousand, eight hundred, and we stared with awe at the inferior Stubbs house. We marveled, too, that the mother of Amos could apparently be discharging the com-mon offices of her household as if no great moment were at hand. Too plainly she had

no spark of the true fire. At nine hundred and ninety-eight thousand Amos tragically appeared, wan but unconquered. There was a discreet, a quickly stifled cheer. Amos ignored it. He swated himself in the doorway, gazed above our heads and waggled his upper lip as of yore. His expression was heatific. Before such intensity of devotion St. Cecilia at the organ would have seemed a gross and

frivolous trifler.

We all counted with Amos now. That was no longer to be resisted. We must go out to meet the panting runner and pace the final stretch beside him. Only at the very last hundred did we lose our centrol. We could no longer rount. We could but

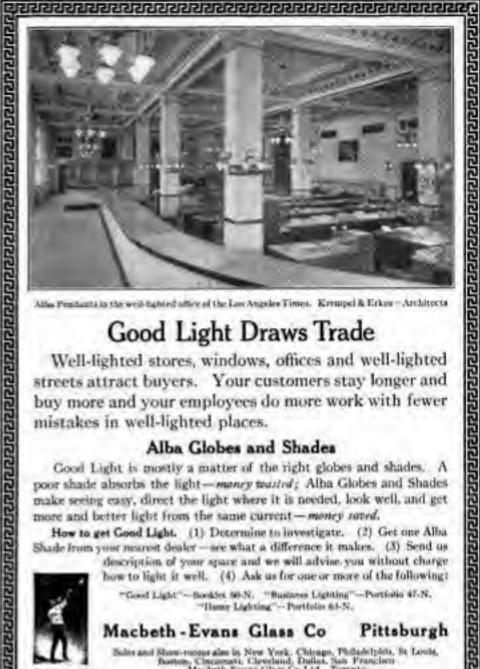
Ames finished with the unburried coolness of a veteran; with his last twenty he but toyed, mouthing the count deliberately, as one who would extract the final flavor from a prized tithit—and this before the day of Fletcher! We stopped breathing. Amos lifted his pale eyes full to the nenth and declaimed with thrilling slowness:

"One mill-yu-q-n!"

There was no immediate demonstration, The time was too great for aught but a shuddering sigh of relief. And discipline still gripped Amos. He arose and we saw that he grasped a hammer. Majostically he stalked to a near-by maple tree and into its already abused bole be sternly drove a nail—there were nine other nails beside it.
Then at last be folded his arms and consented to receive our plaudits. We rendered them vociferously while he stood with lips for once at rest. After a time of this he graciously unbent and was good enough to ennverse upon the superficial aspects of his ordeal—such as beans. There were ten limas and hundreds of the small oses. It is unlikely that Amos had foreseen the now tremendous significance of these beans. He was not bright enough to have divined that they would become historic beans, especially the ten limas. He actually bestowed one as a gift upon the first boy who asked for it. But he was swiftly enlightened, for in the ensuing rush for the others offers of valuable property were frantically made, and Amos suddenly tightened up, as it were. On the spot he acquired, among other valuables, the best collection of birds eggs in town, a poison-tainted surgeon's scalpel, a kite, a madstone and a tame crew. The last lima, so spirited had the bidding become, brought from Goat Edwards the amazing price of two flint arrowheads, twenty sweet-fern cigarettes and a fresh pig's bladder, inflated and tied to a stick.

On account of their great number and the ease with which such coinage might be debased by the unscrupulous, the lesser beans were like silver in the days of Solomon the King, "nothing accounted of," though the very small boys traded in them and I have known twenty to buy a neatly blown robin's egg.

And yet as we traded leverishly there for the beans, how blind we were! Not one of as had the wit to consider the driven nails which, as the ultimate counters, were patently of a superior value. It was old Slicky who came back later, and with much labor, for they were soundly driven, withdrew them one by one and carried them off



Allas Penitants in the well-tighted office of the Los Angeles Times. Krempel & Erkes - Architects

Good Light Draws Trade

Well-lighted stores, windows, offices and well-lighted streets attract buyers. Your customers stay longer and buy more and your employees do more work with fewer mistakes in well-lighted places.

Alba Globes and Shades

Good Light is mostly a matter of the right globes and shades. A poor shade absorbs the light-money masted; Alba Globes and Shades make seeing easy, direct the light where it is needed, look well, and get more and better light from the same current-money saved.

How to get Good Light. (1) Determine to investigate. (2) Get one Alba Shade from your nearest dealer - are what a difference it makes. (3) Send us

description of your space and we will advise you without charge how to light it well. (4) Ask us for one or more of the following: "Good Light" - Bankfer M.N. "Business Lighting" -- Portfolia 47-N.



"Hump Lighting" -- Portfolio 64-N. Macbeth - Evans Glass Co Pittsburgh

Salin and Show-rooms also is New York, Chirago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Baston, Cincarast, Cleveland, Dullat, San Francisco Macleth Evans Glass Co Ltd. Toronto

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of Protect your Miran, Cirry say bring you wealth. Write its "Sandred Investions" and "How to Get Your Tarent and Your Manier," Rampoters & Co., Singt. 187, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C.





A dollar's worth of Seeds - Heipful Catalog 25°





and not come and 25th and to our seried that sant-sides typ-likents bear or Dealers or Nonneme Housey Co., Philadelphia

Stamps Three Envelopes While You Stamp One

Here's a little device that affixes stamps to any over or form of mail—instantly and se-curely. Simply insert coiled stamps (abtain-able at any P. O.) in stamp case, fill water chamber, and it is ready for 500 stampings. Then simply press the plunger. The

Multipost Stamp Affixer and Accountant

has been on the market three years and now is in daily use in 15,000 offices. Begins to save immediately - its large or small offices. Pays for itself in no time. One

year guarantee. Will last a lifetime. A Stamp Cash Register

You can't get a stamp out of the Multipost without it being recorded. The Multipost protects your stamps like a funk protects your money. Keeps a constant check on your postage and mailing. Save yourself from lossand your em-

dissert from temptation-

by using the Multipost.

FREE BOOK-"How Stamps Are Lost"

Tells why you should watch your stamp hox. Shows the big stamp loss in every office. Full of facts that are "eye-open-ers." Explains our Free Trial offer. Every business man should read this book. Send for it at once-it's free,

The Multipost Co., 22 Allen St., Rochester, N.Y.

Canadian Multipad Co., Toronto, Con

SAFETY FIRST

The foundation quality idea in the manufacture of Goodrich Tires

The Goodrich method of mak-ing tires is based on the "Safety First' idea. Safety for your family and yourself.

Goodrich puts forty-four years of experience and quality in rubber manufacturing in every Goodrich Tire.

4 That puts the safety in the construc-tion of the tire itself - puts strength and resilience and service in it.

Goodrich Unit Molded Tires are the standard by which all other high grade tires are judged because of their wonderful wearing quality and uniform excellence. That's why Goodrich has held the leadership for nearly twenty years.

The extra thickness of tough Goodrich rubber in the treads at the point of contact with the road provides longer satisfaction and former cost

But the second of the second o

Goodrich



The thick, tough pathler bars and croatize of the safety trend as shown alone, make a "Substy First" tend-way for the car. They clean and dry the path only prop it, and make the brake affective.

Here are the prices on the best tires ever produced in the Gundrich factory:

Sine	Smooth Tread Prices	Salety Tread Prices	Gray Inner Yaba Prices	Sie	Smooth Tread Prices	Salety Tread Prices	Grey Inser Tube Prices
30 x 3	\$11.70	\$12.65	\$2.80	34 x 4 1/2	\$33.00	\$35.00	\$6.15
30 x 31/2	15.75	17.00	3.50	35 x 4 /2	34.00	36.05	6.30
32 x 3 /2	16.75	18.10	3.70	36 x 4 1/2	35.00	37.10	6.45
33×4	23,55	25.25	4.75	37 x 5	41.95	44.45	7.70
34×4	24.35	26.05	4.90	38 x 51/2	54.00	57.30	8.35

Dealers almost everywhere have Goodrich Tires or one get them for you from nne of our Branches or Deputs.

Akron, Ohio The B. F. Goodrich Co. Preschas in All There is nothing in Goodrich Advertising that isn't in Goodrich Good

A Boy Worth Having

He approaches you confidently. He does not stammer, scuff his feet or hang his head. He approaches you at your office or home and asks you to huy your copies of The Saturday Evening Post from him. There are elements of real salesmanship in his talk. He is a product of the Curtis Boy Plan.

There are thirty thousand boys of this kind selling the Curtis publications today. They are sons of doctors, lawyers and business men. They sell more than hundreds of thousands of copies of The Saturday Econing Past each week.

If you know one or two of our boys, you know how the work counts for character and manliness. If there is no Par boy in your neighborhood, there is a business opportunity waiting for one of your young friends.

Send us the names of two or three boys whom you can recommend and we will give each of them an opportunity to secure a Curtis agency. To their parents we will send free of cost a mighty helpful booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" Write today to

SALES DIVISION, BOX 259

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

to lock in his safe-old Slicky, shrewdest of us all, and the arch-sentimentalist.

as all, and the arch-sentimentalist.

And now, though the death angel had trifled with us unwarrantably, Amos was riding to a fall of another sori. At school the following Monday he behaved with the arrogance of those great ones who are about to topple. He collected boys in his train and was insufferable to them. He demanded worship, and then brutally flouted his devotes. His followers were made to sound the lowest depths of servility. He was chary of words, though he hinted mysteriously of future feats. "I could count a hillion if I wanted to," he was heard to say; and "Maybe I will count a billion if I take the notion. You can't tell what I might do if I took the notion." It was a perilous moment; bad he but known was a perilous moment; had he but known

it, a less fortily arrogance of bearing might laye marked him.

It was the closing hour of school that day. The heat had been trying, and Miss Appar, the cartilaginous cynic who taught us, had been rather testier than was her wont. Under her irritated prodding we labored through the recitation in arithmetic. Amos Apple was called to the blackboard to demonstrate a problem in fractions. It was not complex. It was easily within his powers, and Amos swag-gered as be went. There was disrespect for us and for his teacher in his brusque manner as and for his teacher in his brusque manner of grasping the chalk. And then he blundered. The dizzying toxins of adulation must have mounted to his brain, though I have always attributed his failure partly to the minuseness of the fractions he was called upon to manipulate. His soul had seared among starry millions, and now it must pettily engage itself with the abourd residue of the half of a foorth of an eighth. And nothing same right. All might yet have been well with Amos, but when nothing came right he was heard to smill.

have been well with Amos, but when nothing came right he was heard to suiff.

The lips of Miss Angar tightened. She said: "Ah, yes! Ah, yes!" as if she had been made free of understanding's remotest caverra. Amos, still hardily arrogant in his new burners, suiffed again, while his right hand floundered with aimless chalk.

"Tell me, Amos," demanded his enemy with an arch but acid sweetness, "is it too that see have lately been enemed."

true that you have lately been successful in counting some vast amount live thousand, was it; or might it have been ten?'

To the rest of us this was strong, brazen effrontery. We knew that she knew what Arms had done. But Arnos stepped neatly

into the trap.

"Huh! I counted a million—a whole million, that's what I counted. And maybe I'll count a billion if I take a notion—"

"No. Amon; you did not count a million!"

Her words cut the air crisply. They deared Arms - all of us. Such was the sensation that order had to be rapped for.

"A million - yes, roa'am!" repeated

"Tell us, Amos," continued the implacable one in her sweetest public manner "tell us the precise method by which you were enabled to count so vast a sum."
"Why, now," answered Amos, recovering his blandness, "I'd count a hunderd, then I'd put a white bean in m' right parts

pocket, then I'd count another hunderd, then I'd put

"That will suffice, Amos!" We heard the iron come into her voice. "You have not essented a million. You have merely rounted one hundred ten thousand times." I now see that the "merely" was neat.

Amos glared reproach. He was a stricken

"Ain't that jest the same? Yes, ma'am!"
"Oh, not at all, Amos!" Still the venomous sacctness. "Let me hear you count
aloud from one to one hundred. I shall note the time by my watch here. Proceed,

Amos did proceed, and as the final bunderd" fell from his tired, patient lips, the enemy pronounced, "Ver-ry good! prized. About Miss Apgar I could les Ver-ry expeditions! Thirty seconds. You nothing whatever of interest. Perhaps are undertably a bright boy. Amos in lived to borrow money of Amos.

some ways. Indeed yes—in some ways-Amos should have known about poison scalpels, and yet he continued to am

complacently.

"Now you will be good enough to coufor us clearly and distinctly so that all m hear, and giving each syllable its prot

meed of breath and tone, let us say freseven hundred and seven thousand, seven hundred, to seven hundred and seven thousand, eight hundred."

Amos blanched. He gasped. He sethe pit at last. Yet he blundered game forward, bruising, crushing, smothering skipping syllables from the very start. was permitted to flounder miserably us

defeat was too evident. At "Sem hearn thous, sem hur sis-two" the rurang upon the desk,
"That will do, Amos. You see you not count a million. You merely—again counted one hundred ten thousand time.

You may resume your seat and the less will proceed,"

The flend pretended that nothing much had happened. Perhaps she really believe that nothing much had happened. Perhaps he did not know that Amos Apple vonce more abased and despised—any from his former obscurity only because a had needed him upon a pinnacle of inface. had perched him upon a pinnacle of infan He had tricked us of our respect and a treasure. Already we muttered content tunusly: "A hundred merely ten thousa-times!" as if more than one of us mi-have done all of that and thought it :

worth mentioning.

Dearly did Amos pay for his arrogar when school was out. No boy there was t small to flout, to insult him. Loathing him was loudly expressed and violet freely offered. He had but one refuge. flung off his termenters as best he cou and fied to his staunchest adult parties Old Slicky listened indignantly. The "Tain't no way to count a million, ai it? Well, new, you jest tell that arnor that sets berself up for a schoolma'am to it's a plenty enough good way to count million dollars. Ha, ha, if she only h that much!"

And Amos, seated in one of the straig! backed chairs, clate once more, now co sumed the remainder of his licorice dre while old Slicky beamed upon him and intervals mumbled: "Plenty enough go way to count one million dollars — y

way to count one million dollars — y sir."

"Makes your backbone feel all gra and funny," said Amos.

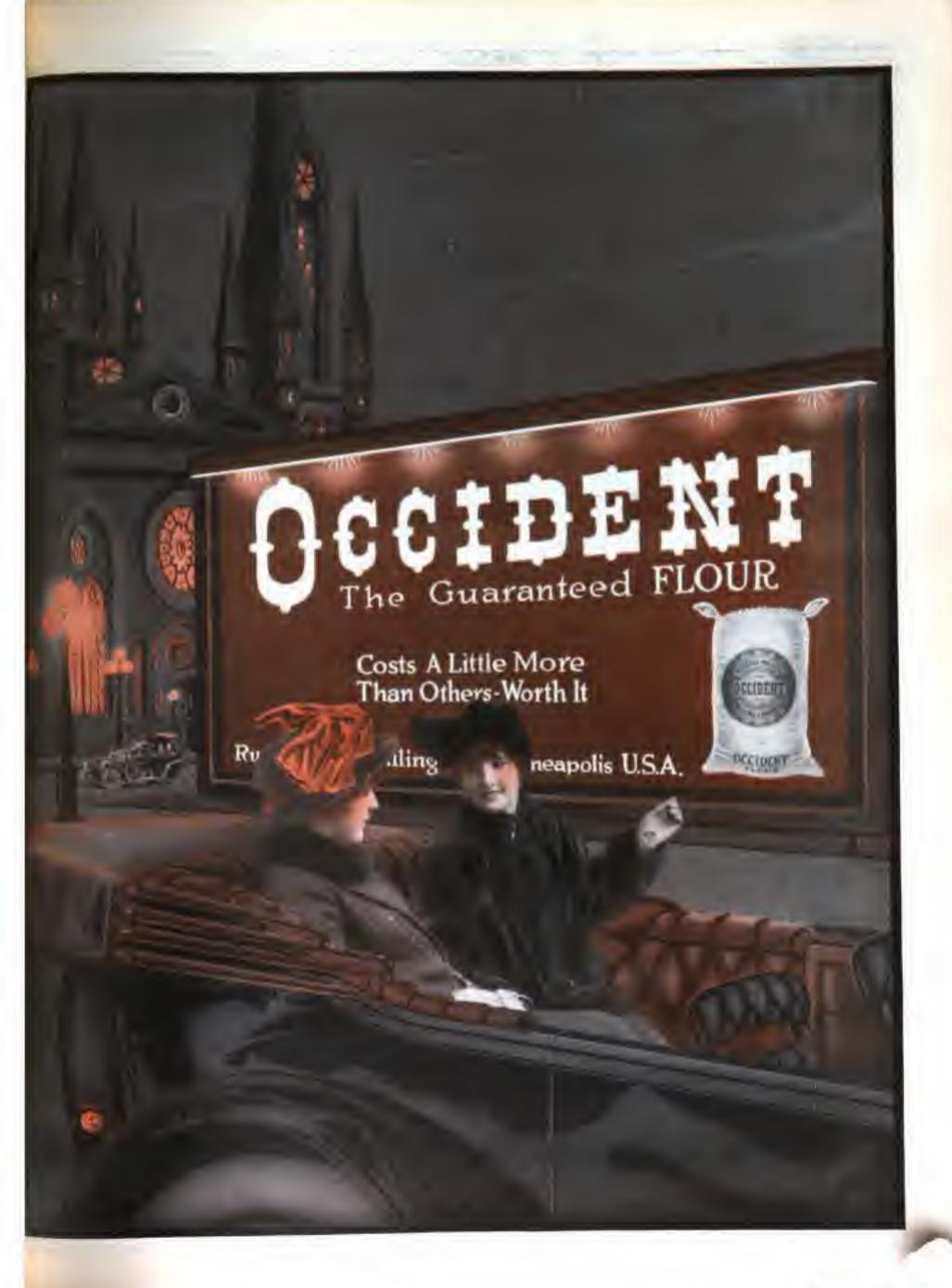
"I bet it does that," averred old Slici "My, if only I was younger!"

To how many of us does Beauty come t late! Romance had cant her silvery y athwart the old eyes of him, tangled grasping fingers in its meshes. He cropt the marie shadows of her moonlight, a grasping fingers in its meshes. He crept the magic shadows of her moonlight, a Arnos Apple was his guide. More pritically, he saught to have the school hose oust Miss Appar for her blasphemous sault upon Arnos. He was unsuccessful this, but he did pay a finer tribute to lady of the veil, for Arnos in due time tribucame his heir and survessor.

Arnos had beheld his vision and was live out his dream in abounding realities the sole member of our group til

live out his dream in abounding real. He is the sole member of our group the seems to have done this. We all dream our dreams of a golden future. There vegoat Edwards, who had gallantly made believe that he should become a desperoutlaw in the Far West; and that would return for the sole purpose of loot old Slicky's safe at the pistol's point. It chanced to recognize Goat, a careles bearded but sedate and contented materist, on the seat of a delivery wagon to doubtless conveyed groceries to the rentrance of the Apple mansion on History. So much for his dream—and much for ours! Amos, of us all, was live much for ours! Amos, of us all, was live out his vision behind the lettered winds counting as of old, his counters still ma





COMMUNITY SILVER



" * * quiet as a Nun Breathless with adoration."



PLATE DE LUXE AT YOUR SERVICE FOR 50 YEARS SIX TEASPOUNS 53 15 (engraving estra). In Canada, \$2.75

Look for the above kneeling girl in your dealer's window. ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD., ONEIDA, N. Y.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company Independence Square

Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street. Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright 1914. by The Curtin Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

intered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department

Volume 186

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 11, 1914

Number 41



The broad plain was saucer-shaped, lipped by the rise. Under the midday oun it cracked, and bestles crawled over it, meking shade and molature.

The lip rose at the far side into two hills-round bare breasts that had gone dry like the rest of the world. The trampled path led between them and the dust cloud ong there like a curtain. Through this curtain filed the children, twenty thousand of them, with gray banners and gilt crosses, but

with feet that already dragged with weariness and eyes walned shead for the city of the Sepulcher. As they shuffled on, the dust cloud grewdenser. The gray-green of the bills turned brown; over the moor by a gush that

still quivered. When the last straggler had disappeared the girl drew a long breath.
"They have gone," she said dully, and put a hand on her mother's arm.

The woman shook off the hand almost flercely. Her eyes rested, not on the dust

cloud, but south, over the hills toward the far-away Mediterranean.

"For the cause of God and without price," she muttered, and crossed herself.

The girl turned and looked back. The village was not in sight. Along the path went groups of drooping figures, heavy-headed, sodden in grief—returning to childies homes, to quiet streets, to the long waiting. The exultation of sacrifice was over. Through their lives had swept a sudden fever, and left them desolats.

"Come," said the woman, steady-voised, and turned. "Come, child, the Huly Mother will care for them. They will neither hunger nor thirst. The path is smooth for the pilgrim's feet."

But the girl had less courage. She was hardly more than a child herself, still with

a child's terror of the unknown.

"He is so small!" she said with trembling lips. "So small and so frail! Who is to cover him against the wind at night? The others are larger—they may take his bread. And what about his milk? Are there cows in the land of the infidel?"

"The Holy Mother will feed him."

The girl eyed her wistfully. Why was her own faith so faint? Surely the Holy Mother would indeed care for those who sought to rescue the Sepulcher of her Son from the unbeliever! A mother was a mother. And also had she not herself seen, in the church that morning, the holy image smile and bow in evident approval.

Still she hesitated to turn back. It was like ahandening the child, the little brother she had tended for all of his few years, who was now manfully trudging beyond that dust cloud, the smallest, she thought, in all that army. His little pilgrim sandals, how tiny they had been, not the length of a hand! And his gray coat with its searlet cross! He had liked the cross - it was bright and glowing.

She had put him into the coat with slow tears.

"But do you know where you are going, little brother?" she had asked. "Of course, great silly! We go to Jerusalem to the grave of Our Lord."

"And when you reach it? The infidel is there with sword and battle-ax." She quivered with terror, but the child was undaunted.

"We bear the cross," he said. "When they see the cross they will kneel to it. And while they kneel we will kill them."

"Brave words!" she had cried and caught him to her. "Brave words, little brother!" The dust cloud was settling again. All was as it had been, save for the trampled path across the moor. The beetles scuttled about, seeking moisture.

Suddenly it seemed to the girl that she could not bear the parting. She faced her mother, agonized.

But a little farther!" she cried. "Let me go a little farther. Let me but see that he can keep up and is not left behind! Let me watch his feet until they harden!" Fanaticism blazed in the woman's eyes. She caught the girl's wrist as in a vise.

"You!" she sneered. "Girls there are that followed-strumpets who retard the holy work. But boys only are called. The pope has said so. Go back to your goats

Over the lip of the moor they turned, joining the procession that dragged its broken length back to the village. Goese cackled by the path, stupidly bewildered at finding themselves untended. Gosta wandered at will; the dust cloud had swallowed up the small goatherds. The fever had left behind it chaos, delirium.

The girl followed her mother, but with many pauses to look back. It was not for women, this task of driving the infidel from Jerusalem and the Sepulcher; but if only one might help in woman's way, a cup of water to the thirsty, the protection of the small against the great!

She was a tall, slim girl, narrow-hipped, low-bosomed, broad-shouldered, with golden-brown hair in two beavy plaits. Her eyes were wide, fearless, fringed with black under narrow black brows. It was the day of the droif de seigneur. The girl had blood. It was said that the warrior overlord had begot her of this heavy-footed bigot who moved ahead, and surely, if it were true, he had put his mark on her. She had beauty in an almost radiant degree - beauty, fire, race, and with them all simplicity. Only one passion she had—the small brother, son of the woman by her husband, but retaining in carious lashion some of the attributes of the girl's father.

The path, now trampled broad, led back toward the river again; a stone bridge and beyond that the town. At the bridge the girl stopped for the last time and looked

Little Forther!

Let Me Go a Little Farther"

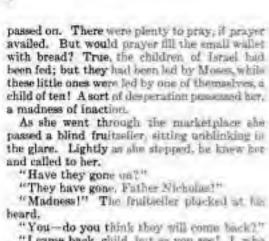
back with trembling lips. The dust cloud had artifed. There was nothing in night but the twin dry breasts of the

Bull a

bills, and over all the bram face of the July sun.

The village lay in a plain, a stream, tributary of the mar-by Ithine, onone side, with its bridge of stones gathered from the fields. With all the countryside to spread over, the town was rumpacted within its gates of narrow twinting streets; of overhoog houses of lower floors, fortress-like, with doors of heavy oak and huge bolts of handworked iron. For sole breathing space a market equare in the ceuter, with wooden abues on sale, Iruit, crockery. But the marketplace was empty. benches were hare. No vegetables withered in the sun. The streets, accustomed to the voices. of children at play, now echoed only to the beary clack of wooden aboes. People knelt in the silent church, and crossing theraselves withdrew to their houses to pray

The woman went into the church, but the girl



"You—do you think they will come back?"
"I came back, child, but as you see! I, who
with sword and battle-ur had no equal in all the
country round! Aye, they will enems bushperhaps."

"Is it very far?"

"A weary way. As they passed through the square their feet dragged. I gave them all my fruit, but it was little among so many."

The girl stood, wastful, her eyes turning ever south. "How do they go, father? By the sea?" "Over mountains and then

by the sea."

Having lived always on the plain, mountains meant little

to her. The sea she knew not.

"They say that the Blessed One will turn the sea back, so that the children will walk dry-shed to Jerusalem. Do you think He will?"

"There have been many who wore the cross, and none have yet gone through the seadry-shod." His quick ears caught

her sharply indrawn breath; he modified his statement. "But all things are possible for the pure in heart. It may be that Hawilliand back the sea."

By grant of that baron who was the father of the girl the woman's hashand had tembed the town gates. But the husband had testered

home from the fatal excursion of Henry VI to the Hoty-Land, had lived long enough to become the father of a male child, and had passed on to the New Jerusalem, where the infidel censed to trouble, and no Sepulcher, but a living Christ, awaited him. So the woman tended the gates and morning and evening crossed herself before her husband's dented shield and heavy sword.

The girl kept the gate that afternoon. Toward sugget came flocks of bewildered goats, untended, and sought admission; long lines of geese and thirsty cows lowing softly. She let there in to pursue their uncertain beenward way. The people still stayed is the clearch, watching the Virgin for another sign. But whereas in the morning she had seemed to bow and smile, now she stood gray and rigid, and the Holy Child lay weary with closed eyes.

At dusk the woman came and they ate their support of goat's milk and bread together in silence. Some of the light had died in the woman's eyes. The Virgin had not

Elited Him!

raided, and night
not coming with
the boy for away.
The light of the
open are mekered
over the girls gold
had everthe child's
took, out to the roll and

the War My

Good Frisnd

and Yes

Mother and daughter bad little in common nor the boy. They sat restant with a raddight between them on the table. The almost of the town made their ears with. They almost alick to process the mether's restance. She bed over and put a strong young

chemited whinted

hand over the woman's.
"He is so alread of the

Think you be bue supped tunight?

I gave turn food."

"Ah, but there were others who had come a long way and were hungry. What chance has be?" She rose." Mother, I am going with him. He will die without me." The woman was not tender, but suddenly all her fiercely.

restrained materalty leaped up.
"Am I then to lose everything? I have given one child-

"Are I then to lose everything? I have given one childis it not enough?"

"I am strong. I ---"

The weman whirled on her.

"Aye, strong enough," she eried. "But you, with your eyes, your hair, your princess bady - you that men turn in the streets to watch, what will happen to you? God does his work sometimes with erocked instruments. Saw you not today, fringing the provision, abandoned women, thieves, sharpers, all the vilest of the kingdom?"

The girl remembered the blind fruitseller and quoted him. "For the pure all things are possible."

Her red lips, usually so tender, were mutinous.

At the time for the closing of the gates came a palmer, long of robe and broad of hat, carrying his palmer's staff. Sewed to the front of his gown in the shape of a cross, but now dusty and worn, was the sacred palm, emblem of his successful pilgrimage. But his face was set, not from the Holy Land, but toward it again. Although he used a staff it was with vigor. It rang out with a militant snap as he marked his way over the street stones—an elderly man with deep-set eyes that, like those of the children, looked abead.

He passed on into the town, taking his way toward the blind fruitseller's. Though all the town harbored pilgrims it was to the fruitseller that the majority made their way,

sure of a shelter and a welcome.

Toward dawn the woman ceased tossing. The girl listened with haggard anxiety. It was sleep at last.

She made her few preparations hurriedly—a cloak, bread fruit and a bit of cheese, and after a moment's hesitation one of the coverings from her bed. Summer nights were occasionally chill, and the boy was liable to a huskiness that sometimes became a choking.

The dawn came early over the plain, a brassy glow in the east, allhouetting a row of poplars that, like everything else, seemed to march toward the south. It threw long pale shadows across the marketplace, over bare booths and closed houses. In the center of the square lay a white banner with a red cross, dropped by some weary, childish hand.

The fruitseller's but was closed and quiet. The girl waited with such patience as she could. Time was passing. Even the cuckoes, lariest of birds, were about and a cow lowed near by.

It was five o'clock when the palmer emerged quietly from the hut and rapped across the square. The girl followed him timidly; finally accosted him.

"Father!"

He wheeled.

"You follow the-children?"

"Yes."

"I too -- I wish -- my brother has gone. He is very small."

The palmer paused. The sun shone full on the girl, on her gold hair and black-fringed eyes, on her lithe figure. There was no fault in her.

"It is a long and weary way, child."

"That is why I must go. He—he has never been away from me."

The palmer would have said many things, thought deep, looked at the girl's troubled eyes and determined mouth, and said only:

"Come, if you will. I, who have nothing, can share nothing,"

But the girl was content. She told him of the bread and choose and of the fruit. She walked along beside him stepping easily and freely, keeping time to the tapping of his staff, and talked of the yesterday: of the twenty thousand children from Köln, led by young Nicolas, who had swept through the village like the river at flood and had carried away all the boys—their purpose to do what four Crusades bad failed to achieve, to rescue the Sepulcher.

"Do you think they will succeed?" she inquired anxiously.

"Perhaps where the sword has failed, the prayers of little

children ---

"'I came not to bring peace, but a sword," said the palmer into his beard.

THE town had been lax that night of loss. The river gates were not holted. The gatekeeper had lost three sons, all under tweive, and lay drunk to forgetfulnese. The two passed out unquestioned. No need to seek the way; the unbealed scar lay before them.



Their Belongs to Do What Four Counder Hed Sailed to diching

Through the long bright morning they walked, saying little. Now and then the girl looked back, but there was no pursuit. At noon they stopped in a shady place and she offered the palmer food. He took but a trifle and prayed before he ate. They were among low hills now, heavily wooded, so that the springs were not yet dead of the drought. Trampled about they were indeed; mud holes only, some of them, full of the tracks of small feet, basins feebly refilling after yesterday's thirsty onslaught. The girl's eyes read tragedy. She was for hastening on without pause. But the palmer was skilled in the ways of the road and the sun was white-hot. He rested for an hour or more, and then moved on without haste.

They were gaining on the children. In mid-afternoon they entered the village where the child-army had spent the night, sleeping in houses, in the streets, inside the gates, wherever a weary small body might lie. The holy palm brought them the small courtesies of the village—ale, bread, a cup of milk for the girl. And here they met the student.

He was sprawled out in front of a wretched inn, a mug of ale beside him, his long legs obstructing the narrow way. The palmer, who led, stopped at this barrier and plucked at his beard without words. The student hummed a song and looked ahead, whereon the palmer raised his penceable staff and brought it down with vigor across the obstructing shins. From his slouching attitude the student leaped to his full height.

"Death of God!" he cried, and looked into the palmer's eyes, which were fringed with red lashes. Also his heard was red. Moreover, over his shoulder peered a face of most astounding loveliness. The student's heart stung suddenly as did his shins. With a mocking smile he doffed

his cap and bowed deep.
"Pardon!" he said. "If I unthinking have blocked the way it was because of my thoughts, which are confusing -a problem in astronomy, which suggested itself last night as lay in the fields, the town being full of children.

The palmer inclined his head and passed, but the girl delayed timidly.

"You saw the children then?"

The student's bold eyes missed no detail of her whitebroat, of her oval face, of the delicate line of her eyebrows. He looked and moistened his lips.

"Children!" he cried. "I have seen nothing else, mistress; children that go like a pest of locusts, devouring everything in their path. Beds! The children sleep in them! Food! The children bunger and must be fed!"

The palmer, not without a glance over his shoulder, had gone on out of eight. They could still hear the tap of his staff. "Saw you then a very little one-a boy with hair like mine? One of the smallest? He carried a banner."

"Nay, mistress." His bold eyes traveled over her, noting her slender ankles and slim hands. "Among so many, covered with dust as they were, even such hair as yours, mistress

Her color rose under his audacious gaze. Her troubled eyes turned in the direction the pulmer had taken.

"Think you they are far ahead?"

"They move but slowly. With brisk going by sundown one could reach them."

Still he interposed his tall bulk in her path. Still he leered down at her, the mug of ale in his hand. But the tapping of the palmer's staff was growing louder again. He came in sight and stopped. As the student wheeled, brown eyes clashed with blazing red-fringed ones. Then with a sweeping bow the student stepped aside.

"Perchance, good sir," said the student derisively, "we may meet again. I, too, crave a sight of the Tomb.

The palmer muttered in his beard, and with the girl beside him moved on. Mug in hand, the student stood in the narrow street and listened until the tap-tapping of the staff faded into the mid-afternoon stir of the hamlet. His mocking eyes were not pleasant to see.

In his haste to leave behind the student and what he had ead in his face the pulmer pressed on. They did not stop for bread or meat; the girl felt a danger she had not comprehended and made no protest. Besides, were they not minute by minute nearing the army of the Little General of the Holy Ghost? Truces there were in plenty-dropped banners, flying clouds of dust, startled country folk slowly returning to their fields, springs swept dry. Soon they came on the stragglers, children in twos and three straggling on, footsore, so weary that they zigzagged from side to side of the road and made slow going. In each hamlet these stragglers paused and asked their question.

"Is this Jerusalem?" they cried to the houses. But the townspeople, swept bare by the flood that had passed, could only shake their heads.

"Not yet, children."

So they wandered un, the stragglers making little plaintive sports to regain the army, only to lose ground again.

"All Three Tears I Stove State You in My Mount"

But always, unfaltering, their childish eyes were fixed ahead. Those who had breath to sing, sang:

> Fairest Lord Jenus, Ruler of all Nature,
> Those of Mary and of God the Sou!
> Thee will I cherisk,
> Thee will I kener, Then my unul's glory, joy and crown."

Back through the dust cloud came the song. The girl's heart ached, so indomitable was the spirit behind their weary voices. But the little brother was not among them. Something of pride mingled with her pain. He was keeping up, then, for all he was so small!

The palmer was a man of few words. Once or twice he asked the girl if she wished to rest, and on a negative reply had kept on his even way without noticing her. But the girl was conscious of comfort in his presence; the holy palm, too, visible symbol of the thing for which they were striving. gave her fresh courage. Once she spoke timidly:

"I have a very little money and we have eaten the bread. We must stop in the next town and buy food."

"Bread will be given for the asking. Keep your money," he replied gruffly. But a little later, as they paused at the top of a rise: "Give me the money," he said. "You will have danger enough without that."

Stragglers were plenty now. The roadside was lined with them. Some sat forlornly with blistered feet; others slept on dusty banks, heedless of the sun. Here and there

> one wept for thirst or homesickness. The girl was torn with pity. They made slower progress. There were eyes to dry, little motherings that must be done, and above all there was the boy to be sought. The palmer bent over his staff and waited.

> Sunset found the rear of the procession a scant mile shead-a grayish, dust-colored column that defiled slowly along the winding roads, banners whipping in the evening breeze, gilt crosses glittering in

the low rays of a red sun.

There was no lack of food or need of purchase. The countryside, now aroused, was flocking to the line of march with the choicest edibles of that fertile land. The palmer and the girl could have supped a dozen times over. The girl ate heartily. An hour or se and she would be with the child, and she had eaten little all day. As at noon, the palmer ate a trifle and prayed before he ate. They were now among the hangers on of the army. Groups of women with hard faces and evil eyes walked with swaying hips, or arm in arm with male adventurers who surveyed the countryside with the keenness of those who live by their wits. To the simple country folk, with their offerings of food, they threw coarse words. And always, just ahead, were the gilt crosses glittering in the sumset.

The student came up with them ere they had finished their simple meal. He swung along swiftly on his long legs, arming each weary group as he passed it and whistling. When he saw the girl he paused before her and bowed. The palmer he ignored.

"Slow going, mistress!" he jeered, "Think you to toptize the infidel by such lottering?"

'If the journey is to be long one must eat and drink," id the girl simply.

Once again the eyes of the two men clashed for an instant. Then the palmer rose.

"Come, girl," he said. And to the student sternly: 'We are peaceful folk and would travel slowly. Our page is not yours."

"Why," the student returned easily, "then my pace stall be yours." And fell into step beside them.

Now during all that day the palmer had watched the girl, saying little. He was past his youth and had foresworn the love of women; had foresworn passion and battle at the Sepulcher itself, in that dark valley of tombs, fringed by the gray desert, where the infidel jeered at his kneeling, dusty figure. So the eyes he turned on the girl were passionless, but tender, so brave a thing she was and so lovely. And now, from under his pilgrim's hat, he saw

Cantinued on Page 46)



HOW I BECAME A PILOT



I Think Jac Was About as Old a Craft as I Ever Jaw, Aparl From the Whater Mary Japolar

WHEN my father and mother discussed my future across the sitting-room table at evening they were sure that I showed great aptitude for the profession of teaching. Mother hinted that she hoped sometime to see

me the president of, say, Princeton. As the event has proved, the sea was to be my sphere of activity and "pilot" my title. And mother is just as proud of me as if I were President Jordan instead of Pilot Jordan.

Herause the sea offers a special, professional career, with good rewards and great responsibilities. I have thought that I should like to relate my own experiences. They may turn the thoughts of Mr. and Mrs. Smith away from the already overcrowded and too-often petty professions to one that John Smith, Jr.—aged twelve—dreams of o' nights. It is frequently asserted that we have no American merchant marine. They tell us that is case of war we should be unable to man our buttleships. It is claimed that the genuine seaman is extinct. The boys know differently. Six hundred thousand of them go to sea every day with W. Clark Rossell or Captain Marryat or Robert Louis Stevenson. Little Tommy Little in Ottumwa knows how

to handle a brig; knows the elewgarnet block from the main royal halliard. Billy Jones, of Saleru, Oregon, can tell you instantly the difference between bracing a ship up on the starboard tack and letting her run free under tope'ls with two men at the wheel. As Captain Nelson, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Korea remarked to me one day, every boy between the ages of ten and sixteen is a sailor even if he lives at Blue Lakes, Idaho, and never saw a vessel of any kind in his life.

On Board the Halys

THAT'S true, for I was raised in I a small college town in Iowa, and the only water that floated anything was a small creek. But before I was eleven I could sail a ship. I dreamed ships, as did my puls, and when I managed to find an old sailor who had a muchmussed chart of the Pacific Ocean I knew perfectly well that I should never be anything but a sailor.

When I was twelve my father moved from the Iowa town to Seattle, then a struggling village surrounded by sawmills, brickyards and half-cleared land. It was still in father's and mother's minds that I was to be a professor. I was to go to Princeton and study four years, and then be appointed an

By John Fleming Wilson

instructor at eight hundred dollars a year. But there was a missionary ship called the Hulys that carried a preacher up and down Puget Sound at the expense of an organization of churches, and my father knew the preacher, who was also master and pilot of her. One trip was enough. I turned my back on school and began to study the sea, which is really and truly a subject as engrossing and as hard to master as either law or medicine. You can become a doctor in four years; you can't get a master's ticket or a pilot's branch in less than eight.

It was one morning when the Halys—it is from the Greek word for inherman, and referred to what the captain always unctuously called mois—lay off Everett that I was suddenly halled by a sailor on a steamship called the Premier.

"Ahoy there! Take this line!"

Now I had been waiting since I could read to be aboved. I took that heavy lice as it filrted out from the great side of

the steamer and I made it list in creditable time. "Smart work, son!" yelled

the man to me. "You're a sailor all right!"
That was my start. I went to the mate of the Halys,
Tom Brown, and he agreed

with me that I might do.

"Ye got plenty to lears, hid," he told me, "But when ye've had a couple of deepwater vy'gos ye'll get along like a house afire."

I am glad to say that both my purents realized that I would make a better seaman than I would an instructor in languages. I think it was a romantic strain in my mother's character that led her to understand me. I know that she persuaded laber to arrange for my going as an apprentice.

"I understand that all colors are called common," be remarked bitterly. "Our boy ought to be some-

thing better."

"He will be a pilot some day," said she.
"What is it that pilots on up and down on?"

go up and down on?"

"Jacob's ladders," I
replied promptly.

"You must be careful and not fall off," said she. That went right to the heart of the matter. She spanned all the years of my apprenticesho and simply gave me instructions as to my ocduct when I was a full-fledged pilot, boarding the liner at raidnight in a gale.

Father's professional position gave him direct acquaintance with many men who were in the shipping busines.
He consulted them and they all said that I ought to get my
first training on a Scottish ship. There was one lying at
the time at Tacoma, called the Garnet Hill. She carried
six apprentices in the halfdeck and there was one missing
lost during the voyage from Shanghai off the foreroyal yardThrough the agents my father made arrangements with
Captain Robinson to sign me on and paid him the fee of
one hundred dollars. This money was to cover the cost of
my tuition and clothes and give me two shillings a month
packet-money for a year. It was agreed that if, at the end
of the year, I proved my fitness to become a real seaman, I
should be entitled to spend two more years on the ship a
apprentice and that my fourth I should act as third mate.

Acting Second Mate at Stxteen

I SPENT just three years and a half on the Garnet Hill and on my sixteenth birthday found myself acting second mate. I was then a stout, husky, clear-eyed youth who had learned to do everything, from swabbing down a deck slushing down a spar or polishing brasswork, to tacking ship at two A. M. when the wind and sea were both outrageous. I had learned to use not only my hands but my wits. I was a very good mathematician and a fair linguist, it belog a hobby of Captain Robinson's to teach all his boys French. German and pidgin English.

"Your time will be up and you can pass for your first ticket at the Board of Trade at the end of this voyage," the

old man told me.

"Yes, sir," I said. "Do you think the company will have a place for me, sir?"

"I think so," he responded, pawing at his beard. "Bit your mother wants you to better yourself. There's might little satisfaction in sailing ships. You'd best go back to Puert Sound and get a job on a stormer."

Puget Sound and get a job on a steamer."

I took Captain Robinson's advice and returned to the States. Immediately upon my arrival I went before the Inspectors of Hulls and Bollers and passed my examination for master of vessels under seven hundred tons. This entitled me to act as mate or second mate on any vessel. With this in my pocket I went home and spent a mosth. All that time father kept asking me: "Now that you have got your education, what are you going to do?"

I had balked at the idea of becoming a pilot, for I was still anxious to wander about the world; it seemed very tame to stay in just one port and guide ships across a bar. But something happened that turned the whole tide of affairs. My father decided to go to Portland, Oregon. My mother was by no means well, and she pleaded with me to leave the Sound and go with them to the Columbia Rivet I did so. And one of the first men I met was an old shipmate off the Garnet Hill, who informed me be was now master of a bar tug, the Escort.



"I need a mate," he told me, "and you'll learn piloting at the same time. There is lots of money in it."

At that time the state of Washington had one set of pilots on the Columbia River bar and the state of Oregon had another. My friend Daly belonged to the Oregon pilots, an association that worked under state laws but was otherwise an independent organization. They owned their own pilot schooner, the John C. Cousins, and the tug Escort.

In those days the Columbia River bar was probably as dangerous a spot as there was in the world. It is still a very hard place for a pilot. At the time that I joined the Escort the jetty, now completed for many miles to sea, was a short and rather insignificant affair. There was no light-ship offshore and few harbor lights. Tillamook Rock to the southward had been completed but its light was not powerful enough to help us to the north. And though the papers claimed that there was thirty feet of water on the bar at mean low water there was really about twenty-four, with a tide of from eight to twelve feet and a current that, owing to the formation of new sand spits, was so irregular as to be a constant menace.

I spent a month on the Escort, learning the tugbout business, which is a special profession and one of the most exacting imaginable. But nothing out of the ordinary

happened during this time, and I managed to get a pretty fair notion of the bar and the difficulties of the channel. We usually handled from one to three sailing ships a day, for the Escort was much faster than the Relief, belonging to the Washington pilots, and we could easily beat her to a ship. Of course they might beat us in bargaining.

The rivalry was Intense, The Oregon pilots were at an expense of almost one hundred and fifty dollars a day. That money had to be made out of incoming and outgoing ships, and then they had to make their own wages besides.

As I say, nothing special happened for a month. Then I was wakened at three A. M. of a bleak November morning.

'Salvage," said Daly briefly. "How are your hawsers?"

"Two shoard and one on the dock," I told him.

Get the one on the dock and fake it down on top of the deckhouse," were his orders.

Off for Salvage

Now a new manila hawser weighs a lot. It took the whole twelve of the crew to get it abourd. No pennant had been bent, and as the Escort steamed down the bay from Astoria I worked the hardest two hours of my life putting the pennant on. The pennant, I must explain, is a wire loop that can be dropped over the bitts, and by it the hawser is hauled aboard.

I had just finished my job and handed my own marlinespike to the boson when a heavy sea struck the tug and we were all nearly washed off the upper deck. I stared round and saw that Captain Daly was taking the southerly channel, almost alongside the jetty. I could see no lights. It was the particular moment in a awn when you know there is light but you can't dis-

tinguish anything. "What's all this?" I asked the boson.
"I heard there's a German square-rigger going ashore off Clatsop Spit," he told me.

We can't get her," I returned.

Now I learned a lesson. It's a lesson I've never forgotten, for it means the difference between the sailor and the specialist. The tugboat man and the pilot are both specialists. "We're out here to get 'em," said the boson.

It proved that we did. Daly ran the Escort through that raging whitewater right up to a hig skysail-yarder and then yelled to me: "Get that hawser abourd her!"

Now I had sailed the seas for over four years. I was a pretty good bostman and I didn't want to acknowledge that I was unequal to any emergency. But the hig ship was thrashing about like a stranded whale within a half mile of cruel quicksand. The seas were tossing the tug so that it was almost impossible to keep one's feet, and the thing was impossible.

To this day I can't tell how it was I managed to get that hawser abourd the ship and make it fast. I did. I think it was by going at the job with a slowed-down mind. I used seconds as most men would use minutes. I pever took my eyes, ears or mind off my job. I don't suppose I spent fifteen minutes before the Escort steamed seaward with that pucket in tow; and I was as tired mentally as if I had spent a whole eight hours over a mathematical problem.

Then I learned another thing. We pulled the ship out about two miles, still helpless and in a situation she could not extricate herself from without our aid. Duly circled back while I have in the hawser and he meguphoned to the skipper that unless he puld us five thousand dollars we would drop him.

I had heard of these things. Captain Robinson had often poken bitterly of the ways of some tugbost men. But for Daly to stop and risk both ships to make a bargain struck me as utterly preposterous.

Of murse the poor skipper tried his best to best down the price; but Daly was obdurate and the Washington tug

bark the next, a Norwegian freighter the next, and it was my turn. The boatkeeper, an old Swede, had taken a fancy to me. He advised that we take advantage of the brisk nor wester and stand to the south ard. I, by virtue of being the only pilot on board, was in command. So I accepted his advice.

"There's the Washington pilots off there," the boatkeeper told me that evening, pointing to a dot on the horizon.

They've got word of something."

This was enough. We headed the old San José-a very cranky craft and touchy to handle-outward. At midnight we overtook the Washington schooner, passed her, and at three o'clock, in the pitch dark, hove-to to windward of a huge British tramp.

I got into the yawl and went down wind to her, crossed under her stern and came round on the lee.

"Pilot?" bawled a hoarse voice from the lofty bridge.
"Pilot!" I yelled back.

A lantern appeared at the bulwark thirty feet above and

then the Jacob's ladder was lowered. Thus I hearded my first ship, clinging to the swaying,

swinging ladder in the darkness. I have never forgotten the name of that packet—the Monmouthshire.

Once on deck I took my satchel and headed for the steps to the bridge. I don't exactly know why I had the feeling,

but I was strangely elated. I was met by the captain and I handed him the bundle of papers we always carried with

"Where from, captain?"

"Tientsin, Mr. Pilot." "Good voyage, captain?"

"Twenty-two days. Where are we now?"

"Forty-one miles sou'sou'west of Tillamook Light," I told him.

I shall never forget his sigh. He was a burly man with a short-clipped beard. He wore one of those Chinese caps that fit like a skullcap and have ear-lappets. He sighed again.

The Man in Charge

"T HAVEN'T been to sleep In sixty hours," he murmured as if to himself. Then he turned to me: "The ship is yours, Mr. Pilet."

He walked away quickly, as if he were afraid I would ask him still to keep his vigil. And I, on my first command, looked over at the officer of the watch, the second mate, . and said:

"Nor'nor'east-one-halfeast."

I recall very vividly that when I ordered the engines rung down at five A. M. I scanned the outlines of Saddle Mountain and North Head with a new interest, I was in charge of a big ship.

It is something to know that you have a million dollare' worth of freight and sixty lives in your own hands. I understand that presidents of two and three million dollar corporations on shore sometimes make as much as fifty thousand a year, with no responsibility for life. In my time I have had absolute command of one hundred million. dollars and been paid less than a hundred dollars net for my twenty-four hours' But I have h reward. I have never lost a

life or a dollar's worth of other people's money, except in one case. I lest a cool four millions then, but I managed to save the lives. After all, that's what counts. Standing on the bridge of the Monmouthshire, waiting for the mist to rise off the bar so that I could pick up the bell buoy, I thought mostly of the people asleep below me-who trusted me and did not stir in their bunks, because the pilot was in charge.

I have never forgotten that lesson. I have had as many as two thousand souls in my keeping, and, as I have said, one hundred million dollars' worth of freight. I think of the lives first. You can talk to an inspector of hulls and boilers, or to an underwriter, and back up your talk; but



was nowhere in sight. The ship's captain agreed to pay the five thousand rather than lose his ship and the lives of his crew, and we anchored him in Astoria Bay that afternoon. Daly collected the money before we swung the ship to her anchorage.

This disgusted me with tugboating and I spoke to one of the old bar pilots about going out on the schooner. He was a thorough master of his profession. He said he would do what he could for me. The result was that in six months I got my branch and sailed out one fine June morning on the old San José, a full-fledged pilot.

We cruised about for a week without getting anything. Then a sailing ship took off the senior pilot, a British

you can't say much to a widow or an orphan. Somehow they won't understand that it wasn't your fault that you wrecked your vessel. Once I spoke to a great cancer specialist who was a passenger on a liner I was bringing in, and he told me that he never spoke to the wife or daughter or husband or son of anybody he had operated on and lost.
"One has to save them," he told me. "They expect it.

And it's human nature to think that you have been remiss if you don't bring them round."

Right here I want to tell why I quit the Columbia River

bar. This is how I lost the big tanker Mahel Jarrett.
It was a very still Sunday in February. I was on the
John C. Cousins at that time and we were possibly fifty miles offshore. We had been fishing for silver-side salmon all afternoon, and the boutkeeper had told me that he had never seen the swells so low or the water so smooth.

A look at the sky convinced me that the day was a weather-breeder; yet the glass was steadily rising. Far in the southwest one could see light haze dotted with dark little spots of clouds. I knew that a gale was almost invariably preceded by a heavy swell. The impulse given to the water by the wind travels faster than the center of the storm. I really did not know what to think.

It was just sundown when a steamer appeared over the sealine. It seemed to emerge from this haze. We got the

dory in and with what little wind there was stood outward. An hour later we were alongside the steamship, which was one of the first tankers built. It was a rather light and pleasant evening, and when I bid the boatkeeper goodby I by no means anticipated what the next few hours were

This particular ship was the first experiment, I think, in the construction of crude-oil steamers. Now they know pretty well how to build them, though now and again an old one shows up the same as this one did. She was built on the longitudinal plan, with transverse bulkheads and compressors. These latter were pipes of large diameter that came straight up to the maindeck and were kept filled with oil or water. By the hydraulic rules it will be seen that twenty feet of water in a compressor pipe means several pounds to the square inch against the walls of the oil

I noticed as soon as I got on the bridge of the tanker that she behaved very stiffly. In the slight swell and smooth sea she should have been easy to handle. As it was, the man at the wheel was in a perspiration and the captain absolutely refused to answer my questions.

"I know nothing about her handling," he said abruptly. "She has always done pretty well. You have to take the responsibility yourself."

I think it was eleven-fifteen P. M. when I reached the tell buoy. The Columbia bar was totally obscured in a dense, still fog that seemed to float on the surface of the water. It was obviously impossible to cross in, so I swung outward, teling the skipper that it would be best to lie about twelve miles offshore till the fog lifted.

He demurred very strongly. I refused to take the steamer in and he had to admit that he would not take the

responsibility himself.

We had not got more than two miles out when a bugswell raced in from the southwest and the ship smashed into it. That began things. Inside of an hour the wind was blowing ninety miles an hour and the sen was terrific. The tanker made heavy weather of it.

Very gradually I began to see why the captain had been

so anxious to get inside. His vessel was wholly unequal to the struggle, owing, I think, to a probable bulging of one of the bulkheads from the compression put on them by the pipes. At any rate she neither steered nor steamed, and is spite of all I could do we were soon blown in toward the bar.

"I've got to take her in," I told the cuptain.

"I don't know why she behaves this way," he said,
"The current," I told him. "In this gale you could stream a thirty-pound deep-sea lead over the rail of a ship

(Continued on Page 80).

What is the Monroe Doctrine?

THERE is a certain safety in the very front and menace of daring. When the fortunes of battle began to go against him it was the custom of Cassar to order all the standards along the line advanced. For a little state of some ten million people, unsteady on its feet and with no fighting force worthy the name, to defy the whole of Europe in a great world policy was a piece of splendid courage.

The situation before James Monroe was, in its ultimate menace, nothing less than the question of the survival of democracy. The men of Virginia and Massachusetts had established representative government in the world; and again, with Monroe as president and John Quincy Adams as secretary of state, it was the men of Virginia and Massachusetta who said that representative government should be given an opportunity to survive.

We forget how things stood in the world when Monroe wrote his message-Russia, Austria, Prussia, and practically all the powers of Europe, with the exception of Great Britain, had formed the Holy Alliance. It pretended to establish a vast Christian brotherhood; but its real and moving object was to maintain the divine right of kings and to see that no throne in Europe was overturned. Napoleon had shown how easily kingdoms might be toppled over. Democracy moved vaguely behind him. The Holy Alliance undertook to stamp this out and to keep existing dynasties intact.

Monroe's Courageous Words

THIS was the situation on the continent of Europe. On the American continent the colonies and dependencies of Spain had almost all rebelled, and had set up for themselves independent representative governments, modeled, for the most part, after that of the American states.

It seemed clear to Monroe that the Holy Alliance would not confine itself to Europe, but would undertake to stamp out the growth of democracy on the continent of America. He took council with his Cabinet and with Jefferson. It seemed to these great leaders of the democratic movement that the very question of the survival of representative government was before them, and that they must act with the vigor and courage with which they had acted when their little republic began its national life.

On the second day of December, 1823, after long reflection, Monroe sent his celebrated message to Congress. His immortal doctrine is set out in a few vigorous sentences:

The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Power.

And then follows this great, courageous paragraph:

We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this

By Melville Davisson Post



hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their inde-pendence and maintain it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European Power in any other light than as the munifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

This is not the language of diplomacy. It is the language that goes before the bayonet. It contains all those last words that make the final defiance of a state. Nobody knew what would happen when they were uttered; but Mooroe, Adams and Jefferson were of the opinion that our little nation must hazard this splendid defiance.

The paragraphs of Monroe's great message were, then, no vague, accidental, unimportant dicta. It was a new Declaration of Independence—not of thirteen states and of one people, but of a whole continent and of innumerable peoples. These men felt that the very existence of democracy was again at issue; and, like Seneca's pilot, they must keep the rudde true—whether in the end Neptune should save

The Doctrine, then, had its origin in a policy elevated and noble.

Mr. Olney's Definition

MONROE trusted the sea for the same reason that Horses feared it—Occome dissociabilis!

There were some events tending to sustain the little republic in this attitude of aplendal courage. Great Britain, outside the Holy Alliance, was favorable to the policy. Canning, the Englishman, pretended to have suggested the Doctrine. That is not true; but he was sympathetic to it. He obtained recognition of the Spanish Republics; and he had some claim to justify his epigram:

"I called the New World into existence to

redress the balance of the Old."

The Doctrine has been claimed for John Quincy Adams and Jefferson, but it is more likely that the principles of it were a steady growth-like those formulated by the great Virginian in the American Colonies' defiance to Great Britain at Philadelphia. The geographical position of the United States sided in maintaining the Doctrine.

England's attitude toward the Holy Aliance, the sea, and the very front and menuce of the courage with which the policy was announced carried it through. The great powers were astonished; but they respected

the Doctrine.

Almost every Administration afterward had something to do with the operation of the policy; but the most conspicuous instance was the Venezuelan controversy.

There had been an old dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela concerning the

boundary between the latter's territory and that of British Guiana. Great Hritain refused to arbitrate the question. Venezuela was too feeble to contend with arms and the United States undertook to get the matter adjusted.

Mr. Oiney, then secretary of state, presented the matter to Lord Salisbury as within the scope of the Monroe Doctrine, on the theory that the Monroe Doctrine prohibited any foreign power from acquiring territory on the American continent, and that this territory might be acquired as readily by claiming it on a disputed line as by actual conquest. He undertook to define the scope and limitations of the Monroe Doctrine:

It does not establish any general protectorate by the United States over other American states. It does not relieve any American state from its obligations as fixed by international law, or prevent any European Power directly interested from enforcing such obligations, or from inflict-ing merited punishment for the breuch of them. It does not contemplate any interference in the internal affairs of any American states. It does not justify any attempt on our part to change the established form of government of any American state, or to prevent the people of such state

from altering that form according to their own will and pleasure. The rule in question has but a single purpose and object. It is that no European Power or combination of European Powers shall forcibly deprive an American state of the right and power of self-government and of shaping for itself its own political fortunes and destinies.

That was Mr. Olney's idea of the scope of the Monroe Doctrine outside the admitted tenet that no part of America was open to colonization by any European Power-a doctrine now universally recognized. In a later paragraph of his dispatch be made certain pronouncements that were not within the limitations of his definitions:

Today the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law on the subjects to which it confines its interposition.

Lord Salisbury replied, admitting that the Monroe Doctrine "must always be mentioned with respect on account of the distinguished statesman to whom it is due and the great nation that has generally adopted it," and that the language of President Monroe was directed to the attainment of objects which most Englishmen would agree to be salutary; but he denied that the dispute over a boundary came within the Doctrine, or that the Doctrine itself was a principle of international law.

The attitude of the United States was firm and decisive. The country was fortunate in the men who handled the affair and Great Britain finally consented to arbitrate the dispute. A recent pretended authority assures us that Lord Salisbury yielded out of a sense of humor-but the sense of humor must be transferred to the reader of that explanation! That Lord Salisbury yielded from a high sense of national justice one is ready to admit; but a sense of humor has not been observed to be a moving impulse in British affairs.

A Change of National Policy

THE Doctrine was invoked under Polk, Grant, Cleve-land, Roosevelt, and recently in the Magdalena Bay

The Mexican Government had granted some four million acres lying along the coast of Lower California, including Magdalena Bay, to an American. The concession was transferred by him to other Americans and a syndicate was formed called the Chartered Company of Lower California. This company failed and the property was taken over by the creditors, who formed a holding company called the Magdalena Bay Company. Then the promoters undertook to form a company for the purchase of the property.

One of the plans was to sell Magdalena Bay and this territory to a syndicate, composed principally of Japanese, the Japanese to take over thirty-five per cent of the stock, with an option to acquire a further interest. The matter had reached this stage when it was brought to the attention

of our Government.

The United States Congress felt that there was danger in permitting a foreign nation to control a point of land which might become a naval base—that there was, in substance, but little difference whether such base were held by citizens of a foreign country is a company or controlled by a foreign

It was a difficult question, since it was evidently clear that the United States could not object to foreigners holding real estate in Southern American countries, and that there must be some clearly defined distinction between land owned by foreigners in southern states and a concossion which embraced a strategic point, or one suitable for a naval or military base.

As the situation was not acute it was thought advisable to define the position of the United States; and that was done by a resolution making the situation clear:

Resolved: That, when any harbor or other place in the American continent is so situated that the occupation thereof for naval or military purposes might threaten the communications or the safety of the United States, the Government of the United States could not see without grave concern the actual or potential possession of such harbor or other place by any Government, not American, as to give that Government practical power of control for naval or military purposes.

It was pointed out by Mr. Ledge, who had charge of the resolution, that the Monroe Doctrine did not touch on the precise point involved. He said that without the Monroe Doctrine the possession of a harbor, such as Magdalena Bay, would make it necessary to make some declaration covering the case where a corporation or association was involved. He thought the resolution might be allied to the Monroe Doctrine, but it was not necessarily dependent on it or growing out of it.

This resolution," he said, "rests on a generally accepted principle of the law of nations, older than the Monroe Doctrine; it rests on the principle that every nation has a right to protect its own safety, and that, if it feels that the possession by a foreign power, for military or naval purposes, of any given harbor or place is prejudicial to its salety, it is its duty, as well as its right, to interfere."

The Monroe Doctrine has not always stood for great national acts of unselfishness; but an excuse may be given for anything and a time-honored doctrine may be used for any sort of cover. Did not the American Colonies make war on the king in the king's name? And one remembers that charming, powerful person who burned a cathedral in the Middle Ages, giving as an excuse that he thought the histop was in it!

Under the cover of this Doctrine, Texas and California vere taken over; Guantanamo Bay came under the flag; the customs receipts of Santo Domingo were put under American control; troops were sent into Nicaragua, and so on. These acts were perhaps justifiable on a theory of

national interest.

The great outrage to this Doctrine, however, was accomplished by the men who shaped the policy of the country after the Spanish-American War. A strange thing had happened in our political history. Men of high ideals, philosophers - dreamers, if we like - had been at the head of the state.

Now in 1896 the commercialists—the men of business succeeded to the government. They announced a dollar diplomacy and a dollar-gaining theory of government.

These men could not be induced to give up the territory we had taken by force of arms. Senator Hear, of Massa chusetts, labored in vain to persuade them to do so. He pointed out that the traditions of the American people were being outraged that this policy of gain stultified the integrity of the country. He said the American Republic could not buy a people: "Your purchase or conquest is a purchase or conquest of nothing but sovereignty."

He thundered in the Senate:

I maintain that holding in subjection an alien people, governing them against their will for any functed advantage to them, is not only not an end provided for by the Constitution but it is an end prohibited therein. It is an end that the generation which framed the Constitution and Declaration of Independence declared was unrighteous and ahharrent. So, in my opinion, we have

no constitutional power to acquire territory for the purpose of holding it in subjugation, in a state of vassalage or seridom, against the will of its people.

And he said that when he pressed these men to answer this immortal doctrine of democracy they replied by talking about "mountains of iron and nuggets of gold, and trade with China!"

It was useless for this perplexed old man to repeat the fine, time-honored ideals of this country. Gain was looking at the men he talked to, with her "golden eyes under her gilded eyelids!"

He pointed out that the purchase of Louisiana, of Alaska, of Florida, of California, was an expansion of liberty, not of despotism.

"Never," he said, "was such growth in all human history as that from the seed Thomas Jefferson planted. . It has covered the continent. It is on both the seas; it has saved South America; it is revolutionizing Europe; it is the expansion of freedom. It differs from your tinsel, pinchbeck, pewter expansion as the growth of a healthy youth into a strong man differs from the expansion of an anaconda when he swallows his victim."

These men replied, however, that they were practical gentlemen of ulfairs and that Jefferson was a dreamer. Their eyelids, like those of the damned in the Inferno, were stitched together with an iron thread. They saw not that the dream Jefferson dreamed had solidified into a structure of enduring basalt, lifting into the heavens towers of gold!

Set on enriching themselves, they could not understand that the race must always be captained by dreamersthat only those can go before it who maintain the very highest ideals by which a state can live; that no doctrine of mere expediency can ever be a great national policy: that it is profitless for men to lead a state unless they lead it by this great ideal:

Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vainthat build it."

A Doctrine Without Exact Definition

WHAT, then, is the Monroe Doctrine? In the popular conception of today it is undefined. The press seems to think of it as the courts think of Due Process of Law-a doctrine not to be strictly defined by terms of limitation. So large and vague is the common idea of it, one might as well ask the average man what the fourth dimension is and expect to receive an intelligent reply.

The courts will not undertake to say what due process of law is; they will say only whether the question arises in the case before them. This is precisely the position we seem to take with the Monroe Doctrine. It is the belief

of perplexed foreign governments.

We know precisely what the Monroe Doctrine was, It contained two essentials clearly set forth - that the American continents are not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by European Powers, and that American states must be permitted to govern themselves as they one St.

There was nothing doubtful about what Monroe intended—the great powers must not seize any of the lands of the peoples of the South and they must permit them to work out their own governmental destiny.

The doctrine was precise and clear-and it was just, unselfah and noble; but we have construed it as the courts have construed the Fourteenth Amendment, until this simple policy has developed into the idea of a

(Concluded on Page 57)







THE FLOODTIDE OF FORTUNE

You may be old as well as poor. When Fortune knocks upon your door; But do not let the lady wait Because she does her calling late. - Eliquette for the Aged.

HEN John Parkin Jones courted Miss Evelyn Spargo there was the usual discussion between the parents of the young lady as to his eligibility. Mr. Spargo objected that John Parkin was poor, which was undeniably true. Mrs. Spargo urged that her daughter's suitor had a good moral character and a lovable disposition, which likewise were incontestable facts.

"And he's industrious," added Mrs. Spargo; "and he's got a fine mind and writes shorthand beautifully; and he can operate a typewriting machine. I shouldn't be surprised to see him a millionaire—another Commodure

Vanderbilt."

"He may, with luck; but those qualities you speak of will be considerably in his way," opined the old gentleman. "He's old enough now to have done something for himself. Why hasn't he?"

"He hasn't had the opportunity-poor boy!" said Mrs.

Spargo.
"Well, I'm opposed to it," declared Mr. Spargo emphatically, "I won't have it—and that settles it!" Six months later John Parkin Jones and pretty little

Evelyn Spargo were married. "He'll never get a cent of my mensy!" said Old Man

John Parkin Jones never did. One fine morning pork did various unaccountable things on the market and, as a result, the old man was wiped out-not merely from his brokers' books but from mortal existence. Financial and heart failure occurred simultaneously.

John Parkin and Mrs. Jones were then living at Bibberly Heights, a southern prairie suburb, in a cettage that might

have been considered a tight fit for three.
"Plenty of room! Oceans of room!" John Parkin blustered. "We'll give her the bedroom and we'll take the sitting room or the dining room - just put the bed lounge where we want it and we'll be as right as rain.'

So Mother Spargo came to live with them, and John Parkin shaved in the kitchen and was a son to her-an. affectionate and considerate son. She was devoted to him and to the day of her death was firm in the belief that he was destined to become a millionaire. Sometimes her daughter ventured to doubt this, whereupon the good old



LEGECIENLE

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DEREMEAUX

No-Evvy did not consider him a feel; quite the reverse. "Is he lacking in ambition?" John Parkin was by no means lacking in ambition. His wife conceded that.

"Has he a disagreeable personality? Is he a spendthrift? No? Well, I must say you surprise me, my dear, Will you tell me what there is to prevent him from becoming a millionaire?"

'I don't know of anything," Evvy was obliged to admit. 'Then let me tell you that you're a very wicked, ungrateful and impious girl!" the mother reproved. "You know that the dear hoy has had no opportunity yet; but the opportunity will come and then you'll remember what I have always said."

Not very long after this John Jones, Jr., arrived, and Mrs. Sporgo departed this life. The old woman left John Parkin a dying blessing, which, when it is deserved, is no had thing to have. John mourned her sincerely,

By this time John Parkin was thirty years of age and his hair was beginning to gray at the temples-a rather stockily built, bright-eyed man, with a ready laugh and a benevolent enpression that was somewhat accentuated by the breadth and height of his forehead.

Already he had had his ups and downs in a small way, the biggent down being the low of his position with the local express company. It was no fault of his. The express mmpany, incredible as it may seen, went into bankruptcy, and for six long weeks John Parkin composed and wrote letters of application, and tradged the streets, and besieged offices in search of employment.

The energy he showed in this pursuit was prodiglous; the impression he made on the men to whom he applied was usually favorable, in spite of his nascent seedings of apparel; yet it was six weeks before he got his pitiful clerichip in the Gans-Absreromble Steel Construction

Company. How would you account for it?
"Luck!" said John Parkin, with his jolly laugh. "That's what nobody can account for altogether. It was just my luck to lose my job and just my luck to have the trouble I had in getting another. On the other hand, it was luck that made the opening for me at last, Evvykins. I might have been jobhunting for weeks to come if it hadn't been for another man's luck to getting the offer of a better thing. Now, my love, if it isn't too much strain on the back of your neck, just watch me climb!"

Mrs. J. P. Jones laughed, bugged bire, gurgled delight, and exceeded her disappointment with the perfect dissimulation of a theroughly good wife. After all, they could get along, small as the minry was. Really they did manage surproundly well, even when the little fellow came to add to expension. If Mrs. John Parkin ever sighed in secret it was more in pity for her topound than for any deprivation the fult. She was willing to make the best of things, but by this time she had no filmers.

John Parkin had. He might have been possessed of the confident spirit of his dead mother-in-law—he seemed so evenly seared of his function. "My goodness, girl! We're young yes, wish all the world before us." He said that at

thirty-three, mind you! "Fortune knocks once at every man's door. I may he down in the basement. fixing the furnace when she knocks at ours; but if the gets away before I can give her a glad welcome she's got to be a mighty spry lady."

At other times he www.ld quote:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men. Which, taken at the flood,

leads on to fortune; Omitted, all the royage of their life

In bound in abullous and in minerus."

"Some time, when the moon's right, there's guing to be a floodtide in our affairs," quoth John Parkin. "Then Johnny's going to college; and Leretta-shall we buy a duke for Loretta, mother?"

Mother smoothed



Here Was a Lord and Imperative Call for a New Juli: Aire a New Hot and New Thors

head and pressed it closer to her bosom. One after another little velvet heads had come to that gentle breast and wevnever unwelcome. It was a wonder, for John Parkin's sidary was far from increasing proportionately. Again the question, why?

Jonm did his work well and ungrudgingly. More that once he had shown that he had initiative. He was generally liked, generally respected, and whenever the question of promotion came up—generally neglected. Callow junion, with not a rithe of his ability, had been promoted over his head. They were calling him Old Jonesy in the office, and among the heads there was often talk of giving Old Joney something better to do.

In vacation time and during temporary absences of superiors they had given him something better to do, and he had accomplished these unaccustemed tasks to their entire satisfaction; but back he went to the old routice. once the emergency was passed, and the advancement was deferred indefinitely.

Was it lack of aggressiveness on John Parkin's part? He asked himself that question sometimes. He might have gone to Burleson, the head of his department-even to the great Gann himself-and talked turkey. As for instance:

"See here, Mr. Gann, I've been with you people dose on to ten years now. I'm a good man-a valuable man But you don't seem to have the sense to realize it or I shouldn't be plugging along in substantially the same position I was when I first came to you. I know the businew from A to Z and from soup to nuts, and I could easily be worth to you ten times the salary I am getting. You don't take that view of it, I know; so I'm here to tender my resignation. Good day!"

Would Burleson - or Gann-say:

"Here! Wait a moment, Mr. Jones. Don't be hasty! Let's talk this thing over a little. I don't know but we have been to blame. Certainly we don't want to lose you."

Or would Burleson-or Gann-remark, with an air of cold annoyance:

"That's your privilege, Jones. The cashier will give you your check. Good morning."

Suppose the latter case. Would be, Jones, step straightway into a highly lucrative position with another his concern? Or would be be trudging the streets as in these bygone days, looking for employment of any kind in valuand thereafter floundering belplessly "in shallows and in

All very well for John Parkin to risk it; but how about Johnny and Loretta and Gracie and Peter Parkin and Baby Bunting? "He that hath a wife and childrensaid the sapient Bacon,

John Parkin shook his head, but his face brightened in a moment. "On the other hand," he murmured, "'there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' Not in the affairs of young men-though. Loretta's little velvet for that matter. I am young enough."

Surely he was young enough! Nobody could have doubted it, seeing him rolling and tumbling on his tiny lawn with the children, his mellow laugh ringing out in pleasant concert with their joyous shrieks. Mrs. Jones, scated on an old campchair and placifly mending small garments, smiled on him quite maternally from time to time. She was young enough too—to be the mother of such a brood.

Time had dealt kindly with her, though she often looked at her once pretty hands with a rueful sigh. Much scrubhing and scouring, mending and making had spoiled them utterly; but they were wonderfully capable hands and infinitely soothing in their caresses. John Parkin loved them and, contemplating them, sometimes had to swallow hard to rid himself of the chokiness of gratitude and admiration springing from his heart and lodging in his throat.

Forty! Forty-odd, in fact! And at forty, one should be established, not living from hand to mouth, with no provision for the future but a wretched little insurance policy the semiannual premiums on which were a perpetual strain on the already full budget. At forty, one should be able to look at achievement over one's shoulder. That is the tradition. But John Parkin disdained tradition still, and

never went to the basement to fix the furnace without a listening ear for the knock of Fortune at his front door.

"Jones," said Mr. Morphew, of the Estimates, "didn't you tell me once that you were a stenographer?"

John Parkin started and disentangled his mind from a mass of complicated measurements he was checking in transcription. It was selden that Mr. Morphew came out of his mahogany and ground-glass den—more selden still that he spoke to not of the clerks outside his own department.

"I may have, Mr. Morphew,"
John Parkin replied, coming wattention. "I was a stenographer at one time."

"Forgotten it? Got rusty?"
mapped the Estimates' chief. He
was a pouncing, nervous sort of
person—tall, gaunt and chilly.
Without waiting for an answer,
beflicked a pa per from his pocket.
"Take this!" he said.

John Parkin had barely time in draw a scribbling pad towerd him before Morphew began reading. The document bristled with technical terms and the reader took no particular pains with his enunciation; but John Parkin had taken particular pains not to get rusty and he kept the pace to the end.

"Now read your notes."

John Parkin began to read them; but halfway through Morphew stopped him.

"Good enough!" he said crisply.
"Mr. Pakenham is ill and Mr. Gann needs a stenographer for a trip East. He starts tonight Meet him at Union Station at ton sharp. You'll want to pack a suitcase for a week." He looked at his watch. "You can knock

off now if you want to; but be on hand at ten o'clock."
"Typewriter?" inquired John Parkin, with imitative
conciseness.

"There will be a typewriter and everything else you are

likely to need."

He hurried off; and John Parkin, with a sort of numb coolness, turned his papers over to a fellow clerk, reported to his chief and left the office.

It was not until he had turned into a hotel lobby and found a quiet seat that he allowed himself to think of what it all meant. To begin with, Pakenham was Gann's right-hand man and confidential secretary. Where Gann went, Pakenham went also; and what Pakenham said in the office went. Pakenham ranked Morphew and was on almost equal terms with Abercrombie. It was said that he had acquired large holdings of the company's stock. So he, John Parkin Jones, was to substitute for Pakenham!

John Parkin was not unduly elated. He was rather worried. How was he to pack a suitcase for a week's trip when he did not even own such an article of baggage? He had a valise, but that would hardly do for this occasion.

Clothes! Here was a loud and imperative call for a new suit; also a new hat and new shoes.

Of course his personal expenses on this trip would be paid, which would be something of an offset; but certainly not enough to justify much of an expenditure. John Parkin considered it fully five minutes. Then he got up abruptly and bent his steps toward State Street.

Two hours later he hoarded his usual suburban train dressed in a spick-and-span suit of tweed, a natty new hat and next shoes. In his hand he carried a new suitcase, with J. P. J. neatly stenciled on the end. Bargains all real bargains; but two flabby dollar bills in John Parkin's pockethook were all that remained of a week's salary.

Mrs. Jones gasped as she met him at the gate.

"It's me," said John Parkin reassuringly, though ungrammatically. "Come on in and I'll tell you about it."

"It's a mean sharme!" declared his wife when he had told her. "Do you mean to tell me that he said nothing about extra pay? Well, all I can say is that there ought to be a law against such an imposition. Still ——" She took him by the elbow and turned him round. "Doesn't the coat hike up a little, just a little, behind? No: I guess I just fancied it. I think it's applendid fit. John, you look like a prince! Dear, what a difference clothes make!"

"New PH Base & Square
Meet at Last"

Les memorals

The children came trooping in at this moment, and there arese a clamorous chorus of wonder and admiration. John Parkin tilted his new hat to one side of his head and, holding an umbrella by the middle, crooked his elbows and strutted about the room for their further entertainment. Altogether they made quite an occasion of it. Neither John nor Mrs. Jones, however, are with their usual appetite at the evening meal, and as soun as it was finished they went to work feverishly packing the new suitcase.

Impatient to be done with the ordeal of unwonted parting, John Parkin only allowed himself hurrying time for
the seven-fifty—a train a full hour earlier than necessary
and the farewells were made at the gute. He and his wife
clung to each other quite as though they had not been old
married people—tearfully: then John Parkin dushed off.
At the corner of the street he paused to wave his hand and
shout something. Mrs. Jones caught only one word of it—
"Tide."

The week went by slowly enough for Mrs. Jones. Every morning she went down to the post office—it was before the days of house delivery in Bibberly Heights—and every morning she found a singlespaced typewritten letter from John Parkin. They were the most unsatisfactory letters imaginable—they breathed the warmest affection; they assured her of the writer's health; they contained some really remarkable descriptions of scenery—but they told her not a single word about the things concerning which she was most curious.

Two days were added to the week and then a barefooted urchin padded through the road-dust from the depot with a telegram:

"Back this morning. Home on the five-ten. Love. Jour."

There was excitement in the Jones household then, you may be sure. There was washing and starching in a small way throughout the afternoon, and brushing and combing and pinning, with here and there a hasty stitch between flurried visits to the kitchen, from whence came savory odors.

At last they were all rendy—Mrs. John in her best summer dress and wearing her white shoes and etockings: showing, too, a beautiful glow in her cheeks and a lovely sparkle in her eyes; the children in their best, down to

Baby Bunting in the go-cart, pridefully propelled by Loretta.

How they strained their eyes for the smoke of the five-ten! How they denoted on the cinder-bedded platform when they did see it, and what a shout went up when John Parkin was distinguished, poised on the step of the second car ready to jump!

He jumped and was instantly overwhelmed, new suitcase and all, by the avalanche of his off-pring. Presently be emerged, considerably disheveled, to embrace his wife; then the procession reformed in a certain disorder and very much in its own way, and straggled home.

John Parkin threw his new hat no the table and sank with a sighof content into his faded Morris chair with the comfortably broken springs. A grunt succeeded, as since more his progeny piled on him on masse.

Mrs. Jones deposited Baby founting at his feet, which the delicious infant at once proceeded to gnaw with great gusto. She berself sat leaning against the burdened knees, her hands clasped over an unoccupied part of one.

"You look so grand we hardly new you," she said, patting him. Jones smiled complacently.

"Pretty swell person, am I not?" he said. "Ouch! How many new teeth has that infant accumulated since I've been gone? Stop it, you skeezicks! What makes him so fond of shoes, I wonder?"

"It's the blacking," explained Poter Parkin. "It's got sweet in it. I've tasted it."

"I knowded you, papa!"
said Gracie, burrowing into
his shoulder with her curly
head. "I knowded you des
ve moment I saw you!"

"Did you, sweetness?"

asked Jones, hugging her.

"There's three new pupples over at ——" began Peter.

"Hush!" said his mother, raising a warning finger.

"Let your father talk. My! Nobody can get a word in edgeways. You've got to tell first, father. Tell us all about everything!"

"Tell us!" begged the chorus.

"Can't you wait?" asked Jones. "Aren't you going to give me time to get my breath?"

"No!" was the shouted reply.

"Well, then," said Jones, "I started last Monday week, went away - away off to Pittsburgh - and got safely back home five minutes ago. Now tell me about the puppies,

"There's three of 'em ---"

"Des as cute!" added Gracie.

"Children," said Mrs. Jones, "wait now. We'll hear all about the puppies later on. I want to hear what your magnificent father has been doing with himself. I have my suspicions!" Jones pinched her cheek. "Tell me just one thing, dear—did everything go all right?"

Continued on Page 771

A WOMAN FREE-LANCE

By the Author of the Autobiography of a Happy Woman



Longing Aper Turn to the Munistrem of the hig City

I DID not enter the newspaper world because I thought that I was divinely inspired to write. In fact I knew that ninety-nine people out of a hundred who were writing would have done better by themselves, and life, over the bake board or behind the plow. That is, they would have done better work, saved more money, enjoyed greater security of tenure and extracted more of the flavor called "happiness" out of life. Nor was I attracted because I thought that writing was artistic, bohemian, distinguished, out of the ordinary.

The real bohemians whom I knew were so constitutionully outside classification that they could not have been anything but bohemian if they tried; and people who weren't bohemian and tried always struck me as an elephant that I had once seen at a circus trying to dance the two-step. It was highly amusing for a short time, but must have been a difficult performance for the elephant. Norhad I ever the slightest attack of what the Romans called "the itch for scribbling." It seemed to me then, and it seems to me now, that so much writing has been done

regardless of whether the writer had anything new, true, entertaining or essential to say that the main point was to be sure you had something to say before attempting to say it. This sounds like a truism; but if you ask the manuscript readers of any big publishing house, they will tell you that out of the thousands of manuscripts pouring in every year only about ten per cent have anything to say; and only about half that ten per cent say it so people will read it.

Those Who Should Write

HAD taken half a dozen prizes in the university as an essayist; was by accident pened to be away when the prizes were offered and was away when they were distributed, and really never knew about them till they were delivered at the door. If I had known they were offered I should probably have embodied every rule under the sun on how to write and killed my chances dead; but as I didn't know they were offered I was keen on my subject. and, the best art being the art that forgets art in its truth to life, results came my way.

It was exactly so in my entrance to nesspaper life. I didn't belong to the army of young girl graduates who, having fleshed their pees in ink and their vanity in a roll of ways tied in buby ribban, go forth to conquer, or rather go forth to singe the wings of myriad moths in the flame of a yellow candle. If ticklings of vanity, of untried adolescent hopes, of printers' itch are apt to be mistaken for the call, for fitness for the job, what is the real test? Just one: the acid test-experience; and may the acid leave no vinegar stains and the flame no soar of burns! I am aware I have mixed enough metaphers in these lines to turn every rhetorician over in his grave twice; but so did a darkcloaked gentleman called Hamlet in his sollioquy on death, and we all know his meaning. The point is, he sure you have something to say—plain fact, or entertaining, or funny, or comforting; just something to say. Don't try to say it if you haven't. If you have that, plus the power to say it so it hits the public between the eyes, or in the stomach, or in the heart, or in the head, then you have the call—that's all; though it may take you thirty years to find it, as it took

O. Henry.

I happened to be stalled, or sidetracked, or whatever you like to call it, one winter as to health, I had turned the corner and been pronounced well, but had been forbidden to go back to the game of life for a little. I was reading everything I could lay my hands on, not to invite mental indigestion, ness or death or tragedy shakes down all that is flimay in your lifeplans and creeds, leaving you only a foundation of fact, you have a care, when you rebuild, to use only facts for the walls. I wanted facts, whether I got theminliterature or news or other lives.

Before being stalled by life I used to read only the headlines of newspapers. Any news of crime, of moral delinquencies, of tragedies, anything vulgar or common, I skipped as Peter the Apostle skipped what he didn't like in the bagful of fund jet down from Heaven in the vision. You remember he called a lot of the bagful "common." Well, I had felt toward a lot of tife as Peter did. Though I unconsciously considered myself a first-class humble small exemplar of the Christ croed, I had a hatred that was positively as obsession of what was common, or vulgar, or coarse, or ignorant. In a word I was not only an intellectual ead but moral and

Then life hit me one on the head hard! When I came to, I knew what Christ meant when He said that "publicare and sinners" should go into the Kingdom of Heaven before "these." I had not cared for the Kingdom of Heaven as a harp-strumming proposition, but I had most terribly cared for it as a thing to work for in everyday life and as a thing to hope for when this life merged in a larger. Then illness taught me I was wrong, that the premises had been faulty, that the "publicans and sinners" put it over where I had failed. Now I wanted to know the facts of life—not just the facts that might suit my fancy or taste or caste; and I was reading voraciously for data that might be guidance. I was realizing that God must reveal Himself quite as much in modern life as in ancient days, in modern laws as in ancient saws, in facts quite as much as in ancient pacts. I pounced on everything and read with an appetite that was a sort of greed.

An Unexpected Beginning

T HAPPENED that the United States and another great country were engaged in international negotiations on the tariff. Now both countries were at the very crest of the high-tariff mania. Neither wanted, nor under any circumstances at that time would have dared to offer, a low tariff; but to estch a wing of voters in both countries each was putting up a tremendous bluff, or whatever you like to call it, of tariff concessions. The dinners and salaries for commissioners and secretaries and so on were costing each country about one hundred thousand dollars. Times were very hard. Money was scarce. The absurdity of this international game of blindman's buff struck me. I wrote something off hot. If I had stopped to consider why I wrete it, or what I was going to do with it, I should have burned it at once; but I was so obsessed with the idea that before I had time to cool I took it down to a stenographer to put in typewriting. Then I posted it to the local daily that had been giving the fullest reports of the commission.

Brevity, a very great writer has said, is the soul of wit. It must have been the brevity that did it. The article was not an eighth of a column; but it was bursting with the



"I'm Just Hunting for Jome Editorials Sit to Steat"

sense of absurdity that had obsessed me when I wrote it. The very next morning there came an envelope, with the mark of the daily on the corner, that set my heart doing acrobatics in my throat. Inside was a letter, handwritten—n tiny, cramped hand, plainly that of a gentleman of the old school—asking me to call. I was scared stiff. I had not meant to be a journalist. I had no desire to see my name in print. I hated, louthed and despised notoriety, and the titillations that tickle the vanity beneath notoriety, as the devil is reputed to hate holy water; and here an opportunity, or chance, seemed to be coming my way, like the prizes for those college essays which I did not know I was winning.

I was so aghast that I went straight to the president of the university. He was a wonderful scholar, one of the old-type teachers who taught as they had learned under Sir William Hamilton, after the Socratic method—it should have been called the sword method; for he literally stabbed our mental lethargy into life. He had all the estheticism, all the narrowness, all the wonderful depth and height of clerical scholarship; but in the oncoming tide of modern thought he was like a dazed mariner on strange seas.

Instead of surprise, as I had expected, be burst into a little thin, hard laugh, attenuated from the steoped chest of sixty-live years' bending over books and blockheads.

"I am not surprised," he said. "In fact, dear child, it is just what I have been expecting. I have been waiting to see where you would break out. I was afraid to advise. I hesitate ever to advise. Each soul must work out its own destiny. Out! Understand distinctly I said 'out!' It is from within out, always. That's why we ministers of the soul must keep close to the inspirational teaching of the Christ, who gives dynamics to the soul." He paused, looking into space, tapping his glasses on a pile of papers above his desk and wrapping his clerical skirts about him as a rug for warmth round his emaciated frame.

Old-School Counsel

"THERE is a new day coming," he said, "What it will bring no man knows; but we can all see the edge of the dawn"—he paused—"or the darkness! The day of creeds and heavy-draft theology is past." His voice broke there, that had been his life! The hand tapping the glasses trembled.
"Our day," he said, "has passed. It

"Our day," he said, "has passed. It is you, the new generation of torch-bearers, as mothers, as teachers, as jour-nalists, as free-lances, who must carry the light into dark places and herald truth as the trumpet of God." He rose suddenly and took both my hands in his. He was trembling. So was I. I had come for advice; and he had given me—a pagan as to beliefs, a rebei as to faith—not advice, but consecration.

"God bless you!" he said; "and God bless you!" At the door, as I went down the wide steps of the university, he called after me: "I'll see the editor tonight, so you can fill the appointment exactly as he requests tomorrow morning." I turned. He was standing, huddling in the autumn wind, gathering his coat skirts about him as a rug. "God sends the winds called chance," he said; "but we must steer wisely, and hoist our sail." Those were the last words to me of my old teacher, famous for his scholarship on two continents. Soon after I had launched on the

seas of journalism he launched on the wide seas of eternity. I had gone for advice and come away with a consecration. A consecration to what? The street lights looked misty as I tried to figure it out. I knew very well for what journalism for women at that date stood: Twenty don'ts for husbands; how to cut a pattern; plum puddings; pink teas; gowns of the newly rich. And yet, look back the last eighteen yearswith all our veering and tacking, hasn't journalism inched forward? With all our blundering and fumbling, haven't we followed, clumsily, it may be, this flying phantom called truth? Which modern reform could have been carried out without the preliminary scouting of the free-lances whom my old professor had designated as "torchbearers"? And perhaps twenty don'ts for husbands, the patterns, the plum puddings, the pink teas, the gowns, were to the beginners in this vocation what years of training were in other professions- a testing of aptitude, the weeding of the unfit, the grilling in detail. The point is, the period of grilling has

to be passed. How many of the aspirants with high-school manuscripts under their arms think of that?

When I reached the newspaper office next morning I had to climb four flights of stairs, each one narrower and dirtier than the preceding, past dingy windows without a shade which in all their history, I am quite sure, had never had the smoke and grime washed off. There was first the advertising office, which were an air of —"You're welcome! Come again!" Then care the job-printing department, where the men behind the wickets looked—"You're welcome if you mean business." The third floor was the bindery, where you could hear the presses thumping and everybody scurried on the run through the hall. The fourth floor was the editorial, where the air was unmistakably—"Get out, and get out quick."

Across the hall a little wicket had been placed. I have no doubt many an aspirant has regarded that wicket as the pearly gates barring Paradise. Believe me, the gates were anything but pearly! They were grimler than the windows; and guarding that gate sat an urchin the color of printer's ink, tilted back in his chair with his feet on the table, chewing gum with a motion like a steam sand—shovel



I Followed Her to the States

that opens and shuts its mouth automatically for several tons at a chew. To the left was the reporters' room, blue with tobacco smoke, where a dozen men seemed to be g at a long slanting table as if pursued by the incarnate. The telephone was ringing-half a dozen telephones seemed to be ringing; and typewriters were clicking everywhere. Grimy-faced youths in ink-stained aprons went skating and sliding along the hall, telescoping one another as they ran, with long, thin tissue-paper sheets of telegraph stuff in one hand; long, marked-up galley proofs in the other. I afterward came to know this fraternity as printers' devils. In modern offices they have been almost supplanted by the pneumatic tube system. The youth guarding the wicket gate didn't speak. He got his legs folded off the table and slammed a writing pad at me. On the pad I wrote my name, the name of the editor and my references. Then he went sliding down the dark hall with the printers' devils while I stood at the wicket.

Was this the modern molder of public opinion? I recalled with a grim desire to laugh lectures on journalism about "myticulous accuracy," "the fine shades of meaning in each word," "the high moral purpose of the calling," those "torchbearers." I hope that meticulous-accuracy idea doesn't tickle you as it did me then. Here news came in like loads of wheat to a steam thresher—tons of it; and with a deal of rip and grime and grind rushed out again as a kernel with lots of chaff intermixed. The murvel wasn't that there was chaff. The murvel was that there was as much wheat; for everything was done at top heat, top pressure, top speed, and there was no stop. This paper issued morning editions, evening editions, midday editions, hourly ones when there was any sensation; and it controlled all the telegraph-news avenues of the state.

But the boy's head had appeared at the far end of the smoke-blue corridor. "Yep, it's all right," he yelled. "Come on in." I passed through the city editor's office, where reporters were throwing sheaves and bunches of copy on the desk and half a dozen copy-readers, with green eye-shades over their faces, were reading and lining out copy-reading like incarnate furies. No one looked up. Then

came the telegraph office. This office hadn't yet been rigged up with wires of its own. Messenger boys came clumping upbackstairs with reams - it seemed that morning to me miles-of thous-paper telegrams. Another hall, and I was in the office of the managing editor, the boy swinging the door shut behind me. The editor was sitting in his shirt-sleeves behind a stack of newspapers that almost concealed him, with a pair of scissors in his hands the size of pruning shears, cutting and hacking at a huge Sunday edition of a New York paper. He was a fine old pink-and-white gentleman of the fine old leisurely school, one of the last of his type in newspaper work on this continent. He had been an admiral in his day, and now held his position by virtue of social connections with the directors of the newspaper. When hedidn't understand a subject, or wished to crush a bumptious opponent, he would quote Greek and Latin by the mile. He used to rise to read the classics an hour every morning; and yet on the rising tide of rush and complexity and commercialism that has swept modern newspapers down into new seas he was like a baby playing with chips on a maelstrom. He didn't look up when I went in; but he spoke. Here is what he said to this "consecrated torchbearer"; "I'm just hunting for some editorials fit to steal. Gray matter not at a premium in this office today; and better steal 'em than write a lot of punk ones!" Then he

"Oh," he said, shaking hands over his desk and donning his cost, "I expected a much older woman."

The First Assignment

I WANTED to tell him that time would mend that defect; but I was too stage-struck or amaned at the quickness with which the door had seemed to open before me and close behind me. It is so all through life. The door of opportunity to go forward to the new is also a door against retreat back to the old. To conquer you have to hurn your ships behind you, whether you will or not. He asked me if I would write certain object dicts of daily occurrences. I hadn't the remotest idea in the world what it was the editor expected of me;

but I said if he would tell me, I would try. Then, looking away as to a promised land, he said he had to go away to the session.

The session was the very heaven of heavens and summit of Western and Middle Western editorial ambition. Our men went East for the winter and got in touch with all the brilliant correspondents of the world and caught momentary glimpses of the underground working of wires in legislative halls. There is probably no position on a local daily that gives a keen-sighted man more power than his report of national politics. I have known of men who would pay their own expenses and sacrifice half their salaries to do it. I have known of local politicians who offered to pay us to let them do it. This editor had been speaker of the house in his day. I could see the longing in his eye for another whiff of the smoke of battle. Would I write, say, a column of editorial a day during his absence? and also, say, two sticks of obiler dirla, chit-chat about local topics in a

Western city then beginning to grow by leaps and bounds? Then he looked at me doubtfully:

"But you are very young," he said. "Do you mind doing this on the quiet-doing it in your own home for a

month or two till we see how you pan out?"

So I began my newspaper life, going down every day at three, when the day staff had knocked off and before the night staff had come on, passing in my column for the morning editorial, and getting a hint from the telegraph editor or news editor of a good topic for the next day. Because such fabulously untruthful and misleading statements are issued about the earnings of writers I want to set down the figures at which I began. For the topics which ran about half a column twice a week, I received \$2. For the editorial column I received \$14 a week at first; later, \$16 a week. Within a year I had established connections with Pacific Coast and Atlantic Coast dailies that increased my income \$400 or \$500 a year. Today, though both the population of the city and the circulation of that paper have quadrupled, and with them has quadrupled the cost of living, the space rate is \$4, the editorial rate from \$25 to \$35 a week. It is the capital city of a large and thriving territory. I do not think I am wrong in saying that in New York, Haltimore or Philadelphia the space rate would seldom exceed from \$6 to \$10, and the editorial rate from \$35 to \$50; and in these centers there is practically the pick of the ability of the world. Only the keenest kind of ability, the ability that can make good, has the slightest chance; and the winnowing process is without mercy and without rease. In any other vocation under the sun, with the same grilling, the same experience, the same training, the same ability, the same application a man or woman would earn five times these figure

There is another point: In other vocations you build a foundation for your future. Each day's work is a brick in the wall of future security against want. In newspaper work, whether you write well or ill, your ultimate fate is the wastepaper basket. If you write badly it goes into the individual newspaper wastebasket before it is printed. If you write well it goes into the multitudinous public's wastebasket after reading; and not ten readers out of one hundred thousand circulation will remember who wrote well or ill. In a big public fight, which you will as inevitably get into as you get into your clothes if you are successful in newspaper work, you will get ten kicks for one handelap; because Pro Boso Publico slumbers majestic as the gods of Olympus when pleased, but roars as loud as the big drum that is empty when displeased. Your epidermis will presently become as indifferent to praise as to blame; and your most joyous sensation will be the satisfaction of just one more day's job well done. I set these facts down because in addition to the titiliations of vanity, the promptings of the artistic to writing, a great many

youngsters think that in a writer's career all you have to do in dip your pen in ink, and golden ducate will trickle off the pib. These figures are, of course, good only for newspaper work; not for magazine work, not for literature, where the earnings may be so much less as to be nothing or so much

more as to be astounding.

What Women Can Bear

AT THE end of four months I came out of hiding and went openly on the staff. There were in all departments perhaps a hundred men, and I was the only woman. Later, when type machines supplanted typestickers, the mechanical staff was reduced and the editorial staff increased. I sometimes read in great medical authorities that women cannot stand up physically against stressful, nerve-driving life. In the four years I was on that staff I did not lose one hour. There was only one man on the staff who had the same record. Did I not feel the drive, the concentration, the pressure? Of course, at times it was terrific. A rush of double work has come, of elections or war, when we could not afford to double up workers and we simply all worked regardless of sleep or rest. Were there no evil effects? Not that I know of. I went on that staff the frailest of my b mily and I came off the toughest and the strongest. I'll admit when I went on that staff I thought deliberately and acted deliberately. When I came off I had learned to think on the run and act on the jump, and never to go round a corner mentally if I could cut across it. If the great medical authorities-who are men and, therefore, cannot know as much about a woman's anatomy as a woman does-will accept matters of fact as data in their masculine theories of things feminine, let me tell them this: What breaks a woman, what peeves her, what barries her nerve endsinto rasping strings, what brings those grave mental and functional disorders about which physicians speak in whispers, is not fullness of days, drive of work, pressure of responsibility. It is one of two other things-the emptiness of gray days that permit nature to turn in, acid, on herself; or the constant presence of something alien in what we love

As a woman let me add another fact to these masculine data of things feminine, and let me add it as a woman's testimony about women. Let me add it, too, as the testimony of every life-insurance company in the world: The supreme danger to a woman's life, the test of her strength physical and mental, the drain nervous and spiritual, is not in the ordinary wage-earning vocation, in the humdrum, or drive, or bumpety-bump-bruise-and-thump from outof-the-home activities, else would life-insurance statistics rule against her for these. The supreme danger to a woman's life, the greatest risk to her life in an anguish which no soldier has ever known on the field of battle, when the doors of life and death swing open and she hovers inanimate between these two, is in the act of giving birth to a new life. And if one or two of the great theorists had had a haby or two of their own, not in obstetrics by proxy, but in their own flesh, they would appreciate this testimony. The history of every race of every epoch under the sun testifies to this fact in the veneration of motherhood next to God. To tell a woman that she can stand the strain of motherhead, but that if she dares to essay the lesser strain of some extraneous vocation she will be annually, diurnally and sempiternally damned, it is well, it is, as the grimy little newales on our grimy stairs used to say, it is to laugh?

There is another point on which I should like to pay my ompliments to the neurotic theorists. They tell us that if a wonus ventures out of the home vocations she will enter into competition with men, so forfeit their chivalry and arouse sex jeulousy or sex antagonism. I worked for four years on this staff, the only woman among a bundred men. And I worked for six years on other staffs in New York and London, where competition was so keen as to be almost victous; and I never experienced one single episode acking chivalry, or encountered what could be remotely called sex jeuleusy, sex antagonism. Have I never then encountered jeulousy? Hundreds of times of course; who has not? But never as of a man toward me because I was a woman; but rather because I had permitted a workrelationship to slip into a personal relationship. This does not mean proposals, and it had nothing to do with sex.

For instance I remember a scrub blackguard reporter who was telerated on the staff for a few months only out of sympathy for his little invalid wife. He had a trick of writing us heart-rending appeals for money to buy medicine for his wife. One week one of us would hand out five dollars; another week another of us, till we learned that

his wife had left him and was earning her living, while the borrowed money was being spent on drink. The next time he sent a heart-rending appeal he was asked to come and get the money. I withdrew. Something bluer than tobacco smoke filled that office for ten minutes. When I came down next morning the legs of one table and back of a chair had gone down in an unrelated smash. Needless to say, the victim of the table legs hated us, not only for the last five he didn't get, but for all the fives he had got. I have sometimes traced lies not worth hearing to that abnor-

mal specimen, who finally wound up in the penitentiary.

Or take another case, that of an assistant editor of magnificent physique, of inordinate sleepless ambition to get on, and the kindest heart I have ever known. But he had no education, no daring and little ability-just a dogged. tense, persistent, day-and-night slavery to work; no bubbles, no joy, no lift on the wings of hope, no song over work! He took himself horribly seriously, and had about ten nerves where other men had two. If you will please look at those ingredients very carefully you will see they have a strong resemblance to the delectable morsels in the witches' caldron of Macbeth. Only one brew can come out of them-jealousy. He would do the kindest things for those under him, and the meanest things to those showing the slightest possibility of going up past him. He seemed to have in his big, manly frame the foolish, almost efferninate idea of social climbers, that he could advance himself by as much as he pashed others down. I never had ructiom with that man; but if I had not studied him out and sidestepped him he would have done both me and my work serious damage. But his attitude to me was harmless compared with his attitude toward many men workers.

Evils That Scarcely Exist

AFTER the old admiral left, a man came to us as manager who was almost the duplicate of this assistant editor except that he had great natural ability, a geniality that soured at nething and not an atom of jealousy in his make-up. Row the assistant managed it with the directors don't know; but he had the manager thrown out at a time when the hig fellow owned nothing but a wife and twins. And such ambition-meanness accomplishes nothing for its unhappy possessor. When war and elections came on simultaneously that man literally died at his deak. Two years later the other man, big of soul as he was of body, came back as owner of the paper. The jealousy in this case can hardly be set down to that sex antagonism which the theorists so greatly fear. In fact the only occasions when I have seen such sex jealousy aroused have been when a weman tried to use sex appeal as a factor in her work. When the woman worker has done that she has used the lowest type of vanity in her own nature and

has appealed to the lowest type of attraction in the man's nature; and when these two clash in antagonism there does not seem to be any hottom to the abysa into which they may fall. I emphasize these things because physical disability and sex antagonism are receiving such undue emphasis from the theorists; and they are two factors that in twenty years' work outside the home I have not even needed to ignore-I have simply

been unconscious of them.

There were a lot of advantages in beginning newspaper work in a medium-sized place instead of a large one. In large centers work is so specialized that a writer of twenty dent's for husbands, of recipes and pink teas might continue doing these things all her life and never attain a general knowledge or general training to turn her hand to everything. I have known special writers in big cities who in ten years never met another soul on the staff but the managing editor. In a small center, if the beginner has aptitude, there will be rush times when all hands will turn in on everything; and a weman will soon find whether she fits in or is a makeshift. This fact should be emphasized; for in the army of young-girl gradnates yearly looking to journalism as a career far-off fields look green. Longing eyes turn to the maelstrom of the big city. forgetful that preparation and experience are as necessary to win success in this vocation as years of struggling and preparation are to win a place in the Paris salon or in grand opera. I began as outside space-writer of edi-

torials. In a few months I was doing my work in the office, cooped off in a little boxlike compartment along with the halftone plates and metal cuts of heroes and criminals; and sometimes -I blush to acknowledgewhen the hero did things too unexpectedly for us to prepare a cut of him pictures of a (Continued on Page 37)



THE OTHER CHEEK

OMANCE has more lives than a cat. Crushed to earth beneath the double-tube non-skiddable tires of a sixty-horse-power limousine, she allows her prancing steed to die in the dust of yesterday and elopes with the chauffeur.

Love has transferred his activities from the garden to the electrically heated taxicab and suffers fewer colds in the head. No-romance is not dead, only reincarnated; she rode away in undivided skirt and side-saddle, and motored back in goggles. The treehark messages of the lovers of Arden are the fiftyword night letters of today.

The first editions of the Iliad were written in the tenderest fleshy parts of men's hearts, and truly enough did Moses blast his sublime messages out of the marble of all time; but why bury romance, with

the typewriter as a headstone?

Why, indeed—when up in the ninth-floor offices of A. L. Gregory stenographers and expert typewriters - Miss Goldie Flint, with hair the color of heat lightning and wrists that jangled to the rolled-gold music of three bracelets, could ticktack a hundredword-a-minute love scene that was destined, after her neat carbon copies were distributed, to wring tears, laughter and two dollars each from an audience of tired business men?

Why, indeed - when the same slow fires that burned in Gioconda's eyes, and made the world her lover, lay deep in Goldie's own and won her an invariable seat in the six-o'clock Subway rush, and a bold, bad, flirtatious stare if she ventured to look above the third button of a man's coat? Goldie Flint, beneath whose too-openwork shirtwaist fluttered a heart whose tempo was love-of-life; and love-of-life

on eight dollars a week and ninety per cent impure food, and a hall room-more specifically a standing room-is like a pink rose bush that grows in a slag heap and begs its warmth from ashes.

Goldie, however, up in her ninth-floor offices, bent to an angle of forty-five degrees over the denouement of hectic drama that promised a standing-room-only run and the free advertising of censorship, had little time or concern for her own unfilled needs.

It was pearly six o'clock and she wanted a yard of pink tulle before the shops closed. A yard of pink tulle cut to advantage would make a fresh yoke that would brighten even a three-year-old, gasoline-cleaned blouse.

Harry Trimp liked pink tulle. Most Harry Trimps do. At twenty minutes before six the lead-colored dusk of January crowded into the Gregory typewriting office so thickly that the two figures before the two typewriters faded into the veil of gloom as a Corot landscape melts into its own mist.

Miss Goldie Flint ripped the final sheet of her second act from the platen of her machine, reached out a dim arm that was noisy with bracelets and clicked on the electric lights.

The two figures at the typewriters, the stationary washstand in the corner, a rolltop deek, and the heat-lightning tints in Miss Plint's hair sprang out in the yellow light.

"I'm done with the second act, Miss Gregory. May I go

Miss Flint's eyes were shining with the love-of-life lamps. the mica powder of romance, and a brilliant anticipation of Harry Trimp.

Miss Gregory's eyes were twenty years older and dulled

as glass is when you breathe on it.

"Yes; if you got to go I guess you can."
"Ain't it a swell play, Miss Gregory? Ain't it grand where he pushes her to the edge of the bridge and she throws herself down and hugs his knees?"

"Did you red-ink your stage directions in, with the margin wide, like he wants? He was fussy about the first act."

"Yes'm; and say, ain't it a swell name for a show-The Last of the Dee-Moolans? Give me a show to do every time and you can have all your contracts and statements and form letters. Those love stories that long, narrow fellow brings in are swell to do, too, if he wa'n't such an old grouch about punctuation. Give me stuff that has some reading in it, every time!"

Miss Gregory sniffed-the realistic, acidulated sniff of

unloved forty and a thin nose.

"The sooner you quit curlin' your side hair and begin to learn that life's made up of statements and form letters, instead of love scenes on papier-maché bridges and flashy fellows in checked suits and get-rich-quick schemes, the better off you're going to be."

The light in Goldie's face died out as suddenly as a

Jack-o'-lantern when you blow out the taper.

"Aw, Miss Greg-or-ee!" Her voice was the downscale wail of an oboe. "Whatta you always picking on Harry Trimp for? He ain't ever done anything to you-and you



"Dan't! Den't You Came Near Me!"

said yourself when he brought them circular letters in that he was one handsome kid.

"Just the same, I knew when he came in here the second time, hanging round you with them blue eyes and black lashes and that batch of get-rich-quick letters, he was as phony as his scarfpin."

"I glory in a fellow's spunk that can give up a clerking job and strike out for himself-that's what I do!

"He was fired—that's how he started out for himself. Ask Mae Pope; she knows a thing or two about Harry Trimp."

Aw, Mins -

"Wait until you have been dealing with them as long as I have! Once get a line on a man's correspondence and you can see through him as easy as through a looking glass with the mercury rubbed off."

The walls of Jericho fell at the blast of a ram's horn.

Not so Miss Flint's fruiler fortifications.

"The minute a fellow that down't belong to the society of pikers and gets a three-figure salary comes along and can take a girl to a restaurant where they begin with horse-doovries instead of wiping your cutlery on the tablecloth and deciding whether you want the 'and' with your ham fried or scrambled - the minute a fellow like that comes along and learns one of us girls that taxicals was made for something besides dodging, and pink roses for something besides florists' windows—that minute they put on another white-slave play and your friends begin to recite the doxology to music. Gee! It's fierce!"

"Gimme that second act, Goldie. Thank Gawd, I can say that in all my years of experience I've never been made a fool of; and if I do say it I had chances enough in my

"You-you're the safest girl I know, Miss Gregory!"
"What?"

"You're safe all right if you know the ropes, Miss

Gregory." "What did you do with the Rheinbardt statement, Goldie? He'll be in for it any minute."

"It's in your lefthand drawer, along with those contruets, Miss Gregory. I made two earbons."

Miss Flint slid into her pressed-plush fourteen-dollarand-a-half copy of a fourteen-hundred-and-fifty-dollar Persian-lamb cost, pulled her curis out from under the brim of her hat, and clasped a dyed-rat tippet about her neck so that her face flowered above it like a small rose out of its

The Bacon-Shakspere controversy, the Fifth Dimension, and the American Shopgirl and How She Does Not Look it on Six Dollars a Week and Milk-Chocolate Lunches are still the subjects that are flung like serpentine confetti across the pink candleshades of four-fork dinners, and are wound like red tape round Uplift Societies and Ladies' Culture Clubs.

Yet Goldie flourished on milk-chocolate lunches, like the baby-food infants on the backs of the illustrated magazines.

"Good night, Miss Gregory." "Night!"

By Famnie Hurst

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

Goldie Flint closed the door softly behind her as though tiptoeing away from the buzzing gnats of an eight-hour day.

Simultaneously across the ball the ground-glass door of the Underwriters' Realty Company swung open with a gust, and Mr. Eddie Bopp, clerk, celibate and aspirant for the beyond of each state, bowed himself directly in Goldie's path.

"Ed-die Bopp! Ain't you awful early tonight, though! Since when are you keeping board-of-directors' hours?"

"I been watching for you, Goldie."

Eddie needs no introduction. He solicits coffee orders at your door. The shipping clerks and dustlessbroom agents and lottery-ticket buyers of the world are made of his stuff.

Bronx apartment houses, with perambulators and imitation marble columns in the downstairs foyer, are built for his destiny. He sells you a yard of silk; he travels to Coney Island on hot Sunday afternoons; he bleaches on the bleachers; he keeps books; he belongs to a building association and wears polka-dot

He is not above the pink evening edition. Ibsen and sugenies and post-impressionism have never darkened the door of his consciousness.

Eddie Bopp is the safe-and-sane stratum in the social mountain, not of the base nor of the rarefied heights that carry dizzines

Yet when Eddle regarded Goldie there was that in his eyes which transported him far above the safeand-sane stratum to the only communal ground that men and socialists admit - the Arcadia of youthful lovers.

"I wasn't going to let you get by me tonight, Goldie, I ain't walked home with you for so long I haven't a rag of an excuse left to give Addie."

Miss Flint's cheeks colored the faint pink of dawn's first moment.

"I-I got to do some shopping tonight, Eddie. That's why I quit early. Believe me, Gregory'll make me pay up tomorrow."

"It won't be the first time I've gone shopping with you, Goldin."

"Remember the time we went down in Tracy's basement for a little alcohol stove you wanted for your breakfasts? The girl at the counter thought we-we were spliced."

"Yeh!" Miss Flint's voice was faint as the thud of a nut

to the ground.

They shot down nine fireproof stories in a breath-taking elevator and then out on the whitest, brightest Broadway in the world, where the dreary trilogy of Wine, Women and Song is played from moon to dawn.

"How's Addie?"

"She don't complain, but she gets whiter and whiterpoor kid! I got her some new crutches, Goldie-swell mahogany ones, with silver tips. You ought to see her get round on them!"

"I-I been so busy-nightwork and-and-

"She's been asking about you every night, Goldie. It sin't like you to stay away like this."

Their breaths clouded before them in the stinging air, and down the length of the enchanted highway lights sprang out of the gloom and winked at them like naughty

"What's the matter, Goldie? You ain't mad at meus-are you?"

Eddle took her pressed-plush elbow in the cup of his hand and looked down at her, trying in vain to capture the bright flame of her glance.

"Nothing's the matter, Eddie. Why should I be mad? been busy—that's all."

The tide of homegoing New York caught them in its six-o'clock vortex. Shops emptied and street cars filled. A newsboy fell beneath a car and Broadway parted like Red Sea for an overworked ambulance, the mission of which was futile. A lady in a fourteen-hundred-and-fiftydollar Persian-lamb coat and a notorious dog collar of pearls stepped out of a wine-colored limousine into the goldless foyer of a hotel. A ten-story department store ran an iron grating across its entrance, and ten watchmen reported for

"Aw, gee! They're closed! Ain't that the limit now! Ain't that the limit! I wanted some pink tulle for tonight, worst way."

"Poor kid! Don't you care! You can get it tomorrowyou can work Gregory."

"I-I wanted it for tonight."

"What?"

"I wanted it for my yoke."

They turned into the dark aisle of a side street; the wind lurked round the corner to leap at them.

"Oh-h-h-h!"

He held tight to her arm.

"It's some night—sin't it, girlie?"

"I should say so!"

"Poor little kid!"

Eddie's voice was suddenly the lover's, full of that quality which is like unto the ting of a silver bell after the clapper is quiet.

"You're coming home to a good hot supper with me, Goldie-ain't you, Goldie? Addie'll like it.'

She withdrew her hand from the curve of his elbow. "I can't, Eddle-not tonight. I-Tell her I'm coming

over real soon." "Oh!"

"It's sure cold, ain't it?"

"Goldie, can't you tell a fellow what's the matter? Can't you tell me why you been dodging me-us-for two weeks? Can't you tell a fellow-hub, Goldie?"

"Geewhillikins, Eddie! Ain't I teld you it's nothing? There ain't a girl could be a better friend to Addie than me."

"I know that, Goldie; but -

"Didn't we work in the same office thick as peas for two whole years before her—accident—even before I knew she had a brother? Ain't I stuck to her right through - ain't I?"

'You know that ain't what I mean, Goldie. You been a swell friend to poor Addie, stayin' with her Sundays when you could be havin' a swell time and all; but it's me I'm talking about, Goldie. Sometimes - sometimes I -

"Aw!"

"I've never talked straight out about it before, Goldie, but you-you remember the night-the night I rigged up like a Christmas tree and you said I was all the ice cream in my white pants—the night Addie was run over and they sent for me?"

"Will I ever forget it!"

"I was tuning up that evening to tell you, Goldie - while we were sitting out there on your front stoop, with the street light in our eyes, and you acreechin' and squeulin' every time a June bug bumbled in your face!"

"My! How I hate bugs! There was one in Miss

Gregory's "I was going to tell you that night, Goldie, that there was only one girl -one girl for me- and-

"Yeh; and while we were sittin' there gigglin' and screechin' at June bugs poor Addie was provin' that a street-car fender has got it all over a mangling machine,"

"Yes; it's like she says about berself—she was payin' her initiation fee for life membership into the Society of Cripples with a perfectly good hip and a bit of spine.

"Poor Addie! How she loved to dance! She used to spend every noon hour eatin' marshmallows and learning me new steps."

The wind soughed in their ears and Goldie's

skirts blew backward like salls.

"You haven't got a better friend than Addie right now, girlie! She always eave our little flat is yours. The three of us, Goldie-the three of us

"It's swell for a girl that ain't got none of her own blood to have a friend like that. Swell, lemme tell you!"

"Goldle!" "Yes."

"It's like I said-I've never talked right out before, but I got a feelin' you're slippin' away from me like a sel, girlie. You know-aw, you know I ain't much on the elocation stuff; but if it wasn't for Addie and her accident right now-I'd ask you outright-I would. You know what I mean!"

"I don't know anything, Eddie; I'm no mindreader!" "Aw, cut it out, Goldle! You know I'm tied up right now and can't say some of the things I was going to say that night on the stoop. You know what I mean-with Addie's doctor's bills and chair and crutches, and all."

"Sure I do, Eddie. You've got no right to think of anything."

She turned from him, so that her profile was like a white

cameo mounted on black velvet. "You just give me a little time, Goldie, and I'll be on my feet, all righty. I just want some kind of understanding between us-that's all."

"Oh-you-I-

"I got Joe's job cinched if he goes over to the other firm in March; and by that time, Goldie, you and me and Addie, on eighty per, could-why, we -

She swayed back from his close glance and ran up the first three steps of her rooming house. Her face was struck with fear suddenly, as with a white flame out of the sky.
"Sh-h-h-h-h-h'" she said. "You mustn't!"

He reached for her hand, caught it and held it-but like a man who feels the rope sliding through his fingers.

"Lemme go, Eddie! I gotta go - it's late!"

"I know, Goldie. They been guyin' me at the office about you passin' me up; and it's right sin't it? It's " She shook her head and tugged for the freedom of her hand. Tears crowded into her eyes like water to the surface of a tumbler just before the overflow. "It's him-ain't it, Goldie!"

"Well, you won't give give a girl a chance to say anything. If you'd have given me time I was comin' over and tell you, and-and tell-

"Goldie!"

"I was-I was-

"It's none of my business, girlie; but—but he ain't fit for you. He-

"There you go! The whole crowd of you make me-"He ain't fit for no girl, Goldie! Listen to me, girlle! He's just a regular ladykiller! He can't keep a job no more'n a week for the life of him! I used to know him when I worked at Delaney's. Listen to me, Goldie! This here new minin' scheme he's in ain't even on the level! It ain't none of my business; but Galdie, just because a guy's good-lookin' and a swell dresser, and

She sprang from his grasp and up the three remaining steps. In the mosty flare of the street lamp she was like Jeanne d'Are heeding the vision or a suffragette declaiming

on a soaphox and equal rights.

"You - the whole crowd of you make me sick! The minute a fellow graduates out of the sixty-dollar-clerk class



and can afford a twenty-dollar suit, without an extra pair of pants thrown in, the whole pank of you begin to you! and yap at his heels like -

"Geldie! Geldie, listen -

"Yes, you do! But I sin't caring. I know him and I know what I want. We're goin' to get married when we're good and ready, and we ain't apologizing to no one! [don't care what the whole pack of you have to say, except Addie and you; and -and-I-oh

Goldie turned and fled into the house, slamming the front door after her until the stained-glass panels rattledthen up four flights, with the breath soughing in her throat and the fever of agitation racing through her veins

Her oblong buy of a room at the top of the long flights was cold with a cavero damp and musty with the must that goes with rooming houses as inevitably as chorus girls go with the English peerage or insomnia goes with black coffee.

Even before she lit her short-armed gas jet, however, a suset, insidious, bothouse fragrance greeted her faintly through the must, as the memory of mignonette clings to old lace. Goldie's face softened as if a choir invisible were singing her ragtime from above her skylight. She lighted her fan of gas with fingers that trembled in a pleasant frenzy of anticipation, and the tears dried on her face and left little paths down her cheeks.

A fan of pink roses, frotted with maidenbair fern and eaught with a such of pink tulle, lay on her ename cot reverlet, as though one of her dreams had ventured out of its long night.

Pink leaped into Goldie's cheeks, and into her eyes the light that posseth understanding. Life dropped its duncolored clouk and stood suddenly garlanded in pink, wire-stemmed reises.

She buried her face in their fragrance. She kissed a cool hud, the heart of which was closed. She unwrapped the pink tulle sash with fingers that fumbled—like a child's at the gold cord of a candy box—and held the filmy streamer against her bosom in the outline of a yoke.

In Mrs. McCusky's boarding house the onward march of night was as regular as a Swiss watch with an American movement

At nine o'clock Mr. McCasky's tin bucket grated along the hall wall, down two flights of banisters, across the street, and through the kneehigh swinging doors of Joe's place.

At ten o'clock the Polinis, on the third-floor back, let down their folding bed and shivered the chandelier in

Major Florida's second-floor back,

At eleven o'clock Mr. McCasky's tin bucket grated unevenly along the hall wall, down two flights of banisters. across the street, and through the kneehigh swinging door of Joe's place.

At twelve o'clock the electric plane in Joe's place ceased to clatter like coal pouring into an empty steel bin, and Mrs. McCasky lowered the hall light from a blob the size of a cranberry till it was no bigger than a French pea.

At one o'clock the next to the youngest Polini infant lifted its voice to the skylight, and Mr. Trimp's nightkey groped round the front-door lock, scrutch-scrutching for its hole.

In the dim-lit first-floor front Mrs. Trimp started from her light doze, like a deer in a park, which vibrates to the fall of a lady's feather fan. The criscross from the cane chairback was imprinted as one sleep-flushed cheek, and her eyes, dim with the weariness of the nightwatch, flew to the white chian

Reader, rest undismayed. Mr. Trimp entered on the banking-hour legs of a scholar and a gentleman. With a white carnation in his buttonbok, his hat unbattered in the curve of his arm, and his blue eyes behind their curtain of black lashes but slightly watery, like a thawing ice pond with a film

"Hello, my little Goldle-eyest"

Mr. Trimp flashed his double deck of girlishpearlish teeth. When Mr. Trimp amiled Greeze might have wanted to paint his lips for a child study. Women tightened up about the throat and dared to wonder whether he were a chest protector and assistida bag. Old ladies in street cars regarded him through the mist of memories, and as if their motherly fingers itched to run through the heavy yellow bemp of his hair. There was that in his some which seemed to provoke hand-painted sofa pillowy and baby-ribboned coathangers, knitted neckties and cross-stitched bedroom slippers. Once he had posed for an Adonis underwear advertisement.

"Hello, baby! Did you wait up for your old

Goldie regarded her husband with eyes that ter months of marriage had dimmed slightly. Her lips were Usinger and tighter and silent.

"I think we landed a sucker tonight for fifty shares, kiddo. Ain't so had, is it? And so you waited up for your tired old man, baby?"

"No!" she said, the words sparking from her lips like the hiss of a hot iron when you test it with a moist forefinger. "No; I didn't wait up. I been out with you - painting the town.

"I couldn't get home for supper, hon. Me and Cutty

"You and Cutty! I wasn't born yesterday!"

"Me and Cutty had a sucker out, baby. He'll bite for

fifty shares, sure!"
"Goo!" she flamed at him, backing round the rocker
from his amorous advances. "Goe! If I was low enough to be a crook-if I was low enough to try and make a livin' sellin' dead dirt for pay dirt-I'd be a successful crook anyway: I'd -

"Now Goldie-hon! Don't---"

"I wouldn't leave my wife havin' heart failure every time McCasky passes the door-I wouldn't!"
"Now don't fuss at me, Goldie. I'm tired-dog-tired.

got some money comin' in tomorrow that'll -

"That don't go with me any more!"
"Sure, I have."

"I been set out on the street too many times before on promises like that; and it was always after a week of one of these here slow jags. I know them and how they begin. I know them!"

"Tain't so this time, honey. I been -

"I know them and how they begin, with your sweet. silky ways. I'd rather have you come staggering home than like this - with your claws hid. I-I'm afraid of you, I tell you. I ain't forgot the night up at Hinkey's. You haven't been out with Cutty no more than I have, You been up to the Crescent, where the Red Slipper is dancing this week, you -

Mr. Trimp swayed ever so slightly -slightly as a silver reed in the lightest breeze that blows-and regained his balance immediately. His breath was redolent as a garden of spices and cloves.

"Baby," he said, "you better believe your old man. I been out with Cutty, Goldie. We had a sucker out!"

She sprang back from his touch, hot tears in her eyes. "Believe you! I did till I learnt better. I believed you for four months, sittin' round waiting for you and your goings on. You ain't been out with Cutty-you ain't been out with him one night this week. You been you —."

Mrs. Trimp's voice rose in a hysterical crescendo. Her

hair, yellow as cornsilk and caught in a low chignon at her neck, escaped its restraint of pins and fell in a whorl down her back.

She was like a young immortal eaten by the corroding acids of earlier experiences.

"You ain't been out with Cutty. You been -

The piano salesman in the first-floor back knocked against the closed folding doors for the stilly night that should have been his by right. A distant nightstick struck the asphalt, and across Harry Trimp's features, like filmy clouds across the moon, floated a composite mask of Henry the Eighth and Othello and all their alimony-paying kith. His mouth curved into an expression that did not comport with pale hair and light eyes.

He slid from his greatcoat, a black one with a fur collar, bought in three payments, and inclined closer to his wife, a contumelious smirk on his lips.

"Well, whatta you going to do about it, kiddo-huh?"
"I-I'm going to-quit!"

He laughed and let her squirm from his hold, strolled over to the mirror, pulled his red four-in-hand upward from its knot and tugged his collar open.

"You're not going to quit, kiddel You ain't got the

He leaned toward the mirror and examined the even rows of teeth, and grinned at himself like a Halloween pumpkin to flash whiter their whiteness.

"Ain't I! Which takes the most nerve, I'd like to know, stickin' to you and your devilishness, or strikin' out for myself like I been raised to do? I was born a worm and I nin't never found the cocoon that would change me into a butterfly. I-I had as swell a job up at Gregory's as a girl ever had. I'm an expert stenographer, I am! I got a diploma from

"Why don't you get your job back, baby? You been up there twice to my knowin'; maybe the third time'll be a charm. Don't let me keep you, kiddo."

The sluicegates of her fear and anger opened suddenly and tears raised down her cheeks. She wiped them away with her hand.

"It's because you took the life and soul out of me! They don't want me back because I ain't nothin' but a rag any more. I guess they're ashamed to take me back cause I'm in-in your class. Ten months of standing for your funny business, and dodging landladies, and waitin' up nights, and watchin' you and your crooked, starvation game would take the life out of any girl. It would!"

"Don't fuss at me any more, Goldie-eyes. It's gettin' hard for me to keep down; and I don't want-want to

begin gettin' ugly."

Mr. Trimp advanced toward his wife gently-gently. "Don't come near me! I know what's coming; but you ain't going to get me this time with your oily ways. You're the kind that walks on a girl with spiked heels and then tries to kiss the sores away. I'm going to quit!"

Mr. Trimp plucked pervously at his faint mustache and slowly folded his black-andwhite waistoost over the back of a chair. He fumbled it a hit.

"Stay where you're put, you-you bloomin'

vest, you!"

"I-I got friends that'll help me, I haveeven if I ain't ever laid eyes on 'em since the day I married you. I got friends - real friends! Addie'll take me in any minute, day or night. Eddie Bopp could get me a job in his firm tomorrow if if I ask him. I got friends! You've kept me from 'em; but I ain't afraid to look em up. I'm not!"

He advanced to where she stood beneath the waving gas flame. A pet phrase clung to his lips and he stumbled over it.

"My my little-pussy-cat!"

"You're drunk!"

"No, I ain't, baby-only dog-tired. Dogtired! Don't fuss at me! You just don't know how much I love you, haby!"

"Who wouldn't fuss, I'd like to know?" Her voice was like ice crackling with thaw. He took her lax waist in his embrace and kissed

her on the brow.

"Don't, honey -don't!" "You-you always get your way with me. You treat me like a dog: but you know you can wind me round-wind me round."

"Baby! Baby!"

He smoothed her hair away from her saltbitten eyes, patted her head, laid his cheek affectionately against hers, and murmured to her softly, as a bird crooms to its mate.

"Pussy-cat! Pussy!"

The river of difference between them dried in the warm sun of her forgiveness, and she subbed on his shoulder with the exhaustion of a child after a tantrum.

"You won't leave me alone nights no more, Harry?"

"Thu-thu-thu-such a little Goldle-syes!

"I can't stand for the worry of the board no more, Harry. McCaskys are gettin' ogly. I ain't got a decent rag to my back, neither !

I'm going to take a shipping-room job next week, honey, and get back in harness. Bill's going to fix me up. There sin't nothin' in this rotten game and I'm going to get out."

"Sure?"

"Sure, Goldie,"

"You ain't been drinking, Harry?"

"Sure I sin't. Me and Cutty had a rube out, I tell

"You'll keep straight, won't you, Harry? You're killin' me, boy; you are."

"Come; dry your face, haby."

He reached to his hip pocket for his handkerchief, and with it a sparse shower of red and green and pink and white and blue confetti showered to the floor as if snow were falling through a rainbow. Goldie slid from his embrace and laughed-a Isugh frozen with the ice of scorn and as chilled as her own chilled heart.

"Liar!" she said, and trembled as she stood.

His lips curled again into the expression that so ill fitted his albinism. "You little cut! You can't bluff me!"

> "I knew you was up at the Crescent Cotillon! I felt it in my bones. I knew you was up there when I read on the billboards that the Red Slipper was dancing there. Ilmewwhereyou was every night while I been sittin' here waitin'! I knew-I knew-

The piano salesman rapped against the folding doors thrice with rage and the head of a cane. At that instant the lower balf of Mr. Trimp's face protruded jawed facsimile of a blue-ribbon English bull; his hand shot out and hurled the chair that stood between them halfwayacross the room. where it fell on its side against the washstand and split a rung.

"You-you little devil, you!"

Thesecond-floor front beat a tattoo of remonstrance; but there was



"Ain't it Grand Where He Puckes Her to the Edge of the Bridge?"

a sudden howling as of boiling surf in Mr. Trimp's ears. and the hot ember of an oath dropped from his lips.

"You little devil! You been hounding me with the quit game for eight months. Now you gotta quit!"

-I-I-

"There nin't a man livin' would stand for your long face and naggin'! If you don't like my banking hours, and my game, and the company I keep, you quit, kiddo! Quit! Do you hear?"

"Will-I-quit! Well --

Yeh; I been up to the Crescent Confetti-every night this week, just like you say! I been round live wires, where there sin't no long white faces shoving boardbills and whining the daylights out of me."

"Oh, you-you ain't nothin' but -

"Sure, I been up there! I can get two laughs for every long face you pull on me. You quit if you want to, kiddothere ain't no strings to you. Quit—and the sooner the better!" Mr. Trimp grasped his wife by her taut wrists and jerked her toward him until her head fell backward and the breath jumped out of her throat in a choke. "Quitand the sooner the better!"

"Lemme go! Lem-me-go!"

He tightened his hold and inclined toward her, so close that their faces almost touched. With his hot clutches on her wrists and his hot breath in her face, it seemed to her that his eyes fused into one buge Cyclopean circle that spun and spun in the center of his forehead like a fiery pinwheel against a night sky.

"Bahl You little whiteface, you! You played a snide trick on me anyway-lost your looks the second month and went dead, like a punctured tire! Quit when you

want to-there ain't no strings. Quit now!'

He flung her from him, so that she staggered backward four steps and struck her right cheek sharply against the mantel corner. A blue glass vase fell to the hearth and was shattered. With the salt of fray on his lips, he kicked at the overturned chair and slammed a closet door until the windows rattled. A carpet-covered hassock lay in his path and he hurled it across the floor. Goldie edged toward the wardrobe, hugging the wall like one who gropes in the dark.

"If you're right bright, kiddo, you'll keep out of my way. You got me crazy tonight-crazy! Do you hear

me, you little -"My hat!"

He flung it to her from its peg, with her jacket, so that they fell crumpled at her feet.

You're called on your bluff this time, little one. This is one night it's quits for you—and I ain't drunk, neither!"

She crowded her rampant hair, flowing as Ophelia's, er cheap little boyish hat jacket. A red weit, shaped like a tongue of flame, burned diagonally down her right cheek.

"Keep out of my way-you! You got me crazy tonightcrazy tonight!"

He watched her from the opposite side of the room with lowered head, like a bull longing for an onslaught.

She moved toward the door with the rigidity of an automaton, her hands groping ahead and her magnetized eyes never leaving his reddening face. Her mouth was moist and no older than a child's; but her skin was dead, as if coated over with tallow. She opened the door slowly, fearing to break the spell-then suddenly slipped through the doorway and slammed the door after her. The slam of

(Continued on Page 72)



"Re Could Have Turned Me Acainst My Dwn Mether, I Was That Crasy Over Him"

MY SON WILLIAM CARLET

ARLETON milk would do it," said Barney. There was something in his voice that made my own heart bent faster. It was the white idealism of the man that made him ignore the petty little interests of individuals in answer to the cry of the babies. Then, too, he voiced his faith in Dick, and finally he voiced his faith in the name Carleton. It made me proud, I'll admit it, to have him feel that the name Carleton attached to a business was a guaranty of good faith. On the whole I think I valued more highly the good opinion of this youngster than that of any other man in town. This was because he was inspired from within rather than from without.

I waited to hear what Dick would say. Ever since our sucape from our neat little suburban prison to the pioneer freedom of the tenement district, I had tried to make the boy see beyond himself. In directing his ambition toward the freedom that comes with capital I had tried to make him see that every honest success is a cooperative success.

"Make some one besides your own people happier for

every extra dollar you earn," I told him.

The contracting business which he took over from me was based on that idea and built up on that idea. Our men grew prosperous with us. And Dick had maintained it on this busis and was still so maintaining it.

But this scheme of Barney's was a little different. In the first place there was a general prejudice against dairying in the town. It's a fact that those men who sold their milk to contractors made a mighty small profit, and Dick was anxious to make his farm pay. A good many people would watch him. Then, too, he had to live up to Dardoni's record or suffer the humiliation of confessing he couldn't succeed so well as a foreign immigrant. But there was the cry of the unknown babies to be considered. And there was the implied demand of Barney to Dick as a young American business man to devote his energies to a cause concerned with something besides his packetbook. It seemed to me like a crisis in the boy's life.

"Think it over for a day or two," said Barney as he rose

to go.
"I've been thinking it over," said Dick. "I've been
"I've been thinking it over," said Dick. "I've been thinking it over and this is what I'll do: I'll promise you a dozen cows, lose or gain. We'll see what we can do and go as far as we can.'

Barney thrust out his hand toward the boy, and the two

youngsters gripped.

"And I can't tell a Jersey from a Guernsey and neither can you," the boy said to me when we were talking over

the matter more in detail a day or so later.

"That's a good thing," I said; "you'll be able to start fresh. You haven't a century of prejudices back of you nor a century of bad habits. There are men in the state agricultural school who have made a life study of dairying, not only here but throughout this country and abroad. And they are there to tell you what they've learned. They don't ask for a rarer privilege than to find some one ready

"But I don't like the idea of putting my business altogether into their hands."

"You do more every time you consult a lawyer or a doctor," I said.

"I know it, but this seems different. I've got to run this business myself, and I don't like the idea of merely carrying out the theories of some one else."

"Don't," I said. "Listen to what they all have to say and then take those theories that appeal to you and make them your own. Besides, I don't believe there is any theory about

the essentials of dairying or any other branch of farming. The fundamentals have been proved. Some one has paid hig in time and expensive mistakes to prove them for you. You can start where the other man left. off. You don't have to start

I suppose it was the young blood in the boy that made him bate to neek advice, but this feeling of resentment didn't last long. And then Barney, ever breathless to push along anything he started, had sent off by the next mail a request to both the Department of Agricolture and the state school for all data on hand dealing with dairying. The prompt reply and the mass of reports and pumphlets he received proved how eager those buresus are to grasp a chance to spread their information. Too

often the results of their patient investigations are wasted. Buried in annual reports, few people see them. These reports are to be had free or for a pittance, to be sure, but that's beside the point when the great mass of farmers don't send for them. And it's no answer to say that in this case the farmers don't deserve them. You might just as well abolish trunnt officers with the argument that children who don't want to go to school oughtn't to be made to go. If the departments of agriculture, both Federal and state, devoted one-balf of their appropriations to publicity-much as they need the money in their regular work—the actual results accomplished would in my opinion warrant it. It isn't what the experts themselves learn that is of value to the nation; it's what they can drive home to the farmers who are actually raising the crops. I don't believe a single farmer in our town ever read the annual report of the State Board of Agriculture until after the forming of the Pioneer Club, and yet those reports had been crammed full for twenty-five years and more with information that would have saved them thousands of dollars and that would have brought the state a bundred times in dollars what it would have cost to have mailed to each rural male voter a digest of them. The Federal Government could have accomplished the same result

with a single wasted political appropriation or with the money thrown away in that sop to weak Congressmen called "seed distribution."

These reports which we received covered the problems of dairying from every conceivable angle. In every case they were based upon actual experience, not only in the laboratory but in the field. The Institute papers read before the annual meetings of agricultural societies gave in detail the final successful results that followed years of coatly failures. Here was the experience for which men paid, already paid for and given freely. It was in a definite, concrete form. Here were tables covering every item of production and cost in getting a quart of milk to market. It was worked out as arrurately as is the east of production of a pair of shoes. With such material as this at hand I didn't see why a novice, if he had a backing of horse sense and a fair amount of business experience, wasn't in as good a position to embark in this business as a man brought up in a dairy. In some respects he had the advantage. Personally I've found the hardest mun in the world to teach farming to is the farmer.

Now in this mass of evidence two facts stood out as fundamental-that the production of milk can be increased by breeding, and that the greatest innevation in the scientific care of milk-clean handlingisn't so much an innovation as it is the correction of dirty habits that milk producers have had for so many years that they no longer recognize them as dirty habits. It's a fact that many a farmer has lived with cow dung so long that he has come to look upon it as clean, just as he has forced pigs to live in filth until now he looks upon filth as their natural habitat. Hadley was convinced that a clean pig was an impossibility.

"It's agin natur' to have 'em clean," he said. "Ain't

they called unclean in the Bible?"

A farmer in our town who groomed his cow would have been thought as absurd as though he put a Brussels carpet down on his barn floor. Such notions were considered the evil result of a college education. A cow barn wouldn't be a cow barn if it didn't smell like a cow barn.

"They'll be tying blue ribbons round their horns next," one man allowed.

Barney came hurrying over to the house after supper

with his finger between the leaves of one of these reports. "Look here," he said to Dick; "in Germany they go to the bottom of things. They don't stop until they reduce facts to cold, hard figures. Listen to the death rate per thousand for habies fed on various foods: Fed on mother's milk the death rate is seven and four-tenths per thousand; fed on mother's and cow's milk, twenty-one and four-tentls; fed on cow's milk alone, forty-two and one-tenth. That makes cow's milk six times as deadly as mother's milk. It comes pretty near ranking it as a poison. But this isn't due to the milk itself, mind you; it's due to the dir in the milk. You must lay the death of those bables directly at the door of the milk handlers, not the cows. The death rate in this country is probably even higher.

five thousand of them are souffed out yearly by unclear milk. That comes pretty close to wholesale murder." "Of course some of the milk is dirtied in the homes,"

There are a million and a half babies under one year of age

in this country. Leaving a wide margin for error forty-

suggested.

"Admit it," said Barney, "though clean milk once sealed in clean bottles will stay clean a long while, But admit that careless home handling does some of the damage. Admit a wide margin of error in the statistics. They are bud enough even after that. Then remember that pasteurized milk at once lowers the death rate wherever used and that pasteurized milk isn't improved milk by a long shot. But pasteurization does kill out some of the harmful gorms. And wherever that is done the death rate drops. There is a difference between mother's milk and cow's milk, but the biggest difference is that one is clear and the other isn't. Give us clean milk, Dick. That's all we want."

It didn't seem very much to ask for. It sounded a good deal like implering a candy manufacturer to refrain from putting poison in penny sticks,

"I suppose the reason we don't get clean milk is because it costs more to produce it," said Dick.

"Possibly," nodded Barney; "but as a rule uncleanliness in any business stands for shiftlessness and waste.

> Efficient men are clear men, and an efficient business is a clean business. Filth means waste. This is especially true in the case of milk. It means that valuable manure is being lost; it means that cows are depreciating because of slovenly care; it means that a man who is slovenly with his property is slovenly with his business. Cleanliness always pays for itself in the end. But even at twelve cents a quart clean milk is cheap food. That's one thing I propose to make those people in Little Italy understand. Look here." Barneypickedupan-

other report and rapidly turned the leaves. Hewas alive, that man. If he had a weakness it was for statistics. He loved to see facts reduced to figures. He made every family in the village with a new haby keep a chart, and



"It's Agin Noter' to Have 'Em Clean. His't They Called Unctenn in the Bible ?"

then he reduced that chart to a curved line. If a mother wanted any flattery from him about her offspring she had to produce that chart and not the baby. With the kiddle gurgling in its cradle beside him he'd hold that chart at arm's length and exclaim;

"Now that curve is going the way it should. Fine! Fine! That's the way I like to see a baby grow."

"Here's what I was after," said Barney. "The netual food value of anything lies in the amount of digestible dry matter it contains. The water in it you can get cheaper by turning on the faucet, and what you don't digest is simply waste. On that basis here's a comparison of the cost per pound of certain common foods. Porterhouse steak at thirty cents a pound produces a pound of digestible dry matter at a cost of eighty cents; round steak at twenty cents a pound produces it at a cost of sixty-four cents; Hamburg steak at twenty cents a pound produces it at a cost of sixty cents; eggs at thirty cents a dozen produce it. at a cost of one dollar and three cents a pound; ham at twenty-five cents produces a pound of digestible matter at a cost of sixty-five cents; clean milk at twelve cents produces the same amount of digestible dry matter at a cost of only forty-eight cents. You see it's about the cheapest food a man can buy at even twelve cents a quart. Skirn milk is still cheaper, producing a pound of digestible dry matter at a cost of only fourteen cents; but skim milk,

like buttermilk, is an acquired taste." Barney closed the book with a snap.

"If to make a fair profit you have to charge twelve cents a quart for clean milk, charge it. It's worth it, and I'll do what I can to make the public understand that fact.

'And I'll do what I can to produce it cheaper than twelve centa," said Dick,

VII

In THE production of clean milk the farmer starts with one fundamental factor absolutely assured him-his produet as delivered by a clean cow is clean. Neither pasteurization nor sterilization can improveit. There remains for the farmer then just one duty, to keep his milk clean. He must see that it is uncontaminated between the cow and the pail, between the pail and the cooling room, and between the cooling room and the hottle, and finally that the bottle itself is absolutely clean. By skillful feeding a farmer may improve the quality of his milk and increase its quantity, but he cannot make it any cleaner than it is delivered to him by a clean cow. As Dick and I read over the many reports we received we naw this fact

emphasized again and again. Nature handed her product to man in a clean state and it was man who undid her work. "It looks to me," said Dick, "as though the chief work of the dairy expert lies, not in the improvement of cattle

but in the improvement of men." And there was something in what the lad said. In the detection of unclean cattle by the tuberculin test experts have made a distinct, concrete advance, but the rest of their work consists mainly in trying to counteract the present day familiarity with filth which has led farmers to view it with contempt. I've seen a cow step in the milk pail, and have known the farmer's only regret to be the loss of a few quarts of milk. On the whole it would have done less harm if the farmer himself had stepped in the milk pail; and yet in that event be would have considered the milk contaminated simply because of the unusualness of the accident.

Little by little the bad habits of our ancestors, bred of shiftlessness due sometimes to enforced neglect and somewho accept them either as inevitable or natural. A routine has been handed down to them and to their wives which has paralyzed both. The man who starts in the business fresh and with his eyes open escapes this heritage,

The more the boy and I read, the more we realized that in dairying the barn is a mighty important factor. Right there is where it was necessary to pull away from the popular conception of a barn. Farmers have for years been throwing together a type of building that is nothing but a lukewarm evolution of the first primitive shelter. In constructing these buildings the farmer has considered neither his own comfort nor that of his cattle. They vary only in size, and consist of nothing but a boarded-in roof that serves to keep off the rain. No attempt has been made

to have a cool stable in summer or a warm stable in winter, while such items as light and cleanliness have been ignored completely. Cattle are not accorded even the consideration given vegetables.

The barn which Dardoni had found on the place and which he had not improved at all was of this old type. Dardoni, like most immigrants, depended upon hard work and economy for his success rather than upon modern scientific farming methods. The latter would have helped him, but he never had the opportunity to learn about them. Even if he had, it is doubtful if he would have adopted them. He fell into his own little tangle of ruts, and if they were an improvement on those of his neighbors they were still ruts.

The barn was big enough, about fifty by sixty, but it was poorly ventilated and poorly lighted, and was, of course, floored with wood. Back of the cows this wood was souked with the accumulated filth of fifty years. The manure was shoveled through a trap door directly back of the cows to the ground below, where it lay until wanted for use. Much of it was lost by drainage, and what remained polluted the whole barn. You couldn't remain fifteen minutes in that harn without advertising the fact for an hour afterward to every one you met. This came pretty close to Hadley's ideal conception of a barn.

The cattle were watered from a well in the barnyani which received a good share of the drainage and in winter

kills the most is then declared to have been right, and this is thought a very brave and pretty affair. The slayers are dressed in bright uniforms and have bands and are highly honored. They can't decide on God down there and hate each other for loving Him in different ways. They don't think much of little children down there; the wealthy call them nuisances and the poor call them burdens. When a man does wrong down there they don't try to make him better, but shut him up and make him worse." I've often stripped things to the raw that way, just for the good of my point of view. It's amazing how many bitter truths like those we have clothed with excuses until we don't see the facts any more. The matter of our harns in Brewster was a fine example on a small scale.

"The barn is rotten," said Dick, "and I thought of putting a cow in there for my own use." The first question with Dick was whether it wouldn't be cheaper to pull down the old barn and start fresh. But after examining the structure carefully he found that the

while it is killing them. It is sold in stores like groceries.

And they swallow deadly drugs, that drive them mad, because of the brief enjoyment they get before they go

mad. Drugs are sold in stores too. They have laws that

make it illegal for individuals to settle their quarrels by

killing each other, but when groups of individuals fall out

they think the only way they can settle the dispute with

honor is to kill each other by thousands. The nation that

framework was as sound as when put together. It was built in the days when both lumber and labor were cheap. Most of those timbers couldn't. be duplicated today. Letting in air and sunlight was simply a matter of putting in windows. If the barn was sheathed on the inside this would provide a space serving as a flue for ventilation. As for the floors, they should be cement. There was no possible chance. for argument there. Nothing else can be kept so clean, Now here's a point I want

toemphasize-not one of those ideaswaseither Dick'sormine. My experience with farming in general had taught me that cleanliness in every branch is essential to the best results, and I will say that my barn was a little cleaner than some in the neighborhood. I took care of my dressing, for one thing, and kept my cows fairly clean with plenty of bedding and considerable grooming. But my barn wasn't properly ventilated and wasn't as clean as it ought to be by a long shot. In studying this subject I found I had as much to learn as the boy. The fact that impressed me, as it had already

impressed me about other details of farming, was how simple a matter it is to learn. There is nothing complicated about farming; nothing abstruse. It's just borse sense. The subject presents no technical difficulties. Even if it did, the way people with intelligence even below the average have mastered the tricks and complications of gasoline engines would seem to indicate that this should be no bar. Within a decade a large army of humdrum people, many of whom no one ever thought could learn to drive a nail, have turned themselves into skilled mechanicians for the pleasure of running an automobile. A man who can master a gasoline engine ought to be able to master anything mechanical.

Dick approached his new enterprise knowing even less than I, but he had right at hand the published experience of others and knew enough to utilize it whenever it squared with intelligent reasoning. A man can go far without personal experience today if he knows how to use the experience of others.

The first thing the boy did was to sheathe the barn the inside, leaving it open at the top. An opening on the outside near the sill allowed the fresh air to enter there, come up on the inside and enter at the top. Flues near the floor drew out the impure air. Nothing could be simpler. and nothing, so far as Dick's experience has gone, could

The next thing the boy did was to have the barn swept down from roof to floor, and then he went to work on the cement floor. In the barn proper he had the cement put on over the floorboards, these being sound. The cement was not smoothed off, but left rough so as to afford a footing. In remodeling his stalls Dick used the published experience of an old dairyman-a practical farmer who evidently had

"If That Cap Isa't Barted Within a Week Iha'll be the Best-Advertised Cow in This Neighburhood"

was as cold as it could be without freezing. There were windows back of the stalls, but in winter these were boarded up. The caves shaded them, anyway, so that no sunlight ever came in. From roof to floor the barn was covered with a fine dust that was stirred up every time hay was pitched down from the loft and every time a gust of wind blew in. Viewing the structure from the point of view of the modern dairyman the barn was about as fifthy as it could be. Viewing it from the point of view merely of a man with only average decent instincts it was filthy. Detach that barn and put it down in an orderly community where such barns are not common and it would be condemned instantly by any board of health.

Yet it was no worse than the average burn of the village. We consider ourselves a decent community too. I'll admit that at first it didn't appeal to me as in a very bad condition. That's because it was up to the local standard; because after a long period of slovenly training we had all become to barns of this type. Only when we looked at it from a fresh point of view did we appreciate its actual condition. I don't suppose our dulled vision is limited to barns either, or that farmers are the only class with dulled vision. Just such conditions exist in every community.

It isn't a bad practice to stop every now and then and try to strip things to their paked selves. I've often wondered what a halfway decent inhabitant of another planet might report back to his fellows after a visit here. Suppose he was what we'd call a savage, and suppose he was so simple-minded he couldn't appreciate our civilization and reported things literally,

"They kill animals down there," he could say, "and eat their flesh-even their livers and stomachs. They drink poison down there because of the fun they get out of it

(Continued on Page 65)

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

The Deadly Poulet Routine—By Irvin S. Cobb

T WAS at a small dinner party in a home out in Passy which is to Paris what Flatbush is to Brooklyn-that the event hereinafter set forth came to pass. Our host was an American who had lived abroad a good many years; and his wife, our hostess, was a French woman as charming as she was pretty and as pretty as she could be.

The dinner was going along famously. We had the hors-d'œuvres, the soup and the hare all very tasty to look on and very soothing to the palate. Then came the

fowl, rousted, of course—the roust fawl is the national bird of France and along with the fewl something exceedingly appetizing in the way of hearts of bettuen purposhed with breast of hothouse tomatoes out on the blue.

When we were through with this the acreants removed the debris and brought us has plates. There with the air of one conferring a real treat an us, the butler bors round a tureen arrangement full of enoking-hot string-house When it came my turn I helped myself-conjously-and waited for what was to go with the beans. A passe ensued-to my imagination an embarrassed purse.

Seeking a cue I glanced down the table and back again. There did not appear to be anything to go with the beacs. The butler was standing at ease behind his master's chair—ease for a butler, I mean—and the other guests. it seemed to me, were waiting and watching. To myself

"Well, sir, that butler certainly has made a J. Henry Fox Pass of himself this trip! Here, just when this dinner was getting to be one of the notable soccesses of the present century, he has to go and derange the whole running schedule by serving the salad when he should have served the beans, and the beans when he should have served the salad. It's a sickening situation; but if I can save it I'll do it. I'll be well bred if it takes a leg!"

The String-Bean Path to Social Glory

So, WEARING the manner of one who has been accus-tomed all his life to finishing off his dinner with a mean of string-beans, I used my putting iron; and from the edge of the fair green I holed out in three. My last stroke was dandy, if I do say it myself. The others were game too I could see that. They were eating beans as though beans were particularly what they had come for. Out of the tail of my eye I glanced at our hostess, sitting next to me on the left. She was placed, calm, perfectly easy. Again addressing myself mentally I said:

"There's a thoroughbred for you! You take a woman who got prosperous suddenly and is still acutely suffering from nervous culture, and if such a shipwreek had occurred at her dinner table she'd be utterly prostrated by nowshe'd be down and out-and we'd all be standing back to give her air; but when they're born in the purple it shows in these big emergencies. Look at this woman now not a ripple on the surface - balmy as a summer evening! But in about one hour from now, Central European time, I can me her accepting that fool butler's resignation before he's had time to offer it!"

After the beans had been cleared off the right-of-way we had the dessert and the cheese and the coffee and the rest of it. And, as we used to say in the society column down home when the wife of the largest advertiser was entertaining the collected beauty and chivalry of the community, "at a suitable hour those present dispersed to their homes, one and all voting the affair to have been one of the most enjoyable occasions among like events of the season." We all knew our manners—we had proved that.

Personally I was very proud of myself for having carried. the thing off so well: but after I had survived a few tables d'hôte in France and a few more in Austria and a great many in Italy, where they do not have anything at the notels except tables d'hôte, I did not feel quite so proud. For at this writing in those parts the slender, sylphlike stringbean is not playing a minor part, as with us. He has the



host apot on the bill at the evening performance—he is a brudliner. So is the cauliflower; so is the Brussels sprout; so is any vegetable whose function among our own people is largely acenic.

Therefore I treasured the memory of this incident and brought it back with me; and I tell it here at some length of detail because I know how grateful my country-women will be to get hold of it - I know how grateful they always are when they learn about a new gustronomical wrinkle. Mind you, I am not saying that the notion is an absolute novelty here. For all I know to the centrary, prominent horiesses along the Gold Coast of the United States-Bar Harbor to Palm Beach inclusive—may have been serving one lone vegetable as a separate course for years and years; but I feel sure that throughout the interior the disclosure will come as a pleasant surprise.

The directions for executing this coup are simple-all the deadler because they are so simple. The main thing is to invite your chief opponent as a smart entertainer; you know the one I mean - the woman who scored such a dis-tinct social triumph in the season of 1912-13 by being the first woman in town to serve tomato bisque with whipped cream un it. Have her there by all means. Go ahead with your dinner as though neight semational and revolutionary were about to happen. Give them in proper turn-the oyeters, the fish, the entrie, the bird, the salad. And then, all by itself-alone and unafraid-bring on a dab of

Wait until you see the whites of their eyes, and aim and fire at will. Settle back then, until the first husbed shock has somewhat abated -until your dazed and suffering rival is glaring about in a well-bred but flustered manner, looking for semething to go with the beans. Hold her eye while you smile a smile that is compounded of equal parts-superior wisdom, and gentle contempt for her ignorance; and then slowly, deliberately, dip a fork into the beans on your plate and go to it.

Believe me, it cannot lose! Defore breakfast time the next morning every woman who was at that dinner will either be sending out invitations for a dinner of her own and ordering beans, or she will be calling up her nearest and best friend on the telephone to spread the tillings. 1 figure that the intense social excitement occasioned in this country a few years ago by the introduction of Russian. salad dressing will be as nothing in comparison-

This stunt of serving the vegetable as a separate course was one of the things I learned about food during our flittings across Europe, but it was not the only thing I learned-by a long shot it was not.

For example I learned this - and I do not care what anybody else may say to the contrary either-that here in America we have better food and more different kinds of food, and food better cooked and better served than the effete monarchies of the Old World ever dreamed of. And, quality and variety considered, it costs less here, bite for bite, than it costs there.

Food in Germany is cheaper than anywhere else almost, I reckon: and, selected with carand discrimination, a German dinner is an excellently good disner. Certain dishes in England and they are very certain, for you ge. them at every mealare good, too, and not overlyexpensive. There are some distinctive Austrian dishes that are not without their attractions either.

Speaking by and large, however, I ven-ture the assertion that, taking any first-rate restaurant in any of the larger American cities and balancing it of against any establishment of like standing in Europe, the America: restaurant wins on culsine, service, price, flavor and attractiveness.

Centuries of careful and constant pres-

agenting have given French cookery much of its present fame. The same crafty processes of publicity, continued through a period of eight or nine hundred years, have endowed the European scenic effects with a glamour and an impressiveness that really are not there, if you can but lorget the advertising and consider the proposition on its

Take their rivers now - their historic rivers, if you please You are traveiling—heaven help you—on a Continental train. Between spells of having your ticket punched or torn apart, or otherwise mutilated; and between spells of getting out at the border to see your trunks ceremonlously and selemnly unleaded and unlocked, and then as oremoniously relocked and reloaded after you have con-ferred largess on everybody connected with the train, their customs regulations being mainly devised for the purpose of collecting not tariff but tips—between these periods, which constitute so important a feature of Continental travel-you come, let us say, to a stream.

Puny Creeks With Historic Names

IT IS a puny stream, as we are accustomed to measure streams, boxed in by stone walls and regulated by stone dams, and frequently it is mud-colored and, more frequently still, runs between muddy banks. In the West it would probably not even be dignified with a regular name. and in the East it would be of so little importance that the local congressman would not ask an annual appropriation of more than half a million dollars for the purposes of dredging, deepening and diking it. But even as you crosit you learn that it is the Tiber or the Arno, the Elbe or the Po; and, such is the force of precept and example, you immediately get all excited and worked up over it,

English rivers are beautiful enough in a restrained, wellmanaged, landscape-gardened sort of way: but we Americans do not enthuse over an English river because of what it is in itself, but because it happens to be the Thameor the Avon-because of the distinguished characters in history whose names are associated with it. Hades gets

much of its reputation the same way.

I think of one experience I had while touring through what we had learned to call the Dachshund District. Our route led us alongside a most inconsequential-looking little river. Its contents seemed a trifle too liquid for mud and a trifle too solid for water. On the nearer bank was a small village populated by short people and long dogs. Out in midstream, making poor headway against the semi-gelid current, was a little flutter-tailed steamboat panting and putting violently and kicking up a lather of lacy spray with its wheelbuckets in a manner to remind you of a very warm small lady fanning herself with a very large gauze fan, and only getting hotter at the job.

In America that stream would have been known as Mink Creek or Cassidy's Run, or by some equally poetle title; but when I found out it was the Danube-no less-I had a distinct thrill. On closer examination I discovered it to be a counterfeit thrill; but, nevertheless, I had it.

By the same token I also found out that day why they call the Danube the Blue Danube; for yellow is one of the component pigments of blue, and this stream had enough yellow in it to turn a whole ocean blue if properly mixed with enough green. And the Americans aboard that train could have supplied the greenness, too, and never missed it; they would have had plenty left.

What applies in the main to the scenery applies in the main to the food. France has the reputation of breeding the best cooks in the world—and maybe she does; but when you are calling in France you find most of them out. They have emigrated to America, where a French chef gets more money in one year for exercising his art-and gets it easier—than he could get in ten years at home—and is given better ingredients to cook with than at home.

The hotel in Paris at which we stopped served good enough meals, all of them centering, of course, round the inevitable pould rôli; but it took the staff an everlastingly long time to bring the food to you. If you grew reckless and ordered anything that was not on the bill it upset the entire establishment; and before they calmed down and relayed it in to you it was time for the next meal. Still, I must say we did not mind the waiting; near at hand a fascinating spectacle was invariably on exhibition.

At the next table sat an Italian countess. Anyhow they told me she was an Italian countess, and she wore jewelry enough for a dozen countesses. Every time I beheld her, with a big emerald earring gleaming at either side of her head. I thought of a Lenox Avenue local in the New York Subway.

However, it was not so much her jewelry that proved such a fascinating eight as it was her pleasing habit of fetching out a gold-mounted toothpick and exploring the most remote and intricate dental recesses of herself in full view of the entire dining room, meanwhile making a noise like somebody sicking a dog on.

The Europeans have developed public toothpicking beyond anything we know. They make an outdoor pas-

time and function of it, whereas we pursue this sport privately. Over there, however, a toothpick is a family heirloom and is handed down from one generation to another, and is operated in company estentationsly. In its use some Europeans are absolutely gifted.

Beware of the Oyster

THIS particular hotel, in common with all other first-class hotels in Paris, was forgetful about setting forth on its menu the prices of its best dishes and its special dishes. I take it this arrangement was devised for the benefit of currency-quilted Americans. A Frenchman asks the waiter the price of an unpriced dish and then he orders something else; but the American, as a rule, is either too proud or too foolish to inquire into these details. At home he is beset by a hideous fear that some waiter will think he is of a mercenary nature; and when he is abroad this trait. in him is accentuated.

So, in his carefree American way, he orders a portion of a dish of an unspecified value; whereupon the head waiter slips out to the office and ascertains by private inquiry how large a letter of credit the American is carrying with him, and comes back and charges him all the traffic will bear.

As for the keeper of a fashionable café on a boulevard or in the Rue de la Paix-well, alongside of him the most rapacious restaurant proprietor on Broadway is a kindly, Christian soul who is in business for his health-and not feeling very healthy at that. When you dine at one of the swagger boulevard places the head waiter always. comes, just before you have finished, and places a display of fresh fruit before you, with a winning stolle and a bow and a gesturewhich, taken together, would seem to indicate that he is extending the compliments of the season and that the fruit will be on the house; but never did one of those intriguing seoundreds deceive me.

Somewhere, years before, I had rend statistics on the cost of fresh fruit in a Paris restaurant, and so I had a care. The night of a bunch of hothouse grapes alone was sufficient to throw me into a cold perspiration right there at the table;

and as for South African peaches, I carefully walked round them, getting farther away all the time. A peach was just the same as a pesthouse to me-in Paris.

Alas! no one had warned me about French system, and once-just once-I are some, which was two kinds of



smelly place decorated most atrociously. In the front window, in close juxtaposition, were a platter of French smails and a platter of sticky confections full of dark spots. There was no mistaking the snails for anything except snails; but the other articles were either current buns or plain buns that had been made in an unscreened kitchen.

Within were marble-topped tables of the Louis-Quince period and stuffy wall-sents of faded, dusty red velvet; and a waiter in his shirtsleeves was wandering about with a sheaf of those long French loaves tucked under his arm like golfsticks, distributing his loaves among the diners. But somewhere in its mysterious and odorous depths that little bourgesis calé harbored an honest-to-goodness cook.

He knew a few things about grilling a pig's knuckle—that worthy person. He could make the knuckle of a pig taste like the wing of an angel; and what be could do with a skillet, a pinch of herbs and a calf's sweetbread passed human understanding!

Marie's Masterplece

RERTAIN animals in Europe do Chave the most delicious diseases anyway-notably the calf and the goose, particularly the goose of Strasburg, where the pâté de foie gras comes from. The engorged liver of a Strasburg goose must be a source of joy to all-except its original owner!

Several times we went back to the little restaurant round the corner from the market, and each time we had something good. The feed we ate there helped to compensate for the terrific disillusionment awaiting us when we drove out of Paris to a typical roadside inn, to get some of

that wonderful provincial cookery that through all our reading days we had been bearing about.

You will doubtless recall the description, as so frequently and graphically dished up by the inspired writers of travelogue stuff - the picturesque, tumbledown place, where on a cloth of coarse linen-white like snow-old Marie, her wrinkled face abeam with hospitality and kindness, places the delicious omelet she has just made, and brings also the marvelous salad and the perfect fowl, and the steaming hot coffee fragrant as breezes from Araby the Biest, and the rin ordinairs that is even as honey and gold to the thirsty throat. You must know that?

We went to see for ourselves. At a distance of half a day's automobile run from Paris we found an establishment answering to the plans and specifications. It was shoved jam-up against the road, as is the French custom; and it was surrounded by a high, broken wall, on which all manner of excrescences in the shape of tiny dormers and misshapen little towers hung-like Texas ticks on the ears of a quarantined steer. Within the wall the numerous ruins that made up the inn were thrown together any fashion, some facing one way, some facing the other way, and some facing all ways at once; so that, for the housefly, so numerously encountered on these premises, it was but a short trip and a merry one from the stable to the dining room and back again.

Sure enough, old Marie was on the job. Not desiring to be unkind or unduly critical I shall merely state that as a cook old Marie was what we who have been in France and speak the language fluently would call is limite! The omelet she turned out for us was a thing that was very firm and durable, containing, I think, leather findings,



the Ware Jewelry Ennigh for a Docon Counterson

mistake on my part, one financial and the other gustatory. They were not particularly flavorous system as we know oysters on this side of the ocean. The French oyster is a small, copper-tinted proposition, and be tastes something like an indisposed mussel and something like a touch of

billiousness; but he is sufficiently costly for all purposes, The café proprietor cheriahes him so highly that he refuses to vulgarize him by printing the asking price on the same menu.

A person in France desirous of making a really ostentatious display of his affluence, on finding a pearl in an oyster, would swallow the pearl and wear the syster on his shirtfront. That would stamp him as a person

However, I am not claiming that all French cookery is ultra-exorbitant in price or of excessively low grade. We had one of the surprises of our lives when, by direction of a friend who knew Paris, we went to a little obscure café that was off the tourist route and therefore—as yet—unspoiled and uncommercialized. This place was up a back street near one of the markets-a small and



with a sprinkling of chopped henbane on the top. The coffee was as feeble a counterfeit as chicory usually is when it is musquerading as coffee, and the via ordinaire had less of the via to it and more of the ordinaire than any we

sampled elsewhere.

Right here let me say this for the much-vaunted ris ordinaire of Europe: In the end it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder—not like the ordinary Egyptian adder, but like a putent adder in the office of a loan shark, which is the worst stinger of all the adder family. If consumed with any degree of freedom it will put a downy cost on your tongue next morning that will cause you to think you inadvertently swallowed the pillow in your sleep. Good domestic wine costs as much in Europe as good domestic wine costs in America—possibly more than as much.

The soufflé potatoes of old Marie were not bud to look on, but I did not test them otherwise. Even in my own country I do not care to partake of soufflé potatoes ueless I know personally the person who blew them up.

So at the conclusion of the repast we nibbled tentatively at the dessert, which was a pancake with jelly, done in the image of a medicated bandage but not so tasty as one of those. And then I paid the check, which was of august proportions, and we came sadly away, realizing that another happy dream of youth had been shattered to bits. Out of the whole meal only the tablecloth had been as advertised. It was coarse, but white like snow—like snow three days old in Pittsburgh.

Yet I was given to understand that was a typical rural French inn and fully up to the standards of such places; but if the manager of a roadhouse within half a day's ride of New York or Boston or Philadelphia served such food to his patrons, at such prices, the sheriff would have him inside of two months; and everybody would be glad of it too—except the sheriff. Also, no humans man in this country would ask a self-respecting cow to camp overnight in such outbuildings as abouted on the kitchen of this particular inn.

I am not denying that we have in America some pretty bad country hotels, where good food is most harbarously mistreated and good beds are rare to find, but we admit our shortcomings in this regard and we deplore them—we do not shellar them over with a glamour of bogus romanos, with intent to decrive the foreign visitor to our shores. We warn him in advance of what he may expect and urge him

Deep Breathing Applied to Spaghetti

IT IS almost unnecessary to add that ald Marie gave us veal and pooled rift. According to the French version of the story of the Flood only two animals emerged from the Ark when the waters receded—one was an immature bea and the other was an adolescent calf. At every meal except breakfast—when they do not give you anything at all—the French give you veal and poolet rift. If at lunch you had the poolet rift first and afterward the veal, why, then at dinner they provide a pleasing variety by bringing on the veal first and the poolet rift afterward.

The veal is invariably stringy and coated over with weird sauces, and the pould never appears at the table in her recognizable members—such as wings and drumsticks—but is chopped up with a cleaver into cross sections, and strange-looking chunks of the wreckage are sent

to you. Moreover they cook the chicken in such a way as to destroy its original taste, and the vest in such a way as to preserve its original taste, both being inexcusable errors.

to carry his rations with him.

Nowhere in the larger Italian cities, except by the exercise of a most tremendous determination, can you get any real Italian cooking or any real Italian dishes. At the hotels they feed you on a pale, sad table-d'hôte imitation of French cooking, invariably buttressed with the everlasting veal and the eternal pould roli. At the finish of the meal the waiter brings you, on one plate, two small withered apples and a hunch of flyspecked sour grapes; and, on another plate, the mortal remains of some cheese wearing a tinfoil shroud and appropriately laid out in a small, white, coffin-shaped box.

After this had happened to me several times I told the waiter with gentle irony that he might as well screw the lid back on the casket and proceed with the obsequies of the deceased. I told him I was not one of those morbid people who love to back on the faces of the strange dead. The funeral could not get under way too soon to sait me. That is what I told him.

In my travels the best place I ever found to get Italian dishes was a basement restaurant under an old brownstone house on Forty-fourth Street, in New York. There you might find the typical dishes of Italy—I defy you to find them in Italy without a search-warrant. However, while in Italy the tourist may derive much entertainment and instruction from a careful study of table manners.

In our own land we produce some reasonably boisterous trenchermen, and some tolerably careless ones too. Some among us have yet to learn how to eat corn on the ear and at the same time avoid corn in the ear. A dish of asparagus has been known to develop fine acoustic properties, and in certain quarters there is a crying need for a soundproof soup; but even so, and admitting these things as facts, we are but mere beginners in this line when compared with our European brethren.

In the caskets of resmony I shall ever cherish the picture of a particularly hairy geotherman, apparently of Russian extraction, who patronized our hotel in Venice one evening. He was what you might call a human hazard—a golfplayer would probably have thought of him in that connection. He was eating flour dumplings, using his kuife for a niblick all the way round; and he lost every other ball in a concealed bunker on the edge of the rough.

There is also a popular belief to the effect that the Neapolitan eats his spaghetti by a deft process of wrapping thirty or forty inches round the time of his lork and then lifting it inboard, an ell at a time. This is not recreet. The true Neapolitan does not eat his spaghetti at all—be inhales it. He gathers up a loose strand and starts it down his throat. He then respires from the disphragm, and like a troupe of trained angleworms that entire mass of spaghetti uncoils itself, gots up off the plate, and disappears inside him—en mass, as it were—and makes him look like a man who is chimning himself over a set of bead portières. I fear that we in America will never learn to siphon our spaghetti into us thus. It takes a nation that has practiced deep breathing for centuries.

Under the head of European distillusionmeets I would rate, along with the rin artistive of the French vineyard and inkworks, the barmaid of Britain. From what you have heard on this subject you confidently expect the British barmaid to be bacom, blond, blooming, billowy,

buoyant but especially blond.

On the contrary she is generally bruncite, frequently middle-aged, in appearance often fair-to-middling homely, and in manner nearly always abounding with a stiffness and hauteur that would do credit to a belted earl, if the belting had just taken place and the earl were still groggy from the effects of it.

Also, she has the notion of personal adorament that is common in more than one social stratum of women in England. If she has a large, firm, solid mound of false hair overhanging her brow like an impending landslide, and at least three lingly bracelets on each wrist, she considers herself to be well dressed, no matter what else she may or may not be wearing.

Often tris lady is found presiding over an American bur, which is an institution now commonly met with in all parts of London. The American bar of London differs from the ordinary English har of London in two respects, namely—there is an American flag draped over the mirror, and it is a place where they rell all the English drinks and are just out of all the American ones. If you ask for a Bronx the burmaid tells you they do not carry scalood in

stock and advises you to apply at the fishmonger'ssecond turning to the right, sir, and then over the way, sir-just before you come to the bottom of the road, sir.

If you ask for a Mamie Taylor she gets it confused in her mind with a Sally Lunn and sends out for yeastcale and a cookbook; and while you are waiting she will give you a genuine Yankee drink, such as a brandy and sodaor she will suggest that you smoke something and take a look at the evening paper.

If you do so smoke something, beware—oh, beware!—
of the native English cigar. When rolled between the
fingers it gives off a dry, rustling sound similar to a
shuck mattress. For smoking purposes it is open to the
same criticisms that a shuck mattress is. The flames amoder in the walls and then burst through in unexpected
places, and the smoke sucks up the airshaft and mushrooms on your top floor; then the deadly back draft comes
and the fatal firedamp, and when the firemen arrive you
are a ruined tenement.

Except the German, the French, the Belgian, the Austrian and the Italian cigar, the English cigar is the worst cigar I ever saw. I did not go to Spain; they tell me, though, the Spanish cigar also has the high qualifications of badness. Spanish cigars are not really cigars at all, I hear; they fall into the classification of defective flues.

Likewise beware of the alleged American cocktail occasionally dispensed, with an air of pride and accomplished triumph, by the British barmaid of an American bar. If for purposes of experiment and research you feel that you must take one, order with it, instead of the customary olive or cherry, a nice boiled vegetable marrow. The advantage to be derived from this is that the vegetable marrow takes away the tasts of anything else and does not have any taste of its own.

England's National Flower

In the eating line the Englishman depends on the etaples. He sticks to the old standbys. What was good enough for his lathers is good enough for him- in some cases almost too good. Menotony of victuals does not distress him. He likes his food to be humdrum—the humdrummer the better.

Speaking with regard to the whole country I am sure we have better beef uniformly in America than in England; but there is at least one restaurant on the Strand where the roast beef is just a little bit superior to any other roast beef on earth. English mutton is incomparable, too, and English breakfast bacon is a joy forever. But it never seems to occur to an Englishman to vary his diet. I submit samples of the daily menu:

Lencimon
Reast Beef
Boiled Mutten
Potatoes | Boiled
Cabbage |
Jum Tart
Custard
Chresse
Coffee

DINNER
Bolled Muttan
Roast Beef
Cabbage | Boiled
Custard
Jam Tart
Coffee
Cheese

I know now why an Englishman dresses for dinner—it enables him to distinguish dinner from lunch.

TEA!

His regular desserts are worthy of a line. The jam tart is a death-mask that went wrong and in consequence

became morose and heavy of spirit, and the custard is a soft-boiled egg which started out in life to be a softboiled egg and at the last moment when it was too late—changed its mind and tried to be something else.

In the City, where lunching places abound, the steamer works overtime and the stewpan never rests. There is one place, well advertised to American visitors, where they make a specialty of their beefsteak-and-kidney pudding. This is a gummy concection containing steak, kidney, mushroom, oyster, lark—and sometimes W and Y.

Ductor Johnson is said to have been very fond of it; this, if true, accounts for the doctor's disposition. A helping of it weighs two pounds before you eat it and ten pounds afterward. The kidney is its predominating influence. The favorite flower of the English is not the primpose but the kidney. Wherever you go, among the restaurants, there is always somebody operating on a steamed flour dumpling for kidney trouble.

The lower orders are much addicted to a dish known if I remember the name aright—by the

Continued on Page 68



Your True Berliner Eate His Regular Daily Meats - Four in Samber and All Large Ones

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

HRISTMAS DAY had had a softening effect on Mrs. Boyer. It had opened hadly.

It was the first Christmas she had spent away from her children, and there had been little of the boliday spirit in her attitude as she prepared the Christmas breakfast. After that, however, things happened.

In the first place, under her plate she had found a frivolous chain and pendant which she had admired. And when her eyes filled up, as they did whenever she was emotionally moved, the doctor had come round the table and put both his arms about her.

Too young for you? Not a bit!" he said

beartily. "You're better looking than you ever were, Jennie; and if you weren't you're the only woman for me anybow. Don't you think I realize what this exile means to you and that you're doing it for me?'

I-I don't mind it."

"Yes, you do. Tonight we'll go out and make n night of it, shall we? Supper at the Grand. the theater, and then the Tabarin, sh?"

She loosened herself from his arms.

"What shall I wear? Those horrible things the children bought me -

Throw 'em away."

"They're not worn at all."

"Throw them out. Get rid of the things the children got you. Go out tomorrow and buy something you like—not that I don't like you in anything or without-

"Prank!"

"Be happy, that's the thing. It's the first Christmas without the family, and I miss them too. But we're together, dear. That's the big thing, Merry Christmas."

An auspicious opening, that, to Christmas Day. And they had carried out the program as outlined. Mrs. Boyer had enjoyed it, albeit a bit borrified at the Christmas gayety at the Tabaria.

The next morning, however, she awakened with a keen reaction. Her head ached. She had a sense of taint over her. She was virtue rampant again, as on the day she had first visited the old lodge in the Siebensternstrasse.

It is hardly astonishing that by association of ideas Harmony came into her mind again, a brand that might even yet be snatched from the burning. She had been a bit hasty before, she admitted to herself. There was a woman doctor named Gates, although her address at the club was given as Pension Schwarz. She determined

to do her shopping early and then to visit the house in the Siebensternstrasse. She was not a hard woman, for all her inflexible morality, and more than once she had had an uneasy memory of Harmony's bewildered, almost stricken face the afternoon of her visit. She had been a watchful mother over a not particularly handsome family of daughters. This lovely young girl needed mothering and she had refused it. She would go back, and if she found she had been wrong and the girl was deserving and honest, she would see what could be done.

The day was wretched. The snow had turned to rain. Mrs. Boyer, shopping, dragged wet skirts and damp feet. from store to store. She found nothing that she cared for after all. The garments that looked chie in the windows or on manikins in the shops, were absurd on her. Her insistent bosom bulged, straight lines became curves or tortuous zigzags, plackets gaped, collars choked her or shocked her by their absence. In the mirror of Marie Jedlicka, clad in familiar garments that had accommodated themselves to the idiosyncrusies of her figure, Mrs. Boyer was a plump, rather comely matron. Here before the plate glass of the modiste, under the glare of a hundred lights, elde by side with a slim Austrian salesgirl who looked like a willow wand, Mrs. Boyer was grotesque, ridiculous, monstrous. She shuddered. She almost wept.

It was bad preparation for a visit to the Siebersternstrasse. Mrs. Boyer, finding her vanity game, roavinced that she was an absurdity physically, fell back for comfort. on her soul. She had been a good wife and mother; she was chaste, righteous. God had been cruel to ber in the flesh, but He had given her the spirit,

Madame whites not the gown? It is beautiful- see the embroidery! And the neck may be filled with chiffon."

Young woman," she said grimly, "I see the embroidery; and the neck may be filled with chiffon, but not for me! And when you have had five children, you will not buy clothes like that either."

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



When the Could Hear the linging of the Runners the Itid the Free Aranch Out Berger ibe Track

All the kindliness was gone from the visit to the Siebensternstrasse; only the determination remained. Wounded to the heart of her self-esteem, her pride in tatters, she took her way to the old lodge and climbed the stairs.

She found a condition of mild excitement. Jimmy had slept long after his bath. Harmony practiced, cut up a chicken for broth, sired blankets for the chair into which Peter un his return was to lift the boy.

She was called to inspect the mouse rage, which, according to Jimmy, had strawberries in it.

"Far back," he explained, "There in the cotton, Harry.

But it was not strawberries. Harmony opened the cage and very tenderly took out the cotton nest. Eight tiny pink baby mice, clean washed by the mother, lay curled in

It was a stupendous moment. The joy of vicarious parentage was Jimmy's. He named them all immediately and demanded food for them. On Harmony's delicate explanation that this was unnecessary, life took on a new meaning for Jimmy. He watched the mother lest she slight one. His responsibility weighed on him. Also his inquiring mind was very busy.

"But how did they get there?" he demanded.

"God sent them, just as he sends babies of all sorts."

"Did he send me?"

"Of course,"

"That's a good one on you, Harry. My father found me in a bollow tree.

"But don't you think God had something to do with it?"

Jimmy pendered this,
"I suppose," he reflected, "God sent duddy to find me so that I would be his little boy. You never happened to see any babies when you were out walking, did you, Harry?"
"Not in stumps—but I probably wasn't looking."

Harmony brought in her violin and played softly to him, not to disturb the sleeping mice. She sang, too, a verse

that the Big Soprano had been fond of and that Jimmy leved. Not much of a voice was Harmony's,

but sweet and low and very true, as became her violinist's ear.

"Ah, well! For us all some sweet hope lies Deeply buried from kuman eyes,

she sang, her clear eyes luminous,

"And in the hereafter, angels may Roll the stone from its grave away!"

Mrs. Boyer mounted the stairs. She was in a very bad humor. She had snagged her skirt on a nail in the old gate, and although that very corning she had detected the suit, her round of shopping had again endeared it to her. She told tise partler in English what she thought of him, and rlimbed ponderously, pausing at each land-

ing to examine the damage.

Harmony, baving sung limmy to sleep, was in the threes of an experiment. She was not smalling; she was experimenting. Peter and Anna had smoked together and it had looked comradely. Perhaps, without reasoning it out, Harmony was experimenting toward the end of establishing her relations with Peter still further on Iriendly and comradely grounds. Two men might smoke together; a man and a woman might emake together as friends. According to Harmony's ideas, a girl paring potatoes might inspire sentiment, but smoking a cigarette-

She did not like it. She thought, standing before her little mirror, that she looked fast after all. She tried pursing her lips together, as she had seen Anna do, and blowing out the smoke in a thin line. She smoked very hard, so that she stood in the center of a gray nimbus. She hated it, but she persisted. Perhaps it grew on one; perhaps, also, if she walked about it would choke her less. She practiced holding the thing between her first and second fingers, and found that easier than smoking. Then she went to the calon where there was more air, and tried exhaling through her nose. It made her sneeze.

On the sneeze came Mrs. Boyer's ring. Harmony thought very fact. It might be the bread the bell.

Mrs. Boyer's greeting was colder than she had intended. It put Harmony on the defensive at once, made her uncomfortable. Like all the innocent falsely secused she looked guiltier than the guiltiest. Under Mrs. Boyer's searching eyes

the enormity of her situation overwhelmed her. And over all, through salon and passage, hung the damning odor of the eigarette. Harmony, leading the way in, was a sheep before her shearer.

"I'm calling on all of you," said Mrs. Boyer, sniffing. "I meant to bring Doctor Boyer's cards for every one, including Dorter Byrne."

"I'm sorry. Doeter Byrne is out."

"And Doctor Gates?" "She-she is away."

Mrs. Boyer raised her eyebrows and ostentatiously changed the subject, requesting a needle and thread to draw the rent together. It had been in Harmony's mind to explain the situation, to show Jimmy to Mrs. Boyer, to throw herself on the older woman's sympathy, to ask advice. But the visitor's attitude made this difficult. To add to her

discomfort, through the grating in the stove door was coming a thin thread of smoke

It was, after all, Mrs. Boyer who broached the subject again. She had had a cup of tea, and Harmony, sitting on a stool, had mended the rent so that it could hardly be seen. Mrs. Boyer, softened by the tea and by the prosimity of Harmony's lovely head bent over her task, grew slightly more expansive.

"I ought to tell you something, Miss Wells," she said.

"You remember my other visit?

"Perfectly," Harmony bent still lower,

"I did you an injustice at that time. I've been sorry ever since. I thought that there was no Doctor Gates. I'm sorry, but I'm not going to deny it. People do things in this wicked city that they wouldn't do at home. I confess I misjudged Peter Byrne. You can give him my apologies, since he won't see me."

"But he isn't here or of course he'd see you."

"Then," demanded Mrs. Boyer grimly, "if Peter Byrne is not here, who has been smoking eigarettes in this room? There is one still burning in that stove!"

Harmony's hand was forced. She was white as she cut

the brown-silk thread and rose to her feet.
"I think," she said, "that I'd better go back a few weeks, Mrs. Boyer, and tell you a story, if you have time to listen."

"If it is disagreeable -

"Not at all. It is about Peter Byrne and myself, andsome others. It is really about Peter. Mrs. Boyer, will you come very quietly across the hall?"

Mrs. Boyer, expecting Heaven knows what, rose with celerity. Harmony led the way to Jimmy's door and opened it. He was still asleep, a wasted small figure on the narrow bed. Beside him the mice frolicked in their cage, the sentry kept guard over Peter's shameless letters from the Tyrol, the strawberry babies wriggled in their cotton.

"We are not going to have him very long," said Harmony softly. "Peter is making him happy for a little while."

Back in the salon of Maria Theresa she told the whole story. Mrs. Boyer found it very affecting. Harmony sat beside her on a stool and she kept her hand on the girl's shoulder. When the narrative reached Anna's going away, however, she took it away. From that point on she sat uncompromisingly rigid, and listened.

"Then you mean to say," she exploded when Harmony had finished, "that you intend to stay on here, just the two of you?"

"And Jimmy."

"Bah! What has the child to do with it?" "We will find some one to take Anna's place."

"I doubt it. And until you do?"

"There is nothing wicked in what we are doing. Don't you see, Mrs. Boyer, I can't leave the boy.'

"Since Peter is so altruistic, let him hire a nurse,"

Bad as things were, Harmony smiled.
"A nurse!" she said. "Why, de you realize

that he is keeping three people now on what is starvation for one?"

"Then he's a fool!" Mrs. Boyer rose in majesty. "I'm not going to leave you here." "I'm sorry. You must see

"I see nothing but a girl deliberately putting herself in a compromising position and worse.

"Mrs. Boyer!"

"Get your things on. I guess Doctor Boyer and I can look after you until we can send you home.

"I am not going home-yet," said poor Harmony, biting her lip to steady it.

Back and forth waged the battle, Mrs. Boyer assailing, Carmony offering little defense but standing firm on her refusal to go as long as Peter would let her remain.
"It means so much to me," she ventured, goaled. "And

I earn my lodging and board. I work hard and—I make him comfortable. It costs him very little and I give him something in exchange. All men are not alike. If the

sort you have known are—are different——"
This was unfortunate. Mrs. Boyer stiffened. She ceased offensive tactics, and retired grimly into the dignity of her high calling of virtuous wife and mother. She washed her hands of Harmony and Peter. She tied on her veil with shaking hands, and prepared to leave Harmony to her late.

"Give me your mother's address," she demanded.

"Certainly not."

"You absolutely refuse to save yourself?"

"From what? From Peter? There are many worse people than Peter to save myself from, Mrs. Boyeruncharitable people, and and cruel people,"

Mrs. Boyer shrugged her plump shoulders.
"Meaning me!" she retorted. "My dear child, people are always cruel who try to save us from ourselves.

Unluckily for Harmony, one of Anna's specious arguments must pop into her head at that instant and demand

"People are living their own lives these days, Mrs. Boyer; old standards have gone. It is what one's conscience condemns that is wrong, isn't it? Not merely breaking laws that were made to fit the average, not the exception."

Anna! Anna!

Mrs. Boyer flung up her hands.

Von ure impose believe it is Peter who needs protection! I shall speak

She started down the staircase, but turned for a parting volley.

"And just a word of advice: Perhaps the old standards have gone. But if you really expect to find a respectable woman to chaperon you, keep your views to yourself."

Harmony, a bruised and wounded thing, crept into Jimmy's room and sank on her knees beside the bed. One small hand lay on the coverlet; she dared not touch it for fear of waking him-but she laid her cheek close to it for comfort. When Peter came in, much later, he found the boy wide awake and Harmony asleep, a crumpled heap beside the bed.

"I think she's been crying," Jimmy whispered. "She's been sobbing in her sleep. And strike a match, Peter; there may be more mice."

XVIII

MRS. BOYER, bursting with indignation, went to the Doctors' Club. It was typical of the way things were going with Peter that Doctor Boyer was not there, and that the only woman in the club rooms should be Doctor Jennings. Young McLean was in the reading room, eating his heart out with jealousy of Peter, vacillating between the desire to see Harmony that night and fear lest Peter forbid him the house permanently if he made the attempt. He had found a picture of the Frdulein Engel, from the opera, in a magazine, and was sitting with it open before him. Very deeply and really in love was McLean that afternoon, and the Privaleiu Engel and Harmony were not unlike. The double doors between the reading room and the reception



Harmony, a Bruised and Wassiled Thing, Crept Into Jimmy's Room

room adjoining were open. McLean, lost in a rosy future in which he and Harmony sat together for indefinite periods, with no Peter to scowl over his books at them, a future in which life was one long piano-violin duo, with the candles in the chandeller going out one by one, leaving them at last alone in scented darkness together - McLean heard nothing until the mention of the Siebensternstrasse roused him.

After that he listened. He heard that Doctor Jennings was contemplating taking Anna's place at the lodge, and he comprehended after a moment that Anna was already gene. Even then the significance of the situation was a little time in dawning on him. When it did, however, he ruse with

Mrs. Boyer was spenking.

'It is exactly as I tell you," she was saying. "If Peter Byrne is trying to protect her reputation he is late doing it. Personally I have been there twice. I never saw Anna Gates. And she is registered here at the club as living in the Pension Schwarz. Westever the facts may be, one thing remains, she is not there now."

McLean waited to hear no more. He was beside himself with rage. He found a "comfortable" at the curb. The driver was asleep inside the carriage. McLean dragged him out by the shoulder and shouted an address to him. The cab bumped along over the rough streets to an accompaniment of protests from its fractic passenger.

The boy was white-lipped with wrath and fear. Peter's silence that afternoon as to the state of affairs loomed large and significant. He had thought once or twice that Peter was in love with Harmony; he knew it now in the clearer vision of the moment. He recalled things that maddened him: the dozen intimacies of the little mi in Peter's voice when he spoke to the girl; Peter's steady eyes in the semi-gloom of the salon while Harmony played.

At a corner they must pause for the inevitable regiment. McLean cursed, bending out to see how long the delay would be. Peter had been gone for half an hour, perhaps, but Peter would walk. If he could only see the girl first, talk to her, tell her what she would be doing by remaining

He was there at last, flinging across the court-yard like a madman. Peter was already there; his footprints were fresh in the slush of the path. The house door was closed but not locked. McLean ran up the stairs. It was barely twilight outside, but the staircase well was dark. At the upper landing he was compelled to fumble for the bell.

Peter admitted him. The corridor was unlighted, but from the salon came a glow of lamplight. McLean, out of breath and furious, faced Peter.

"I want to see Harmony," he said without preface.

Peter eyed him. He knew what had happened, had expected it when the bell rang, had anticipated it when Harmony told him of Mrs. Boyer's visit. In the second between the peal of the bell and his opening the door he had decided what to do.

"Come in."

McLean stepped inside. He was smaller than Peter. not so much shorter as slenderer. Even Peter winced before the look in his eyes.

Where is she?"

"In the kitchen, I think. Come into the salon."

McLean flung off his coat. Peter closed the door behind him and stood just inside. He had his pipe as usual. "! came to see her, not you, Byrne."

"So I gather. I'll let you see her, of course, but don't you want to see me first?

"I want to take her away from here,"

"Why? Are you better able to care for her than I am?" McLean stood rigid. He had thrust his

clenched hands into his pockets, "You're a scoundrel, Byrne," he said stendily. "Why didn't you tell me this this afternoon?"

"Because I knew if I did you'd do just what you are doing,"

"Are you going to keep her here?" Peter changed color at the thrust, but he kept himself in hand.

"I'm not keeping her here," he said patiently. "I'm doing the best I can under the circum-

"Then your best is pretty bad."

"Perhaps. If you would try to remember the circumstances, McLean-that the girl has no place else to go, practically no money, and

"I remember one circumstance, that you are living here alone with her and that you're crazy in love with her.

"That has nothing to do with you. As long as I treat her

"Will you be good enough to let me finish what I am trying to say? She's safe with me. When I say that I mean it. She will not go away from here with you or with any one else if I can prevent it. And if you care enough

about her to try to keep her happy you'll not let her know you have been here. I've got a woman coming to take Anna's place. That ought to satisfy you."

"Doctor Jennings?"

"Yes."

"She'll not come. Mrs. Boyer has been talking to ber. Inside of an hour the whole club will have it—every American in Vienna will know about it in a day or so,

tell you, Byrne, you're doing an awful thing."

Feter drew a long breath. He had had his bad half-hour before McLean came; had had to stand by, wordless, and see Harmony trying to smile, see her dragging about, languid and white, see her tragic attempts to greet him on the old familiar footing. Through it all he had been sutained by the thought that a day or two days would see the old footing resistablished, another woman in the house, life again worth the living and Harmony smiling up frankly into his eyes. Now this hope had departed.

"You can't keep me from seeing her, you know."
McLean persisted. "I've got to put this thing to her.
She's got to choose."

What alternative have you to suggest?"

"I'd marry her if she'd have me."

After all Peter had expected that. And, if she cared for the boy wouldn't that be best for her? What had be to offer against that? He couldn't marry. He could only offer her shelter, against everything else. Even then be did not dislike McLean. He was a man, every slender inch of him, this boy musician. Peter's heart sank, but

he put down his pipe and turned to the door.
"I'll call her," he said. "But, since this concerns me very vitally, I should like to be here while you put the thing to her. After that if you like —" thing to her. After that if you like -

He called Harmony. She had given Jimmy his supper

and was carrying out a tray that seemed hardly touched.
"He won't eat tonight," she said miserably. "Peter, he stops esting what can we do? He is so weak!"

Peter took the tray from her gently.

"Harry dear," he said, "I want you to come into the salon. Some one wishes to speak to you." "To me?"

"Yes. Harry, do you remember that evening in the kitchen when-Do you recall what I promised? "Yes, Peter."

"You are sure you know what I mean?"

"Yes."

"That's all right then. McLean wants to see you." She hesitated, looking up at him.

"McLean? You look so grave, Peter. What is it?" "He will tell you. Nothing alarming."

Peter gave McLean a minute alone after all, while he arried the tray to the kitchen. He had no desire to play atchdog over the girl, he told himself savagely; only to eep himself straight with her and to save her from IcLean's impetuosity. He even waited in the kitchen to ll and light his pipe.

McLean had worked himself into a very fair passion. e was intense, almost theatrical, as he stood with folded rms waiting for Harmony. So entirely did the girl fill his cistence that he forgot, or did not care to remember, how fort a time be had known her. As Harmony she dominated is life and his thoughts; as Harmony he addressed her hen, rather startled, she entered the salon and stood just uside the closed door. "Peter said you wanted to speak

McLoan groaned. "Peter!" he said. "It is always Peter. ook here, Harmony, you cannot stay here."

"It is only for a few hours. Tomorrow some one is orning. And, anyhow, Peter is going to Semmering. We now it is unusual, but what can we do?"
"Unusual! It's it's damnable. It's the appearance of

he thing, don't you see that?"

me."

"I think it is rather silly to talk of appearance when here is no one to care. And how can I leave? Jimmy eeds me all the time -

"That's another idiocy of Peter's. What does he mean

y putting you in this position?"
"I am one of Peter's idiocies."

Peter entered on that. He took in the situation with a tlance, and Harmony turned to him; but if she had expected Peter to support her she was disappointed. Whatever decision she was to make must be her own, in Peter's troubled mind. He crowed the room and stood at one of the windows, looking out, a passive participant in the acene.

The day had been a trying one for Harmony. What the chose to consider Peter's defection was a fresh stab. She glanced from McLean, flushed and excited, to Peter's impassive back. Then she sat down, rather limp, and threw out her hands helplesely.

"What am I to do?" she demanded. "Every one comes with cruel things to say, but no one tells me what to do."

Peter turned away from the window. "You can leave here," ventured McLean. "That's the first thing. After that

"Yes, and after that what?"

McLean glanced at Peter. Then he took a step toward

the girl.
"You could marry me, Harmony," he said unsteadily. "I hadn't expected to tell you so soon, or before a third person." He faltered before Harmony's eyes, full of

hewilderment. "I'd be very happy if you if you could see it that way. I care a great deal, you see, It seemed hours to Peter before she made any reply, and

that her voice came from miles away.

"Is it really as bad as that?" she asked. "Have I made such a mess of things that some one, either you or Peter, must marry me to straighten things out? I don't want to marry any one. Do I have to?" "Certainly you don't have to," said Peter. There was

relief in his voice, relief and also semething of exultation.

"McLean, you mean well, but marriage isn't the solution. We were getting along all right until our friends stepped in. Let Mrs. Boyer howi all over the colony; there will be one sensible woman somewhere to come and be comfortable here with us. In the interval we'll manage, unless Harmony is afraid. In that case -

"Afraid of what?"

The two men exchanged glances, McLean helpless, Peter triumphant,

"I do not care what Mrs. Boyer says, at least not much. And I am not afraid of anything else at all."

McLean picked up his overcoat. "At least," be appealed to Peter, you'll come over to my place?" "No!" said Peter.

McLean made a final appeal to Harmony.

"If this gets out," he said, "you are going to regret it all your life."

"I shall have nothing to regret," she retorted proudly.

Had Peter not been there McLean. would have made a better case, would

have pleaded with her, would have made less of a situation that roused her resentment and more of his love for her. He was very hard hit, very young. He was almost hysterical with rage and helplessness; he wanted to slap her, to take her in his arms. He writhed under the restraint of Peter's stendy eyes.

He got to the door and turned, furious.

"Then it's up to you," be flung at Peter. "You're old enough to know better; she isn't. And don't look so damned superior. You're human, like the rest of us. And if any harm comes to her -

Here unexpectedly Peter held nut his hand, and after sheepish moment McLean took it.

"Good night, old man," said Peter. "And-don't be an nes."

As was Peter's way, the words meant little, the tone much. McLean knew what in his heart he had known all along-that the girl was safe enough; that all that was to fear was the gossip of scandal-lovers. He took Peter's hand, and then going to Harmony stood before her very erect.

"I suppose I've said too much: I always do," he said contritely. "But you know the reason. Don't forget the reason, will you?"

"I am only sorry."

He bent over and kissed her hand lingeringly. It was a tragic moment for him, poor lad! He turned and went blindly out the door and down the dark stone staircase. It was rather anticiimax, after all that, to have Peter discover. he had gone without his hat and too it down to him a flight

All the frankness had gone out of the relationship between Harmony and Peter. They made painful efforts at ease, talked during the meal of careful abstractions, such as Jimmy, and Peter's proposed trip to Semmering, avoided each other's eyes, ate little or nothing. Ones when Harmony passed Peter his coffee cup their fingers touched, and between them they dropped the cup. Harmony was flushed and pallid by turns, Peter wretched and silent.

Out of the darkness came one ray of light. Stewart had wired from Semmering. urging Peter to come. He would be away for two days. In two days much might happen; Doctor Jennings might come or some one else. In two days some of the restraint would have worn off. Things would never be the same, but they would be forty-eight hours better.

Peter spent the early part of the evening with Jimmy, reading aloud to him. After the child had dropped to sleep he packed a value for the next day's journey and counted out into an envelope half of the money he had with him. This he labeled "Household Expenses" and set it up on his table, leaning against his collar box. There was no sign of Harmony about. The salon was dark except for the study lump turned down.

Peterwas restless. He put on his shabby dressing gown and worn slippers and wandered about. The porlier



"I Am Leaving Him. Peter, for Always"

had brought coal to the landing; Peter carried it in. He inspected the medicine bottles on Jimmy's stand and wrote full directions for every emergency he could imagine. Then, finding it still only nine o'clock, he turned up the lamp in the salon and wrote an exciting letter from Jimmy's father, in which a lost lamb, wandering on the mountain side, had been picked up by an avalanche and carried down into the fold and the arms of the shepherd. And because he stood so in loss parentis, and because it seemed so inevitable that before long Jimmy would be in the arms of the Shepherd, and, of course, because it had been a trying day all through, Peter's lips were none too stendy as he folded up the letter.

The fire was dead in the stove; Peter put out the salon lamp and closed the shutters. In the warm darkness he put out his hand to feel his way through the room. It touched a little sweater coat of Harmony's, hanging over the back of a chair. Peter picked it up in a very passion of

tenderoes and held it to him.
"Little girl!" he choked. "My little girl! God help

He was rather ashamed, considerably startled. It alarmed him to find that the mere unexpected touch of a familiar garment could rouse such a storm in him. It made him pause. He put down the coat and pulled himself up sharply. McLean was right; he was only human stuff, very poor human stuff. He put the little coat down hastily, only to lift it again gently to his lips.

"Good night, "Good night, dear," he whispered,

Harmony.'

Fran Schwarz had had two visitors between the hours of coffee and supper that day. The reason of their call proved to be neither rooms nor pension. They came to make inquiries.

The Frau Schwarz made this out at last, and sat down on the edge of the bed in the room that had once been Peter's and that still lacked an occupant,

Mrs. Boyer had no German; Doctor Jennings very little and that chiefly medical. There is, however, a sort of code that answers instead of language frequently, when two or three women of later middle life are gathered together, a code born of mutual understanding, mutual disillusion, mutual distrust, a language of outspread hands, raised eyehrows, portentous shakings of the head. Frau Schwarz, on the edge of Peter's tub-shaped bed, needed no English to convey the fact that Peter was a bad lot. Not that she

resorted only to the sign language.
"The women were also wicked," she said. "Of a man what does one expect? But of a woman! And the younger one looked-Herr Gott! She had the eyes of a saint! The little Georgiev was mad for ber. When the three of them left, disgraced, as one may say, he came to me, he threatened me. The Herr Schwarz, God rest his soul, was a

violent man, but never spoke he so to me!" "She says," interpreted Doctor Jennings, "that they were a had lot-that the younger one made eyes at the Herr Schwarz!"

Mrs. Boyer drew her ancient sables about her and put a tremulous hand on the other woman's arm.

"What an escape for you!" she said. "If you had gone there to live and then found the establishment-queer!" From the kitchen of the pension Olga was listening, an

ear to the door. Behind her, also listening, but less advantageously, was Katrina. "American ladies!" said Olga. "Two, old and fat."
"More bot water!" growled Katrina. "Why do not the Americans stay in their own country, where the water, I

have learned, comes hot from the earth." Olga, bending forward, opened the door a crack wider.

(Continued on Page 68)



"I Dea's Want to Marry Any One. Do I Have To?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER. EDITOR

By Subscription \$1.56 the Year. Five Capte the Copy of All Newsdealars. To Canada - By Subscription \$1.75 the Year (Baceter in Tercette, \$1.89, Single Copies, Five Cents,

Foreign Subscriptions: For Committee in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, \$1.25. Resolutances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 11, 1914

The Mexican Muddle

THE European criticism of President Wilson's Mexican policy is that it at once involves a radical extension of the Monroe Doctrine and a refusal to acknowledge the responsibility that even the old doctrine logically implied.

"His whole Mexican policy," says a critic by no means unfriendly to this country, "is based on the new principle that the United States is entitled to say who shall and who shall not be the president or the government of any given Latin-American republic"; and if he assumes the right to shape the government he ought to assume responsibility for it.

Americans realize that this is not a fair statement of the case, for all that President Wilson asserted was the undoubted right to refuse recognition to a certain government. Yet we can hardly blame Europeans if they are a bit more at sen as to what the Monroe Doctrine implies than we curselves are.

When Villa shot the Englishman Benton, for example, it was quickly pointed out that the United States supplied Villa with arms and at the same time used its influence to prevent Huerta from securing funds abroad with which to fight him; hence it ought to have some metrol over Villa or accept some responsibility for him.

As one result of the Mexican muddle, both ourselves and foreigners may know just what the Monroe Doctrine now means. If that doctrine were reduced to definite terms that placed responsibility for Latin-American governments on the United States we think public opinion in this country would reject it.

Infancy of Agriculture

In THE closing years of the eighteenth century an English parson named Malthus sat down in his study and figured out that a majority of mankind must always be poor, because population, unless restricted by poverty, dise and war, would inevitably increase so fast that the earth could not produce food for it.

For the better part of a century that doctrine was accepted as gospel. There were Malthus' figures to prove it - population increasing in a geometrical ratio and food increasing at most in only an arithmetical ratio; result: billions of people with nothing to eat but themselves.

This comes to mind on looking over a recent bulletin of the Department of Agriculture, which shows that continental United States contains more than a billion acres of which little over one crops. Besides, there are more than three hundred and fifty million acres not new under cultivation that are usable for pasture or fruit culture.

Turning to the detailed table, you find that in such hanner agricultural states as Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas and Nebraska not more than half the tillable land is now in crops. New York and Pennsylvania have about twentynine million acres of tillable land and but little over onethird of it is in crops.

And on the three hundred-and-odd million acres of tilled land we get an average of twenty-nine bushels of corn to the acre when we should have at least sixty busitels,

fifteen bushels of wheat when we should have thirty, and so on. No doubt the United States alone could supply food for at least half the population of the globe.

There is no ascertainable limit to the productive powers of the globe. The only limit is in human intelligence. The true rule is that if intelligence advances in an arithmetical ratio the earth will respond in a geometrical ratio.

Uncharitable Charity

IT IS an interesting sign of the times that that peculiarly I brutal enterprise—the oldstyle grandstand charity ball—has gone out of vogue. Only two decades ago it was considered rather meritorious to spend some hundreds of thousands on jewels, gowns, flowers, wine and music in order that a few thousands might be produced to feed the

In effect, the affluent benevolently invited the needy to come over and watch them squander their money. It was like asking in a crew of starvelings to see one gorge himself with the most expensive food and then take the slops - with

An unregenerate charity ball may linger on here and there, but we do not hear of them any more. Their disappearance is significant of a big change in public opinion. If our impressions of public opinion are trustworthy, only twenty years ago it was pretty generally considered meritorious for a rich man to give anything to the destitute—a pure act of grace on his part.

Nowadays it is considered only an imperfect act of justice. It is more and more realized that there are great inequalities and maindjustments, from which many people suffer unjustly and by which others unjustly benefit. We are not acquainted with any single scheme that seems likely to trim the balance just right; and obviously the more or less hapharard handing down of doles is a very bungling, ineffectual attempt at trimming it.

What used to be regarded as charity is now generally looked on as only a makeshift attempt to square an account, the true balance sheet of which nobody can yet cast. We no longer dance over our charity, but regard it with very grave dublety and allow its practical details to be administered by trained specialists.

Manners Maketh Man

DO YOU know the origin of etiquette—just why, for example, you are expected to wear a particular kind of coat on a particular occasion, and eat your pumpkin pie with a fork immed of with a knife or spoon? You may think it is because there is some peculiar, inherent appropriateness in the prescribed action; but that has nothing whatever to do with it.

Etiquette was and still is invented by people absolved from the necessity of working for a living; and its only purpose is to afford a constant, indubitable sign that its inventors can afford to waste their time in learning nice ceremonials and pretty conventions. You are expected to put on a certain kind of cout at one P. M. and another kind at six r. m. - solely because certain elegant loafers wished to prove ocularly that they had nothing to do except change their couts.

So with every one of the prescriptions about greeting, parting, eating, calling, and what not. Their original purpose was to prove that the leisure class which invented them had no useful employment for its time, hence could squander it in practicing etiquette.

Some years ago Professor Vehlen wrote an acute and highly amusing book on the subject, in which he pointed out that "in the last analysis the value of manners lies in the fact that they are the voucher of a life of leasure"; and "the pervading principle and abiding test of good breeding is the requirement of a substantial and patent waste of

So when you hasten home from the office to change your coat or worry lost you use the wrong fork you are really trying to demonstrate that you are a loufer.

Rebellion at the Top

REBELLION is an odd business for aged and affluent gentlemen, yet they are about it very seriously in England just now. The new solemn league and covenant published the other day, which is tantamount to a threat of civil war if the Home Rule Bill passes Parliament, is of all by Lord Roberts, aged eighty-two. Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, aged seventy-four, follows. Other eminent signatories are Lord Balfour of Burleigh, aged sixty-five; Lord Halilax, aged seventy-five; Dean Wace, aged seventy-eight; the Duke of Portland, aged fifty-seven. Rudyard Kipling, aged forty-nine, is a comparative infant among these houry insurgents.

Apparently they mean it too. In this country civil war was hardly discussed more earnestly and extensively in 1776 and 1860 than it is now in the more or less United Kingdom. Partly this impossioned talk of armed resistance is a revolt against democracy. Wealthy and conservative citizens can hardly hope to rebel successfully because

their taxes are increased, or because their hereditary mocan no longer block progressive legislation; but Home Rafurnishes them with an issue on which they can sale; express all the resentment radical budgets and parismentary reform have generated.

A good many sober-minded Englishmen believe that Ulster will actually fight. There is a deep-planted no prejudice fed by three centuries of oppression of the large majority by a small minority. Armed rebellion by aratocracy against democracy would be a strange spectacle a the twentieth century.

The Competing States

PAPERMAKING is a continuous industry, the mile generally running through the week without intermision. Continuous industries mean either three shifts of eight hours each or two shifts of twelve bours each. What the latter means was described as follows by the committee of stockholders of the Steel Corporation, of which Stuyvesant Fish was chairman:

"We are of opinion that a twelve-hour day of labor followed continuously by any group of men for any considerable number of years means a decreasing of the efficiency and a lessening of the vigor of such men.

In confirmation of that opinion William B. Dicksor. vrites in The Survey:

And I will further state that, in my judgment, a large proportion of the steelworkers who from early manhoof

work twelve hours a day are old men at forty. At the last session of the Massachusette Legislature the Progressive party introduced a bill limiting work in page

mills to eight hours a day. It was defeated; and one of the arguments used against it was that it would drive the paper industry out of that state and into other commonwealths which permitted a twelve or thirteen hour day.

Probably the argument was unsound, but it shows how competition across state lines may retard labor.

The Lawmakers

IN THE absence of authentic records we feel privileged to assume that when the ancient Saxon Witenagemot cosvened, its venerable members debated how high the color on a bock of beer ought to be, and whether whiskers should be braided—and then raised the dog tax ten per cent and

At this writing parliaments, to which the collective welbeing of a considerable part of the human race is theoretcally relegated, are in session. At London they are debating a handsome increase in naval expenditure. At Paris the are worrying over a budget that is swollen to unwisity proportions by military items. At St. Petersburg the Car has laid before the faithful representatives of his subjects a splendid scheme for increasing the peace strength of the army by some four hundred thousand men.

The Berlin cable brings an optimistic thrill, for just at the moment the Reichstag is listening to a report on the fessibility of telephone connection with England-a bit of good human sense which stands out like a spotlight against the dreary ground of other parliamentary proceedings.

Incidentally a distinguished foreign novelist addresses to the world at large a passionate inquiry as to what perinments mean by frittering away their time on empty statemanship, when shoals of preventable human misery is under their noses.

We move to lay the inquiry on the table and process with the bill to erect a lighthouse in every arrondissement

Bogus Aristocrats

F WE were going to chisel a monument to Democracy probably we should choose for the subject John Bright heroically refusing to don court dress in order to be presented to Queen Victoria when he became a cabinet member. The courtiers understood the importance of the point much better than did Bright's friends, who counseled him to yield the point.

All his life he had fought for democracy as he understood it it was that which gave him his power. And when he had so far won that his inclusion in the cabinet was a political necessity, the courtiers took it for granted he would cheerfully ape their dress and manners, be delighted at such social favors as they showed him and in unofficial life generally try to make a bogus aristocrat of himself.

Plain people would long ago have possessed the earth i they could have kept the positions they won. The trouble has been that a plain person, on winning a position of importance, has immediately tried to become a fancy person. Too often triumphant democracy has been nothing more than truckling, pinchbeck aristocracy. It goes much deeper than mere clothes. The snobbery that is almost inveterate in human nature gives those who have grabbel the best places a great power to defend their position.

So long as success comes humbly to the side door for their certificate that it is success, they have not a great deal to fear. Even at our own beloved capital a careful observer may see examples of the practical power of anothery.

WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Very Plain Man

HERE are about two hundred and two thousand people in the Fourth Congressional District of Georgia, and Judge Adamson knows them all well enough to call them by their first names—and does so call them, whether men or women. The judge is an institution in that Fourth District, guaranteed under the Handshaking and Hello-Bill Act of 1897, serial number nine, and is warranted to remain in office as long as he desires.

Just now the judge is somewhat on view, inasmuch as he is chairman of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee in the House of Representatives, and is engaged in the pleasing pastime of trying to write one of Mr. Wilson's antitrust measures as Mr. Wilson would have it written—provided, of course, Mr. Wilson were taking any active part in shaping the legislation proposed, further than shaping, reshaping, ordering, insisting on, supplying ideas and language for, and a few other little details of management of similar nature which show that it is the evident determination of Mr. Wilson to allow Congress to do exactly as he pleases in the matters aforesaid.

The judge has toddled up to the White House with his bills and toddled back again without them on several occasions; but the time will come—the time will come, mark you!—when he will carry away with him the exact measure that the Democratic majority in the House will vociferously demand and as vociferously pass as an expression of the untrammeled and well-considered opinion of the said majority touching on the subject in question—couched, it may be, in the well-known scholarly language of the President and containing his matured convictions on the subject, punctuated by him and revised—but in all other respects untrammeled and undictated as aforesaid.

It is not of that phase of the judge's activities that I desire to speak. Those come to him in his capacity as chairman of this great committee. What I intend to celebrate is not the gifts of colleagues, not the outcomes of seniority of service, not the rewards of politics—though they may have helped in securing such recompense. It might easily have occurred that some other than the judge attained the chairmanship of the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce; that some other was intrusted with the preparation of the trade commission bill, or fondly imagined himself to be thus intrusted.

Indeed, many another might have done meet of the things the judge has done, and received identical meed for services thus faithfully and diligently performed; but none other—nary one—has the judge's gift. It is a gift! A less discriminating commentator might

call it a tendency, a trend or trait; but not so with this discorning delineator.

A gift, a bestowal by Dame Fortune, a present from a fairy godmother, the happy faculty of making friends and keeping them friendly! It is not much of a trick to make a friend or to make friends. Simple and superficial methods will begin that sort of thing. The real test comes in keeping friends, and the touchstone of value is in using them after you have kept them.

Take the proof set forth by the judge: The last time he ran for Congress down in that Fourth Georgia District he received every vote cast in the primary and every vote cast at the election. Now there may be cavil at this, because, as is well known, white Republicans are so rare in some parts of Georgia that the traveling circuses usually have one as a sideshow exhibit; and black Republicans do not bother with the ballot for fear they may be bothered.

His Name on the Payroll in Indelible Ink

NOT much of a trick in the circumstances, I hear these carpers say; but wait a minute! Even if there is no chance for Republican opposition, when a man has been in Congress for sixteen or eighteen years—even from a Georgia district—it often happens that another Democratrises up to contest for the nomination with him on the broad, general theory that the incumbent has been there long enough, and that some others or another of the patriots infesting the district should have a chance at the pie, power and perquisites.

Not so with the judge. He has shaken every hand in that district so many times that each hand, is an instrument for casting a pleasant ballot for him on election and primary occasions—each male hand, that is—and each female hand is a further instrument for expediting the proud possessors of the male and voting hand ballotboxward. The judge is the greatest handshaker we have.



You'll Hover Cares Him Without His Make-Up

He has shaken hands up and down, hither and you, catercornered and allomande left, crisscross and serpentinely, from one side of that district to the other, from top to bottom, lengthwise, slantwise, and in all other directions; and the result is the result, to wite Judge William Charles Adamson, in Congress for nine terms and with a license to stay there in perpetuity from his admiring and glud-handed constituents.

The judge is a wonder! He is close to the soil. You observe him and you observe a stateman of the old school—simple, genial, plain, unassuming and successful. Simple, I said. Well, on reflection I withdraw that. The judge is simple, of course; but they will never have to give him anything for it—that is, he is simple, but it is not catching. He has not a very bad case of it. His simplicity, I should say, is of that highly useful variety that impresses others without repressing himself. He is an incomplex and uncompounded person, but he retains his sent in Congress; an artiess and unsophisticated statesman, but he has been on the Government payruli continuously for some eighteen years, and his name is written there in indelible ink.

Judge Adamson is plain—a plain man; and he has cashed in on it to a marked extent. The judge has a complete mastery of the science of being one of the common people. There is not a man in Congress who can tie him in it. There is not a man to whom the judge cannot give a handicap of a wool hat and a two days' growth of heard, a hundred handshakes and a start of twenty-four hours, and win by eighty per cent of the delighted suffrages of an equally plain constituency.

He does not believe in frills. No frills for the judge—not

He does not believe in frills. No frills for the judge—not a furbelow! You'll never catch him without his make-up. See him coming down the street, a plain—an exceedingly plain—man! Note the ample and artless trousers. Observe the favorite white vest. Sturdy folks, those Georgians of the Fourth District—averse to dudes and dudishness; but not more so than the judge—not more so.

You can depend on it that the proportion of the antipathy of the judge for such frivolities is in exact ratio to that of his constituents. The mere fact that he is a congressman does not entitle him to put on airs or pressed trousers; and the merer fact that he does not put on airs does entitle him to be a congressman. And there you are! The judge is a genial person and a neighborly. He considers first names as most important in social intercourse. No formal Misters for him! If your name is William the judge makes haste to call you Bill, in order that you may know he is your friend. Every William in his district he calls Bill, and every Henry, Hank; and, by the same token, every other William calls him Bill. Thus is perfect equality maintained and the judge retained.

William C. Adamson was born in Georgia, at a town called Bowdon, and, as he puts it, "spent his youth alternately in working on the farm and in hauling goods and cotton between the markets and Bowdon." There is a college at Bowdon—or was—and he was graduated from that, studied law and went to practice at Carrollton, where he has since lived. He was a judge of the city court of Carrollton for some years, whence he derived his title, but when he went to Congress, in 1897, he abandoned the practice of law and devoted himself to statesmanship. He knew he never would have to practice law again. He knew his people and they knew him. No such friendly, genial, kindly person will be deserted at the polls by any set of Georgians whatsoever.

He is a marvel! He has a remarkable memory for names and faces, never miscalls a constituent, and has stored away in his head something pertinently pleasant to say to all those who vote for him. He is a useful legislator, well liked by his colleagues, and has an excellent record, both for floor and committee work.

And as a practitioner of the Hello-Bill-slap-on-theback-how's-the-folks school of politics he is the admired of all admirers—a plain man—a very plain man—but quite successful at it withal.

Editor for a Day

WHEN Lord Northcliffe, the English publisher and peer, was plain Mr. Harmsworth, Joseph Pulitzer permitted him to be editor of the New York World for one day in order to exemplify the Harmsworth contention that the New York papers are too hig. The tabloid World, famous in newspaper circles, was the result.

Harmsworth called the staff into consultation. Henry N. Cary, then news editor, suggested, as a joke, that all members of the staff should appear that night in full evening regalia. Everybedy consented with one exception—one man refused. Harmsworth came down in a sack suit. He was astonished at the display of evening suits and sniffed the moth-ball smell from afar. He saked mildly whether the World editors and reporters appeared thus clad as a usual thing, and was solemnly assured they did. The only person dressed like Harmsworth was the editor, who would not fall in with the joke.

Also, the only man Harmsworth took back to Englandwith him was the man who was clad like himself.

Overdressed

WHEN Sir Thomas Lipton began business he had a very small shop in a very mean street. He had only business enough to admit the employment of one small and ragged boy to help him.

Business prospered a bit, and Lipton, thinking to make things smarter, bought a new suit of clothes for the boy. Next day the boy did not come to work, por the pay

Next day the boy did not come to work, nor the next. Lipton went to see his mother. "How is it Willie hasn't been at the shop for two days?" he asked. "Is he sick?" "No, he isn't sick," the mother replied, "but he's got

"No, he isn't sick," the mother replied, "but he's got some good clothes now and has taken another job. You see, with all those new clothes we didn't think he should waste himself on such a poor little place as yours."

A Safe Background

A MAN rather untidy in his personal habits was discussing the question of a new waistcoat with a friend.
"What color would you advise?" he asked the friend.
"Why," said the friend, "I'd get one of soup color!"

The Stone Age

WHEN State Senstor Cal Stone, of St. Paul, was in the passenger department of the Northern Pacific Railroad he wrote many bitter letters to the passenger department of the Great Northern.

Suddenly he was made general passenger agent of the Great Northern. As he came in to take his new desk the man he succeeded handed him an immense file of papers.

"Now—dod gast you!" he said to Stone—"sit down

here and answer your own letters!"

BEYOND THE LIMIT By Samuel G. Blythe



THOSE who are compelled to eat in restaurants—the great legion of diners-out - will understand when I say those haricols de Lima nouseaux are the guilty parties. You see, it was this way: I feit impelled to est, and I incautiously entered one of the nine or ten feeding places in a New York hotel. No New York hotel-that is, if it is any hotel at all-but has nine or ten feeding places. They are scattered round in all sorts of unsuspected spots-food ambushes, so to speak. You may resolutely pass half a dozen of them, persisting in your determination not to pay more than six dollars for a dollar and twenty-seven cents' worth of sustenance; but human nature is weak. It is impossible to get past all of them. Before you have reached the ninth the hat-check pirate has grabbed youand you are lost.

The hotel men know this. If there was but one restaurant room in a big hotel-if there was but one place to be evaded-they would not sell any food save a few breakfusts in the rooms - and that reminds me: It is not so long ago that I went up to the room of a friend in a New York

hotel one morning.

"Let's have some coffee," I said. He thought that would be good. So we telephoned, or punched a button, or did something to attract the attention of the noble Swiss who reigned on that floor; and the noble Swim leisurely came and wrote down the order: "2 kof, mit rols."

He stood round for quite a time, tentatively shoving forward a breakfast card and suggesting smelts and sausages and other things; but we were firm. So, after about an hour, he brought in the coffee and rolls. He had dishes enough to serve a wedding breakfast, and uspery and spoons and forks, and a few silveroid covers - and all that which he arranged. Then he lifted one of the covers and displayed four brownish-gray rolls and poured out some heavy black stuff which he said was coffee. The check was ninety cents for the rolls and coffee, one cup each.

The Price-Current of Prunes

OVERCOME by a fit of recklessness I told him to go back and bring me some prunes. Along about noon he strolled in with five well-preserved prunes displayed on a dish that was evidently designed to hold prunes. It is, of course, superfluous to add that it was not designed to hold many prunes; but, up to the limits of its capabilities, it was a fine prune-holding dish. The brown juice contrasted rather fetchingly with the dull glow of the silver. Also, the prunes contrasted more than fetchingly with the check. There were five prunes, and the hotel felt it could afford to part with them for forty cents.

That roused my curiosity. If this gilded mausoleum could afford to sell five prunes for forty cents, how many prunes could other institutions of similar import afford to sell for the same money? Once I gained a great quantity of knowledge and had many enlightening experiences trying to get a hard-boiled egg in Europe. It was not half the adventure this was. I have ordered prunes in every city of any size from Boston to San Francisco. The average price of prunes is six for a quarter at the big restaurants. You get four for a quarter in San Francisco; but that is easily explained by the fact that the best prunes in the world are raised a few miles from that city. You see, the San Francisco purveyors know the inestimable worth of prunes and charge for them accordingly.

However, five prunes for forty cents, added to four slim rolls, two pieces of pale and frozen butter, and two cups of what passes current for coffee along Fifth Avenue, made up a satisfying breakfast-forty for the prunes and ninety for the coffee-satisfying to the men who run the hotel, at

As I was saying, they must have more than one place to est in these hig hotels. So they stake out as many as they can find nooks for, and call them the rose room, and the Loole-Quarts room, and the Grecian room - and so on; and if you do not fall for one you inevitably must fall for another, whereby the hat-check boy gets you, and the head waiter lets you sit just behind the biggest serving-table in the place, so the soup ran splash gently on you as

the waiters dip it up—not your own soup! Oh, no!
It is not good form for a waiter to spill your own consommé de volaille à la MelFinnis on you. He spills on you some of the soup belonging to the banker from Omaha, who sits right where every waiter and every captain and every head waiter, and the impresario and the general manager—and all the rest - ean and do bump into his chair as they hasten to and fro with the grub for the leading merchant of Macon, Georgia.

It is a remarkable circumstance that the rule and practice of all big hotel restaurants and all other big restaurants is to jam in the tables so closely that the walters must bump into your chair or jump over the table. It makes no difference whether the hotel has fourteen eating places. As soon as the come-one show signs of diminution in numbers some of the rooms are closed and the tables jammed together in those that are left open.

It would be entirely outside all ethics of feeding people, according to the hig-city idea, to allow the feeders to be comfortable. The first precept in all fashionable eatingplaces is to put the tables so close together that a sinusus black eat could not get through between the chairs without squeering her sides; and then leave the rest to Providence and the waiters who do you the favor of bringing your high-priced food to you.

That is not what I had to mind however. What I have set down thus far is merely the comopi for the thoughts and emotions that rose within me when I scanned the menu card. I started to say: When I conned the menu-but it was not the menu that was conned; I was

I read: "Haricote de Lima nou-ceaux-\$1.75." The dollar mark is mine. On the bill it was 1.75, but I inserted the legal-tender mark so nobody might think it meant one and seventy-five one-hundredthe hushels-or something like that.

"Captain," I remarked casually, us if haricule de Lima nouscauz were an article of my daily diet, "I take it from this that this hotel is wholesaling Lima beans."

"Pardon, m'sieu," he said; "I do

not understand."

"Why," I continued easily, for the captain had been at great pains to put me on terms of perfect equality with himself, and had himself pulled back my chair-which is going some, I want to tell you, in that particular hotel, where the headest of the head waiters never speaks to any person who does not have a certified check for a million dollars pinned to his necktie when he comes in-"Why," I proceeded, "I note that you are disposing of Lima beans-nouverez-for one-seventyfive a throw."

"Per portion," murmured the

captain.

"And," I essayed, "it is a wellknown economic fact, from my viewpoint, that all the Lima bears in the world-nouncour, nouncles, printemps, or earrying weight for age-are not worth a dollar and seventy-five cents."

"Ah, but, m'sieu," earnestly said the captain, "these are hothouse Lima beans. You will have some-

Hothouse Lima beans! And, back in the old days, one of my jobs, after the garden was made, was to get the Lima beanpoles out of the woodhouse, resharpen them and stick them up in the center of the hills where the beans were planted, thereby wasting an afternoon that might have been devoted to some manly sport. Oh, where - as George Evans used to say-Oh, where has my Lima bean? He or she-what is the gender of a Lima bean?-has been to New York; and you may well believe it when I tell you that those restaurant keepers in New York can do more than that with the common things.

Did you ever tackle any mousse of fish, riche sauce?you know, the fish the gentleman did not eat yesterdaymoussed nicely-and it can be obtained for a dollar-for a simple, hundred-cent dollar; or an epigram of lamb, with pens-just pens, mind you, out of the can-not fresh green peas-for one-fifty? That is not an epigram-it's a jest.

Those bothouse Lima beans started a train of thoughtthose and the further discovery that it was possible at that moment to get a small specimen porgy, fried, for seventyfive cents. I did not see any on the bill, but I reckon if a fried porgy costs seventy-five cents they must keep the pompano in the safe and cut coupons off them. And pommez de terre frites might have been obtained for forty cents-fried potatoes for forty p. p. But who would be so plebeian as to order fried potatoes in a place like this-or like twenty other places I could mention-who, indeed, when it is possible to get asperges series for one-fiftyasparagus tips, which approximate waiters' tips in expensiveness-unless you intend to remain out of that place

In the course of many years of wandering across and up and down the world I have met numerous persons who have had their own methods of extracting money from the general public; and among the lot are several who are engaged in taking away increment by high-financing food.

Tournedos on the Toboggan

OF LATE—for the past year or two, say—it has been my rather bored lot to hear these gentlemanly pirates bewail the sad tendency of the times as demonstrated by the tremendous increase of cheap eating-places in their various cities. They cannot understand why it is their former patrons, who used to be happy to pay half a dollar for half a dozen elices of concombres, now go to a white-enameled shop and pay ten cents for a dozen slices of cucumbers. The demand for tournedos sautés Atsaciente, at two dollars

a tournedo, has fallen off, and many persons are eating roast mutton at twentyfive cente a ellor. I can understand it, and so can any person who has given the matter comin. eration. It is not that times are tighterand times are tighter; it is because the restaurant losesers, not only in New York but in the other cities, have overplayed their bunds. There is not a big restaurant in any hig city to the United States where the prices are not alward. And the fault is not with the restaurant heeper willion. It rosts solely and entirely with the rentmurant matro. ...





They have allowed it. No one can blame a man who has something to sell and who tries to get as much for his merchandise as he can. That is the basic law of commerce. Wherefore it is always the province of the intending buyer to get his article as cheaply as posallows the high charge once he is fastened to it forever.

Take this food business: All restaurant charges in all of the high-plane restaurants in this country are based on the restaurant charges in New York. And who stood for the restaurant charges in New York? The folks from the other cities that copied the New York prices. Any person who has seen it work out, as I have, knows that when the man from outside comes into New York he takes what is given to him and pays what is asked; so the New Yorkers began to jack up their prices.

The visitor noticed the increases, but did not protest. He felt that a protest would mark him as a visitor - as a yap-as a rube. So it might, with the waiters; and there

It Would by Entirety Quittide #11 Ething of Feeding People in Atlan the Frederic to be Comfortable to no person in the world so airaid of any other person on a visitor to New York is afrade of a water. He shrinks from incurring the displeasure of those haughty foreigners who serve him his food. He feels it a personal humiliation to have a raptain in a dining room scowl at blun; and if a head walter source or atherwise displays his disapproval the visitor shrivels and shrinks, and hantily orders two or three other expensive dishes just to show he is no jay and no piler, and is accustomed to these customs, That is one of the most curious of the human

idiasyncrasiss-the shivering fear of the disapproval of a waitier! It is all predicated on the false self-value most of an place on ourselves. We are all of or areant syniate maids - and many of as outside- and we grow faint at the idea of doing or eaving anything in public that will mark us as not thoroughly informed and olts-broke.

A man may be storn, exacting in his business, fearhos, important, self-assertive and all that but when a waiter shows by his actions that he the waiterconsiders this pulson of the place where the waiter works not of the proper class, not thoroughly informed as to the may things are done in a big city-in short, a hisywed-he will throw money away in an effort to correct this impression in the mind of the waiter, or this impression that he face is in the mind of the waiter-not in the calcula of those near him or who know him, but in the mind of the waiter?

The Cowardice of the Free-Born Rich

IT 15 an old not of rewarden. Why does a man-tree-born, successful, may hap tiet-submit to the tyromies of a man in the hox either of a thuster, for example to his implement and his arora and his gargeral air of What-do-you-amount-to? Why does the average patrop of a restourant stand for the hat-shork abuse, for the cab above, for the extertionate-food atoms, for the anneyances of exceeding. for the approyances of squeaky music, for the some about of slipshod service? Because he is straid the people will mark him as a person son doss not understand how things are done in big cities though in his inner self he understands intimately how he is being done.

It is all predicated on the last analysis of our civilimtion. We do what anybody and everybody else want us to do, instead of doing what we want to do and have an individual right to do-because we fear a reflex that will stamp us as not being wise. The contempt of a waiter, to the average patron of a restaurant, is something to be avoided at whatever cost of personal humiliation.

Well, the men who run a lot of the restaurs New York were not long in finding out that their patrons, largely from out of town, were human rabbits when it came to protesting against whatever ideas they might think up and put in practice on them. They soon discovered that a man from the West or the South, or from the Northwest or Southwest, would rather pay ten dollars for a two-dollar duck than to intimate, even by the raising of his eyebrows when he saw the check, that he was not perfectly well aware that all the sophisticated better classes pay ten dollars for ducks. Snobbery and weak egoism, you see-and played on by the restaurant men.

So the headiest of the head waiters fixed it up, and began to elevate the prices. I have sat in those restaurants and watched items on bills-of-fare jump ten and fifteen and twenty-five cents at a time until the present range was reached. Now the prices are preposterous and the restaurants are beginning to feel the results of that situation; albeit when you talk with a restaurateur he tells you the increase in prices is solely due to the increase in the sums he is forced to pay for the raw material - and that makes you laugh.

I know a place in New York-a big place-where they marked a price of seventy-five cents a portion for strawberries early in the season, when the strawberries came from the Far South and were rare-and greenbut worth that to any simpleton who would buy them.

Well, by a curious inadvertence the price for strawberries remained at seventy-five cents almost all summer, when strawberries were selling in the market, at retail, for ten or fifteen cents a quart; and a portion of them at this place was about ten berries. They found they could get away with it, and they did. Far be it from a man to proclaim himself a jay by protesting.

The fact that strawberries appeared on this menu at seventy-five cents a portion was the proof that was what strawberries should cost a portion in the best circles. I ordered some without looking, one day, and incurred the grave and sneering displeasure of a bunch of waiters, captains, head waiters and omnibus boys by refusing to pay; but they cut the price to thirty cents after the owner had been brought in. The trouble was not worth the saving of forty-five cents, but the fun was worth forty-five dollars. You cannot blame the

purveyors. They simply have taken advantage of the eakness of the human rabbits with whom they deal. And the out-of-town foodsellers early followed the New York lend. In the past five years prices in the leading restaurants in all the big cities of this country have advanced tremendously. I myself have watched the price of a single anemic squab progress from sixty cents to a dollar and a quarter in a restaurant where I am compelled to eat now and then, and the high cost of food has been the excuse; but I happen to know the man who sells this place the squabs, and I asked him about it. He said he was getting the same price for his squabs when they were retailed at one-twenty-five as be got when they cost sixty cents served.

So it has come about that, from one end of this country to the other, there has ewept a vast increase in restaurant prices. New York adopted the French cuisins years ago. Then New York. finding that the out-oftowners, who make up the bulk of their patronage, would stand for heavy increases, began the heavy increasing. The out-of-New-York restaurant keepers took their cues from New York just as they took their initation French cuisine and their imitation French on the bills-oflare. They did not want to make it uncomfortable for the man from home who went to New York and



There is No Person in the World 2a Afraid of May Other Person as a Visitor to New York is Afraid of a Watter

planked down four dollars for a roast capon; so they slapped roast capon-chapes, you understand-on at lour-fifty. And there you were!

From the Atlantic to the Pacific the restaurants have been tucking it on-tucking it on; and now the reaction has come. The men-who-were-afraid-they-might-bethought-jays reached their limit. I know a chap who has plenty of money and who was the host at a little dinner in a New York restaurant. He wanted some fish; and the head waiter-or the captain-suggested: "The turbot is very fine."

Conceding, as I do, that any man who will buy turbot in England ought to be put under restraint, words full when es to designating a man who will buy turbot in New York. My friend knew all about that imitation of a fish. He had eaten it in its native lair—eaten it and commented on its marvelous resemblance in taste to library paste; but he did not want the head waiter to think he was not used to buying turbot four times a day and he nodded in a sophisticated manner and said: "All right."

Well, they charged him twenty-five dollars for that mess-mess is used advisedly-of turbot, which served him right. But that is not the point. He had bluefish and kingfish, and all kinds of fine fresh American fish, to pick from; but he let that head waiter sting him for turbot. Probably the head waiter laughed. If he did not he has no sense of humor. It is a wonder to me he did not stick

It Fills Itself while you count four

The CONKLIN is the simplest of all fountain pens in both operation and construction.

You can fill it from any inkwell in four sounds. That is the speed limit in filling.

Dip your Conklin in any inkwell, press the little "Crescent-Filler" with the thumb and - pen is filled! Surely, this is the acme of simplicity and ease.

It is Non-Leakable



him for English sole and saw off American flounder on him-but he did not. And this chap quit right there.

That is what has been happening. The men-who-did-not-want-to-be-thought-jays have decided it does not make such a heap of difference to them as they thought if a Swiss waiter or an Alsatian captain or a Greek omnibus does think they are jays; and they are eating at the cheaper places. Not all of them of course. You can still find in any big restaurant, in any city, chaps who will pretend that truite de yomo-no uchi, at one-fifty an uchi, shows more class than trout—just trout—for fifty cents; but their

numbers are decreasing.

The keepers of the big restaurants are howling; but let them how!! There will always be some of the weak-minded for them; but a good many of us have passed rapidly to the side streets and are doing

fairly well, thank you! Contemplate the big botels of this country, where the bulk of the restaurant eating is done—the bulk of the carie-du-jour stuff-and, speaking of carte da jour, I ate once in a gilded hotel in the West-one of those with pillars of imitation onyx which look as though they had been made of castile snap where the manager had copied a bill-of-fare from a New York restaurant. He had it all down-potages, poissons, en-tries, rillis, ligumes and all the rest; but the curic du jour got past him. It was first on the hill; and he evidently thought it was some sort of a canopil, rare and expensive, for he had it down on his card: Carle du jour-\$1.25-.75.

Loafing-Places for Idle Women

Please excuse the digression. I was about to observe that the big hotels will worry along for a time, because most of the big hotels in this country are not conducted for the men any more, but are run almost saclusively for the women—the stall-fed, club-crary, bridge-playing, nonproducing kind of women—who grab all of father's salary and apend it on themselves. It is not so very long age that the hetels in this country were places for men. There was a smail parlor upstairs or somewhere where women could go and where they were expected to go; and the men had the rest of it.

Now the men are shunted off to one side and the hetels are conducted for the women. They flock in at juncheous; sit during the afternoons; are there to din-ner—and the men are second-fiddlers. If you don't believe it go into any big hotel and observe the size of the men's restaurant as compared with those where the women are served.

So they will go along for a time yet; for some women never know times are hard and never think prices are high. Why should they? The men are producing and they are having a good time. The centlemen who run the restaurants and botsis know the value of the women. They pay seant heed to the men and cater to the female of the species. There is a chance somebody may get some of father's money besides the hotelksepers if they leave it to father; so they do not.

They play for the women, and the women lead the men in; and the men pay a dollar for a hunk of a tough guines ben, and two dollars if they serve a minute specimen of alleged ham with it and call it Guinic d la Virginie, or whatever they may think will excuse that other dollar. And the restaurant keepers will tell you they are not making a cent and would be com-pelled to go out of business if it were not for the bar.

If it were not for the bar! There's the good old faithful friend! That is the place of man's tribute to the affluence of the hotelkeeper and the rest. Only the most advanced of the women have invaded the har as yet not that the fair ladies do not consume their share of the goods the har holds, but that they have their own places for so doing.

The bar! Ah, yes, the bar! They buy bottled whisky for about sixty or seventy cents a bottle, and they figure to sell seventeen drinks out of a bottle at twenty or twenty-five cents a drink. A very distin-guished boniface in New York once told me his bar profits were two hundred and fourteen per cent-and I should think that was conservative.

We are getting them, though, fellow citizens who must perforce eat in restau-rants—we are getting them! The prices at this particular moment, having reached the height where they cross to be anything

but absolutely absurd, are trembling. They are shivering and shaking. The restaurant keepers must keep their places open; and you will observe what I have observed-a gradual tendency to let down. It will not come until it is forced by empty chairs and

No restaurant man, and no other sort of selling man, ever cut his price on anything until he was forced to do so. specialty has been raising prices. The aggregated worms of food-consumers are beginning to turn. They are slipping unos-tentatiously into the smaller places on the side streets. They are responsible for the great and increasing number of bright, clean, comfortable restaurants where a lamb chop does not cost so much as a diamond

Presently the restaurant men will be back within reason. I have observed a tendency to lower luncheon prices. Dinner prices will follow. I doubt not that, within a short time, one will be able to get eight prunes for a quarter instead of four. I know a place where a wedge of apple pie costs thirty cents. Think that over! I will bet a dozen apple ples against a chocolate éclair that within a year a wedge of apple pie in that same place will rest not more than fifteen cents—and in each case the real worth in a dime.

What would you say to a small dab of cold rice pudding for the same thirty cents? You will say Pish-tush! to it within the twelvemonth, for the restaurant prices of this country are beginning to topple. The string is played out. The middleman and the cold-storage man - and the rest of them - are being placed in a position where they will inevitably get what is coming to them; and the producer at one end and the consumer at the other may gather a henefit or two. At any rate the producer can be no worse off than he has been, and the consumer may be aided.

The consumer poor chap! consumes and is consumed. Just at present he is hopefully waiting for results from the new tariff-hopefully is the word. He has risen and formed the Society for the Hoycott of Extertionate Eggs; but that will not last

long.

They will let eggs down and we shall go back to our breakfasts. Then they will shove eggs up again, having experience with movements of this kind in the past. Eggs are permanent institutions, and societies for the beyentt of them merely the ephemera of the passionate moment.

Must Have Been Advance Caples

There are interesting features to eggs, however, saide from their price. I met an indignant lady at the market last December. She was there for the purpose of saying a few things to the egg merchant. As
I gathered the facts in the case, she had
been buying strictly fresh eggs of this egg
purveyor. To prove that the strictly
fresh eggs were strictly fresh—they cont seventy-five cents a dozen, they were so abso-strictly-lutely fresh-the eggs were dated - not by the hen, of course, but by the honest hen-owner—that is, when the lady bought an egg on the fourteenth she was handed an egg which had neatly printed on its shell, by means of an impeccable rubber stamp, the legend: "Laid December thir-teenth." That was the incontrovertible proof that this egg had been but one day in this vale of surrow and deceit.

The eggs in controversy—though the egg-dealer had not much to say—were bought on the ninescenth of the month. They reached the house intact and dated. Desiring to take some liberties with an egg that evening, this lady opened the box. I am well within the facts when I state that she was both astonished and indignant to read on each egg: "Luid December twenty-second."

You see, this predicated the unique possibility that the eggs were laid three days after she bought them. They were strictly fresh eggs in future, so to speak. The official egg-dater had used the wrong stamp or the egg-merchant had opened the wrong box of strictly fresh ones. It was a contre-trange; but it reminded me of the con-noisseur who was buying a bottle of priceless old brandy. There was the date on the label of the bottle—1814.

"Are you cure this is 1514 brandy?"

asked the purchaser.
"Well," replied the vender, "the label

says sor but I don't know the printer." However, more power to the Society for the Boycott of Extortionate Eggs, and

1700 Loose-Leaf Items Fill **Every Need**

Books, Stene-graphic Books, Journals, Mensi Books, Jor Bu-jorns Houses, alesmen, Doores, Engineers and almost every linaginable purn device m form that will unloubredly solve lema, Il yeu Device or Form problem, don't bother

In the I-P line of 1700

Loose-Leaf Devices

and Forms-Ludy-

ers, Invesice Boules,

Cash Books, Price

high-priced system specialists and made to order Devices and Forms. Sie your dialer or write uset anex-no the 1700 J.P. Henry

trying

to mive

self-dox's

Waste

minney an

Ready - Made at Stock Prices

If you waste the minute of

If were marker Hermitatelie of provincesting appends Forms and Devices proposed for expensional Devices proposed for the expensional Persons and the expensional Forms and the expensional Person or Device for management years disable and the Person of the expensional proposed for the expensional expen

Sen Your Dealer ur Write Un

Dest't think your thinking is "a mean, a "a mean, a "a mean, There is harrily a concirculate requirement that and same is have but us use pared for.

Remainter, that givery

Device and Posts prob-ben can be salved only by the 1-0 lim.

40

Pro tim 1-D time.

Pro ty 1-D time is designed by community and guaranteed by community and guaranteed by a probability of the probability of the tendent attention in the world—a \$1,200,000 institution. See your dealers write

in tuning two lars we tooke it may and two-tooks it may and two-to-signific my flem, into or small, to processes per-ture Larse Leaf system.

If we have no dealer man you, write us your problems to your letter head for current solution. There will be no cust or obligation.

IRVING-PITT MFG, CO. Kansas City, Mc.





Wilson Bros Athletic Union Suit Licensed under the

Klosed-Krotch Patents

NEVER a bind or chafe in this perfected garment. Never a gap or roll or bunch-up in the patented, permanently closed crotch. Separate openings front and back. Freedom, coolness, lightness—ideal for sultry days. The only athletic union suit of this kind licensed under the Klosed-Krotch patents. Nainsook to nik — \$1.00 up for men; 50 cents up for boys.

> Other luminhings bearing the Wilson Gred mark at quality include Shins, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neck-wear, Handkerchiefs, etc.

Wilson Bros Combinette Shirt

Licensed under the Klosed-Krotch Patents

Another Wilson Bros. specialty is this one-piece outing shirt made with the same patented closed crotch as described above. Stays smoothly draped. No tail to "work out." Variety of fabrics and make-ups—\$1.50 and more. At your furnisher's.



Wilson Coros

Chicago

more power to the Society for the Preven-tion of Useless Christmas Giving; and more power to all other societies with similar aims. The pirates who have been sell-ing us food and other necessaries have had up the black flag long enough and deserve punishment; and they are in a fair way of

It is largely our own fault. Take that question of Christmas gifts: We went through it a few months ago, and we are in a position to sit back and size up the spasm in a somewhat philosophical manner. They were all on hand—the elevator boys, and the janitor, and the charwomen, and the bellboys, and the clerks, and the cook, and the servants, and the chauffeur, and the superintendent, and the manager, and the clothespresser, and the shoeshiner—and everybody else, from bishop to barber expecting a remembrance and remember-ing all their expectations. You recall them—lined up with avaricious eyes and rapacious hands—all the greedy procession of those who appraised you by the value of what you gave, not by the spirit in which you gave.

The analogy is well defined. It is exactly the same with our indiscriminate Christmas giving as it is with the countrymanmas giving as it is with the countrymanor the city man, either—who dreads the
waiter's ill opinion. The vast, needless,
oppressive Christmas-destroying orgy of
giving that has grown up in this country is
not the result of the spread of a holiday
spirit. It is the result of our own timidity,
our own sgoism, our own self-conceit. We
are afraid not to be on a par with—or a
bit heyond—our friends and relatives;
so we gave tast Christmas more than we
could afford to give because others were
giving more than they could afford to give,
and because we did not have the faint
courage that was required to tell the army of courage that was required to tell the army of Christmas holdup men there was nothing

for them.

Still, the signs of the times are heartening. The Society for the Prevention of Uneless Christmas Giving helped some the pust season; and it will help more. We observe waiters that were formerly humping into chairs in closely packed restaurants moving with ease between the tables, because there are fewer of the tables occurred. A good many trees have discovered

cause there are fewer of the tables occu-pied. A good many men have discovered they can exist without alcohol. We are slowing down. There is a glimmer or two of light ahead.

The limit of this kind of thing has been reached and exceeded. It will be a hard task for the American spender to reform himself; but there are indications that he intends to try. And if he sets himself to it his reform will not only be personal but it will reform the gougers also.

Heat Magazines

HEAT magazines are now being built to be a substitute for stoves. The particular purpose for which they have been designed is to use electricity to store up heat in the hours when the demand for electric power is small and when consequently elec-property may be supplied at a very greatly reduced rate. This is usually between mid-night and five o'clock in the morning, when few electric lights are being used, few motors are in use, and most of the great plant at the electric power house is idle.

Then during the hours of daylight and evening the heat magazine can be made to give out its warmth. The magazines are big steel boxee about the size of a large stove.

In the center is the apparatus to turn electricity into heat and round this are masses of metal that absorb the heat. These are built to withstand heat up to one thousand degrees. All round these heat-storage blocks is very heavy insulation to keep the heat in -in the same way that the heat is kept in a fireless cooker.

When it is desired to have the magazine give out its heat a damper is opened and a passageway thus provided for air to enter the magazine, become heated and pass out into the room. The damper can be used also to regulate the amount of heat coming out.

ectricity is ordinarily much too expensive for housewarming use, but it is coming into practice in some localities where the power is cheap. Some villages on irrigation projects in the West now depend on electricity for their heat, as power developed at the irrigation plant is plentiful, but has only a limited market, thus making the price low. A late development in Norway-the home of theap electricity—is the heating of churches by electricity.



A World-Full of Children

Gain Much of Their Vitality from Luscious Quaker Oats

For 25 years, tens of millions of children have been brought up on Quaker Oats.

They have gained from it energy and vim - better brains and nerves and bodies. The delightful flavor has led them to love it and to eat it in abundance. We figure that five million children each morning breakfast on this food of foods.

Stop and think what this dish has contributed to their sturdiness and strength.

That could never have been so were it not for this flavor. It is this taste and aroma which win the children to the food you know they need.

uaker Oats

The Big, Rich, Luscious Flakes

Now a

25¢ Size

Our new large pack-age — for 25 cents — gives you nearly three times what the 10-cent

size gives. All by sav-ing in packing. Try it

the cream of the oats-from the rich, plump grains alone. All the puny any but the choicest grains be used

grains are discarded. A bushel of choice oats yields but ten pounds of Quaker.

The result is these large and luscious flakes, fragrant and inviting. And those flakes have won the

long it lasts. Almost every nation sends here to get Quaker Class for children.

Quaker Oats is made only from nearly every grocery, and it is always as we describe. Never will

in making Quaker

You can get it always, without extraprice, by simply saying Quaker. And night, taste and aroma will all point out the extra quality.

Then serve it at its vim-producing powers. If there are growing children,

twice a day is better. This is Na-You will find Quaker Oats in ture's premier food for growth.

10c and 25c per Package Except in Far West and South

The Quaker Oats Company

(341)



WE DON'T believe there's and delicious, nor any other so good at the price.

We can afford to sell this best quality so cheaply because we bring Liggett's Chocolates direct from our own factory to you, and because, producing them in the immense quantities needed to supply our more than 7000 Rexall Stores, we can buy our cocoa, nuts, fruits and other ingredients direct

from the original sources and obtain the finest in all the world at lowest prices. Is IT any wonder that we can afford to put into Liggett's Chocolates a quality, richness and goodness that cannot be surpassed? Is it any wonder they have won the favor of millions?

Should you seek other causes for the notable quality of Liggett's, you will find an organization of expert confectioners, an equipment of the finest chocolatemaking machinery of this country and Germany, a freshness insured by direct shipments from our factory.

In beautiful and distinctive Liggett's Packages. Pounds, 80c, and \$1.00.

Liggett's Chocolates are one of many goaranteed lines of goods consulfactured by and sold only by the 7000 Rexall Stores in the United States, Great Britain and Casada. Among those we have already told too about in The Saturday Evening Post one; REXALL VIOLET DULCE, BOUQUET (EANICE AND HARMONY TORIET PREPARATIONS—SYMPHONY LAWN STATIONERY—KLENZO TOOTH BRUSHES. All are sold at low processmall possible only by the buying and distributing on operation of these 7000 feeding Brug sources.

"Liggett's Chocolate Week" begins today at all The Rexall Stores. See the window display.

Sold only at The Rexall Store in your town

In The Saurday Evening Part of May 9 will appear Resull Ad-Vantage No. 9 on Recall Veslet Preparations. Look for in

Petition of the Parish

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Incommu-What It is Not

WHO of sporting tastes has not from his boyhood read of the voyages of the early explorers of the sub-Arctic regions— Hearne and Pond and Mackenzie, and those others who went North before there were even those chartographic bluffs that now case as maps of that far-off country? And which of us, so reading, has not retained some vague remembrance of the mysterious nimal known as the inconnu, found in the auna of that land?

Such, at least, was my own youthful ex-perience. Later on, passing from callow youth, when I had ceased to read of early coyageurs and was trying to pay for a dress-sult on the installment plan—which fully ccupied my mind for some years—I still retained a hazy idea that somewhere up North there was an animal which Sur Alexander Mackenzie had been unable to place and which he had called the what-is-it the unknown or the inconnu. In my trusting soul I hoped one day to meet an

inconnu, whatever it might be.

It never occurred to me at that time to cok in the dictionary or the encyclopedia to learn about this mysterious critter. Never, indeed, until long after I had first met the incomna in mortal combat did I not the incomnu in mortal combat did I consult the encyclopedia. Since that time I have never touched my forelock, as was once my wont, whenever passing in front of my encyclopedia—because, in good snoth, the encyclopedia knows no more about the meanu than any of the rest of us.

All the way north from the edge of the Rocky Mountains in the Athahasca system

we heard the awarthy voyageurs—you your-self would be swarthy if you used soap no oftener than they do—speak in hushed tozes of the inconnu, which, they said, we were sure to meet in our dangerous voyage in the extreme Northern country.

Each time they spoke of it I grasped my trusty rifle tighter, resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible if attacked by one of these ferocious creatures. We had men with us who had killed big game all the way from New Zealand to New Jersey; but none of them had ever met the inconsu.

On deck at night, under the paling North-ern sun, we held councils of war, discussing questions of proper equipment; and new to questions of proper equipment; and new to that land we resolved to do our heat to uphald the traditions of American sports-manship, though then under the British flug, which, of course, has more traditions than any other in regard to sport. In plain United States, we resolved to give any in-count a run for its money if it ever locked hors with us. At that time we thought it had borns.

Fishing With Field-Glasses

Time passed and we saw no inconnu, though we gurnshood round the camp every night looking for trucks. We got to Fort MacMurray and still had seen none. Most of the population of Fort MacMurray bears the name of Loutit, on account of an active the name of Loutit, on account of an active ancestor who arrived there some years ago and established a family tree that is still growing; but not even any of the Loutit family, which covers several degrees of latitude, had ever seen an incommu there. Neither, though we kept a sharp watch day and night with field-glasses, did we discover any incomnu all the way down the river to Lake Athabasca.

No one at Chippewyan had ever heard of

No one at Chippewyan had ever heard of an inconnu in that neighborhood. We began to think we had been made victims of a truel boax, and we rechristened the inconnu as the bull-connu, classifying it with the jokes about the handle of a valve or the isserts among the type that are shown to

the cub compositor in a printing office.

When we reached Smith's Landing, at the Falls of Great Slave River, the plot began to thicken. We were told that sixteen miles below, at the foot of the rapids, we should surely find the inconnu; but though we oiled up our guns and prepared for the "imminent deadly breach," we did not see the said incommu according to schedule.

"You'll see one before long if you keep on going north," said the captain of our

steamboat.

We did not see him, however, though we kept on going north. We passed into Great

Slave Lake and inquired at Fort Resolution whether the inconnu had gotten that far south on its annual migration; but there was nothing doing either there or at Fort Rae, according to the best obtainable reports. We had, in fact, arrived at Hay River—where there is no hay—before, by the merest accident, I first met an actual meennu.

In all this time on the river steamboat we had been, as one may say, almost on the point of mutiny over the kippered herring and tinned salmen, which made a good part of the bill of fare; and at Hay River, in a fit of desperation, I chartered an Indian boy and rowed about four miles to run some nets which he or somebody else owned, and which might or might not contain some fish not as yet contained in tin cars.

Arrived there, the said Indian youth casually began to unload from the nets into the boat a bunch of fish that left me help-less with amazement. This was on the reefs at the edge of Great Slave Lake, near the mouth of Hay River. The boy, with whom I had been unable to establish any sort of lingual understanding, began to pull out suckers, whitefish and jackfish—which we rall olike—until our leaky skill looked we rall pike-until our leaky skiff looked as though it were getting ready to sink at

any moment.

I heard him thumping at something in the net, and he casually hauled over the gunwale a twenty-five-pound lake trout-repeating the act an instant later with yet another and larger one. Also, he uncoiled several whiteful that would be worth, at city retail prices, about fifteen dollars each. Still he was not content.

The Points of the Conny

After a time he flung behind him into the boat a long, silverish-looking fish, which I saw at once was a whitefish—and later saw that it was nothing of the sort. It was not a salmon or a sucker or a whitefish or a pike-perch, or like any one of them—but a good deal like all of them.

In short it was an incomm. All the specimens of incomm we took from these nots—I have often wondered whose nets we

nets—I have often wondered whose nets we really were running—were stiff and dead, with their mouths wide open, though none of the other fish taken in the gill-net were dead. My attention being thus called to the mouth of the fish, I found it to be almost square, with a sort of projecting rim, so that it stuck out in front of the fish's constants.

that it stuck out in front of the fish's countenance, something like the mouth of the sucker—only it was larger and more directly east of the fish's face.

Each of the specimens we had ran eight or nine pounds, being small, as I found later. The tail was not square, like that of any of the salmon family, but forked. Yet, to my astonishment, I found the fatty little caudal fin that is supposed to be distinctive of the salmon family. The body was not the shape of a salmon, but more like that of a giant whitefish, somewhat flattened, the general lines being those of the pike-perch, or wall-

whitehead, somewhat nationed, the general lines being those of the pike-perch, or wall-eyed pike, except that the mouth is quite different—also the head and everything else. Naturally I could not name this fish at the time, though I examined it with curi-osity. Thus far I had been unable to diagnose the parentage of my companion, whether French, Scotch or English—I could never get used to a half breed who says "cawn't" instead of "can't"; but, having "cawn't" instead of "can't"; but, having triest him in French, Spanish, Cree, Chip-pewyan and Blackfoot, I concluded to try English, knowing that he was a mission bay. "What in blazes do you call this thing?"

I asked him.
"That?" said he. "Wky, that's a conny.
Didn't you know it?"
Didn't you know it?"

Now conny is Hudson Bay for inconnu. I sat and gazed at this creature for some me. It did not look dangerous, but, time. It did not look dangerous, but, rather, quite decidedly mild, especially as it was dead—the only dead fish taken in the net. It had a reminiscent sort of look, like some of the jokes in the Sunday newspaper.

"I have seen your face before," you say sometimes when you meet a gentleman who will not tell you his name. I had never seen this face before; and neither had the artist who made its nicture in the second formed is.

who made its picture in the encyclopediaa portrait that resembles the incomn about as much as an art photograph of a dramatic



Travel on "A.B.A." Cheques

They will relieve you from the risk of carrying large amounts. of cash, will simplify your calculations in foreign currency, will free you from the annoyance and expense of exchanging money at frontiers. Read the resisions why

A.B.A. American Cheques

are the safest and handiest travel funds:

"A.B.A." Cheques will make your money nutters as simple. as though you carried American bills engraved with their values in the currency of the various nations.

I bey are as safe to carry as your own check book, because your counter-airnstare is required to make them good and became they may be replaced it lost or amien-

"A.R.A." Chrones are accepted by hotels, milway and steamship lines generally, and by the best shops throughout the world, exactly like the currency of the country. They may be cashed at 50,000 banks, your counter-organize will identify you.

"A.B. A." Cheques are the only travelers' cheques issued by thousands of American banks under authority of the great American Bankers Association. They are engraved and printed un counterfeit-proof paper, with every safeguard known to modern banking. They are protected against crooks by the William J. Burns Detective Agency.

"A B A." Cheques are the only travelers' cheques which can be accepted, under the law, in payment of U.S. customs duties.

Get them at your Bank





celebrity looks like the same celebrity before breakfast. Even so, the picture is quite as accurate as the context that goes with it in the average envirolopedia.

with it in the average encyclopedia.

We paddled back to our steamship and displayed our fish, much to the joy of the kippered passengers. The deckhands, the purser, the captain, the soldiers, villagers and others all leaned over the rail of the steamboat and looked at our mysterious strangers and said: "Conny, huh?" After that I felt the report did not lack confirmation. It was thus that one of my boyhood's dreams came true. We had met the inconnu and it was ours!

We ate the incommuthen and many times afterward, far above the Arctic Circle. It has not the taste of the salmon at all. Served often on the same table with white-fish, we found that after a time we gravitated toward the dish of whitefish, which is more delicate, though also fat. There is perhaps a slight richness or oiliness in the taste of the incommu.

One is apt to eat rather too much of it at first, especially if one has undergone a preparatory course of kippered herring. None the less it is an excellent foodfish, and as such it is put up by thousands and hundreds of thousands in the Far North; also, as food for dogs. I saw many great specimens of this fish, split open along the back—like your wife's party gown—as they always open fish in the North, and hung out to dry round Indian camps.

Not a Salmon, But Scrappy

At Fort McPherson I saw two taken from one net that I thought would weigh forty pounds apiece; and I have heard they go to

The inconnu is not a salmon, but it is more of a sporting fish than any but the Atlantic salmon. It strikes the trolling balt freely, is not shy, and puts up quits a scrap in spite of its squarehead look. It was one of the regrets of our Northern trip that we had no flyrod along with us. I would gladly have given a hundred dollars for a flyrod during one evening's sport with Arctic trout and grayling on the streams of the Rocky Mountains about a hundred miles south of the Arctic Ocean—there is no angling like

it in any country I have over seen.

And again, I would have given a like sum for half a day's sport with a good casting rod and proper litres at any of several localities we saw where the incennu was present in full force. We took these fish on rude tackle—that is to say, others did. I would not give a emap to take game fish in any way but on a good rod, giving them a sporting chance and myself sporting experience as well. In short, the inconnu has never received the full meed of praise that should be his.

The conny lives for the one purpose of poking his head into a gill-net, so that you may sat him; he even relieves you of the trouble of killing him and you always find him dead. He is the most amiable of fishes.

At Fort McPherson, which is thirty miles up the Poel River, a tributary of the Mackenzie, we found the connies quite abundant; and we then heard of different localities in the neighborhood where the natives had always found them in regular supply.

Such a place we found on the Husky River, one of the delta branches of the Mackengie, at the mouth of a little creek leading back into some inland lakes.

We did not learn that the connies ever went into the lakes; but here at the mouth of this little creek they were schooling in thousands, and we were told that this was always held to be a certain fishing place by the natives who travel up and down that river. The scene here was much like that of a salmon run in the salt water a day or so before the fish move up into some freshwater stream.

Here, however, there was no salt water; nor did the fish jump free into the air, but kept the surface churned up in hundreds of waves, where only their backs and shoulders showed. They were supposed to be feeding on minnows; but we could not see any minnows, though the fish often broke within a few feet of us, apparently feeding.

When we made our encampment at this spot we were bungry, as every one in the North is all the time; and when one is short of grub in the North be goes after connipossible. We had no net with us and fishing rods or any bait. Fortunately, ur some sneaking sort of notion that we m have trolling for lake trout, I had to along, against all counsel, a few asses sizes of trolling spoons; and these we put into commission, lacking anyth better.

One of the party tried to use a du willow rod; but he was clumsy himself, used to fishing, and so lost several fish struck directly at the side of the boat, other fisherman was a trapper who live that country.

He caught six or eight fine connies stout hand line and spoonhook simple throwing the spoonhook out as far a could and pulling it in hand over h It was a crude method, but it worked A gill-net set across that stream at

A gill-net set across that stream at time would either have been torn to p or taken out full of these great fish, admiration for the conny rose very tinctly; and it was then that, above things, I honed, sighed and pined for thing in the most remote manner rebling a fishing rod and reel. Then and I forgave the conny for looking like asu a whitefish and several other fishes u it is not.

Many a man takes down a good sain handing out solemn stuff about vomen supramaxillaries and palatines, because pretty sure no one is going to call in his statements; but none of these gemen in their recorded works, albeit on ated to meet the needs of the encyclope tells us about the personal habits of inconnu or attempts to explain the sinister that seems to prevail in its fa

Even in the North, where the entire ulation lives on conny half the year hope and whitefish the other half, seems to be no one who knows very about this mysterious fish. I coullearn whether or not it comes out ocean; whether or not it is ever tak salt water. I could not learn its spensesson, though I presume it to be spring or early summer.

spring or early summer.

We know all about fur seals, but a describes the pelagic pursuit of the insamid the unknown islands of the No.

Not a Stenogus In Sight

In appearance the fish did not in the resemble a salmon that has come out, water, reached its spawning ground dropped back. It is a bright, clean color; the scales are rather coarse, most hose of the whitefish than of the as which, of course, scarcely seems to scales at all. Even in the muddy was up the Mackenzie River it retains the look—though the Athabasca, the Slave and parts of the Mackenzie are; the distinct waterways of the world.

the dirtiest waterways of the world.

The inconnu seems to survive sed:
So far as known, it never is found so
that is to say, upstream—beyond the
rapids of the Great Slave River, be
Fort Smith and Smith's Landing,
seems a sort of dividing line between
things and wild things, when it cou
that: between known things and ti
known; between us and the inconn;

known; between us and the inconn;
Well, anyway, we saw the inhearded it in its den, and survived.
As to the inconnu itself, it has no
and exact portrait at present extant;
to date, so far as known. Much as le
it, there was never any camera wher
was any inconnu—except once, wh
results were not wholly satisfactor
good enough to show the facial cont
the fish and the size it sometimes a
So far as known, this is the only phote
of the inconnu to find its way out.

The great aim in the life of the fish to be to enshroud itself in gill-nemystery. We are obliged to leave it possession of the field and holding dereputation and its name.

reputation and its name.

Bob Davis, of New York, has caught an inconnu. Sam Blythe has seen one. Kermit Roosevelt has photographed one. Indeed, this is it time the species has ever been scient described. We should protest its classification under the name Its elected Mackenzii. Mackenzie h stenodus or stenogus at all.



A WOMAN FREE-LANCE

Continued from Page 14)

criminal were run in his place, and none of us knew the difference until afterward. This was not the designed deception of "the yellow"; but if a hero persists in dying at the very last moment when a paper is going to press on the very day when a war and an election and a train wreck are straining nerves to the breaking point, you must not blame the printers' devil Johnny too severely if, when he comes rushing in for the pic-ture plates, he picks out Holmes the criminal for Holmes the scientist.

Because we were one of the very last of the Middle Western papers to change

hand setting for the type machine we prided ourselves on freedom from typographical errors. In fact there were times when we were almost ready to offer a live-dollar goldpiece to any one who could find a typographical error in our morning edition. All right! Behold the pride that goes before a fall. We took on one type machine as an experiment. It set solid lines. If there was an error of one letter in a line the whole line had to be reset. At the lest minute one was an error of one letter in a line the whole line had to be reset. At the last minute one afternoon the news was telephoned in that a certain hyphenated, generous spender would donate a certain generous figure to put up a monument for two heroes "who lost their lives in the Indian War." The proofs were dashed in—Generous-Spender's name was misspelled. That would never do! In the absence of the head proof reader, who was in the composing room running his eye over the galleys of type, I put the hyphen and the letter in Generous-Spender's name; but, trusting to the city editor and proofman being out in the composing room, I did not go out to see the posing room, I did not go out to see the correction. Here is what that type ma-chine did when the corrected lines came out in the paper:

"Mr. Hyphenated Generous-Spender will denote spzg89-ryxt, [etc., etc.] to the heroes who lost their livers in the Indian War."

We had an elaborate gentleman who did a column on society called Social Salad; and we had a little man picked up from somewhere who arranged, stole or made up somewhere who arranged, stole or made upthe weekly page on recipes and plann puddings. Whatever became of the people who
ate the plum puddings I don't know. I
gradually slipped into the habit of earning
down at nine-thirty in the morning and
writing my editorial till eleven; then helping to edit the telegraph in the rush from
eleven to two-thirty—ne time for lunch;
then, if there were more of rush, all hands
would turn in and read the proofs till three then, if there were more of rush, all hands would turn in and rend the proofs till three or three-thirty. The pace was a wild scramble from the time of entering the office. The hours were short; but it was the kind of work you took home in your thoughts and had in mind at your meals and slept with overoight; for the editorial writers were supposed to look up their data the night before. Was it worth while—I mean worth while for the average woman? Put it wider still: Was it worth while for the average man? Your successful banker, railroad man, engineer, doctor, wholesaler, also takes home his business in his thoughts at night and sleeps with it and eats with it. at night and sleeps with it and eats with it, though he may swear he doesn't; but at forty-five your business man—if he is successful—has a security, a fastness against want, a certainty of tenure. His value is in proportion to his experience. Is that so of the average successful newspaper worker, especially the woman worker?

Work for Honest Owners

We were a corporation paper—that is, we were owned by a corporation rated as one of the ten richest in America. By that do not think that we came down hat in hand every day and licked the hand that fed us, or beguiled an innocent public into We didn't. Except during election-time we did not know we were owned by a corporation. During elections we were sup-posed to shout for the "grand old party." If the man who stood for the "grand old chanced to be malodorous to the public, then we were allowed to write on economics in Chins and Peru. The corporation owned that paper for the purpose of pushing the country and defending itself from blackmail legislation. There were times when we attacked the corporation itself, when its policy seemed a discrimination against our territory. Because we were owned by a rich corporation we did

what not another paper west of Chicago could do at that time—we refused to boom or advertise the fake mining schemes that successfully broke out from Nevada and Colorado to Klondike. I am setting these facts down because corporations have been so roundly "cussed" for the past ten years, and it is well to give even the devil his due.

and it is well to give even the devil his due.

A newspaper exists solely by virtue of the considence inspired in the public. The minute it forfeits that its value to the corporation is lost. The most deeply we ever sinned against the public was in connection with a man put in as governor by the "grand old party." He used to come into our office and write interviews with himself lauding a well-known gold mine to the sicies. It was a mine then paying one thousand per cent dividends; and as he always put his opinions in "quotes" as his own we did not feel our blood-guilt till we saw we did not feel our blood-guilt till we saw those interviews reproduced in the leading commercial journals of London and New York as coming from our representative governor. Then we began to make inqui-ries. Engineers let us into the suspicion that the mine with ten-cent shares then selling at \$1.85 might be a pocket that would peter out any day. Two of us went in to confer with the chief, who had succeeded the old

A Puff and a Crash

You will remember his characteristics of ambition but no ability. He didn't snub us. He squelched and squashed us. What were we lay critics, greenhorns, nutside dunderheads—to put our office opinions up against experts? Did we expect the paper te offend the party because Governor So-and-So was blowing off some innocent selfadvertising? Anyway the governor had gone to New York. The thing was over. We couldn't prove the vein would fail. We'd have a libel suit on our hands if we trucked the thing: and so on and so on. But, also, the damage was done! A hoge international corporation had been formed in New York and London to take over that group of mines and railroads. Shares jumped to \$2.55. If I remember correctly the figure paid was twenty millions good rash, not water. That mine never paid a dividend. In two years the vein petered out; and a capitalist of stainless reputation died of a broken heart because his name had misled investors to ruin. Was it corporation

or party that caused our sin?
As far as I can recall there was only one occasion when even an attempt at in-timidation was made. It was two years after I had left that staff. That was the era when corporations grew rich buying up for a song blanket charters with land grants attached for the construction of impossible railroads over impossible routes. In a series of special articles for London and New York dailies touching on the opening of the West, which at this time was just beginning to break on us like a dawn, I had mentioned this abuse of blanket reilroad charters—the particular abuse was a grant of twelve thousand acres to the mile for a railroad across a awamp, the land not to be picked from the swamp area but from the choicest lands of the country. One night about ten o'clock the chief lobbyist of this corporation, who had been telegraph editor

corporation, who had been telegraph editor on our old staff, called at my home.

"Say," he remarked after friendly preliminaries and reminiscences, "have you done this series of Western development stuff that's been telegraphed everywhere?"

"Certainly. That's no secret."

"Well, it's a curious way to treat old friends. It will cost us \$100,000 to counteract—"mentioning a special on a partic-

act-" mentioning a special on a partic-ularly rotten project for obtaining land

"I'm sorry old friends are hit by it," I answered. "I was not thinking of your people when I wrote it."

"It might prove a boomerang," he said.
I didn't take in what that meant.
"We have We have agents everywhere. you know we could damn you with outside editors if our string of newspapers began to attack your work as inaccurate?"
"Is that a threat?"

"No, it's a piece of advice from an old friend. You would not be the first we have

turned down.

It is a mistake ever to fly up in a dispute ver matters of fact. Something within me felt like a fuse burning near dynamite.

"I wish you hadn't said that," I answered; "for I have nothing to lose, and

on your testimony you have a good deal."

He left awkwardly, and I went upstairs and what I wrote about blanket charters left no manner of doubt as to what was meant. This article I sent out in duplicate, one copy to New York, one to London.

Three weeks later I met my old friend on the street. He stopped me. "Say," he said, "I'm sorry about the other night. I told them if they had any more dirty messages to deliver they could do it them-

Whether he had been sent to tell me to be good, and had blundered into the threat, or had been sent to make the threat and was now blandering out of it, I don't know. I mention it as an instance of the fact that the craftiest corporations do not

ork by whip and bludgeon.

But all this reflects only one side of newspaper work. Corporation organ as we were we fought the usual battles for children, for purer civics, for the punishment of crime, for the help of the needy. All the legislation for children's aid, delinquency courts and guardianship of unfortunate children re-sulted from the visit of two little beggar girls to the office one night at ten to beg money to buy drink for their mother. The men of the staff told them to come back next morning. I went with them to their home—if a one-ply board shanty without a floor in the section of the city known as "bell's kitchen" could be called a home. The conditions were unprintable. It was a den of a gang of nine, including one woman, and there were eight children be-

woman, and there were eight children besides. The entire gang lived on the children's begging. When I went back to the
office we all hammered it out.

The empty, silly midsummer season was
on, when the wires yearly grind out the
same old fakes of "the man who swallowed
the small alligator," "the eagle that
swooped down on the farmer's sleeping
baby," "the lably found with a snake in its
lap." Just as regularly as news would flar. baby. the baby found with a snake in its lap. Just as regularly as news would flag, these perennial old lies would come over the wires. We all talked it over in the reporters' room. Why not play up the kids and kill the snakes and the eagles and the alligators? We did—nat insolid chunks and sermons, but in editorial notes and human stories and little paragraphs used as fill-ins for articles that ran short of a column. We didn't make it a big-headline campaign. We just kept peppering hot shot into public complacency—a story today, a police paragraph tomorrow, a ten-line editorial on what the public was paying for crime and how much cheaper it would be to save the high. The macroscalled a public receiver. how much eneaper it would be to save the kids. The mayor called a public meeting. That winter the local legislature passed its first delinquency—ourt and children's—aid acts; and the year before I left that city, as secretary of something or other, I signed a guardian's permission for the marriage to a prosperous farmer of the eldest of those little girls found in "bell's kitchen."

The Hungry Unemployed

In all hig cities where there is an influx of workers, men and women, there is an hour on a newspaper when you can pretty nearly read tragedy in hungry eyes. It is the hour before the main edition comes off about two in the afternoon and between about two in the atternion and between twelve and one at night. Then the out-of-work nondescripts crowd in to read the "want ads" before the paper goes out to the general public. In our go-as-you-please office they used to wander upstairs to read the "want ads" in the proofs. When they were men some of the staff would turn them over to the city charity departments or the labor unions; but to me there never seemed a proper clearing house for the action to stand between the girl and the park bench. A man can sleep on a park bench all night and come off with but slight damage except to self-respect. A woman When she reaches the park-bench stage she is on an edge from which she may drop late a hole in the river or the abyss. Send a girl who is hungry and out of work to a charity organization, where she has to wait for the secretary to see the treasurer and the treasurer to see the president, and before red tape has run its endless round almost anything may happen.

I have tried it again and again with girls

who came to us, and have come away from



Clothes That Talk The Dialect of Youth

VOUTH speaks an hundred tongueswe reproduce them all in

Sincerity Clothes

The appearance of these master suits announces frankly the ambitions of the wearer and at the same time whispers softly of refinement and good breeding.

Every line and harmonious ourse otters its own syllable of youthful style. These are garments for Young Men of judgment.

> You will find Sincerity Clothes at dealers who value style correctness. Send a postablor our booklet "Clothes Ideals" with advance style suggestions.

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co. Chicago

"I'm as proud of this job as if I'd won a golf cup."

Paint works wonders! You'll be surprised with the splendid results you get with Acroe Quality Veranda Floor Paint and Acme Quality Porch Furniture Enamel. Whatever work is needed to make porch and furnishings blossom into harmony with Nature's newly done outdoors, you can do in odd times, early and with results that will be a delight. There are

ACME QUALITY

Paints, Enamels, Stains, Varnishes

for every purpose for which paint and finishes are used. They come in all colors and in convenient sizes. Try them when you come to painting the porch, the outdoor furniture; give the grape trellises a coat of Acme Quality Paint. A varnished step ladder lasts longer. A painted lawn mower won't rust itself to death. To help you in the use of the right Acme Quality Paint and Enamel, we publish two brooks-Acme Quality Painting Guide and "Home Decorating," We'll gladly send them free upon request.

If you do not know the Acme Quality dealer in your town, write us for his name.

ACME WHITE LEAD & COLOR WORKS Dept. Q. Detroit, Mich.

Self Lake Otte



charity with a lump in my throat and a fury of contempt in my soul. "Unfathomable is the stupidity of the good," There are thousands, there are tens of thousands of unen-listed women able to help, who want to help, but will not give either their funds or their presence to charity organizations where ninety per cent of the funds go to jobholders' salaries and ten per cent to the needy. There are thousands, there are tens of thousands of self-respecting women who deserve help and will not ask for it, and can he helped only through the cooperation of the strong with the weak. Lady Bountiful, feeding out charity at the end of a fortyfoot pole to sniveling nakedness and want, is a figure past forever in the world of work except as a caricature of the Christ creed. What is wanted is a Sisterhood of Service to sing together, to play together, to co-operate, to help, to march shoulder to shoulder to whatever this enforced economic revolution in woman's world may lead. Where it will lead neither you nor I know, but we are on the march. Let us march together! It is in the vacation unions, trades unions, consumers' unions under the civic federations now springing up in every city in the United States that the great hope lies; but at that time there was higher than the contraction and the contraction of the contraction literally not such a cooperative union of women in the United States.

Here is one example of the need; One night—I forget what it was that had kept us all on the resp till six o'clock, probably a traiowreck, murder or something-I was sitting in my cubbyhole of an office among the line cuts of the famous and the in-famous, when I heard the stairs creaking to the measured slow tread of a step that I did not recognize. The grimy urchin who kept guard at the wicket had gone. The report-ers had come in for their night assignments and dispersed. The presses were thump-thomping below, but with not half so tired a pound as our own beads and hearts. I had sat down to write my editorial for the next day, so that I could rest at home instead of work that night. With thoughts about as fluid as black-strap eirup in winter I was thinking up some far-away sub-ject, when a vital, live subject swooped down without my recognizing it. The slow, dead step stopped opposite my cubbyhole and a woman's voice saked: "Are you — ?" calling me by my Christian name. I thought it some social self-advertiser who

had failed to boom her wares over the telephone wire, and without turning asked what I could do for her. She came in and leaned heavily against the top of the high

When Life is Not Simple

"I'm working as a hired girl and waitrees in —" she said, caming one of the lowest dives in "bell's kitchen," just opposite the Union Station where the immigrant trains came in and out. I looked up to see a woman of twenty-five or six, bollow-eyed woman of twenty-live or six, hollow-eyed with emaciation and worry, but well dressed and unmistakably well horn. "I've been there three months. I came on a colonist excursion with my mother from the East, expecting to find a position teaching; but my certificates were not good for your schools. I placed my mother in the old ladies' home; and this was the only work I could set." only work I could get."
She told me her duties were to rise at

four in the morning, when the first immigrant trains passed, and sell fruit to travel-ers that rushed from the cars to the little fruitshop that acted as a blind for the gambling joint in the rear. The place was kept by an Assyrian of the lowest type. After the first trains passed she scrubbed the whole establishment, then she cooked the breakfast for a family of five who slept in one room above.

Then she was supposed to stand on her feet behind the fruit counter till twelve at night, when the last train passed. For these services she received four dollars a How she had escaped harm I do not know-probably because she needed to keep a respectable front to the joint. The place where she worked was unsafe for a man after dark. I looked over her certificates, enough to see they were authentic, though I missed her name.

"How did you happen to come to me?"

I knew a good many gamblers of a re-spectable sort in that wild hurly-burly era; but I didn't think that any frequenting that low joint would know me. It seemed a passenger on the through Pullman that day had run across to buy fruit and asked

how such a respectable woman happened to be in such a place. She had told his gaspe. He had rushed out mumbling be sorry he was going right through; then, sorry he was going right through; then, as he jumped on the train, he furned hand called over his shoulder; "See and called over his shoulder; "See again to trouble through hell if sho had go down for her." She gave me a minute description of the man. I have not the months it down a point line and we loss of the stream of our with or consciousness of the stream of our with or consciousness of the stream of or power that flows from the God of the U ser, it takes a lifting kick, or a slap on th back, or a high of need to joit us but he contact with the hidden energy. But sometimes by a quip or quirk of fate we reconsumerportedly tossed in the face, as it brings back the fragrance of the more garden to our soul. This unexported our diment costed in my face by a rotal strate ger at a moment when I had been been mough to heave briedouts brought a tello of sudden lift to the let-down coverse of you ran explain in only one way - a topic of unsern reservairs. I thought a mis-We test fought for and elected tim 19, 0. at the bead of educational affairs in the loss government.

I went into another room and called the are by telephone at his house. I asked the wire ready to do so be had been done by the bughingly answered, "Yes." "Then I am sending a woman to you by the new rar passing your house, and I want you come across," I apswered.

When the Lesser Gods Laugh

I want her off with two street-car to i and a line on a reporter's pad. Then I got all about her and wrote an editorial. The Evil Liflerts of French Realisms on the American Idealism. I hope the least a whom the indiamenal "the delight maked into haups. It is we who are the close for the delight unders among the liters was realism that was idealism out under my hand, and I hadn't sense to recognize it. That is typical of much of woman in newspaperdom! She is welling the old dead sawdust and punk while life is quivering to come up under her hands. Next day at noon—in the rush, of course, when A. D. T. messenger boys were piling in telegraph stuff and printers' devils. piling in telegraph stuff and printers' devilpoling in telegraph stuff and printers' deviations were shouting for copy—a head poked into my cubbyhole door. "I've got a job," called a face—not the emuciated face of yesterday, but a face with the morning hope of the rose in its glow. "I've got a school at \$50 a month, and I'm leaving by the noon train." I followed her to the stairs.

"Good luck," I called, and I don't know her name to this day.

And now is there anything in newspaper.

And now is there anything in newspaper work for a woman, or is it a Barmeeids Feast? In this life, can women drink the full cup that all human beings crave? Is it a structure built up from foundations, or is it a door from somewhere to somewhere else? Is it a job or a vocation, an incident or an accident? However this may be, there is no candle that singes the wings of more moths. Yearly, out of the seminaries, out of the universities, out of the homes, out of quiet retreats where no one dreamed the journalistic lure could reach, come armies of recruits to what they call newspaper life. Is it the artistic they seek? There is no calling where life must be reproduced in replica to swifter order with no time for art. Or is it just a plain job, an ultimate vocation, where you will take out just what you put in? Do the hosts coming realize that success is a result, not an aim. in this life, and that the road up must be a training-in all the way, at hard, driving, unflagging pace? Do girls and women longing vaguely to be journalists think of that? Granted that the joy is in the game, and that newspaper work may become the

gamiest and most absorbing kind of game. the question is: Having learned, is the game worth the candle? Always it is a vocation where the risks are great, the pay moderate, the tenure uncertain, the hours excessive, the pressure high and constant, with no future, no place for age. If one goes into newspaper life seeking glamour, big wages, easy earnings, security, there can be only disappointment and a throwback of hopes. If one goes into the life seeking service, to do work that counts, to be grilled into fitness for work

that counts, one will find what Rhodes, what Tennyson, what King Arthur, what all other workers have found: So much to do, so little done,



Daily Bathing a Joy! JAP ROSE

The "Bubble Bath" Soap

NLESS you are using this delightful soap you cannot fully enjoy your daily bath, so necessary to complete health.

James S Kirk & Co.

JAP ROSE is essentially a bath soap—it lathers instantly and freely in *hard* or *soft* water, and rinses quickly, leaving an invigorated "clean all over feeling," with the knowledge of *perfect cleanliness*.

Ideal for shampooing -making the hair fluffy and glossy.

Sold for 10c the cake by good dealers everywhere.

JAMES S. KIRK & CO., CHICAGO

After the both use JAP ROSE "Face and Body Timber Talores Pseuder.



In automobile springs there is more to consider than comfort.

Remember, the front wheels get the first bump, and the motor gets the full shock, unless cradled on proper springs. Detroit Springs save the motor, the frame, shaft and transmission. They take the jars, the thrusts, the twists, caused by uneven roads.

They will never fail, for they have received worse mechanical shocks in severe tests at the factory.

Detroit Springs are guaranteed for two years not to settle, crack or break.

Specify Detroit Springs

for your next car. They impart long life to your car mechanism and comfortable, safe riding to your family and friends. Look for the lubricating cups. They identify the genuine.

Detroit Springs are Self-Lubricating

Near the ends of each leaf are depressions stamped in the steel and filled with a long-lived lubricant which is spread between the leaves as they rub upon each other. This prevents squeaking and reduces the wear of the spring. You will never know what real comfort and security mean until you experience the gentle "swing" of Detroit Springs.

Weste for tree illustrated book, "From The the To The Motor Eur." felling the enteresions fact they of Debug! Spring:

Detroit Steel Products Co. 2000 East Orand Detroit, Mich.

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: Notwithstanding the well-known claim that a new broom sweeps clean, and that a deal from a fresh pack makes futile whatever stacking of the rards has been done previously. I have the honor to report that the System is still working here in Washington and most of the ramifications thereof.

the ramifications thereof.

The System, as I have explained to you, is made up of the permanent persons in the executive departments of this Government. It is composed of the men who stay on the job regardless of shifts in party control, of patriots and politicians—like army officers, or example, or naval officers, who are in for life and who hold the burests posts in the War Department and the Navy Depart-ment—the chief clerks and others who run the other departments regardless of the entrances and exits of the chesty cabinet members who think they are personal con-ductors of their branches of the business of

the ration, but who are merely passengers, and are not riding first-class at that.

I am reminded of this by an incident that recently occurred in one of the great departments—it would not be fair to say which one, for similar instances are occurring in all departments all the time, and there would be reither use nor unifruit in singling out this secretary as a distinsingling out this secretary as a distin-guished goat. They are all more or less goats, Jim; but it so happens that the in-stance I have in mind whereby a cabinet member was made a goat of is so perfect an illustration of this condition that it seems

worthy of relation.

As everybody knows who is experienced in the ways of cabinet ministers, a cabinet in the ways of cabinet ministers, a cabinet minister is an exalted personage who is a member of the president's advisory bound and who is intrusted with the direction and management of a certain proportion of the executive business of the country.

Personally I have been approsed of the claims and characteristics of, say, a hun-dred of these eminent citizens; and not one of them was different from another. In-variably as each newsomer vocally took

of them was different from another. In-variably as each newsomer vocally took the outh of office be swore—mentally, at the same time—that he would run his depart-ment himself: that he would be the Su-preme Snark of his snarkdom, the boss of the entire works. And that was fitting and excellent: but the trouble was the new-rumer didn't know. He wasn't informed. He did not understand about the System, which is a perfectly logical outgrowth of our style of government.

The Mysterious Letter

Take the army, for example, or the navy, or any of the rest of them; but take the army—and there's nothing personal in the taking to the distinguished New Jersey jurist who is now our chief war oveneer. A new secretary of war is appointed. He lasts one year or two years, or may hap four years. Meantime the highly political soldiers who must make highly political soldiers who must make highly political soldiers. diers who must make up his technical and administrative forces are there for life. administrative forces are there for life. They were there before he came and they will be there when he goes away. Naturally they have plans and policies of their own. Naturally, too, the civilian is at their morey. Naturally, for the third and last time, they keep him in exactly that position.

The soldiers may be jealous of one another—and are; and there may be a great amount of politics of one kind and another in the army—and there is; but when it

in the army-and there is; but when it comes to putting over their own plans on the civilian secretary they are a unit. Then their teamwork is admirable. He is an episode. They are institutions. And this is rved as regards the rear admirals in the navy and in all other branches of the executive service. The System, the brook and the conservation of Jim Ham Lewis are

the three things that go on forever.

It so happened not long ago that the secretary of one of the departments, a calinet minister of renown, had a plan for increasing the efficiency of a certain branch of his department. It did not work out. There were reasons why the things he wanted done could not be done - and be felt impelled to abandon his quest.

He is a persistent person—this cabinet member—and he decided that if his plan

was not feasible another plan might help. He wanted to establish a new grade of public service; but as he couldn't, he felt that he might get a portion of the results he was striving for hy increasing the number of the men in a coordinate branch—that is, though he was not given his new service. he felt he could get some results by doubling the number of the men who did work along

somewhat similar lines.

It was a scheme all his own. He diract bother to consult with any of his numerous bureau heads about it. He simply called a his personal stenographer and dictated a letter to the committees in Congress having his departmental matters in charge, no ommending that the force of these commended that the force of these commended persons be doubled. As he couldn't get new workers, he desired and recommended enthusiastically the increase of what he had, and felt that he had done a good

The letter went to the committees and was received and filed for discussion and action. Four or five days later the committees of the House and Senate received another communication from this cabinet member, regularly signed and official, which recommended specifically that as increase be made in the force the original recommendation had so strongly urgoi should be doubled. This communication said nothing about the first communication. As they showed, when placed side by side, the cabinet member had recom-mended one thing one day, and then, a few days later, had recommended exactly another thing without withdrawing the first recommendation or referring to it. another communication from this cabine recommendation or referring to it.

The Sign-Here System

Committees in Congress are wise. The have been dealing with the System for years. The men in charge of these particular committees laughed when they conpared the two letters. The chairman of mental the two letters.

of them called on the secretary." Mr. Secretary." he said, "which re-ommendation do you desire us to follower the matter of that increase in the so-and-

"Which recommendation?" the more "Which recommendation?" the more tary exclaimed. "Why, I have made but one recommendation, and that was that the force should be doubled."

"Pardon, Mr. Secretary; but you have made two recommendations touching on that subject."

"Not at all!" the secretary replied tartly. "Not at all! I have made but one communication to you on the subject. I want the force doubled."

"Then," said the chairman, "why did you send us a letter recommending that no increase should be made at this time?"

"What letter?" roared the secretary
"I have sent you no such letter."

The chairman laid the two letters before
the secretary. He read one and then the
other. Both were regular. Both were
signed by him. Both were official. Neither
had the slightest reference to the other. As
they read, he asked for a certain thing one they read, he asked for a certain thing or day and then, a few days later, asked that what he had asked for the first time should

what he had asked for the first time should not be done—and gave no explanation.

"I know nothing about this second recommendation," said the secretary, growing a bit purplish in the face. "How did you get it?"

"From you, of course. Isn't the signature yours?"

The secretary examined the signature it was undeniably his. "How do you account for it?" be gasped.

"Why," answered the chairman, "they have put one over on you. It's simple enough."

And so it was. Not knowing that the

And so it was. Not knowing that the secretary had written the original letter, but knowing he had such an increase in mind, the System, which was opposed to such an increase as the secretary advocated. had a recommendation for no increase prepared, slipped into a mass of official letters and passed along to him. It was in official

No secretary can read every letter be signs or he would have no time for any-thing else; and when the expert blotter who brought in the mail indicated with his



Shorthand notes can be read only by the stenographer who writes them.



An Edison Dictating Machine record of your dictation is intelligible to anyone. That is one great advantage of dictating your letters to an

EDISO DICTATING MACHINE

You dictate at your own convenience. You talk as slowly or as rapidly as you please. You are never interrupted and your letters come back to you in short order, just as you dictated them.

The Edison Dictating Machine has been developed to its present advanced design by a corps of experts of under the personal su-



A. Edison. It is the machine approved and labeled by the Underwiters' Labo-latories, Inc., under the direction of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, and the only dictating machine equipped with an Auto Index for conveying comec-

Service Everywhere, including the principal Canadian Cities



232 Lakeside Avenue

Orange, N. J.

SEND IN THIS COUPON

mas A. Edison, Inc. 232 Lakeside Avenue, Ocunge, N. J.

Please send me your 24-page brochure, "The Green, i exother and the Wisserd," describing how the Edia ating Machine may be adapted to my work, and you lets on its mechanical and electrical advantages.

thumb the place for signature and said, "Sign here!" the secretary signed; and be never would have been the waser if it had not been that he had taken a little initiative himself and had written a previous letter of his own volition instead of according to the instructions of the System.

The committee chairman left the secretary in a haze. He is trying to find out what happened to him. He will not be successful. The same thing has happened to other secretaries times without number, and the same thing will happen to him again. He will resolve to read everything he signs and will do so for a day or two. Then he will find that is impossible, and the System will go gayly along in the same old way. Whenever it is advisable to slip one over on him, said one will be slipped over; and this will be the case in all other depart-

Every man wants all the power be can get, even a president! For example, have you'by any chance looked over that bill, recently signed, providing for a government railroad in Alaska? One doesn't need to go much further than the title to learn how rapidly we are centralizing things. The title of that bill is:

"An Act to authorize the President of the United States to locate, construct and oper-rate railroads in the Territory of Alaska,

and for other purposes."

It would seem that when it comes to railroad building, at an initial expense of thirty-five million dollars, the man who has the authority to "locate, construct and operate" such a road has about all there is; and an examination of the bill shows that to be the case. Under the terms of the bill the President is to select the name for the road; employ everybody connected with and for other purpose the President is to select the name for the road; employ everybody connected with the work; designate army or navy officers as engineers; fix all rates of wages to be paid; locate the route; pick out terminals; make the schedule of rates; make the regulations for running the road; lease it if he likes; build and maintain telegraph and telephone lines; locate town sites, and do everything else in connection with it save raise the moreov which is to be provided by ruise the money, which is to be provided by the Treasury. He is to hire and discharge, receive reports, and—to make it good in case any little delegation of power and authority was overlooked—"to do all neces-sary acts and things in addition to those specially authorized in this Act to enable him to accomplish the purposes and objects

A Dent in a Spotless Record

As nearly as I can make it out, about all they do not permit and require the President to do is to take tickets on the trains and act as flagman. It is, of course, a tremendous tribute to the President, for the read might easily have been built by a board, or by the secretary of the interior and a commission; but it is also a remarkable exemplification of the process of centralizing that is in progress and to which it

tralizing that is in progress and to which I thus call your attention.

I'd like to lay a small wager that Ambassador Walter H. Page, who has hitherto
represented us so jocosely at the Court of
St. James, never makes another joke so
long as he may live. We are keenly humorous, we Americans, but only in an unofficial

capacity.

The fact is, a public man who makes a joke makes at the same time a deat in his record that he never can push out; and an ambassador who makes a joke may as well ambassador who makes a joke may as well look for a convenient weeping willow tree on

which to hang his harp.

Poor Walter Page! He doubtless wonders what hit him; but if he had reflected e would have been as serious as Porter J. McCumber, which is the most serious thing there is. Imagine an amhassador making a joke to Englishmen about the Panama Canal and the Munroe Doctrine, with thirty-one senators preparing to go before the people this year, and some of them in states where the Mexican troubles are vital. and the repeal of free canal toils a local issue, to say nothing of a big bunch of

representatives in the same case.

After this, no doubt, Ambassador Page will confine his public speaking to the recital of such cheerful sentiments as:

"This world is all a fleeting show, for man's illusion given!" and so on.

Do you suppose there is any connection between the report that Mr. Roosevelt received three thousand dollars for a speech in Brazil and the announcement that Mr. Bryan is going to take a trip down that way next However, farewell, Bills-



These Garden Tools Have Life and Spunk

The very instant you handle a Keen Kutter garden tool, you know that you are handling a first-class tool. When you use Keen Kutter tools, you know that they'll do their work as you want them to do it. A Keen Kutter lawn mower cuts close and clean. It holds its edge, and it won't quit where the grass is long. It's the same with all

KEEN KUTTER

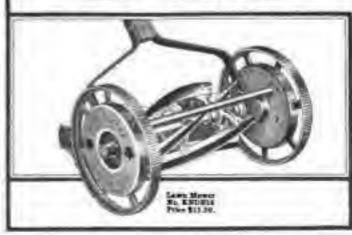
garden tools - the quality is there. It must be or the tool can't leave the factory. And no Keen Kutter tool is too small to receive a rigid inspection that makes quality assurance doubly sure. Buy and use Keen Kutter garden tools and if you find that any one falls down, the dealer is authorized to return your money.

The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY

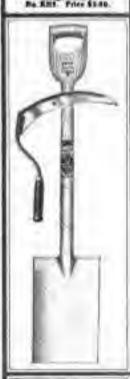
New York Philadelphia Toleda Sinux City











Bo. E. Frice \$0.00. Sparts Ha KHDL Frice \$1.26



It seals every delicious piece ele proof, dust-proof, impurity-proof that it is scrupulously clean an

Chew it

WRIG SPEA PEPS

It's clean, pure, healthful if it's WRIGLEYS

BUYIT

for 85 cents - at most twenty 5 cent package





How Much Interest Should I Pay?-By Roger W. Balson

"UNEASY lies the head that wears a country ever arrives at this opinion it will be the new Federal Reserve Board, charged with the duty of both preventing inflations and extending accommodation to the business men of the United States.

If interest rates become abnormally low and accurities consequently abnormally high, accompanied by gold exports, these men will be blamed: while if money rates become abnormally high and securities abnormally low, accompanied by gold imports,

these men will likewise be wholly blamed.

To hope that business will reach an ideal condition wherein buyers and sellers, loaners and borrowers, producers and consumers shall all be happy, is too much to expect, Consequently the Foderal Reserve Board will always be stormed either by one side or the other of the surgent mass of humanity whose activities we harbarously style huminess.

Unlike the Aldrich Bill the checking of business under the new Currency Law is not performed automatically, but rather is left to the judgment of the Federal Reserve Board. Whether or not this is wise depends of course, on the character and judgment of these men. There is no reason why they cannot perform as good service as yea, even better service than—the automatic checks suggested by Mr. Aldrich.

On the other hand there is no reason

On the other hand there is no reason why these men cannot permit our currency to be expanded, with an accompanying era of inflation, which Senator Root, while shutting his eyes and looking into the future, is reported to anticipate as follows:

"Every one is making money. Every one is growing rich. It goes up and up, the margin between cost and sales continually growing smaller as a result of the operation of inevitable laws, until finally some one whose judgment is bad—some one whose capacity for business is small—breaks; and as he falls he hits the next brick in the row, and then another and another—and down comes the whole structure!

"That, sir, is no dream. That is the histary of every movement of inflation since the world's business began; and it is the history of many a period in our own coun-

"If we enter on this career of inflation we shall do it in the face of a clearly discernible danger, which, though clearly recognized, will result in a dreadful catastrophe. Gold always leaves the country in which the amount of currency exceeds legitimate requirements of business."

The Reserve Board's Power

Though the Federal Reserve Hoard can do much to cause lower interest rates, increase credit facilities, and bring about the inflation times Senator Root suggests, yet I feel that the Federal Reserve Board will be limited by the very gold movements to which Senator Root refers.

In other words, for once I do not believe our great senator is logical. The Federal Reserve Board can lower money rates and cheapen credit by permitting an excess of currency to be issued: but no Federal Reserve Board can make water run uphill. Gold always leaves the country of high prices or low money rates, and goes to the country of low prices and high money rates. The Federal Reserve Board will be in a position to hamper or develop the business interests of this country; but it can never stop the operation of natural economic laws.

Now as this era of inflation of which Senator Root dreams comes about, gold will be rapidly leaving the country; and as the Federal Reserve Board most have a forty per cent reserve in gold to protect the inflated currency, this means that it must either stop the outward flow of gold or reduce the outstanding currency.

To do either it will be necessary to increase interest rates, contract business and return again to the simple life. Thus, though the new currency system will not have the automatic checks Mr. Aldrich desired, yet the Federal Reserve Board will have natural law, expressed in the flow of gold, to contend with, which, though slow in effect, should prevent any such abnormal inflation as certain buskers fear.

During the past ten years rates on time money have varied from four to six per cent on the choicest loans for the best borrowers, with minimum during the past year of about six per cent; though the average borrower has been obliged to pay much more—if he could obtain the money at any price. Practically speaking the average borrower has been unable to obtain money at any price in many instances. When money has been applied for at the local bank the cashier has sadly replied: "Mr. Jones, we are very sorry, but we have no funds to loan at this time."

Now these kindhearted cashiers can no longer give this excuse, but must either come out frankly and tell Mr. Jones they think his note is not good, or they must obtain for him the funds from the Regional Reserve Bank. This should soon be a great been to business; and when the present era of depression has been completed, to counterbalance the previous era of prosperity, this country should enter into another era of exceedingly good business, with a considerable upturn of our normal line of growth.

In other words there is no doubt in my mind that the new Currency Act will result in lower average interest rates on commercial loans.

There is, however, one warning I desire to give to the small business man, for whom I have been writing in this weekly during the past few months—namely: Do not allow this decrease in interest rates to be absorbed by the large interests before it reaches you.

Tariff Reductions Absorbed

In some studies I have been making of the results of the recent new tariff I find there has been a distinct reduction in wholesale prices of woolens, machinery, and various other articles on which the tariff has been reduced; but that this reduction is being absorbed mostly by the middlemen and there has been little decrease in retail prices.

I have before me several instances where duties have been lowered from twenty-five to fifty per cent of the articles' cost, with a reduction of less than ten per cent in the price the consumer has to pay. This is owing to the fact that the consumers are unorganized and unable to force prices

In the same way, unless you small business men stand up for your rights and insist on a lower money rate from now on, big business may absorb the principal advantages of the Currency Act without those advantages sifting down to the small merchant.

In order to help such small business men I have recently made an examination of the rates of interest average investments are paying our banks at the present time. In addition to studying the investments owned by the banks of which I am an officer I have also studied the investments of other institutions, especially a great life-insurance company that has invested during the past year about fifty million dollars under most careful restrictions. First, it will be interesting to notice how this money has been divided—that is, the various forms of investment sought.

I find that eight-fortieths was invested in state and municipal bonds representing twenty-two states, thirty-four cities, ten countles and several school districts, with a net return of 4.78 per cent interest. Seven-fortieths was invested in the bonds of countries and cities outside the United States and Canada, and these paid 4.40 per cent interest. Nine-fortieths was invested in the choicest railroad bonds, which paid five per cent interest. Fifteen-fortieths was invested in mortgages on business property, which paid 5.58 per cent interest. One-fortieth was invested in farm loans, which paid 5.50 per cent interest.

Taking all these loans and investments together, an average rate of only five and one-tenth per cent was obtained the past year; while, considering the total assets of nearly one billion dollars invested during the past decade, there is found to be an average interest return of about four and one-half per cent; in fact the insurance company above referred to submits the



Before dances and social gatherings particular people use

the snow-white, disappearing cream which gently neutralizes all odors of perspiration.

25c at drag- and department-stores.

MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestaut St Philadelphia



better than marking ink for wearing apparel, setsold inen, etc. Your name can be interest with a fine cambric tape in Fast Cotons, losen full name \$2.00, 6 dozen \$1.25, I dozen. Other prices on application. Have your ods names woven. An ideal glit, essential cardina exhects. to bounding schools.
Send for Samples to

J. & J. CASH, LY4 600 Decree 5, Send Narrail, Case, U.S. &

(Jetter can be placed through your dealer:

following table, as showing the interest return of all its ledger assets on December

Railroad bends-4.27% \$311,949,214.47 Foreign government and municipal bonds-Line 83,002,625.44 Pulicy loans - 5 133,567,619.52 Premium nobes -5% 4,508,039,71 Mortgage hears, including farm mertgages—197 132,970,999.44 State and municipal bendo-4.04 53,177,784.79 Miscelliasons bends -0.07. 7,000,132,23 Stock received from reorganizations. 294,049,39 Maral metata awared -4.36" 9,196,546,10 Cash-2301 7,140,755.82

In plain English this means that, though the small business man has been paying six per cent, and the average reader of this weekly has probably been paying more—in some cases perhaps seven, eight, ten or twelve per cent - yet the average rate received from all outstanding investments the past year has been only about four and one-half per cent; while the average of new investments has been about five and one-tenth per cent-which, moreover, is abnormally high. Of course, owing to the additional expense involved in handling small loans, banks are justified in charging a somewhat higher rate to the small business man than to the muchhated bigger interest.

The large borrower is economically entitled to the same consideration as the large buyer; but the above figure of five and one-tenth per cent includes the interest. received from the higgest and strongest concerns us well as from the smallest; comequently it is an average rate, and not either a minimum of maximum.

Under the new Currency Law this average rate should be lowered. At any rate this is my opinion after making a careful statistical study of the situation at the

Simplified Shopping

A SIMPLE service that is of great use to suburbanites and city visitors has been established in a new great railroad station at Birmingham, England. This is a shopping-pared office. Articles purchased at stores may be ordered sent to this office, and then when the purchaser is ready to take his train home he can gather up all his pareds at this office in the railroad station.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MAN-AGEMENT, CHICULATION, ETC.

of THE SATTADAN EXENCENT POST, published workly at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, required by the Act of August 24, 1972.

Nove.—This statement is he be reads in deposite. Such reports to be delicated by the publisher to the positioner, who will send use copy, to the Tond American Positionaries for over 10th outer of Classifications, Was mornes, U. C., and return the attent on the Case for the past offers.

bittler, George H. Lorimer, Wyneide, Pressylvania Managing Editor, None Budness Managore, None

Publisher, The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia, Present runts

Owners: Of a corporation, give names and undraway of stockholders boilding I per each or more of total amount of stock.)

Administ of Society.

Librard W. Bun, Merson, Prenationals
William Bland, Union Intercape Business, Chicago
Photo B. College, Warneste, Prenaminanta
Cyrea H. X. Carlo, Warneste, Prenaminanta
Lean E. Lawrey Currier, Warneste, Prenaminanta
John Gethind, Warneste, Prenaminanta
John Gethind, Warneste, Prenaminanta
Februard W. Hance, Medicapolitant Forest, New York
Channese T. Lamb, Borne Internation Prenamina, Chicago
Giongo H. Lorinner, Warneste, Prenaminanta
C. H. Ladingrico, Archivore, Prenaminanta
E. W. Spatishing, The Peter Imaginanta Apartments New York

E. W. Spatishing, The Peter Imaginanta Apartments.

Known bondholders, mortgagess, and other security holders, holding I per cent or more of total account or other ocuriti

None.

Average number of expires of each issue of this pubbroton sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to past subscribers during the ex-menths preceding the date of this statement. (This information is required from daily newspapers andy.)

THE CERTS PERSONS COMPANY

George H. Lorinse

Score to and subscribed before me this thirteenth day of March, 1915.

WILLIAM M. ROYALT Notary Public (M) communication expense Julie 10. (917)



"That Styleplus suit is simply astonishing at \$17!"

To the young man above all, "impression" is a big part of the game-he must look well if he would win. Instinctively he chooses Styleplus Clothes \$17 to give him the "making good" appearance and save him real money besides.

Styleplus

The same price the world over

All-wool fabrics, genuine style, high-grade tailoring, and splendid wearing qualities can now be obtained in a mit which costs but \$17!

"What is the sense of my paying \$20 to \$25, or even more, for my clothes when I can get suits like these for \$17?" you will say if you visit the Styleplus Store in your town.

"Why not save \$3 to \$8?"

Popular with men of all ages and all occupations. Style + all wool fabrics. Style + perfect fit. Style + expert workmanship. Style + guaranteed wear.

You can tell a genuine Styleplus by the Lahel in the coat, the Ticket on the sleeve, and the Guarantee in the pocket.

One leading clothier in nearly every town and city sells Styleplus Clothes. If there should not be a Styleplus store in your town, please write us, and we will refer you to one mearby.

Send for our book, "As Others See You."

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO. Baltimore, Md. Founded 1849





17,298

This figure represents the number of Cadillac cars manufactured and distributed during the Calendar year of 1913.

It represents in retail selling value more than thirty-four millions (\$34,000,000) of dollars.

It represents a volume of cars which, we believe, exceeds the sale, during the same period, of all other high grade American cars combined, selling at or more than the Cadillac price.

11,000

This figure represents the number of 1914 Cadillac cars which have already been manufactured and distributed.

It represents in retail selling value more than twenty-two millions (\$22,000,000) of

It represents a volume of cars which, we believe, exceeds the deliveries of all other 1914 high grade American cars combined, selling at or more than the Cadillac price.

It is an unparalleled endorsement of the 1914 Cadillac.

There should be no question in your mind as to the car which dominates the high grade field.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich

THE LITTLE GENERAL

in the student's eyes what he did not like, and under his peaceful pilgrim's robe his steel muscles tightened with anger

The student chattered, braggart-fashion. He was from Paris, where he studied. "My brother wished much to study," said the girl, eyes and heart ahead with the crawling column.

"Latin, rhetoric, didactics, astronomy!" His manner was lordly. "Save in rhetoric I did well. The rhetoric examiner disliked me—an affair of a woman. But he will give so further trouble."

He paused for a question, but received none. "I slit his throat for him," he ob-served, and fell to whistling. The girl edged away from him toward the pulmer.

She was very weary. The dust choked her, and the road, parked hard with many feet, bruised through her sandals. Once she staggered. The student slipped a quick arm about her; his voice took on the deep note of men that woo.

"Come, come, mistress," he said softly.
"I am strong. Lean on me." He drew her
to him. The next instant the palmer's staff

to him. The next instant the palmer's staff took him sharp on the shoulder.

"Our Lady!" he cried, and whirled.
One of the groups of swaying women turned and watched. A cluster of country folk gaped. All was not holiness then among these pilgrims! Here was to be trouble. But trouble there was not just yet. The student glared, then laughed.

"I do no battle with the holy palm!" he said. "If you think I fear, see this!" He stripped up a siesve, baring a mighty arm. "And this!" He held up a dagger. The women drew back. The girl did not flinch. "Good sirs," she said, "if I am to make ill will it were better that I travel alone." To the student she turned, chin high. "You mean well, that I know: but the good

mean well, that I know; but the good lather here will accompany me. We have traveled all day peaceably. The student took his dismissal furiously,

the student took his dismissial furnously, isowed, swinging his cap almost to the dust, and going ahead joined the group of evil somes. Laughter floated back to the pairner and the girl making their silent way. But although the student gibed there was no mirth in his eyes.

FOR two days the child had trudged to rest on some shady bank, making little bursts of speed to catch up again. As he grew tired his white bunner with its red

cross trailed in the dust, and once he lorget it and must retrace his steps a weary way. Nevertheless the flame in his young eyes was unquenched. There was sunlight, food in plenty, the freedom of the road. At any time, also, they might reach the Holy City. Like many of the others at each hamlet he

"Is this Jerusalem?"
"A little farther on," was the reply.
Mary, Mother of God, keep you."
The column was long, kaleidoscopic in its changes. Those who were first, growing weary, became last. The stronger some forged ahead, remained in the van, set a sace that thinned the line to attenuation. When one had breath one cheered or sang. The boy sang lustily, eyes toward the south; sang even while he limped, while the banner trailed in the dust; sang even when, on awaking from his sleep on a bench in the marketplace, he had found his wallet alit open and his small stock of money gone.

But on this second night he was very tired and they had not yet reached the Holy City. The way seemed long. The purple shadows of twilight ruse out of the east, even while the hilltops were still golden-yellow with the surset. At home the cows would be lowing at the gates, and his sister would be placing the supper towls. Word went down the line that they being near. What, then, of the Old Man of the Mountain? Of the King of the Assassins, who lived in the hills of Lebanon, and whose emissaries struck down in the dark those who were on their way to the Tomb?

The line hesitated, closed up on itself, stopped. The road ran through a ravine with uncleared forest on either side. Al-though the day had been breathless-hot. the valley that night was cool, almost cold. Here and there brushwood fires sprang up. The elders, hangers-on, rat-eyed cutthroats, did rude cooking, warmed themselves, drunk, and being filled to repletion spread

themselves about their fires and slept. Outside the sodden ring of their bodies the children crept up as near as they dared, to

children crept up as near as they dared, to warm themselves.

The boy had courage. Fire was comforting and there were wolves in the forest. Also he was too young to dread rebuff. So, one group being safely asleep, he stole inside to the very fringes of the blaze and sat down. All round him in the abandon of sleep lay the scum of Europe. He sat by the fire, not uncontented, and the red cross over his heart glowed in the firelight. Soon he yawned. He bent over, painfully unlaced his sandals, yawned again. Then be dropped back and slept. An hour or so later the student, roused by a weight on his later the student, roused by a weight on his right arm, opened his eyes. The fire was low and the night breeze in the valley chill. The boy had crept up to him for warmth and lay with his head on the student's outstretched arm.

"Dens!" grumbled the student, who had studied Latin, and slept again.

The night was not silent. Murder, robbery and wanton cruelty were abroad that night. Two miles areas, at the head of the

night. Two miles away, at the head of the sleeping column, lay ten-year-old Nicolas, the General of the Holy Ghost, surrounded by an escort of princelings, of noble chil-dren and a scattering of monks. Here it was silent.

The girl searched through half the night. Twice the palmer's staff saved her from mischief. It was only when at last she succumbed to sheer exhaustion that he drowsed uneasily, his back to a tree. Gradually the accasional outcries died away. The night grew weary of sinning. The darkest hour before the dawn found all allest save for the graphing of underlying the the graphing the graph the graph the graphing the graph silent, save for the crackling of underbrush under stealthy, padded feet, the groun of some sleeper who found the earth a hard

Twenty thousand children slept under the stars that night. Within a month sev-enty thousand would be on the way—thirty thousand, under twelve-year-old Stephen of France, doomed to shipwreck and slavery, not one to return; twenty thousand more leaving hereft the homes of Germany. Sev-enty thousand in all, dying for an ideal, doomed before they started. "For the cause of God and without price." At dawn the student roused. A woman

ho lay near was watching him from under

half-closed lide.
"So!" she said. "Is our lien tamed? He
who slit the throat of the examiner! He whose sport it was to grease the feet of slaters to see them fall! Behold!" The student had turned surly overnight. He slid his arm from under the sleeping

He slid his arm from under the sleeping toy's head and sat up.

"Let the child sleep," he said churlishly.

"Save your clack for later in the day. If you rease him you will find if the lion has become a bleating sheep."

He towered over her. It was early summer dawn, no sun yet and still root. Purple night still edged the sky. The camp slept. From under her lids the woman looked up at him.

Come!" she said. "Last night you

loved me. For answer he kicked the embers of the

For answer he kicked the embers of the fire together with his foot, and then, stooping, covered the boy with his cloak. The woman eyed the cloak covetously.

"Loved you!" The tone was contemptuous. He looked down at her, at her untidy hair, at her sprawling figure. Then he deliberately prudded her with his foot.

"The cloak is to remain over the boy," he said with a threat in his voice. Then he took his great height and heavy shoulders.

took his great height and heavy shoulders off into the morning mists.

The children were weary and slept late. The sun had lifted over the lip of the horicon before the camp was fully awake. But long before that time the palmer had all be prayed; then with a hand on the girl's shoulder he roused her.

"Now is the time to search, daughter." he said. "Later on, with all in motion, it

will be difficult. A very little bread was all they had for food, with water from a spring that having had the night to settle was fairly clear. A half mile to the east ran the Rhine, but few there were of the weary young Crusaders who made the extra half mile that morning. The girl renewed her search with the courage of a new day. Surely now she would

(Continued on Page 49)

(Continued from Page 46)

find him. She ate but half of her bread, saving the rest for fear he hungered. The palmer had bruised a foot and must save himself for the day's journey. So she wan-dered alone along the line, looking, making plaintive inquiry.

"He is but a babe," she said over and over, "and his hair is the color of mine. Also he carries a banner. He stands very straight for one so small, and when he speaks he looks straight in your eyes."

She found him after all quite by accident. For a wretch of a camp follower caught her in its arms and would have kissed her, when he was clutched from behind and whirled.

he was clutched from behind and whirled through the air. Where he had been stood

through the air. Where he had been stood the student, scowling.

"By Our Lady!" he said to her sav-agely, "know you not that you court insult? Aye, and worse. Yesterday you were well guarded!"

"I do but seek my brother," she replied

with a new meekness.

Then come.

He elbowed his way through the circling rowd that had gathered and she followed. By the dying embers of a fire, wrapped in a cloak, the boy was sitting contentedly eating. Beside him on the ground was an iron pot of new milk. As they approached. the woman of the early morning was bending "But a taste, little son!"

Why, it is not mine. But if you

The student growled in his throat and the woman took herself off.
"Little brother! Little brother!" cried the girl, and fell on her knees beside him. He took her arrival with the saay accept-

ance of childhood; must show her his sandals, worm already, and one blistered foot; offered her milk, which she took; must tell her of the King of the Assassins. And finally having exhausted his store of news, must have word of home; of his geese; of the house dog; of his mother last of all. All the while the student stood by, silent, almost sullen, watching the glint of the girt's hair in the early way.

in the early sun.

It was only when the young Crusaders set slowly under way again that the girt fell to marveling about the milk, and how the student had found the child.

"He looks like you, mistress," he replied shortly. "As for the milk, I found it close at hand—as undiscovered herd."

What he did not any was that he had

at hand—an undiscovered herd."

What he did not say was that he had tramped far through the mists, had stolen the kettle from a sleeping farmhouse, had been soundly kicked by the first cow he had attempted to milk. Vastly ashamed was the student that morning—he, the slitter of guilets, the free of foot, the rake, to saddle himself with a child and a girl! For saddled he was, and bridled too. The boy dung to him; the girl, failing to voice her

clung to him; the girl, failing to voice her gratitude, openking it with her eyes.

Not that he stayed with them. During the long day's march he remained always behind them, a hundred feet, a hundred yards, but in plain sight, towering over the children, occasionally with the woman of the morning, who fawned on him, but more often surrounded by little ones. He drove often surrounded by little ones. He drove them on roughly, he frightened them with hideous tales, he sang French songs that luckily they did not understand. But now and then a straggler, no longer responding to the scourge of his oaths, found himself nicked up and carried in great arms.

picked up and carried in great arms.

Except in the matter of fatigue the going was comfortable. They followed the Rhine along the west bank, save here and there where a cut across country saved a detour. And these cross-country excursions were painful. The drought continued. Away from the river they suffered for water. And hamlets were scattered. Famine threatened the countryside, which found itself called on to feed an army and had not food for itself. At St. Goar, where the river loops west-ward to receive the Main, they struck into sun-dried plains again, crossed the Nahe, traveled by Limburg, Trifels and Selz, and so back to the welcome Rhine again and

The cut-off had taken several days. The sight of the Rhine again was received with shouts. Once more small throats, now parched, rose to the song of the Crusade, so earnest, so ironic:

"Pair are the meadows, Fairer still the woodlands Robed in the blooming garb of spring; Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer, Who makes our saddened hearts to sing."

The palmer did not rejoin the girl and the child. Perhaps he felt that, having brought them together, they no longer needed him. He plodded along, now in the van, now in the rear of the procession, head on breast, in the selfish absorption of the religious fanatic. And yet, were one near, religious (anaite. And yet, were one near, one saw how his eyes watched from under the broad hat; how, apparently seeing nothing, he missed nothing. The girl was left wondering, rather hurt; and yet, had she known it, not one night did she and the child sleep beyond his ken. He slept little, mostly he watched. And it was the student he watched. he watched.

A strange quartet, that: The student, untamed, savage, primitive, making a thou-sand plans in the day and thwarted by the palmer's red-fringed eyes at night; the child with his gray robe and flaming cross, his weary feet and eyes set ahead for the king-dom of God; the girl, full of tender mother-ings, strong of heart, deep-breasted and sun-warmed, led on by no dream of the Sepolcher and its rescue, but lightening the burden of the dreamers; and always near, threatening, praying, the pilgrim in his

gray habit, with the dusty-green cross of the palm.

So far the column was practically intact.

A few weakings had fallen out and turned disheartened faces homeward. Their places were more than filled by the idlers and scamps of the villages through which they passed, and by childish recruits. But now passed, and by childish recruits. But now disintegration began. Towns were fewer; the road often hardly a path. The student, bringing up the rear, could neither flog nor curse courage into some. The one cry was: "The sea! The sea!"

"And when you reach the sea, little brother! There is much water."

She was bathing his tired feet in the river. He gazed out at the shrunken stream.

"More than here in the Rhine?"

"Much more."

"HE will torn it back," he asserted, un-

"HE will torn it back," he asserted, un-daunted. "HE prepares already. That is why there is no rain."
She bent over and kissed him. And as

once before: Brave words, little brother!" she said,

and fell silent.

They were camping in a town that night and the child wandered back alone through the twilight. The girl sat on the bank, depressed. There was much talk of the mountains now. Soon they would leave the river and cross into Hochbergund. It was was said that there was snow there, and they were clad for summer. She held up the child's sandals and looked at them. They were wern through. Many things made her low-spirited. Rapine and robbery persisted; the honest burghers of the hamlet behind her had caught a thief that day and hanced him on a heaty sellions. and hanged him on a hasty gallows. Only the night before one of the wild haruns had ridden down from the hills with his men and made a raid on the camp. It was said that thirty children had been carried off into

alayery.

The river slid past her feet. Warm so the day was, the water was chill, being fed by day was, the water was chill, being fed by icy tributaries from the mountains. The girl shivered and looked up. The student

was standing beside her.
"Alone at last!" he said. "You are

cautious mistress."
"Why should I be cautious who have nothing to fear?"

"Are you so certain of that?" "I am on God's errand. He will care

There have been others that He did put-care for!'

Now to the girl this tall youth was no menace, but a protection. Had he not brought milk to the boy, and had she not seen him again and again with weary children in his arms?

"If I am not worthy for Him to care for I am not afraid. Are you not here? Why are you ashamed of being kind?"
"Eh? Kind — 1?" He was taken aback, horrified. If it were overheard! If

it should get about! He-kind!
"Deus!" he said suddenly. "How beau-

tiful you are!' A new instinct of coquetry stirred in the girl, flushed her. After all the student was a man, and comely, and could she not read his eyes?

"I am glad if I am—not unpleasing." He had lounged above her on the bank. Now he sat down beside her and slid a hand

over both of hers as they lay in her lap.
"My lady of the gold hair!" be said through his teeth, and closed his hand like (Continued on Page 52)



"Give me a quart of oil"

This careless request may bring costly penalties



The garage man comes out.

The motorist says, "Give me a quart of oil."

His "quart of oil" is poured into the crank-case, or reservoir. The car goes on.

No doubt the motorist thinks he has amply protected the 1500-odd parts of his motor.

Far from it. One of the surest ways to invite friction-drag and motor trouble is to say, "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of Oil" invites Loss of Power

Escape of explosion past the piston rings, loss of compression and loss of power frequently result from oil of incorrect body. The power-loss is felt most on heavy roads



is felt most on heavy roads and on the hills.

You can get full compression—complete power—only by using oil whose body suits your motor, Correct body is seldom secured by saying, "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of Oil" invites Scored Cylinder Walls

Scoring frequently results from oil of low lubricating quality. Often, also, the oil's hody is too light. Then the cylinder walls have no protecting film.



Scratching results.

Too often the blame can be traced straight to "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of Oil" invites Wear of Bearings

The problem of bearinglubrication is far from simple. Bearings differ widely in type and size. The oiling systems which supply them also differ. Adjustments vary.



Both the quality and body of the oil must suit these conditions. For every oil that suits your motor bearings, you will find many which will cause undue friction.

An almost sure start toward bearingtrouble is, "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of Oil" invites Wear of Wrist-Pins

Wrist-pin lubrication is a difficult problem and little understood.

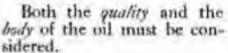


The location of the wristpins within the heated pistons and the slight angular motion of the bushings demand an oil which will spread readily, yet maintain the proper film between the pins and bushings.

Quick damage will come if the oil fails to meet these conditions. To encourage wrist-pin troubles prematurely, it is only necessary to say, "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of Oil" invites Carbon Deposit

Guesswork won't eliminate this trouble.





Suppose the *body* is too light for the piston clearance. The oil then works too freely into the combustion chambers. In burning, excess carbon accumulates unless the oil's ash is light and naturally expelled through the exhaust.

An easy road to carbon trouble is, "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of Oil" invites Noise

Noise is often a sign of worn partsresulting from friction.

It may be a dull "thump" at every revolution of the main shaft. It may be

A guide to correct Automobile lubrication

Exploration: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobileil that should be much. For example, "A" mean "Gargoyle Mobileil Arctic," For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobileil "A." The recommendation cover both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODRE OF	15	1410		11	43	112	1913		1914	
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Wilster	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbent Detroit	A	Arc	N.	Arc	A	Art	A	Are	Arc	Arri
Alon	FA	Mrc	PA.	Are	13	Anc	14	Air	1X	Arc
Attiocut (1 cyl.)	1 3	Att	l A	Are	I A	Att	1 %	Art	12	Ato
(4 (34))	A	FE	Ä	Arr	(A)	Atte	100	17.0	100	
Avery	LA	18	A	E	X.	N	I A	A	A	A
Buick (Feel F	A.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	100	100
(4 4yi.)	An	43rc	· Ac	Arr	A	ARC	A	Age	UA.	Arc
Cadillac (4 cyl.)	Abe	Day	And	Atr.	Arx	Att.	Acc	Arc		Aru
Carteriae	1.0	18	Δ.	1,5%	10	(A)	10	,E	Atts	Art.
Contl	10	K	ı,	Ast	1.0	Ans		Arr	0.21	UD:
Care contract of the con-	4550	lol.	n.	A	LA	Air	1.3	Atte	1.0	Aby
Chabrers	An	AL-	1.0	Arc.	Aty	Are	Atr	10	G.	120
Chase	1,8		12	Arr.	140	Are	Ar.	Sin	Arc.	1.0
Cole	L.W.	Arc	1 %	100	31	Tar.	Pii.	TA	B	14
F. M. F.	Ais	de	AN	Are	146	Sin	1 "	100	"	
Plat.	LA	A	В	200	12	A	B	4	B	1
Flanders	E	E	ıε	R	Acc	Air	1.0	10	1.00	1.55
" (6 cri)	1.	1.50	2	1.0	1.7	150	Arc	Acre	100	100
Ford	LA	Are	R	1.75	18	R.	16	0.5	E.	26



Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

MODEL OF	fam		- 43	1913		1917		2913		1914	
CARS	Summer	Wister	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Sunner	Wister	Summer	Wilmins	
Franklin G. M. C.	百	V.	4.00	A.	Arc	Arr. Arr. Atr.	AAA	Am. Am. Aec.	A	40	

CARS	- 11	1910		1931		1902		1913		114
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Havery 6-48 Havers 6-60. Havers 6-60. Hayens, Hudson, Hupsmile 20 1 H. C. (air) (water) International International	A Azec	AR.	A .A.A. Att	Arc Arc	В	Arc Arc Arc Arc Arc	A A A A A A A A A	Arc Arc Arc Arc Arc Arc	À	APE APE
Jackson (2 cyl) Jeffery Kelly King King Kar.	A TE	Anc.	A.	Asc.	Arc.	Arc B	Are A Are B	E	HAAAAB	Arc AA
Krit Lucomobile Louist Mark	Art. Art.	Arc Arc	Arc.	Arc. Arc.	Arc. Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Are.		Arc

"knocking" of worn wrist pins. It may be "hissing" within the cylinders. It may be "knocking" caused by excessive carbon deposit.

When a comparatively-new car pounds and racks its way along the roads it is seldom necessary to ask what brought on premature old age. Generally it is undue friction — resulting from incorrect lubricating oil. A way to invite premature noise is an off-hand request, "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of oil" increases Maintenance Cost

If the oil's quality is low, a larger quantity is necessary to maintain a film.

If its body is incorrect, you have incomplete protection for the moving parts.

In either case excessive friction-drag results. Fewer miles are obtained from each gallon of gasoline. Your fuel and repair bills mount up.

This common waste is the frequent result of "Give me a quart of oil."

"Give me a quart of oil" reduces Second-Hand Value

What fixes the selling price of a used car? (1) The condition of the motor. (2) The condition of the chassis. (3) The condition of the body.

The motor is the vital part of the car. The motor condition therefore, is most important.

At a recent sale in New York City, second-hand cars of uniformly prominent makes were auctioned off. The bodies were in good condition. The prices of the cars originally ranged from about \$2000 to \$5000. The selling price in some cases was as low as \$100.

Why? Because the motors and other moving parts were badly worn.

MODIL OF	M	10.1	1/	HF.	10	1.1	10	91.	713	18
KARE	Surs men	Winner	Summer	90 mod	FU	Stenes	Summy	Winner	Summer	William
Markey Markey Mormon Margedi (J.cyl.) (4 cyl.)	2555	HARRY.	SHA-	4162	25.50	S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S S	Sec. 3			ar ar
Memoer Meligiat	Ý.	And K	200	Ass.	200	45.15	SAN	5445	300	200
Meon (# cyl.) Moon (# cyl.) Nathymil	X	E	10	Act.	Sec	0	1	Gn.	Art.	50
Original Original	4	(Miles	A	Att.	A	8	30	6	ġ.	3
Paler Deroit	É	K	Acri		Asr.	1	10	An E	A	100
Perce Ages	AEE	Arr. Are	Are.	Ars	Aer.	A.C.	200	Aug.		An Ar

Was the wear due to long service? No. The age of most of these cars disproved that. Premature wear was evident.

It is safe to say the owners of these cars had used the common expression—"Give me a quart of oil." They paid a high price for their carelessness.

How to secure the correct oil for your car

Do not say "Give me a quart of oil."

You want an oil whose body is correct and whose quality is best suited to the requirements of your motor.

Ask for that oil and get it.

Below we print, in part, our Chart of Automobile Recommendations.

This Chart is the result of the most farreaching and thorough study of automobile lubrication that has ever been made.

It was prepared by a company whose authority on scientific lubrication, for every class of machinery, is recognized throughout the world—The Vacuum Oil Company.

It was prepared after a careful analysis of the motor of each make and model of American and foreign car.

For a number of years this Chart has

been the standard guide to correct automobile lubrication.

The superior efficiency of the oils specified has been thoroughly proven by practical tests.

Make a note of the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil specified in this Chart for your car. Then make sure that you get it.

You will then give your motor oil of body and quality which will yield you the fullest power, the greatest freedom from friction, and the greatest pleasure in motoring.

If your car is not listed below, send for our complete Chart of Recommendations.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils, it is safest to purchase in original barrels, halfbarrels, and *sealed* five-gallon or one-gallon cans.

Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.

On request we will mail a pamphlet on the Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles—and gives their causes and remedies.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery.

Obtainable everywhere in the world.

CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA INDIANAPOLIS
Fisher May. Ab & Chosing No. Indiana Friday May.

GARGONE

Mobiloils

NEW YORK

A grade for each type of motor

Methods colls	(410		13	11	H	12	1913		1914	
CARS	Sommer	Winner	humber	Wister	Summer	Winner	Summer	Wester	Summy	Wiener
Preside Assum Cool's. Prope Hectford	No.	Arc	Sec.	Arc	And Address	Ast Ast	Are.	Arc	Arr.	Arr.

MODEL OF	38	10.	.10	111	dy	112	15	11	11	114
CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summe	White	Samines	Witter
Rambier Regal Remail: Rem S. G. V. Sedden, Simplex Spandwell	A	A E Ant B Ant Ant	A A	Arc Arc Arc E	Arc A Arc Arc		Arc A B		A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A A	Are Are Are Are Are
Stearns Knight Stevens Duryea,	0.10	Arr	A	Arc	A	Arc.	Ä	1000	X	A.
Stoddard Dayton Knight		An.	A	Aic	A	A	A	A	1	Arc
Statz. Veller 9-45 Veller 9-30	A	6	A	Aic	2	Arc	A	Acre.	A	Arc.
Walter White (Gas)	Arr.	Are.	Arc. Arc.	Arv.	Arc.	Are. Are.	Arc	Arc. Arc.	Arc Arc	Arc

MINNEAPOLIS Pignosch Bisg. PETERBURGH



Walk for health, and pleasure, too

The Doctor says, "You need exercise; walk!" But walking can do you no good if it utterly exhausts you.

It is not the use of your muscles that tires you. The jar of your entire weight coming down thousands of times on your hard leather heels, shakes and shocks your sensitive nervous system and soon wears you out.

You should wear O'Sullivan's Heels. They are easy, springy cushions of new live rubber. They absorb the shock and jar of pounding along on hard sidewalks and stony roads.

With O'Sullivan's Heels you can walk lar with comfort and pleasure. You can come home refreshed and benefited instead of lagged out in body and mind.

O'Sullivan's Heels are invisible and last twice as long as leather. Wear them on the shoes you work in, walk in and dance in.

O'Sullivan's Heels cost but 50 cents a pair, attached. All shormakers and those dealers will attach them to your shoes when you buy them, or at any other time. If you prefer, send us 35 cents and a tracing of your heel, and we will mad you a pair. O'Sullivan Rubber Co., 131 Undson St., New York City.

Fullivan's HEELS !! RALLE &





(Continued from Page 49)

a vise over hers. Now for the first time she read his eyes and saw the madness there, felt his burning breath on her face. The next moment she was in his arms. She fought like an animal for freedom, bit, scratched, struggled. She did not hear the paimer's approach, but she felt the arms about her relax, saw the student put his hand to his head and reel, and knew the palmer's staff had struck a terrific blow. Then a knife flashed and the palmer went down. The student stood staring, while a red smear crept out and touched the gray-green cross. Nay, the dagger had gone through the cross itself. Descration, sacrilege, to have killed a holy man and profuned the cross!

profaned the cross!

Those were emotional days. Men's passions ran high and uncurbed. Religion was a thing of superstition and fear, of sinning and penance. The palmer did not move. Down on his knees went the student, his great bulk quivering with remorse, and crossed himself, muttering. The girl leaned faint, against a tree. From the town behind came the sound of the children singing in the market blace.

in the marketplace.
"You have killed him," she said dully.
"He was my good friend and you killed

"Now by Our Lady, this I swear," said the student on his knees; "To go myself to the Tomb; to take no more in vain the Huly Name; to assist all those who make the pilgrimage; to brawl no more." He hesitated, glanced from the girl to the palm cross with its red stain. "To touch no woman's hand, to kiss no woman's lips, until I have first kissed the Tomb."

He rose, stood very straight. "You need not lear me new, mistress, have sworn."

The swift summer darkness had fallen. The girl, white to the lips, made her way back to the village and house where she lodged. She was dazed with the swiftness of it all. Even the bey, drowning on a bench, noticed her paller. She evaded him; covered him against the night wind, chill from the mountains, but did not go to bed herself. She must work out this puzzle of life.

The village settled at last, save for those in the church, where thin candles guttered in their sockets. Parents prayed for the children that they would lose on the mor-row. Near the altar a tall youth, no longer

trembling with fright, but now resolute, knell and asked for strength.

He was the last to leave the church. He had scorned a lodging, being content to roll himself in his cloak and sleep, as did others, in the marketplace. But before that he made his way along the twisting street to where the girl was lodged, and having found the house, he knell very humbly in the the house, he knelt very humbly in the darkness and kissed the hollowed doorstep.

IT WAS a day of quick changes of heart. The fervor of religion was in the air. To the earlier Crussders the capture of the Sepulcher had meant battle, more than piety; the clash of ax against shield and armor, rather than the contest of religion against

Constantine had placed his sword above the cross. But the sword had failed. The Crusade of the Children was a reaction. What war had not done faith might do.

The student's change of heart was not unusual. Many like him, who had joined in a spirit of adventure, or those who left bome to escape poverty and wretchedness, ended by becoming asalots. Even the oaths of the time were colored by the prevailing spirit. Men swore by the Cross, by the Virgin, by the Blood of Christ.

Changed as he was, old habits were hard to overcome. Many a wicked song the student started and broke off singing; many a quarrel be courted; many an oath died on his lips. But although women wood him with their eyes, these he did not see. The girl and heaven at these he did not see. The had become an obsession now, although he rarely spoke to ber; never, by his vow, so much as touched her.

The procession had lost all form by now. One by one the bodyguard of the little Nicolas sickened or died. They were in Hochbergund and nearing the Alps. The weather, as they climbed, grew colder. At night they gathered round free. Each morning saw those who did not waken, but remained behind. Small mounds dotted the wayside where there were kindly country folk to dig graves.

The student was a natural leader. He pleaded hard that the unit be weeded out

and sent back. But as by now there was no order, so there was no authority. Little Nicolas, bereft of all of his advisers except a few fanatics, fell back into the ranks. Sick, he could hardly travel. The lines of small dead bodies increased—two thousand unburied on the plateaus before the Alps were reached.

And still the camp followers hung on. They had traveled so far—surely Italy was ery close. It were better to go ahead than to retrace those weary miles—Italy, with sun sgain and green valleys and grapes on the vines. A day, two days perhaps, and then warmth again.

The palmer had not been missed. A

pilgrim more or less when thousands were dying-who would notice, or noticing, care?

When they came in sight of the snow-covered peaks at last the army cheered with childish cries. But the student sought out the girl and stood before her. "I pray you, mistress, go back," he said. "This way lies death."

Death lies behind also."

"Look ahead, mistress! Think you many will live through that snow and ice-clad for summer and their garments tern to rags?"

She turned and looked back along the way they had come, much as on that day, only a month before, she had turned at the lip of the moor and gazed at the scar

across it.
"It is so far!" she said piteously. "To suffer as we have and then to full! Besides,

suffer as we have and then to fail! Besides, the boy—he will not give up now."

"Listen!" He bent toward her. "Go hark, as I pray you. All my life is yours, mistress. Let me take the boy. I am strong. When he is weary I will take him on my shoulder. If there is food he shall be fed." He pointed up at the peaks ahead, covered with ice. "Look and think!" he cried. "Can he cross that alone or with you?"

But she could not bring besulf to leave

But she could not bring herself to leave him, nor would the boy go back. He raised haggard eyes to the mountains and shook his head.

"I go to Jerusalem to the grave of Our Lord," he said obstinately. "Besides, great silly, we do not cross the top of the moun-tains. There are ways which are known." She gave up then and sought out the student. She found him on a rock harangu-

sas gare of the tan sough out the student. She found him on a rock haranguing a srowd of hangers-on, lifty or so.

"Men," he was crying, "these be but children on a holy errand! What we are, we know; what they are, we have seen. Over beyond these mountains lie warmth and safety. Would you die here of hunger and cold and see these little ones die? Or would you earn remission of sins, would you share the glory of this great emprise?"

They answered with a cheer: gimlet-syed thieves from Nieder-Lothringen and the lower Rhine; bearded cutthroats from Franken and the Black Forest. Something in the man got their confidence, almost their respect, certainly their fear. The only organization of the Crusade was effected then; fires were ordered; an attempt made then; fires were ordered; an attempt made to separate the children into bands, each with a captain; forage of the surrounding country decided on.

The giri stood by and listened. Surely all would be well. Strong men had taken hold. The student saw her and came to her, his heart in his eyes.

"Now at last have I hope," he said.

Many will die, but some will live. What

think you of my -accomplices?"
""God does his work sometimes with crooked instruments," she quoted.
"And with none more crooked than 1," he replied humbly. He listened while she told him of her decision to keep on, of the

boy's dogged faith; he was the more re-signed, that now for the first time there was to be some attempt at order.
"If only it come not too late, mistress."

But it came too late. The children had had no discipline and would brook bone In vain their whilem murderous leaders tried to enforce order.

Snow-water and bread was what they were living on by now, and each day's prog-ress pitifully slow. The girl was growing gaunt, with hollow checks and strained eyes. The child's hands, as he spread them to the fire at night, were clawlike, with broken and bleeding knuckles. There was ice all about them, the nights were winter-cold. Worn out, hungry and half-clothed, the children wandered from the path into side valleys and lay down to sleep that knew ne waking.

The route was by the Mont Cenis Pass. Many tragic armies have crossed the Alps, but none so pitiful as this—an army of pygmies against a giant, weakness against strength, tender flesh against ice and snow, dizzy childish heads against crevasse and

On the third day in the mountains the boy was ill. His indomitable spirit kept him moving until nightfall. Rumor had it that Nicolus was dead and that another boy had secretly replaced him. The student was far away at the head of the column, frantically marshalling, ordering, always on the verge of the blasphemous oaths he had forsworn.

At the dizzy crossing over the chasm of the Reuss, where the children must crawl along a yard-wide shelf and then on to a foul and shaking four-foot bridge, he stood

foul and shaking four-foot bridge, he stood for hours on the brink of death, passing small shivering Crusaders to a Friesland cutthroat, who led them over the abyss.

The girl realized that night that she could not go on. The boy tottered, must be carried over the bridge. When her arms gave out he was done, could go ne farther, lay down with pinched white nose and quick breath. The column struggled by. There could be no fires for there was no wood, nothing but snow.

Most of the hangers-on had turned back, but the woman who had lain at the campfire that first night and watched the student

fire that first night and watched the student from under heavy lids was still desperately making way, in rags now and gaunt—a death's head instead of a fille de joie. As she passed the student by the bridge she stopped and looked at him, all the mockery

stopped and looked at him, all the mockery
gone from her eyes.

"I think this is the end," she said.
"For many, aye; not for all."
She hesitated, eyes on his, put out a cold
hand in the semi-darkness. He started
back, his oath in mind.
"No?" she said without bitterness. "It
is but farewell."
"I have sworn."
She abrupped her shoulders, drew her

She shrugged her shoulders, drew her rags about her in the icy wind, went on a step or two, faced about on the ledge. It is the girl with the gold hair?

"Aye, mistress.

The waiting children crowded behind her. The Frieslander swore in his native tongue. She moved on with her awaying walk. The children followed her.

walk. The children followed her.

The girl sat on the ground with the child in her arms. His brave gray gown and red cross were swathed in her cloak, but she did not feed the cold. To ber, with her burden, came the woman who loved the student and stood looking down. There was no darkness, although it was night; in the snowlight the two women looked at each other. "Is the child ill?"

"Is the could lit?
The girl denied it flercely.
"Only weary. Rest and food and a fire—
O God, for a fire!"
"Give him to me and move about. Will
it avail the boy if you freeze?"
"It were cruel to disturb him."

The woman bent over and uncovered the small face.

It will not disturb him," she said

So she took the gray figure and the girl stamped her stiffened feet. In an hour, two hours, came the student, driving, scourging, calling, and would have passed them, but the woman called and he turned saide.

"The boy sleeps," cried the girl eagerly. "Tomorrow he will be well again, and the sun is warm."

The woman uncovered the boy's face

without a word.
"Well indeed, little brave-heart!" said the student, and took off his cap.

They buried him in the snow in a shal-low grave, the best they could do. They wrapped round him the white benner, and the student found a gilt cross in the path, and set it upright to mark the spot, all hastily, for the children were wandering into perils

of crevasse, of ice and cold.

The girl was dazed. After a time she begged to be taken home; she had left her mother alone and had failed besides. The student was distracted.

Now that you have come so far, mistress.

"I must go back." His oath forbade him to touch her, but he longed to take her in his arms.

"The way back is long and full of perils."
"Not if you are with me," she said pitifully. "You are strong. I shall not be afraid—with you."
His gaunt face went white.

"Mistress," he said with gentleness, "God knows that I wish to go with you, since go you must. My love for you is my life. But here be many children who need help, and you are but one."

"How great a love!" sneered the woman, standing by. He whoeled on her. "Aye, great indeed! For, if I live, I will

bring her a man for husband."
"Bleating!" said the woman. "Heat-

ing!"
The student heard her not at all. He student hefore the girl in the starlight and gazed down at her.

"Sorrowful mistress," he said, "I shall go to the Sepuicher as I have vowed and there do penance for the thing you know of. And after that I shall come back to you—if it be months or years. I pray you,

keep me in your heart."
But the girl looked toward the gilt cross

and the new grave.

Easter morning in the village on the Easter morning in the village on the Rhine. The scar across the moor is long healed; the geese wander in sober procession over the new grass, still pale from its earth-bleaching. In the marketplace are sunlight and the voices of children.

Other scars are in the healing. There is comfort in the spring aun, hope in the rousing earth. Europe still mourns her children and will not be comforted, but other children have come, are growing.

other children have come, are growing. There is again the laughter of their voices through the streets. Bur at night sometimes they nod by the fire and hear tales of their brothers and sisters who went to reache the Sepulcher, and how more returned save one girl; of the sea that did not turn back; of the King of the Assassins, who captured those that lived and sold them

captured those that lived and sold them into slavery; of mountains reared by the powers of evil into a barrier of ice to prevent the passage of the Cross.

Easter morning and five years later.

The fruitseller sat outside his door in the sun. He had been to early mass, and new sat alone while his dinner reacked over the fire within. Priests and clerks, having finished the elaborate service, had retired for rest and food. The fruitseller basked and knew his friends by their step.

"He is risen!" he said to each passerby.

"He is risen indeed!"

So at last the girl came and set on the

So at last the girl came and set on the bench by his side. She was not much changed; her riotous beauty was quieter, perhaps, her mouth more thoughtful.

"Alone, daughter?"

"I am always alone now, father."

"True. I had forgotten. The boy went to the Holy Land, as I did—only I came back, but blind."

back, but blind."

The fruitseller was childish now and

remembered things only for a day.

"He never got to Jerusalem," said the girl patiently. "I left him in the meuntains."

"There was a palmer—something about a palmer, daughter. And a—student."

The girl had told the story over and over,

but she never lost patience.

"Aye, a palmer and a student. They quarreled and the palmer was stabbed. The student went on, full of grief to have slain a boly ullerier." slain a holy pilgrim."

The old fruitseller rubbed his hands together and chuckled.

"The student made a yow, I remember

now. The palmer was a fierce, red-bearded you—it all comes back to me—a big man, you said. Think you, daughter, that he still lives?" man; I knew him. And this student loved

"He has never returned, Father Nicholsa."
"Ah, but it is a weary way." The old man yawned. "You loved him, too, I think

you said."
I do not know. Perhaps it is not love.

But I watch and wait, and when I am trou-bled I think of him. He was very strong." "I have forgotten—did you come back

"A woman was with me, but she-left me. When she was warm and fed again she was different. She was always singing and looking at men-she said my face chilled

her."
"I know the sort," said the old man drowsily. "One such I remember, always are the sort of anyting as she singing or laughing and swaying as she walked. I was mad about her. But somewhere she was taken prisoner or was it

a fever—I —forget ——"
His head drooped forward and he slept in the sun, the swift sleep of age.

Came in mid-afternoon of that Easter Sunday, riding het-foot along the arched lanes and clad in soft leather, the young



Don't have worn spots on your floors

You won't have them-if you use a finish made especially to stand hard knocks. That is what

Kyanize is. We want to send you some to try for yourself.

Put it on your floor or stairs where the greatest wear comes. When it is dry, walk on it, jump on it, drag furniture across itgive it the hardest kind of tests. Then wipe it off with a damp cloth, and note the smooth, hard, uninjured surface.



Cleaning won't make them tidy-

they need new coats.

Will you refinish a chair if we give you the Kyanize?

Try it on a table or chair. Kyanize is the most beautiful, durable, sanitary finish made, for furniture and interior woodwork. Use it when house cleaning. Make your woodwork and old furniture look like new.

Kyanize requires no stirringdries quickly and hard. Doesn't get sticky, peel or scratch white. Water easily keeps it clean.

Fill in the coupon below, mail it to us with ten cents for a fine Chinese bristle brush with which to do the finishing, and we will send you, without charge, postpaid, a full quarter-pint can, containing enough Kyanize for a chair or table, or a floor border in a small room. If you are not perfectly delighted with the result, we'll return the 10 cents you paid for the brush. Same offer applies to Canada.





Teach the Children to Use Dioxogen

Perhaps not more than one "hurt" in a hundred may have serious consequencesbut the ONE! Prevention of one case of blood poisoning is worth a life-time of care. Dioxogen prevents infection-keeps the little hurt from growing big. Put the Dioxogen bottle where the children may use it for all accidents.

Dioxogen

is the pure Peroxide of Hydrogen. It does its purifying work by the liberation of oxygen-nature's great purifier.

Always ask for Dioxogen by name. Look out when a common peroxide is offered you because it's "cheaper"—cheapness means impurity.

Cheap peroxides are "preserved" with acetanilid—the poorer they are the more they require it. Without it they would not 'keep' to reach the druggists' shelves.

With acetanilid they keep longer, but it also makes them rank and gives them that objectionable taste and smell that may have made you dislike all peroxides.

Look at the label before you buy. Dioxkeeps without it. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Dioxogen today.

THE OAKLAND CHEMICAL CO. 98 Front Street

> A two-sunce sample bettle of Diexogen will be sent postpaid on request if you have never tried it.



overlord of the domain. As he rode he looked from side to side, over vineyards, meadow and woodland. The old baron, his uncle, had died. So far as his eye could see, the smiling and bride-decked earth helonged to him.

And in the village there was a giri—a creature of fire and snow, of high chin and slim hands, of black-fringed eyes, of unbelievable haughtiness. As he rode the young

baron swore at a memory and smiled.
"The little cat needs her claws cut!" he muttered.

A pleasant day and pleasant thoughts. Peaceful times had come. His villeins paid their tribute of service and feudal dues, in exchange for the protection of the overlord. And no protection was needed. His men grew lat from no fighting and much ale, but also—crops were fat, and oxen, and wumen decked themselves.

So he rode into the marketplace. The fruitseller roused at the horse's clatter over

fruitseller roused at the horse's clutter over the paving stones.

"He is risen!" he called.

But the overlord did not bear him, or was intent on his thoughts, which were of the girl, and pleasant. He did not reply.

He rode through the sunny street and stopped inside the gate, at the house with the iron-botted door. Bending from his house he rapped hard; but only the old house-dog answered.

house-dog answered. The young baron was impatient. Who was this girl to defy him? She was within. The house-dog, soothed by a touch, was

barking no more.

The street was empty and silent. The young folk walked in pairs by the river, arm in arm, and the elders slept. The overland bent close.

What avails it to hide, Cold Heart?"

he demanded.

The girl within made no reply. Only she loosed the dog and put a hand to her throat.

"My house is lonely," he wooed through the door. The dog snarled and the hair on his back lifted. "I too am lonely. Beauty

his back lifted. "I too am lonely. Beauty like yours, mistross, should be a jewel set in fine gold. And behold, here am I, ready to furnish the setting."

Soft words availed nothing. He lost patience, hammered at the door with the gilt handle of the knife he wore, swore if she did not admit him to come that night with his men and carry her to the castle. His voice rose with his gorge. The drowsing elders wakened, pecred from behind shutters, curiosity urging against fear.

And to his anger came the girl's quick-teresthing rage. The same blood spoke in them both. She bent down over the dog and whispered in his ear. Then very softly she drew the bolts. A whirlwind flew at the mare; she reared, plunged, almost flung her rider to the flags. Swearing furious oaths, leating at the dog, hauling on the reins, the overlord, center of battle, went down the street. Easter peace was broken—worse. The girl knew what it meant. The village had before this been taxed not only of cattle,

pullets and wine, but of its women. A tramp of horses' feet in the night, it meant; a demand and a refusal; then all the devils

of hell turned loose in the quiet street.

The dog came back and whined at the door. She admitted him, her mind elsewhere. The town held no refuge for her. It dared not risk the baren's displeasure. There was left to her only flight, and this

time no friendly palmer to guide her way.

A cloak, bread and cheese, as before, a A cloak, brend and cheese, as before, a trifle of money, the dog to free for neighbors to feed. When she was ready the early spring twilight had fallen. She left by the near-by gate, slipping out under cover of darkness and locking it behind ber. Then she flung the great key far and smiled. Pursuit would not come by this direction. She went toward the river. She had a

mind, if things went wrong, to end there. By the bank she turned south to a ford she knew of. Beyond it lay the moor with the boaled scar and the hills. There was hiding in the hills, and the river flowed close.

She had made good speed. It was not yet

file out, dark deeds requiring darkness. In that hour night would come and she would be alone. Her thoughts, like her feet, moved

be alone. Her thoughts, like her leet, moved swiftly.

"My love for you is my life," the student had said. Had he then no more life that he had left her to this? His arms, steel to protect her, where were they? He who could have led her through the hills to safety, was he buried in the gray desert?

"Our Lady of Mercy," she prayed, "thou whose Son today rose from the tomb, thou who knowest the sadness of death, send me help."

A solitary horseman rode out behind on

A solitary horseman rode out behind on the plain. The baron was impatient; the search was on early. The girl stared from her ambush, hand to throat, as earlier. The river

As she turned toward the hills he was coming toward her. She was afraid to believe the truth, looked away, looked back again, was bot and cold, dropped on

A miracle!" she said, with folded hands.

And having prayed, rose.

As for the student, he saw only a woman, tall and slim against purple shadows. As he neared her he paused, stared.

Her eyes on his in the darkness, she gave

him the salutation of the day tremulously.

"He is rizen."
"He is rizen indeed," he suid gravely.
Then he knew her and held out his arms.

The lonely horseman surveyed the plain, cantered back to the bridge, swearing soundly. The village was in an uproar. Old Nicholas had been knocked down by a horse and lay dead in his house. The key of the towngate was gone. The overlord hit his nails and shouted furious directions. The clerk had locked himself in the church. Up and down through the streets horses raced, houses were searched.

But in the hills was Easter peace.

"I have been to the Sepulcher as I yowed," said the student, "and there I have done penance for the thing you know of.

done penance for the thing you know of. And now I have come back to you, mistress.
All these years I have held you in my heart.
And you?"
"I also, although I knew it not."

Flat Transformations

THE latest apartment-house marvel is an Lapparatus for turning the kitchen into a dining room as soon as dinner is cooked, and turning the dining room back into a kitchen when the dinner is finished and dishes must be washed. This brings the apartment down to two rooms successfully. for while the dining room is being used as the kitchen any guests may remain in the living room, which is really the bedroom, with a bed that can be concealed by folding it into the wall or into a couch.

The apparatus is a big piece of furniture uccupying one side of the dining-room kitchen. When the room is used for a din-

ing room the device becomes a buffet, with mirror, china closets, and so on. When the room becomes a kitchen the device is opened up and discloses a concealed gas stove and a sink, as well as compartments for uten-sils and cooking materials and boards for mixing and kneading.

Another new device could be used in consection with the combination room. This is a dumb-waiter refrigerator. When the refrigerator is not needed it drops down through a shaft to a cool basement, and it is iced while in the basement. The luxurious apartment houses are having added to them every day greater collections of machinery. Among the recent installations are washing machines, drying closets, and garbage in-cinerators attached to the gas stoves. Another new idea in the more elaborate

apartment bouses is auxiliary guest rooms. In each building a few rooms completely furnished are kept separate from all the regular apartments. Then if any of the regular residents wish to entertain more dars. An hour, perhaps, before the gate guests than they can accommodate these of the castle would open and the homemen guest rooms may be rented for a brief period.



WHAT IS THE MONROE DOCTRINE?

(Concluded from Page 9)

vast, nebulous protectorate, imposing obli-gations on this republic of which Monroe-never dreamed! It is supposed to be our duty to put down rebellion in Southern states, to see that they maintain law and order, pay their debts and keep themselves

Mr. Olney told Lord Salisbury that the United States Government was sovereign on this continent. Mr. Taft is reported to have said that our boundaries extended to Terra del Fuego. Mr. Roosevelt spoke of "chronic wrongdoing" in discussing South-ern affairs. And we read in the public prints that our ambassador to England, in a speech at the Savage Club, has expanded the Monroe Doctrine still further:

"We now have developed subtler ways of taking their lands. There is the taking of their bonds, for instance. Therefore the third proposition is that no sort of financial control can, without the consent of the United States, be obtained over these weaker nations which would, in effect, control their government."

The ambassador may be incorrectly quoted, but the idea is a possible construction. Must we, then, not only keep our brother tidy, and police him, but also undertake to say in what hank he shall discount his notes of hand? Have we, then, in fact, shouldered the obligations of a beneficent protectorate? Could foreign governments find out today exactly what our idea. ments find out today exactly what our idea of the Monroe Doctrine is? Could they find out, also, what song it was the sirens sang or what name Achilles took when he hid himself among the women?

The Future of the Doctrine

After the reign of the man of business the Southern republics began to doubt our good lasth when we spoke of the Monroe Doc-trine. They said it was a doctrine of petulast and insatiable imperialism; that it was a cover for an established policy of conquest, and the like.

The world was no longer sure we were attasked with our own. Southern peoples left they were no longer safe in their insti-tutions or their lands. It is vain for a great Executive, moved by high ideals, to de-lare that the American Republic will never again acquire another foot of territory by

conquest. They could reply to that as a great English judge who pronounced a principle of law was replied to: "Do you expect to live forever, that you lay down a rule of conduct for these islands for all time?" The man of high ideals might not always remain at the head of the American states. The man of business might again take it

ever for his money-getting uses.

What are we to do with the Monroe Doctrine?

Writers lacking the responsibility of a decision advise us to abandon it and-like the lawyer—permit our brother to go to the devil in his own way! A mass of criticism from these Southern countries is presented to influence us. The dangers attending the enforcement of the Doctrine are assembled, and innumerable collateral arguments, fanciful and unique—as, for instance, the fact that Buenos Aires has some three thousand taxicabs, one thousand more than New York with her five million people!

Old, time-honored things are held just now in very light esteem—our religious are said to be myths; our institutions anti-quated devices; our very selves bacilli. Not even the multiplication table remains to us! It is said to be founded on the untenable hypothesis that things will remain unchanged long enough to be counted—a postulate so false that it never could have occurred to anybody who realized that the universe is in a state of perpetual flux!

If we have stultified the great Doctrine that Monroe pronounced, what is there to

? Two avenues are open to us: We can contract the Monroe Doctrine into a clear, well-defined policy of exclusive national interest—that is to say, we can define it from the point of view of our own interests and safety, excluding every other consideration. We should then abandon the great, noble, altruistic policy that Adams, Jefferson and Monroe formulated, and substitute for it the common policy of

There is another alternative. There are in South America three stable and efficient governments—well established, and as competent to be regarded as powers as any. These are the republics of Argentins, Brazil and Chile, commonly known in our current discussions as the A-B-C govern-

It has been suggested more than once that the United States join these stable governments of the South in some well-defined alliance looking to the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, in order that the presence of their own brethren might be an earnest of good faith when we found it necessary to interfere in Southern affairs.

This suggestion has cogent arguments to support it. It would get rid of the idea of an American protectorate, which seems to be firmly seated in the half-Latin mind. It would banish the bogy of imperialism.

On the other hand, there are difficulties

to be met. Would these countries be will-ing to form such an alliance?—and on what busis? Who should decide as to the nations to be included and those to be excluded? Would the United States have a controlling voice in such an alliance? What should be the voting status of the countries in this league when they came to determine a policy? Would the United States be subjected to foreign entanglements through the acts of these associate states? Might she be intrigued into the abandonment of policies vital to her eafety? And finally, usuad there be any harmony in a congress of races so dissimilar—from nations of such unequal DOWNTH?

There is a great principle in this idea, but it is one to be adopted only after long reflection.

As one thinks about it, however, the suggestion again and again returns: Why not go on as we began, defining this Doctrine as Monroe defined it in his message, and by a broad and generous statesman-ship restore ourselves to the confidence and respect of the world?

Aëropianes and Ice

AEROPLANES for sighting icelerge and irefields, to enable a ship to steer clear of them, are being seriously considered by a Norwegian steamship company that has many difficulties from ice. The steamers of the line ply to Siberian ports by an Arctic Ocean route, which is badly blocked by iceffore in some seasons. Under the pres-ent method, when flors are sighted by the lookout, the steamer has to cruise back and forth until it finds a way through or round the floes, and much time is thus lost.

The proposal is to have an seroplane on each steamer and to have one of the erew trained to fly. When ice is sighted the aero-plane would go up and the airman could in many instances see that in a certain direc-tion the water was clear, or perhaps even determine the entire extent of the flows. His report would then enable the captain to fix the shortest route round the obstruction.

Methods of launching an aeroplane from the deck of a vessel are still imperfect and other obvious difficulties appear; but the company has the idea in mind and hope it may find it feasible.





Kuman City, Mo.

Annuares





In the picture at the top of this page you are given a graphic idea of the size and seating capacity of the Studebaker SIX. On the opposite page are portrayed its generous outer dimensions—its beauty and dignity of design. Now—study these two pictures in the light of the remarkable price.

This is a jawkful plangraphy reproduction of the Kaulislader SIX, taken from above and thousing the symplete and processes professions of the car and its matter arrangements for more pararegies.

Buy It Because







AN AMERICAN VAINDAIL.

(Centinued from Page 22)

euphonious title of Toad in the Hole. Toad in the Hole consists of a full-grown and fragrant sheep's kidney entombed in an excavated retrest at the heart of a large and powerful onion, and then cooked in a

exravated retrest at the heart of a large and powerful onion, and then cooked in a slow and painful manner, so that the onion and the kidney may swap perfumes and flavors. These people do not use this combination for a weapon or for a disinfectant, or for anything else for which it is naturally purposed; they actually go so far as to eat it!

You pass a cabmen's lunchroom and got a whiff of a freshly opened Toud in the Hole—and you imagine it is the German invasion starting and wonder why they are not removing the women and children to a place of safety. All England smells like something boiling, just as all France smells like something that needs boiling.

Seemingly the only Londoners who enjoy any extensive variety in their provender are the slum-dwellers. Out Whitechapel-way the establishment of a tripe dresser and draper is a sight wondrous to behold, and will almost instantly eradicate the strongest appetite; but it is not to be compared with an East End meatshop, where there are skinned sheep faces on elabs, and various vital organs of various animals disposed about in clumps and clusters.

I was reminded of one of those Fourclusters.

clusters.

I was reminded of one of those Four-teenth Street museums of anatomy— tickets ten cents each; boys under fourteen not admitted. The East End butcher is not only a thrilty but an inquiring soul. Until I had viewed his shop I had no idea that a sheep could be so untidy inside; and as for a row—he flods things in a cow she herself did not know she had.

Breakfast is the meal at which the Eng-

did not know she had.

Breakfast is the meal at which the Englishman rather excels; in fact England is the only enuntry in Europe where the natives have the faintest conception of what a regular breakfast is—or should be.

Mareuver it is now possible in certain Lendon hotels for an American to get hot bread and ice-water at breakfast, though the English round about watch him with undisguised horror as he consumes them, and the manager only hopes that he will have the good tasts not to die on the premises.

The Tasty Penny Stamp

It is true that, in lieu of the fresh fruit an American prefers, the waiter brings at least three kinds of particularly sticky marma-lade and, in accordance with a custom that dates back to the time of the Druids, spangles the breakfast cloth over with a large number of empty saucers and plates, which futill no earthly purpose except to

which futil no earning purpose except to keep getting in the way.

The English breakfast bacon, however, is a most worthy article, and the broiled kipper is juicy and plump, and does not resemble a dried autumn leaf—as our kipper often does. And the fried sole, un which the Englishman banks his breakfast hopes, invariably repays one for one's undivided attention. The English beast of

undivided attention. The English boast of their fish; but, excusing the kipper, they have but three of note—the turbot, the plaice and the sole. And the turbot tastes like tarbot, and the plaice tastes like fish; but the sole, when fried, is most appetizing. I have been present when the English gooseberry and the English strawberry were very highly spoken of, too, but with me this is merely hearsay evidence; we reached England too late for berries. Happily, though, we came in good season for the green filbert, which is gathered in the fall of the year, being known then as the Kentish cobnut. The Kentish cob heats any nut we have except the paper-shell any nut we have except the paper-shell pecan. An English postage stamp is also much tastier than ours. The space for licking is no larger, if as large-but the flavor lasts.

As I said before, the Englishman has no great variety of things to eat, but he is alwayseating them; and when he is not eating them he is swigging tea. Yet in these regards the German excels him. The regards the German excels him. The Englishman gains a lap at breakfast; but after that first hour the German leaves him, hopelessly distanced, far in the rear. It is due to his talents in this respect that. the average Berliner has a double chin. running all the way round, and four rolls of fat on the back of his neck, all closely



Lent is overnow Johnston's

A pound of sweet surprises the Easter gift to the Easter girl-and she will be hungry for them, too. Forty days without

Chocolates Extraordinary

will make them the more appreciated. This beautiful lavender brox contains three trays of tid-bits of various Havors-every one so solinfulng. This is the reason. Johnston's Chocolates leave a lasting impression.

Ask the dealer who catere to candy containeurs, or send a dollar direct if he cannot supply you and we will send a pound postpaid;







Stips on tips off-quick as a cure. No buttons!
Another innovation in Fauft--in night seem on new idea, or create, and prester election. cumfers.

Palamia 51 50 and sp. Bight Shirts 57 and ap.

E Rosenfeld & Co Baltimore and New York





C. Kenyon Company

W YORK (Welenty) CHOAGO

trives, converts
filete, instructe any clicit and is with
a obliging when sharp.
It's /an to see her quickly a [Vib]
arpening Since puts a dandy, here
has been a built or that Ore of the
haselest and sheap at Picstones is the

PIKE INDIA KANTBREAK KNIFE SHARPENER

Demokes eneving easy and letteren work more phenomed out by sharpening burness and 1 - 30 cants at your hardware stool more, Ask also to me the wonderful like Strop. Home two manns, a Pike Pertiess Tool Grinder (need by more manned training schools) or a Pike Duff. I Officency, the facent starpening ever for the boardy man't tools. Ever Piece article in Guarpness d. "PICK A PIKE.

A Pike Stone GIVEN AWAY Stead on your court a new me 1 co parties of and and my and on will not to home be well before the prear have Ada, mer hann "HOW 711 MARKED! will be pleased. When below.

PIKE MANUFACTURING CO. 105 Main Street, Pike, N. H. clipped and shaved, so as to bring out their full beauty and symmetry; and he has a figure that makes him look as though an earthquake had shaken loose everything on the top floor and it had all fallen through

into his dining room.

Your true Berliner eats his regular daily meals—four in number and all large ones; and in between times he now and then gathers a bits. For instance, about ten o'clock in the morning he knocks off for an hour and has a few cups of hard-boiled coffee and some sweet, sticky pastry with

coffee and some sweet, sticky pastry with whipped cream on it.

Then about four in the afternoon be browses a bit, just to keep up his appetite for dinner. This, though, is but a snack—say, a school of Hismarck herring and a kraut pie, some more coffee and more cake, and one thing and another—merely a preliminary to the real food, which will be coming along a little later on.

Between acts at the theater he excuses himself and goes out and prepares his

bimself and goes out and prepares his stomach for supper, which will follow at eleven, by drinking two or three steins of thick Munich beer, and nibbling on such small tidbits as a few links of German sausage or the upper half of a raw Westphalia ham:

There are forty-seven distinct and esparate varieties of German sausage and three of them are edible; but the Westphalia ham, in my judgment, is greatly over-rated. It is pronounced Westfailure with the accent on the last part, where it belong

In Germany, however, there is a pheas-ant agreeably smothered in young cabbage which is delicious and in season plentiful. The only drawback to complete enjoyment of this dish is that the grasping and avari-cious German restaurant keeper has the confounded nerve to charge you, in our money, forty cents for a whole phenagnt and half a peck of cabbage—say, enough to furnish a full meal for two tolerably hungry adults and a child.

A Lost Ambassador

The Germans like to eat and they love a hearty euter. There should never be any trouble about getting a suitable person to serve us at the Kuiser's court if the Admin-istration at Washington will but harken to the voice of experience. To the Germans the late Ductor Tanner would have been a distinct disappointment in an ambass a distinct disappointment in an ambassa-derial capacity; but there was a man who used to live in my congressional district who could qualify in a holy minute if he were still alive. He was one of Nature's noblemen, untutored but unturally gifted, and his name was John Wesley Bass. He was the champion eater of the world, specializing particularly in eggs on the abell, and cove oysters out of the can, with penner sauce on them, and said crackers. pepper sauce on them, and soda crackers on the side.

on the side.

I regret to be compelled to state, however, that John Wesley is no more. At one of our McCracken County annual fairs, a few years back, he succumbed to over-ambition coupled with a mistake in judgment. After he had established a new world's record by eating at one sitting five dozen raw eggs he rashly rode on the steam merry-go-round. At the end of the first quarter of an hour he fainted and fell off of a spotted wooden horse and never spoke a spotted wooden horse and never spoke again, but passed away soon after being removed to his home in an unconscious

I have forgotten what the verdict of the curoner's jury was—the attending physi-cian gave it some fancy Latin name—but among laymen the general judgment was that our fellow townsman had just naturally been scrambled to death. It was a pity, too—the German people would have cared for John Wesley as an ambassador. He would have eaten his way right into their

However, I am not decrying the abilities Judge Gerard is not only a gentleman of parts and a born diplomat, but he knows

mighty well how to order a dinner. We have the word of history for it that Vienna was originally settled by the Celts, but you would hardly notice it now. On first impressions you would say that about Vienna there was a noticeable suggestiona perceptible trace—of the Teutonic; and this applies to the Austrian food in the main. I remember a kind of Wieser-schnitzel, breaded, that I had in Vienna; in fact for the moment I do not seem to recall much else about Vienna. Life there was just one Wiener-schnicel after another.





FEBUOY

Get it from your grown or drugglot - the princip and 5 cours. It you do not had it rendly send 5 musts (Mangacor com) for a big generalize take to LEYER SHOE CO., Doys, S., Cambridge, Mana

don't be too sure unless you know how to test the eggs by holding them up to the light.

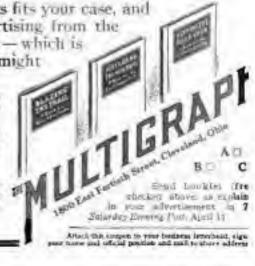
Whether you are a big advertiser, a little advertiser, or a non-advertiser, you'll be interested in the startling disclosures and the plain advertising truths that the coupon below will bring you.

One of these three books fits your case, and you'll find it treats advertising from the business man's standpoint - which is more unusual than you might think.

Some of the facts of actual experience related in these books are eyeopeners to the average advertiser.

Check "A" on the coupon if you are a non-advertiser, "B" if you are spending \$25,000 or less a year, "C" you are spending more.

One book — whichever fits your needs—will be sent free. If you want more than one, send 25c for each additional copy.



Non-Skid Guarantee vs. Non-Skid Theory

To place the right value on our guarantee that these tires will not skid on wet or greasy pavements, you must clearly grasp this absolute distinction:

It is not on the mere projections of the tread that we rely, as we do not believe that projections pure and simple can improve the hold of a tire on an unyielding, smooth surface.

It is the Sealed Suction Grip on the dippery surface continuously exerted by the strong elastic Vacuum Cups that makes the slightest slip or slide impossible.

This exclusive principle of

PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUPTIRES

represents the difference between Vacuum Cup safety-reality and ordinary non-skid theory.

Vacuum Cup Skid safety lasts with the tire. As the center cups wear down the reserve cups at the sides begin service equally dependable.

4,500 miles guaranteed as a minimum-Records of upward of 12,000 miles are more frequent than adjustment clause. Absolutely pilproof-Vacuum Cup Tires have also this exclusive distinction—the greatest tire saver ever achieved.

Dealers Everywhere







In order to spread sweetness and light, and to the end, lurihermore, that the ignorant people across the salted seas might know something of a land of real food and much food, and plenty of it and plenty of variety to it, I would that I might bring an expedition of Europeans to America and

personally conduct it up and down our con-tinent and back and forth crosswise of it.

And if I had the money of a Carnegie or a Rocksfeller I would do it, too, for it would be a greater act of charity than building public libraries or endowing public baths. I

public libraries or endowing public baths. I would include in my party a few delegates from England, where every day is All Soles' Day; and a few sansage-surfeited Teutons; and some Gauls, wearied and worn by the deadly poulet routine of their daily life—and a scattering representation from all the other constries over there.

In especial I would direct the Englishman's attention to the broiled pompano of New Orleans; the kingfish fillet of New York; the sand-dab of Los Angeles; the Hoston scrod of the Massachusetts coast; and that noblest of all pan fish—the fried crappie of Southern Indiana. To these and to many another delectable fishling would I introduce the poor fellow; and to him and his fellows I fain would offer a dozen apiece of Smith Island cysters on the half shell.

And I would take all of them to New England for baked beams and brown bread

England for baked beams and brown bread and codfish balls; but on the way we would visit the shores of Long Island for a kind of soft clam which first is steamed and then is esteemed. At Portsmouth, New Hampshire, they should have a live broiled luister measuring thirty inches from tip to tip and fresh caught out of the Piscataqua

River.

Vermont should come to them in hospitality and in pity, offering them buckwhest cakes and maple sirup. But Rhode Island would bring a genuine Yankee blueberry pie and directions for the proper consumption of it, namely—discarding knife and tork, you raise a crusty, dripping wedge of blueberry pie in your hand to your mouth, and you take a first bite, which instantly changes the ground-floor plan of that pie from a triungle to a crescent; then you take a second bite, and then you liek your fingers—and there isn't any more pie.

Doesn't Your Mouth Water?

Down in Kentucky I should engage Mandy Berry, colored, to fry for them some spring chickens and make for them a few pones of real enculvead.

In Creole Louisiana they should sample crawfish gumbo; and in Georgia they should have 'possum baked with sweet potatoes; and in Tidewater Maryland, terrapin and canevashack; and in Illinois, young gray squirrels on toast; and in South Carolina, boiled rice with blackeyed peas; and in Colorado, cantaloupes; and in Kansas, young sweet corn; and in and in Kansas, young sweet corn; and in Virginia, country hams, not cured with chemicals but with hickory smoke and lov-ing hands; and in Tennessee, jowl and

And elsewhere they should have their whacking fill of prairie ben and sucking pig and barbecurd shote, and sure-enough beefsteak, and goobers bot from the parching box; and scrapple, and yams roasted in hot wood-ashes; and hot biscuit and Parker House rolls—and the thousand and one other good things that may be found in this our country, and which are distinctively and uniquely of this enuntry. Finally I would bring them back by way of Richmond, and there I would give them each an eggnog compounded with fresh

each an eggnog compounded with fresh cream and made according to a recipe older than the Revolution. If I had my way about it no living creature should be decied the right to bury his face in a brimming tumbler of that eggnog—except a man with a drooping red mustache.

By the time these gurged and converted pilgrims touched the Eastern seaboard

again any one of them, if he caught fire, would burn for about four days with a clear blue flame, and many valuable packing-house by-products could be gleaned from his ruins. It would hind us all, foreigner and native alike, in closer ties of love and confidence, and it would turn the tide of travel westward from Europe, instead of eastward from America.

Let's do it sometime-and appoint me

conductor of the expedition!

Editor's Note - This is the fourth in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The fifth will appear in an early issue.



Two's companythree's a crowd-When you're feasting on

liladu

"EVERY PIECE A SURPRISE" 50s, 85s, \$1, \$2, \$5 the Box

CHOCOLATES "KING OF BITTER SWEETS" No. 500; and Milthe Bio

MALTED MILK CHOCOLATE

CHOCOLATE and CREAM DIPPER BRAZILNUTS. 50: and 11 the Bill adeq to tilprove the large on coulomb rung 3A,

AMERICAN CANDY CO., Milwenbra





KEEP THE ICEMAN OUTS!

Any McCray may be arranged with omisle their to be led from year ports — which we're comes with his modely tracks outside the be

McCray Sanitary Refrigerat

Any Mist me may be arranged with an outside door, to be lived from the year points which keep terman with his profily stacks conside.

Let Us Mail You Our Catalog

21 - Franket State for Residences
No. 73 - Jon Panieta
No. 3, Il - Danieta-Order
for Residences

No Sa For Growth
No. 30 - For Hotels L
Industriens
No. 60 - For Meet
Rels

McCray Refrigerator Co. 674 Lake Street Kendallville, Ind. New York, McCray Building, 7-9 West 30th I Chicago, 158 North Wabash Avenue

For branch salesrooms in other vities are your belephone derestory.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE REPU Main Office VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, J

MY SON

(Continued from Page 19)

teel his head more than a good many lamers. Here is where desaliness would count more than anywhere else. The idea was to have a cement floor drained by a gutter, and then to arrange the cows in such a manner that they should be kept lined up on this sector. The counters themselves were on this gutter. The gutters themselves were made from six inches deep on the shallow end to eight inches on the deeper end. The stalls were so arranged as to fit each cow and keep her in place. They were from three feet to three and a half feet wide and were divided by a swinging partition. This was hinged in the center. The milkman, when going in to milk, unfastened the fastening and swung it back against the cow behind him. This gave him plenty of room, and when swung in place again kept the cow within bounds. A chain hitched behind the cow just over the edge of the drop kept her from backing

out of place.

out of place.

The manger was made adjustable to the length of the cow. A continuous cement manger ran the length of the stall. An adjustable piece of lattice work hung from the center of this, and could be moved back and forth and so adapted to the length of each cow. The object of the whole arrangement, as has been said, was merely to keep the cows lined up on the gutter, which left the stall proper sweet and clean. It doesn't seem possible that so obvious a device should have awaited for years the intelligent thought of one man, but the situation is even worse than that. Though the device is so obvious and though it has been published to the world, it is not in general use even today. Go through the stables of this country and you'll find even now the fixed stall, often undivided, where the cow wallows all day and sleeps in her own filth during the night. Ninety per cent of them are as they always a were and will undanlytedly remain. night. Ninety per cent of them are as they always were and will undoubtedly remain unchanged for the next bundred years. This device is simple, does not require a large investment, saves labor, saves the cow, saves the milk, saves the barn—and yet it

remains unused.

Hadley looked it over after it was done.

"It's purty enough," he said, "but what's the use of it?"

I explained in detail the use of it.

"Mebbe you're right," he said; "but wo've got along without them things a good many years, and I reckon most of us can a few years longer."

few years longer."

"Maybe you can." I said; "but it's only a matter of a few years when the world is going to get along without you."

He accepted that statement philosophically

"I reckon so," he said.
"I reckon so," he said.
Windows were put in at the rear of the
Windows were put in at the rear of the stall and one in each end, letting in for the first time since the barn was built a flood of first time since the barn was built a flood of sunlight, the cleanest, sweetest God-given agent the farmer possesses. It warms, it quickens, it strengthens, it cleanses. No other toilers on the earth are given with such liberal prodigality such an asset as farmers are given in sunlight. And yet they fail to use it. They shut it out of their soil; they shut it away from their orchards; they shut it out of their stables; they shut it out of their homes and their lives. It is worth millions of fine rold to them, and yet worth millions of fine gold to them, and yet they have not learned how to use it. With sunlight and water a world was created;

with sunlight and water it is maintained.

Dick says I'd better scratch out all this
or people will think I'm trying to be a poet.

The sunlight makes even the poets.

VIII

WITH a stable clean to start with and so built as to be easily kept clean, the boy was ready for his cattle. The remod-eling had cost him a trifle over nine hundred dollars.

Dr. Barney watched the remodeling of the barn with as much interest as though he were doing it himself. Dick had sub-mitted to him the plans and he had heartily endorsed them. His advice from the first had been to keep the plant simple.

"There's no need of making it either complicated or expensive," he said. "The minute you make it complex it is all the harder to keep clean, and every added item of expense must be added to the cost of the fulls. In talking with farmers round here I've found the chief worry of those who are rendy to make a change is the fear that it's going to cost a lot. When they're only getting four cents a quart for their milk I don't much blame them, though the added expense of producing clean milk isn't half

what they think it is,

Four cents a quart delivered at the sta-tion was what the few farmers who did raise milk in Brewster received. Those who sold to the creamery when it was run by out-siders received about the same. This same milk was sold by the contractors for eight and nine cents a quart, which meant that the producer received on an average of less than fifty per cent of the amount paid by the public for the milk. There is something wrong here. And the farmer pleading for a fairer share is the one blamed by the pub-lic for the increased cost of living. He risks his capital, works from twelve to fourteen hours a day—and doss it chearfully if he's a live farmer—and receives only about thirty-five per cent of the price read by the thirty-five per cent of the price paid by the public for his product. If, to keep him in the business, the contractor does pay him a cent more for an eight and a half quart can, the contractor turns round and raises the price to the consumer a cent a quart, which is eight and a half cents a can. The growi which follows is leveled at the farmer. When the boy was ready to buy his small herd he was confronted with the debatable

question of whether it was better for him to invest in fancy stock or in grade cows—that is, rows without a registered pedigree. He decided on the latter, and for the following reasons: The initial investment would be smaller, which would cut down the initial cost of his milk to the consumer; grade cows raised locally would be much less of an experiment for an inexperienced dairy-man than high-bred cows requiring more ex-pert care; and, finally, it seemed both more interesting and profitable to raise the stand-

interesting and profitable to raise the standard of his own cows by careful breeding.

This matter of breeding is one of the most fundamental factors of successful dairying, and yet it is one of the most neglected next to the care of the cattle themselves. The pure-bred dairy bull is often the keystone to the whole business. The results are so manifest that there isn't even a chance for argument about it. They even a chance for argument about it. They are as putent as the result of irrigating desert land or proper fertilization of barren lands. And the principle is much the same. Yet a recent inspection of over a hundred farms in one New England state revealed the fact that only twenty-seven per cent of farmers raising dairy cows used pure-bred bulls. In many cases heef breeds were being placed at the head of herds used for nothing but the production of market milk. That's like trying to raise trotting horses by mating them with druft stalliers, as the man who

made the report said.

Dick bought four Holsteins, three Ayrshires and five Jerseys. Barney preferred milk from a mixed herd. He bought them on their records of being good producers, although that information was somewhat vague, as no records had been kept. He

paid an average of seventy-five dollars a cow for them, on the condition that every cow should be submitted to the tuberculin test before being paid for.

The tuberculin test consists simply of injecting into the cow a preparation derived from tubercle-bacilli. If the cow is at all tuberculeus absented the cow is at all tuberculeus absented to the complete to the complete to the cow is at all tuberculeus absented to the complete to the tuberculin test before the complete to the complete to the tuberculin test before the complete to the tuberculin test before the complete to the tuberculin test to the tubercu tuberculous she responds by a rapid rise of temperature; if she is sound no effect at all follows and the injected bacilli are quickly eliminated. As a result of this test one of the cows was instantly discarded by Barney. The reaction was slight and the cow looked to be in ideal physical condition. The owner protested that the test wasn't fair and that the cow in question was one of the best producers in his herd.

"It ain't right," the owner objected.

"What lan't right?" demanded Barney.

"To give a cow like that a bad name. It will get mund town that you said the cow.

will get round town that you said the cow

was sick."
"You het it will get round town," said
Barney. "If that cow isn't buried within a Barney. "If that cow isn't buried within a week she'll be the best-advertised caw in this neighborhood. Talk about rights—what right have you to shift your misfortune to the shoulders of little children? Take your medicine like a man and kill the beast. It's a kindness to her, to the rest of your berd and to the whole town. You'd be the first to kick if the fish man, to save his purse, sold you his tainted fish, wouldn't you?"

"That's different," said the man.
"Not a mite. That cow's milk is poisoned even though you can't smell it. After you've killed her I'll come up here and



This lated on every Cheh-oft fluit. Our signed cour-ty in the packet of every

Get Off at the Clothcraft Stop

TREET number and name of the S nearest Clothcraft Store are prob-ably given in the local paper you read. If not, we shall be glad to give you a personal note of introduction.

It's an easy matter to drop in and try on a No. 5130 Blue Serge Special, ready for wear.

And, incidentally, to find more real style, comfort and lasting satisfaction than you ever realized could be yours in a man's suit at \$15.00.

The explanation is simple, it's merely in knowing how to perform each one of the 277 operations in making a suit of clothes in the very best and shortest way. That means better workmanship at lower cost. The saving goes into better fabrics, finer linings and many little points of added quality.

Of course Clotheraft is not limited to one fabric or one model. You have many styles to choose from in No. 5130 or in a variety of other fabrics and pleasing

And Clothcraft is the one GUARAN-TEED ALL WOOL line at \$10 to \$20. Write for the new Style Book,

The Joseph & Feiss Company

Francisco of Africa Contact in America 820 St. Clair Ave., N. W. Cleveland, Sinth City.

THE



Just Guess This Taste!

YOU don't have to be good at goming games, to guest what makes Underwould Deviled Ham the Rig Tany for "purrynics" and penies of every kind! Jost you taste this delicious mircost speed ham, spread in sandwiches of fresh white bread, and forever after it will be a part of all your parties - April First parties, May Day parties, facey dress parties, domino parties, etc., etc., Write for free book of Little Red Devil Recipes for Good Fun Octasiom mandwickes, salads, carebits, etc. Recipes, too, for breakfore, bancheon, dinner - omelees, southes, croquettes, etc., etc. Just send us your grocer's address and my if he sells Underwood. Better will, send his address and e.g., for small can to try. Economical-makes 12 large or 24 small sandwiches. Smartest gracers everywhere sell Underwood Deviled Ham. See if

your grocer curries it - roday. If not, he'll get some for you, if you'll ask. Try Little Red Devil Recipe No. 49-Underwood Cream Tous! Shell healter due of egg in double beller. Add temporarial floor, three cups in With smooth, sell in a small can Undermand Devilled Him. Prof. ore-diers of fereign temporal trends, and sprinkle with crumbs of grated hard-belled egg. WM. UNDERWOOD CO., 52 FULTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAN

"Branded with the Devil, but fit for the Gods."



Ar Why Pay Two Prices For Fences? by from our lander. Daughreit of on heire Whe got Contambined from generative form to a propose; Crica, etc. but White he free Column des and Fanty Bayer's College Tomas Mrs. Co. 1000 February. Inch.





prove it to you, or I'll pay for the cow myself if I can't."

I'll take ye up on that," said the man without hesitation.

The evidence Barney showed that man wasn't pretty to look at, but it was convincing. He insisted on the spot that Barney submit the rest of his herd to the test, and though Barney was not a veterinarian he knew how to do it and did it. As a result that farmer received some advertising, but it was different from the kind of advertising he would have received if he had kept the cow. That cow, dead, paid him five times over. Barney was always as eager to spread the news of decent conditions as he was of

The fact that Barney took this work on his own shoulders gave the other doctors in town an opportunity to dub him a "Vet." It reached my ears that one of them de-ciared that such work wasn't dignified and lowered the standard of the profession. But Barney never was much concerned with his dignity. He'd do his best for a sick home or dag or cow as quick as he would for a sick person. Such gossip only made him laugh.

"Lord bless you!" he said to me. "I've cured a whole neighborhood by curing a cow and I've cured a whole family by curing the dog."

Whenever he was called in to treat one of the family he regularly inspected the barn and all the livestock. "If there's anything sick round the place, even the cat, I want to know it," he used to tell follow.

to tell folks.

When Dick finally drove home his herd and had them installed in his barn he was

and had them installed in his barn he was
the proudest farmer in Brewster.

"I don't know whether there's going to
be any money in them or not," he said to
me, "but after all I've read and after all
I've seen it's worth the price just to have
those clean beasts in clean quarters. It's
going to be worth something to use that
milk myself and to know that others are
using it."

I liked to hear the boy talk like that. He was in no position to conduct his enterprise as a purely philanthropic enterprise, prise as a purely philanthropic enterprise, and had no intention of so desing. He was entitled to a fair return on his investment and I had no doubt but what he would receive it; but after all if a business man gets from his business nothing but a money return he doesn't get much.

Why, even in the contracting business, which is a matter of bricks and atones and not of flesh and blood, I get a tremendous amount of satisfaction in helping a man

amount of satisfaction in belping a man build well. And though sometimes I wasn't allowed to do the work as well as I would have liked, I always refused to do absolutely pour work, no matter what the profit in it was for me or how little the responsibility was my own. I lost one or two jobs, but was my own. I lost one or two jobs, but even from a money point of view that policy paid me and paid the men who used me. A Carleton job stood for something and still stands for something. When all is said a man today can make himself felt back of his business, even back of a steam shovel. And that counts as much for the man as his business.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Latest on Wheels

TWO-WHEEL car that balances itself A exactly the same as a bicycle rider does—by turning the front wheel slightly toward the side on which a fall is threat-ened—has been built by a British scientist. It would be possible on this principle to make a merkanical toy bicycle rider that could ride in a straight path and keep its balance as easily as a living rider, and by the same

Power is applied to the back wheel of the car. Above the front wheel is placed a gyro-scope. If the car starts to fall over to one side the force of the gyroscope pulls the handlebars—to use the analogy of a bicycle and the front wheel turns just enough to prevent the fall.

In actual operation such safety motions are very slight, as they are in bicycle riding after the rider has learned the knack of balancing. Two-wheeled automobiles have been suggested by this new gyro car, though the first example is a railroad model.













When Money

Agency Distation

THE live man does not content himself with wondering where it's coming from. He Wants He looks around for that spare-time occupation which will yield him the largest return.

Thousands of young men-and young women-are securing the extra money they need by acting as the representatives of The Saturday Evening Past, The Ladies' Home Journal and The Country Gentleman in their off-boors. Just how it is done and why they are epiles-castic over what they are doing we should like to tell you.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA



THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

(Continued from Page 25)

"Sh! They do not come for rooms. They inquire for the Herr Doktor Byrne and the others!"
"No!"

"Of a certainty,"

"Then let me to the door!"
"A moment. She tells them everything

and more. She says—how she is wicked, Katrina! She says the Früulein Harmony was not good, that she sent them all away. Here, take the door!"

Thus it happened that Doctor Jennings and Mrs. Boyer, having shaken off the dust of a pension that had once harbored three malefactors, and having retired Peter and Anna and Harmony into the limbo of things best forgotten or ignored, found

things best forgotten or ignored, found themselves, at the corner, confronted by a slovenly girl in heelless slippers and wearing a knitted shawl over her head.

"The Frau Schwarz is wrong," cried Olga passionately in Vienna dialect, "They were good, all of them?"

"What in the world ——"

"And, please, tell me where lives the Frécleis Harmony. The Herr Georgiev eate not nor sleeps that he cannot find her,"
Doctor Jerainers was touried.

Dector Jeraings was puzzled.
"She wishes to know where the girl lives," she interpreted to Mrs. Boyer. "A

man wishes to know."
"Naturally!" said Mrs. Boyer, "Well, deg't tell her."

Olga gathered from the tane rather than the words that she was not to be told. She burst into a despairing appeal in which the Herr Georgiev, Peter, a necktie Peter had forgotten, open windows and hot water were inextricably confused. Doctor Jennings listened, then waved her back with a

"She says," she interpreted as they walked on, "that Doctor Feter—by which I suppose the mesns Doctor Byrne—has left a neektie, and that she'll be in hot water if she does not return it."

Mrs. Boyer sniffed.
"In lave with him, probably, like the others!" she said.

PETER went to Semmering the next PETER went to Semmering the next reorning, tiptoeing out very early and without breakfast. He went in to cover Jimmy, lying diagonally across his small bed amid a riot of tossed blankets. The elementicating door into Harmony's room was open. Peter kept his eyes carefully from it, but his ears were less under control. He rould hear her soft breathing. There were days coming when Peter would stand where he stood then and listen, and find only silence.

find only silence.

He tore himself away at last, closing the outer door carefully behind him and lighting a match to find his way down the staircase. The portier was not awake. Peter had to rouse him, and to stand by while he donped the trousers which he deemed necessary to the dignity of his position before he opened the street door.

Reluctant as he had been to go, the change was good for Peter. The dawn

grew cosy, promised sumbine, fulfilled its promise. The burrying crowds at the depat interested him: he enjoyed his coffee, taken from a bare table in the station. The horizontal morning sunlight, shining in through marvelously clean windows, warmed the marble of the floor, made black shadows beside the hears of hand luggage everywhere, turned into gold the hair of a toddling baby venturing on a tour of dis-covery. The same morning light, alan! covery. The same morning light, alas! revealed to Peter a break across the toe of one of his aboss. Peter sighed, then smiled. The haby was catching at the hits of dust that floated in the sunshine.

Suddenly a great wave of happiness overwhelmed Peter. at was a passing thing born of nothing, but for the instant that it lasted Peter was a king. Everything was well. The world was his oyster. Life was his, to make it what he would - youth and hope and joy. Under the beatilic in-fluence he expanded, grew, almost shone. Youth and hope and juy-that cometh in the morning.

The resting passed away, but without reaction. Peter no longer shone; he still glowed. He picked up the golden-haired haby and bugged it. He hunted out a beggar he had passed and gave him five hellers. He helped a suspicious old lady with an ollrloth-covered bundle: he called the guard on the train "son" and forced a grin out of that dignitary.

Peter traveled third class, which was quite comfortable, and no bother about "Nicht Rauchen" signs. His unreasonable cheerlui-ness persisted as far as Gloggaltz. There, with the increasing ruggedness of the scenery and his first view of the Raxalpe, came recolection of the urgency of Stewart's has message, of Marie Jedlicka, of the sortio little tragedy that awaited him at the end

of his journey.

Peter sobered. Life was rather a messafter all, he reflected. Love was a blessing but it was also a curse. After that he zeroback in his corner and let the mountain scenery take care of itself, while he recalled the look he had surprised once or twice n Marie's eyes when she looked at Stewart. It was sad, pitiful. Marie was a clever in the thing. If only she'd had a chance! Why wasn't he rich enough to help the one who needed help. Marie could start again in America, with no one the wiser, and make her way.

"Smart as the devil, these Austria girls!" Peter reflected. "Poor little gutter snipe!" The weather was beautiful. The also

of the previous day in Vienna had been deep snowfall on the mountains. To Schwarza was frozen, the castle of Lechter stein was gray against a white world.

little pilgrimage church far below seeme snowed in against the faithful. The thir class compartment filled with noisy skiin parties. The old woman opened her of cloth bundle, and taking a cat out of a being fad it.

inside fed it a sausage. Up and up, past the Weinzettelwand as the Station Breitenstein, across the highe viaduct, the Kalte Rinne, and so at last

Semmering.
The glow had died at last for Peter, 1 did not like his errand, was very vaguindeed, as to just what that errand migise. He was still and rather cold. Also i
thought the cat might stifle in the oldelet
but the old woman too clearly distrusthim to make it possible to interfere. An
how he did not know the German f either cat or oilcloth.

lie had wired Stewart; but the latt was not at the station. This made hi vaguely measy, he hardly knew why. I did not know Stewart well enough to knewhether he was punctilious in such matu or not: as a matter of fact he hardly knim at all. It was because he had appeal to him that Peter was there, it being on necessary to Peter to be needed, and he was nowhere. anywhere.

anywhere.

The Pension Waldheim was well up to mountains. He shouldered his value a started up - first long flights of steps through the pines, then a steep road. Peter climbers in the pines, then a steep road. Peter climbers in the pines, then a steep road. Peter climbers in the pines, then a steep road. Peter climbers in the pines, there and there he met groud coming down, men that he thought preably American, pretty women in "tame and sweaters. He watched for Marie, I there was no sign of her.

He was half an hour, perhaps, in reach the Waldheim. As he turned in at gate he noticed a sledge, with a dose people following it, coming toward he it was a singularly silent party. Petwith his hand on the doorknocker, watel its approach with some curiosity.

its approach with some curiosity.

It stopped, and the men who had be following closed up round it. Even the Peter did not understand. He did not derstand until he saw Stewart, limp a unconscious, lifted out of the straw a carried toward him.

Suicide may be moral cowardice; bu requires physical bravery. And Marie not brave. The balcony had attracted 1 it opened possibilities of escape, of uner ing regret and repentance for Stewart publicity that would mean an end to situation. But every inch of her soul craven at the thought. She crept out of and looked down, and as often drew by shuddering. To full down, down on to tree tops, to be dropped from branch branch, a broken thing, and perhaps c not yet dead that was the unthink thing, to live for a time and suffer!

Stewart was not ignorant of all went on in her mind. She had threats him with the balcony, just as, earlier in winter, it had been a window-ledge which she had frightened him. But t was this difference, whereas before he drawn her back from the window slapped her into sanity, now he let alone. At the end of one of their qua



MIT LAW. You could always "agone" to You may not been home to balance in Layers were high expectably what of MIT YOU MUST KNOW LAW.

The second of th

WRE IS OUR SPECIAL OFFER



A populy adjusted Shur-on stays. the confuetably. Stylish in apentee. Simple in construction.

TEST YOUR OWN EYES.

LOOK FOR THE HAME & Lineau Sana Con BRIDGE Are H. Indiana, N. Y.

OR THIS MARK No. 1814 IN FINGERGRIPS SCHOOLS

WRITING THE PHOTOPLAY Transfer course of inventy letters in the Archiverton Laught by Arthur Lords. Editor.

121. Spare Connections. 250, Age consisting free.

Descrines 100, Spring Reid, Mass. she had flung out on to the balcony, and then had watched him through the opening in the shutter. He had lighted a cigarette!

Stewart spent every daylight hour at the hotel, or walking over the mountain roads, seldom alone with Anita, but always near her. He left Marie sulking or sewing, as the case might be. He returned in the evening to find her still sulking, still sewing.

But Marie did not sulk all day, or sew. She too was out, never far Iron Stewart, always watching. Many times she escaped discovery only by a miracle, as when she stooped behind an oxcart, pretending to tie her shoe, or once when they all met face to face, and although she lowered her veil Stewart must have known her instantly had he not been so intent on helping Anits

over a slippery gutter.

She planned a dozen forms of revenge and found them impossible of execution. Stewart himself was frightfully unhappy. For the first time in his life he was really in love, with all the humility of the consition. There were days when he would not touch Anita's hand, when he hardly spoke, when the girl herself would have been out-raged at his conduct had she not now and then eaught him watching her, seen the wretchedness in his eyes.

wretenomess in his eyes.

The form of Marie's revenge was unpremeditated after all. The light mountain
snow was augmented by a storm; reads
were plowed through early in the morning,
leaving great hanks on either side. Sleighbells were everywhere. Consting parties
made the steep roads a menace to the pedestrian; every up-climbing sleigh carried be-hind it a string of sleds, going back to the

starting point.

Below the hotel was the Serpentine Coast, a long and disogerous course, full of high-banked curves, of sudden descents, of long straightaway dashes through the woodland. Two miles, perhaps three, it woodland. Two miles, perhaps three, it wound its fortuous way down the mountain. Up by the high road to the creat again, only a mile or less. Thus it happened that the track was always clear, except for speeding sleds. No coasters, dragging sleds buck up the slide, interfered.

The track was crowded. Every minute and are out away area down the straights.

a sled set out, sped down the straights-

a sled set out, sped down the straights-way, dipped, turned, disappeared. A dozen would be lined up, waiting for the interval and the signal. And here, watching from the porch of the church, in the very anadow of the saints, Marie found her revenge.

Stewart had given her a little wrist watch. Stewart and Anita were twelfth in line. By the watch, then, twelve minutes down the mountainside, straight down through the trees to a curve that Marie knew well, a had curve, only to be taken by running well up on the snowbank. by running well up on the snowbank. Heyond the snowbank there was a drop, fifteen feet, perhaps more, into the yard of a Russian villa. Stewart and Anita were twelfth; a man in a green stocking cap was eleventh. The hillside was steep. Marie negotiated it by running from tree to tree, catching herself, steadying for assecond, then down again. Once she fell and rolled a little distance. There was no time to think distance. There was no time to think; perhaps had she thought she would have weakened. She had no real courage, only desperation.

As she reached the track the mun in the green stocking cap was in sight. A minute and a half she had then, not more. She looked about her hastily. A stone might serve her purpose, almost anything that would throw the sied out of its course. She saw a tree branch just above the truck and dragged at it frantically. Some one was shouting at her from an upper window of the Russian villa. She did not hear. Stew-art and Anita had made the curve above and were coming down at frantic speed. Marie stood, her back to the oncoming rush of the sled, swaying slightly. When she could hear the singing of the runners she stooped and slid the tree branch out across the truck

She had acted almost by instinct, but with devilish skill. The sled swung to one side up the snowbank, and launched itself into the air. Marie heard the thud and the silence that followed it. Then she turned and scuttled like a hunted thing up the mountainside.

Peter put in a bad day. Marie was not about, could not be located. Stewart, suffering from concussion, lay insensible all day and all of the night. Peter could find no fracture, but felt it wise to get another opinion. In the afternoon he sent for a doctor from the Kurhaus and learned for the first time that Anita had also been hurt-a broken arm.



"I'm proud of my home and neighborhood"

People who are exceedingly particular about their form decurating are amply repaid in their great enjoyment of home. There's justifiable pride and estimation to the home discursed inside and out with 'High Standard' points, variables and enumes, because you know they are the finest quality,



ir as sentifically made of mirrual praterrals-propertiesed an carefully an a druggist's prescription, it withmands the resulter, builds its miner, contests other points, and leaves a good swifece for repainting



in the more manuful and artistic of fraintes for matis and ordings. The dell, flordon colors are worders fully with and delicase. It is talkloss, maximile and not eatily stratched or married. Ideal for ateriolling.

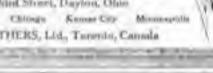
Write for valuable books

on Artesting "fall of augmentance for Impetitions from and yor device," About
or a falling all about the least make at pointing make and worshouse. When
working aye into dealers a power of you are I know take.

The Lowe Brothers Company 485 E. Third Street, Dayton, Ohio

Inner City Chicago Kennes City Monnespella

LOWE BROTHERS, Ltd., Turento, Canada



METZ "22"

The METZ "22" is everything you want in a strictly first class car of the

roadster type — stylish, speedy and wonderfully economical in operation. It is a thoroughly practical car, built to give enduring satisfaction. It saves you money

run it. It won the last Glidden Tour, competing with cars that cost from five to ten times as much-the

three cars comprising the METZ team being the only cars that held perfeet scores, without time extension or additional allowance of anykind, for when you buy it, and every hour you I the entire eight days of the contest,



The gearless transmission of the METZ "22" is one of the big features of its construction. It has no clutch to slip, no gears to stop - thus doing away entirely with gear troubles. Its equipment includes four-cylinder water-cooled mater, Bosch magneto, full elliptic springs, extension tup, wind shield, artillery wheels, best quality.

Goodrich clincher tires, 5 lamps, horn, tools, etc. It travels 28 to 32 miles on one gallon of gasoline, makes 3 to 50 miles per bour on the high speed, and is a splendid hill climber.

New illustrated Catalog "E" now ready. Representatives wanted in every city and town. Write for special terms.

METZ COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.



A Patrician Among Fine Watches

Emerson once said, "Every man passes his life in the search of a perfect friend."

You can consider your search ended, once you become possessed of a South Bend Chesterfield Watch. For no friend will mean more to you, no friend have a firmer hold on your affections than this handsome trustworthy watch.



The Chesterfield is a true aristocrat in appearance; a slim, thin-model watch, the very feel of which gives you joy.

And as its reliability demonstrates itself through the passing years, your pride in it develops into real affection. For in the Chesterfield you obtain not only princely appearance but what is rarely found in thin-model watches, utter time-eastness. The production of Chesterfield Watches is

limited. We do not make them has tily, but we make them well. We recommand the Chesterfield to you who desire the pride and pleasure of knowing that the watch you carry is the heat of its kind. The prices range from \$100 dawn.

Write for name of nearest South Bend jeweler and our little complimentary fromfore, "Character in Watches," Mailed free

The South Bend Watch Company, 4 State St., South Bend, Ind



THE BEST LIGHT makes and burns discoving as. Costs 2c. a week to operate. No dist, grease nor other. A pure white light, more brilliant than electricity or activities. Very communical and effective. Agents wanted. Write for catalogue and prices.

SEAT BY TEST P-US E SEAT SEAT LIGHT CO.

SharpenYour Own Blades



You'd say "SILK if you felt this sock, when blindfolded ! That's how near to real silk texture this new Iron Clud "Tibra Silk" sock comes On the loot it has the sheep and soft fineness that makes the appearance of pure silk so handsome, The forefoot reinforcement, instead of marely covering the toes, extends reduce the usual dimance bank, giving double strongth at the broad part of the foot, where so much rubbing nomes. Huch are reinforced to a paint when the hort line of a low shoe. Fibre Silk Iron Clad-No. 499 ploss with diff's appearance with entrop's farable at the law cost of 25c a pair, that are maked to prove them things at only take. If there is no loss Cost You are nated, to prove them to have at only find. If they been proved to prove the common resulting the proved to prove the common resulting to the c Get our Bettleship catalog free - material is full unless disputed from LOW SE Write today lot our beautiful COOPLE, WELLS & COMPANY catalog in colors

"Not serious," said the Kurhaus man. "She is brave, very brave, the young woman. I believe they are engaged?"

Peter said he did not know and thought very hard. Where was Marie? Not gone surely. Here about him lay all her belong-

ings, even her purse.

Toward evening Stewart showed some improvement. He was not conscious, but he swallowed better and began to toss about. Peter, who had had a long day and very little sleep the night before, began to look jaded. He would have sent for a nurse from the Kurbang but he doubted Stewart's from the Kurbaus, but be doubted Stewart's

ability to stand any extra financial strain, and Peter could not help any.

The time for supper passed, and no Marie. The landlady sent up a tray to Peter, stawed meat and potatoes, a salad, coffee. Petersat in a corner with his back to Stewart and ate ravenously. He had had nothing since the morning's coffee. After

that he sat down again by the hed to watch. There was little to do but watch. The meal had made him drowsy. He thought longingly of his pipe. Perhaps if he got some fresh air and a smoke! He

remembered the baleany.
It was there on the baleany that he found Marie, a cowering thing that pushed his hands away when he would have caught

her and broke into passionate crying.
"I cannot! I cannot!"
"Cannot what?" demanded Petergently,
watching her. So near was the balcony

"Throw myself over, I've tried, Peter. I cannot!"
"I should think not!" said Peter sternly.

"Just now when we need you too! Come in and don't be a foolish child."

But Marie would not go in. She held back, clinging tight to Peter's big hand, mouning out in the dislect of the people that always renfused him her story of the day, of what she had done, of watching Stewart brought back, of stealing into the house and through an adjacent room to the balcony, of her desperation and her cowardice.

She was purply with cold achestics and

She was numb with cold, exhaustion and hunger, quite childish, helpless. Peter stood out on the balcony with his arm round her, while the night wind beat about them, and pondered what was best to do. He thought she might come in and care for Stewart at least until he was conscious. He could

get her some supper.
"How can I?" she asked. "I was seen.
They are searching for me now. Oh,
Feter! Peter!"

Who is searching for you? Who saw

'The people in the Russian villa."

"Did they see your face?"
"I wore a veil. I think not."

"Then come in and change your clothen. There is a train down at midnight. You can take it."

"I have no money."
This raised a delecate question. Marie sheelutely refused to take Stewart's money. She had almost none of her own. And there were other complications—where was she to go? The family of the injured girl did not suspect her since they did not know of her existence. She might get away without trouble. But after that, what? Peter pundered this on the balcony, while Marie in the bedroom was changing

her clothing, soaked with a day in the snow. He came to the inevitable decision, the decision be knew at the beginning that he

was going to make.
"If I could only put it up to Harmony first!" he reflected. "But she will understand when I tell her. She always understands.

Standing there on the little balcony, with tragedy the thickness of a pine board beyond bim, Peter experienced a bit of the glow of the morning, as of one who stumbling along in a dark place puts a hand on

He went into the room. Stewart was lying very still and breathing easily. On her knees beside the bed knelt Marie.

At Peter's step she rose and faced him.
"I am leaving him, Peter, for always."
"Good!" said Peter heartily. "Better
for you and better for him."

Marie drew a long breath. "The night train," she said listlendy, "is an express. I had forgotten. It is double fare." "What of that, little sister?" said Peter.

"What is a double fare when it means life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? And there will be happiness, little sister.' He put his hund in his pocket.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Necco Wafers Hub Wafers

Технарыений Радов Жеврай

are sympped in short-right probacts which contain a tempton carers of ing gravilates of these tasty sweets by made them popular with yourgrass and grownings everywhere, Sold by the best conferencers.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO. Buston, Mars. Makers of Notice Supply







LONG-LIFE

L'TTLE Blessed's hands are soft and pink (and perhaps a little black?) but they do a deal of harm to improperly finished woodwork.

It is baby's business to investigate things. And this wanderlust often leitroys the mother's peace of mind. Vittalite, the Long-Life White Enamel diminates worry. It can be washed one and again without even dulling the finish. Vitralite Mays, while the little finger marks disappear. It prodoces a lasting, porcelain-like surface that will not crack nor chip, whether ned inside or outside, on wood, meral or plaster. Shows no brush marks and will positively not turn sellow. Send for

Booklet and Two Sample Panels one finished with Vitralite and the

other with "61" Floor Varnish, the varnish that is heel-proof, mar-proof and water-proof. Hit it with a hammer! You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack.

The quality of P. W L. Variable Printers has almosthim their strangest guarantee. Our point which policy is full satisfaction or many returned.

Post & Lumbers Varnish Products are used by pasters, specified by architects, and sold to paste and unlessed dealers everywhere.

Address all inquiries to Pratt & Lambert-loc. II Tonswands St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Conada, 25 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.



NEW YORK BUFFALO CHICAGO BRIDGEBURG, CANADA

ESTABLISHED 65 YEARS

LONDON PARIS HAMBURG



"Why, John, you said it was an ald house!"

"And so it is. But the painter has been at work. That's the difference."

A house is only as old as it looks. A house painted in colors tastefully selected and with paint mixed of

Dutch Boy White Lead

and Dutch Boy linseed oil looks new, and long retains that look of

Such paint wears long and smoothly, without eracking and scaling Consult your painter as John did his. Make your house new. No other improvement so satisfactory can be made for the same money.

Write for our Paint Adviser No. 65 - a group of helps, Free



Buffeler

Change (John T. Lewis & Store Co., Philadelphia)

No Province

Circiand St. Louis

(Name at Levil & Cit Co., Printings.)

Paint Your Own Car

vs. \$25 to \$75 — Do it yourself at home with the Save \$15 to \$15 — Do it partied at home with the Aranna system. Experiment on indextensor, Twe exist. \$5.54. Others \$5.00 up. All culture, Tup and leather discosings, beam, enamed, etc. Excepthing by improvementing a approximate. Fair of 10% has being sixten leading by with head \$18.58. Mechanical thand libert leading by with head \$18.59. Mechanical thand libert \$15.00. But \$7 page book "Tee Cor Beautylet" belle about th. First to majorates.

ABREKAL VAREURE CO., 2515-548 Ava. Buth Island, IL.





THE OTHER CHEEK

another door—then the scurrying of feet down cold stone steps that awakened echoes

in the deserted street.

The cold air stung her flaming check; a policeman glanced after her; a drunken sallor staggered out of a black doorway, and her trembling limbs sped faster; a labyrinth of citystreets and rows of blankfaced houses; an occasional pedestrian, who glanced after her because she wheesed and ever so often gathered her strength and broke into a run; then a class, ill-smelling spartment house, with a tipsy gas light in the hall, and a dull brown door that remained closed to her knocks and rings. The sobs were rising in her throat and the trembling in her limbs shook her as with ague.

A knock that was more of a pound and a frenzied rattling of the knob! Finally from the isside of the door a thump-thump down a long hallway - and the door creaked open

cautiously, suspiciously!

In its frame a pale figure is the rumpled clothes of one always sitting down, and hunched on a pair of silver-mounted maboguny cratches that slanted from her sides

"Goldie! Little Goldie!" "Ob, Addle! Addie!"

Youth has rebound like a rubber ball. Batted up against the back fence, she bounces back into the heart of a rosebush

or into the carefully weeded, radishless radish bed of the kitchen garden.

Mrs. Trimp rose from the couch-bed-daveoport of the Bapp sitting-dining-sleeping room, with something of the aid light burning in her eyes and a full-lipped mouth to which clung the memory of smiles. Even Psyche, abandoned by Love, smiled a specious amile.

Eddie Bopp reached out a pretective arm and drew Goldie by the sleeve of her shirt-waist down to the couch-bed-davenport

again. Take it easy there, Goldie. Don't get yourself all excited again.

"But it's just like you say, Eddle—I got the law on my side. I got him on the grounds of cruelty if—if I show nothin' but—but this cheek."

"Sure you have, Goldie; but you just sit quiet. Addie, come in here and make Goldie behave her little self."

"I'm all right, Eddie. Gee! With Addie treating me like I was a queen in a gilt crown, and you skidding round me like a tire, I feel like cream!"

Eddie regarded her with eyes that were

soft as rese-colored lamps at dusk.
"You poor little kid!"
Addle hobbled in from the kitchen.
"I got something you'll like, Goldie.
It's but and good for you too."
God alone knew the secret of Addle. He

had fashioned her in clay and water, even as you and I-from the same earthy compound from which spring ward politicians and roagie-throated divas; editors and plumbers; poet laureates and Polish immigrants; propagandists and pieceworkers; single-taxers and suffragettes.

He fashioned her in clay; and it was as if she came from under the teeth of a street-car fender-broken, but remolded in alabaster, and with the white light of her staunch spirit shining through—Addle, whose side, up as high as her ribs, was a flam-ing furnace and whose smile was sunshine

on dew.
"You wouldn't eat no supper; so I made you some chicken broth, Goldie. You remember when we was studying shorthand at night school, how we used to send Jimmie over to White's lunchroom for chickenette broth and a slab of milk chocolate?

"Do I! Gee! You were the greatest kid,

Est, Goldie gowan."

"I ain't hungry-houest!"
"Quit standing over her, Eddie; you make her nervous. Let me feed you, Goldie."

"Gee! Ain't you swell to me!" Ready tears sprang to her eyes.

"Like you ain't my old chum, Goldie! It don't seem so long since we were working in the same office and going to Recreation Pier dances together, does it?"
"Addie! Addie!"

"Do you remember how you and me, and Ed and Charley Snuggs, used to walk up and down Ninth Avenue summer eve-

nings eating ice-cream conse?"
"Do I? Oh, Addie, do I!"

"I'm glad we had them ice-cream day Goldie. They're melted, but the flave ain't all gone." Addie's face was large an white and calm-featured, like a Bottled

"You two girls sure was cut-ups! Re member the night Addie first introduced a Goldie? You came over to call for her his us three went to the waxworks show a Twenty-Third Street. Lordy, how we co

"And I started to ask the wax police man if we was allowed to go past the rail. They laughed low in their throats, as they feared to raise an echo in a vale tears. "It's like old times for me to tears. "It's like old times for me to I staying all night with you again, Addi It's been so long! He—he used to g mad like anything if I wanted to see any the old crowd. He knew they didn't knewny good of him. He was always for the sporty, all-night bunch."

"Poor kul!"

"Don't get her to talking about it again Eddie; it gets her all excited."

"He could have turned me against a own mother, I was that crazy over him. "That," said Addie softly, "was lov And only women can love like that: 41 women who do love like that are curse!

and blessed, while it lasts. "I'm out of it now, Addin You wor never send me back to him you won

"There now, dearle, you're gott worked up again; ain't you right he safe with us? "That night at Hinkey's was the wor Goldie," said Eddie. "It makes my blo boil! Why didn't you quit then; why "I ain't told you all, neither. Edd One night he came home about two o'decand I had been —."

"Just quit thinking and talking also him, Goldie. You're right here, sale wi me and Eddie; and he's going to get ya job when you're feeling stronger. At then, when you're free - when you'

Addie regarded her brother with tender sura of a smile on her lipe and tender implication in her eyes that acurr like a frightened mouse back into its ho Eddie flamed red; and his ears, by a curic physiological process, accound to take if and contemplate instant flight from h

"Oh, look, Ad. We got to get a new lo for your chair. The stuffin's all poki through the velvet."

"So it is, Eddie. It's a good thing ygot your raise, with all these newland
dangles we need."

"Tonight's his lodge night. He nev
came home till three—till three o'dos
lodge nights."

"There you go, Goldie—back on t

"There you go, Goldie—back on t subject, makin yourself sick."

"Gee!"
"What's the matter, Goldie?"
"Tonight's his lodge. I could go no and get my things while he ain't there couldn't I?"
"Swel!! I'll take you, Goldie, and we outside for you."
"Eddie, can't you see she ain't in the

"Eddie, can't you see she ain't in a condition to go running round night There's plenty time yet, Goldie. Y can wear my shirtwaists and things. We

"I got to get it over with, Addie; a daytimes Eddie's working and I'd have go alone. I—I don't want to go back the alone."

"Sure; she can't go alone, Addie; a she's got to have her things."

Eddie was on his feet and beside Goldi palpitating figure, as though he would I his heart, a living stepping-stone, at I

"We better go now, Addie; honest had! Eddie'll wait outside for me while go upstairs."
"You poor kid! You want to get it ow with, don't you? Get her coat, Eddie."
"I ain't scared a bit, Addie. I'll just

in and pack my things together and has out again."

"Here's your coat and hat, Goldie. "Take care, children; and, Gold don't forget all the things you need. Ja take your time and get your things gether warm clothes and all." "I'll be waiting right outside for yo

Goldie."

"I'm ready, Eddie."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST





Rocker Direct

From Factory

For \$9.75!

ANTED AN IDEA! Who can think of your ideas, they may being you wealth.

"Tour ideas, they may being you wealth, and layentones and "How to Get Your Mosey" Raygon H & Co. Dept. 131, 2007. Washington, D. C.

"Don't let her get excited and worked up, Eddie.

I ain't scared a bit, Addie."

"Sure you ain't? "Not a bit!"

"Good-by, Addie, Gee, but you're swell to me!"

Don't forget to bring your rubbers, Goldie; going to work on wet mornings you'll need them."

-I ain't got none." "You can have mine. I-I don't need

them any more."

"Good-by, Ad-leave the dishes till we come back. I can do 'em swell myself after you two girls have gone to bed."

"Yes. I'll be waiting, Goldie; and we'll talk in bed like old times."

"Yes, yes!" It was as if Addie's trail hands were gripping Goldie's heart and closuring her speech.

clogging her speech.

Good-by, children!"

"Good-by. "S'long!

The night air met them with a whoop, and tugged and pulled at Goldie's hat.

"Take my arm, Goldie. It's some howler, ain't it?"

Their feet clacked on the cold, dry pave-

ment, and passers-by leaned into the wind. "He was a great one for hating the cold, Eddie. Gee, how he hated winter!"

That's why he wears a fur-collared cout and you go freezing along in a cheesecioth jacket, I guess.

"It always kind of got on his chest and

gave him fever."
"What about you? You just shivered

along and dissent say anything!"
"And I used to fix him mustard plasters
and hot-water bugs hulf the night. When
he wasn't mad or drunk he was just like a kid with the measles! It used to make me

She turned away and finished her sentence in the teeth of the wind; but Eddie's arm tightened on hers until she could feel each

distinct finger.
"I ain't scared a bit, Eddie."
"For what, I'd like to know! Ain't I going to be waiting right here across the street?"

"See! That's the room over there—the dark one, with the shade balfway up. Ges, how I hate it!"

"I'll be waiting right here in front of Jue's place. Goldie. If you need me just shoot the shade all the way up."

"I won't need you."

"We'll then light the one mail the shade

"Well, then, light the gas, pull the shade all the way down, and that it mean 'All's

"Swell!" she said. "Down comes the shade, and 'All's well!" "Good!"

They spilled and their breaths clouded between them; and down through the highwalled street the wind shot javelin-like and stung red into their cheeks, and in Eddle Bopp's ears and round his heart the blood buzzed.

Goldie crossed the street and went up the steps lightly, her feet grating the brown stone like fine-grained sandpaper. When she unlocked the front door the cavelike mustiness and the cold small of unsunned hallways, and the conglomerate of food smells from below, met her at the thresh-old. Memories like needle-tongued insects stung ber.

The first-floor front she opened slowly, pausing after every creak of the door; and the gas she fumbled because her hand trembled, and the match burned close to her fingers before she found the tip.

She turned up the flame until it sang, and glanced about her fearfully, with one hand on her bruised cheek and her underlip caught in by her teeth.

Mr. Trimp's room was as expressive as a lady's glove still warm from her hand. He might have slipped out of it and let it lie crumpled, but in his own ima

The fumes of bay rum and stale bear struggled for supremary. The center table, with a sickening litter of empty bottles and dead ashes, was dreary as cold mutton in its grease.

A red satin slipper—an unhygienic-drinking gublet, which had leahed and slopped over full many a paper novel—lay on the floor, with its red run into many pinks and its resette limp as a wad of paper. Goldie picked her careful way round it. Fear and nauses and sickness at the heart

made her dizzy.

The dresser, with its wavy mirror, was strewn with her husband's neckties; an uncorked bottle of buy rum gave out its last faint fumes.



THIS season, "the simpler, the smarter" is the decree of Fashabove, with the plain-stitched tip invites attention by seeming to avoid it and has the supreme "smartness" of extreme plainness.

"ARLINGTON" Corded-Tip Oxford-\$4.50

Russet Calf; semi-slender, receding toe; plain stitched toe-cap (no perforations) with raised or "corded" effect corded" effect between rows of tip stitching; broad shank; solidly planted heel; invisible eyelets; English cord laces, back seam locked with an "anchor stay"; expressly shaped and steaded to clasp the ankle and long the heel. Also available in Black Calf.

Exclusive Custom Styles.

Three are L.V. Exclusive Repail Shaps and 400 shiperited Regal Agents. Sand for our Spring Style Book - it's feer,

REGAL SHOE COMPANY

277 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

House Clock

Pocket Watch WWW....... Automobile Timepiece

> Let these lines represent the difference in vibration to which the house clock, the pocket watch, and the automobile timepiece are subjected. No mere bouseclock differently cased and named, is strong enough to meet strenuous automobile conditions.

Waltham Automobile Timepieces are the first ever manufactured exclusively for motor-cars. Their strength and resistance to excessive temperatures and vibrations are absolutely unique.

Here at last is a timepiece in appearance and service worthy of cars of the highest grade.

Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

Manufacturers of the Jamous Wallham "Riverside" Watches



Waltham Automobile Timepieces 74



-won't hurt VALSPAR

Is your front door bright and cheerful? Or is it like many front doors, sad and dull looking?

The trouble with most front doors is the varnish - ordinary varnish will not stand continued exposure to water and weather. There is one varnish that is really waterproof-Valspar. No amount of rain or snow can turn it white, or cause it to chip off.

Make your front door look like new with Valspar. Stress of weather only serves to keep it bright and clean. Try Valspar on your floors and woodwork, and your furniture.

You can wash it with soap and water - it keeps it immaculate. A leaky radiator, a spilled kettle, an overflowing bathtub, need cause no worry, for water can not injure Valspar.

Vulspur is the varnish that water will not turn white.

Ask your dealer about our guarantee-your money back if not satisfied.

A 4-oz, sample will be sent on receipt of 10c, in stamps to cover mailing and package.

Nearest dealer's name on request

VALENTINE & COMPANY

ALSPAR

High-Grade Varnishes Taxes VARNISHES ---

458 FOURTH AVENUE

ENTARCHMENT 1933

NEW YORK CITY

Cutopia

NEW YORK

CHICAGO Bern Fred THEMSE

PARCE AMPRICACION. W. P. PULLER & CO., San Francisco, Agents for Partic Stope.



tiring grind.



The wheel is under your complete control at all times-in crowded streets-when coasting down the steepest hills.

"Corbin Control Means Safety Assured"

Sold and equipped by bicycle and hardrare dealers everywhere Write fee new 1914 Catalog

THE CORBIN SCREW CORPORATION The American Hardware Corporation, Successor 217 HIGH STREET, New Britsin, Comp.

PIPE LOVERS!

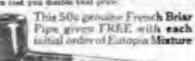
Send for this pound can at our Risk.

Don't send ... any money: just say you are willing to be con-visced that

Eutopia Mixture

in the richest. SWEETING, COOK and best pip ever amoked

We stake Figure



ERES IN DUE OFFER: We will apon request.

resting besides along closes tolorens mailed on requi

CAMERON TOBACCO CO. Richmond, Virgin ver and 9th 5ts.,

She opened the first long drawer with a quivering intake of breath and pulled out a shirtwaist, another and yet another, and a coarse white petticoat with a large-holed embroidery flounce. Then she dragged a sultrase, which was wavy like the mirror, through the blur of her tears, out from under the hed; and as she quickly threw things in, the door behind her opened, and her heart rose to her throat with the sudden velocity of an express elevator shooting up a ten-story shaft.

In the dresser mirror, and without turn-ing her head or gaining her feet, she looked into the eyes of her husband. "Pussy-cat!" he said, and came toward her with his teeth flashing like Carrara murble in sunlight.

She sprang to her feet and backed against the dresser.

"Don't! Don't you come near me!"
"You don't mean that, Goldie."

She shivered in her scorn.

"Don't you rome near me! I came-to

get my things."
"Oh!" he said, and tossed his hat on the bed and peeled off his coat. "Help yourself, kiddo. Go as far as you like." She fell to tearing at the contents of her

drawer without discrimination, cramming them into her suitcase and breathing furi-ously, like a hare in the turture of the chase. The color aprang out in her cheeks and her eyes took fire.

Her husband threw himself, in his shirtsleeves and waistcoat, across the bed and watched heridly. Only her fumbling movements and the singing of the gas broke the silence. He rose, lowered the flame and lay down again.

Her little box of poor trinkets spilled its contents as she packed it; her hairbrush fell from her trembling tingers and clattered to the floor.

'Can I help you, Goldie-eyes?"

He coughed rather deep in his chest and she almost brushed his band as she passed to the clothes wardrobe. He reached out

to the clothes wardrebs. He rearlied out and caught her wrist.

"Now, Goldie, you ——"

"Don't—don't you touch me! Let go!"
He drew her down to the bed beside him.

"Can't you give a fellow another chance, baby? Can't you?" She tugged for her freedom, but his clasp was tight as steel and tender as love. "Can't you, lashy?"

"You!" she said, kicking at the sloppy satin aligner at her feet, as if it were a

satin slipper at her feet, as if it were a loatksome thing that crawled. "I-I don't ever want to see you again, you—you—"
"You drove me to it, pussy; honest you

did! You didn't need no driving. You take to it like a fult to water—nobady can drive you. You just ain't—no—good!"

to it like a fish to water—nebredy can drive you. You just ain't—to—good!"

"You drove me to it. When you quit I just went crary mad. I kicked the sky-light—I tore things wide open. I was that sore for you—houset, bally!"

"I've heard that line of talk hefere. I ain't forgot the night at Hinkey's! I ain't forgot nothing. You or horses can't hold me here!" She wrenched at her wrists.

"I got a job yesterday, baby. Bill made good. Eighty dollars, honey! Me and Cutty are quits for good. Ain't that something—now ain't it?"

"Let me go!"

"Let me go!"

"Fussy-cat!"

"Let me go, I say!" He coughed and turned on his side toward her.

"You don't mean it."
"I do! I do! Let go! Let go!"
She tore herself free and darted to the wardrobe door. He closed his eyes and his lashes lay low on his cheeks.

"Before you go, Goldie, where's the mus-turd plasters?" I got a chest on me like an

"Sure, you have. That's the only time you ever show up before crack of dawn. He reached out and touched her wrist.

She placed a reluctant hand on his brow, "Fever?"

"It ain't nothing much. I'll be all right."

"It's just one of your spells. Stay in bed a couple of days and you'll soon be ready for another jamboree!"

"Don't fuss at me, baby."
"They're in the washstand drawer."
She threw a shabby cloth skirt over her arm and a pressed-plush coat that was gray at the elbows and frayed at the hem. He reached out for the dangling empty sleeve as she passed.

"You was married in that coat, wasn't you, hen?"

"Yes," she said, and her lips curled like burning paper; "I was married in that

"Goldie-eyes, you know I can't get along without my petsie; you know it. There ain't no one can hold a candle to you, baby!"

Yes, yes!" "There ain't! I wish I was feelin' well enough to tell you how sorry, haby—how sorry a fellow like me can get. I just wish it, baby-baby

She surrendered like a reed to the curve of a scythe and crumpled in a heap beside

"You—you always get me!"

He gathered her up and laid her head backward on his shoulder so that her face was foreshortened and close to his.

"Goldie-eyes," he said, "I'll make it up to you! I'll make it up to you!" And he made a motion as though to kiss her where the curis lay on her face—but drew back as if sickened.

if sickened.
"GoodGod!"hesaid, "Poorlittlehaby!" Quick as a throb of a heart she turned her

left cheek, smooth as a lily petal, to his lips.
"It's all right, Harry!" she said in a voice that was tight. "I'm crazy. I guess; but, geo, it's great to be crazy!"

"I'll make it up to you, baby. See if I don't! I'll make it up to you."

She kissed him, and his lips were hot and

dry.
"Lemme fix your plaster, dearle; you got one of your colds."

"All right, hon."

"Gee! Lemme straighten up. Say, ain't you a messer, though! Look at this here washetand and those neckties! Ain't

you a messer, though, dearie!"

She crammed the ties into a dresser drawer, dragged a chair into place, removed some things from the washstand drawer, hung her hat and jacket on their peg-and lowered the shade.

The Next Car

HEADWAY clocks, to indicate to wait-ing patrons how long it will be before a trolley car will come along, are just begin-ning to come into use abroad. On the clock face are the words: "Next car due to leave here in number of minutes indicated." And a hand points to the proper number on the disl. Such clocks could be placed at waiting sheds along the country trolley line, at the ends of lines, or at any points where many passengers are taken aboard.

In one design the pointer stope two min-utes at zero, to allow for any slight deviation from the schedule; and then if the car does not some along after the two minutes the pointer moves to a notice that the cars are off schedule. In this system the pointer is set by the conductor of each car as he reaches the clock. If the schedule is half hourly, for instance, the conductor of a passing car sets the hand of the clock at thirty minutes. The clock pointer then moves round the dial so that it will get to zero in thirty minutes. In another design, in actual use in England, the setting of the pointer is done automatically by an electrical arrangement as the car passes, and the only occasions when any attention must be given the clock are times when the schedule is changed to run cars aftener or less frequently.

In the English system the clock is in-

tended primarily for the attention of the motormen or engineers, to let them know how far distant the car ahead of them is, and thus help them keep the cars evenly spaced; but in actual use its information is

sought by passengers.





DEADY to wear. No A "breaking in." There's umlost from the start if you wear Florsheims. High or low toe modelsil made over "Natural Stape" lasts. Priced at b-and up to \$7.

De Direbeim dealer will above your the manus is unserseed integrition.

Prix on Vegoria THE MAN OF CORRECT STREET

The Florsheim Shoe Co. Chicago, U.S. A.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES



"Bridgeport"

Motorcycle Pumps

Argorethal, sampart and easy-work Tary are reliable and immunity se obing timelading over yourser which will not run

To hade and single cots as o oil. Rubber tube and line con-tin identify by the hands and and pump when not is to the or breign valves. Many in your and long little

be your dealer for "Bride or" Maturesydle Pompo. Write for new Bookle!

Bridgeport" Automobile, Maturcycle and Bicycle Pumps d by destant endywhere. We depend the unit easy working the hope and the land was

IRIDGEPORT BRASS CO. Int Male 54. Bridgepart, Con

THE FLOODTIDE OF FORTUNE

(Continued from Page II)

"Smooth as velvet!" replied Jones.
"There wasn't any work to it hardly—just a pleasure jaunt; a regular junket the whole time. Private car!"
"What!" ejaculated Mrs. Jones.
"That's what I'm telling you. Why, what did you think? Do you suppose the great and only Gann is roone to travel like.

great and only Gann is going to travel like ordinary mortals in just a common, ordi-nary Pullman? Well, I guess not! I hardly think he would have had the nerve to have invited me if he hadn't been prepared to do the thing in the style to which I had been accustomed."

Jones chuckled at this joke and Mrs. Jones joined in heartily. The children went into shouts of laughter, whereat Jones and Mrs. Jones laughed the more. "Private car," resumed Jones; "private cook; private porter; and Gann's own private valet."

private valet."

'Was he nice to you?" saked Mrs. Jones

"Was he nice to you?" saked Mrs. Jones rather anxiously.

"The valet? Well, yes; considering his position, he unbent quite a little."

"Goose! I mean Mr. Gann."

"Treated ms liks a prince! He's all right, for all that hang-you-don't-you-dare-to-presume way he's got. Several times I suspected him of being human. Yes; it was 'Anything you want touch the button!' And the meals we got on that trip! Whew! Game; fish; steaks three inches thick!

Say, I never knew there were such steaks— Say, I never knew there were such steaks-and I are right at the same table with His

"I should think you did!" said Mrs.
Jones with a flash in her pretty dark eyes.
"The idea!"

"I didn't know but he'd give me a hand-out on the rear platform," said Jones jocularly. "And I met all manner of mag-

"I'm so glad you got that suit," mur-mured Mrs. Jones. "Then you think he

"I know he did. As I say, there wasn't much work to do not compared with the office; but once or twice I had to huatle. And things came up matters of business, where I was able to put him right. You know I'm a sort of a sponge for soaking up information. Of course Gann is considerable of a graven image, but I think he was surprised; and when we got through one evening he gave a very successful imita-tion of a smile and said he wasn't missing Pakenham at all."
"Realty?"

"Honest! And when we met Gibbons, at Hookerburg, he introduced me quite nicely and began to talk business right

away.

"(libbons raised his eyebrows and sort of looked at me; but Garn said: "You can talk before Mr. Jones." You see the confidence

with which I am regarded!"

"You ought to have said: 'Yes, I am paid well to be trusted."

"I know that's what I should have said." agreed Jones, amiling: "but I haven foolish streak once in a while and I just kept my head closed." "Papa," said Peter Parkin, "those

Parkin!" reproved his mother.

"We stopped at the Gibbons mansion palace in Clydedale. Talk about lexury! Talk about style!"

"Suppose some day we should be living in huxury!" musesi Mrs. Jones. "If Mr. Gann is pleased with you be might give you something better, and then — What a beautiful time you must have had!

"The darnedest, most uncomfortable time I ever had in my life!" said Jones. "Here! I want my old cout and slippers - my old slippers. Get off the, you scaramouches Mother, what have you got the cloth laid You don't mean to say you're going to feed me! What's for supper?

I suppose after all the lovely things you've been -

What's for supper?" reiterated Josses,

embracing ber.
"It's Irish stew," faltered Mrs.

Jones. John Parkin took his hat from the table, threw it into the air and then detterously

"Hurrah!" he cried. "I thought of Irish stew. I smelled Irish stew, but I hardly dared hope for it. Now I'll have a square meal at last. Children, leave my

Michaels-Stern Clothes

WHEREVER smart dressers gather; wherever there's healthy pride in presence and personality; wherever fitness and manliness are cherished, one sees MICHAELS-STERN clothes.

The grace, the "gumption," the genuineness of MICHAELS-STERN garments have identified them with the Fellowship of Smart Dressers.

We'd like to send you our portfolio, illus-trating Michaels-Stern Clothes by means of redor photography from life. Ask for it.

Michaels, Stern & Co.

Langest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing ROCHESTER, NY



Shoe Polishes



"GR.Y EDGS," the only balls," show drawing that summerly mentains Od. Illa, he and Publishes balley and Allabora's boots and short, shines without rub-sing, I'm. "FRENCH GLOSS," 10s.

bing, I'm "FRENCH GLOSS," 10s.
"STAR" combination for eleganing and pollubing all blocks of resent or tan electr, 10s. "DANDY" size, 25s. "QUICK WHITE" (In liquid form with sponge) quickly cleans and whitens duty causes slave. He.

"BABY DITE" combination for perfection who take pride in having time there back A 1. Restury value and better in all back store. Follow with a british or disth. 10 cents. "BLITE" size: 25 cents. If your disthes does not keep the field and want, send as the past in manage for bullette pask age, that greepaid.

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO.
20-26 Albany Street
The Other and Largest Management of
Share Patients on the Market.

ittemore's Roof Leak?

The Celebrated Roof Paint Will add years to the life of any roof, old or newtin, shingle or felt.

Sure relief for roof trouble

Roof Leak stops leaks, prevent rust, decay or warping. Is not affected by heat, brine, cold or acid. Does not crack in winter or soften in summer. Highly fireproof.

Roof Seak is a rubber-like liquid cement that affords the utmost protection, can be easily applied to any roof and is the best investment the owner of any new or old roof can make.

If you are interested we will gladly send you a full half plat preparate your door by partral post—choice of Black, Marpor, huite or Made Green. This sample will enable you to make a thoroughly practical test and will be seen together with book in and unfor card upon several of the creat, total or strongs.

Elliott Varnish Company 7m S. Kolmer Avenue

700 Washington Avenue Brantford Roofing Company, Ltd.



T'S a Colonial season but more especially a LA FRANCE season in Colonials. The types we show in our line will make a special appeal to the well-dressed woman.

You'll find it difficult to resist the LA FRANCE combination of appearance and moderate cost.

It will give us pleasure to mail you our book of styles and inform you where you can get this desirable footwear.

> No. 806. This is one of our Colonial Models in Serling Patent Cole, well, with the new Kidney heat. In 700 we have the same model in Gon. Metal with Culian heel.





With this money-maker Engelson made \$42.50 in 8 hours. You can sare sig money making photos on greets. It bone, fairs, saywhere.

10 tops one prepaid.

Write to-day for free outs tops one this machine thes.



add extra money to

natie Sweeper Co., 4511 South State St., Chicago

SALESMEN WANTED TO BE STORE Products



west. Know Knit Gandert Gause is a very their measure welca. and dead sole, high splitted bank and extremen the to make it thank both ones

All Rose Kell he dery for men, women, boys and pick in Lorentz or based thades and orders. To reversit on based or and exploration for the property of the self-pick of the control of the property. An order of the control of the con

FREE - White Are and pursues to be a Too Hade Don't Too His

Knoxville Knin ing Mills Co., M'frs. Dopt, A MININE

legs alone! Let's all go out into the kitchen and help mother. There's no place like home. Irish stew!"

The children were in bed at last. John Parkin was back in his Morris chair, smoking his crusted and cracked old brier with a very serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, when Mrs. John came in from Baby Bunting's cot. She seated herself on the arm of the chair and gently removed the pipe from his mouth and laid it would.

"Now tell me!" she said.

John Parkin looked up at her. His face was still grave, but a twinkle came into his

eyes.
"I suppose I'll have to some time," he admitted. "Well, when we got to the office this morning I was put back on the old job. But I expected that."

Mrs. Jones' face twitched. Then she

"Of course, dear," she agreed. "Then

Mr. Pakenham -

Mr. Pakenham

John Parkin cleared his throat,

"Mr. Pakenham is dead," he said
huskily, "We got word of it last night.
Double pneumonia—poor fellow!" He
took his wife's hand and held it closely.

"I succeed him," he said. "I'm assistant
and confidential secretary to Mr. Gann."

Mrs. John laid her head on his shoulder
and began to cry. He soothed her, and
when she was calmer he resumed his story—
how Burleson had been called into Gann's

how Burleson had been called into Gann's how Burleson had been called into Gann's office; and how, after a long conference, he, John Parkin, had been summoned; how Gann had examined him minutely concerning structural steel in all its branches and phases, skillfully testing him with hypothetical cases involving questions of judgment as well as information; how Gann had nudded at each reply; and how finally he had pointed to Pakenham's desk and chair and told John Parkin they would be his; how Burleson had congratu-

desk and chair and told John Parkin they would be his; how Burieson had congratulated him and Morphew had shaken his hand—and the other men—
Farkin's voice falled him here.
"Good fellows all!" he said brokenty.
"Not one grudged me the boost! It's a big salary, but Gann says it will be bigger if I'm the man he takes me for."
"Oh, John, what luck!" cried his wife.
"What luck!"
"Is it?" queried John Parkin with an odd, slow smile. Then he quoted:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

"What fortune is this going to lead us on to, I wonder? Do you know, my dear, I've always counted myself one of the furkiest of men, because, with you and our babies, even in our poverty, I have been one of the happiest! But—what of the shallows and miseries of prosperity, Evvy, darling?"

darling? "I can bear them," said Mrs. Jones, smiling through her tears. "They will be a change from the other surt." She drew his handkerchief from his pocket and wiped her eyes. "John, are you sorry? You take it so calmly and I feel like flying! Hold me, John!"

John held her. "You see, sweetheart," said he, "this comes on you unexpectedly, while I've positively known for twenty years that some-thing like it was bound to happen. At the same time, I'm pleased," John Parkin conceded.

He laughed so much that he had to recapture his handkerchief to wipe his own

"Yes, I'm decidedly pleased!" Mrs. John Parkin patted him on the

"There, there, father!" said she.

Antinentic Ice

OXYGENIZED ice is now being manufactured to keep food in refrigerators, with the idea of providing antiseptic effect from the ice, as well as cold. Peroxide of hydrogen is combined with the water during the manufacture of the ice, so that the ice is really made of oxygenated water, the peroxide being incorporated by a special process at just the right stage of the freez-ing. In order to distinguish it from other ice it is proposed to tint it slightly with some harmless coloring matter. It must be kept in the ice compartment of a re-Ingerator not in direct contact with the food-and the oxygen has the effect of keeping the entire outfit sweet.



No fading!

are made from tested fast scolor fabrics get your Emery shirts back from the laur with colors bright and fresh; like bond a Important in the "good old summer that when you peel down to your shirt!

No tightening up around the neck: Emery neckbands are pre-shrunk, his workmanship is seven times inspected.

Guaranteed fit, color and we Pay Emery at dealers, \$1.50 up. Write us for "Ethics of a Gentleman's Dress" and valuing of Emery shirts.

W.M. Steppacher & Bro., Makers, Philadel Offices also: New York, Chicago, St. Lotte



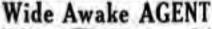
IT'S THE SCIENTIFIC WAY.

Make Vegetable Gardening Easy.

Jost unwind American Bool Tape from enter a diam as directed. Effected words, propelly relied inside pages rape and farstened with after firthers to the already feet there as the class of the control to the already feet there are the substantial most first work waters to the already feet there are the ready specing means no reed waters in no. Property and the control to the already feet there are then and how knowledge habe.

Send ONE DOLLAR for 50 ft. such of White on Red Routish, Boston and Curby Letture. Only Red Routish, Boston and Curby Letture. Only Red Routish, Best, Turnist, Current and Carbbage Seeds 500 ft. in all. Current planning instructions in red package. Send the dollar now. NO AGENTS AMERICAN SPED TAPE CO.

AMERICAN SEED TAPE CO.



Ten need un experience. Our tim sells that it must acceptable, fully guaranteed, line of a stronge and underly specualities. Gedien finis liergel, made of geneine English meet ched. We placte or bedge emblem ou over side of the lateritie and name and underse on the other than the GOLDEN RULE CUTLERY CO., 552 W. Lake St., Rept. 141.

patentswanti and bought by Manutacturers, send o cents pasts large Blustasted paper Visable Resalts and Tertis E & & A. B. Leouy, Dept. T., Washington, D. O. Estab

The Bookworm Boy

stays Indoors, his nose buried in a book. Ma: parents have cause for anxiety in their but over-developed love of trading. It is whole some recreation for evening hours, but durisome recreation for evening mars, but durit spare time by day a boy should be outdoo. For you to tell your son that too dispersuit of book here will injure his health most have the desired effect. Fry a difference, the first harden something else to do who will tooth interest him and keep him outdoo. We know of a plan by which thousands purposts have interested their boys in wholese nut-of-desire artivity. The plan is explained the bookles. What Shall I DoWith My light owned who level be sent too from of the level of the le

corporal who levell be sent you free of charge 4 to request. Write today to Sales Distance, But 20 THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Philadelphia, Pennsylvano,



"Straight from the Shoulder"

(Why Chalmers "Porosknit" Wins)

Read this "straight from the shoulder" talk about underwear. Read why Chalmers "Porosknit" is so comfortable—so much for the money—why you hould insist on the genuine.

and of the IDEAL behind "Porosknit's" manufac-

DHALMERS "Porosknit" has a many imitations. But who can be take the Who, indeed? Who can duplicate "Porosknit" what, durability, quality of yarn, and, high the same of the made to look somewhat Chalmers "Porosknit." That is harry eyes — or careless. But the "look" is all. None may that the genuine in the real features "Brosknit" supremacy. None.

The Chalmers Ideal

of reasons.

by this, there are basic, perma-

The manufacture of "Porosknit"
the me more than a mere busithe makers. It is a union of
the and the Commercial.

We have been told that the yarn in brokenst' is better than it need be. It say we are too 'finicky.' That we could pocket thousands of tollars each year. That the yarn at sell be good enough. That may get away with it.'

The We might. None might

at the difference but ourselves.

Frie for Handsome Book of All Styles

TOR MEN
Any Style
FOR BOYS

Shirts and Drawers
Per garment
Drawers
Per BOYS

TOR MEN
Union Spits
Any Style

TOR BOYS

TOR BOYS

TOR BOYS

TOR BOYS

TOR BOYS

TOR BOYS

You probably would see no change in Chalmers "Porosknit." Nor would dealers be likely to discover it.

The "Hidden" Quality

The same careful workmanship could be employed in finishing such less-good yarn — and "Porosknit" would still feet about the same.

Yet—the durability—the towar would suffer. Something would be lost in softness and elasticity.

So—we take no chances with durability — no risks with the established Chalmers "Porosknit" quality, Such fine shades in superiority you

Such fine shades in superiority you cannot ier. But they account for the inability to duplicate Chalmers. "Poroskoit." They explain the unfailing satisfaction. They mean unvarying comfort.

Such is the "hidden," estra quality in Chalmers "Porosknit," Guaranteed. The yaro we use is the finest of

long-fibre, combed.

Union Suit Comfort

Examine any genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" garment. Take a Union Suit, for instance. Turn it inside out. Notice how strongly the seams are reinforced. They are double-seamed by cover seaming. Note that there are no cumbersome flaps to gape open. Stretch the fabric. See the extra attiches surrounding each ventilating hole. These, with the lockstatch, prevent unraveling.

The "stretch" in knit goods is entirely one way. But observe the triangular piece in the back of a Chalmers "Pornsknit" Union Suit.

See how this piece of fabric is reversed. It runs opposite to the rest. Amsterdam. There, in a new mill, clean as a new pin, "Porosknit" is fashioned and sewn. The atmosphere is bright, clear, healthful. Hygiene at the maximum. Dirt at the minimum.

Countless patented machines knit the high-priced yarn into the celebrated fabric. Then each yard of fabric is aerated with hot, dry, pure air, for extra-cleanness' sake.

Other machines complete the

Buy by this Label



This means full elasticity in the seat up-and-down—as well as across. It give—at every turn or bend, with no pull, no bulge, no deaw.

pull, no bulge, no draw.

There can be no "short-waisted" feeling—no "cutting in the crotch." Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits

Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits
tun buttoned while on. They do not
gape between buttons.

Each has a comfortable Closed Crotch. It fits. It stays put.

Chalmers "Porosknit" is made in all styles—for man, for boy. Open in texture, and of absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration. Your pores breather the needed air. Soft yarn eliminates irritation of the skin.

These features you can or and feel. The extreme care in making, you cannot see—unless you come to finishing touches. Then, each garment is ironed individually before packing. See for yourself how pleasing the appearance in the box—at the dealer's.

No-Limit Guarantee

If you have read what's printed here, you will understand why Chalmers "Porosknit" can be guaranteed unconditionally (a bond with every garment) as follows:

"If any garment bearing the genuine Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."

Insist that the actual label be shown you work on the garment. For none can duplicate genuine Chalmers "Poroshnic"—none.

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY, 1 Bridge Street, Amsterdam, N.Y.





Putting Yourself Through College



THE number of sur-framed their college courses with our amenunce is really amounts;

Miss Williams, a charming southern god, non attending Colum his University, earned over \$2,000.00 repre

soming the Curtis publications during her vanition of her year, and had a good time doing it. Over two hambed students, men and women, carned \$25.00 a week and over.

We are now amking appointments for the coming vacation months.

School Division THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Paintelphia. Bennalsunia



Real Bungalow Books

USB 1500, The Basis of Columns, 200 Empire Bldy, Santia, Walty



ALEXANDERS DOVE BRAND NEW ORLEANS MOLASSES



HOW I BECAME A PILOT

(Continued from Page 8)

at anchor and it would stand straight out. The current runs from six to eight knots

His next question was a natural one:
"Can we get in?"
To speak the truth, I didn't know. When one is betwixt devil and deep sea one just goes ahead and does one's best. But I tried to reassure the skipper and the two mates. Then I set the engines ahead and made for the smother of that har.
We struck in the conter line of breakers.

We struck in the outer line of breakers we struck in the outer line of breakers and right there the ship was dead. I have never figured out just what happened. I think the skeg of her propeller fetched away and ripped through the bottom. She washed on about a quarter of a mile, with the engineers pumping oil overside to keep the was from smashing us entirely, and then she sank, while we got away in two boats. boats.

It was a lucky affair all round, but I quit the Columbia. I told mother and father that I had had enough. Of course it's all right now except for the log rafts from Stella; but when I left, that har was the limit.

limit.

Naturally I went to San Francisco; but I found it impossible to get a branch there for the bar. And I didn't want bay and river work. However, I did make a few trips with a friend of mine just to learn the business. It was during this time that I had one of my most memorable experiences.

The San Francisco pilot schooners lie off Meiggs' Wharl, where is also the lookout of the Marine Exchange. I went down to the exchange on a February day, and met there a former Columbia River man. He told me that he was now a Golden Gate pilot and invited me to accompany him out in the schooner that night. I agreed, out in the schoener that night. I agreed, as I not only wished to consult him as to my future but was also incurably curious about all the details of my profession. I was then thinking seriously of taking com-mand of a coaster, and in that case I must be a pilot for San Francisco Bay.

Sunk in Deep Water

Late that evening I boarded a steamer with my friend just off the Farallones. On the steamer was a large company of pas-sengers, including a consul-general of the United States. This gentleman insisted— coming up on the bridge—that his engage-ments in Washington demanded that he be landed in San Francisco by eight in the

The captain decourred, as did my friend the pilot. They pointed out that there was a very heavy fog, considerable ses, and, as well, quoted the company's rules as to entering port at night or in a fog.

It was finally agreed between the consulgeneral and the master of the steamer that abe should start in at daylight. That would at least be obeying one-half of the company's rule.

complete a rule.

I recall very distinctly the conversation between the impean and the pilot next morning. It was not my business at the time nor is it now. Sadley if to my that the captain decided to take his ship in at daylight in spite of the log. An hour later the steamer was sank in the deep water itself the Golden Gute, the captain was sith her, and the consultement, whose haste had brought about the extactrophe.

was defined out to sea a corpse.

I and my briend the pilot munaped to clear surselves of the suction of the similary. thip, and with many of the presenters and tree we were picked up by the flow of tag-ses issue for that came to our aid. This was a lesson to two. I determined tout I would rever, as a pilot, share my

responsibility with any one. I had lost one ship myself and I had seen a friend losanother. In both case we pilots were histories.

I was now twenty-six years old and had quite a little money hald by. I went bonuand consulted with my father and mother as to what I should do. My father and with was to stay on shore and erder business.

My mother did not pasent to this, "You have beened an honorable and larrative profession," she maked. "Would one advise a doctor to give up his practice when he is well established? You like it. you have been trained for it, and it would be indain to yourself and to others to quit."



Why Not Get Guaranteed Gloves?

Coul sloves can be givernood. Her are proved only the assumption. They are have given that, when they true or level, wave pure quibout the posterior of a suppose.

A signal band in every pair of Indust Consumer distance are interests in large or interest them. If they prove deficitive in

For Men. Women and Children - Cape, Marka, Glace and Chomois, \$1.50 up

Water for Block "The State and Story of the Glave"

On helical Computed Clerry for your dealer of some dealer dealer and one property of the prope

SPELAND BROS .. 50 State St., Johnstone, S.T.

Common Killy, or on Darwin, Change, in RETAILAND OF all seed but on the





DISTRATES SALES CO., Bept. S. Ro. 1 Medicar Ave., M. T.

Can't Hip or 7

Every Woman Needs

One

Helds Walst a

Copy This Sketch

Three Days Course & Court of the Court of the Court of the Course of the Court of t

The London School of Researing and Community 1834 Scinfield Relg. Clevenant, G.

WE PAY YOU TO LEAR

PATENTS Start because any expension of the control MIINN & CO. 365 Bonders, NEW YORK C



la Doing

our have to guess and listen. He watches

core safety, the driver's mind is care in it is red column mounts to the danger is instantly warned that something is the wong. He stops before any dam-

Malameter protects the car owner and cylinders, warped piston rings, arrige and other costly motor ille.

BOYCE

a deb DePalma on Mercedes, winner of the Can Bure, and Pullin, Mercer, was attended Prix. Every our to finish in these till has completed with a Boron Meteoretor. reachts, \$10 and \$5. Made to largest the first resording instruments in the color on numery-back guarantee where

Week in Metable Books

Park Origin was be-

THE MOTOMETER COMPANY, INC. EXCLUSIVE MALCY ACCRES WANTED



Chrome Grant Land Buth The show is fairned or lat-ment bounds transport positions. With an early to the late to a both with an early to the late the control opport to the feet.

Policial day for fund built, flavolists, brought as

Come of Pay Cang See per lease to a 10 see

Vo. Eastwood & Son Co. Novamber # 7 JAN BOOK OF BOTH SECTION

Vapor Heating 2 Maline Vaccing Vapor Meating Do. Stept. D., Malite, Id.

TYPEWRITERS I reministen. Mele bei Cen Il.

THE R P. LEWIS CO., LANSING, MICH.

"But where shall I go?" I demanded. "I am done with the Columbia River, for I know that sooner or later I shall lose another ship and possibly lives. I cannot get into San Francisco."
"New York," said my mother promptly.

"And some day when I come home from the Mediterranean I shall see you coming aboard, off Fire Island, and I'll be proud

of you. agreed to this and came to New York. I found that my previous experience had only a moral pull. I had simply to start all over again.

I arrived in New York just when the old system of separate pilot boats was going out of existence. The New Jersey and New York men had discovered that rivalry was had all round, and they had formed an association called The Sandy Hook Pilots. They had sold their individual vessels, numbering some thirty, and established two steamers and two schooners, the making craft to be used in summer weather, one steamer to deliver pilots, the other to be a

take-off ship.
After investigation I was certain that I must enter myself as an applicant for apprenticeable. This meant three to three a half years doing everything from swabbing decks to managing a yawi. I had commanded big ships. It was a comedown; but I had money and I had learned the leason of discipline. I went on beard the Number 2, the Ambress Snew, and served three years and one month before I was allowed my apprenticeship. I was

then just thirty years old.

I may say that these years were by no means either dreary or unprofitable. I found myself in the company of a self-respecting and capable lot of men, most of whom each handled from ten to fifteen million dollars most of whom each handled from ten to fifteen million dollars' worth of vessels a week. I also discovered that everything was arranged by the Board of Commissioners consisting of five persons—three selected by the New York Chamber of Commerce and two elected by the governing officers of the marine insurance companies in New York, usually called by us the underwriters.

Drawing Mitten Money

This body is actually in charge of the commerce of the Port of New York. They assign the pilots, conduct the examina-tions, and keep a strict supervision over every detail of the work of conducting ships

I really did not get it into my head that these gentlemen had much to do with our business until I came up for examination. This was after I had served eight years as applicant, apprentice and boatkeepersecond mate of a steamer. I never went
through so stiff a test. There were two of
the commissioners and an old pilot. I
thought I knew New York Harbor from
Elizabethport to Fire Island Light. My
last three months I had steadily piloted
vessels in and out under the direction of a vessels in and out under the direction of a full-branch man. But the commissioners seemed to have uncanny insight into the intricacies of the many channels, and the questions they asked me about berthing big steamships would have stumped almost

When I had passed, the elder commissioner—one of the underwriters' representatives—eaid: "Captain, you understand that your eighteen-loot license will entitle you to bring in some protty large craft. Remember one thing: A pilet out of New York is not only under the written regulabut he is also under that unwritten law that decides what conduct is becoming

a pilot."

I was rather burt and showed him my old
Columbia River branch. He was interested and made me sit down while he asked me about my experiences. After some con-versation he told me that he wished me to what I hoped to do. I have no better friend at present.

I spent a year taking in vessels under eighteen feet in draft, and then got my twenty-four-foot license. This meant that I had ne longer to handle only cargo boats. And my "mitten money" was piling into a

Mitten money is an allowance of four dollars extra for every vessel taken in or out during the winter months. The phrase is a very old one, and its origin, as I under-stand, is in the fact that a former unwritten law said that a ship should provide mittens for the pilot when the Jacob's ladder was ice-covered.

Unseen Forces Behind Your Telephone

THE telephone instrument is a common sight, but it affords no idea of the magnitude of the mechanical equipment by which it is made effective.

To give you some conception of the great number of persons and the enormous quantity of materials required to maintain an always-efficient service, various comparisons are here presented.

> The cost of these materials unassembled is only 45% of the cost of constructing the telephone plant.



Poles

mough to hold a stock ade around California -12,480,000 of them, worth in the lumber yard about \$40,000,000.



Telephones

enough to string around Lake Erie - 8,000,000 of them, 5,000,000 Bell: owned, which, with equip-ment, cost at the factory \$45,000,000



Wire

to coil around the earth 621 times-15,460. 000 miles of it, worth about \$100,000,000. including 260,000 tone of copper, worth \$85,-



Switchboards

in a line would extend thirty-six miles—55,000 of them, which cost, un-assembled, \$90,000,000.



Lead and Tin

to lead 5,500 cmal vare -being 659,960,000 pounds, worth more than \$17,000,000.



Buildings

sufficient to house a city of 150,000 more than a thousand buildings. which, unfurnished, and without land, cost \$44,000,000.



Conduits

to go five times through the earth from pole to pole - 225,778,000 feet. worth in the warehouse \$9,000,000.



People

equal in numbers to die entire population of Wyoming-150,000 Bell System employes, not including those of connecting companies.

The poles are set all over this country, and strung with wires and cables; the conduits are buried under the great cities; the telephones are installed in separate homes and offices; the switchboards housed, connected and supplemented with other machinery, and the whole Bell System kept in running order so that each subscriber may talk at any time, anywhere.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

Like a clean china dish



Seports Porcelain Listed - the deficies of every woman's limit - the pride of every to seekerper Here a that families Recrimental with the war-

Leonard Cleanable

Dog't name this was ferful and any living with pools or reason! I will stall you from a supply of Lorentz Parriets that will continue the stall and it over with a latter.

The difference. You can't arrisk it over with a latter. The state of the s

50 Styles - \$15 up - Freight Paid

To the and Mississing Errors 1 take the con-low calcular realist. Moreover and if you are not perfectly activited. But for some first your late out Pill and has been been a court of their research. Earth woman though here a court of their research limit.

C. H. LEOHARD, President, Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co. 234 Cipts Fark &re, Brand Regitte Mich.





The Newest Idea in Underwear

Did you ever see a Union suit

- -that was Coat Cut.
- -that had Actual Closed Crotch.
- -that had Closed Back.

Well, here is one, and the only one—OLUS!

OLUS Union Suits open all the way down the leg — have no flere, no bunching, and only one thirdness of material—no opening in back, fit perfectly from shoulder to crotch. All fabrics, including knitted.

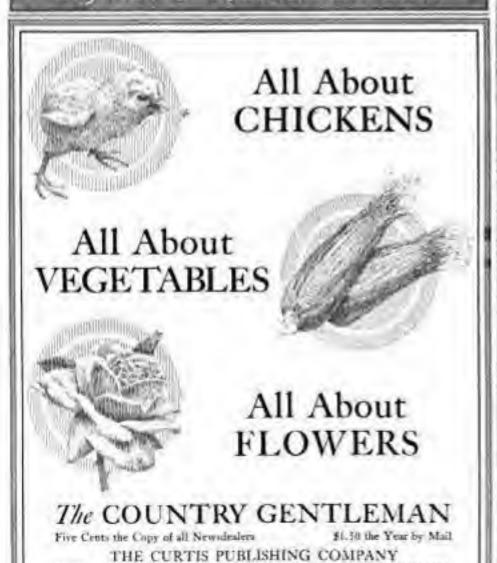
Price \$1.00 to \$1.00. If your dealer doesn't carry OLUS, write us and we'll send prepaid. Booklet on request.

The "after-hour" treat—OLUS ONE-PIECE PAJAMAS,— CoatCat. Nouncomfortable strings to tighten or come losse. Closed back.—a complete, dressy, busney and restful negligee. Price \$1.50 to \$8.50.

The Girard Company, Dept. O. 348 Broadway, New York TO DEALERS -- Your wholesales carries FE-ES



You now wear a Coat Shirt. why not a Coat Union Suit



INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

There are many apparent anomalies in the regulations of the Sandy Hook Pilots. Here is an example:

Sec. 2107. For services rendered by pilots in moving or transporting vessels in the Harbor of New York the following shall be the fees: for moving from North to East River, or vice versa, if a seventy-four gun ship twenty dollars, if a sloop of war ten dollars, if a merchant vessel five

This rule is in force this year - 1914 -though the seventy-four gun ship and the sloop of war have long been obsolete: But it illustrates how old our business is, and every now and again we do get a job that would remind one of the time of Columbus. For instance, I had to bring in an ancient Austrian training ship one morning. think she was about as old a craft as I ever saw, apart from the whaler Mary Snyder. She had single topsuls, bows like a butter-boat and anchors with wooden stocks. I sailed her in through Gedney Channel, and when I finally yelled, "Let go!" and the old hook tumbled from the cathead and

splashed into the water, I was glad,
Another time I had to bring in an old
Norwegian bark called the Nordlyset. She
was built in 1857 by a small company of
men who, I think, did the work themselves. The skipper was worn out—it was in the dead of winter—and he left her to me. There was no tug and I simply had to get her in, for when I boarded her the ice was a foot thick on her decks and she was getting dangerously down by the head. It is easy to figure the extra weight, if you recall that a cable foot of ice weighs about sixty pounds and that she carried on her deris and district approximately nine thousand. pounds and that she carried on her deries and rigging approximately nine thousand cable feet of ice above the waterline. She was afterward lost in the Bay of Biscay, and the derellet was picked up by the Glen Line steamship Glenlochy.

When I got my full branch, which entities me to bandle sny size of ship that enters New York Harber, I felt very proud. I wrote to my mother that she could now cross to Naples and come back and see her son mounting the ladder off Sandy Hank.

son mounting the ladder of Sandy Hook. By this time I was making very good money, too, and had got married. We had made our home in Brooklyn, and my wife used to say that the two and three days I could spend ashore each week were her Sundays. She was a very religious woman, as most good women are, and I appreciated the compliment.

Bringing in the "Lucy"

My first skip under my full branch was the "Lucy"—the Lasitania. She draws ordinarily thirty-one and a ball feet. This was her first trip, and it was due to my friend on the loand that I had the chance to pilot ber inbound.

For some time before her arrival the Cupard people had been making special soundings. They had sent over several of their their best skippers to do this, and I was assigned to help them. Under the rules she should have taken the next pilot in rotation, but after the company explained that I had done the soundings and that they wanted me, the association said that I could

go out of my turn and pilot her in.

Of all the vessels that I have hundled I like the White Star the best. During the Cup Races of 1899 I was bringing in the Cedric, when the Cromwell liner Louisiana came through the fleet of vessels gathered about the starting point. The Cedric was stand-ing full ahead and I thought that I had a clear course to Quarantine. I think the captain of the Louisiana thought the same, for he kept to starboard and I soon saw that I was going to get into trouble in the Narrows. I had never handled the Cedric before and I was cautious. But like all her sisters she proved as easy to manage as a yawl, and the Louisiana's captain afterward told me that when he realized just what I was doing and had to do be was amazed at the way the ship answered.

My chief worry in bringing vessels into New York Harbor is the railroad cardoats. In the first place they are usually in charge of a tag without power to swing them quickly, much less to bring them to stop. In the second place they are very heavy and must of them seem to think the fairway belongs to them exclusively.

One risk we pilots have to run is that of

being swamped while boarding a big steamer in ballast. One doesn't mind coming alongside of a laden ship. It doesn't flop over on you. But a light ship may. Captain Arthur Gridley had an experience of this kind and lives to tell the tale.

He was boarding a tramp when a heavy, sweeping sea took the dory right against the side of the steamer. Then the steamer rolled over until its bilges showed. Under them went the dory. When all was over, Gridley was on the other side, having been carried clear under the keel.

Then occasionally we have other risks to take such as Daniel Gillespie took once when he brought in a Spanish cruiser. The Maine had blown up some time before, and the captain of the cruiser knew that public feeling was running very high. He refused to allow Pilot Gillespie to take the ship in in the dark. After some dickering the pilots agreed to convoy her in with the station ship New York. Thus an international complication was avoided.

The Traffic Squad of the Port

Of course taking ships in and out is mere routine. We are a kind of traffic squad, we pilots. But we have one other duty like the traffic policeman-and that is to rescue those in peril and save life whenever possible. It is in the rules and regulations that we shall never forget to answer signals of distress. Most people think that this work falls on the revenue cutters and the life-saving crews. We do a lot of it, and sometimes we manage to save a few millions for the stockholders of a big line and the underwriters.

Let's just mention a few instances, with-out going into details;

Ship Commodore T. H. Allen, aftre. Carmania, aground in Ambrose Channel, December 7, 1907. Deutschland, ashore in Gedney Channel,

June 4, 1903.

Then we often have to rescue the passengers and crew of excursion boats, and nearly always we have saved the vessel too.

The policeman who gets hold of a run-away team and prevents it from killing people usually has his heroic action written up in the papers. We don't, any more than do the life-saving crews. But we den't mind. It is all in the day's work and we are responsible men.

One question that often comes up is that

delicate business of handling a new ship.

No one knows just what she will do.

Another risk we have to take is running far out to sea on a chance. In the old daysard we did it off the Columbia River a trip of three or four hundred miles to pick up an incoming ship was nothing to us.

Now nothing of the sort is done except in an emergency. Lately we had to go of Now nothing of the sort is done except in an emergency. Lately we had to go off-shore two hundred miles to pilot in a fleet of foreign warships. The weather was bad, and when we sighted them it was a problem to get aboard. Of course we did, but I shan't soon forget the experience. I looked right into the mouth of one of the barbette guas before I succeeded in catching the Jacob's ladder and scrambling to the deck.

I am quite satisfied. We charge ships according to their draft, and some vessels, such as the Imperator, pay as much as one bundred and eighty dollars for inward pilotage, and we nearly always get the same

pilotage, and we nearly always get the same ship out—one hundred and eighty plus one hundred and thirty-one. Of course I don't touch this money myself; it goes to the association. Yet every dollar earned is so reach in my pocket. I make a comfortable living and have no complaint. My mitten money—paid from November first to April first—does very well for general expenses, and I find that when the general division is made I am not a poor man.

When all is said and done I like my job.

It has that element of romance that I longed for when I used to read Midshipman Easy back in Iowa. And on my last trip I found my mother standing on deck when I mounted from the dory.

"I heard you would have your turn on this ship," she said. "My goodness," said I. "It's two in the morning!"

"Now that you are in charge I'll go to sleep, son," said she.

That is my reward for learning the ways of the sea and being finally intrusted with ten million dollars" worth of property at a moment's notice.

An hour later I had to anchor the big ship on account of fog. I went down to my mother's room. I pulled my fingers down the lattice. There was no answer. I gently opened the door. My mother was asleep.
She trusted me. And then I knew that I

had made good.



\$10,500,000 Worth of Evidence

The combined salaries of all the Presidents from George Washington to Woodrow Wilson would buy only one-third the Master "Sixes" now in use, \$10,500,000 worth. Many of these cars have been driven thousands of miles. 61% of their owners abandoned other cars when they bought Master "Sixes," so they can make comparisons—can speak from experience.

Through these men the fame of the Master "Six" has spread like wild fire. In all sections sales have far outstripped all past records. For unconsciously every Master "Six" owner becomes a Chalmers salesman. Even we did not foresee the nation-wide triumph of the Master "Six," so we will run short at least a thousand cars this season, that's certain.

The Man Who Knows

Men bought Master "Sixes" not upon impulse but upon positive knowledge.

Do as these men did; talk with those who own Master "Sixes." They will tell you first, that the resistless sweep of the "Six" is not founded upon a fad, but upon these logical reasons: silence, smoothness and flexibility. They will tell you that these advantages are so real in the Master "Six" that they are forever spoiled for any other car.

You may still think of a "Six" as necessarily a heavy car, costly to buy and expensive to Once that was true. But that day passed with the coming of the Master "Six.

What Owners Have Found Out

Owners will tell you that it is heavy enough for the utmost in safety and comfort, yet light enough to be easy on tires and frugal with fuel; that the continuous power of its six cylinders has done away with vibration, and so reduces wear and tear almost to nothing.

Former owners of high priced cars have learned that in the Master "Six" they secure the same six-cylinder luxury without the usual six-cylinder expense.

Get the Evidence Yourself

Among the thousands of owners of Master some live in your vicinity. Ask us, or your dealer who these men are. Talk to them. They can give you facts it would be folly to ignore.

Then let our dealer take you on the Chalmers Test Ride. See with your own eyes the

beauty of its streamline body. Feel with your own hands the ready response of its supple power. Learn the charm of its luxurious

silence and comfort. Then it will be plain why in half a year men have paid over ten millions for the Master "Six."

A Master "Light Six"-\$1,800

No longer need those who want six-cylinder luxury, hold back on account of the price. Here's the Master "Six" built on a lighter scale; with the same motor but a smaller and lighter model; yet it shows 30 to 50 horse power and has more speed than you'll ever need.

Light for the sake of economy in tires and fuel; yet with a 126" wheel base for roomy comfort. Graceful in outline, distinguished in appearance; and sold at a price which sweeps away the last reason for doing without a "Six."

A Princely Inheritance

This lighter "Six" has all the features which have made the Master "Six" illustrious.

Its small bore and long stroke motor give it the same flexible power—from a snail's pace to an express train speed without shifting gears.

The steady pull of its six cylinders gives smoothness of motion, resistless in its charm; a smoothness that

cuts wear and tear to the vanishing point. Its lighter weight means added economy in fuel and tires; while its price makes it easy for multitudes to own "Sixes."

Strength No Longer Means Weight

Time was when Sixes were heavy to secure comfort and the required margin of safety. So now one marvels at the sturdy strength of the Master "Light Six." This is due to the simplicity of the Chalmers design;

heat treated steel with a foor-fold margin of safety; to aluminum castings; to drop forgings. With its deep upholstery and sinewy underslung springs, excessive weight is no lunger essential to comfort and safety.

Its light weight and low price mean a double saving. A lower cost means economy once; lower up-keep cost means economy every day.

Built Up to a Standard, Not Down to a Price

The Master "Light Six" is built throughout to meet a standard, not to fit a price.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

We use the best steel because we must hold up the strength while we hold down the weight. Valves of ordinary steel are cheaper, but our valves of Tungsten steel never warp nor waste power. Our molded oval fenders cost more than flat ones, but they pay for them-selves in added beauty and utility. Every dollar in the price stands for a dollar of real value in the car.

The Price is Lower-Not the Quality

The selling price of the "Light Six" is lower than the Master "Six" because the cost is less. The horse power is less because the motor is lighter; the weight is less because the car is a bit smaller.

But it has the same Chalmers-Entz one-motion starter; the same non-stallable Master Motor. Its roomy body is the true streamline type with flush fitting doors and concealed hinges. Tires are carried at the rear leaving the running board clear. Its tapering bon-net, underslung springs and oval fenders give it distinction in any company.

Master "Light Six " Touring Car .
Master "Light Six " Coupélet . .
Fally Equipped f. s. & Detroit. \$2050

	ton Company, Detroit, Michigan se names of owners of Master Sixes in also catalog.
Manage	
Plant	
Street Number,	



The best friend of a hostess is the Victrola

The hostess who has a Victrola never need worry about how the evening will "go".

Is there an awkward moment after the guests leave the dinner table? A Victrola will "break the ice".

Do the young people get tired of general conversation? A Victrola will furnish the latest dance music and set their feet to sliding.

Does someone mention a melody from the latest opera? Let us try it on the Victrola-Always there is the Victrola—the treasure house of entertainment in reserve—never obtrusive but always ready.

Is your home like this? It might be-so easily.

There are Victors and Victorlas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$200, and any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate them to you.

Victor Talking Machine Co., C.

U.S.A.

HIS MASTERS VOICE

Victor,

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company Independence Square Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office as Second Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawn, Canada

Volume 186

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 18, 1914

Number 42

GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES

By WILL PAYNE

PRACTICALLY all the telephones in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales are operated by the British Government; but the telephone is a much less extensive and important institution there than it is in the United States.

For example, the nice little boy in the blue-andsilver uniform who showed me to a room in the London botel, manfully lugging a bag a full size larger than himself, pointed to a row of pushbuttons on the stand.

"When you want a valet," he explained, "you push this one; when you want a maid you push this one; when you want a waiter you push this one."

On the stand was one of those T-shaped telephones with the topheavy appearance of which the English domestic drama has made American playgoers familiar.

"But if I want a valet or maid or waiter I can

telephone," I suggested.

The nice little boy regarded me with grave cubiety for a moment. Evidently telephoning for a servant was a novel idea to him.

"No, sir," he decided: "you must push the button."

Soone discovers immediately that telephones in England are not so universal a means of commuvication as they are with us. I suppose there is no American hotel with any pretension to seartness that relies on pushbuttons.

When an American would telephone as a matter of course, an Englishman is quite apt to push a button, send a telegram, write a letter or dispatch a messenger. The greatest business institution in the British Isles is, of course, the Bank of England; and the only reference to this institution in the London telephone directory is as follows:

"Putney, 934. Bank of England Sports Club.

Rochampton."

In lighter moments Englishmen may telephone; but when the sports are at work in Threadneedle Street they rely on more time-honored means of

communication. To be sure the Bank of England is a peculiarly conservative establishment. Latterly no stranger may enter its doors except by bringing a satisfactory letter of introduction, and a rosy-cheeked giant in flaming gold-and-scarlet clothes stands at the portal to see that no unvouched-for stranger enters. However, the fact that the bank gets on very comfortably without a telephone shows the comparatively restricted use of that instrument in England.

In January I was talking with the Chicago manager of an extensive business concern that has offices in several cities. The talk was interrupted by a long-distance telephone call.

"How do you find the long-distance service?" I asked.

"Very good now," he replied. "I often get New York in a couple of minutes. If it should be over five minutes twice running I should make a complaint. It frequently happens that I talk with New York, Philadelphia, Detroit and Cleveland—all within ball an hour."

"But you have private wires?"

"Not at all," said he. "We simply told the telephone company that the amount of money they got out of us would depend entirely on the service they gave us. It is expensive, of course. Long-distance tolls in this office alone run five hundred dollars a month; but that isn't the point. With a fast, dependable service we can put through his incess with a speed that makes the toll bills inconsequential. A slew, uncertain service would be a nuisance at any price."

Slow Connections and Slipshod Service

I DO not mean that getting New York in five minutes is the Chicagoan's average experience. I do mean one can get that kind of service in the United States by insisting on it and paying for it. The main point is that for business purposes the quality of the service is more important than the price.

I remember a good many years ago hearing a broker denounce the telephone company—not because it charged him a hundred and fifty dollars a year for each of his six telephones, but because it did not charge him three hundred dollars and give him twice as fast service.

There is no question that the fast, dependable service possible in the United States is not possible in England. The government telephone system has not got it to sell at



For Business Purposes the Quality of the Service is More Impurious Than the Price

any price. A month after that Chicago conversation I was in the office of the London manager of an extensive concern and asked him the same queetion. "Our English telephone service," he replied very soberly, "in the worst in the world. In talk-

"Our English telephone service," he replied very soberly, "is the worst in the world. In talking to coast towns—say, sixty or seventy miles from here—if it is in the morning, when husiness is light, I expect to get the connection in ten or fifteen minutes. If it is in the afternoon it takes twenty, thirty, forty minutes or an hour. To get satisfactory communication with Paris we have two fixed calls daily—that is, at certain specified times in the day we get the Paris connection; and we save up our talking for those fixed times. Just before you came in I called Liverpool and got the connection in five minutes. Next time it may take fifteen, twenty or thirty.

"The charge here, you know, is for a three-misute talk. Two times out of three, I should say, at the end of three minutes you are cut off without warning. Then it takes longer to get the connection resistablished than it did to secure it in the first place. The trouble doesn't seem to be with the equipment, but with carelessness at the exchange. You call: 'Regent, seven, four, three, two.' 'Seven, four, two, three, says the operator.' No, no; seven, four, three, two,' you say. She repeats 'Seven, four, three, two, 'very deliberately; then gives you Seven, four, two, three!

"The telephone service was never good here,"
my friend added. "After the government took
over the lines it got decidedly worse. Recently
there has been an improvement; and finally no
doubt the post office will get the service in hand."

Government Ownership a Faiture

I CHOSE this particular manager first, because he is an Englishman and a Liberal; but all of the many telephone users I talked with substantially agreed with him. It is true that blaming the telephone is a popular occupation everywhere. I

would undertake to gather a bushel of telephone complaints in New York or Chicago in a day's time; but Americans complain of a good many things Englishmen would accept as quite satisfactory, while Englishmen would regard as intolerable other things that we take rather as a matter of course—and I do not think there is any doubt that the English telephone service is inferior to ours.

In January last, after the post office had been operating the telephones for more than two years, the Daily Mail inquired editorially:

"Why is it that government ewnership management of telephones is practically always a failure? Why is it that for every thousand Europeans there is only one telephone, while for every thousand Americans there are fifteen? Why is it that not one of the many discoveries that have transformed the telephone industry in the last thirty years has emanated from a department of state? Why is it that throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain and the Continent hardly a single efficient long-distance service is to be found?" And so on to the extent of nearly a column.

True, the Daily Mail is an opposition paper and may be prejudiced; but very recently the Evening News has undertaken to tell the London public how to use a telephone. Its introductory announcement says:

"It was in January of last year that we first discussed the scheme with the authorities of the post office. The showers of criticism that have fallen since that time prove that the public have had very real grievances. On the other hand, the restrictions that are imposed on all government departments in the issue of statements to newspapers have

"Now the Evening News has the distinction of being accepted as a medium between the post office and the great London public. . . . The scheme was postponed for a year at the request of the post office, whose hands were full as a result of taking over the National Telephone Company. . . . The post office will permit our special commissioners to have full access, with expert aid, to all mechanical plants, to see the workings of the exchanges, to inquire into matters that have led to complaints from subscribers. . . Largely, we may say, the telephone problem is a new one in England. It has been neither studied nor used as it should have been, and as it is studied and used in America."

The Evening News, I may mention, claims to have three million readers and is an eight-page paper. At this writing it is giving up two full columns on the editorial page once a week to this new and important matter of instructing the public in the use of telephones.

explaining how mistakes and delays arise, and so on. This strikes me as interesting evidence as to the state of telephone service in London.

No doubt every newspaper reader knows that the British Government took over the privately owned telephone lines; and that fact is often cited as a precedent for the United States—as though for our government to take over the Bell System would be substantially what the British Government did. However, except that each country has a government and a telephone system, there is hardly a point at which conditions in the two countries are comparable.

In the first place the British Government had been in the telephone business for many years. Long before the purchase of the private wires its lines in London were in active competition with those of the National Telephone Company—the concern roughly corresponding to our American Telephone and Telegraph Company, or Bell

System.

In 1901 the government made an agreement with the company which contemplated that it should take over the company's lines in London and smalgamate the two competing systems; in fact the year before the government did take over the privately owned lines the post office was operating nearly eighty thousand telephones in London, or over half as many as the National Telephone Company had in that city.

Moreover, a number of cities, such as Hull, Glasgow, Swansea, Brighton and Portsmouth, had municipally owned telephone systems; so years ago public ownership and operation of telephones was a well-established fact

in England.

More important still, the National Telephone Company operated under a license from the British Government. This license was granted in 1881, to run for thirty years; and it provided that at certain periods the government might buy the company's plant and take over its business.

Thus there was always a perfectly simple, definite method by which the government could take possession of the privately owned lines. There could be no denial of this right or any dispute about it, because it was stipulated in the license under which the company did business. And at the end of thirty years the government could put the company out of business by simply refusing to renew its license. In its relations to the government the company was in the position of a tenant with an expiring lease.

Great Britain's Comparatively Simple Task

I NEED hardly point out how different the situation is in the United States. Our telephone company has no contract relations at all with the Federal Government. Its charters are derived from the several states. It is not dependent on Washington for any of its powers or privileges. In undertaking to buy it, therefore, our government would be in a position very different from that occupied by the British Government when it undertook to buy the National Telephone Company.

In 1995, then, the British Government was already in active competition with the National Telephone Company. There was nothing to prevent it from extending that competition indefinitely. The company's license had but six years more to run. At the end of that period it must go out of business unless the government chose to renew the license, in which case the government could exact such

terms as it saw fit.

Naturally when the postmaster-general announced, in 1905, that he would take over the company's plant and business at the end of 1911, when the license expired, the company had nothing to do but acquiesce—and it had not very much to say about the terms, either. The terms were that the government would pay the value of the existing plant—or of such portions of the plant as it deemed suitable for its use—not at cost price, but at the valuation at the date of the taking over; in other words, at cost, less proper allowance for depreciation. It paid nothing for good will, earning power, value as a going concern, or any other intangible asset.

Of course the company made a protest; but its protest went for nothing. A select committee of Parliament, which considered the subject in 1905, pointed out that "it would be possible to put an end to the existence of the company in ways that would be most unfavorable to the company." In other words, the postmaster-general was in a position to enforce decidedly harsher terms, because the company, already under governmental competition and with an expiring license, was largely helpless.

The company signed the agreement that its plant and business should be transferred to the government on December 31, 1911; and at midnight of that date the postmaster-general took undisputed possession of the whole property—but without making any payment for it. The little detail of paying was deferred for more than a year.

The terms were that the present value of the physical plant be paid for. The company and the postmastergeneral agreed that the first cust of the plant had been a little more than fifty million dollars—that is, that the materials, freight, labor, and so on, used in constructing the plant came to that much; but beyond that initial

point they differed very widely.

For example, the company claimed over eight hundred thousand dollars as cost of obtaining right of way; the postmaster-general thought two hundred thousand dollars covered that item. The company asked over a million and a quarter dollars for rent of premises, insurance and maintenance of plant until it began producing revenue; the postmaster-general cut out that item altogether. The company claimed over tea million deliars for local engipeering and administrative supervision: the postmastereneral allowed three millions. The company claimed ten million dollars on account of interest during comtruction. cents of raising capital and expense of obtaining subscribers to its telephone system- on the ground that nobody could set up a going telephone concern without incurring those expenditures; the postmaster-general desired all those claims. The company figured the depreciation on its plant at ten million dollars, and the postmaster-general at over twenty millions.

In short, though the principle on which the plant was to be valued was not disputed, and the original cost of the labor, materials, and so on, was agreed to, the company figured that it was entitled to receive more than a hundred million dollars, while the post offer figured that forty-five million dollars was the proper sum — which indicates that there is always apportunity for a wide difference of opinion to valuing a large concern of this sort, even when the basis

of valuation has been agreed on.

As the two were unable to agree, the matter was left to arbitration, as provided for in the stipulations; and the arbitrator was the Railway and Canal Commission, which is another department of the government. This is very much as though our government and telephone company, being unable to agree on the value of the telephone plant, should leave it to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Only the telephone company would hardly do that.

The pestmaster-general mentions in his annual report, as though it were a rather remarkable fact, that the arbitration proceedings before the Railway and Canal Commission occupied seventy-four days; and I recall that some English newspapers commented on the circumstance as though legal proceedings continuing for seventy-four days were something extraordinary. At the end of that

period the commission gave a judgment awarding the company sixty-two million dollars, or less than two-thirds of its original claim; and that practically settled it.

I have gone into this at some length in order to show what a simple thing it was for the British Government to take over the privately owned telephone lines as compared with our government's taking over the American lines. In seventy-four days, for instance, the first motion would not have been made in the United States in the first court.

Still more important is a comparison of what the British Government took over. As I mentioned above, it already had about eighty thousand telephones in London, and in acquiring the National Company's system it got about a hundred forty thousand more. It also got about four hundred thousand telephones in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, outside of London. In short, measured by the number of telephones, the system the British Government acquired was not a great deal larger than the combined systems of Chicago and Philadelphia. There are four million and a half subscribers to the Bell System in the United States; and the total number of telephones, I believe, is more than ten times the number taken over by the pustmaster-general.

A Starved and Run-Down System

THE purchase price was sixty-two million dollars, which is a small matter as government finances go. Recently, in recommending government ownership of telephone line in the United States. Postmaster-General Burleson submitted a report showing that the entire telephone system of the country has a capitalization of approximately nine hundred million dollars, but suggesting that the appraised value of the properties would fall considerably short of that. Yet it is very obvious that the purchase would involve an expenditure beside which the British Government's investment in telephones would appear insignificant.

Quite as important as the financial problem is the further circumstance that the employees of the National Telephone Company at the time of its acquisition by the government numbered eighteen thousand, while the Bell System reports a hundred and thirty thousand employees.

In that connection I may mention that when the postmaster-general announced his intention of taking over the National Company's plant and business he said nothing about taking over its staff. "But the staff," in the words of a contemporary review, "took up the matter energetically, both by direct representation and through members of Parliament," with the result that the postmastergeneral agreed to take over practically the whole staff as government employees. The only exceptions, I believe, were a few higher officers receiving more than thirty-five hundred dollars a year each.

The government has had the lines two years and a quarter. To be sure that is a comparatively short time. When it announced early in 1905 that it would take over the lines at the end of 1911 the National Telephone Company very naturally stopped making extensions and improvements—or, rather, it kept capital expenditures as low as possible. If a landlord notifies a tenant that the lease will not be renewed the tenant naturally spends no more money on the property than he has to. There is no question whatever that if our Government seriously proposed to purchase the privately owned telephone system, the company that owns it would immediately begin taking out as much money and putting in as little as possible. Inevitably the service would suffer.

Thus the British Government came into possession of a plant that had been starved or meagerly fed. In the language of the postmaster-general, in his report for the

(Centinued on Page 69)



In Striking Against a Government the Man Usually Hore Public Opinion Against Them

HEART OF GOLD By Henry Kitchell Webster

THE things you need for holding down a job as ticket. seller in a box office are firmness and decision of character. A man comes up to the grilled window and wants a seat in the fourth row for tonight. You spin a stack of tickets under your thumb and extricate one while he gets his money out. Of course it is not in the fourth row, and the moment he looks at it he will see that it is not, because it is marked N7R.

There is no swindle about it, because when he asks you what row the seat is in you tell him it is the thirtsenth; and of course if he shoves it back at you and wants his money you will give it to him. However, if you have our ruled your part of the transaction with enough assurance If you have said thirteenth to him is a sufficiently inhamoun. ditached sort of way-the probability is he will look at you as though you were an

automatic lunch-vending machine that had just handed him a ham sandwich when he thought he was dropping his nickel for a piece of custard ple; and he will go away puzuleil, but harmless.

Of course with regular customers who have tearned your same, who push their money in to you and say: "My regular seat, you know, old man!" you can afford to be different - almost human.

It was not a regular cusloner at the Globe, however, sho worked his way up to the head of the line at the ticket wisdow at the particular moment when this story begins. lished his preoccupied look niggested that he might not le a customer at all. People sometimes did come up to the be office to see whether they could huy a postage stamp, or to inquire the way to La Salle Street, or to ask for a small subdenation. And many people came asking to be passed me the theater free.

The big, brown-faced, verried-looking young man satside the window did not precisely suggest any of those inquiries-did not look like a fool, or an incompetent, or a beggar, and not at all like a person who expected to get

into a theater without paying his way. Obviously, howwer, he had more than a seat in the fourth row on his mind, and he had got as far as saying, after a momentary stitution, "Could you tell me ——" when the man schind the grille cut in with a "One? Tonight?" And taking the other's silence for assent, the ticket seller mapped out a ticket to him. "One dollar!" he concluded.

Assettle.

The big young man outside looked rather confused, cast a panic-atricken glance over the file of people who awaited their turn, plunged a hand into his pocket, rang a silver dollar on the glass, took his ticket and left the window.

The ticket seller was aware of him for a while longer standing about in the lobby in an indecisive sort of way, moving up toward the door now and then, but always thying off before he actually handed in his ticket. He had not the air of a person engaged in a struggle with concience-wanting desperately to go in and equally desperstely afraid it was wrong. Neither had he the look of one of those wabbly neurasthenics who never can make upheir minds. A rather decisive young man ordinarily, one would have said. Finally, when the ticket seller was beginning to find the problem really irritating, the brown young man gave up his ticket and went in.

Even when he was fairly planted in his seat—and it was by the irony of fate a seat in the fourth row-when the surtain was rung up and the show began, still he refused o act like a regular member of the audience. He paid very ittle attention to what was happening on the stage, except or a look of profound distaste over some of Tom O'Hara's okes, and a deep bronze blush now and then when a section of the chorus came on in costumes that revealed more than bey left to the imagination. He scrutinized the audience good deal, twisting round in his seat in a way that disinctly irritated his neighbors to right and left. Altogether was an inexplicable way of acting in a theater.

"I'd like to know what's the matter with that big guy out there?" Tom O'Hara said to Zora Ffoliet as they made

an exit together after one of their scenes. "Did you see him-that hig sunburnt rule with the paper

"Could I see anything else?" said Zora vindictively. "Ask an artist to work against a thing like that! They ought to give him a free pass to the Salvarion Army and send him on his way."

"What wert of looking rube?" Hazel Dering wanted to know.

Hazel was playing the title part. in the piece. She was a slim. black-linifed, green-syed airl - au



The avenue."

had not been on yet, was sitting on a property cotton bale they used in the second act for two ponies, dressed as pickaninnies—that is to say, in brown tights and tunies of bandanna bandkerchiefs-topop out of. As a seat in the wings it was rather in demand, because it was padded.

of gold, of course-that-

har part called for. She

Hazel did not succeed in getting much of a description of the offending rube from Tom and Zora. She saked for particulars and they gave her indignation. A chump like that had no business to come to the theater! He was

"But what does he look like?" Hazel persisted.

"He looks," said Tom O'Hara, "like a piece of choose!" And with that he stalked off downstairs and Zera up, to their respective dressing rooms.

Old George Featherstonhaugh, who was almost as much of a fixture at the Globe as its owner Willy Lord himself, or as Freddy Boldt the stage manager-in his prime he had made a specialty of the base parts in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas: the Colonel in Patience; Pooh-Bah in the Mikado; the Sergeant in the Pirates; and so on-George leaned back precariously against the cotton bale and

"Why this interest in the appearance of rubes when you have a better-looking man at your lest! bale of cotton and he was at her feet, rather. But he meant. no harm. That was old George's way.

"It gives me the Willies every time I hear of one!" said Hazel. "I'm worried about old Keziah.

"For heaven's sake, Hazel, cut it out?" said George Featherstonhaugh. "Worry about somebody else for a change. Worry about me. I need it. I'm getting fat. Have you noticed?"

This was jocular. He had weighed two hundred and forty pounds for the last ten years; but it was easy to understand his good-humored impatience.

Keziah Strong, the wardrobe mistress at the Globe, was a very well-loved old lady, but distinctly, so far as he could see, nobody to worry about. She was precious old, of course, and with her white hair and the maze of wrinkles that covered her square, competent, kindly, grandmotherly face she ought by all the sentimental laws of the fitness of things to sit by a baseburner in a white little New England cottage, knitting socks, instead of spending twelve laborious hours a day in a theater, taking care of the costumes. A certain amount of concern for her was natural enough. Hazel, however, as George Featherstonhaugh implied, was inclined to run the thing into the ground. She had adopted old Kexish from the first-a friendship that was almost as remarkable a phenomenon as Keziah herself. They lived together in a tiny flat somewhere on the North Side. Hazel's attitude toward her was as fiercely protective us that of a hen to its solitary chick. Wor to the chorus girl who tried to impose on the old lady's good nature-in the way of darning tights, for instance!

Huzet had been a chorus girl herself and there was not one of their tricks she did not know. She had a way of dropping into the wardrobe room two or three times in an evening, like a hawk into a flock

of sportows. She was reasonably popular among the ponies and the rordiums, who average rather ambitious, smart and cliently in thair ways; but among the big, lazy showgirle she was anotheren. I do not know why smartness and clessates so anotheren should vary inversely as the size in a chorus - but they do.

"Put on the reverse English," George advised. "Let Mrs. Strong worry about you."

"What do you man - worry about me? What's the matter with ma?"

The girl had seleed the question flercely. The intensity of the stare her green eyes turned on the big Englishman's face would have disconcerted most men,

"Well, I worry about you," he said placidly. "You haven't looked right to me this winter. You've had that cold of yours for three months. What do you weigh?"

"A hundred and four."

"In that hig fur coat of yours?" he asked,
"None of your business," said Hazel; but she reached over and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Look here, Feathers!" she went on. "You forget it! 'm all right see? So don't try to start anything."

Right-of" he said, though not very enthusiastically, at the end of a little silence; and he scrambled up, with her pretended assistance, to a seat beside her on the property cotton bale.

"Blaze away!" he said, puffing. "What's the matter with old Keniah now?"

"It's ber son," said Hazel, "her 'boy Newton.'"
"Well, that's something to worry about all right,"

George mused, "if he's like some I've known. Why do you suppose it is that the best kind of people like that—and they don't come any better than old Mrs. Strong—have such rotters for children?"

The girl did not look at him, but she gave him a friendly little pat and took up another angle of the subject:

"She's the best there is, all right! You said something Look here! What do you know about this? She falls in love with a guy."
"Wait a bit," said George. "Old Kezish, you mean?"

"You bet," said Hazel. "Listen! She waited for him fifteen years. They were engaged that long-fell in love when they were kids. His mother-she was a lulu, all right-wanted him to go into a bank; but he decided he ought to go to college, and he worked his way through because the old lady wouldn't let him have any money. And then there was a couple of years more when he was studying to be a doctor. He gets through with that, and they are all ready to be married when his mother gets a stroke or goes silly or something, and he has to take care of her. She has a dislike for Keziah and has fits whenever

her name's mentioned. The doc's got a brother who did go into the bank, but he digs out for Boston, and there is nothing doing for Keziah until the woman dies. But she waits all the time-fifteen years-and then they get married. They're married just one year and he dies

George made sympathetic noises preparatory to speech, but Hazel did not mean to be interrupted just yet.

"No-listen!" she said again. "A month after he dies she has a kid-this boy Newton of hers. Her husband's left her a house with a pretty good yard round it and two thousand dollars of life insurance. Well, then the brother turns up-the one that lit out to Boston. He's married to a swell dame there and he's got all colors of money; and this is what he says: He says: 'Give us the kid. We haven't any of our own. Without him you'll get along all right-ten dollars a month from your insurance, and this house and yard. Think what you'll be doing for the boy! He'll get a swell education, make his friends among the upper classes—all that sort of thing!

"Well, Keziah tella him to go to hell! 'I'll give him as good un education as you can,' she says. 'He's all of his father that I have left and I'm going to keep him.' So the brother gets sore and goes back to Boston and never lifts

a hand for her.

"And Keziah gets up out of hed and goes to work. She's worked ever since. She says this job of hers in the theater's a cinch—and I guess it is to her. Why, she used to go out sewing all day—every day—for the other women in the town. And, on the side, she ran her house and cooked her meals and took care of that boy of hers-made all his clothes till he was fifteen-and kept a garden and raised chickens and a few pigs. She punched in every morning at five G. M., and from then till she hit the hay at ten she never stopped work. She never touched one cent of that life insurance. That just stayed warm and cozy in the bank, piling up interest.

"Well, and when the kid's twenty years old she pulls it. out of the bank and hands it to him. 'There!' she says. 'That's what your father left to you. You can go to Amherst College, where he went; and when you get through you'll have enough left to make a start.' And what does he say? 'I don't want to go to Amherst,' he says. 'I've had enough of this stick-in-the-mud New England. I'm going out West.' And she never makes a holler - gives him

the money and lets him go.

"She sticks round for a while all by herself, working away just the same. And then, all at once, she does a getaway. I never asked her why. Something must have happened, you can see that-maybe her neighbors got nosey and found out something the kid had done out West. It must have been something fierce or she wouldn't have sold her house and her furniture, and come to Chicago all by her blessed old self; never knew a soul here, or thought

she didn't; had an idea, she said, of putting an ad in the paper-Plain Sewing Done.

"And thenwhat do you know about this? - just as she gets off the train she walks right into the boss-there in the station. He's just starting out for the Coast. It seems she knew him when he was a boy. He came from her town himself; and he wants to know what. she's doing out here, and she tells him-asks if she can do any plain sewing for him. And he laughscan't you hear him-and gives her a job as wardrobe mistress. She's never been in a theater beforefront or back."

"It would be interesting to know what she thought of us, just at first." George was smiling over the idea. "Some shock, I should say."

"Not a bit," said Hazel. "She's too bleased innocent. Don't you see?

She just took us all right in, without stopping to ask whether there mightn't be something wrong with us." She said it a little unevenly, "Gee!" she concluded after a reflective little silence.

"Her kid must be a prize pippin, all right," said George Featherstonhaugh, "to let her work like that. What's he doing?

Something about mining, Hazel thought, Old Keziah was not very definite about it.

"Grafting on her all the while, I suppose?" George

suggested.

'Sure!" said Hazel, "though she keeps it dark from me. She never let me know that she sent him a sou. She's a tight old party with her information. Never told me this story, except a teaspoonful at a time-when she thought I needed it, I guess. And I did, all right-you can take it from me!"

"You're a good scout, Hazel," George said irrelevantly after a little pause while the bustling chorus crowded past them on to the stage to work up her entrance cue,

The girl slipped down from her cotton bale, and the next

moment he alighted heavily beside her.

"I don't know!" she said with a worried shake of the head, reverting to the mystery of the boy Newton's occupation and presumptive misdoings. "He's got her gout all right. She gets a letter every Monday morning and it looks to me as if she was scared. She waits for 'em and she don't open 'em for a while, and her old hund shakes so she can hardly do it when she makes up her mind to. And then she presses her old lips together and goes off to the theater and never says a word; but I think she's sort of expecting him to turn up. Every time the doorbell rings or the telephone goes she gives a jump."

George muscled up a big right arm reflectively.
"Well, if he does come," he said, "and starts any rough stuff, just tip me off, will you? I think I could just about. wittle the hash of that kind of a Johnny."

"He won't have any hash to settle when I get through with him," said Hazet; and then mechanically she uttered the peal of light-hearted laughter that was supposed to

prelude her entrance to the stage.

She had no trouble finding the big rube. It would have been impossible to avoid swing him. He was so big and so unhappy that he stuck out of the audience like a sore thumb. He was epoiling the house-there was no doubt about it. The chill be radiated for half a dozen seats in each direction would have been invaluable in a cold-storage plant, but it was a deadly thing in a theater.

Hazel did not get indignant about it, though, as Tom and Zors had done. She smiled a little inside over the look of cold disapproval with which he regarded her; and when she lighted a cigarette, swung hersell up on a table and crossed her lega- as all adventuremes do in all musical

comedies-his look of shocked disgust was something she half liked him for.

The reason for this negative equivalent to liking lay in the conviction which had grown up in her mind that he could not be the person whom, on Keziah'n account, she dreaded. A boy who had cheerfully taken all his mother's earnings and skipped to the West would not be acting like that. He would be very dremy, trying to show his class by sitting in the front

row and wigwagging a date

with one of the showgirls. Heally I think she might e got it a little straighter that might have got more inkling of an idea that there was something to be and for the Western wandesert that to be the copwationally dutiful and protective grownup son to a Hrong-bodied, iron-willed, ependent old lady like boulsh was no easy job.

Want had, of course, no data for his clinest after his departure for the West. the bad over heard of the Colorado School of Mare not of the profession of mining commer. She had read in the Telegrapic all about the miner who pare stagering out of Death Valley



"I'm Tryin' to Pigger It Gut"

with a million dollars' worth of nuggets, and who tried to blow it all in on the way to New York and back.

Consequently her notion of a miner was of one who lighted dollar eigars with ten-dollar bills, chucked goldpieces to the bellboys at the Waldorf or the Annex; and to a certain sort of the members of her own profession. represented what they would make a first choice of if a fairy turned up and offered them three wishes.

This was Hazel's idea of a miner who had struck if Until he had struck it he was—see almost any of the Western moving-picture films for her authority - a good-hearted vagrant putting up an ineffectual struggle against temptations of various rather vivid sorts; panhandling his way about among his contemptuously telerant comrades and given to sentimental, teary memories—reenforced by look at an old locket of a lonely, pathetic, white-haired old mother back in God's country.

She, of course, supposes him dead, and lives-in the shadow of a mortgage—on occasional donations from the

kindly villagers.

Then, just as the mortgage is fereciosed and she is being turned out into the street, a noisy party comes joyriding by in an automobile and she recognizes her son that she thinks has forgotten her. It turns out that he has thought her dead, too, and is trying to spend a thousand dollars a day of his newly acquired wealth to drown his grief. So he bega her forgiveness and takes her to live in a palace.

It had annoyed Huzel a good deal that the story of Kegiah and her boy Newton would not work out like that There was no chance for Newton to present the well-worn alibi, because obviously he knew all about his motherwhere she was, at any rate, and presumably what she was doing, as was proved by the letter from him that came every Monday morning, with the same Arizona postmark on it.

Why was he not adventuring about, looking for some thing? Did he expect a mine to come and climb up into his lap? Well, then, what was he doing year after year? Could it be possible—no, it flatly could not!—that he had

struck it rich already?

Hazel, you see, her mineralogical fore being derived wholly from the movies, had never even heard of the sort of mine that was just a big, uncompromising mountain all seamed and fissured with streaks of green rock that had to be dug and blasted out of it rock which, when ground and slimed and separated and roasted and smelted, produced copper and silver and lead and zinc and other uninteresting elements in varying proportions to the ton; of a minthat wanted money and patience and hard work, and then, insatisbly, more money and more patience and more hard work, before it even began to yield up its treasure to you.

A mine, to Hazel, was a little pocket in the rock into which the thirst-parched and half-delirious prospector reached an emaciated arm and began pulling up irregular nuggets about the size of base balls, of pure twenty-four carat gold. The moment before you found it you were penniless - desperate. The moment after you found it you were rich beyond the dreams of a stage multimillionaire. One day you were perishing for a crust of bread-the next you were buying an automobile, a racing stable, and a palace on Fifth Avenue.

So obviously Newton had not struck it. He would not be piking round Obelisk, Arizona—or whatever the name



of the place was -grafting on his mother if he had. Presumably he was too lazy and too worthless to go out into the desert and parch and starve until he found the predestined pocketful of nuggets that Fate had stowed away there for him.

And if he came back without having struck it-what would be come for? Why, of course, because, having got tired of the hardship and the monotony of Ohelisk, he hoped to be able to persuade his mother to finance him in some other experiment.

There would be repentance, of course, and a hard-luck story, and then a scientific touch for the old lady's savings-

the whole amount if possible.

At this point in her reflections Hazel ground her teethmentally, that is to say. Actually she was smiling her most beguiling smile on Tom O'Hara, who played the gilded scion of the Newport society swell, and murmuring seductive nothings in his ear. She had played the part two bundred and twenty-five times and, like the other principals, was safe to go through her lines perfectly, so long as she never stopped to think what she was saying. As said, she ground her mental teeth and took a yow that the boy Newton should not get away with that project of his if she could help it. If she could just manage, when he turned up, to see him before Keziah did, she might be able to get rid of him altogether.

The big rube out in front gave her a moment of misgiving during the finale to the first set by reaching down under his seat for his overcoat, indicating thereby that he was not going to be in front for the second act. Could be

be the boy Newton, after all? And was he coming back to see his mother during the intermission? It might be well to play it safe.

She could not stand guard over the stage door herself, because she had to dress; but Bill Flynn, the fireman, was a good friend of hers, and to him she confided her difficulty.
"Bill," she said, "if a big rube in a

paper collar comes round here and asks for Mrs. Strong - see? - nothing doing! Don't call her. Call me!" "I got you!" said Bill.

But Hazel had thought of something,

"Don't holler out his name," she said, "I don't want Mrs. Strong to know be's here."

"Shoot him?" suggested Bill.

This did not mean assassination. When you go to the stage door at the Globe and tell Bill Flynn the name of anybody you want to men, be shouts that name in a voice that penetrates to the remotest dressing room and follows it up with your own. If the distant voice of the object of your visit shouts back "All right!" Bill tells you to wait. And there you stay in the draughty little vestibule

ustil some one comes to rescue you or until you contract pneumonia and go away. But if the voice says, "Should him!" then Bill with the titracet engdiality tells you to come in and directs you to the dressing room of the person

"Yes," said Hazel after another moment of besitation, "shoot him along.

Better come with him and see he don't get lost. Anyhow, no matter what he says or does, don't let him get a look nto the wardrobe room.

Then she flow off and dressed hurriedly, keeping her kimono handy to dive into in case the rube came. She did not much expect him; still had a good deal of confidence in her theory that when Keziah's son did turn u be a very different sort of person. When the intermission passed without any alarms she considered the incident

A blink through the peephole in the curtain just before they rang up on the second act showed a vacant seat in the fourth row. Hazel grinned at herself for feeling a little sorry that the rube had not stayed long enough to discover that she was not really a terrible adventuress, but had a heart of gold after all.

She was not on at the rise in the second act and scuttled into the wing when they rang up, to wait for her cue, which came in three or four minutes. And so completely had her misgiving about old Keziah gone out of her mind that when the stage door into the alley opened behind her and

she heard a man's voice asking Bill the fireman whether Mrs. Strong was there, she spent ball a second wondering who it could be that wanted old Keziah. Then she flashed round, saw Bill wigwagging to her, and behind him, in the shadow of the little vestibule, the rube.

WHAT Hazel had not calculated on, you see, was the fact that a man might walk all round the block looking for the right alley to the stage door; and that a man unaccustomed to such things, with a nightmare fear that, after he found the door, if he opened it he might come right spang out onto the stage in full view of the audience, would hesitate away a good many precious minutes before he actually appeared over Bill Flynn's horizon.

Anyhow there he was, asking for Mrs. Strong. And Hazel's cue came in three minutes! She sprang down the few steps that led to the little vestibule and seized the stranger by the arm.

He stared at her in downright horror and turned appealngly to big Hill Plynn.

'It's Mrs. Strong I want," he said. "She's my mother.

want to see her right away."

Bill looked doubtful. The average John coming round to the stage door and trying to scrape or claim an acquaintance with a chorus girl had no chance at all with big Hill. He withered them up and blew them out into the alley with the mere breath of his scorn. But this aunburned young man, who wanted to see his mother and was apparently very much in earnest about it, was another pair of abous.

"Per Nu Insuk Appakards as Ana. Tangang - or Maybudy Like Thurs But I Queen I Can Inc. Old Resieh's Ante Att Bight"

> Why shouldn't be see her? What was Hazel butting in for anyway? This train of thought the girl read in a flash. "Come along!" she said. "I'll take you to her." And she led the way down the stairs at a pace that left the doubtful and still-scandalized rube far behind. "Come along!" she called impatiently, and then looked along the

ACTION TO MANY SAFETY

Luckily the wardrobe room was at the other end and there were no signs of Keniah appearing from it. Her own dressing room was at this end-the next one off the passage and she swung the door open and motioned to him to go in.

"Wait here," she said. "I'll call her. She'll be here in a few minutes."

He balked in the donrway. To tell the truth, one could not wonder at that; but she gave him a nervous push that sent him in clear of the door and slammed it behind him. Then, two at a time, she took the stairs and got to the head of them just in time to hear her cue. She was nearly a second late and Freddy Boldt, over at the O. P. side, was having a fit. She would have to explain to him later.

She sailed out on to the stage and began giving the audience intimations of the heart of gold that underlay her hard and mercenary exterior. If Newton Strong had been in his seat out in the fourth row perhaps he would have been touched; but, shut up in Hazel's dressing room down below the stage, he was, I think it is safe to say, the most atterly confounded man at that moment inside the

Twice that evening since his train had reached Chicago he had be would have said tested his capacity for surprise to the limit; but both times he would have been

mistaken.

He got the first of these staggering surprises when he rang the bell at a little apartment on the North Side and was told by a Swedish maid-of-all-work that Mrs. Strong was at the theater.

Now they regarded the theater in East Weston simply as one of the wide-portaled vestibules to hell; and, though Newton had more or less shaken off this view-indeed had visited the theater three or four times himself in Denverstill, the notion of his mother's going to such a place was received at first with sheer incredulity. But the calloused indifference with which the Swedish maid stuck to her assertion-"Mrs. Strong ban gone to the tayater"-was

He would have entertained the suspicion that he had not got the right address if a glimpse over the maid's shoulder into the little sitting room had not revealed an ald red-plush photograph album that took him back to East Weston with a poignancy that almost hurt.
"I don't suppose you know what

"Yn," said the maid, "Globe

She said It with a funny singsong. and he repeated her words to make sure be had it right.

"The Globe Theater? Do you know where it la?"

She shook her head with an expresslou of amiable vacancy, and then, not having the information he wanted, supplied him with something else that would perhaps do just as well.

"Her ban go all tame." "All the time?" said Newton with a grin. "Do you mean every night?" "Ya." she said, and nodded.

Of course that was too ridiculous to pay any attention to. However, it is one thing to shake your head when a ily laurem in your ear, and another thing to get rid of the insect. The buzz-

ing continued all the way downtown, and it connected itself in his mind with occasional passages in her letters that he had not been able to understand - lapses apparently into a slang the source of which he could not imagine.

The posters in the lobby made it difficult to believe that his mother had selected this as a place of entertainment. The only alternative was that she was employed here in some capacity or other. It was equally impossible either way. He thought out his question to the ticket

seller rather carefully in advance; but, sou know, the ticket seller did not give blin a chance to ask it and he went inside simply because he did not know what else to do. The fact that no one was buying tickets when he went out

into the lobby at the end of the first act encouraged him to try again. "Could you tell me where I could find Mrs. Strong?" he asked.

'Stage door," said the man inside without losing count of a stack of tickets.

So Newton, hardly believing his senses, explored the big Bill Flynn, was set on, seized and kidnaped by the daring adventuress he had seen on the stage, and was now shut up-for what purpose he could hardly surmise-in the adventuress' dressing room.

To Newton that eight-by-seven dressing room was the most starkly, shamelessly immoral place he had ever found himself in. Hanging from hooks, thrown over backs of chairs-lying about everywhere-were articles of feminine apparel: garments that had been taken off; garments that were about to be put on-things that were intended to meet the eye and things that obviously were notthings that he, as a modest young bachelor, was ashamed to look at. And not a rag among them all-for his eye

(Continued on Page 48)

The Trail of the Tammany Tiger

HARLES F. MURPHY succeeded to the leadership of Tammany Hall under particularly trying circumstances. During the Croker régime Murphy had not been considered one of the lenders whom Croker depended on for advice, though he was regarded as one of the best district leaders. His district was known as the Gashouse, and was situated on the East Side of Manhattan Island, running

from Fourteenth Street to Twenty-third. He confined his efforts entirely to this district and never mixed much with general politics, except to help keep George B. McClellan in Congress.

He had previously been in charge of the same district for the County Democracy and was one of Maurice J. Power's best lieutenants. Murphy never had much to say, and he was con-sidered by his associates to be an extremely bashful man.

He had started in life as a driver of a bob-tailed street car on the East Side, and afterward became a bartender. At the time he was made the Tammany district leader he owned the saloon.

To give an idea of Murphy's standing I will relate an incident that occurred the night of a minor election during the Van Wyck administration. Murphy's district had done better for Tammany than any other. After the returns were in all the leaders visited the Democratic Chib. to receive words of approval from Croker. I happened to be seated at the same table as the chieftain when Murphy came in and took an obscure place in the corner of the cafe. Some one came to Mr. Croker and reported that Murphy's district had done better than the others, and I called attention to Murphy's presence. Croker called out so that everybody present could hear him:

*Charlie, I congratulate you!"

"Thank you, Mr. Croker," answered Murphy, who blushed like a schoolgirl. He really was very much

embarrassed by Croker's compliment,

The leadership of Lewis Nixon was almost impossible, though he worked very hard. He was regarded as an outsider and his brilliant record in the navy proved to be of no advantage to him. Tanimany would have no man whohad not come up through the ranks from a district leadership. Besides, even Croker's friends believed he was put in the place as a dummy for Croker. Nixon got into a row with Van Wyck's friends, who wanted to make the ex-mayor Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society-the owners of the Tammany Hall building on Fourteenth Street.

Murphy in Command

WHEN the meeting to select this officer was held John J. Scannell, Croker's most intimate personal friend among the leaders, made a sensational speech supporting VanWyck. Hereferred to VanWyck's loyalty to the organization. Then, pointing his finger at a group of men who had held the principal offices under Van Wyck, he said:

"You fellows ought to be ashamed of yourselves. No mayor who ever lived-except Van Wyck-would have had the nerve to appoint any of you chaps to office."

Van Wyck's defeat for Grand Sachem roused a hitter feeling in the organization, and shortly afterward Mr. Nixon resigned the leadership in a fit of disgust. The executive committee of Tammany Hall then forme virate, consisting of Charles F. Murphy, Louis F. Haffen and Daniel McMahon, to administer the leadership. Former Chief of Police Devery made New York laugh heartily over an interview he gave out on the affairs of Tammany Hall. He said that Tammany Hall was ruled by a sport, meaning Murphy; a joke, meaning Haffen; and a two-spot, meaning McMahon. At the same time Devery announced that he was going to become the leader of the district formerly represented by John C. Sheehan.

The divided responsibility did not work well and after a few months Charles F. Murphy was made the full-fledged leader, largely through the influence of Big Tim Sullivan. Murphy went about his work very quietly at first. One of

By Harry Wilson Walker



Murphy Has No

his first objects was to form an alliance with William R. Hearst, whom he sent to Congress. There was not very much apportunity for him to display his qualities, because Mayor Low still had a year to serve. Murphy was almost wholly responsible for keeping George B. McClellan in Congress. They were warm personal friends, and it was no secret in Tummany Hall that Murphy had his beart set on electing McClellan to sucreed Mayor Low. Murphy put great value on McClellan's name and from the very start was confident he would be elected.

McClellan used to refer to Murphy as "dear old Charlie,"

and Murphy would blink. Before he had been leader many months, Murphy induced Bourke Cockran to reinter Tammany Hall; and that brilliant orator became Murphy's climest adviser. It was also prophesied that Cockran would return to Congress for Murphy's district after McClellan had become mayor. The old Croker guard were indigment that Cockran, the bitter foe of Croker, should be taken back into the fold.

Then, to make them still more angry, Murphy began to cultivate former Sheriff James O'Brien, who had tried to convict Croker of murder. There was a general belief that Croker would not be able to control his indignation, and that he would suddenly appear in New York some day in the near future and subject Murphy to the same treatment

he had meted out to John C. Sheeban.

All this time Croker was saying in his English home that he was through with polities forever. Even his old friends doubted this. Finally the time drew near for the nomination for mayor. McClellan had been in Europe for over six months. Murphy was baving a trying time with Hugh McLaughlin, the Democratic boss of Brooklyn, who did net like McClellan and opposed him. However, Murphy had enough votes to control the city convention, and after a stormy scene in the convention McClellan was nominated on a ticket with Edward M. Grout and Charles V. Fornes, who were serving respectively in the Low administration as comptroller and chairman of the Board of Aldermon.

These two men had already been renominated on the

ticket with Mr. Low, who was again the Republicum and

Fusion candidate for mayor. Mayor Low and the Republican organization were indignant that Tammuny should appropriate two of their nominees, and Groot and Forms were forced off the Low ticket. The McLaughlin machine also repudinted the nominations of Grout and Fornes, and for a time the situation was greatly saled. It was feared that McClellan would los-Brooklyn by such a large majority that the majority he received on Macdottin

Island would not be sufficient to pull him through.

Patrick H. McCarren, ope of McLaughlin's ablest lead-ers, builted the McLaughlin organization and took with him a majority of the leaders. To the surprise of everybody, McClellan carried Brooklyn and had a good majority in the total majority about sixty thousand

McClellan started in us a strictly Tammany mayor, Murphy naming most of the appointees, while McCarren made the selections for Brooklyn. Mayor McClellan appointed a great many personal friends, some of them being old friends of his father, General McClellan. McClellan took a large house on

Washington Square, which up to a few years before had been the center of the aristocracy. The mayor avoided the Democratic Club and did not mix very much with Tammany men, except during office hours.

McClelian had not been in office a month before the preliminary presidential campaign of 1904 was opened I had learned that Mr. Bryan would not be a candidate and I set to work to boom McClellan, as it was then apparent that the Wall Street Democrats were lining up for Judge Alton B. Parker. I supposed at first that Murphy would be for McClellan and I am sure McClellan thought so too. Murphy, however, announced that he was in favor of the nomination of Grover Cleveland. This was absolutely absurd, because I knew from men like John G Carlisle and others, who were in close touch with Mr. Cleveland, that he had no thought of running again; and I also knew the National Democracy well enough to realize that he could not be nominated. This was good strategy, however, if Murphy had not been altogether serious. because the brand of Tammany was a source of weakness to McClellan.

I had arranged to start his boom in the Middle West, where the old soldiers who had served under General McClellan, as well as their offspring, were numerous. accompanied the New York delegation to Washington early in February, where the Democratic National Conmittee was to meet for the purpose of selecting a place in which to hold the national convention. This was Murphy's first appearance in national politics. A committee, of which I was a member, was appointed. When we arrived in Washington-several hours late-there was a terrible

The meeting of the committee had been called for eight o'clock; but as Murphy was snowbound it was decided to hold a routine meeting at nine o'clock. Former Mayor Van Wyck presided at the meeting and Senator McCarren, who was now the undisputed boss of the Brooklyn Demon racy, was relected to present the claims of New York before the national committee the next day.

A Bunch of Frightened Millionaires

AFTERWARD Van Wyck and myself went to Senator Gorman's house, and when we returned to our hotel we found the Tammany end of the New York delegation almost in a panic. There were several millionaires among them, and these rich men were more alarmed than some of the most humble members of the committee. They said that Morphy had arrived and was in a furious temper. He was reported as having said that it was an outrage and insult that a meeting should have been held without his presence. One of the millionaires was so alarmed that he took the midnight train back to New York, so as to avoid meeting Murphy. We were all about to go to bed when Murphy came over to the hotel and, to our agreeable surprise,

greeted Van Wyck in a most cordial manner. We repaired to the café, where we stayed most of the night. I never knew Marphy to be so talkative. He said he had been annoyed because the meeting was not postponed until his arrival, but that his annoyance was entirely with McCarren, as the Brooklyn man had received a telegram saying at exactly what hour he-Murphy-would arrive, and that he ought to have made that fact known

As pleasant as Murphy seemed to he, I became convinced that there was strong jealousy existing between McCarren and himself, and I spoke of it afterward to Van Wyck but he scoffed at the idea. Murphy was exceedingly affable during his stay in



Opposed to the System That Controls Tammany Politics

Washington, but he had absolutely no acquaintance with the national leaders; and when I introduced a number of them to him he acted like an awkward schoolboy.

Before we left Washington I learned the secret of the row between McCarren and Murphy; and, though it continued up to the hour of McCarren's death, nearly six years afterward, the origin of it has never been printed to my knowledge. A year previous to this Judge Parker and Senstor Hill had pledged McCarren to Parker's support. McCarren told Judge Purker then that he did not know how McLaughlin would take it, and it might mean that he would have to break with McLaughlin and the Brooklyn organization in order to carry out his promise. Shortly after McClellan's election Murphy told McCarren that Tammany Hall was opposed to the nomination of Judge Parker for president and said he expected the Brooklyn Democracy to join Tammany in opposition.

"I have been pledged to Judge Parker for over a year," answered McCarren; "and unless Judge Parker releases me I cannot very well break my word. However I will explain the situation to the judge, and if he agrees to it I will work with Tammany in national affairs as I have in

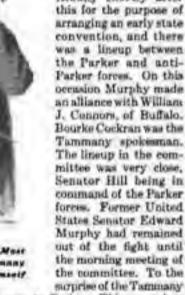
local matters."

Meantime McCarren spoke to Judge Parker; but the judge held him to his pledge. It was not until McCarren met Murphy in Washington that he gave him an answer. This was what produced the outburst of anger on the part of Murphy that the committee supposed was caused by their having held a meeting previous to his arrival. The day of the national committee meeting McCarren mixed freely with all the national leaders and espoused the cause of Judge Parker.

Murphy played a very inconspicuous part in the assembly of Democratic statesmen. Through Van Wyck he gave

out several interviews stating that Tammany believed that Grover Cleveland would be nominated at St. Louis.

The state committee was called to meet at Albany shortly after this for the purpose of arranging an early state convention, and there was a lineup between the Parker and anti-Parker forces. On this occasion Murphy made an alliance with William J. Connors, of Buffalo. Bourke Cockran was the Tammany spokesman. The lineup in the committee was very close, Senator Hill being in command of the Parker forces. Former United States Senator Edward Murphy had remained out of the fight until the morning meeting of the committee. To the



Big Tim Jullivan Was the Most Proceeds Man in Tammany Hall, Next to Murphy Himself

people he threw his influence to Parker. This was taken o an indication that Croker was not backing Charles Murphy in national politics.

When the state convention was held the delegates were estructed to vote for Parker under the unit rule, though Murphy, through Cockran, fought to the last ditch against those instructions. Just before the St. Louis convention Murphy was carrying on a flirtation with William R. Hearst, who was also a candidate for president.

The Murphy-McCarren Unpleasantness

MURPHY did not cut very much of a figure at St. Louis and he returned home disgruntled. Early in the compaign he visited Judge Parker at his country place. Judge Parker explained to the Tammany leader that he wanted all the factions in Greater New York to get together, and that he hoped that Mr. Murphy and Senator McCarren would have a meeting.

At the mention of McCarren's name Murphy lost his

emper and, getting up from his c

"I will have nothing to do with that man McCarren." Toward the middle of the campaign Murphy again visited Judge Parker, and the presidential candidate once more spoke of the necessity of harmony in Greater New York. "I want you and Senator McCarren to sit on the platform together at the Madison Square Garden meeting," said Judge Parker.

"I said once before that I would have nothing to do with McCarren," said Murphy, "I will not even sit on the

platform with him."

After the defeat of Judge Parker it was known among McClellan's friends that he was chafing under the Tammany yoke. However there had been no open break with Murphy. McClellan's administration was personally popular and it looked as though he would easily be reilected.

Meantime the legislature had made the term for the next mayor four years, the same as it was in the case of Van Wyck. In several public speeches McClellan made he talked more like a reformer than a Tammany man; but it was supposed that it was part of the game he was playing. There was no opposition to his renomination, but he surprised everybody by appearing at Carnegie Hall just after he received his renomination, announcing that he was going to be the mayor, and that he would take orders from no one. Very few of the politicisms who heard him believed at the time that McClellan meant what he said.

The newspapers had been orging McClellan to follow the example of Mayor Weaver, of Philadelphia. Just before McClellan's nomination I wrote a letter to a New York paper that was continually calling on McClellan to follow Mayor Weaver's example, in which I said that if McClellan got another term he would be an independent mayor, and that he would never do anything that would place a blot on his great name. I submitted a copy of this letter to McClellan before it was printed; so I knew very well he was ready for a break with Murphy.

On account of the great social prominence of the McClellans the mayor was on terms

of intimacy with leading financiers, particularly with Mr. Morgan. I had heard from time to time that Murphy's unexpected calls at the McClellan residence were a source of embarrasement to the McClellans socially. At this time Mrs. General McClellan was living with her son. She was a proud and forceful woman. I have heard it through so many sources that I believe the final break between Murphy and McClellan came after a visit of the former to the McClellan residence about two weeks after McClellan's. second election.

According to the story, Mr. Murphy did something which offended both Mrs. General McCiellan and the mayor's wife. At all events this was the last visit the Tammany leader ever made to the McClellan home. Immediately after that Murphy left New York and spent some time at a health resort. When McClellan made his appointments, after being inaugurated as mayor the second time, everybody knew that the young mayor and the Tammany leader had parted company and would travel different roads.

McClellan lined up with McCarren, who was known to represent Wall Street interests at Albany. For the next four years Murphy had rather a hard time. He had, with his brother and another relative, engaged extensively in the contracting business. The principal contract was the excavation for the Pennsylvania Raffrond Station in New York. He and his associates were frequently embarraned by orders bened by the McClellan officeholders; and onaccount of the financial interests' being friendly to Mc-Cidlan it was very difficult at times for Murphy's firm to borrow money.

McClellan set out to destroy Murphy politically by starting district fights, but he made poor bendway. There were two reasons for this-the first long that when Devery was elected district leader Murphy obtained a decision from the Supreme Court declaring that the majority of the executive committee slope could pass on the eligibility of its membership; so that Murphy, having the najority of the executive committee, could keep an unfriendly leader out.

This decision also was sustained by a state convention. which had unseated the Devery delegates. In the second place, even those who did not facey Murphy's leadership held that McClellan had no moral right to destroy the

political power that had created him. He had not only served several terms in Congress by favor of Murphy but Murphy had elected him twice as mayor. President Wilson and Governor Glynn will not make this mistake.

McClellan also had other embarrassments. William R. Hearst, who ran as an independent candidate for mayor, had a suit demanding that the ballot boxes should be opened and claiming that a recount would show that he-Hearst-had been elected. McClellan made the great mistake of opposing this. Had he insisted on a recount, as it turned out afterward, it would have been shown that he was elected by a sale



William R. Heurst Rad a Juit Demanding That the Ballot Buner Ihould be Opened

Tammany fell into

plurality. Even had it been shown that Mr. Hearst was elected, McClellan would have been so popular that he could have been elected governor, because Hearst could not under the circumstances have put up a telling op-

position. I still continued to hold a city office, Van Wyck, Low and McClellan having refused to accept my resignation, largely on the ground of personal friendship; so I felt myself to be a free agent. Mr. Bryan was making a tour round the world and I saw that he was regaining his popularity, I determined to start a movement to bring about his third nomination for president. Without consulting anybody

I wrote to Mr. Bryan proposing that I should get up a monater reception for him on his arrival in New York the following August. The letter reached Mr. Bryan at Constantinople and I received an answer from him in which he agreed to my plans.

A Demonstration for Bryan

THE first anybody knew of them was when they were announced by the press association. The day the anouncement appeared Mr. McClellan sent for me and told me he hoped I would be successful. Inasmuch as the police department would play a great part in the handling of the crowds I announced the fact of the mayor's approval. Murphy immediately showed his hostility and his newspaper organ for months did its best to hold me up to ridicale. I counteracted this by securing a letter from Croker, who by this time had taken up his residence in Ireland. Croker was enthusiastic and immediately I had the support of the old Croker guard.

Another piece of luck was that several Democratic state conventions were held shartly after the announcement of my plans and indorsed Mr. Bryan. At the last minute



JUNK By JOHN FLEMING WILSO.



APTAIN SINGGOLD, ruddy of cheek and white of hair, came into the busy office of the superintendent of the American & Asiatic Line. He seemed disturbed and in doubt whether to pass on to the hig desk whence the big company's ships were ruled.

"Good morning, captain!" said a brisk voice. "I

haven't seen you for a long time."
"It is a long time," Captain Singgold confessed. "There isn't much pleasure for a retired skipper in coming down to an office where he's got his mail for forty years and doesn't get it there any more."

The cashier nodded and went on:

"The boss wants to see you, captain. You'd better just stop in."

As Singgold passed through the gate the cashier remarked to his assistant:

"Looks as hearty as the day he retired from the service. He's commanded some great packets in his day."

When he reached the superintendent's desk that official rose and shook the captain's hand very heartily.

"I'm glad to see you," be roared.

Captain Singgold smiled slightly, for the veice of the superintendent was famous across two oceans. It seemed good to hear it again and he looked squarely into the eyes of the big man who had been his superior for so many years.

"Yes, sir; I am glad to see you, captain," the super-intendent went on. "And I'm glad to see you so hearty. I have a command for you - your old one, the Chittagong.

"But—the rules of the company—I was retired at the

age limit. What do you mean?"

For the moment the superintendent seemed embarrassed. To Singgold's amazement, he lowered his great voice to a husky whisper:

"Well, captain, the Chittagong's been retired too. You were commander of her for thirty years and I-I thought you might like to take her to Newport News."

"Sold, sir?"

"No; she's going to be broken up for scrap, captain." There was a long moment's silence. Singgeld stared at the dark ceiling. The superintendent fussed with some papers before him. Presently he went on in the same

busky whisper:

"You see, the good old packet is unseaworthy. Inspectors refused to pass her without repairs that would cost enough to half build a new one. She's had her day; she's been the boast of the fleet. I hated to do it, but I told the directors that the best thing we could do was to get rid of her. They agreed with me. But no other line is going to run her. We're just going to break her up and sell the scrap. There isn't going to be any disgrace attached to the Chittagong's name after she's run thirty years without a black mark against her. And I said to myself: 'Captain Singgold can take her round.' You know you commanded her from the time she was built until you retired. I thought melibe you'd like to- to kind of take care of her to the end. The directors agreed, captain."

Singgold's red cheeks grew redder. He passed his clean, brown, eapable right hand down his white beard.

"It's kind of you, sir. I'd like to do it."
"Confound it!" roured the superintendent. "This office is no place for sentiment -- no place for sentiment, captain. Come outside, sir!"

Out in the echoing pier shed Captain Singgold gazed across through an open door at the lofty fiddlebows of the Chittagong. He saw that she had not been painted after her last voyage, and there was an air of dishevelment about the steamer that had once been the pride of the San Francisco waterfront.

"She'll need a coat of paint," Singgold said quietly.

"Paint?" roared the superintendent. "Paint! What do

think you're going on-a yachting tour?"

"She's paid for it," said Singgold. "She came in the Golden Gate all spick and span. The line ought to let her go out looking better than a coal barge."

"But I won't talk to you another minute. You'll be asking for new awnings and new engines in a minute! You take her just as she is. The company isn't going to spend unother paint her, but she goes as she is not a new bit of line; not a new boutcover; not anything more. She's junk,

"One thing more, captain: she's insured for just what the scrap will bring. I don't want any fancy tugbout fees or salvage payments for her. If she gives out, get out yourself and let her sink. You've no passengers and no freight except some steel scrap out of the fire, that we took for luck and balbat. You'll have your old engineer-Charles Bales; and you'll take as mate a nice chap that's going back into the White Star. Now not another word, captain. Sail five days from now -Sunday."

Singgold ewang round and held out his hand.

"I brought her in on a Sunday."

"What the deuce do I care about that?" bayled the superintendent, giving every symptom of intending to strike Singgold. Imstead, he shook his hand.

"I'll move my stuff right down," said the new master of the Chittagong.

"Chief Engineer Bales is already abourd," the superintendent bellowed. "The chief officer, Mr. Masters, in already at work. I am going to give you three thousand tons of each and six months' supplies, with a little lewway. Good day, captain! See you Sunday morning!"

Singgold stood motionless for a moment. Then he went up the maindeek gangway and stood in the shadows of his former command for the first time in two years.

Came a grimy officer down the alleyway, who stopped and said:

"Pardon me, sir. Have you business bete?

"I'm Captain Singgold-just appointed master. Itake it you're the first officer?"

"I'm Mr. Masters," was the respectful reply.

"Ah!" breathed the skipper, brushing his beard, "What shape is she in, Mr. Masters?"

"I've got her prefty well cleaned up, sir, returned the young man; "but we're going to sea short of stores. However, under the dreumstances I suppose we can't expect anything else. Will you go over her with me, sir? Then I'll have an idea of what you want." He hesitated bashfully and then continued: "I understand you brought her round from the East."

"Idid. Now I'm going to take her back."

"All right. Paint her!" believed the superintendent, cent on that pile of junk. No; I won't listen to you. I'll

"Hello, chief!" said the captain.

The engineer turned a seamed face to his old shipmate. "In that you, Cap'n Singgold?" he rasped. "You see us fixing her up for her last voyage."

I thought she had buckled on me—that was in the typhoon

of November, '91. She is a good scaboat. Have you attended to everything aft?"

dumped out of the slings."

was stooped over the slate.

"Yes, air. I'm restowing that scrapiron. It was simply

"Very well," Singgold answered, "I am going in now to

see the chief engineer. I leave the stowing to you."

It strock Singgold that the engine room was strangely

quiet. The hoge machines were motionless -not even the

sanitary pump was working; but by the scarred desk

beneath the great steam valve a bowel and ancient figure

"I'm taking her round," was the quiet reply.
"Pshaw!" said Mr. Bales, laying down his chalk. "You don't say so! You know that fellow Marshall, who was chief of her since you and I were laid off, has scamped everything. If them engines hadn't been kep' as well as I kep' 'em, they'd be lying down and resting. He never put any new bearings in anything. Looks as if these machines had been through a fire. And the superintendent laughs at me when I ask for stuff. Says he: "You run ber round the Horn and that'll be all."

Singgold stared into the shining steel faces and the two old men seemed suddenly fallen into a strange immobility.

High up between the low and intermediate cylinders an oiler tapped irregularly away on a valve.

"Do the best you can, chief," said the captain presently. "Let's help her to make her last voyage without trouble. You keep a good watch below here and I'll conher home. See you Sunday!"

With an alert step the old skipper went up the shadowed ladders to the boatdeck and swung down to his old quarters under the bridge. He opened the storm door and entered. The same swivel chair stood before the old mahogany desk and the same wardrobe rested stiffly against the rear wall. Singgold looked it over quietly and then took off his hat. It was a silent salute to his ship. This done, he

stepped out, closed the door and went down on the pier. He passed through the raffle of freight and out into the bright light of the street.

Mechanically he stopped to buy an evening paper. The first thing that met his



eye when he was seated in the street car that was to carry him to his modest hotel was an item with the headline:

FAMOUS OLD LINER IS THROWN ON SCRAPHEAP

The American & Asiatic Steamship Company has decided not to make the repairs to the Chittagong ordered by the United States Inspectors of Hulls and Bollers last month. The Chittagong has been in the Oriental and Indian trade for thirty years. She was commanded most of that time by Captain Theodore Singgold, now retired en account of age.

The Chittagong will leave for Newport News on Sunday and on arrival there will be broken up for scrap. With her departure San Francisco Bay will lose one of its most interesting features. It will be remembered that in 1898 the liner took General — to the Philippines—and it

brought his body back not long afterward.

Captain Singgold's mind ran back over the thirty years he had commanded the Chittagong. He recalled a hunared names famous on three continents; the faces of lovely women; the hearty laughter of genial men; the handelasp of friends. Also there developed before his eyes the alluring figure of his wife, the pink, curled fingers of their child. And all were gone! He and the Chittagong had lived their brisk

and romantic life. Remained ——
"Taylor Street!" cried the conductor.

Captain Singgold straightened himself and went down the aisle of the car. He looked neither to right nor to left. lie stepped off and arrived on the curb. There he paused, with heavily wrinkled brows. What remained? What was left of that strong and proud life he had successfully lived? He bowed his head. "Junk!" he murmured hitterly, and went on up the street to his little hotel.

Sanday morning the Chittagong lay easily in her berth. She shone with fresh paint and her brasswork was gleaming.

From her huge funnel clouds of black smoke poured upward. At her main truck flew the blue peter.

The chief officer met him respectfully at the gangway.

"Thesaperintendent in waiting for you in your cabin, air.

Thank you, Mr. Masters. You have the ship looking like a bride. Be ready to pet your lines in.

In his own cabin the superintendent prected him with a bulsterous:

"Hello, captain!" "Good morning, dr." returned Singgold. "Can you wait until I put on my uniform?"

"Sure!"

With deliberation the captain took his carefully pressed dress uniform out of his locker and attired himself. Then be put his gold-braided cap on his white head and nodded briskly.

"You sail in half an hoor, captain," said his superior. "Here's your papers and coal orders, and so on. Now I want to have a minute's chat with you. As I told you,

this is business. We've insured her for one hundred thousand dollars. As scrap she'll bring us a hundred and fifty thousand. See? If you can't make it the whole way to Newport News don't spend any money on salvaging her. Just let her go. Of course I want you to get her in safe and sound; but"-he laid a heavy hand on Singgold's shoulder-"you're more to us than the old Chittagong. Don't risk life! This isn't that kind of a trip. This is a funeral. The corpse is dead anyway."

"I understand perfectly," rejoined the captain, his red face paling slightly. "The two of us came to San Fruncisco together and we're leaving together. 1-I appreciate your

not selling her.'

"Sell her!" bellowed the superintendent. "When I've stood on that pier down there a hundred times and seen you warp her in, with all safe and sound and shipshape? Sell the best packet that ever sailed the seas? Man, don't you remember I took my wedding trip on the Chittagong?"

In the little silence that followed both were staring out the open door at the sparkling bay. Up to them came the rumble of trucks, the harsh cries of officers, the busy noises of the pier. Suddenly the superintendent held out his big hand. Captain Singgold grasped it. They looked into each other's eyes a moment and then the superintendent lifted his hand in salute and went silently away.

"Mr. Masters," said Captain Singgold to the chief officer as he came up, "please get your lines in. Let me have the second mate on the bridge. Ask the third to see that all is clear in the slip."

"Yes, sir," said Masters, and hurried off.

Captain Singgold slowly climbed the bridge steps, went to the engine-room telegraph and pulled the lever to Stand by! Then he went to the end of the bridge and peered down. The lines were being hauled in. The superintendent was standing looking up, open-mouthed, breathing deeply.

"All clear, sir!" came a sharp cry.

"Set the engines half astern," said Singgold to the second ufficer.

Slowly the Chittagung began to yield to the pull of her propeller and her great bows withdrew from the street combing.

"Good-by!" hawled the superintendent, taking off his stiff hat.

The captain waved his hand and then reached for the whistle cord. Out of the huge bruss cylinder reared the steam-once, twice, thrice-Good-by!

Slowly and carefully, as he had done for thirty years, Captain Singgold straightened his vessel out and headed her for Angel Island. She lifted to every beat of her enginesa light, husyant ills; and her commander's eyes grew dim. He knew now why she had been randemned.

He was stirred from his reverie by the sound of whistles on every hand. San Francisco was hidding farewell to the "Good, Mr. Halsey," was the response, "It is a long voyage, and Magelian Strait sometimes needs careful navigation. I have always made it a rule that both the chief officer and the second shall work out the day's reckonings separately, and I shall compare them with my own. I will relieve you now so that you can get forty winks before noon. Please ask the third officer to report to me."

When the third officer came on the bridge Singgold scanned him carefully. He was trim of figure, but his face and the wrinkles about his eyes told of hard sea service. When he answered the first question addressed to him the captain nodded his satisfaction. He had good men with him—men that knew the sea and would face it unflinchingly.

At noon the Chittageng was far off Pigeon Point and her course was laid to pass outside the Santa Barbara Islands. Captain Singgold went down and sat at the head of the table, where he had sat for thirty years. The chief officer and the chief engineer sat one on each side of him.

"She's rompin' along, sir," remarked the engineer. "She sure can travel, sir!" added the mate. "We'll make a quick trip of it."

Captain Singgold stared about the empty saloon and did not answer. Memory was filling all the seats that swung vacantly before him-the girl who had crossed to be married to a man who had died of cholera a week before she reached Hongkong; the little missionary girl who timidly bowed her head at each meal and asked a blessing; the tender face of his wife; the grim visage of Captain Miner, coming home after losing his ship and a hundred pussengers; the austere figure of General ----; the alender hands of that woman whom nobody knew or spoke to.

And under it all be felt the unmistakably palsylike tremor of the old Chittagong returning to the place of her birth, honorable in her ending as in her beginning. He

rose, his meal half finished, and went to his room. There he sat him down in his swivel chair.

"It'll be a month to the Horn," he thought to bimself, "and forty days from there to Newport News. The weather will be bad down South."

He rang the bell for a steward and sent him to find the chief engineer, who came quietly, handling a hit of waste in his palm - a saturnine figure, indeed.

"Sit down, Charlie," said Singgold gently, "Light your pipe."

"Like old timen!" Mr. Bales remarked.

For a long time the two old men smoked in silence, tilted back in their chairs and nodding to the easy pitch of the steamer. Then the chief englneer laughed harshly.

"We're going home in style, cap." Sing-gold grunted and brushed his beard, "Yes, sir," said the engineer; "I've got as chief Greman 'Big Bill' Mahoney, that came out with us, and

there are six others who made the trip when we brought her round. Boson Tom Allen is with us too. Wonder where the boss managed to pick 'em up.'

The captain leaned forward alertly.

"Big Bill' with us? And Tom Allen? I didn't notice.

"It's not accident," said Mr. Bales. "The boss went to some pains to give us pretty much the same old crew that we came out with. 'The old Chittagong is going home in style,"

There was a knock at the door and the wireless operator came in and saluted.

"A message, sir."

Very slowly Captain Singgold opened the envelope and read the words of the message. He studied it for a moment and handed it to the chief. Mr. Bales read it aloud in a slow, harsh voice: SAN FRANCISCO. Office.

Good luck and a successful voyage to the Chittagong and Captain Singgold and Chief Bales and all the officers Good luck! and crew. AMERICAN & ASIATIC.



Memory Was Filling All the Jeans That Jumpy Vacantly Refers Him

ship that had been so long her pride. Singgold glanced back over her. Every bit of gear was in its place. She shone with white paint. The superintendent had done well by her. More than a hundred and fifty times Singgold. had conned her down the buy, shining and beautiful. Now, on her last voyage, she was adorned as if a thousand passengers thronged her decks-but there was no one this

Again the captain pulled the whistle cord and once more the great blasts rang out triumphantly in answer to the greetings of the various fleets. The people on a Sansalito ferryboat waved handkerchiefs. An incoming Japanese liner dipped her ensign. But beneath all the clamor Singgold heard that steady pulse of yielding frames.

He swung her until the Golden Gate gleamed dead ahead, and sighed. Suddenly he turned to the second officer and asked harshly:

"What ticket have you?"

"Master's ticket, sir," was the rendy response. "I am Habey-been running in here as mate on sugar boats."

"All right, son," said the captain to the waiting operator. "I'll bring you a message soon. What'll we say, Charlie?"

The chief engineer smiled bitterly.

"Tell 'em 'No flowers'!"

"No," was the slow reply. "They're doing their best by us, Charlie Bales. Now we must think up something to say."

There was a long pause. Then the captain swung round to his desk and wrote, in a large, easy hand, a message, which he handed to his companion.

The chief fixed his smoke-furned eyes on the paper and his harsh voice rasped the words out:

S. S. CHITTAGONG, at sea off Monterey.

American & Asiatic, San Francisco.

In behalf of officers and men I present the compliments of the ship and our thanks—from one and all—for kind wishes. SINGGOLD, Commander,

"That'll be polite," the captain said. "You and I have sailed from Pier A for a good many years, Charlie, and they've been good to us. Remember when Ruth died? She wanted to be buried at sea, so—so's she could always be with me; and the boss himself took the Chittagong out beyond the Farralones and gave her honest sea burial. He blew the three whistles himself."

Bales rose and knocked out his pipe. Without a word he strode to the door, opened it and passed into the darkness.

"Poor Charlie Bales!" murmured the whitehaired skipper. "I hadn't ought to 'a' said that, seeing Gertrude ran

off while we were in Hongkong, and he came back to find a For Rent sign on his house. I certainly hadn't better open my fool mouth again. The last kiss she gave him was right in this room here!"

He pressed a button and presently a waiter appeared. To him the captain spoke briefly:

"Tell the boson I want to see him."

Presently entered a grizzled seaman, who saluted and stood at attention.

"Sit down, Tom Allen," said Singgold quietly."We brought the packet out, didn't

The boson seated himself and answered briefly: "Yes, sir."

"And now the same old crowd is taking her back, Tom."

"She's a good ship yet, sir," Allen said earnestly.

We're all old," returned the captain.

"You've made about a hundred voyages in the Chittagong with me. I just wanted to tell you I was glad to have an

old—an old friend in charge of my crew."
"There's more of us for'ad, sir," said the boson. "There's Jimmle Snow, as was storekeeper that maiden voyage, and the four quartermasters was all with us, sir; and below in the engine room there is more of us."

"How's the rest of the crew, Tom?"

"Very good, sir. Old-timers, sir. None better, sir."
"All right, boson," said Singgold; and the seaman rose and left the cabin.

When he was gone the captain rose, too, and opened the door that led into the wheelhouse. He went slowly up the steps and peered at the man at the wheel.

Does she steer well?" he demanded.

"Same as she always did, sir," was the reply. "She was

always a willin' creature, sir."

For half an hour Captain Singgold stood and watched he run of the dark seas. The great jib-boom rose and fell with rhythmic power and the deck trembled faintly to the trampling of the engines. In the southern sky Venus burned like a lamp. Far inshore the lights of Gardena glowed faintly. Singgold's keen old eyes searched for the loom of Cypress Point, and when he had detected it he went back to his own cabin to sign the reports of mate, steward and engineer.

This done, he studied the rating of the chronometers and then sat down to reverie.

He was roused by the whistle of the tube from the bridge. He reached for it and said:

"What is it?"

"Cypress Point, nine miles on the beam, sir, at eight-thirteen."

"All right," the captain answered, and rose and looked at the barometer.

It had fallen three-tenths; he pursed his lips in surprise and went quickly to the bridge. The third officer was leaning far out over the rail, evidently intent on something ahead.

"What is it, son?" the captain demanded.

"Steamer shead, sir; burely see her masthead light. I think it's the Rose City, sir.

Rapidly the light grew brighter; then appeared the glow of her sulcon and deck lights; then the flicker of the port and starboard lights.

"Call the quartermaster!" said Singgold.

In response to the officer's shrill whistle an old man came up the steps. Without turning his head the captain commanded him to tell the wireless operator to get into communication with whatever steamer it was and report

"I'm talking to the Rose City, sir," Sparks reported a minute later.

"Present my compliments to Captain Mason and tell him I wish him a pleasant voyage."

Quickly the big liner ahead forged into full view, foamed abeam, and through the night came the bellow of her three whistles. Singgold answered them with three long blasts and resumed his watch.

"Mason is a young fellow with big commands ahead of him," he thought to himself. "I'm on my last voyage!"

When the Day Was Fully Come the Chittagong Was Plunging Through the Mountainous Jour at a Good Stateen Enois

He sighed. A moment later the wireless operator came on the bridge with another message. Singgold opened it and read its contents by the light in the chartdesk:

Good luck to you, Captain Singgold, and a happy voy-age to the Chittagong! Bud weather off Arguello and heavy gale blowing, with heavy sea running. Mason.

"Son," said the old captain, "you must stand an allnight watch tonight. Pick up any news you can find and let me know how things are going round us. Will you please ask the chief officer to step in?"

"Mr. Masters," Singgold said curtly when the mate appeared, "Captain Mason sends a wireless that the weather is had off Arguello. He says, too, that there is a heavy sen running. Is everything snug?"

"Yes, sir,"

Involuntarily both fell silent, listening to the sound of the sea and feeling the wavering tremor of the Chittagong. "She never used to behave this way," said Singgold

presently. "She must be very weak, Mr. Masters." "She is, sir," was the quiet response; "but we'll have it

fairly smooth when we get into Santa Barbara Channel." The captain pondered this: then picked up the speaking tube and called the watch other.

"Where are we?" he demanded.

"Just off the southerly point of Carmelo Bay, sir," came the answer.

We'll be off Arguello 'bout six in the morning," Singgold remarked. "Of course we could turn the engines up and make it a couple of hours sooner; but-I don't know about that."

"The hull isn't as strong as it used to be," suggested the chief mate.

"That is true," was the reply. "Well, you are tired and I won't keep you any longer.'

When Captain Singgold entered the chief engineer's cabin Mr. Bales looked up and pointed to the lounge. He sat in full uniform, with his cap drawn over his eyes. He seemed incredibly old and worn and weary.
"How are the machines?" asked Singgold gently.

The engineer looked up and shook his head.

"I daren't turn up more'n eighty-two, cap. Even then they work on the plates a mite. Worn out!"

Well, it swings us along twelve knots an hour, and that's fast enough for such a long cruise," was the reassuring response. "Bad weather down below us. Rose City passed the word a while ago."

"I rigged Jim Mahoney's racing gear on her ten years ago, you remember," the chief went on. "Jim's gone; but

his gear is still good."

"Well, I'll handle her myself if we run into a gale of wind," Singgold replied. "She never failed me yet. Remember that gale we rode out off the Hawaiians twenty years ago? Only the old Chittagong could 'a' stood it."
"I was on the working platform thirty hours running."
said Mr. Bales slowly. "Ye know I always thought that

storm kind of weakened her. She never was so lively after that-not that she didn't do her work all right."

After an interchange of a few more perfunctory remarks Captain Singgold got up and went out on deck. The wind was very fresh and the great bows were now and then

smothered in foam. It had grown thick and he could see but a little distance. He went to his cabin. donned his oilskins and sou'wester, and mounted the bridge.

"The glass is falling still," he announced to the third mate.

"Sea's rising fast." the officer returned respectfully; "but she is some seabout, sir. Still, I'll bet there's plenty of weather ahead."

Until the second officer came on watch at midnight Singgold stood motionless in the less of the can vas shelter on the weather side. Then he strode uneasily up and down, glancing now at the created seas, now at the overcast sky. Finally he halted near the second mate and asked abruptly:

"What do you think of the weather, Mr. Halsey?"

"Bad!" returned the officer. "I've traveled this coast a good deal, sir; when she blows from the sou'est like this it means heavy seas and high gales. But we'll soon be inside the channel. We ought to pick up Arguello Light by five o'clock."

"Give ber lots of room!" Singgold said curtly. "And when you've opened Conception Light be careful how you haul ber in.'

"All right, sir. I'll call you when I get the Light."

"Good night, Mr. Halsey," said the captain, and went down to his own cabin.

Presently he lay down, dressed, on the lounge and turned his ruddy face to the polished deckbeams above him. A moment later he was asleep.

The little clock above his desk tinkled eight bells and with sailorly promptness Captain Singgold rose and stretched himself. Then he examined the glass. It had fallen still another tenth during his sleep. He let down the shutter that covered the starboard window and studies the seas that poured out of the darkness, leaped futilely against the Chittagong's side and fumed away into the murk. He felt the surge and trembling of the steamer.

On the bridge he found the second officer had pulled wide of his course.

"Usually a strong inset of the current, sir," he explained. "Good man," murmured the captain, and proceeded to peer into the darkness ahead.

For fifty years he had been scanning just such scenes us now met his eyes-sweeping combers foaming out of the dark, shining seas that slipped swiftly along, huge acres

(Continued on Page 73)

THE JACKSONBOY



THERE never was a couple that had less interest in busybody societies than Edith and myself; indeed, so far us we knew anything about uplift, we thought the poor were getting much too much of it, and that it was often a name for a lot of oppression. The barons of old were hardly more interfering or tyrannical with their serfs than some of these goody-goody associations that match children from their shricking mothers; dictate with Torquemadalike positiveness about bathing suits and openwork stockings; cut off a man's beer; and arrest people for smoking eighrettes.

Yes; Edith and I were dead against uplift; and that was what made it all the more astonishing we should be captured by Judge Coaxly and the Universal Fellowship

We should never have fallen had not the furnace got out of order late one winter afternoon, and it became a choice of either going to bed or attending Judge Coaxiy's beture while the plumbers were putting the thing to rights. You me, we could not call on any of our friends in Wickhamburst because they were all going too. Judge Coaxly had an immense reputation and the news of his coming had growded our little suburban clubhouse; but Edith and I went merely for the warmth, and were most resentful because it would cost us a dollar each and expose us to a lecture besides. To us it would have been so much joilier to have danced or played cards and spent our two dollars for refreshments; but uplift it had to be or else our polar

Judge Coarly got us at the first lap. He was one of those burning individuals who invariably seem to come from the West and have an infallible recipe for bettering the world. His genial, picturesque presence; his persua-sive voice; the glint in his eyes as he denounced the conventional methods of dealing with the poor-all won us as surely as though we were children on the knee of an adored uncle. And his recipe was so simple! It involved no paid secretaries, no charity mongering, no card indexes of deserving cases. Every well-to-do family was to make friends with a poor family—that was the whole recipe in a nutshell. Seven million well-to-do's were to take seven million ill-to-do's under their sympathetic wings.

"Show some human interest in these folks who are socially below you," pleaded Coaxly. "Don't poke them a loaf of bread at the end of a stick, or endow institutions for officials to patronize and bully them. It is not bread these people need a quarter so much as contact with culture, breeding, refinement and gracious tastes. Regard your new family as relations who have come down in the world; try to feel a personal responsibility toward them; help them all you can to help themselves—and I tell you, my friends, they in their way will help you!"

He drew a most affecting picture of such a humble family whom you had attached to yourself with bonds of steel, and who, in the darkest hour of your life, mutely comforted and supported you. They were so rugged, faithful and devoted that you wondered how you had so long got on without them; and sitting there on those very hard little folding chairs—you yearned to rise at once and seek them. Edith kept squeezing my hand at every pathetic passage; her pale, pretty face was rapt with attention; again and again she caught her breath as though tears would surely follow: Everybody there was keyed up just the same and swelling with brotherhood and sisterhood.

We walked home in a great glow, inscribed members of the Universal Fellowship League and still under the spell of that entrancing man. We loved humanity and humanity loved us, and it was all too wonderful for anything! I suppose this is how simpler souls feel after a revival meeting-exalted, purified and softened, with a curious sensution of having shed one's gresser nature. We realised how selfish we had been! how stingy with our consideration and sympathy!

Edith said we had put a wall round ourselves and built a little fort of happiness where none might enter except us two-were typical, in fact, of the whole seven million well-to-de's - contemptibly copy and comfortable while the seven million ill-to-do's were perishing for the lack of a

Bertha, our German girl, let us in, and had a horrid story to tell of the plumber's assistant-the boss had sneaked off as soon as our backs were turned. The assistant had tramped about her kitchen in his dirty boots; had shamelessly proposed to raid the ice chest for beer; had culminated his infamy by trying to kiss her. Hertha had

sprained her thumb in slapping his nesty face, and was altogether quite incoherent with aliusions to an immediate return to the "evety" if we ever left her alone again with a plumber's assistant.

It was hard that she should seem to think it so much our fault and hold us so personally responsible; but of course allowances had to be made for an outraged woman with a sprained thumb, and she undoubtedly had some right to be indignant.

We pucified the invaluable creature, though I shall not deny that our faith in humanity received something of a jar. We decided then and there it should not be a plumber's assistant's family that we would take under our wing. Certainly in my darkest hour the very last person I should care to have about would be this abandoned young man, who usually figured on my bills under the anonymity of labor. Even in my brightest be was never particularly welcome, and I was glad he had had his face siapped by Bertha.

This was only a passing disillusignment, however; we were not going to condemn all humanity on account of one miserable plumber's assistant. We should search for a family more approximating to Judge Coaxly's ideal and one with whom we should have no financial dealings.

If we had been half inclining to adopt Bertha this little control may ended ber as a possible candidate. First of all, Bertha was not a family—not yet, at least; and seemedly, she did not seem to be the kind of person who would be happy under a wing. She was a little too aggresssive and ready to find fault, and if reproved at all would take to her bod with a had headache and require us to walt on her hand and foot; but as members of the Universal Fellowship League, Edith and I decided to be kinder to her than before and interest ourselves in her point of view. Judge Coaxly had put much stress on that—the point

Up to now ours had been to endure Bertha lest we should go farther and fare worse—it is awfully hard to get servants to stay in the suburbs of New York; but in the light of the new revelation this seemed altogether wrong. As Edith said, we ought to practice on Bertha by way of preparing ourselves to do justice to our real family-the one that, for better or worse, was to accompany us through life and be the prop and comfort of our old age.

I was far too busy to go family hunting myself, having to be at my desk in New York every morning at nine; and, with a long day, that left me fairly spent on my return.

Anyway, even though I had had the leisure of a Fortune's favorite. choosing a family seemed more in a woman's sphere than a man's and I was very willing to turn over the whole matter to Edith; but she demurred a great deal and was not half so sure of her own ability as I was. She said it would be so embarrassing to ring somebody's bell and ask them whether they cared to be adopted!

Judge Coaxly's inspiring eloquence had ignored such homely little details as that. We now thought it a pity he had not been more explicit; he ought to have told us just how to go about it-and, without criticizing the noble man, we wished to goodness he had; but I suppose prophets are never very practical. They enunciate a mighty truth and then like out to the next place, leaving you to grapple with its application as best you may. Prophets seem always to have been like that-great fellows to get away before you can ask them questions.

Edith and I talked over the available supply of poor families in Wickhamhurst; and after a lot of anxious deliberation our choice seemed about equally divided between Harry Kelp, who drove the omnibus to and from the station, and the Baylers, who kept a little candy and stationery store near the schoolhouse and were the most



estimable kind of German people. Harry was a nice, obliging young American of twenty-five or so, and if his wife and child were anyway as attractive as he was we should be most admirably suited, as they say in registry

So it was arranged that Edith should look up Mrs. Kelp. on the morrow, sample the Baylers' newly arrived widowed sister-we were worried about that widowed sister, she had such a wall-eyed look—and generally survey the situation without definitely compromising ourselves. We did not want to be precipitate; it would be so awful to ally ourselves with bonds of steel to the wrong people,

That evening, as I hopped off the train and crowded into the omnibus with the other commuters, I watched Harry Kelp closely for some answering look of understanding. Had a brotherhoodisn wave swept us together on life's tumpituous sea or was there the same amount of blue water between us as before? I watched and watched: but, though he was as smiling as ever, I failed to detect any particular change in him.

I confess I was a trifle disappointed, for Harry was such a nice, well-mannered young fellow and seemed to be just in our line. I judged his wife had been found wanting of course it must have been that. My first eager question to Edith was:

"What did you find the matter with Mrs. Kelp?"
"The matter with Mrs. Kelp?" repeated Edith with an unusual touch of asperity, as though I had asked her something idiotic. "Why, people fell over themselves to get her—the whole of Wickhamhurst was out for the Kelps; I never saw such a push and jostle in my life! And the cold-blooded anobbishness of those people! First, they allowed themselves to be tied up with the Greens-first come first served, you know; then they threw over the Greens for the Wilson Brokaws; and then when Mrs. Allerton Fox came sizzling up in her gorgeous electric, with the chauffeur and footman in mink collars, they called it off with the Brokaws in a way to make you boil. The Kelps are horrid, greedy, self-seeking people, whose only idea is the biggest pockethook!"
"And the Baylers?" I inquired.

Edith threw up her hands.

"Everybody wanted the Baylers!" she cried as though out of all patience at my suggesting anything so unattainable as the Baylers. "There was as crazy a Bayler rush as there was a Kelp rush, though, to do them justice, they were more bewildered than the Eulpa-didn't ait there waiting calmly for the highest hid. Rayler's first notion was that his sister-in-law must have won the hundredthousand-dollar prize in the Würtemberg State Lottery and that we were all coming to call on her. That was some comment on what they really think of us, wasn't it? As though we couldn't call fast enough on anybody with a hundred thousand dollars!"

"Lots couldn't," I observed, forgetting for a moment that I was a member of the Universal Fellowship League and lapsing into a cynicism that would have pained the father of our movement. "I don't know any better social asset in Wickhamburst than a hundred thousand dollars of United States gold coin, of standard weight and fineness."

"Well, old Mrs. Staples landed them before you could say Jack Robinson," continued Edith, recovering herself sufficiently to give me a hug and a kiss, and putting an arm round me to support me toward the house-it is always a little joke between us that I need such support on my return home, and it is my part to lean on her very heavily and utter little gasps of exhaustion. "I am afraid the Baylers are pretty snobby, too, for they keeled right over when Mrs. Staples put in her application-the fat old jingly thing, covered with diamonds!"

There still remained the McNutts. We had talked of the McNutts vaguery as a possible third choice after the Kelps and Baylers. McNutt was a hardfeatured, slow-moving man, always spattered with cement, who took small contracts for basements and such things, and had the reputation of being very honest and reliable. I had thought of him as rather too old and ruminative and spattery for our new family; and besides, his wife was an immensely stout woman, with a choky way of talking that made me nervous. However, on the idea of any port in a storm, there was much to be said in favor of the McNutts.

"And how about the McNutts?" I asked.

"Gobbled up too," said Edith in a heartbroken way; "and I am afraid it was every bit my fault that they were. Oh, I feel so guilty about it that I could ery! I was there before anybody and was trying to break it to Mrs. McNutt what I wanted, and floundering about in a maze of cross-purposes like a person in a silly farce, when the telephone bell suddenly rung and the Brownlows anapped her up like that !" Edith's fingers conveyed the lightninglike celerity with which the McNutts had been lost to us. "But Mrs. McNutt was awfully kind about it, though, and said if the Brownlows weren't absolutely satisfactory she would give us the next chance."

'I like her nerve!" I said crossly. "Makes an almighty favor of it, does

"Oh, they all do," returned Edith. "Now that everybody has got this

adoption bug and is Couxly lying round in automobiles, they stand off with a pussy-full-of-cream expression and know their value."

"Perhaps we mightn't be any better if kings and queens were running after us," I remarked, suddenly remembering my humanitarianism. "We must not blame them if they lose their heads a little."

"Yes; we must try to lock at it like that," agreed Edith, still with an air of vexation, "though it is provoking enough to make you want to boil them in oil; but when you are dying to put your hand to the plow it's awful to have no plow, len't it? To be thirsting to begin and have nothing to begin with! However, I made a start today with Bertha-did all her washing while she not on the woodbox and told me all her troubles.

"I thought we were going to leave Bertha out of it," I said, not much pleased at the vision of Bertha on the woodbex and my poor little wife doing all the work.

"Oh, it was just for practice," interposed Edith quickly; and really, do you know - though I do say it myself-it. made me feel I was tremendously good at drawing out people. Alterward she went upstairs and wrote a long. long letter to her mother-such a triumph for me, you know, considering they had been allenated for ever so long about sixty-three marks. Oh, if only we could find a family I am sure I could do wonders with it!"

"Don't fret!" I said as she guned up at me so pitifully. "We'll find a family somewhere if I have to take a day off



I Made a Stort Tuday With Bertha - Did

and chase one up mysell. or set a trap in the back yard and bait it with moving-picture tickets."

On my return late the next day Edith had only fallure to report. She looked tired, as well she might be after having scoured the country far and wide and gone without her lunch. Everybody worth having had been snapped up. and she had gone from one rebuff to another. At a cemetery, where she thought she had found our ideal, a clovenfooted young gravedigger had demanded five dollars a month as the price of his adoption.

It was all so dismally different from Judge Coaxly's alluring description. Where were those rugged, honest, self-respecting people who clasped your hand across the social gulf? Did they only exist in the FarWest? Was New York entirely outside the rugged, honest, selfrespecting zone? It looked like it, and poor Edith was in despair. "I am almost driven

to consider the Jacksonboy," she said.

"The Jacksonboy!" I exclaimed, bristling at the name, which was one only too familiar in our household.

"Yes, the Jacksonboy," she replied with a shade of belligerency in her voice. "Though I don't suppose for a minute you would ever agree to it."

The Jacksonhoy was certainly a sore point between us. Indeed, the only quarrel of our young married life had been about the Jacksonbey, and we had taken sides pro-Jacksonboy and anti-Jacksonboy-with a passionate ardor that might have wrecked our happy home. It all came about through our losing Robbie, our Scotch calls. He was a prize-bred dog and the kingpin of our existence. Losing Robbie had been a tragedy; any one who love dogs will understand how we felt-how wholly crushed and heartbroken and bereaved we were.

Well, after two days of hopeless searching, the Icemanwith a droop of his cyclid that lingers in my memory yet -- said:

"If ever I was to tose a dorg—a valuable, blooded dorg should look up that there Jacksonboy and offer him five deliars to find it."

Nothing more could be got out of the iceman than that—only the significant, eyelid-dropping association of the Jacksonboy with missing dogs. We took the iceman's advice and started a still-hunt for the Jacksonboy, who proved to be a slinky-looking individual of about eighteen, with sunburned yellow bair, blue eyes-pretty enough to be a girl's-and an expression of transparent guilt. He

promptly found Robbie the same afternoon and received the five dollars I had promised him, as well as effusions of gratitude from Edith.

My own were much more restrained, for it was as plain as daylight we had been victimized by the young bandit-though I was so glad to get the dog back I forbore to make any comments. It was what happened afterward that brought about the unpleasantness.

Robbie had been brought back without his beautiful collar, which was a new one and a present from Jerry Bartholomew, of the Second National Bank. Naturally we were much put at at losing the collar, and after we out a few walls of Indignation and distress the Jacksonboy inquired with an elaborate affectation of casualness whether we cared to offer

a small reward for its return.
"Not a cent!" I exclaimed, enraged at this further exaction. "But if you don't return it by nine o'clock, I'll get the constable and have your place searched from top to bottom!"

He looked so terrified at this and his knees knocked together so comically that I gave him another shot.

"I know you stole my dog," I roared "but I'll be d-d if you are going to steal the



collar too! If it is not here by nine o'clock tomorrow morning I'll have you sent to Elmira, or to one of those boy republics where they put fellows like you in steel cages and feed them on bread and water."

He slunk away, looking very woebegone; and Edith said I had been horribly unkind and unjust, and that if he had been smaller she should have run right after him and kissed him to try and atons for my wicked, horrid,

uncalled-for suspicions.

In the transports of getting Robbie back, however, we had no time for quarreling and the subject lay over until the next day—which was Sunday—when the Jacksonboy promptly appeared at the stroke of nine with the collar. He had a cock-and-bull story of having bought it from some street urchins for a dollar, which he rattled off with a reathle sness that was more concerned with Elmira than with the money. I do not think he expected for a moment to be recouped; it was merely that he was badly scared and left he needed to have some sort of explanation, no matter now wild or improbable.

To my amazement Edith accepted every word of it is Gospel truth and insisted that I should hand him the ioliar. I refused just as heatedly and the miserable thing

leveloped into an out-and-out disagreement, with tears and outbursts and a threatened return to her nother.

Of course it ended by my paying the dollar; but we were left with a screeness and a rankling that were only finally assuaged by my making her a present of a new electric vacuum deaper. Perhaps I was unduly sensitive—I admit it frankly—but the lacksonboy kept bobbing up between us like Banquo's ghoet; and he never bobbed but there was trouble.

I gave Edith the vacuum cleaner—
a thing she had coveted for months
to section the fleas off Robbie with—
on condition the hated name of Jackscalesy should never be mentioned
in our home again. Were she even
to my it in her sleep I vowed and
declared the vacuum cleaner should
disappear forever. It was a peace
offering with a thick, strong string to
it, and was well worth the money I
puid for it.

It was strange how, after having once discovered there was such a person as the Jacksonboy, he should forthwith become the dominating feature of the landscape. His effembale, furtive face seemed to meet us whichever way we turned; we could not mail a letter, or drop in at the drug store, or take the most unlikely of walks, but there was the Jacksonboy scurrying to get out of our way.

I invariably scowled at him with the scowlest scowl I could muster at such short notice: while Edith, I regret to say, smiled at him a smile of exaggerated sweetness. I will not pretend I was not annoyed. There is the spirit of an agreement as well as the letter; but she said it was my expression that always made her smile, and that—oh, dear, no!—she had tardly noticed the nameless being at

all, and should not have dreamed of smiling at him! Imagine my feelings now when Edith and—

apropos of our new family:

I objected with indignation. What! Twice that young dog-stealer to our bosom—choose that slink-ling hobbledehoy and collar-snatcher—enfold in the atmosphere of our cherished home an abandoned loafer whose jobless life was the scandal of Wickhamburst? It was madness! But, even though he were a model of all the virtues, he was not a family, was he? Judge Couxly had said families; the whole idea, in fact, was that families should adopt families. Were we members of the Universal Fellowship League or just frantic idiots?

Edith listened with angelic patience. When a woman does that and condescends in addition to a sweet reasonableness, mere man may as well consider himself a goner. It seemed there was a Mrs. Jackson too; so that nothing the great, big, lovely, excited darling said applied at all. And this Mrs. Jackson was a most worthy, decent, hard-working widow who lived in two little rooms and

carned a humble livelihood by "going out."

She went out for one-seventy-five a day and everybody spoke of her in the highest terms; and if her son was a hit wild and out-of-hand, was it not all our fault—seciety's fault—for making Mrs. Jackson go out and thus leave him to grow up utterly neglected and uncared for?

And then had he not such beautiful blue eyes that one knew instinctively there must be good in him? Had I ever noticed the Jacksonboy's beautiful blue eyes and the polite way he always lifted his cap? Did I want to see a boy like that grow up into a professional criminal—a boy with such heautiful blue eyes and such nice polite manners? And it was not as though we had any choice. Had she not run her tired legs off and gone without her lunch—all for nothing? Suppose—yes, suppose—he had Stolen that collar and had done us out of a dollar, were we to count it against him forever and ever, like the brand of Cain?

The magnanimity of this admission stilled my last protest. It was really very fine of Edith to say that, considering how we had wrangled and disagreed until I bought her the suction cleaner. For her to concede that I might have been right about the collar knocked all my underpinning from under me. What could I do except surrender with the best grace possible? So I said:

"Have it your own way then, my dear. For heaven's sake, get the Jacksonboy if you want him!"

The acquisition of the Jacksons proceeded without a hitch, and on the following Sunday they were both invited.

He Jainted Them is Transph He Wasted Netter Strip

Hadd Netter Strip

Ing at him !

Sith acid —

Shapehoy!"

They that

to supper at the house. Edith chose Sunday because that was Bertha's afternoon and evening off, and she judged it would be less embarrassing without the maid. Mrs. Jackson was a thin, withered, dreary-looking female, with a long drooping nose and the scanty gray hair one associates with reduced circumstances; but in her rather crushed way she carried off a trying situation with considerable tact and showed an admirable composure. Composure, indeed, was what Mrs. Jackson excelled in. She was the most composed person I ever knew.

The Jacksonboy, soaped and brushed until he could hardly have recognized himself, and in a state of speechless confusion, tried his best to be neither seen not heard. He quaked if one looked at him, and had the appearance of expecting—and ardently hoping—that the floor might open and swallow him up; in fact he was far more ill at ease at my table than he had been in selling me back my own dog. Stealing dogs, however, was evidently more in his line than the social graces. He hung on his mother's eye and visibly trembled when he was spoken to.

It was a trying supper for all four of us, though by dint of effort the constraint gradually diminished. After much desultory talk about nothing in particular I gave the conversation a more intimate turn by asking Mrs. Jackson what she intended to make of Benny—Benny was the Jacksonboy's real name, you know, though to Edith and myself it never seemed to suit him so well as the other.

At this she sighed and said she had always hoped he would be a minister like his sainted father in heaven; but, as he did not seem to fancy the idea, she had thought he might perhaps be a lawyer instead. Then she sighed again and said she would be very much obliged if I would tell her how to go about it, and whether it was as easy as she had heard for a bright boy to work his way through the Columbia Law School.

The crass presumption of the woman took my breath away. That she should cherish such dreams for this uncouth, unsducated lad, whose only estensible occupation appeared to be collecting lost golf balls and selling them back to unscrupulous golfers, struck me as typical of ambitious mothers of a certain sort and of their grotesque conceit and folly. Everybody is so husy telling them that nothing is impossible, and instancing it

with wondrous tales of newsboys risen to greatness, that they have lost all interest in the humdrum occupations Nature has fitted them to fill.

I am afraid I answered her rather shortly and gave a new twist to the subject by asking Benny what he would like to be.

"Aw—work in a moving-picture show." he blurted out. "It must be grand to work in a moving-picture show!"

This impelled me to say something pointed about skilled labor—its splendid independence; its good pay; the opportunities it gave in a thousand directions for young men to better themselves. But my remarks were greated with a stony silence; Mrs. Jackson's long nose sank as though it were weighted at the end; the Jacksonboy gazed blankly at his plate.

It was plainly not a congenial topic I had begun. Mrs. Jackson murmured something about Lincoln splitting rails. I felt like saying I wished Benny would do something half as useful or honest—but refrained. It was a brightening moment when Edith suggested our playing the phonograph in the sitting room.

There Benny, previously so suisdued, covered himself with glory. He leved running the phonograph, and was surprisingly exact and careful in putting in new needles and starting the records on the precise line. Edith was very fussy about her phonograph; and it spoke well for the Jacksonboy that she finally turned it over to him and came and sat down baside me. Our evening for the first time took on a faint semblance of enjoyment; and the Jacksonboy, hunched on the edge of a chair and in a state of allent rapture, watched the machine as though it were the most precious thing in the whole world.

When he touched it, it was with a sort of reverence that seemed to me very affecting; and he looked so poor and shabby and ill-neurished that my heart went out to him. I suppose the music helped to endow him with a

pathetic quality—or perhaps it was the very childishness of his appreciation. At last, when it came time to go, he showed a reloctance that I fear was much more due to leaving the phonograph than to leaving us.

This was the first of several similar Sunday evenings, though at the fourth or fifth Benny arrived alone and explained that his mother was feeling too poorly to come. On the succeeding Sunday Mrs. Jackson was again kept away by an attack of this persistent poorliness, and on my asking some questions about this vague complaint and suggesting that I should telephone to the doctor the truth came out in the most unexpected manner.

"Maw don't hanker much about coming here, if you have to know," confessed the Jacksonboy, writhing with embarrassment. "I guess she finds it too slow or sumpin'. She says you are awful nice people and most awful kind, but that she don't enjoy it and would rather stay home."

"Edith, listen to that!" I exclaimed. "Mrs. Jackson won't come any more because—we hore her!"

(Continued on Page 42)

ADVENTURES IN BANKRUPTCY

In the Underworld of Business—By Forrest Crissey

LLUSTRATED BY W. D. GOLDBECK

BANKRUPTCY is a forbidding word to the average business man. Its suggestion is as sinister and unwelcome as that commonly associated with the presence of an undertaker who looks the part. This natural aversion of the struggling man of affairs to anything that hints of failure is in hundreds of cases a most expensive whim—an indulgence as costly as it is human.

"The honest business man," declares a United States judge who has heard hundreds of bankruptcy cases, "knows as little of the conditions of bankruptcy as he does of those of life after death—and he is no more anxious to learn about one than he is to learn about the other.

"Bankruptcy belongs to a grim underworld to which he resolutely shuts his eyes; but the fact remains that if many men now headed straight for the business scrapheap could grasp the vital, vivid lessons that are thrown on the screen in a court like this, they would 'head in' promptly and cheat the professional receiver out of any responsibility on their account. And if the credit men of merchandizing houses were obliged to take a short course in a bankruptcy court the science of dispensing credits would be suddenly thrown into high speed.

"Besides, life in this underworld of business is not so doleful as one might imagine. It has its flashes of humor and its touches of romance—plenty of them—in spite of its grimness. There is no better laboratory on earth in which to study human nature than a bankruptcy court. If credit men, hard-pushed men of business and writers of modern fiction realized how much solid meat for their sustenance is dispensed in the daily grind of the bankruptcy court, our rooms would be crowded and enjoy a popularity beyond that of the most prodigal souphouse. Standing room only! would be the rule. But a certain class of men seem to be obliged to go through bankruptcy themselves and learn from hard personal experience the lessons they might eatch from others if they could see the business poet-mortems that are conducted here."

What the Inventory Showed

THIS shrewd judge might have gone still further and added that hankruptcy is semetimes the beginning of success with husiness men of a certain type—honest, hardworking strugglers at that. These claims may seem a trifle extravagant to the man who has not been brought into familiar contact with the curious dramas that constantly enliven the routine of the bankruptcy court; but the officials who deal with these matters day after day are quick to recognize such statements as wholly conservative.

A keen young man in the employ of a large trust company doing a heavy receivership business was once sent to

take charge of the assets and affairs of a small dealer in whitagoods, whose creditors had brought bankruptcy proceedings. Though the trust company had been appointed as receiver the dealer had not yet been adjudged a bankrupt. The final housing was set for five days later.

The young man assigned to make the investigation on which

the findings of the court would be largely based was familiar enough with bankruptcy administration to know that it was a business of surprises; but he had not followed it long enough to be prepared for the peculiar surprise that was in store for him.

"You'll probably find quite a mess over there," he was told; "hut don't let them pull the woolover your eyes. You're inclined to be rather sympathetic, and most of those fellows are keen to spot a

weakness of that sort and play it to the limit; so don't be fooled by appearances, but dig straight to the bottom and get hold of the facts."

Therefore, as the receiver's agent climbed the stairs and entered the rather dingy room of the troubled dealer in whitegoods, he was prepared to find a pancity of assets and a surplus of tears, and was fully fortified against any draft on his teo-ready sympathies. The bankrupt said little, but his appearance was that of a crushed and broken-hearted man. If he were merely playing the part he was certainly a gifted actor, the young man instantly concluded.

"Now," cheerfully suggested the receiver's agent, "let's take a look at your inventory."

He was handed a curiously smateurishappearing document that showed a total of some ten thousand dollars of stock on hand. Keen on the scent for disappearing assets he asked: "Who made out this inventory?" And he was not surprised to learn that it was the work of the gawky youth who was coiled despondently over the bookkeeper's desk.

Then the investigator did a little inventorying on his own account. He had not gone far, however, before he reached the surprising conclusion that there were more goods in the place than the inventory indicated. According to his lights this fact in itself was meat for suspicion; and he promptly telephoned his office and made a requisition for two accountants, who were immediately set to work making an independent inventory, under instructions to use special care and to verify prices by the original involves.

While this work was going on he dug into the finances of the bankrupt and found that when the dealer—who had been operating on a shoestring basis shipped a hill of goods it had been his habit to bock the hill with a certain financial concern at a discount of fifteen per cent. In addition to this he had burrowed a considerable sum from the bank with which he carried his checking account.

When the accountants from his own office handed him their completed inventory the investigator gave a gasp of autonishment. It showed stock on hand worth four times the amount indicated by the bankrupt's own inventory! But the investigator kept his amazement to himself and quietly continued his search for the traditional Ethiopian in the

woodpile, for whom the trained bankruptcy official is always on the hunt, no matter how assuring appearances may be. After two days delving, however, he reached the conclusion that he had found the true condition of affairs.

This man," he declared to the rice-president of the largest credtur bank, "isn't a bankrupt; he's simply an incompetent along one

line. He knows his goods, how to buy them and how to sell them; but he's a miracle of incompetence when it comes to the accounting end of his business. And he trusts thatend of his affairs to a halfbaked youth who has spent a few months in some hurry-up business college. That boy is just a loose-jointed bluff; but he's been able to get away with it simply because his employer is a little more incompetent than himself as an accountant."

The banker was incredulous, but decided to find out the true state of affairs for himself; so he sent his own force of accountants, who made an independent inventory and report. That inventory tallied,



"He Was Jellying Every Costomer That Came Into the Place"

almost to a dollar, with the one made by the accountant from the receiver trust company. This time the surprise was on the whitegoods dealer. His banker showed him that he was not a bankrupt, and then added:

"If you had come to me months ago, when you first began to feel the pinch, and had asked me to overhad you business, you would have saved yourself all this trouble. The scare you've had thrown into you and the wear-and-tear you've suffered in the past few months have probably not only taken years off your life, but this thing has hurryour credit. Now I'm going to put a good bookkeeper in your place and he's going to run that end of your business and run it right. Then I'm going to supply you with capital enough to take care of your business and do it at six per cent. You can't afford to sacrifice fifteen per cent on each bill you sell, as you have been doing."

Merchants Who Don't Know Where They Stand

FOR a time you give your attention to buying and selling—it's evident you know how to do that—and let the young man look after your finances and your accounts. After we've get things to running smoothly you'll have to learn the financial and accounting ends of your business, se that you can at least understand what is taking place in your own establishment and where you stand. That's the price of the help I'm giving you. If you don't learn it you'll find yourself in the same fix again some time."

This man was never adjudged a bankrupt, and the receiver was discharged. The banker installed a competent young man in the office of the dealer in whitegoods, arranged matters with other creditors, and eventually saw this man become prosperous.

Almost every professional receiver can parallel this case from his own experience, so far as its essentials are concerned. This is especially true of those receivers who are called on to handle the affairs of small merchants. Hundreds of storekeepers are every year forced into the ranks of business failures and have the hankruptcy brand burned into their flanks when they are no more entitled to that punishment than was the dealer in whitegoods.

"There is a large class of men in the retail trade," declares a man who has had years of association with the receivership end of a large trust company, "who run on the principle that all there is to trade is buying and selling. And they are inclined to put the emphasis on selling. So long as they can see a stream of goods going out of their stores they flatter themselves they are on the high road to fortune. Let me give just one example of what we are continually meeting with in this calling:

From the Jofu

"One day I was sent to take charge of the affairs of a retail grocer who had two stores in a thickly settled suburb and did a small neighborhood jobbing business. An involuntary petition had thrown him into the bankruptcy court. I found him at the larger of the two stores waiting on customers. From his appearance I judged he had come in from the country and that he had probably seen service in a crossroads store of a back-town settlement. Anyhow he was a hustler at tying up packages, and he was jollying every customer that came into the place. I delayed posting the receivership notice and taking the store over in order to watch him work for a few minutes.

"A dray drew up at the back door and he remarked to his derk; 'I'm glad them barrels of confectioners' sugar have come. We need 'em.' Then I broke the news to him and formally took over the store. Even then he did not want to stop handing out goods to customers. His passion for wrapping packages was so strong that he protested against closing the door against customers and giving a little attention to the details of his own financial funeral.

"That man's accounting system belonged to the Stone Age. So far as his accounts with his creditors were concerned his books consisted of three hooks. On the first he stabbed the invoices overdue, or due the first of the next month—and that hook was loaded to capacity! On the sext hook were impaled the invoices due a month later.

The third hook was reserved for bills on which he had ninety days' leeway.

"His bookkeeping with his customers was equally primitive. He had a nek in which he kept his duplicate sales slips. That was his only ledger, And his collecting was largely done by lir delivery help. Of course I was on the watch—as we always are and must always be—for crooked tricks and riever concealments; but the man instantly impressed me as being honest.

"A crew of involcers at once went through his stock; and when they had finished and had their figures before me I asked him whether he had any idea of how much stock he had in the

two stores.

"Nope!" was his frank answer'can't say that I have. Consid'able,
though. I always aim to have what
my customers want. It makes me
kind of ashumed to have to tell a customer that I can't give him what he
wants. Looks as if I hadn't had
gumption enough to order it. You
see, I've had a good trade and it's
kept me so busy sellin' that I haven't
had much time to bother with stocktakin'. And anyhow, I always figured
that I wouldn't have any more goods
on hand simply because I'd taken a
lot of time to list them."

A Wild Buyer Cured

"I COULDN'T help coming back at him with the remark that he would probably have had fewer goods, by considerable, if he had followed the practice of taking an inventory. Then I asked him why he had ordered the two barrels of confectioners' sugar that had arrived the day the store was taken over by the receiver. His answer was that he couldn't remember having ordered any in a long time and knew that he must be about out of it. His jaw dropped when I showed him that there were twelve barrels of this expensive stuff in the store at the moment when he had placed his order for the two barrels.

"That man had hundreds of dollars' worth of goods in his store that had

never been opened and that were covered deep with other goods—merchandise that he would have denied having in his possession if he had been accused of it.

"Do not think that this man stands alone. He does not. There are some grocers—quite a number of them too—on the edges of every large city that make him look like an accomplished accountant and an up-to-date merchant by comparison.

"I know of retail grocers whose only books of account with their customers are the individual pushbooks the customers bring to the store when they make purchases. These books are often carried by the children of the customers and are frequently lost.

"What happens then? Unless the merchant and his customer can agree as to the unpaid balance the account is lost and wholly uncollectable. Of course there are many more who are not quite so loose in their bookkeeping as was this man, who did not bother to take an invoice or to keep a regular set of books; but they still belong to his class.

"This man had a passion for selling; his whole heart was in that end of his business and in no other. He bought simply because he must have something to sell. Few salesmen ever left his store without an order. As a dump for goods he was a joy to the city salesman for the whole-sale house, and he could be loaded up easier than a grain car under an elevator chute. That man had more than enough goods in stock to pay his indebtedness, dollar for dollar—and did so. Of course he was a good outlet and his creditors were anxious to keep him in business. So they threw a good, hard scare into him, saw that a good book-keeper and a proper system were installed, and then kept a close eye on him.

"If a man of this stamp gets into bankruptcy early enough it will make a success of him. Of course it is hard discipline; but some can be cured of their loose ways by no other means. Bankruptcy has been the beginning of success for many a man of this habit of mind. However, it seems a pity that they will not learn the lesson of all-round merchandizing—of a balanced business administration—from the experiences of others. There are thousands of storekeepers in this country that think themselves merchants who could get more good from a course of

There Were Thousands of People, and Atl of Them Journel to be Spending Money Every Minute

object-lesson teaching in a bunkruptcy court than from all the trade conventions that are held in a year."

According to Bradstreet's latest report incompetence has come to lead the list of failure causes. It outranks inexperience, lack of capital, unwise granting of credits, speculation, neglect of business due to doubtful habits, personal extravagance or fraudulent disposition of property. As a wrecker of business this element is given a standing of thirty and two-tenths per cent.

Because crookedness—deliberate, well-seasoned and thoroughly matured crookedness—is given last place in the factors outside of those beyond human control that contribute to business failures, it is not well to believe the original Babes in the Wood, or their temperamental descendants, to be naturally fitted to discharge the responsibilities of bankruptcy receivers. Not even the fact that practically every professional receiver frankly declares

most adjudged bankrupts to be genuine bankrupts is sufficient evidence on which to select trusting innocents for the task of conducting post-mortems on business ventures that have suffered a violent or untimely end.

To hear one receiver after another relate experiences of finding an honest struggler suddenly thrown into the bankruptcy mill, only to be shown to be possessed of convertible assets beyond his liabilities and beyond his own expectations, is immensely cheering and well calculated to stimulate a flagging faith in human nature; but the sad fact remains that those same receivers can offset each recollection of this sort with a narrative of remarkable nimbleness of assets that would charm and instruct J. Rufus Wallingford himself.

Perhaps, as the Bradstreet report on bankruptcy in America suggests, only about ten per cent of the failures in business are fraudulent—that is, failures deliberately planned for the purpose of securing fraudulent profits, However, when it is remembered that there are now about fifteen thousand failures in the business year it will be plain that there are plenty of crooked business wrecks to keen the receivers busy.

Again, these specialists in scrapped fortunes admit that there is something in a bankruptcy proceeding that is well calculated to bring out all the dormant canning and shiftiness in a fairly honest man whose insolvency is not a

> deliberate frame-up, but has been thrust on him; his scruples seem to vanish when confronted with the possibility of "saving a little something from the wreck." This element must be reckoned with by the receiver and his agents.

> Altogether there is no escape from the renclusion that the humblest task in connection with a receivership is no job for a trusting child or for anybody who is not expecting to cut his eyeteeth on every new case to which he happens to be assigned.

Disappearing Assets

THE almost miraculous nimbleness that assets sometimes attain just before the filing of a bankruptcy petition needs no better illustration than the case of Ivan, a hat-and-cap manufacturer. In his special line Ivan was something of a wonder. His career had a true storybook flavor—at least up to a certain point. He was the soul of industry, and the little cap shop be started in a small loftroom in the Loop district of Chicago grew and flourished at a puce that made him the envy of many competitors.

In a few years Ivan had arrived. He had a credit reputation that was above reproach, and the houses from which he bought his materials regarded him as a good moral risk. The trade epoke of him as a winner, and there was every reason to believe that when he retired from business he would receive the honor of a notice in the journal of the trade under the headline: How the Humble Immigrant Made Good—a notice that he would be proud to send to his relatives and friends, and to preserve for posterity.

Suddenly, however, the edifying career of Ivan took a tangent that terminated in the bankruptcy court. As he stood there beside the attorney for the creditors, praying for the appointment of a receiver for his wrecked business, he was an appealing figure. He had the sympathy of every visitor in the courtroom.

A large trust company was appointed receiver and the officer of that institution on whose shoulders rested the responsibility of administering Ivan's affairs felt the influence of the general sympathy for the poor bankrupt; but he was far too shrewd and experienced in the ways of the underworld of business to allow the good reputation or the appealing figure of the unfortunate bankrupt to prevent him from burrying instantly to Ivan's factory, to take possession of the assets and get a first-hand insight into actual conditions.

One glance about the stockroom made him gasp. He summoned his assistants and an hour's excited investigation revealed this startling situation: Only a short time before the filing of his petition Ivan had bought more than a hundred thousand dollars' worth of materials, which had been delivered. The most careful search failed to reveal more than three thousand dollars' worth of assets in the factory.

Promptly this son of the White Father was put on the witness stand and called on to explain this startling condition. He could speak only the tongue of the czar, and it was impossible at the moment to secure a really competent interpreter. The grilling on the stand brought small results. The impression gained by spectators in the court-room was that a dull, bewildered and despondent man, unable to speak a word of English, was being badgered with questions wholly beyond his comprehension. The essence of all that could be extracted from him was that he had manufactured some of the materials; that the remainder of them were in the factory—or if they were not, then he did not know where they were.

When the examination was over, the bankruptcy official was convinced that Ivan was a Tartar in character as well as in blood, and that the vanished assets must be trailed without any help from the bankrupt. No man becomes a skillful bankruptcy executive without developing the instincts of a sleuth to a very practical degree. He soon

tearns the value of patient digging.

This official first secured from the bank with which Ivan had a checking account all the canceled vouchers the bankrupt had not himself secured. Among these was one check for a considerable sum that had been cashed by a small hospital in another city.

At once an agent of the receiver was sent to that city to learn, if possible, the connection between Ivan and the hospital. He soon made the interesting discovery that the hospital was owned by a widow who bore a striking resemblance to the bankrupt. She was a shrewd woman who spoke English; and she was at once brought into exort, where she admitted that she was Ivan's sister; that she had received the check in question and others also from him; and that they were in payment of loans made to him when he started in business. She needed the money and had forced him to settle. This plausible explanation seemed to settle the matter—at least in her mind—and she left the courtroom with a smile of satisfaction on her face; but the agent was far from satisfied. He returned to his principal and reported:

"She has Ivan's goods or his money soaked away somewhere—I'm satisfied of that. The only thing for us to do is to find out where. If the stock has been turned into eash the money is either buried somewhere about the hospital premises or it's in a box in a safe-deposit vault. She has a checking account in the bank where she cashed the check that gave us the clew, but her bulance there is below fifty dollars. And the officials of that bank declars that she

has no box in their yaults."

The Love · Making Struth

ANOTHER agent—a genial and rather handsome young man—was sent, with instructions to shadow the widow every time she left the hospital and see whether she visited a safe-deposit vault; but the canny widow kept closely indoors and the amateur shadow became tired of skulking about the neighborhood. His spying had yielded only one result—the observation that the widow and her head nurse were evidently fast friends. He at once arranged a commission connection with a house dealing in a certain line of hospital supplies, secured an outfit of samples and learned the lings of the line.

Then he waited until the widow went out alone, invaded the hospital as a sulesman and made the acquaintance of

the hend nurse. She was not a beauty, but he contrived to leave with her the impression that he regarded her as a woman of compelling charm.

Before he left, the nurse had accepted an invitation to attend the theater. As a detective and a salesman of hospital supplies the genial Billy was an amateur; but as a lovemaker he held a postgraduate degree. The fact that the head nurse was some eight years older than himself evidently made his attentions doubly flattering.

Their courtship ripened rapidly; and the night when he measured her finger for the diamond ring that he was to secure at whole-sale price through a friend of his in Chicago she confided to him the suspicion that her friend, the widow, would probably soon dispose of the hospital—having a snug sum already tucked away in a safe-deposit drawer in the Empire Trust Company's vaults. Billy had hard work not to leap from the sofa when his "fiancée" incidentally mentioned the number of the box.

The next morning the widow was again summoned to the witness stand. Under oath she declared that the contents of the box named did not belong to her, to her brother or to any member of their family.

Billy then took the stand, told his story and secured an order that restrained the custodian of the vaults from permitting any person to open the boxin question. Shortly afterward the court ordered the trust company to give the receiver for Ivan's bankrupt estate access to the contents of the box.

It was drilled open, and Billy drew from it twenty thousand dollars in currency, a small jewel bag containing a dazzling collection of unset diamonds, and a package of warehouse receipts for a large number of "cases said to contain eggs." The warehouses from which these receipts were issued were located in a dozen different cities.

Billy promptly visited the nearest one and, on showing his authority, was permitted to open the cases. Every one of them contained bolts of silk and of satin—most of which were not of a quality generally used in the manufacture of caps. Eventually all the egg cases were opened and their contents found to be bolts of expensive fabrics.

Meantime Ivan-the-Industrious had disappeared on a warning sent by his sister. The crafty widow found herself in a difficult position. As she had, under oath, denied any claim to the contents of the safe-deposit hos she could not make any attempt to recover the diamonds, the twenty thousand dollars in currency and the warehouse receipts without confessing that she had committed perjury.

Later the court gave the receiver a clear title to these assets, and still later the widow was convicted of perjury and sent to prison. After about three years of absence the fugitive Ivan returned from his retreat in the steppes of Russia, plended guilty to the indistanent that had been secured against him and took his medicine in the form of a prison sentence.

"This case of recovery of vanished assets," says the official who handled it, "might carry the inference that we're all so foxy that assets can't clude us. Don't you believe it! The crooked bankrupt puts it over on us right along! Sometimes we have rare good luck, but often the real crooks in the game get away with the goods.

"Of course we don't make any noise about those cases. Sometimes the assets are so deverly manipulated that we don't find it out until long afterward. No doubt there are some instances that never come to light. Others are discovered where it is simply impossible—with all the powers of the United States court back of us—to do anything in the matter of recovery. That statement must seen strange

ter a layman, but here's a case in point?

"In a thickly settled part of this city, where the inhabitants are working people, a furniture store opened up about two or three weeks before Christmas with a stock that was well selected for that trade. Handbills were distributed from house to house and the prices on the goods were alluring. They did a lively business, selling for each in every instance; but not a single article went out the door of that store. To every customer making a purchase this explanation was made: "Your goods will be delivered the night before Christmas. All the delivering is to be done at the same time. We're so busy selling now that we cannot deliver. If we did not do the delivering in this way we could not sell you the goods at the low prices charged. We shall put a tag on the articles bought by you, and the night before Christmas they will be at your door,"

"Every article in that store was sold many times overand each time for cash. Some articles were sold twenty times over. At four o'clock on the afternoon of the day before Christmas the proprietors of this establishment filed a petition in bankruptey. When the receiver arrived to take presentin there was not an article of furniture in the place. Having sold every piece repeatedly, they generously concluded to deliver the goods, so far as they could

At Noon He Invited the Accountants to Lunch With Him at the Hotel

go, to the customers having the last tags. This helped to make an appearance of an honest intent to deliver. The court was furious; but, so far as recovery was concerned, we were helpless. Nothing could be done on that score.

"For every case of remarkable recovery of assets there are many cases of remarkable disappearance of assets never recovered. Every case of recovery carries its own particular lesson. The point of the Ivan case to me was: Put the principals on record under oath. Let them have their say and frame things up as they please, and let them think they are putting it over. Generally they will be themselves up in their own rope if you give them the chance. It's hard work to lie consistently if given freewing—and lying under oath is perjury. That is the snare in which most of this kind of crooks are caught."

Occasionally the professional receiver in bankruptcy finds his skill and services in demand in receiverships that, in a strictly technical sense, are not matters of bankruptcy; but to the layman these actions look to be off the same bolt of cloth, and they may be so considered, as far as illustrating the kind of cunning with which the professional

receiver of a large city must contend.

On the outskirts of one of our cities there is an amusement park that has contributed to the history of receiverships one of the most dramatic and illuminating chapters yet written. As a movie melodrama it would show to standing room, and its title should be: The Widow's Stock, or The Small Shareholder's Revenge. In the words of the receiver who played the leading rôle: "It shows how much trouble a small shareholder can make with a little grit and the right sort of legal advice."

The Story of the Amusement Park

AMONG the assets left to a certain widow, by a husband who had consistently nourished a scorn of investments that promised a return of less than twenty per cent a year, were fifty shares of stock in this amusement-park company. His tin box contained many other highly illuminated certificates in remote enterprises that he had considered as sure things, but on which the appraiser of the estate had bestewed the contemptuous name of cata-and-dogs.

The widow might have classed the amusement-company certificates with the other comproductive securities left by her confiding husband, had she not visited the park on the Saturday afternoon following her discovery that she was a stockholder in that enterprise. The cars running to the park were packed, and the large areas in front of the ornate entrance gates held a bowling mob of Saturday pleasurescokers clamoring for tickets. It seemed to the widow that the whole city had suddenly emptied itself at the

gates of this big ammement garden.

There was a strange fuscination in watching the stream of silver and currency that poured into the windows of the several ticket bootles. She held her watch and tried to count the admissions registered in five minutes by one admittance turnstile, but gave it up in despair. The stream moved too swiftly for her. Inside the gaudy stucce walls of the park the crowds seemed even more dense. There were thousands of people, and all of them seemed to be spending money every minute for something. How could all this money be spent in the park, night after night and day after day, and the enterprise still remain unprefitable? It did not seem possible; and after talking with several of the men who were apparently in charge of the

concessions, she reached the conclusion that

it was not possible.

Among her social acquaintances was a layyer who belonged to one of the leading legal firms of the city. She went to him, showed him her certificates and told her experience. He said that, as his family was out of the city for the summer, he would go to the park that night and the following Saturday and take a look on his own account. He became a chronic attendant. He spotted a ticketseller and a gatekeeper, scraped acquaintance with them when they went off duty, and finally obtained figures on the admission receipts.

These figures outran his own wildest estimates. He was morally certain that the park was enormously profitable and that the only thing necessary to a successful suit was to learn how and by whom the profits were being diverted. The widow was told that he would take her case, pay all the preliminary expenses, and then take as a fee a percentage of what he

secured for her.

His first and most troublesome task was to secure an authentic list of all the stockholders of the company. He found that fiftyfive per cent of the stock was held by the president, secretary and treasurer of the corporation, and the remaining shares were widely scattered in small blocks among venturous investors who had taken flyers. One by one he gathered these small shareholders into his

Continued on Page 53)

THE JURY AND THE JUDGES



By Melville Davisson BOOTH

It was the jury before which criminal and civil cases were heard. Juries were the judges of the facts and they were also the judges of the law. This is true today and it has been true from the beginning. The judge is a presid-ing officer whose duty it is to see that trials are conducted

The real tribunal of justice was the jury.

in an orderly manner and who is to advise the jury what the law of the land is; but the jury is the supreme tribunal. And when the judge has had his say it is the right of the jury to decide how far the law applies to the case, and what, on the whole, is justice,

"As for the judge and the crier," said Horne Tooks to the jury in his famous trial, "they are here to preserve order; we pay them handsomely for their attendance, and in their proper sphere they are of some use; but they are bired as assistants only; they are not and never were intended to be the controllers of our conduct."

It ought never to be forgotten that the whole budy of people is the source of justice, as the people are the source of authority. We remember that the people are the source of authority because Mr. Jefferson wrote it down for us at Philadelphia in words that—In spite of all the critics from John Adams to Rufus Choate-are unquestionably fine and noble. We have had no great leader, however, to immortalize in any solemn Declaration of Rights the equally great truth that the people are the source of justice.

A narrow patriciate, either elective or appointive, can never be the source of justice in this country. It can never replace the authority of the whole people, no matter to what lengths it may go in the endeavor. The people are beginning to forget this profound truth and they ought to be awakened.

The Tyranny of Royal Judges

If ONE goes today into a courtroom he will be impressed with the idea that the judge is the supreme tribunal of justice and that the jury is merely a branch or auxiliary under his direction and control. He dominates them, instructs them and orders them about as though these freeholders were simply upper servants of an imperial beach—when the fact is, these twelve men are the sovereign tribunal, and the judge rather a clerical officer. The superiority which he pretends is assumed and the people have acquiesced in it; but this acquiescence, be it remembered, is the abandonment of a fundamental idea of justice for which the English-speaking people have long contended.

In our indifference we forget the bitter struggle our fathers made to keep the administration of justice in the hands of the people; for while the people were alert and attentive to the matter even the imperial judges of the crown were never able to make the jury subservient to them.

In the trial of Woodfall, the printer of the Morning Advertiser, charged with the publication of a libel against the king, Lord Mansfield tried to force the jury to bring in a verdict of guilty. He said they had only to find whether or not there was a printing and he would say whether it was a libel; but the jury were to be neither correct nor tricked into a verdict. Having been kept out for hours and carted about from Guildhall to Bloomsbury Square, they brought in a verdict of "Guilty of the printing and publishing only." Mansfeld could not sentence Woodfall under that verdict and he had to abandon the presecution.

Many of our learned lawyers, like Mr. Story, have called on us to admire Land Manafield; but when we remember his relentless hostility to the American Colonies the oldigation does not seem to lie. He sentenced a prisoner to a year's imprisonment and fined him two hundred pounds for publishing an advertisement seeking a subscription for the following purpose:

To be applied to the relief of the widows, orphans and ged parents of our beloved American fellow subjects, who, faithful to the character of Englishmen, preferring death to slavery, were, for that reason only, inhumanly murdered by the king's troops at Lexington and Concord, in the province of Massachusetts.

And it was Mansfield who was selected to oppose the great Lord Chatham when from the door of death he was carried into the House of Lords to protest against an inhuman and harbarous warfare.

The English juries stubbornly insisted that they were supreme, and that they were the judges of the facts as well as the law in every case. Mr. Pulteney's famous ballad on the Acquittal of the Craftsman shows clearly what the opinion of the country was:

> For Sir Philip well know That his innuendon Will serve him no longer In term or in prose; For tayive hancst men have determined the cause, Who are judges alike of the facts and the laws.

The people had no easy time of it, against the imperial judges, to preserve to themselves the right to decide everything in a case. In one of the trials of churchmen for asserting that the king's prerogatives in certain directions were limited, one of the jurymen was said to have lamented: "If I say 'Not guilty' I shall be out of favor with the king; and if I say 'Guilty' I shall be out of favor with the King of Kings!" It was a more difficult position than any one of us in this day is likely to be called on to face. The king

endeavered to eliminate trial by jury, and King James, at the suggestion of Archbishop Bancroft, undertook to try cases himself. But he gave it up, with this immortal comment: "I could get on very well hearing one side only; but when both sides have been heard, by my soul I know not which is

right." Nor was he always successful in packing his bench of judges with servile creatures who would obey him. He said to Chief Justice Jones: "I am determined to have twelve lawyers for judges who will be all of my opinion as to the matter." And Jones replied: "Your Majesty may find twelve judges of your opinion, but hardly twelve lawyers." The wit was lost on James, however, who had trouble enough with juries and did not propose to have any with his judges.

Jones was dismissed the next day and the king packed the bench. And when Cake refused to say how he would decide when the question of the king's prerogatives should come up, and attered his famous dictum: "When the case bappens I shall do that which shall be fit for a judge to do" James took care to see that he did no more of anything as a judge of England.

How Junius Shook the Bench

EVEN with the king's creatures laboring to make them-selves the supreme administrators of justice, however, the English people waged a stubborn and unending warfare. And they sometimes made themselves desperately felt, Chief Justice Kelynge endeavored to ride them down with a high hand. He forced the grand jury of Somersetshire to find indictments. He abused Sir Hugh Wyndham, who was foremen, saying that the jury were all his servants, and that he would make the best of England stoop.

He fined jurymen one hundred marks apiece because they found a verdict against his inclinations; and he fined and imprisoned a whole jury because, in a trial for murder, they brought in a verdict of manslaughter against his express direction. In open court, and in defiance of the rights of the people, he sneered at Magna Charta, repeating Cromwell's unprintable rhyme in a loud, arrogant voice; but the people were not his servants. They petitioned the House of Commons and moved with such energy against him that Lord Campbell says: "He was abundantly tame for the rest of his days."

And so the fight went on between the people and the judges. The ablest men of England outside of the Innsof Court took it up. Junius shook the bench with his immortal letters:

In contempt or ignorance of the common law of England you have made it your study to introduce into the court where you preside measures of jurisprudence unknown to Englishmen. The Roman code, the law of nations, and the

Continued on Page 65)

MY SON By WILLIAM CARLETON

IX

THE only way the average farmer knows. whether or not his farm is paying is whether or not be has money enough to meet his store bills. And that after all proves nothing, because the store bills may be too small to represent a fair interest on his total investment or they may be larger than the farm has any right to be burdened with. It's about as primitive as banking money in the cellar wall. Even if the total comes out all right and the farmer makes enough to meet current expenses with a little over, he has no way of telling what details of his farm contributed to this profitable finish and what did not. He raises eggs and sells them for what he can get, but he does not know what they cost him; the same is true of his other products, in-cluding milk. This is mere child's play, not business. And farming, as has been said, is a business.

Although business principles may be applied

profitably to every branch of farming there is no branch where they count for more than on the dairy end. A man must know what his milk costs him before he can fix his price. He must know just how much each cow produces in order to weed out the unprofitable cows. He must know whether or not he is getting profitable results from his feed. A set of books is as necessary to the dairyman as a barn.

A set of books is as necessary to the dairyman as a barn.

This has been told the farmer over and over again. The state bureaus of agriculture have preached it; the farm journals have devoted columns to it; the farmers' institutes never meet without describing the necessity of it. The farmer has even been furnished with the best form of record all worked out for him. And yet the system is far from being in general use. A number of the higger farmers use it, but it is even more important for the small farmer than for his more prosperous neighbor. It's the small farmer upon whom the nation is dependent, and any reform that doesn't reach him doesn't do much good.

Before a cow can be called profitable or unprofitable three things must be known—the total amount of milk she produces in a year; the total amount of fat produced in a year; the cost of the food she consumes in a year. From these facts an important fourth can be calculated—the use the cow makes of her feed as shown by increased or decreased production. Give two cows the same food, and one will respond by giving a larger quantity of better quality milk, while the second will perhaps remain stationary—in which case the second cow must be sliminated.

The result of such a system is accurate knowledge, not only preventing a loss but giving the farmer a solid basis upon which to build up his herd. The fallowing record shows what the difference in producing power between cows may be. The cows were in the same condition and received the same care:

THE PROPERTY OF PROPERTY.					BUILDIN.	THE WHEREATTABLE COST PRODUCTES		
Pounds milk				v.	9775	Pounds milk 3768		
Pounds fat .				ì	351.2	Founds fat 1827		
Value	0			í.	\$173.00	Value		
Cost roughage	n			4	34.12	Cost roughage 70.58		
Cost grain .					44.67	Cost grain 21.74		
Feed cost .		6			78.79	Feed cost		
Profit		H	+	4	94.30	Profit 14.25		

The profitable cow produced milk at a cost of fourteen and six-tenth cents per can; the unprofitable cow produced it at a cost of twenty-five and five-tenth cents. The difference in feed cost between the two does not represent an actual saving on the part of the unprofitable cow, but stands for nothing but inefficiency. The other fixed charges for the two cows were the same. The poorer one was limited in her capacity to convert feed into milk.

The difference in the total profit of the two cows for a year was eighty dollars and five cents, which in a herd of a hundred such cows would mean a difference in profit of eight thousand dollars, which is an item of some importance.

In the face of such facts as these you'll still find farmers who, beyond the general distinction between a good cow



I Quese it Wanten't Russ Jurgeliesk Her Any to Find a Cow Tothered on the Frant Laws

and a poor one or perhaps a fair-to-middling cow, will call a cow a cow and let it go at that. It's too much trouble to weigh the milk; too much trouble to use a tester; too much trouble to jot down the results every day. In a few scattered counties in different states the farmers have organized themselves into dairy-testing associations and bired a man to do the testing. The results in every case have been almost as notable as those following the introduction of the mitten gin among Southern planters. And still the method is far from being in general use.

Dick from the first kept a scorecard for each cow, and the results as indicated later were mighty interesting. In the mean while Barney bad told every family that he knew in Little Italy about Dick's determination to furnish them with clean milk. He made clear to them the value of clean milk and said frankly that the boy meant to charge enough to make a fair profit.

"You know what the name Carleton stands for," he told them. "Your men have worked under him a good many years. You've always found him a man you could trust. You can trust his milk and his price. Now as your physician I'm going to prescribe that milk to every household containing an infant. You'd better order it as soon as possible. He has fixed the price to start with at eight cents—the current rate for ordinary milk. He will continue it at this price until he is able to determine the cost, and then will either lower it or raise it as the cost decoands."

This was for milk delivered at the door and was no more than they were paying for ordinary milk. Milk of equal quality with Carleton milk would have cost them from twelve to fourteen cents a quart, while some milk not one whit better was bringing twenty cents.

There is little doubt but that Dick could have sold most of his milk right in the village. As soon as people had time to inspect that burn, and when it became known that flarney himself was interested in the project, Dick received requests for it from practically all upper High Street. But the herd was producing at this time only about a hundred quarts a day, and the advance orders from Little Italy alone amounted to one hundred and fourteen quarts. Not only all of Barney's patients but their friends and most of the Carleton gang ordered the milk. It wasn't a month before Carleton's business friends and acquaintances in the city were clamoring for it. That Carleton was raising the milk was all the guaranty they wanted that it was good milk. I don't think anything that ever happened to the boy pleased him more than this.

"There isn't a day," he told me, "but what I get either letters or telephone calls from men who want the milk. They say they don't care what the price is, they must have it. Most of them are men with children. It sort of makes a man feel good to know people will trust their babies with him on the strength of his name, Dad."

It didn't make the boy feel any better than it did me, while Ruth just beamed.

"That's fine for Dick," she said to me. "That's the sort of business success that counts for something."

Barney, always a tritle heady, was breathless about the whole situation.

"A hundred quarts isn't a drop in the bucket," he said excitedly. "You need a thousand quarts. You ought to put in a hundred more cows right away. Scour the countryside for them. You owe it as a public duty. Every cow in town ought to be in your charge. You ought to supply the whole city with milk and this whole town as well. It's a crime to refuse any one who wants the milk."

"Just a minute," said Dick. "You'll have me supplying the whole United States next."

"It's a shame you can't," said Barney. "It's a shame the government can't. Talk about government ownership of railroads! Government ownership of cows would save more live. Let the grown-ups look out for themselves; it's the kiddles who need a fair start. And it isn't railroads they need, but clean milk. It would be a sound and profit-

able economic policy to place every cow in the nation under rigid government control. It would save citizens."

"Well, I'm not the government," Dick laughed. "We've made a fair beginning, but we mustn't spoil it all by going too fast. Before I buy another cow or book another order I want to find out what this milk is costing me. If conditions warrant, the business will grow naturally and by itself. We mustn't push it."

Of course Barney saw that the boy was right, but he was an impatient man when he saw a chance for doing good. He nearly wrecked a half dozen charitable organizations with which he was connected because they couldn't keep pace with him. He finally resigned from them all—to their great relief. He himself, however, was disgusted.

"Too much talk," he said.

As a matter of fact the orders Dick already booked had come so fast as to find him unprepared. He really wasn't in a position to handle them. Dick made up his mind, however, that he wouldn't disappoint any one. Those first orders were like a vote of confidence in him, and he determined to fill them at no matter what cost,

Dick had been fortunate in securing in Al Morrison a mighty good youngster to help him. He was a wide-awake lad of eighteen whose ambition was to secure capital enough to start a dairy of his own. Dick paid him twelve dollars a week and put him in charge of the harn. Barney kept track of that lad as though he were one of the herd and took the same precasitions with him. But it wasn't necessary, for the lad was clean all the way through.

At solved the milking problem, and with Dick's help also the bottling question. Then Dick made a deal with the Pioneer Products Company to take the milk to town on the regular morning run which the truck was making with early vegetables. Then the best Dick could do was to make a second deal with a city milk firm having a route in Little Italy to deliver the milk to his customers. He paid them a commission of two cents and a half a bottle. It was too much, but he was lucky to find the firm willing to do it at any price. They wouldn't have done it except for Barney, who argued that the milk was in the nature of a physician's prescription. I guess the milk firm didn't fear active competition anyway with a man who was selling what was practically certified milk for eight cents a quart.

x

IT WAS Barney's desire, with which Dick was in hearty sympathy, to produce a natural milk that should be as clean as pasteurized milk.

"Cooked filth is not so dangerous as uncooked filth," said Barney; "but I don't see any need of having either."

Brewster was not a dairy town, and therefore it did not seem practicable to organize a milk commission for the production of duly authorized certified milk. Nor under the circumstances did it seem either necessary or advisable. The requirements of the commission, though justifiable, seemed altogether too stringent to be borne by one small herd. Their methods cover ninety-seven provisions and call for a board consisting of a veterinarian, a physician, a chemist and a bacteriologist. In establishing their high standard and in an endeavor to cover the whole field every single man and provision is warranted. They are necessary general precautions for the elimination of possible personal irresponsibility on the part of unknown producers.

But Dick's case was a little different. From neither himself nor Barney was there anything to fear on this ground. They meant to furnish a milk which, if not quite up to the ideal standard of certified milk, should be pretty near it. And they meant to produce this at a price as near that of ordinary milk as was possible.

Dick sent for the report of the American Association of Medical Commissions, which is supplied by the government printing office, as are many other papers on the production of clean milk, and studied it carefully. Then he said to the doctor:

"It's all right, but it's too much for us to handle."

"We can handle the spirit of it," said Barney.

"That's what we started out to do from the first. But I guess we'll have to be our own commission."

Now although Dick didn't go as thoroughly into some details as the American Association would have liked, he certainly covered the fundamental features of their system. He had some interesting experiences later on with the City Board of Health, which at first was inclined to view his results with suspicion. To me the most valuable feature of Dick's efforts was that he kept within the bounds of what is possible to the average farmer who hasn't a big plant.

It was no uncommon habit in Brewster for us to pitch down our hay to the cows just before milking-time and to do our milking as they contentedly munched. Now that may make for the peace of mind of both cow and milker, but it is hardly more sanitary than it would be to shake dirt into the milk out of a pepper box. The dust is raised just in time to allow it to settle during the milking period. Though that dust may look harmless enough to the naked eye it certainly looks different under a microscope, especially after it has been allowed to fatten for a few bours in new milk. No matter how clean you keep your barn some dust is bound to come down with the hay. It is just as may to do the feeding three-quarters of an hour before milking or just after milking. There are plenty of things to do in the meanwhile.

Ferhaps the most startling innovation from the viewpoint of Brewsterites was the washing of the udders with warm water and a sponge. Hadley came over one day for the express purpose of seeing this with his own eyes. When Al finished he waited for Hadley's verdict.

"I've gut jest one idee for puttin' the finishin' teches on

thet job," he said.
"What's that?" said Al.

"Ye oughter sprinkle 'em with Floridy water."

From Hadley's point of view, which was that of the oldtime farmer who has come to be hardly more than an indifferent onlooker, the process was absurd. To be sure it did sway with the ordinary sprinkling of filth which otherwise would be deposited in the milk, but a lot of that could be strained out through choseedoth and what remained didn't matter. Nothing mattered to Hadley unless it was something he could see, and even then a bug would have to be big enough to bite through cowhide boots to attract his attention. After cleaning the cows the next thing Al did was to clean himself. He washed he bands thoroughly and got into clean jumpers and overalls. He was then ready to make. The first few streams were always discarded, which again excited Hadley's scream.

"It's too darned bad ye have for keep any of the pison," he said. "I revison

the way it'll end with all these new-fangled notions is that when ye're done milking ye'll pour the whole business down behind the barn."

The pail in ordinary use round town was a common ten-quart tin milk pail, bigger at the top than anywhere else. Looking back, it really seems as though we'd been a good deal more

intent on catching dirt than milk. The pail Dick used had a covered spout. The top of the pail itself was covered with a layer of absorbent cotton placed between two layers of game. This made about as perfect a filter as can be devised.

As fast as each cow was milked Dick took the pall and carried it at once out of the barn into the milk room. This was in a small building detached from the barn. It was only a temporary structure, but it was thoroughly screened and clean. Here

the milk was poured into a covered cooler, which consisted merely of a coil of pipes containing cold water. The milk was thus cooled to about forty-five degrees Fahrenheit. After this it was at once put into bottles that had been sterilized by boiling and then chilled. A sterilized paper cap was then adjusted and over this a paper fastened round the neck of the bottle with an elastic. The bottles were then put into cases holding a dozen and surrounded with cracked ice. They were kept in ice until delivered.

Now this was the way Dick began. I don't doubt but that he neglected some of the ninety-seven provisions, but he certainly did obey the gist of them. His cows were clean, his stable was clean, his man was clean. His milk went direct into a clean pail, was couled within five minutes after milking and went into clean, cool bottles. That's all there was to it. It was too early for the boy as yet to compute the added cost of this method, but it couldn't have been much. Roughly it involved only the remodeling of his barn, which I haven't much doubt was returned to him in the better health of his cattle, which in turn means increased productiveness. It meant extra labor in grooming the cattle, but, as in the first case, this probably meant their better health. The chief added expense came in the cooling equipment, the buttling and the ice.

always discarded,
sidey's serceon.

If ye have let keep
and. "I rection

that milk. The
evered spous. The
rea revered with a
on placed between
This made about as
se deviced.

was milked Dick.
ed it at once out of

Two Weeks the

Declared it to be Josef as a Had

Buntertatages

The most interesting feature of Dick's new venture was that even at the very start be, an inexperienced dairyman, was able to put into operation as model a dairy as though be had been in the business fifty years. At a cost of not over fifty conts he was able to secure from Washington the most expert advice in the land. Name of his new ideas were his own. The chief value of his experience lies in just this fact: he used only the

this fact: he used only the material which is available to every man who cares to go into this business. The government today is ready to do most anything to help a farmer, except furnish him the capital and actually run his plant. The amazing fact is that farmers won't take advantage of this. It has become a habit with them to ridicule the agricultural department as they do the weather bureau.

Of course it's one thing to know the right way and another to know how to put that right way into operation inexpensively. That's where the personal element comes in. That's where business experience counts. But that business experience need not necessarily be acquired no the farm. In fact that's a pretty poor place, as most farms are managed, to try to acquire it. Dick qualified for his dairy business as a building contractor. He applied to the buying and selling of farm

produce the same principles he applied to the buying and selling of labor. That's all there was to it. Applying these principles it wasn't long before Dick realized that though his dairy might be up to standard as judged by the nature of his produce, his farm as a whole was far from being in running order. It was not yet a unit. He was buying hay, grain and bedding; he was buying his own produce; he would soon be forced to buy dressing.

This condition of affairs was due, not to ignorance but to haste. This is the common mistake of amateur farmers. I've seen it again and again. A man raises chickens without raising their feed; a man raises garden produce without raising feed for his land. The result is always failure. Farming profits in the last analysis go back to the land.

The boy knew his trouble.

"I might have waited until fall," he told me, "and started with a full barn. But that would have thrown the loss I'm bearing new upon the kiddles. I recken I can stand it better than they can."

I must say I was surprised at the serious way in which the boy accepted his responsibility. If those Little Italy babies had been blood relatives of his he couldn't have taken his duty toward them any more carnestly. This spirit was back of his business from the very beginning. Perhaps his early life among them accounted for this. And yet later on, when his business grew to include a class with when he had not been thrown into any such intimate contact, he kept exactly this same attitude.

As planting-time came Dick took account of stock. He had about forty acres of land in all. Ten of this consisted of an old orchard which Dardoni had trimmed up with good results. The trees were mostly Baldwins which had been growing for a couple of generations. They had by no means been treated even by Dardoni as well as they deserved, but Dick didn't have much time this first season to put in on them. He couldn't, however, allow so large a per cent of his land to go entirely neglected, so he stopped long enough to plow the whole orchard between the trees. After this be harrowed it with a disk harrow. The apple experts advise a second and even a third barrowing, ending in a cover crop of something like red clover, but the boy didn't feel that he wanted to devote so much time and money to the orchard until he had some evidence that the trees would pay.

As an experiment he did treat one acre in this fashion. Some six acres he sowed at once to clover and two of the remaining acres he dressed and sowed to white beans, keeping his crop well away from the trees. One other acre he sawed in the same way to squash and cabbages. These crops were undoubtedly the best he could have selected. He kept them well cultivated, which in itself counted for the trees as much as for the crops.

Fifteen acres were already in hay and these Dick let alone. The remaining fifteen acres, with the exception of about an acre which he used for his house garden, the buy put into flint corn, using native seed. This was for silage.

His crops that first season were naturally in the nature of an experiment. It's an open question in New England whether or not a man can profitably raise his own grain. The season is so short that almost every year it is a straightaway gamble against the weather. Until the last few years



the effort had ceased almost entirely, but of late there has been a growing sentiment in favor of renewing the attempt. The high price of Western grain has prompted farmers to this.

But one thing is dead certain and open to no debute whatever, namely, that if a farmer doesn't raise his own grain he must raise a crop of something that will give him sufficient return to allow him to purchase grain. He can't sit round, stare at idle land and bemoan the fact that corn has taken another jump. A farmer must purchase his grain out of his land either directly or indirectly. There's no getting round this fact.

Dick was prompted to make the experiment of raising feed corn as a matter of sentiment. His ancestors had succeeded in doing it, and he wanted to try. He found difficulty at the outset in securing good seed. Most of the men in Brewster bought in the open market, and goodness knows where the seed came from. There wasn't a man in town who raised his own or who knew anything about good seeds. On this point the agricultural experts are to a man in favor of having every farmer develop his own seed; but this can't be done in one season and really is more or less of a specialized branch of farming.

The boy worked like a dog that first summer. He was up at four every morning and did almost a full day's work before going to town. He was back on the farm again by half-past five and busy until after dark. But he enjoyed it and Jane enjoyed it. Her housework wasn't troubling her at all, and she was at Dick's heels whether in the field or in the barn. Both enjoyed it with all the clean, strong energy of their youth. They were on a brave adventure—the brave adventure of life. If I had worried at first lest the boy with an easier road than I had might push along it with less spirit, I soon changed my mind. With less of a struggle for himself he was making more of a struggle for others. And for a full life there's no alternative.

Before the end of the summer he had forgotten that his dairy was to be only an experiment. The results of clean milk which Barney reported were so tangible as to leave the boy no choice but to make a success of what he had undertaken.

DICK was keeping a record of the amount produced daily by each cow and making a weekly test of each cow for the per cent of fat in her product. Even at the end of three months the difference between them was marked, though all were receiving the same rations. Cow Number 3 produced in the first three-months period two thousand one hundred and thirteen pounds of milk containing ninety-one and two-tenths pounds of butter fat. Cow Number 8, in the same physical condition, produced only sixteen hundred and twenty-one pounds of milk and seventy-two pounds of butter fat. That was the margin between the best and the procest cow of the herd in the same condition. In fact this was the only real comparison Dick was able to make, but it showed up vividly that the chief factor in the creation of a profitable herd lay right here.

Farm management may do something toward the reduction of expense; shrewd feeding and careful buying, either from the land or the market, may do something more; skillful business methods of distribution may be another element of success; but overtepping all of these is the efficient herd. Yet this is probably among small farmers the most neglected and of the business. Cows are kept with

a producing capacity of less than five thousand pounds of milk a year when the same feed and care would keep a cow producing as high as ten thousand. In Denmark, as a matter of fact, these last figures represent the average cow. And these results are obtained by nothing but careful breeding along lines long recognized in the production of sporting animals. The science of breeding to speed in horses has been practiced for centuries; the science of breeding to weight and power in horses is in common practice. Dogs and cocks have long been hred for fighting qualities; cats for beauty. But there is many a farmer who, though willing to admit the wisdom of careful selection in such details, will match any cow he may happen to have to the breeder who happens to be most convenient.

Dick secured the services of a pure-bred registered dairy bull. He used a good deal of thought in making his selection, studying the animals' ancestry and progeny, with their record as producers the chief thing in mind. He felt, and rightly, that the success of his business was dependent upon the outcome.

There is no possible room for debate on this question. It isn't debated among small farmers, it is simply ignored. Ask one of them why he doesn't use some judgment in this matter, and he'll wave it aside with a yawn or allow that it's all right for the man with plenty of money but that he himself can't afford such things. It's the explanation half the time of why the other man happens to have a lot of money and why he himself feels that he can't afford it. Even in Brewster, where in other branches of farming we had made a distinct advance, it took Dick to make the men see the practical value of his methods in dairying.

Incidentally that word "practical" has been a curse to many an old-time farmer. I ran up against it again and again when beginning work in Brewster. The departments of agriculture find it a Chinese wall round the small farmer. Let a man from outside the neighborhood suggest any improvement, and he'll be met by either the cynical smile or the lazy yawn of the "practical" farmer.

And what the deuce is your so-called practical farmer? He's the man who is doing things in the same old practical way his father did and the latter's father before him. And even if he's making a fine practical failure, he prides himself on the fact he's doing it in a practical way. Everything varying one jot from that way is moonshine. The more you hear one of these men boast of the fact that he's practical, the more you may depend upon the fact that this is the last thing in the world he really is. The most practical man in all Brewster was Hadley. And he is today. He'll die a practical man. In fact he practically did so forty years ago.

Dick had some interesting experiences that first summer.

One of the doctors from the board of health of the neighboring city secured a sample of Dick's milk from a customer and tested it each day for two weeks for fat, acidity and bacteria. The result was so striking that he doubted his own results and secured a second sample. At the end of two weeks the hacterislogist drank the remainder himself and declared it to be sweet as a not.

Barney took a bottle of his milk and kept it at a temperature of forty-five degrees for three weeks before he was able to detect the alightest trace of acidity. Now this was the result of nothing but purity. The bacteria count in the milk averaged less than two thousand. In ordinary milk it sometimes reaches five hundred thousand, while even the certified milk commissions permit as high as ten thousand and some commissions allow it to run even higher than that.

One of Jane's friends from town visited her and showed a good deal of dainty concern over the fact that Dick was raising milk. I don't know what she expected, but from what Jane said I guess it wouldn't have surprised her any to find a cow tethered on the front lawn. Now, as a matter of fact, Jane is proud of the whole business and proud of the plant. Down deep in her heart I think she feels that Dick is doing more real good than her banker father. So when the friend let drop some remark about the disagreesible feature of living so near a herd of cows, Jane 10.11

"I don't wonder you feel that way. But come out and

Then just for the fun of the thing Jane made her friend close her eyes when near the tarn and led her in. The girl stood within three feet of the cows before she knew she was inside the structure, and then it was the sweet fragrance of hay that told her.

That's the way it should be. There's no cleaner, sweeter animal on a farm than a well-cared-for cow. Not a tenth of the dogs and cuts that are given the run of the house aras clean and wholesome or as safe to have round. Personally I'd rather live in Dick's harn with Dick's cows that in a house with some servants I've seen. I'll bet a dollar I'd live longer.

We had a short season that year and Dick's corn eredidn't turn out very well. Before the season was hall through he realized he had made a mistake. With the market which the Pioneer Products Company had developed it was evident he would have done better to have centered his efforts on garden produce which he could have turned into cash. The beans and squashes which he planted in his orchard brought him a larger return than his corn. His appless, however, did well that year and were a cash crop, so that on the whole the boy couldn't complain. The net result of the season was good, even though it might have been better.

In the mean while the demand for Carleton milk increased daily until the boy could have sold twice as much as he was producing. Barney was insistent for Dick to double his berd, but the lad shook his head.

"Not yet," he said. "I'm learning something new every day, and before I increase this business I want to be surof where I stand. If this thing is going to be as big in the
end as you want it to be, doctor, it must be built up slowly."

Dick was right. Another man might have got a little bit heady about it, but the boy was sure of himself. It takes a mighty good business man, in my opinion, to be able to keep a steady pull on the reins when a new enterprise like a frisky colt tries to take the bit. Burney would have had a hundred cowe by the end of that first summer. The boy proposed to increase his herd only as fast as the herd could increase itself, which was a considerably slower process but also a considerably surer one. And surese was what Dick was siming for. He was building this business with the same idea of permanency with which he had constructed his house. The idea back of that gave Rath and me a tremendous amount of satisfaction, though it appealed to some of Dick's friends as decidedly old-fashioned.

As I read this country's history it seems to me as thoughthat one word "permanency" was until the last few year the note that impired every American. As a union we started with a Constitution built for all time; we built on homes solidly and founded our businesses to be banked down from father to son. We married for keeps and built our railroads, not on speculation but as permanent the oughfares for the nation. May be a change was inevitable, maybe it has been for the best; but somehow it pleased both Ruth and me to see the boy barking back to the good old solid way.

If BARNEY was disappointed because Dick refused in increase his herd more rapidly, he found some consistion in the fact that the boy's experiment was producing a decidedly beneficial effect upon the standard of milk production in the whole town. A man can't do good was along any line without inspiring everybody round him. Sometimes the indirect results of his efforts count for now than the direct results. I may with my own eyes that

the simpler methods of housloeping practiced by Ruthard Jane were spreading over the village. They themselves were intent only on keeping base for their own to the best of their ability, but as a matter of fact they helped keep housfor the whole town,

Really all that Dick was doing was to apply the same principles to the harn. He was keeping house there along the very same lines of sinplicity and cleanliness. The thing that surprised me the and that centinues to surprise me is that this should be corsidered an amazing innotetion. It's a pretty hard criticism of the methods into which we have unconsciou drifted when a return to obviously common-sense simple standards by any one should be looked upon in the light of a radical revolution. It's a good deal as though a man who refrained from stealing should be hailed as a hero, and a man who habitually told the truth should be crowned with laurel.

(Continued on Page 38)



"You Can Trust His Milk and His Price"

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

xx

THE partier was almost happy that morning. For one thing, he had won honorable mention at the Schubert Society the night before; for another, that night the Engel was to sing Mignon, and the partier had spent his Christmas tips for a ticket. All day long he had been poring over the score.

"Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blüken?" he sang with feeling while he polished the floors. He polished them with his feet, wearing felt boots for the purpose, and executing in the doing a sort of ungainly dance—a sprinkle of wax, right foot forward and back, left foot forward and back, both feet forward and back in a sort of double shuffle; more wax, more vigorous polishing, more singing, with longer pauses for breath. "Knowest thou the land where the lemon trees bloom?" he bellowed—sprinkle of wax, right foot, left foot, any foot at all. Now and then he took the score from his poeket and pored over it, humming the air, raising his eyebrows over the high notes, dropping his chin to the low ones. It was a wonderful morning, Between greetings to neighbors he sang-a bit of talk, a bit of song.

"Kennet du dus Land—Good morning, sir the old Rax wears a crown. It will snow soon. Kennet du das Land wo die Citrosen—Ah, madam the milk from, and are the cows frozen up today like the pump? No? Marvelous! Dost thou know that tenight is Mignon at the Opera, and that the Engel sings? Kennet du

or Land -- "

At eleven came Rosa with her husband, the soldler from Salzburg with one lung. He was having a boli-day from his sentry duty at the hospital, and the one lung seemed to be a libel, for while the women had coffee together and a bit of mackerel he sung a very fair base to the portier's tenor. Together they ported ever the score, and even on their way to the beer half burnmed together such hits as they recalled.

On one point they differed. The score was old and solled with much thumbing. At one point, destroyed long since, the sentry sang A sharp: the perfice insisted on A natural. They argued together over three steins of beer; the waiter, referred to, decided for A flat. It was a serious matter to have one's teeth set, as one may say, for a natural and then to be showed with an unexpected half tone up or down! It destroyed the illusion; It disappointed; It hart,

The sentry stuck to the sharp—it was sung so at the Salzburg opera. The pertier enapped his thumb at the Salzburg opera. Things were looking serious; they walked back to the lodge in silence. The sentry

coughed. Possibly there was something after all in the see-lung rumor.

It was then that the portier remembered Harmony. She would know; perhaps she had the score.

Harmony was having a bad morning. She had slept little until dawn, and Peter's stealthy closing of the outer door had wakened her by its very caution. After that there had been no more sleep. She had sat up in bed with her thin in her hands and thought.

In the pitiless dawn, with no Peter to restore her to theerfulness, things looked black indeed. To what had she fallen, that first one man and then another must propose marriage to her to save her. To save her from what? From what people thought, or—each from the other? Were men so evil that they never trusted each other? McLean had frankly distrusted Peter, had said so. Or could it be that there was something about her, something light and frivolous? She had been frivolous. She always laughed at Peter's foolishnesses. Perhaps that was it. That was it, They were afraid for her. She had thrown herself on Peter's hands—almost into his arms. She had made this situation.

She must get away of course. If only she had some one to care for Jimmy until Peter returned! But there was no one. The portier's wife was fond of Jimmy, but not skillful. And suppose he were to wake in the night and call for her and she would not come. She cried a little over this. After a time she pattered across the room in her bare feet and got from a bureau drawer the money she had left. There was not half enough to take her home. She could write; the little mother might get some for her, but at infinite cost, infinite humiliation. That would have to be a final, desperate resort.

She felt a little more cheerful when she had had a cup of coffee. Jimmy wakened about that time, and she went through the details of his morning toilet with all the brightness she could assume—bath blankets, warm bath, toenalls, finger-nails, fresh nightgown, fresh sheets, and—final

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



Very Stiently Jhe Closed the Door Behind Her

touch of all—a real barber's part straight from crown to brow. After that ten minutes under extra comforters while the room aired.

She hung over the boy that morning in an agony of tenderness—he was so little, so fruit, and she must leave him. Only one thing sustained her. The boy loved her, but it was Peter he idolined. When he had Peter he needed nothing else. In some curious process of his childish mind Peter and daddy mingled in inextricable confusion. More than once he had recalled events in the roving life he and his father had led.

"You remember that, don't you?" he would say.

"Certainly I remember," Peter would reply heartily.
"That evening on the steamer when I ate so many

"Of course. And were ill."

"Not ill—not that time. But you said I'd make a good pudding! You remember that, don't you?"

And Peter would recall it all.

Peter would be left. That was the girl's comfort.

She made a beginning at gathering her things together that morning, while the boy desed and the white mice scurried about the little cage. She could not take her trunk, or Peter would trace it. She would have to carry her belongings, a few at a time, to wherever she found a room. Then when Peter came back she could slip away and he would never find her.

At noon came the parties and the sentry, now no longer friends, and rang the door-bell. Harmony was rather startled. McLean and Mrs. Boyer had been her only callers, and she did not wish to see either of them. But after a second ring she gathered her courage in her hands and opened the door.

She turned pale when she saw the sentry in his belted blue-gray tunic and high cap. She thought, of course, that Jimmy had been traced and that now he would be taken away. If the sentry knew her, however, he kept his face impassive and merely touched his cap. The portior stated their errand. Harmony's face cleared. She even smiled as the portier extended to her the thumbed score with its missing corner. What, after

all, does it matter which was right whether it was A sharp or A natural? What really matters is that Harmony, having settled the dispute and clinched the decision by running over the score for a page or two, turned to find the portier, sestatic eyes upturned, hands folded on paunch, enjoying a delirium of pleasure, and the sentry nowhere in sight.

He was discovered a moment later in the doorway of Jimmy's room, where, taciturn as ever, severe, martial, he stood at attention, shoulders back, arms at his sides, thumbs in. In this position he was making, with amazing rapidity, a series of hideous grimaces for the benefit of the little boy in the bed: marvelous farm they were, in which nose, mouth and eyes seemed interchangeable, where features played leapfrog with one another. When all was overperhaps when his repertoire was exhaustedthe sentry returned his nose to the center of his face, replaced eyes and mouth, and wiped the ensemble with a blue cotton handkerchief. Then, still in eilence, he saluted and withdrew, leaving the youngster enraptured, staring at the doorway.

Harmony had decided the approximate location of her room. In the higher part of the city, in the sixteenth district, there were many unpretentious buildings. She had bunted board there and she knew. It was far from the Stadt,

for from the fashionable part of town, a neighborbood of small abops, of frank indigence. There surely also could find a room, and perhaps in one of the small stores what she failed to secure in the larger, a residion.

Rosa having taken her soldier away, Harmony sourced the portier's wife to sit with Jimmy and spent two bours that afternoon looking about for a room. The succeeded finally in finding one, a small and wretchedly furnished bedraom, part of the suits of a riemp dressmaker. The approach was forbidding enough. One entered a cavelike, cobble-paved court under the building, filled with wagons, feeding horses, quarrelsome and swearing teamsters. From the side a stone staircase took off and led, twisting from one landing cave to another, to the upper floor.

Here lived the dresumaker, amid the constant whirring of sewing machines, the babel of work-people. Harmony, seeking not a home but a hiding-place, insk the room at once. She was asked for no reference. In a sort of agony lest this haven full her she paid for a week in advance. The wooden bed, the cracked mirror over the table, even the pigeons outside on the window-sill were

hers for a week.

The dressmaker was friendly, almost garrulous.

"I will have it cleaned," she explained. "I have been so busy: the masquerade season is on. The Fraulein is American, is she not?"

"Yam.

"One knows the Americans. They are chic, not like the English. I have some American customers."

Harmony started. The dressmaker was shrewd. Many people hid in the sixteenth district. She hastened to reassure the girl.

"They will not disturb you. And just now I have but one, a dancer. I shall have the room cleaned. Good-by, Prostein."

So far, good. She had a refuge now, one spot that the venom of scandal could not poison, where she could study and work-work hard, although there could be no more lessons-one spot where Peter would not have to protect her, where Peter, indeed, would never find her. This thought, which should have brought comfort, brought only new misery. Peace seemed dearly bought all at once; shabby, wholesome, hearty Peter, with his rough hair and quiet e, his bulging pockets and steady eyesing Peter forever, exchanging his companionship for that of a row of pigeons on a window-sill. He would find some one, of course; but who would know that he liked toast made hard and plenty of butter, or to leave his bed-clothing loose at the foot, Peter being very long and apt to lop over? The lopping over brought a tear or two. A very teary and tragic young heroine, this Harmony, prone to go about for the last day or two with a damp little handkerchief tucked in her sleeve.

She felt her way down the staircase and into the cave below. Fate hangs by a very slender thread sometimes. If a wagon had not lumbered by as she reached the lowest step, so that she must wait and thus had time to lower her

veil, she would have been recognized at once by the little Georgiev, waiting to ascend. But the wagon was there, Harmony lowered her veil, the little Georgiev, passing a yeiled young woman in the gloom, went up the staircase with even pulses and culm and judicial bearing, up to the tiny room a floor or two below Harmony's, where he wrote reports to the minister of war and mixed them with sonnets-to Harmony.

Harmony went back to the Siebensternstrasse, having accomplished what she had set out to do and being very wretched in consequence. Because she was leaving the boy so soon she strove to atone for her coming defection by making it a gala evening. The child was very happy. She tucked him up in the salon, lighted all the candles, served him the daintiest of suppers there. She brought in the mice and tied tiny bows on their necks; she played checkers with him while the supper dishes waited, and went down to defeat in three hilarious games; and last of all she played to him, joyous music at first, then slower, drowsier airs, until his heavy head dropped on his shoulder and she gathered him up in tender arms and carried him to bed.

It was dawn when Marie arrived. Harmony was sleeping soundly when the bell rung. Her first thought was that Peter had come backbut Peter carried a key. The bell rang again, and she slipped on the old kimono and went to the door.

"Is it Peter?" she called, hand on knob. "I come from Peter. I have a letter," in German.

Who is it?"

"You do not know me-Marie Jedlicka. Please let me came in."

Bewildered, Harmony opened the door, and like a gray ghost Marie slipped by her and into the ball.

There was a gaslight burning very low: Harmony turned it up and faced her visitor. She recognized her at once—the girl Doctor Stewart had been with in the coffee house.

"Something has happened to Peter!" "No. He is well. He sent this to the Fraulein Wells.

"I am the Fraulein Wells."

Marie held out the letter and staggered. Harmony put her in a chair; she was hewildered, almost frightened. Crisis of some sort was written on Marie's face. Harmony felt very young. very incapable. The other girl refused coffee, would not even go into the salon until Peter's letter had been read. She was a fugitive, a criminal: the Austrian law is severe to those that harbor criminals. Let Harmony read:

Dear Harry: Will you forgive me for this and spread the wings of your splendid charity over this poor child? Perhaps I am doing wrong in

sending her to you, but just now it is all I can
think of. If she wants to talk let her talk. It
will probably help her. Also feed her, will
you? And if she cannot sleep, give her one of the blue
powders I lixed for Jimmy. I'll be back late today if I can
make it.

Harmony gianced up from the letter. Marie sat drooping in her chair. Her eyes were sunken in her head. She had recognized her at once, but any surprise she may have felt at finding Harmony in Peter's apartment was sunk in a general apathy, a compound of nervous reaction and fatigue. During the long hours in the express she had worn herself out with fright and remorse: there was nothing left now but exhaustion.

Harmony was bewildered, but obedient. She went back to the cold kitchen and lighted a fire. She made Marie as comfortable as she could in the salon, and then went into her room to dress. There she read the letter again, and wondered if Peter had gone through life like this, picking up waifs and strays and shouldering their burdens for them. Decidedly, life with Peter was full of surprises.

She remembered, as she hurried into her clothes, the boys' club back in America and the spelling matches. Decidedly, also, Peter was an occupation, a state of mind, a career. No musician, hoping for a career of her own,

could possibly marry Peter. That was a curious morning in the old lodge of Maria Theresa, while Stewart in the Pension Waldheim struggled back to consciousness, while Peter sat beside him and figured on an old envelope the problem of dividing among four enough money to support one, while McLean ate his

heart out in wretchedness in his hotel.

Marie told her story over the early breakfast, sitting with her thin elbows on the table, her pointed chin in her palms. "And now I am sorry," she finished. "It has done no good. If it had only killed her-but she was not much

hurt. I saw her rise and bend over him." Harmony was silent. She had no stock of aphorisms for the situation, no worldly knowledge, only pity.

"Did Peter say he would recover?

"Yes. They will both recover and go to America. And he will marry her."

Perhaps Harmony would have been less comfortable, Marie less frank, had Murie realized that this establishment of Peter's was not on the same hasis as Stewart's had been, or had Harmony divined her thought.

The presence of the boy was discovered by his waking. Marie was taken in and presented. She looked stupefied. Certainly the Americans were a marvelous people—to have taken into their bouse and their hearts this strange childif he were strange. Marie's suspicious little slum mind was not certain.

In the safety and comfort of the little apartment the Viennese expanded, cheered. She devoted herself to the boy, telling him strange folk tales, singing snatches of songs for him. The youngster took a liking to her at once. It seemed to Harmony, going about her morning routine, that Marie was her solution and Peter's.

During the afternoon she took a package to the branch post-office and mailed it by parcel post to the Wollbadgasse. On the way she met Mrs. Boyer face to face. That lady looked severely ahead, and Harmony passed her with her chin well up and the eyes of a wounded animal,



"Vader the Circumstances I Could Hardly Have Taken Her In"

McLean sent a great box of flowers that day. She put. them, for lack of a vase, in a pitcher beside Jimmy's hed.

At dusk a telegram came to say that Stewart was better and that Peter was on his way down to Vienna. He would arrive at eight. Time was very short now - seconds flushed by, minutes galloped. Harmony stewed a chicken for supper, and creamed the breast for Jimmy. She fixed the table, flowers in the center, the last cloth, Peter's favorite cheese. Sis o'clock, six-thirty, seven; Marie was telling Jimmy a fairy tale and making the fairies out of reschuds. The study lamp was lighted, the stove glowing, Peter's slippers were out, his old smoking cost, his pipe.

A quarter past seven. Peter would be near Vienna now and hungry. If he could only eat his supper before he learned-but that was impossible. He would come in, as he always did, and slam the outer door, and open it again to close it gently, as he always did, and then he would look for her, going from room to room until he found her only tonight he would not find her.

She did not say good-by to Jimmy. She stood in the doorway and said a little prayer for him. Marie had made the flower fairles on needles, and they stood about his head on the pillow-pink and yellow and white elves with fluffy skirts. Then, very silently, she put on her hat and jacket and closed the outer door behind her. In the courtyard she turned and looked up. The great chandelier in the salon was not lighted, but from the casement windows shone out the comfortable glow of Peter's lamp.

PETER had had many things to think over during the ride down the mountains. He had the third-class compartment to himself, and sat in a corner, self hat over his eyes. Life had never been particularly simple to Peterhis own life, yes; a matter of three meals a day-he had had fewer-a roof, clothing. But other lives had always touched him closely, and at the contact points Peter glowed, fused, amalgamated. Thus he had been many people-good, indifferent, bad, but all needy. Thus, also,

Peter had committed vicarious crimes, suffered vicarious illnesses, starved, died, loved-vicariously.

And now, after years of living for others, Peter was living at last for himself-and suffering.

Not that he understood exactly what ailed him. He thought he was tired, which was true enough, having had little sleep for two or three nights. Also he explained to himself that he was smoking too much, and resolutelylighted another cigarette.

Two things had revealed Peter's condition to himsel': McLean had said: "You are crazy in love with her." McLean's statement, lacking subtlety, had had a certain quality of directness. Even then Peter, utterly miserable, had refused to capitulate, when to capitulate would have meant the surrender of the house in the Siebensternstrass. And the absence from Harmony had shown him just where he stood.

He was in love, crazy in love. Every fiber of his long body glowed with it, ached with it. And every atom of his reason told him what mad folly it was, this love. Even # Harmony cared-and at the mere thought his heart

pounded - what madness for her, what idiocy for him! To ask her to accept the half ofnothing, to give up a career to share his struggle for one, to ask her to bury her splendld talent and her beauty under a bushel that he might wave aloft his feeble light!

And there was no way out, no royal road to fortune by the route he had chosen; nothing but grinding work, with a result problematical and years ahead. There were even no legaries to expect, be thought whimsically. Peter had known a chap once, struggling along in gynerology, who had had a fortune left him by a G.P. which being interpreted is Grateful Patient. Peter's patients had a way of living, and where they did drop out, as happened now and then, had also a way of leaving Peter an unpaid bill in token of appreciation; Peter had even occasionally helped to bury them, by way, he defended lumself, of covering up his mistakes.

Peter, sitting back in his corner, allowed the wonderful scenery to slip by unnoticed. He put Harmony the Desirable out of his mind, and took to calculating on a scrap of paper what could be done for Harmony the Musician. He could hold out for three months, he calculated, and still have enough to send Harmony losse and to get home himself on a slow bost. The Canadian lines were cheap. If Jimmy livel perhaps he could take him along; if not-

He would have to put six months' work in the next three. That was not so hard. He had got along before with less sleep, and thrived on it. Also there must be no more idle evenings, with limmy in the salon propped in a chair and Harmony playing, the room dark save for the glow from the stove and for the one candle at Harmony's elbow.

All roads lead to Rome. Peter's thoughts, having traveled in a circle, were back again to Harmony the Desirable-Harmony playing in the firelight, Harmony flushed over the brick stove, Harmony paring potatoes that night in the kitchen when he --- Harmony! Harmony!

Stewart knew all about the accident and its cause. Peter had surmised as much when the injured man failed to wk for Marie.

He tested him finally by bringing Marie's name into the conversation. Stewart ignored it, accepted her absence, refused to be drawn.

That was at first. During the day, however, as he gained strength he grew restless and uneasy. As the time approached for Peter to leave he was clearly struggling with himself. The landlady had agreed to care for him and was bustling about the room. During one of her absences he turned to Peter.

"I suppose Marie hasn't been round?"

"She came back last night."

"Did she tell you?"

"Yes, poor child."

"She's a devil!" Stewart said, and lay silent. Then: "I saw her shoot that thing out in front of us, but there was no time - Where is she now?"

"Marie? I sent her to Vienna."

Stewart fell back, relieved, not even curious,

"Thank heavens for that!" he said. "I don't want to see her again. I'd do something I'd be sorry for. The kindest thing to say for her is that she was not sane."

"No," said Peter gravely, "she was hardly sane." Stewart caught his steady gaze and glanced away. For him Marie's little tragedy had been written and crased. He would forget it magnanimously. He had divided what he had with her, and she had repaid him by attempting his life. And not only his life, but Anita's. Peter followed his line of reasoning easily.

"It's quite a frequent complication, Stewart," he said "but every man to whom it happens regards himself more or less as a victim. She fell in love with you, that's all. Her conduct is contrary to the ethics of the game, but she's been playing poor cards all along."

"Where is she?"

"That doesn't matter, does it?"

Stewart had lain back and closed his eyes. No, it didn't matter. A sense of great relief overwhelmed him. Marie was gone, frightened into hiding. It was as if a band that had been about him was suddenly loosed: he breathed deep, he threw out his arms and laughed from sheer reaction.

During that afternoon ride, while the train clump-clumped down the mountains, Peter thought of all this. Some of Marie's things were in his bag; her resary lay in his breast pocket, along with the pin be had sent her at Christmas. Peter happened on it, still in its box, which looked as if it had been cried over. He had brought it with him. He admired it very much, and it had cost money he could ill afford to spend.

It was late when the train drew into the station. Peter, encumbered with Marie's luggage and his own, lowered his window and added his voice to the chorus of plaintive calls: "Portier! Portier!" they shouted. "Portier!"

bawled Peter.

He was obliged to resort to the extravagance of a taxicab. Possibly a fiacre would have done as well, but it cost almost as much and was slower. Moments counted now: a second was an hour, an hour a decade. For he was on his way to Harmony. Extravagance became recklessness. As soon die for a sheep as a lamb! He stopped the taxicab and bought a bunch of violets, stopped again and bought lilies of the valley to combine with the violets, went out of his way to the American grocery and bought a jar of preserved fruit.

By that time he was laden. The jar of preserves hung in one shabby pocket, Marie's rosary dangled from another; the violeta were buttoned under his overcoat against the

cold.

At the very last he held the taxi an extra moment and darted into the delicatessen shop across the Siebensternstrasse. From there, standing inside the doorway, he could see the lights in the salon across the way, the glow of his lamp, the flicker that was the fire. Peter whistled, stamped his cold feet, quite neglected—in spite of repeated warnings from Harmony - to watch the Herr Schenkenkaufer weigh the cheese, accepted without a glance a ten-kronen piece with a hole in it.

"And how is the child today?" saked the Herr Schenkenkaufer, covering the defective gold piece with convenation. "I do not know; I have been away," said Peter. He

almost sang it. "All is well or I would have heard. Wilhelm the portier

was but just now here."

"All well, of course," sang Peter, eyes on the comfortable glow of his lamp, the flicker that was the fire. "Auf

wiedersehen, Herr Schenkenkaufer."

Harmony Felt Very Young, Very Incapable

"Auf wiedersehen, Herr Doktor." Violets, lilies of the valley, chees rosary, luggage-thus Peter climbed the stairs. The portier wished to assist him, but Peter declined. The portier was noisy. There was to be a moment when Peter, having admitted himself with extreme caution, would present himself without so much as a creak to betray him, would stand in a doorway until some one, Harmony perhapsah, Peter!-would turn and see him. She had a way of putting one slender hand over her heart when she was

Peter put down the jar of preserved eaches outside. It was to be a second surprise. Also he put down the flowers: they were to be brought in last of all. One surprise after another is a cumulative happiness. Peter did not wish to swallow all his cake in one bite.

For once he did not slam the outer door, although he very nearly did, and only raught it at the cost of a bruned finger. Inside he listened. There was no clatter of dishes, no scurrying back and forth from table to stove in the final excitement of dishing up. There was, however, a highly agreeable odor of stewing chicken, a crisp smell of baking biscuit.

In the darkened hall Peter had to pause to steady himself. For he had a sudden mad impulse to shout Harmony's name, to hold out his arms, to call her to him there in the warm darkness, and when she had come, to catch her to him, to tell his love in one long embrace, his arms about her, his rough cheek against her soft one. No wonder he grew somewhat digry and had to pull himself together.

The silence rather surprised him, until he recalled that Harmony was probably sewing in the salon, as she did sometimes when dinner was ready to serve. The boy was asleep, no doubt. He stole slong on tiptoe, hardly breathing,

to the first decreay, which was Jimmy's.

Jimmy was asleep. Round him were the pink and yellow and white flower fairies with violet heads. Peter saw them and smiled. Then, his eyes growing accustomed to the light, he saw Marie, face down on the floor, her head on her arms. Still as she was, Peter knew she was not sleeping, only fighting her battle over again and losing

Some of the joyousness of his return fled from Peter, never to come back. The two silent figures were too close to tragedy. Peter, with a long breath, stole past the door and on to the salon. No Harmony there, but the great room was warm and cheery. The table was drawn near the

stove and laid for Abendesses. The white porcelain coffee pot had boiled and extinguished itself, according to its method, and now gently steamed.

On to the kitchen. Much odor of food here, two candles lighted but burning low, a small platter with money on it, quite a little money—almost all he had left Harmony when he went away.

Peter was dazed at first. Even when Marie, hastily summoned, had discovered that Harmony's clothing was gone, when a search of the rooms revealed the absence of her violin and her music, when at last the fact stared them, incontestable, in the face, Peter refused to arrept it. He sat for a half hour or even more by the fire in the salon, obstinately refusing to believe she was gone, keeping the supper warm against her return. He did not think or reason; he sat and waited, saying nothing, hardly moving, save when a gust of wind slammed the garden gate. Then he was all alive, sat erect, ears straining for her hand on the knob of the outer door.

The numbries of the shock passed at last, to be succeeded by alarm. During all the time that followed, that condition persisted, fright, al Harmony alone in the city, belpless, dependent, poverty-stricken. Harmony seeking employment under conditions Peter knew too well. But with his alarm

came rage. Marie had never seen Peter angry. She shrunk from this gaunt and grayfaced man who raved up and down the salon, questioning the frightened portier. swearing flerce naths, bringing accusation after accusation against some unnamed woman to whom he applied



the West Dean to Defret in Three Hinrious Gemer

epitheta that Marie's English luckily did not comprehend. Not a particularly heroic figure was Peter that night: a frantic, disheveled individual, before whom the portier cowered, who struggled back to sanity through a berserk have and was liable to swift relapses into fury again.

To this succeeded at last the mental condition that was to be Peter's for many days, hopelessness and slarm and a

grim determination to keep on searching.

There were no clews. The portier made inquiries of all the cabstands in the neighborhood. Harmony had not taken a cab. The delicatessen seller had seen her go out that afternoon with a bundle and return without it. She had been gone only an hour or so. That gave Peter a ray of hope that she might have found a haven in the neighborhood-until he recalled the parcel post.

One possibility he clung to: Mrs. Boyer had made the mischlef, but she had also offered the girl a home. She might be at the Boyere'. Peter, flinging on a hat and without his overcost, went to the Boyers'. Time was valuable, and he had wasted an hour, two hours, in useless rage. So he took a taxicab, and being by this time utterly reekless of cost let it stand while he interviewed the Boyers.

Boyer himself, partially undressed, opened the door to

his ring. Peter was past explanation or ceremonial. "Is Harmony here?" he demanded.

Harmony?

"Harmony Wells. She's disappeared, missing."

"Come in," said Boyer, alive to the strain in Peter's "I don't know, I haven't heard anything. I'll ask Mrs. Boyer."

During the interval it took for a whispered colloquy in the bedroom, and for Mrs. Boyer to don her flannel wrapper, Peter suffered the tortures of the damned. Whatever Mrs. Boyer had meant to say by way of protest at the intrusion on the sacred privacy of eleven o'clock and bedtime died in her throat. Her plump and terraced chin shook with agitation, perhaps with guilt. Peter, however, had got himself in hand. He told a quiet story; Boyer listened: Mrs. Boyer, clutching her wrapper about her unstayed figure, listened.

"I thought," finished Peter, "that since you had offered her a refuge-from me-she might have come here.

"I offered her a refuge-before I had been to the Pension

Schwarz."
"Ah!" said Peter slowly. "And what about the Pension

"Need you ask? I learned that you were all put out there. I am obliged to say, Dr. Byrne, that under the circumstances had the girl come here I could hardlyrank, I will speak !- I could hardly have taken her in."

Peter went white and ducked as from a physical blow, stumbling out into the hall again. There he thought of something to say in reply, repudiation, thought better of it, started down the stairs. Boyer followed him helplessly. At the street door, however, he put his hand on Peter's shoulder. "You know, old man, I don't believe that. These women

"I know," said Petersimply, "Thank you, Good night."

HARMONY'S only thought had been flight, from Peter, from McLean, from Mrs. Boyer. She had devoted all her energies to losing herself, to cutting the threads that bound her to the life in the Siebensternstrasse. She had drawn all her money, as Peter discovered later.

(Continued on Page 61)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription 31.50 the Year. Five Cants the Copy of All Newsdaylors. To Canada—By Subscription \$1.25 the Year (Except in Toronto, \$1.50). Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Pennyl Ceion. Single Subscriptions, \$1.25. Ramittances to Se Made by International Postal Musicy (Inter-

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 18, 1914

The Leopard's Spots

FOR more than a year the German Government has been moving, with that unvarying persistence that generally characterizes it, to make the trade in petruleum a state monopoly; and its movements have borne heavily on American investments and business interests in the Fatherland.

The difficulties of our Government in seeking to protect those interests have been extreme, because the interests either belonged to the Standard Oil Company or were in close alliance with it. As for any objection we might raise to the bodily ousting of the Oil Trust from Germany, the Kaiser's ministers had only to quote at random from a whole library of governmental desunctations of the trust at home and ask why Germany should tolerate a concern the United States Government repeatedly declared as be intolerable.

If we retorted that the Oil Trust had been dissolved and absolved by a Supreme Court decree, Germany could point to many Congressional assertions that the dissolution was ineffectual. Recently, before receiving the bid of an American concern for the supply of a large amount of oil, the German Government required a statement, backed by proof, that the concern had no relations with the Standard Oil Company. That was discrimination; but in view of all we have officially said about the Oil Trust it hardly lies in our mouths to object to it.

At this writing it appears that a considerable amount of American property will be practically confiscated; but it is property of or in alliance with the Oil Trust, and anything we can say in its defense must sound odd in view of all we have said against it. If a foreign government wished to discriminate against the Steel Trust or any one of twenty or more great American concerns having extensive interests abroad, it could find no better justification than in our own official language regarding those concerns. We can hardly expect to paint our trusts black on the domestic side and white on the foreign side.

The Serious Mind

NOBODY in recent years has said anything extensively about the modern theater without remarking—reproof to America being always implied—that Germany takes the theater seriously. Any week's announcements of theatrical performances in any large German town will prove the fact. In any week anywhere there will hardly be less than two or three performances of Shakspere and one or two of Ibsen, with some other foreign classics and the regular representation of the serious national drama.

We do not recall that any one has yet attempted to defend this country from the stigma that a comparison of theater programs suggests; but we venture to point out that the Germans take pretty nearly everything seriously. Nothing more serious than German architecture has ever been conceived by the human brain. They take Kant and Hegel seriously.

As a profound and conclusive test of the difference in national temperaments, we may add that they even take their government seriously. Probably there is no other

nation in the Western World which goes to that length of serious-mindedness. Certainly we should give Germany all proper credit for taking the theater seriously and take all proper shame on the United States for the contrary attitude; but the fact is, neither nation can help it.

Blaming Westminster

SEVERAL years ago a distinguished and conservative Senglishman pointed with indignation to the fact that radical policies at Westminster were ruining British trade. He was able to show that business was in a relatively had way; that British capital was going extensively into foreign investments, while few new enterprises were started at borns.

Since that weighty utterance the same radical ministry has been continuously in power, and it has taken one progressive step after another; yet, while all this went on at Westminster, British exports rose year after year—from three hundred and seventy-seven million pounds to five hundred and twenty-five millions. The greatest trade boom in recent English history occurred, and labor was so fully employed that unloca with a membership of nearly one million reported only a little over two per cent of unemployed at the end of 1913 as against nearly eight per cent five years before. In the latter part of 1913 there was some reaction in business, and conservative gentlemen again pointed to Westminster as the cause of it.

It may be added that in Germany—whose actual, effective government consists of an emperor and a nobility of the most conservative turn—business broadly follows exactly the same lines as in England and the United States.

Bricks Without Straw

HERE are some figures from a survey of country achools in a large Middle Western region: In all the schools linear measure is taught, yet in only one-fifth of them are tapelines found; they all basch avoirdupois weight, yet less than a tenth of them have scales; they teach liquid measure, but only a fifth have any measures.

In a third of the schools geography is taught without maps, and in more than two-fifths without globes. All of them seek to teach children things about this fruitful and wonderful earth, yet more than two-thirds of the teachers never step outdoors to vitalize a point by the fields, flowers, woods, rucks and streams near at hand.

That is the blessed old adurational recipe: Get everythingout of a book; reduce it so far as possible to a parrotlike exercise of memory; make it all as dry and repulsive and remote from actual life as possible.

Hit.or. Miss Finance

In THE departments at Washington there must be a hundred or more bureaus or divisions charged with a particular branch of work that requires expenditure of public money. Naturally such bureau or division thinks its own work especially important and can readily see how to improve it if sufficient money is appropriated.

On the other hand, there are at least a dozen committees in Secate and House that pass on bills carrying large appropriations; and there are two hig committees, entirely distinct from each other and from all spending committees, which formulate revenue measures. But there is nobody at any point to strike a general balance sheet—to compute outgo side by side with income and lay down a comprehensive, authoritative fiscal program for the Government.

The nearest approach to it is the Public Expenditures Committee which the Senate created a few years ago, consisting of the chairmen of the seven hig committees that handle the revenue and appropriations in the Senate, together with several other members. In this committee income and outgo met in the persons of the chairmen of the revenue-raising and revenue-spending committees; so it was a step in the right direction. Yet it was inconclusive, as the House, in which theoretically all revenue measures must originate, had nothing to do with it.

Why should there not be a joint budget committee? That there should be somebody to draw up an authoritative fiscal program and accept responsibility for it is clear.

The Itching Palm of Mars

NO DOUBT there was some graft in connection with Japanese naval contracts. Mars ever has an itching pain. The loot in army contracts during our Civil War pained Lincoln, but he saw no way to stop it without stopping the war. Homerariums generously bestowed on German officers by great armament manufacturers are of recent memory.

In the light of history a military World Power ought to accept these things with martial dignity; but the heavily taxed people of Japan—the income tax rising to twenty-two per cent!—have not quite gut their military stride. The graft disclosures immediately resulted in great indignation meetings in the larger towns. In the House of Representatives a member demanded to know why a

Japanese ship should cost six hundred thousand pounds more than an English ship of the same dimensions built in the same shipyard.

On being interrupted by a government supporter, he retorted that the supporter was interested in an armament concern, hence should not speak on the subject. Whereupon, says a correspondent, the supporter resorted to bedily violence and the session broke up in great disorder. The Parliament building one day was surrounded by a crowd of forty thousand people. On another day, after a tumultuous public meeting, a devoted band styling themselves "the infuriated tigers" set out to put things right, and actually snashed a ministerial automobile.

All this misbehavior rather scandalizes Japan's great Western ally. As a British paper observes, in commenting on these unseemly Japanese doings: "Our canteen scandals have not led to the assembly of a single popular gathering."

The canteen scandals referred to consisted of disclosures of graft in connection with army supplies. In this unwar-like country such disclosures would have produced almost as great a sensation as in Japan; but in England they were taken very sedately—as befits a really experienced martial nation. War and graft go hand in hand.

Cheaper Money for Farmers

CANADIAN railroads, cities and other big concerns have between in England and the United States during the tast half dozen years probably more than a billion and a half dollars at about five per cent interest. With this money great permanent improvements have been made and incidentally a great number of farms opened for settlement and cultivation.

The farmers, however, complain that they have been unable to borrow money except on rather furdensome terms. In the new Northwest the rate of interest on farm loans has nominally ranged from eight per cent upward: but it seems that the agricultural borrower has usually paid, including expenses, about ten per cent—or at least twice what the big corporate borrowers paid.

Farmers, we hear, have willingly paid this high rate, giving the good security of their land at half its market value; but, even so, they have found it difficult to get money, applications for loans outrunning the supply of funds.

Now this is simply the difference between good organization and no organization. Certainly, under proper conditions, a loan on the land itself is as good security as a loan on the railroad, the prosperity of which mostly depends on the land; but the big borrowers were organized, while the small borrowers were not.

Hence a very interesting project by the Saskatchewan Provincial Government to organize cooperative farm-mortgage associations. The idea is, in brief, for the farmer members of each association mutually to guarantee one another's loans, while the association itself raises capital for farm loans by issuing bonds guaranteed by the province. An investor, in buying a bond, would not look to a particular mortgage on a particular farm, but to the whole resources and credit of the association, backed by the Provincial Government's indorsement. Such bonds, no doubt, would be as readily marketable as a railroad bond.

There is no question that farmers can borrow as readily and cheaply as railroads do by organizing and offering equally attractive securities.

Urban Elbow Room

AN AIMLESS journalistic controversy as to the comparative sizes of New York and London reminds us that the real need of every great city is not to grow larger but to grow smaller. It would be much better if the area of Greater New York or of the metropolitan district of London contained fewer people by a third or a half.

Probably that condition will happen as means of transit and communication steadily increase; already, in fact, the growth of great cities shows a strong centrifugal as well as a centripetal movement. The city itself increases, but the people disperse over a wider space. The Borough of Manhattan and some London districts tend to lose population rather than to gain.

Massing a great number of people in a small area benefits a few landlords and possibly some department stores, but injures everybody else. The modern big city is mostly only a landlord's gold mine. Why other people should brag about it is a mystery.

We should like to see New York spread over Westchester County, Southwestern Connecticut and the Jersey shore with the mammoth ant-hills along Central Park West and Riverside Drive converted into dormitories for farmers who would be flocking into town for overnight to hear the opera and see the pictures.

It is spreading somewhat, and more spreading is only a question of transportation. When a man can get to Broadway and Twenty-third Street from Stamford or Ossining in the time it now takes to go from Morningside Heights to the City Hall, the metropolis, we hope, will be less populous than it is today—and infinitely better.

WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great

Listed Administration has a Nemesis on its list of retainers. Some Administrations have several, notably the one before the present one—Mr. Taft's which was a veritable

retribution trust,
with an introrse
manner of delivering
its goods that was
somewhat uncomfortable to those within,
to say the least of it.

If I have my mythology on straight—and a glance into the esteemed Mr. Bulfinch's mirror assures me I have—the original Nemesis was a lady; but since the days when she operated, her set has been disregarded when her name is needed for descriptive purposes, and we are as prone to refer to a male person as a Nemesis as we are

prone to refer to a female person as such, albeit the sex of the first of the name was perhaps rightly denominated judging, that is, from the things that have happened since those days wherein the female element of requital has been deminant.

Thus it is not out of place to observe that Charles C. McChord is the official Nemesis of this Administration, for a glance at the pictorial embellishment of these lines will convince the most superficial glancer that Mr. McChord is of the male persuasion, and a perusal of what shall be herewith set forth will show that he is fully entitled to his designation.

sation. Though it may be true that, so far, Mr. McChord has confined his semesizing to one particular object or objective, the fact cannot be denied that as an all-round, retaliatory and retributive Nemesis he has no superior; and it is well known that he stands ready at any time to nemesize any little matter wherein governmental reprisal shall be demanded.

He is Not Ja Flares as He Louks

Mr. McChord, you understand, is by way of being a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which, as the railroads and their presidents will tell us tearfully, is hampering the proper development of the country by insisting that various and varied of the said presidents, and others, shall unhamper the same by observing a few of the amenities of polite finance.

To bear a railroad president exclaim about it, the Interstate Commerce Commission is an instrument whereby the old and established order has been rudely disrupted, to the consequent astonishment of many persons who have considered a railroad to have extraconstitutional rights merely because it is a railroad, and therefore exploited by the persons who took over the exploitation privileges.

It is needless to go into that phase of the subject—for two reasons: The first is that the Interstate Commerce Commission does not believe it; and the second is that nobody else does—save the men who view the situation with alarm. The proposition that a railroad president and his railroad associates must obey the law, though novel and distressing to the parties of the first part, is distinctly agreeable to the parties of the second part, who comprise about ninety-seven and seven-tenths of the total population.

Nor is it too much to say that a Nemesis of the peculiar character supplied by McChord was needed. Indeed, we had been laxin our nemesizing. So

when a good chance to use a regular, accredited, skillful and earnest Nemesis came along, it is small wooder that McCherd was selected.

Of all the folks in public life McChord, I should say, looks more like a regular Nemesis than any other. His specialty for many years has been trailing railroad persons to their lairs; and no sooner had he been given national scope than he selected a field well suited for the operations of a first-class, trained and expert Nemesis, and began to nemess.

It is probably true that, at the moment of the advent of this abrupt and abbreviated Kentuckian into the arena of railroad investigation, there existed nowhere in the world a railroad wherein the probing possibilities were greater than in the case of the New York, New Haven & Hartford. There, it seemed, was a great highway of commerce that exuded opportunities at every fishplate. And the railroad itself called specific attention to this condition by having at Bridgeport one day a wreck that made the entire nation gasp on account of the sheer horror of it.

The Torquemada of the New Haven

COMMISSIONER McCHORD inventigated that wreck. What he said about it he said in plain—even blunt—American language, using no figures of speech or flowers of rhetoric. It was a most annoying report, viewed by the lights of the men who were operating the road, and wounded their sensibilities. Also, it jarred their complacencies and joited their arregance. It was a plain statement of culpability. It was as direct as a crossing sign—as a stop-look-and-listen admonition. It was very direct.

Proceeding, Commissioner McChord went further into the affairs of this railroad. He supplied a Nemesis for the New York, New Haven & Hartford—an appliance the railroad hitherts had not possessed, but, as events proved, had needed for quite some time. He made other positive statements about the road, its management, its financing, its manipulators and its various other delinquencies. Whereupon, not recognizing McChord in his capacity as Nemesis, he was immediately marchist by various interested persons. The

called an anarchist by various interested persons. The term was a misnomer. Though it is true that captains of finance are wont to term persons anarchists who disclose their captaining and their financing, it does not necessarily follow that such persons are anarchists. Nor is McChord such. What he is is a man who does not seem to stand in fear and trembling before a predacious plutocrat.

Anyhow he called attention to many things—called strident and forceful attention to them. Since that time the attention he called has become quite general in its extent and many things have happened to the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad; and more are likely to happen; for when McChord begins nemesizing he nemesizes until the cows come home.

He is a Kentucky lawyer who first began to attract attention in the stirring Goebel times in that state and was associated with Goebel before his killing, as well as active in the days that followed that event. Kentucky passed one of the first railroad regulation laws, and McChord became a member of the state railroad commission.

The railroads did not want him elected and tried to defeat him; but he won and immediately began the enforcement of the statute. Next time he ran, Kentucky went Republican. The Republican candidate for governor was elected by some thousands of votes; and McChord was defeated by only seventeen votes, running as a Democratwhich gives an idea of his standing in his own state.

Then came a vacancy on the Interstate Commerce Commission. There was opposition to McChord, largely on account of the Goebel aftermath; but McChord had the support of most of the prominent men in the state, all of whom advised President Taft that the best thing to do about the Goebel tragedy was to forget it; and Mr. Taft appointed him to succeed Commissioner Cockrell.

McChord came to Washington and, soon after he took office, was chosen to make the Bridgeport wreck investigation. From that he went into other New York, New Haven & Hartford affairs and has been the New Haven specialist on the Interstate Commerce Commission ever since.

McChord's idea of the functions of an Investigator is that he should investigate. His idea of a report is that the report should embody the results of his investigation. His choice of language is guided by the fixed conviction in his mind that the word which means negligence is spelled n-eg-l-i-g-e-n-e-e, and the word that means fraud is spelled f-r-a-u-d. If a thing is bad he says it is bad-not that it is not good or that it might be better. If he finds a man responsible he names that man. His command of direct and uncompromising-not to say compromising at times-speech is remarkable and remarked.

A short, stocky, active, alert man, he really is not so herce as he looks; for when he is not acting in his capacity as Nemesis he is affable and companionable, soft voiced and mild mannered. You would never think of him as a Nemesis at all if perchance you saw him in his evening clothes officiating at a social function, or mayhap tangoing a trifle-you never would pick him out as the person who so unequivocally calls a spade a spade when he is dealing with that sort of hardware, that he is positively distressful to railroad persons who come within the purview of his reports and who have been used to distinguished consideration from those who have hitherto examined their affairs.

Still, inasmuch as it is necessary for every Administration to have a Nemesis, owing to these latter-day fashions in dealing with corporations that have in the past done the dealing themselves, there is no doubt that the choice of this Administration has fallen on the proper person. As Nemesis, Charles C. McChord is perfect in the part; and there are times, too, when he seems to have impinged a trifle on the well-known province of the haughty Adrasteia, who was, as you remember, the lady who looked out for the inevitable.



The Right Balt



"That is, I will if it won't make too much bother for you. Isn't this the maid's day out?" "Yes. But that doesn't matter. No trouble at all. I'll give you

Campbell's Tomato Soup."

"I'll make it as a bisque; or with noodles in it if you'd rather. I have them handy."

"Great! Do I get two plates-full!"

"All you want. I've a dozen cans on the shelf. Then some cold sliced-"

"Never mind the rest of it. The starter catches me."

"Yes. It's so perfectly easy. And we'll be so cozy. Doesn't that beat dining down town?"

"Has it skinned a mile! The very thought of that soup makes me hungry now."



THE TEA FANS OF NEW YORK-By Mary Isabel Brush

AN EARNEST young American coming home from Europe assured an English girl that his countrymen did not drink ten as hers did. A shadow of dismay spread over her pink-and-white face, clouding her wide blue eyes.

"What in the world, then, do you ever do with your awfternoons?" she demanded. Statement and question carry a sociolog-ical significance. The American boy spoke

with frowning impatience, signifying:
"We Americans are serious-minded people. We haven't got time for this idle practice of taking half an hour off every day
simply to gratify a foolish habit."

The English girl's words represented the
woman of leisure in a dull home, contemplating an afternoon of emphating up.

plating an afternoon of embroidering, un-

prating an alternoon of emireoceting, un-brance even by the pleasant arrival of a neighbor for the gratification of a mild national taste.

That was four years ago. Now go on to Fifth Avenue any day at four-thirty and you will say something is going to happen that is very important indeed. It would

that is very important indeed. It would seem that a siege of the city had either been declared or raised, a reigning monarch had come to our republic, a fraternal conclave was pending—or, at least, that a circus had reached town.

Everybody in New York possessing a vehicle of any kind gets out on to Fifth Avenue with it, forming into two long lines of traffic, like counter processions, which appear to move something like the sixteenth part of an inch, until they are halted by the lifted arm of the blue-sieeved crossing policeman, who seems to be in sympathy with those wishing to go east and west.

Everybody without a vehicle swings on to the long reaches of sidewalk from the cross streets and sets a pace that puts them

to the long reaches it salewals from the cross streets and sets a pace that puts them far ahead of the giacial flow of limousines. Though nobedy makes any time except those on foot, every one is in a hurry.

People sit four abreast on top of omnibuses and look down to a detached way on the excited crowds, their own problems between all a different patterns.

ing of a different nature—namely, to keep their noses from getting too awfully red and to be careful not to fall out or in when the

to be careful not to fall out or in when the busses strike up martially for an uninterrupted run of forty feet.

Bill Swan, striding along the Avenue with a step compicuously too long, sees the sun, red and elliptical, looking down from a remote, gray western sky. It touches with a rosy glow the magnificent masses of graystone of the Public Library, and lays on the city the same impersonal chill with which it bathes the fallow fields of South Dakota. "Same old sun!" observes Bill Swan; but he sees nothing else to remind him of home. It shines through the low-draped windows of stone hostsiries, where blocks of tiny tables are set so thickly as just to allow the small gold chairs surrounding them to move.

small gold chairs surrounding them to move. It marks faint shadows of tense waiters stirring with noiseless rush, a little two-pronged fork in one hand and a saucer of circular cross sections of lemon in the other.

The Rush to Relax

Beyond its reaches, out in an electric-lighted dressing room, Maria Theresa ar-ranges mounds of invisible hairpins on a china tray—excitedly, always excitedly. She places in a celluloid box a bunch of white cotton, which pulls out from a small opening in restricted quantities, and those are valuable, when dipped in face powder, for removing the high lights on the nose. Belowstairs in the dry heat of the kitchen

waiters haver over a long zinc table crowded with little, round, brown teapots, which carry strainers in their spouts, like nose

Outside, handsomely costumed ladies descend from limousines drawn in at the curbs. They are preceded by huge bunches of purple orchids stuck on the front of them over furs, and they show a vertical line of transparent silk stocking above light-top pumps as narrow skirts draw up like a cut-

tain in the long reach for the sidewalk.

Are they excited too? Dear me, no! Expectant, but not perturbed. They are what most of the excitement is about. An important moment in the diurnal flow of life is approaching, of which they form the cen-tral ornament. The metropolis is about to olwerve its ten hour.

Every dining room on and off the Avenue is at present devoting itself heart and soul to serving this afternoon beverage. Most of smart New York is putting a like amount of arder into drinking it, and gets on thousands of dollars' worth of clothes for the occasion. We are in possession of a foreign custom out of a foreign custom out for present up. To the up to the state of the present the present the state of the present the pre eign custom possesses us? To be sure we have not given ourselves to it without re-serve—without such modification as stamps it for our own.

it for our own.

Tea, with us, is a generic term, and we drink it in the same fixity of purpose with which we fight fires, build fortunes and adorn our persons. That pellmell rush up the Avenue is largely directed toward the tearooms. A peevish-faced woman sticks her feathered head out of the cab window and says to the round-faced cabby, with edged utterance; "I expected delays at this bour, but I cannot put up with anything like this!" She is headed for a hotel, where, with good American impatience, she is rushing to relax.

is rushing to relax.
Only she and members of her leisure set in our land of the free have this privilege. No record has come to us of our working classes—like those of England—stopping for their five-minute gulp of the national drink. Girl clerks of the United States are not excused from work to sit in A B C shops on red plush seats that are just too far away from the marble-topped tables to be comportable.

Fighting the Ravages of Leisure

In America there is a particular regard for excessive comfort in the observance of our new custom. It has not been established to fill a fundamental need; not to supply nourishment the peculiarities of climate make necessary; not in allow a modicum of relaxation that will result in a maximum of energy for work. Our disciples of the practice are forever lighting the ravages of too much leisure—are foregoing the pleasures of jam and seedcakes for fear they may gain an ounce of flesh.

American tea fans are drawn from the American tes fars are drawn from the ranks of those who recognize pleasure only when it is expensive. Thus in our country a very high price is paid for a very little refreshment. Something like five dollars goes for nothing in particular served for two. No charming little teashops are recommended by New Yorkers where one may get a delicious cup of sweet-smelling tea for threatments.

A sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year orchestra is provided by one hotel to accompany the exercises of the afternoon. A glass dome, graceful in lines and soft with green lighting, arches over the participants. As to price, the hotel has lost its memorandum; but the sum is sufficient to endow a hospital. to finance the suffrage movement, or to pay a year's interest on our debt. A gardener is rising to independence just by coasing into tropical splendor the palm forests in which the scene is set.

In England Parliament observes a four-o'clock siesta. In our country Wall Street and the banks do not shut down for the tea hour-indeed, nothing whatever about

tea hour-indeed, nothing whatever shuts down for it in New York; but a great deal opens up. Ours is a public and not a private function. No innocuous observance takes place between the neighbor on Fifth Avenue dropping round to knit with the neighbor on Fifty-seventh Street, whose property is valued at only a few dollars less a foot. Any private consumption of afternoon tea ls quite beside our metropolitan purpose.

New York regards the custom as one more opportunity for display. In its milder forms it represents a new occasion for creating expensive obligations and of discharging them at a slightly greater cost. It affords one more chance—like a wife's Christmas present to her husband-of giving oneself a pleasure while performing a duty toward some one else. The rich old aunt who will not give her country niece five dollars with which to buy a petticoat sets her down day after day in an expensive dining room when she visits the city and buys her thirty-five dollars' worth of tea.

It affords an excellent chance for the metropolitan resident to put one over on the rural visiting relative. A smart New York department-store buyer took her brother.

Our Fashion Catalog IS NOW READY-IT IS FREE



Our Catalog not only shows you all the very newest styles in Spring and Summer wear-ing apparel—and the styles have changed radically—but it will also show you how you can make a most decided saving when you are ready to buy your Spring and Sum-mer clothing. A copy is yours, FREE. When you write ask for Catalog No. 62G.

We Pay All Mail or Express Charges



Only \$100 6G41-A simple, Our-piren Fredrick charming style, tentric sei carri-tion teluga testala da two whose weather the craise with privity Disasten Barui Rason. The waist hap proxy juntered to be of loney swaren teles delettly tiles and with with submentality and rised with white white white white white shifts are in a controllery. Three parties historian discount save within the controllery are with the controllery. showing have a too's amount area and as-united with embroid-

Dress Costs

which with continues you want to continue to reven has a necessary of which to be less to back, It has been in being it has been in being in the part of the part t lavender dura! Stem and trimenta.
Stem 37 to 44 businesses partial Price. All Mail or Express Charges Paid \$1.00 by Us \$1.00

We Satisfy You or

Refund Your Money Bellas Hess & @ NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

4641

Dress

51

who was a college student, to have a cup of tea. She led him as by a leash the length of Fifth Avenue to a hotel and, in the wake of a foreign waiter of comprehensive gestures through a pathway of staring eyes, to a table beside a fountain. He brooded over the small gold table like a lampshade above its bowl and tried to focus his eyes on his order of sandwiches. This consisted of a slice of bread halved over the shadow of a thinness of white mest.

"Rough exercise that!" he muttered; and thereby communicated, like a spirit from another world, that he realized a for-

eign, exotic art was being practiced on him. A certain celebrity was induced to go to an acquainted with him before he became a celebrity invited him to tes. Knowing him as she did, she never expected that he would come on any such errand as meeting admirers—or she might have arranged a different form of entertainment. Admira-ble chance that, she thought, for discharg-ing two obligations—and hers not the fault if the guest of honor followed his custom of accepting and then did not appear. She went on with her arrangements; and when at five on the appointed day he was not by the gold elevator in the lobby she led two disappointed girls into the tearcom. Just as her order arrived, in came the guest of honor looking not altogether satisfied. He wound his way through the narrow-

est of crooked paths between chairs to the table of his hostess, which, he observed, was like a ten-cent piece on top of a stick of sealing wax and covered with a clothor like a mushroom on its stem, but not so large. There was a great, poignant flow of orchestral melody, with the breathy hum of voices coming up through it. There was a subdued—oh. a very subdued—clack of white and gold plate, piece on piece. There was a zigrag rush of black and white figures, who were the waiters. The ten hour was in full blast.

The celebrity ordered a cocktail and could not have it. He took out a cigarette and was not allowed to smoke it. He equinted at his microscopic chicken sandwith, heatily

secured by his hostess.
"I realize, Jane"—he addressed the lady entertaining him—"that a life-sized sandwich could not be served on so small a table; but this is my breakfast."

The Five-Deliar Table by the Door

No place was this for any one with a defi-nite want to fill! He moved the entire ten party over into the opposite dining room, where he ordered some regular food in the regular way. During the repast he kept looking across the hall at the tearoom, and he indulged in exclamations on the very slight entertainment of the afternoon as contrasted with the "enormous noise everybody is making about coming out to tea."

Not all the rooms are so very restricted as this one in the privileges they allow. For the most part, men and women alike may drink whatever they will; and the men, though not the women, may smoke. These details, however, are unessential and un-considered by the tea fan in choosing a lo-cation. The highest purpose served by the afternoon custom in New York is not to satisfy appetite, but to afford apportunity for people to see those whom they have seen before-to recognize those of reputation whose names are associated with wealth, title and privilege.

The most sought place, therefore, is so close to the righthand pillar between the favorite tearoom and the hallway that the marble column interferes with the opera-tion of your right arm. The seat is squarely in the entrance, where everybody coming and going bumps into you and all the waiters stand a chance to empty their trays into your lap; but the view is excellent. Nohody can elude the holder of that seat - not even the transient visitor who has merely thought he might possibly take tea, and has stuck his head for a moment over the chiefwaiter's shoulder at the end of the hall. Numbers ask for this place and are all firmly told that it is reserved.

Popular interest comes to center round the identity of the ruling potentate holding it. At length an old lady, hobbling with a case and ornamented with a false, frizzled front, limps in. Her under jaw juts out like a bulldog's, though her eyes are less kind than his. They have malice in them. Her mind is a ready-reference library of scandal. Everything she has ever heard of



This Man Gave You Puffed Grains

Gave you Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. He found the way to explode by steam the hundred million food granules inside of each grain.

He did this as a College Professor, in the service of science. Did it to make whole grains wholly digestible. In all the ages, men had never accomplished that.

Thus he gave you the best-cooked foods, the most digestible cereals that science had ever prepared.

Gave Delight to Millions

He also gave you a new delight which millions are enjoying. Grains puffed to eight times normal size—bubble-like and thin. Grains that crush into dainty granules, with a taste like toasted nuts.

Before these came, no muching or evening ever brought to your table such fascinating foods.

That is all due to the years and years Prof. Anderson gave to this problem. And he is now seeking a way to do the same with corn.

> Puffed Wheat, 10c Puffed Rice, 15c Except in Extreme

Serve with cream and sugar in the morning. When berries come. mix these Puffed Grains with them. For suppers, serve like crackers floating in bowls of milk.

Use like nut meats in desserts, in candy making, as garnish for ice cream.

Keep them on hand for hungry children, between meals or at bedtime. For Puffed Grains do not tax the stomach. And every element is converted into food,

Puffed Grains should be, in every home, as staple as bread and crackers.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers



This is the Emblem

of the Rice Leaders of the World Association. Wherever you see it, remember that it marks the highest business standing in name, product and policy—as shown by the following

Qualifications of Membership

Honor - A recognized reputation for fair and honorable business dealings.

Quality - An honest product, of quality truthfully represented.

Strength - A responsible and substantial financial standing.

Service - A recognized reputation for conducting business in prompt and efficient manner.

Upon this foundation is based the Emblem of the Association.

By invitation, the following are members:

Rifts—Stergers and Assemblies WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. New Haron, Commerciant

"Yale" Locks, Buildon' Burleware and Clain Brists THE YALE & TOWNE MFG. COMPANY New York

Crane's Paper and Fine Stationary EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY Pittsfield, Mass.

"Y and E." Filing Derion and Office Systems YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. COMPANY Rankester, N. Y.

Hams, Basse, Lord, Verbest Suscidios, Grape Joint ARMOUR & COMPANY Benillor Celes, Laundry and Fine Tools Snape

Pillishury's list Floor PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS CO. Minneapolis, Minn.

Time's Log Cabin Symp.
THE TOWLE MAPLE PRODUCTS CO.,
St. Paul, Mine.

Fine Fundame
BERKEY AND GAY FURNITURE CO.
Grand Repids, Mich.

"Niagers Mast" Silt Gloves & Latine" Silt Underweit NIAGARA SILK MILLS North Tomawanda, N. Y.

M. J. WHITTALL Worcestor, Mass.

COOK'S LINOLEUM COMPANY
Trenton, N. J.

Vennishes, Ispans, Ensesels, Fillers, Stains, Shellans BERRY BROTHERS, Inc. Detroit, Michigan

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO.
New York

"Powent" Summer Underwest CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY Amaterdam, N. Y.

Small Motor and Fan Specialists
THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY
Springfield, Ohio

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY Chicago, III.

HULL BROTHERS UMBRELLA CO. Toledo, Ohio

WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR CO. St. Poul, Minn. Alabation Sentery Wall Conting ALABASTINE COMPANY Grand Rapida, Mich.

First Jan, Perkers' and Desgrits' Classesse HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS COMPANY Wheeling, W. Va.

INTERNATIONAL ACHENON GRAPHITE CO.

Floritic Pleases and Companyid Adva "Detust Electric" ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY Detysik, Mich.

"LP" Low Lod Books and Form IRVING-PITT MANUFACTURING CO. Kansas City, Mo.

Fire Mediantesi Toole
THE L. S. STARRETT CO.
Athol. Massachusetts

Shapering States and Absence Materials THE CARBORUNDUM COMPANY Ningara Falls, N. Y.

> SMITH & WESSON Springfield, Mass.

COLDWELL LAWN MOWER COMPANY Newburgh, N. Y.

Waterman's 'Ideal' Footnie Pers and his L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY New York

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY Milwesker, Wis.

Clockmaker Since 1817
THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
New Haven, Consections

"Indentors" Tresh and Lugage NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS CO.

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING CO. Cambridge, Mass.

Wissen's Fire Store "Quern Quality" THOMAS G. PLANT COMPANY Buston, Mass.

Spectanics, Engineer, Letter, "Fig.U" and Other Optical Goods AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY Southbridge, Mass.

Land Precisis, Fee Holders, Rabber Bunds and Ersners EBERHARD FABER New York

Rice Leaders of the World Association

Founder and Pr

NEW YORK

unpleasantness is deposited behind those eyes and used ad libitum as perfectly authentic information.

Two girls pass her as she limps in. They look so fluffy-haired and vacant-faced you would say that nothing short of a million-dollar gown would catch their attention. After passing her, however, they all but tumble into the dressing room and over Maria Theresa, clasping each other's hands with the exclamation: "She has the most evil face I ever saw!"

Down the old lady drops into the desira-

Down the old lady drops into the desirable, long-reserved seat, to pluck the scandal of the afternoon; and the departing head waiter inadvertently lets show the

dail of the afternoon; and the departing head waiter inadvertently lets show the sharp V of a five-dellar hill.

Under a high-mounted piece of statuary sits another tea fan. In his fixed, absorbed rigidity he looks like a parody on a bust in a gallery—like a colored, correctly dressed, mustached and monocled model of Henry Clay. His table is engaged by the year. The girl with him changes from time to time, but the table never.

You would scarcely knew that the woman

You would scarcely knew that the woman beside him is his guest, so unmindful is he of her in his absorption in the scene. He opens his countenance and his soul to the enactment round him; and it seems as though all the harmless, chittering, idle, foolish, vain display taints him with a murkier, sinister quality as it flows through his mind. A red line runs from the base of his pose across his cheek, making an acute angle with the black, wide ribbon of his eyeglass in its straight descent down his cheek. The red, angry-looking streak has a thin touch of something white, like salve, along its edges—as though it were constantly induced to subside, without success.

By chance the old woman's gaze and his meet as she falls into her seat. Their eyes cross a moment—then turn, as though both are embarrassed. Can it be they hold an acquaintanceship in some of the subterrarean passages of life that would not hear the pink light of sophisticated vapidity? Or is it that they simply gaze into the soul's secret chamber, each of the other, and what they see there causes both to shift the eyes?

The Most Important Engagement

Once in their long watch of the tearoom they have the triumph of detecting a tall, monocled Irishman, whose mustache droops in a horseshoe curve of sad dejection when he leaves off smiling—which thing he seldom does. They are the first to recognize him and they pass the word that Sir Thomas Lipton is present. This, of course, brightens the afternoon, for Sir Thomas is popular everywhere.

Three little children, as like as butterballs of graduated roundnesses, are led into the room by a sad-faced, uniformed nurse. They are dressed in white, from their fuzzy hoods to their leggings. "The Baroness de Vonne's little girls!" run the tidings; and great is the excitement, for the baroness is the American daughter of the only house in the most expensive section of Fifth Avenue that dares to have a yard.

A tall man, broadening into middle age, wanders into this favorite tearoum, his ample shoulders carrying his fur-lined coat easily. He has a manner of accustomedness, though he frankly does not know the place. His wife, who is much smaller, seems to have taken on a smartness in spite of herself, though her look is as if forever on her children. The two follow in the curving path of a waiter for several minutes before they are accommodated with a table. Then they smile at each other comfortably as she unbuttons her long loose scalakin coat.

she unbuttons her long, loose sealskin coat.

Down on Wall Street that day at four o'clock he was sitting in one of those mahogany-paneled offices that are fortified from encroachment by three secretaries without, and are approached by the world only through liveried men standing about the high-tapestried reception room. A little silver vase of pink flowers, which a girl stenographer is instructed to have for him every morning, stood between the baby's picture in a silver frame and the mahogany inkwell.

All the secretaries were at his desk with different demands for his attention, when the vice-president of the corporation stepped in to say:

"Harry, you had better just give this your attention."

The great man, taking out his watch, replied:
"I can't."

"But this is vital. The National Financial —



OOKERY experts favor Cox's Gelatine-and rightly. It is pure and clean and good. It is convenient and economical. It is usable for so many desserts, savories, jellies, frozen dishes, creams, salads, gravies, cold meats, etc. It adds substance and nourshment to every dainty dish of which it forms a part. Try this enticing dessert-



MAPLE CHARLOTTE

6 to 6 parameter

(1) the parameter of t

This delightful tweet is one of 200 good strings described in our remark, allly complete book—Cax's New Manual of Gelatine Cookery.

We will be pleased to easily you a copy on request.

Coa's Cichanne is sold by gracers everywhere in 10c for the arnall size, and 15c for the large package. Always took for the red, white and thus checkerboard box.

THE COX GELATINE CO. Dryn. E, 100 Hudson St. NEW YORK

San Appele in U.S. A. for J. 65 to





"I've got an important engagement," answered the president, "and must be uptown at half past four o'clock."

It was in his mind that, as the limousine

had drawn up that morning at eight o'clock under the porte-cuchère, which looked out over the Hudson, his wife, Dorothy, had

said:
"I'll be at the hotel, Harry, today at four-thirty. Suppose you stop for a cup of tes and pick me up."
"All right," he had replied.
That was the engagement he would not sacrifice to the National Financial Something-or-other; and here he is in the incidental enjoyment of a ceremonial that recurs

He and his wife have been married for ten years. When they married, the man was only just beginning to show signs of a genius which is now an accepted thing. He had been badly treated by another woman, who had loved him—there was no doubt about that—but had weakly allowed a meddling family to make what they deemed a better match for her. match for her.

In the reaction of that moment he asked Dorothy Robins to marry him. She put up a pitiful plea with her family to allow her to decline. In the privacy of her chamber she asked some unseen influence for youth to match her own youth and tastes to coincide

with hers.

A half-shabby college boy, working his way through a university, had devoted himself to her; then withdrawn—nobody knew whether through a reaction of feeling or through consideration for her. Chiefly because she had no excuse for not doing so, she married the elder man and the match turned out superbly well.

She had been buoyed ever since on a joyous wave of satisfaction. There are three children running over the broad, fair acres along the Hudson.

along the Hudson.

Life contains very little for this family that they would change.

Living Happily Ever After

As they sit waiting for their ten and toust, how do you suppose this president of the Amalgamated Consolidation of Corporate Interests occupies himself? With listening to the music! Wby does the betel maintain that orchestra—because it is expensive or because the waiters enjoy it so much? Un Peu d'Amour is the selection. The great financier has a far-away look on his face, stealing back, one should say, at least ten years, to the time when he had no mustacke that was graving and no fortune. What is that was graying and no fortune. What is he thinking about? Not wife and children?

ne thinking about? Not wife and children?
They say that, whereas a woman forgets all other men in the maternal possessorship of one, a man remembers the woman who has been dear to him and is not his. As the sixty-thousand-dollar orchestra plays Un Feu d'Amour maybe he is thinking of that early love and wishing he might steal a hurried whisper with her—just to say. "Helfo, little girl!" and to ask with tense excitement: excitement:

Are you happy?" Un Peu d'Amour! If his wife hears it she gives no sign. She is looking, her heart in her eyes, at those three children of the Baronesa de Vonne, with their and-faced nurse.

onesa de Vonne, with their and-faced nurse, now sitting at a round table—the little tod-diers with their hare, chubby legs sticking straight out from their gold chairs and their faces circled in mugs of milk.

That youthfulness in herself which she once lamented—the youthfulness for which she begged a mate—is hers to trouble about no longer. The cushioned folds of middle age have closed over her girlish outline and her cheeks are lesner than they were. The success that has endowed her husband with a persistent youth has accorded her no such a persistent youth has accorded her no such beneficence—so unfair is time in its dealings with women; but in the happiness of what she has gained her mind reflects not on what she has lost.

hey do not rem Buttoning up their fur coats they make for their limousine, their minds intent on their larger, living interests miles away up the placed Hudson, as they nod their course

between howing men in livery. With so much of hig, personal history behind these two, only the obvious occurs to those industrious tea drinkers who form a lane of searching eyes through which they

"Curious that she should let her figure go that way!" "Twenty millions - you've heard that name before president - genius for financiering! Wish I were half as rich as he is!" Such are the comments.



Every thinking merchant does or will offer a complete line of Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch Union Suits.

The kind men know how to recognize by the smooth, single thickness of cloth throughout the crotch.

Write us for information if you want to increase your urgon sunt sales...

We make every good, wanted style, weight and quality.

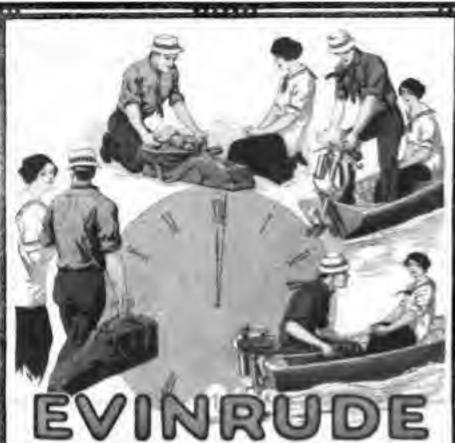


Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch Union Suits

Retail at \$1.00 and up to \$18.00 a suit. Alterra comfortable - All ways.

COOPER UNDERWEAR CO.

Originators, Patentees and Manufacturers Kenosha, Wisconsin



The Best of Summer Pleasures —Yours in One Minute

Any rowboat, yours or a rented one, may be turned into an eight-mile-an-hour motor-boat in less than one minute if you own an

Evinrude Detachable Rowboat Motor

It attaches to rowboats of all shapes and sizes, canoes and duck boats; starts with one-twelfth turn of the flywheel and is so simple to operate that women and children may enjoy the pleasures of "Evinruding". Besides its many other attri-butes the following exclusive features are most noteworthy:

The Only Portable Motor with a Built-In Reversible Magneto

The Evinrude Magneto is built within the flywheel and in that manner is protected from all injury. It has no brushes, bearings or commutators to wear out and is not affected by rain, waves or even complete submersion.

The Only Portable Motor with a Maxim Silencer

We can now supply special Maxim Silencers for 1913 and 1914 "Evinrudes". The Silencer eliminates practically all noises. No similar motor can use the Maxim Silencer as it is an exclusive "Evinrude" feature.

The Only Portable Motor which Does Not Require a Rudder

The propeller turns freely in either direction to steer the boat. There is no rudder to become entangled in the weeds, fouled or damaged by rocks and driftwood. The propeller turns the boat within its own length.

The Only Portable Motor with a Compensating Steering Device

The tiller is controlled by a shockabsorbing, Compensating Device which allows the tiller free range in either direction and permits steering without the exertion or atrength. which is necessary with a rudder.

The Roosevelt Expedition, the Stefansson Expedition and other important parties of explorers are using the "Evinrude", while throughout the entire world those who love the water are enjoying the thrills and pleasures of motor boating with any ordinary rowboat. The "Evinrude" is on sale at Sporting Goods and Hardware Dealers everywhere. Have you seen it?

> Evinrude Magneto Motor, 2 H. P. \$80.00 Evinrude Battery Motor, 2 H. P. \$70.00





People like these are very occasional visitors. They take so little interest in the diversion of the place that they leave just as regular patrons are assembling. Know ye that everybody in New York does everything as nearly as possible after the manner of everybody else. It is, therefore, estab-lished to be little short of outrageous to take tea before four-forty-five. Only inclegant visitors from the Corn Belt do that.

The hour approaches when one has to stand in line. A white-mustached gentle-man in a Prince Albert coat leans against a marble colonnade at the entrance and asks all comers when they got back from Europe.
To some he answers: "Wretched chef on
that boat!" To others, especially the
young women, he replies, looking at them
and patting their hands: "My dear, you
were fortunate. The cuisine on that boat
is excellent!"

A small stripling of a youth comes along, dressed as if to represent a grown man. His yellow hair is plastered close to his delicately small head. He wears the regulation man-of-lessure afternoon suit rather short-coated, loose and tremendously well set. A chit of a girl is with him, whose dimples smile a proclamation that she is not more than fifteen and that in three years she will be well placed matrimonially. She strolls on as the older man asks of the

younger:
"How's your father? When I knew him
he was at it pretty hard."
"Only tolerable," the boy answers, stopping with well-bred decorum to accord a wrigin amount of time to a generation that paming.

Courtesy demands that the older man should have what moments he desires. The younger hears him through an anecdote of which the father in question is the central

figure.

"He stays downtown all day," the boy continues, "and then goes to bed at nine o'clock. We see nothing of him. It's his

There is a certain degree of sobriety, of correct regret, in the statement, and yet it is infinitely patronizing and incidental. He passes on to the more serious business of recovering his young girl and getting tea.

The Count and His Buildeg

Among others arriving are the Count de Among others arriving are the Count de Something and his buildog. They have just been striding up the Avenue, the buildog carrying the evening paper in his mouth. However cold it may be the count is without an evercoat: and he does some very lancy figures with his walking stick, held between the fingers of his bright yellow gloves. On arriving he is immediately surrounded by a bevy, a group—no, a coterie—of extremely chatty ladies, who laugh a great deal and say: deal and say:

"Are you de-end? I am just simply de-end! Everybody is going so hard I should think they would all-just-be-

These ladies are divided socially into those who call him Jack and those who are restricted to the more formal title of count. There is an almost impassable gulf between them, yet each is intent on her own fell pur-pose, which is that of marrying him either to herself or to her daughter—this, too, in spite of the fact that the count has had one matrimonial esperience in America which was not altogether fortunate, his father-inlaw having kicked him downstairs for a lazy lout, a fortune hunter and a foreigner.

Some—among whom is the count—insist there is much to be said on the other side, and that he was unfamiliar with the cus-toms of our country. He has now con-cluded that he prefers our home of the brave to his own more formal nation, and he is engaging in business, with the aim of mak-ing an American of himself. Thus far he matches up very well with the residents of our most unrepresentative city and can only be distinguished from the throngs round him by the large stir he makes. The lady with a leopard coatdrawn closely

The lady with a leopard coat drawn closely round the loins slides through the revolving entrance doorway. Her eyes are touched up to slant a little and she walks with a tread premeditatedly feline. Likewise are present the three schoolgirls, tall as young matrons, a curl over their shoulders, who swung up the Avenue daugling their books at the end of a leather strap. They are free—oh, so very free!—In their gait, in their laugh, in their assured enunciation.

There is also the very small dark necessity.

There is also the very small dark person. practically snuffed out by her low-lying mushroom hat, who stands under a palm

Preachment on Tailoring

of Indianapolis

N a Summer Suit for out of doors the line of demarcation between shapeliness and shapelessness is thin. The absence of superfluous lining necessitates the presence of vitals-deep tailoring to ward off "that hangdog look" due

to the crumpling and sagging of solt fabrics, as Flannels, Serges, Homespuns and Tropical

A Summer Suit is the crucial test of every tailor. Its style must be patiently and painstal. ingly needled into the should soften and "smartwear, like a fine glove and rebound over night from its creases.

Worsteds.

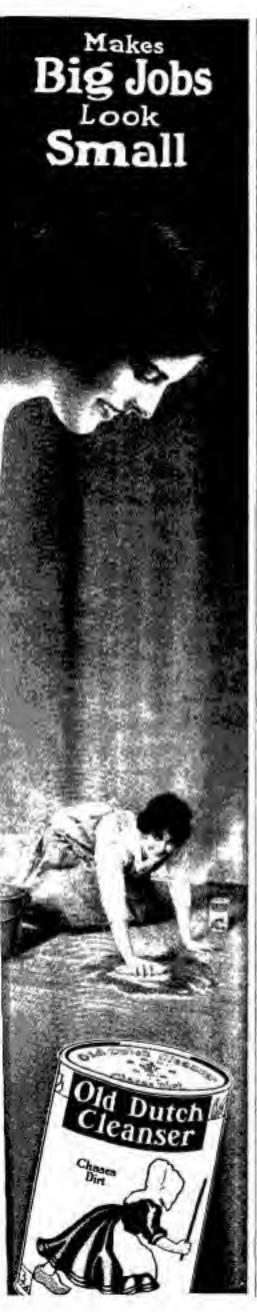


Kahn-Tailored - Clothes \$20 6 45

are created in the largest institution dedicated to merchant tailoring under one roof, by tailors who have never plied a needle on any but "custom" garments. Their shape is everlasting, because it is put in by hand, not pressed in by machine. Their style is custom" style - unmistakable any time, any place, even to the casual eye.

Sketched here is a fashionable Three-Button, Patch-Pocket Lounge Suit for Summer, It's soft, simple, "smart". Let our Authorized Representative in your town measure you for a Suit like this. or for any other style-thought shown by us or imagined by yourself, from any of our 500 "custom" fabrics. Go to him to-day lest it slip your mind. Our seal, reproduced below, is in his window.





tree, facing a mustached gentleman in a furlined overcoat, and turns on him her brown gaze, like a warm light from a fortification. gaze, like a warm light from a fortheation.
There is the taller, strictly tailored girl,
with regular features, who makes a point of
wearing heavy bunches of white algret hat
trimmings, now that there is a restrictionon them—just by way of showing how an
American girl laughs at laws.

All tastes are respected at the favorite

teareom and a place is provided for those who prefer neither to see nor to be seen. Purallel lines of palms trace a lane that opens into a clearing behind a forest of rubber plants interspersed with flowering, potted things. It is set with Marie Antoi-nette couches and tables, which are watched over by sculptured bits of outdoor statuary

looking down on one.

Churming place that in which to get one-self engaged—or free! Un Peu d'Amour is self engaged—or free! Un Peu d'Amour is given by request. The big, dark man, with hair parted deep on one side—he who sits in the palm forest with the amber-shaded lady—asked to have it rendered. He is from a Pacific Coast state, and every two or three months, when he comes here, he requests it. His mission in crossing the continent is always the same. It is to see the lady of the brown hair and the amber ever—matched by a jeweled chain of his eyes—matched by a jeweled chain of his choosing—whose mellow roundnesses flow into the soft curves of her velvet and furs.

Every year for five years he has crossed the continent quarterly to see her—at Christmas, on her birthday, in midsummer, and on another little anniversary observed just hetween those two. Each occasion was marked by a gift—a strand of pearls, a ring, a gold vanity case. Once she audaciously takes out the little implements of it, with which the newdown her reserved. which she powders her nose, rouges her lips,

which she powders her hose, rouges her ups,
runs a pencil across her eyebrows. Wriggling in his chair, the hig man petitions:
"Don't do that, Laura! Why can't you
fix up at home?" She laughs a taunting,
amused, rippling laugh; and he looks at her
with eyes that say: "Well, whatever you
do is all right anyway."
Why, then, are not these two wedded?

Why, then, are not these two wedded? The lady is not free. A brute of a husband threatens her with death and scandal if she stirs away from him. And the geotleman, her respectful devotes, has a large political path to blaze in that Western state!

The Reign of the Maxine

They talk it over right here in the vapid, pleasure-seeking tearoom—this important matter of how to dispose of the remainder of their lives. They decide to bide their time and guard their secret, thinking themselves

and guard their secret, thinking themselves securely isolated among a throng of these interested in every scattering thing.

"My dear," says the girl at the next table, while the orchestra plays Un Peu d'Amour and the lovers arrive at this large decision, "she wears them so tight; but I do say she is a beautiful woman!"

Yes: the crowd takes what remove to

Yes; the crowd takes what comes to hand for mental occupation and the lovers are inconspicuously uninteresting. Still, they have trusted too far to the mental indolence of tea drinkers. Some of them probe their own investigations minutely, among whom is that eminent authority on scandal, that old woman with the bulldog jaw;

and she has their story.

If this article were not about tea drinking proper a good deal might be said about the tangoing that goes on at the ten hour. At four o'clock the tired business man says: "My nerves are all unstrung. I need recreation." He calls up his wife to go with him for a cup of tea.

The place to which the limousine winds but short force of habit is the home of the

by sheer force of habit is the home of the dance. An area six feet square is therein dedicated to the preparation and the serv-ing of afternoon tea, while the handsome, big reception rooms are given over to two

orchestras and every variety of tango step.
At present the Maxize is absorbing poptention, its ideal being to expe emotions in an abandonment of rhythmic movement. This endeavor is engaging the efforts of the tired business man in the name of the cup of tea, which he swallows in the moment after the first orchestra stops

and before the second begins.

Mammas are troubled about their sons; employers are trained about their young men-cierles because they paus their golden hours indancing. At four o'clock in the afternoon they dip and whirl and glide. So do they, however, at eleven in the morning, as well

as at eleven at night. No waiter from a cheap restaurant could hold a position in a popular tea place unless

Three "Onyx" Days

APRIL 20th 21st TUESDAY

The "ONYX" DAY Offerings will consist of the Top-Notch "ONYX" Numbers, Advertised for Years, and known to dealer and consumer alike as the very Cream of "ONYX" Qualities, such as will establish a Broader and Better Relation with the Public than ever before.

We surely are going to celebrate; It will be a Most Memorable Occasion, the Greatest in the annals of







SELLING IN AMERICA

A Much Wider Range of Styles has been selected which will include the Wants of Every Member of the Family

READ CAREFULLY THE DESCRIPTIVE LIST BELOW:

H 248 - Women's "ChiVK" Medium Weight Cotton; Full Fashinard; "Dub-t" Top; Bandurup Hed, Sule and Top; Black unity. Our Regular ptc-2 for \$1.00 Value. "UNYX" DAY Price, 25e per pair

409 KK, Black | Women's "ONYX"

\$02 SW; White | Medium Weight Sitk

403 S; Fan | Lake; "Doubles" Hed
and Toe; 'Dub-' Top and Reinforced Sole.
Frete and Locks like Silk but wears Better.

Repular toe Value.

ONYX DAY Price. 3 pairs for \$1.00

E \$79 : Black | Witner's "ONYX" Finest 962 5 : Walter | Gauss Lide, "Dubd" Top, High Spitted Heel and Spitted Sole and Top. CNYX" DAY Price,

H 366 :--Women's "ONYX" Game Weight
Liste; "Dub-1" Top; Iligh Spliced Hest and
Spliced Seite and Toe; Black, White and Tan.
Regular 3xc--3 for 3t.co Value.
"ONYX" DAY Price.
25e per pair
66071.--Women's "ONYX" Bost Silk with
Lists "Dub-1" Top; Resultered Heel. Sole
and Toe; Black, White and Tan. Regular 50:
6 75c Values. & yee Velues

"ONVX." DAY Price. 3 pairs for \$1.00 120 Mr.—Women's "ONVX." Esten Sice Me-dium Weight Silk Links: "Dub-1" Garter Top, and Double Spliced Hers, Sole and Toe, Black only. Regular sec Value. "ONYX" DAY Price.

Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk; a Fine Medium Weight in Black only; "Dub-i" Garter Top of Silk or Lisle; High Spilced Red and Double Sele of Silk of Lisle. Regular \$1.35 and ONVX" DAY Price. \$1.00 per pair

For Men

E.225: Men's "ONVX" 5th Liste in Black only. "Doubles" Heet and Toe. Spliced Ribbet Top. Spliced Heet, Sole and Toe; in Black. Tan. Navy, Grey, Purple and Smoke. Regular soc Value.

"ONVX" DAY Price. 3 pairs for \$1.00

520: Men's 'ON'YX' Finest Pure Sik; Medium Weight, Remisered Hed, Sale and Toe; Black only, Regular St. to Value.

'ON'YX' DAY Price.

\$1.00 per pair

For Boys

B1273: Boys "ON'N" Medium Weight

Dub-1 Weig: Ribbed Cotton in Eleck and
Tan; Same 6 to 10; Hers Boys Hose of its
kind in America. 25c per pair

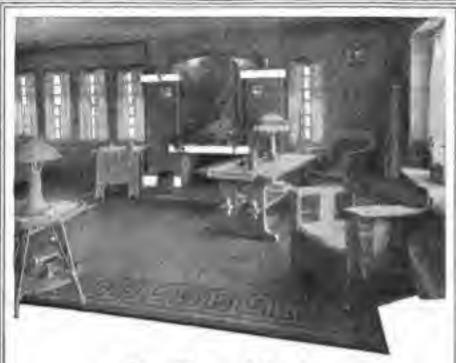
X 46: - Miness "ONYX" Medium Weight.
"Dated Wear" Links: Fine Ribbed: Black and Tun; Sizes 5 to 10; Best Miness' Hose in America.

25c per pair

Look for your dealer's announcement in the daily papers on this date, April 20th, for full particulars, and if you cannot get service at the dealer's from whom you always buy "ONYX" Hosiery, write us, Dept. E. P., and we will help you

Wholesale

Lord & Taylor



The Rug of Todayand Tomorrow

Madam, this is the rug you have waited for -a satisfactory answer to your demand for a beautiful, durable, sanitary, convenient and inexpensive Floor Covering.

Look at the picture and see how the Deltox Rug beautifies the room. That's the keynote of Deltoxharmony. From porch to attic Deltox is at home anywhere in the house - and it's reversible, practically two rugs in one. Especially suitable for porch use because dust and moisture do not harm the texture.

A cheerful and durable floor covering for the office.

The extra fine weave gives Deltox a flexible strength of body and a smoothness of surface that heretofore have not been obtainable in a grass rug, permitting the use of exquisite patterns and charming mellow colorings that add to the appearance of any room.

Always fresh looking because the dust filters through to the floor. Easy to handle-roll up the rug, sweep the floor, unroll the rug and the work is done.

INEXPENSIVE

And yet, madam, they are so very inexpensive - ask your dealer.

If your dealer can't supply you, his name and 10c postage will bring you a beautiful 18 x 18 inch sample Deltox Rug suitable for lamp or jardinière mat. An unusually complete and attractive booklet illustrating Deltox Rugs in actual colors and one-twelfth actual size as in use in many American homes showing artistic arrangement of furniture in various rooms, on request.



Oshkosh Grass Matting Co.

81 Adel Street, OSHKOSH, WIS.



he maintained a certain standard of deportment; for the men who serve are as cultivated in their way as are those served Sometimes one of the more gracious patrons speaks to them. "Oh, you have changed your table!" said a smiling matron. But the waiters do not encourage that sort of thing.

Every man has charge of three tables and he has assistants to the number of three or four. His rank is designated by a uniform ornamented with brass buttons, while the assistants' servitude is designated by a white apron. He presents no menu card when he saks for the order. As his client mentions whatever is in his mind the waiter writes it down and turns the blank over to one of his menials—not churlishly, but with, say, such a designation of difference in rank as a fashionable woman uses in addressing another of her own wider set who is a notch beneath her.

As the servitor returns the waiter takes from him the baby sandwich muffled in its

white napkin and serves it, at the same time placing the tea on the little table for the presiding lady to dispense at will.

The party once finished, he hopes most ardently that they will depart, for, however long they remain to watch the speciacle of the aftermoon, his tip remains about the same. Still, he does nothing so ill-mannered as to glance in their direction or to display in the distance their check. If they signify that they really wish it he again dispatches one of his menials to have it added—he all the while pacing sentinel-llice along his avenue of territory.

One day a brave young American woman went against custom after having taken tea at the favorite room for a year, and she sent for a hill-of-fars. She got up her courage suddenly at the end of her afternoon por-tion. It took half an hour to find one. When it arrived she discovered it to record cinnamon rolls, the presence of which she had never easpected. She forthwith ordered some, they being her favorite dissipation.

A Comprehensive Order

The waiter indicated no anxiety over the situation, though she gave him but her customary tip for occupying his table during twice her usual length of tenure, the incident resulting to him in an accrued less of at least a dollar.

Three women and a man from the West not only asked to see a bill-of-fare, but when one was unearthed ordered amorted sandwiches. That is what the menu says: but what it means is that you may have any kind of sandwich under the sun-that there is a greecry store right in the kitchen, from which anything may be secured, however freakish and uncommon the order—even to ham. This was exactly what the group ordered when it caught the idea. The waiter, instead of humiliating them by explaining a point in Manhattan formality, merely inquired again:

"What kind of sandwich do you wish,

madam?

The hortess, who was quick, caught the suggestion and ordered the only kind prevalent in her town. After the party cimirely eaten their way through the bill-offare, ably assisted from course to enurse by the waiter, and after they had remained for some time to watch the display, the man of the party rose and with elaborate abandon laid ten cents on the white cloth.

The waiter bowed a "Thank you, sir!" with the same remote gravity he had on the day previous accorded the seventy-five cents which was laid on that same table. None but a really his character could

None but a really big character could maintain itself in such a situation as that.

Still, this is not a disquisition on waiters. but on the idle practices of the idle rich. It calls attention to a recent tendency in American habits, to an allowance, on the part of the most overworked of all our people-the successful business man and his socially prominent wife of an hour of leisure in the daytime. It invites specplation on the possible outcome of the

Will it extend to the other classes? Will it be accepted by our industrial system? And if so, will it prove a benefit or a blight? What will the tea bour be like when Ameri cans settle down into an unexcited acceptance of the ceremonial?

At present they keep up their mad ob-servance of it until the sun sinks behind the ibrary, leaving a wipe of scarlet in the western sky, and Maria Theresa's little pile of invisible hairpins is reduced to two Then everybody grabs up veils and sables in a mad rush bomeward to dress for dinner.



BRACTY AND ESSE WORKHAMBED fresh are mident in this office of The Wiscomein Agriculturist, at Racene, Wes.

LL who intend to build or remodel should consider BEAVER BOARD. It has 41 advantages over lath and plaster for walls and ceilings. In eight years it has become a standard building material almost as staple as brick or concrete.

Write today for free booklet, "BEAVER BOARD and Its Uses," painted sample and full information.

The Beaver Board Companies

United States: 279 Braver Rosel, Buffalo, N. Y. Canadar, 479 Wall Sa, Braverdale, Ontawa Great Beliain: 4 Sorthenmon Rose, Lordon, W. C. Australia: 559 Queen Sa, Molbourn, Victoria

BEAVER BOARD WALLS AND



Buy By This Label



(This Label on every garment)

For Man—For Boy

u get real coolness, comfort, quality, in halmers "Porosknit"-Guaranteed. But sure it's the GENUINE. It is imitated dely, but duplicated never. Buy by the It's your protection.

are what are "The Things a Count in aumitter underwear. a make some comparisons. rali see esty none may duple-= genome Chalmers "Purcswally, lightness, coolness, derability, comfort. WANTED THE ..

mostigate. Then yew can V you'll accept imitations.

Union Suit Comfort

any genuine Chalmers hednit" Union Suit. Turn it io out. Notice how strongly its sum is reinforced throughout. or co-double-scamed by cover-Note that there are no some flaps to gape open. to the fabric. See the estra le carounding each ventilating bee, with the lock-stitch, anrayeling.

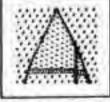
The Elastic Seat

" | be "stretch" in all knit to bentirely one way. Observe

1 to angular in a thirhack 4 Chalmers knit" to bow this a diabric is wised. It

FED site to

59



fabric is reversed in

I is is liastsome Book of All Styles Apy Style 50c 25c time guaragens.

III HEW I'nion Suits Any Sayle 1.00

FOR BOTS 50c

This ruman full electricity in the seat-up-and-down- a+ well as acress. It gove not every turn on bently with no real, as balo no show. Therefore you have

Both Fit and Ease

Blure and le no "slavi wunder." feeling -no "cutting in the crotch."

Chalmers "Poroskoit" Union Suits step buttoned while on. They do not gape between the buttons. The Closed Crotch is comfortable. It fits. It stays put.

Softest of Yarn

The soft yarn we use is the finest of long fibre, combed.

We have been told that the yarn is better than it need be. That we could use less costly combed yarn. That we could pocket thousands of extra dollars each year. That the yarn would still be good enough. That we could "get away with it."

True. We might. None might realize the difference but ourselves.

The Extra Quality

The same careful workmanship could be employed in finishing sach less-good yarn -and Chalmers "Porosknit" would still fook about the

Yet-the durability-the nearwould suffer. Something would be lost in softness and elasticity.

So -we take no chances with the abitity - no spike with the catab-Ished Chalmers,"Peneduit quality.

'Tis Unseen Quality

Socia the shades in superiorry post statement was. After there accounts for the numbers or single-are Chall nurs "Poroskou" They explain the untailing article tion. They meen unvarying renders. They cause the wide demand.

Such is the "finisher" spolingthe same country on Chalmers. "Promiser."

Criafones "Penedant remails to off styles for man, his buy

Open in texture, and of soft, absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration. Your pures breathe the treeded air.

The yarn's softness eliminates. irritation of the skin.

Note This Point

Many men and boys merely ask for" Porosknit" - and get imilations. That's because they fail to look carefully for the genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" label (sewn in the garment) and the Guarantee Bond. Be age they never have worn the genuine-and in that way learned the difference.

"Looks" Not All

Those who get instations that merely look something like Chalmers "Poroskast" wonder why the coal is so popular.

Don't let that happen to sew. Buy by the label. For those who once wear Chalmers "Ponysknit" swear

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY

1 Bridge Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Union Suits, Fall and Winter Weight



You'll find this runner's face on the box top of Chalmers "Porosknit" atyourdealer's.



No-Limit Guarantee

Chalmers "Porosknit" is guaranteed unconditionally (a bond with every garment) as follows:

"If any garment bearing the genuine Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."

Insist that the actual label be shown you sewn on the garment. For none can duplicate genuine Chalmers "Porosknit"-none.

50

Macmillan's Best New Books

The Best Modern Novels

Here is what every lover of fiction has always wanted—the best of recent popular copyrighted novels by leading authors-great stories, every one of them — wholesome and entertaining — at a small price, within the range of the average purse. Illustrated. Handsomely bound. Decorated cloth covers.

Only 50 CENTS each volume

A Few of the Many Titles (complete list free on application)

BURNING DAYLIGHT. By Jack Lendon.
"Jack Loudon has outdone blustell in Burning Daylight." - Springfield Union.

ADVENTURE. By Jack London. "No reader of Jack London's stories need be told that this abounds with remantic and dramatic incident."—
Los Angeles Tribune.

THE COMMON LOT. By Robert Horrick. "A story of present day life, intensely real in its picture of a young architect whose ideals in the beginning store, at their highest, seatherfor than apertunit."

A KENTUCKY CARDINAL. By James Lane Allen. "A narrative told with make simplicity, of how a mail wine was devaced to his fruits and flowers and birds came in fall is love with a fair neighbor." - N. F. Terbane.

THE REIGN OF LAW. By James Lane Allem-A Tale of the Kentneker Hempfields, "A style as original and as perfectly finished as blawthorne's. Rich in the qualities that new lacking in so many movels of the period."

PATIENCE SPARHAWK. By Gartrade Atherton,
"One of the most interesting works of this bushing
mivelist."

MOTHER. By Kathleon North. "A charming story of family life. "Worth its weight in gold."—
Catholic Columbian.

FAIR MARGARET: A Portrait. By F. Marion Crawford. "A story of modern life in Lintz, visualizing the municipy and its people, and warm with the red blood of numeric and melatrane." - Photon Francisco.

THE HEART OF ROME. By P. Marian Craw-ford. "A story of underground invitation."

ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN.
"It is full of nature in many phases—of horses and
canadide, of the glory of the land, and the sheet
joy of fiving."—N. F. Tomes.

DAVID GRIEVE. By Mrs. Humpley Ward.

"A perfect picture of life, remarkable for its learner
and expreedingly success at character analysis."

MR. INGLESIDE. By E. V. Lucas. He displayed historiff as an intellectual and anisoting observer of life's faibles, with a feers characterized by inim-stable kindness and human.

KINGS IN EXEE. By Charles G. D. Roberts.

"The unther calches the sport of forces and so life, and the reside comes to have a presumal love and knowledge of our animal friends." — Rosses (Adve.

LOVES OF PELLEAS AND ETARRE. By Zona Gale. "Full of fresh leving and grown of style, a draught from the fountain of youth." "Outlook.

DISENCIANTED. By Pierry Loti. "It gives a more graphic picture of the life of the rich Turkish momen of today than anything than his ever been written."— Procedum Engle.

A FRIEND OF CASAR. By William Steams Davis. "There are many incidence so vivid, so building that they fix themselves in the meanity."

—The Buckston.

THE FOUR FEATHERS. By A. E. W. Masse,
"The Four Feathers is a first-rate story, with more
legitimente thrells than nay morel we have read in a
long time. "N. Y. Freel."

THE CONVERT. By Disabeth Robins: "The Unavers devices lead to the exploration of the suffrigid movement in England. It is a back not forgetten for any thoughtful made

A DARK LANTERN. By Elizabeth Rubins. "A governi and strain more. Engine in your which takes an essentially madees view of society.

THE JUSTICE OF THE KING. By Hamilton Drummand. Real the mary for the sake of the living, breathing people, the adventures, but many for the sake of the king.

The Best Books for Boys and Girls

Every boy, every girl, likes a good story. These stories by popular authors are among the best ever published — exciting, thrilling, adventurous tales - every one clean, wholesome, good for healthy boys and girls to read. Illustrated, Handsomely bound, Decorated cloth covers.

Only 50 CENTS each volume

Some Samples (complete list free on application)

THE HORSEMEN OF THE PLANS. By Joseph A, Altsheler. "A story of the West of indiana, of second, trappers, for traders, and, in short, of everything that in dear to the irregimation of a beality American boy."—N. T. Sas.

THE RAILWAY CHILDREN. By E. Noshit, "A delightful story, revenling the author's to knowledge of jurenile ways, -I he Nolom.

UNCLE TOM ANDY BILL. By Charles Major.
"A sthring story, bull of bears, Indiana and libition treasure."

AUNT JIMMY'S WILL. By Maket Orgood Wright. "Barbara loo written no more delightful book than this. Every child will love it."

A LITTLE CAPTIVE LAD. By Marie Boulah Dix. "The human interest is strong and children are sure to like it."

WHILE CAROLINE WAS GROWING. By
Josephine Deskern Barren. Only a province
letter of children, and a kernely groups factor of someon nature, could have given on a book the
thin."—Besies Harold.

THE SLOWCOACH. By R. V. Luran. "The record of an Emphis family's smelling two in a great old fushioned wages. A charming marrayer, as greated and original as its name. "Book News County,"

PICKETT'S GAP. By Homer Greene, "The story persons a picture of trath and home that comes full to Jave a vivid impression upon the trader." - Tutolo Black.

Complete lists of these books will be mailed to any address for the asking.

The books are well printed, on good paper, strongly and beautifully bound in cloth with decorated covers.

They are not cheap books, but the best books at a very low price.

You know the names of these authors and what they stand for. These books are for sale at 50 cents each wherever good books are sold.

If there is no bookseller near you, send 50 cents (stamps or money-order) to the publisher, and the book you want will be forwarded at once, postpaid.

The Macmillan Company

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Pocket Wireless

WHE dream of wireless telephony-that A a person will be able to carry in his pocket a telephone instrument and at any time or place call up a number and have a conversation - has actually become true in a limited way. Such pocket wireless telephones are in daily use in some European mines for communication with the surface and with other places in the mine.

Wireless telephony has been a complete success for some years for short distances of transmission; and in the short distances needed for use in one mine wireless telephony is as practical as wireless telegraphy. Instruments are located at convenient places in the mine, with wires already at-tached to pipes, rails, or some other means of getting a good electrical connection with the ground, and it is these stationary instruments that are depended on for most

In addition, however, portable instruments are used frequently. These weigh too much in he carried in one's pocket, and so are carried like a handbag. Besides these portable instruments there are provided for the officials pocket in-

struments that can send but cannot receive

When a message is sent all the stations in the system receive it; but in practice it has been found to work much like a party-line telephone, giving little trouble to the stations for which the message is not intended.

Pocket receiving instruments for wire-iess telegraphy are also appearing now. They are useful, of course, to only a lim-ited degree, for they can only receive and not send; and they receive only strong signals, such as those of near-by stations or government time signals.

Wheeling Yourself

ELECTRIC wheel chairs, which need no practice to operate, have now appeared as a salustitute for the push chairs common at seaside resorts. Pressing on a lever with the foot makes them go ahead; and the harder the pressure the faster they will go, though the top speed is not much faster than a walk. Removing the pressure on the foot lever puts on the brakes. The steering is done by means of an ordinary steering lever.

Why Orange?

ORANGE paint for street cars is now suggested for safety reasons. Investi-gations by the Montreal street-railroad lines to determine what color can be seen farthest, both on city streets and on country roads, resulted in a finding for orange.

Accordingly the company has adopted this color for its cars, both as an added preeaution for truffic on its single-track lines and as a means of enabling patrons and drivers of other vehicles on the streets to see the street cars as far away as possible.

Tempus Fidgets

HARRIS DICKSON tells a story of a negro who was in jail in Mississippi under sentence of death for murder. The prisoner had tried and exhausted all other means of obtaining a reprieve or a commu-tation; and at the eleventh hour, so to speak, he thought he would make a personal appeal for executive elemency. So he took his pen in hand and wrote to the governor.

The most significant part of his letter was

the first paragraph, which ran somewhat as follows:

"Door Boss: The white folks is got me in this jail fixing to hang me on Friday morn-ing — and here "tis Wednesday already!"

Hot Dogs of War

"SAY," said an eager visitor to Senator Ollie James, of Kentucky, "you can do me a good turn at the War Department if you want to, senator."
"What can I do for you?" asked James.

"Go down there and get them to give me the frankfurter privilege for them battles the Mexicans are fighting just across from

Like custom shoes in appearance but-

like no other shoe in the wonderful resilience and flexibility of sole that matches nature's purpose in giving spring and full freedom of motion to every muscle of your foot. The surest prevention of foot troubles.



Alte

in 1050. 1001. white "Snow Buch"

preciate the good appearance of an ordinary shoe, plus moccasin



Of soft Indian tanned Moose leather, unlined, with genuine Trot-Moc soles tanned by a special process that in-creases their toughness and strength and gives the flexibility that is the secret of their comfort. Less than half the weight of ordinary shors-cooler and wear longer.

For Men, Women and Children

Over 2,000 representative dealers throughout the country sell Trot-Mocs with the positive assur-snee of satisfaction.

All styles, regular or high cut, tan and white, with or without heels. If not at your dealer's write us.

Ashby-Crawford Co., Dept. B, Marlborough, Mass



Uncle Sam Uses Columbia Batteries Because Their Work is as Good as Their Name.

Insist on Columbia for every battery purpose. Get the

OLUMBIA

IGNITOR

DRY CELL

GENERAL IGNITION

Milloral Caroll

TILLAND ONLO

No. 6

CLUMBIA

GNITOR

DECEMBIA

CONTINUED TO STATE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PR enginea, autoa, motorboats, helia. phones, tractors, and every other battery use.

> National Carbon Company Cleveland, Ohio

Falmestock spring-clip binding posts at no entra charge.



rouged lamps that stand the racket on rough roads; to import that stay bright; the lamps that are made right; the lamps that are approved and used by ninesy-three per stat all Automobile Builders as a result of their own laboraty and service tests;

The embodiment of quality, efficiency, uniformity and

None guaranty of safety at night because each lamp is unlandized; made for every car whether gasoline or electric; None your car and any National Mazda agent will supply with lamps of correct brightness, voltage and style of base.

Convenience-Carton, singly, or in the handy compact lamp chest



Dr. Chan P. Stein north, the Master Engineer, recomments March lamps for efficiency, seem

The low priced lamps that pay for themselves after a very short period of use—by tripling the lighting value of your current; the lamps that by giving more light for the same cost have made all other types of home illumination obsolets;

The lamps that offer you the choice of many sizes and shapes, all with threefold efficiency, for every kind of fixture; the lamps that are rugged, fit any socket, burn in any position, don't discolor and use only one-third as much electricity as carbon lamps of the same candlepower;

The lamps for the most modest home or the most elaborate mansion; for stores, offices, factories and mills;

The only lamps that come in the Blue Convenience-Carton that opens the way to better light. Put a NATIONAL MAZDA lamp in every socket before you pay your next light bill and have more light.

For Scientific Lighting Everywhere NATIONAL MAZDA Lamps At New LOW PRICES

from pocket-flash to boulevard, from battleship to dining car, from to mine, for every socket everywhere, there's a NATIONAL MAZDA with a guaranty of quality. Every NATIONAL MAZDA lamp reprette results of researches in the best lamp laboratories of the world. Buy at the new low prices. Insist on seeing the name "NATIONAL DA" etched on the glass—and buy the original Blue Convenience-

Carton containing five lamps. Get NATIONAL MAZDA lamps at the store that shows them in the windows. Any National Mazda agent in any business center will give you information on the choice of proper lamps for every room and fixture in your home, or for any part of your automobile, or you may have free descriptive booklets on request by addressing any of our Divisions or

on or these labels marks a NATIONAL MAZOA.



Member of Society for Electrical Development "DO IT ELECTRICALLY"





The Girard Smile

When we mention the "Girard blend" we refer to a definite, important manufacturing method; it is not a mere catch-phrase, for cigars differ not merely in the quality of the tobacco but also as to the kind of leaf and the way different kinds are combined.

GIRARD

represent long and careful experimenting and the result yields a smoke which is mild but full flavored.

Girard cigars are made in 14 sizes, from 3 for a quarter to 20c. straight.

> Antonio Roig & Langedorf Established 1871 Philadelphia



MY SON

(Continued from Page 22)

It isn't much to our credit that a man who produced milk that kept this side of being a positive source of death to children should be looked upon as a local pioneer and daring innovator. To be sure this attitude wasn't peruliar to our town. Most pure milk elsewhere is advertised like some choice luxury and charged for as such. So are other foods. But the consolation that comes of finding yourself merely no worse than the other fellow is faint-hearted and

doesn't go very deep.

The boy, in spite of his failure to respond to all of Barney's suggestions, was enthusiestic. Don't make any mistake about that. He had always been a hard worker, putting his heart and soul into everything he undertook. In the contracting business he was the inspirer, while his partner, equally val-uable, was the man who worked out the re-sults in terms of dollars and cents. Dick was the inspirer of the contracting business, but in this new venture it was the business that inspired Dick. It roused all the good in him, which was the Ruth in him. It did what a profession often does for a man but what business too soldom It placed an interest outside himself above self-interest. He left a responsibility for the health of his customers as a good doctor does for his patients. In supplying them with good milk he felt also a keener sense of citizenship.

"Great Scott, dad," he said to me one

evening. "we sometimes catch our breath when we see figures showing the number of immigrants pouring into this country; but that's only the beginning. Every single one of those immigrant couples represents a future family. We ought to multiply the present figures by tenor twenty to get a realinstion of what a power in the land they're going to be. Now it's no more natural to try to stop them than it would have been to try to stop them convenient west of Missouri in the forties. The only other thing to do is to improve them. One way is to catch 'em as infants and help them to decent health."

In his small way the boy felt he was doing emething along that line. It shows the

broader outlook he was getting. We had him before the Pioneer Club that we had the before the Finner Cap that winter for two or three talks. The boy wasn't a public speaker. He had no natural gifts and was as scared on a platform as Buth was; but with the same spirit back of him that Ruth had be tackled the job like a man. It had come to be considered a public duty for every man in town to respond to a call from the club. When we found a man or woman doing anything nor found a man or woman doing anything particularly well in Brewster we had him up to tell the rest of us how he did it. And if there wasn't much pratory of the old political variety, if was surprising what good talks we heard. In every case we steped to a man dead in earnest expressing himself to the best of his ability, and I tell you these men got home to us deeper than many a trained speaker would have done.

So the boy took his place with the others and gave in detail the results of what he had accomplished during the first months. I think he made every one there understand the wide gulf between fairly pure milk and the stuff most of them were producing. Then he made them see the value of records and the difference between a good cow and a poor cow. He made them understand, too, the necessity for the sim-ple prevautions for cleanliness which it was within the power of a man to practice who kept only a single cow. The boy was in earnest and accomplished in an hour more than the agricultural departments had done in years at the expenditure of thousands of dollars. That isn't exactly fair either, for after all what the boy did was to interpret to these folks the things be had learned from the departments.

Then Barney followed and gave the other fe-the Little Italy side. Barney was a favorite with Pioneer audiences, for he had a dramatic way of putting things. He had that crowd alternately laughing and crying. And one evening he produced fat, chubby Giuseppe, Jr., and held the infant grinning

at the crowd.
"That's a Carleton milk baby," he de-clared. "Take a good look at him and then ask yourselves if he isn't worth a clean barn. And remember: it wasn't twenty-cent milk that did this but eight-cent milk."
That, after all, was the point that dis-

tinguished Dick's business from that of any



MOORE'S ready for business A the minute it's open. Starts in writing at the first stroke-and keeps on writing, too, smoothly and freely as long as there's ink left in the pen. For when a Moore is closed, the pen itself is pushed down into the ink-kept moist. Ink can't dry in the feed. And it's always ready to write-without coaxing.

Shuts up Bottle-tight

In the a Moore's the most satisfactory pen you ever seemed, because it writes just also way you want it is write. And closed, it's the safest pen you ever carried, land of many can't leak. Starts up buttle full of on the cap screen down—and the

i) a the kind of pen a map can rely on — does its work well, and desn't have to be "surred." I sak for the etyle you like at smoot may dealer s — or else-crite for raining showing 121 or be and sizes from \$2.50 up.

AMERICAN FOUNTAIN PEN CO.
Adams, Custory & Foster, Selling Agents
201 Successibles Street, Baston, Mass.

Noores wont leak





a point you may have missed

HE greatest

power loss with

which motorists contend is due to leaky, cheaply built spark pluga-compression leaks through or the charge is only partly ignited.

A cheap plug must be poor; a poor plug always causes power loss, over-heating and costly damage to engine and car.

BOSCH PLUGS

were designed so that the right plug could be had, so that power lusses, over-heating and other ignition troubles could be elimmated and so that the full power always could be obtained.

They are right and act right. Proof of this fact is in the showing made by Boscis Products. In the recent Vanderhilt Cup and Grand Prize Races, both winners and every car to finish used Bosch Plugs; also the Bosch Magneto. This was a gruelling test—more beat and oil and speed than you ever would require—but Bosch Plugs stood it because they are As Good As Boach Magnetos

Try a set in your car-the same plugs as used by the racers.

\$1.00 Each in U.S. from any dealer, or from Boach Service Stations or Branches.

"Locating the Spark Plug" tells what you ought to know about plugs-it's free.

BOSCH MAGNETO COMPANY 233 West 46th Street, New York, N. Y. 160 Service Stations in P. S. and Canada to some y

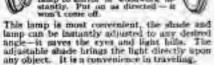




with its invisible clamp firmly holds this handy household convenience to the back of a chair, head of a bed, or any place where a good strong light is wanted. It will stick to a mirror or any kind of non-porous woodwork.



The picture on the left shows the invisible clamp which holis the lamp tightly to any object.
The picture on the right above the vacuum on the right above the vacuum on which fastens the lamp to entree it is woodwark in another. Fut an as directed — it wan I come off.



This is a new article, few deal-ers are supplied: if yours is not, SEND US \$5.00

and we will forward to you this lamp complete. If you are not satisfied, let us know at once, and you'll get your money back.

WIZARD ELECTRIC LAMP CO. 147 New Montgomery St.

other milk producer I know of. There's plenty of twenty-cent certified milk to be had for those who can afford it; there's some fifteen-cent certified milk. But as far as the parents of such as those of Giuseppe, Jr., go there might just as well not be any pure milk in the world.

The eight-cents-u-quart price was still an arbitrary price fixed by Dick. It wasn't by any means based on good business. And because it wasn't it disturbed the boy. Not that he was worrying so much because of selfish interests. He wasn't afraid of losing a little money; he could afford to lose. But that wasn't sound business. An enterprise founded on any such principle necessarily was weak. And the boy, you understand, was striving more and more earnestly every month for stability. The idea of perma-nency dominated him more and more. Here was to be an undertaking that should be associated with him during his entire life-time and with the name of Carieton after he was gone. He wasn't so much concerned with making a monument for himself as he was in establishing firmly what he believed to be an important and necessary public work. public work.

public work.

From Dick's point of view he was also visitating the spirit of his business if he was charging too much. A five per cent net profit was what he considered fair—this profit to be put aside in a separate account to the credit of the business. This was to be in the nature of a reserve fund. It had nothing to do with his personal account. He didn't use it even to include payment for his own services. for his own services.

Where the boy found time for it all was a marvel to some, especially to his city friends; but the explanation was simplicity itself—he got up at four o'clock in the morning. This gave him four clean working hours over many of his fellows. Then he had at least two more at the end of the day. The boy was leading two lives in one and doing it without strain. Day in and day out he was in better condition than ninety per cent of his business associates who didn't get up until eight and who spent the last few hours of the day in their clubs. He went to bed at nine, which gave him seven hours of sleep. And when Dick slept,

he slept.

The life of a galley slave, some will say. The life of a galley slave, some will say. Looking at it from the point of view of men who are preaching eight hours as work enough for any free and independent citizen struggling in the pursuit of nappiness, perhaps he deserved that title. But honestly you never saw a heartier or a happier galley slave in your life. And he wasn't in the alightest conscious of being a galley slave. The boy's life was full to overflowing with honest iow. He lived every waking hour honest joy. He lived every waking hour to the fullest, and got so much fun out of the work itself that most ordinary amusements seemed stupid.

Sometimes I wonder if most public amusements aren't merely a makeshilt for people not tired by overwork but based by too little work. I don't mean the arts—good music, good drams, good paintings - but the amusements that can't be classed under any of those heads and upon which millions of deliars are spent every year. The men I knew who go most to such things aren't by a jugful the freshest and keenest for life after them. To a man they are the growlers and yawners. So far as I've seen for myself, it isn't the ten-hour-a-day man who is discontented but the eight-hour-sday man. Of course the observation of one man doesn't count for much. Maybe, too, I'm growing older. I'd think so if with every year I didn't realize what a brave adventure life itself is; if I didn't feel that it's within the power of every man to live his own pleasures instead of hiring other men to furnish them to him.

Dick had his pleasures of a purely social nature, too, as all of us in Brewster have. There were dances and entertainments enough, and when there was anything especially good in the theaters in town Dick and Jane went to see it. But it wasn't often there was anything especially good.

There are some women who will think that perhaps Jane herself was bored. That's for Jane berself to say, but I shouldn't be afraid to match her life against that of those women who play bridge in the morning and who yawn over everything in the way of entertainment that comes to the leading theaters. Besides, it was along about this time that Jane found a new interest-an interest that in a normal woman dominates every other interest in life.

(70 RE CONTINUED)



American Gentleman Shoe Four to fix Dollars

OUALITY shoes with a style appeal. Styles for Beau Brummel and Uncle Billy. Styles for débutante and aged aunt-styles that please them all, because each gets exactly what suits-in kind, size, widthplus a quality that is not measured by the price paid.

Nearly half a century of shoe making experience on a gigantic scale makes such quality and style possible for the price. Buy American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes and get in on the ground floor of shoe values. You will rest assured of shoe satisfaction.



American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes are made in all styles, sizes and widths, from Narrow A to Wide E.

In nearly every place there is a dealer who sells American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes. Look over his line-Lady and American Gentieman Shoes. Look over his line—
if he doesn't have the particular style you want, he will ger
it for you in a few days' time. If you have any difficulty in locating bin, write us and we will tell you the name of the nearest Hamilton, Brown dealer.

Send for our Style Partfolio of Shoes. Free.

Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company St. Louis Boston

Fathy 4

For perfect dance



Mr and Mrs Vernon Castle, teachers and greatest exponents of the modern dances, use the Victor exclusively and superintend the making of their Victor Dance Records. DE TANY ANTH STREET

March E, 1914.

The superiority of the Victor & Victor Records is no apparent that Ara. Cantle and I after a thoroact trial of other sound repronegling instruments, have decided to use the Victor and Victor Records evaluatively at Greatle Rouse.

hrs. Cestle and I find the Victrola practically indispensable, while the quality of music it supplies during class work is on satisfactory that our pupils are as enthusias in regarding the Victrola as we are ourselves

I also take great pleasure in sameoneing that I have given to the Victor Company
the exclusive services of the Castle Roune
orchestra for the castng of dance records,
had also that I will personally superintend
the castng of Victor Dance Recogns.

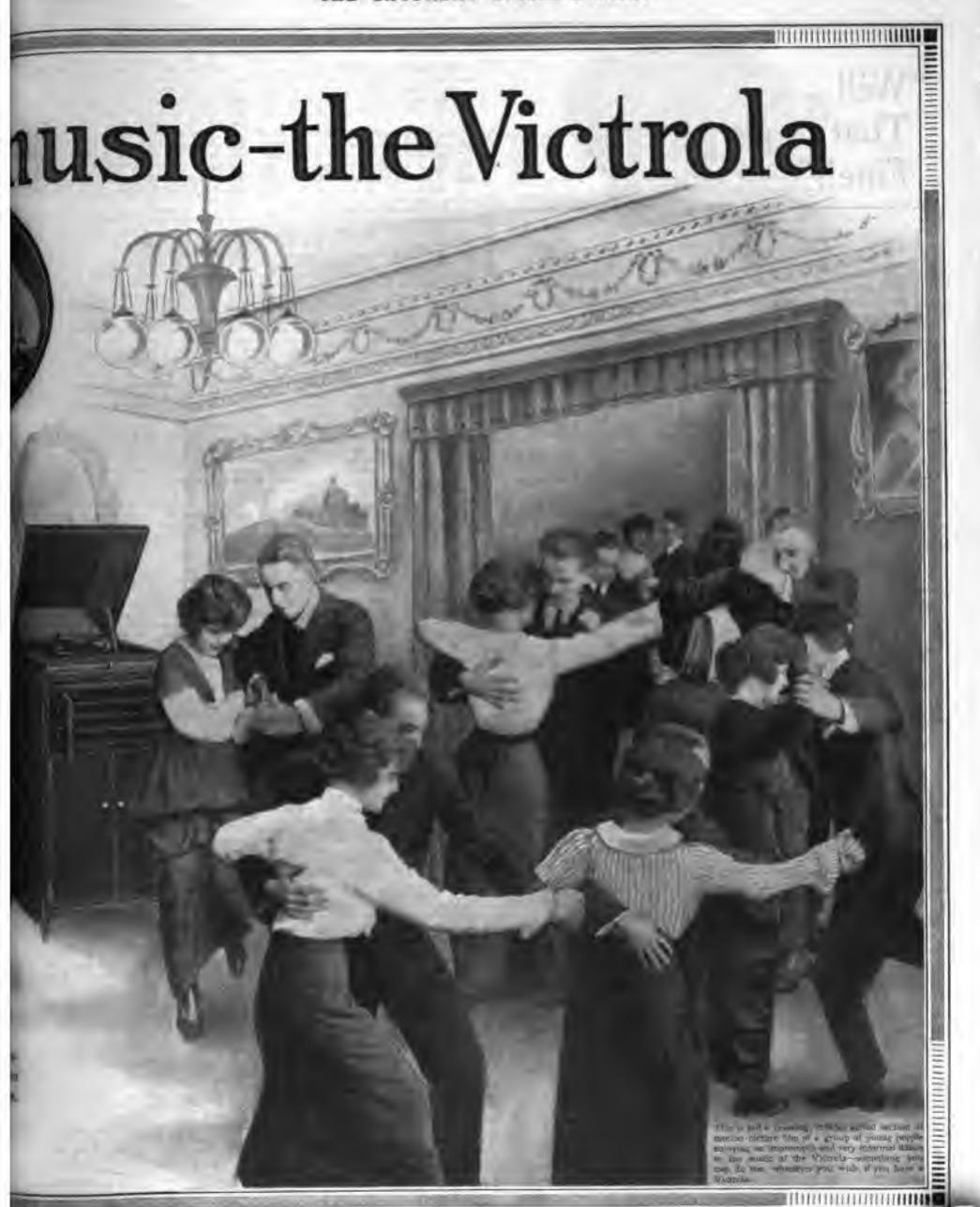
manual or water

Victors and Victrolas \$10 to Victor dealers in every city in the

Ask any dealer for book of instructions—how to dance tion, and tango—illustrated with 5 different photographs of Castle, and 288 motion-picture photographs. Or mailed dis

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.,

Seriner Gramquent Co., Muntral, Canadian Batelleitter



"Well That's Fine!!"



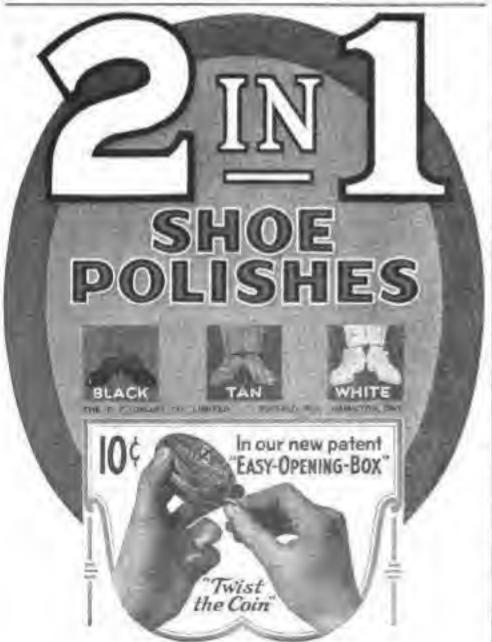
"HE best shaver and saver of them all" - so says the man who shaves with the Gem Damaskeene Razor - it overcomes the many difficulties often experienced in shaving with so-called "safeties."—The new Gem Damaskeene Razor, with a Gem Damaskeene Blade, makes shaving a real pleasure and real economy.

> GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR nutfit complete with 7 Gen Duneaheane Bluder, to mo-rocco case, \$1.00. At all up-to-date dealers.



One Dollar Outfit

Gem Cutlery Co., 210-218 Eleventh Ave., New York



The Jacksonboy

"Yes, that's it," said Benny, whom I must acquit of knowing what the word meant. "Maw don't find it very sociable here, and that's a fack. I guess she likes more life and go and tolking about the neighbors.

"But you like us, don't you?" inquired
Edith, much overcome at our social failure.
"You betcha!" ejaculated the Jacksonboy with a warmth that atoned for the
tragedy of our boring his mather. "I just
keep cointing all the days of the week,
hoping it will be Sunday soon."

As it happened, he did not have to count many more days waiting for it to be Sun-day. Bertha left us in the disconserting way suburhan servants often do when you have paid them their month's wages. You lay the notes in a red palm and five minthe afterward you are confronted with the problem of getting your own dinner. Benny rushed into the Berthaless breach and proved himself a perfect trump in help-ing Edith with the cooking and housework. More than a week passed before I could find the right kind of girl, and all this

time Henny hung about us in a manner that must have seriously affected his dog-ransoming, golf-ball-collecting profits. When I said something about paying him— it seemed only fair that we should—Edith blushed and remarked that she had ar-

ranged all that,
"Arranged it how?" I saked, thinking
she meant old clothes or boots, and rather dreading any inroads on my wardrobe.
"Ob, I am teaching him to dance," she

"Dance!" I exclaimed. "Dance!" "Yes; he is crary about it," said Edith, who was extremely food of dancing herself.
"You ought to see us do the Boston—it is simply remarkable how he has picked it up."

Now I did not object to dancing - beaven forbid!—but it came over me that Benny was already unsettled enough in life with-out our disturbing him alresh with the out our disturbing him afresh with the Boston. Honest toll seemed to me much more indirated than accomplishments, however graceful. Indeed, I was very much put out about dancing; it brought it home to me with sudden force that we might be buving a bad influence on the boy. There could be nothing more unkind than to make a parasite out of him—a jobless individual basking at our fire, playing our phonograph and dancing the Boston with Edith.

That night she and I had quite a serious talk about it, which ended in our deter-mining to find Benny a job and—what was still more important—irrep Benny at it.

As we had decided to put in a new furnace and heating system, and were there-fore on the most intimate terms with Mr. Updyke, the plumber, who was figuring on the matter, I thought perhaps we might manage to unload Henny on him as part of the contract: but it was harder to unload Benny than I had anticipated.

"That there Jacksonboy is n. g. all the way through," protested Updyke. "Why, I had a dog oncet -

It was the same old story, even to the collar; but I argued and persuaded and persisted until Updyke, who really needed a boy, as it happened, and was a good-hearted old fellow at bottom, finally consented to take Benny on six months' trial. He exacted some operous conditions however. I had to agree to pay him four dol-lars a week, which, in turn, he would hand to Benny as though they were real wages. At the end of six months, if the boy were "anny good at all, at all," the plumber was to keep him on and continue the four dellars a week out of his own pocket.

We were not so well off that we could afford an extra four dollars a week without some inconvenience and pinching, but in such a good cause it seemed solfish to be-grudge the money. After all, if it took only four dollars a week to plant a human brother on the ladder of independence, how could one hesitate for an instant? What were a few cigars and theater tickets in comparison with Benny's rescue from a possible life of crime?

We loved to dwell on that potential life of crime—it heartened us up so much about the four dollars. We drew lurid pictures of Benny's descent into the lowest depths of infamy and gloatingly followed him to the electric chair in order to say: "And for only four dollars a week we can make him a happy, prosperous plumber!"

The news that he was to be a plumber emed far less attractive to Benny than it did to us. He received it with a silent depression that was not a little wounding, and stared gloomily at his toes. I was goaded into lecturing him a bit, pointing out how hard his mother worked to support him and how much he owed her for a devotion he scarcely realized. I told him what a comfort it would be to him later on if he were in a position to support her in her old age and till her declining years with ease and joy.

Benny, however, only grew glummer and glummer; and afterward, when Edith said he might play the phonograph if he wished, he chose all the saddest, mournful-est, most hearthroken records we possessed and gave each of them an encore. Even Bostoning with Edith failed to raise his stricken spirits.

I was so provoked that I took him to

I was so provoked that I took him to task again; and when I had finished he stammered out;

"I'll wolk my hands off—never you fear, Mr. Gilbert. I know how good you folks are to me, and the awful trouble you must have took to get me this job—though maw will just have a fit at my giving up being a lawyer. It's that which makes me act so dopy and like I wasn't grateful—thinking of maw and how dreadful disappointed she will be."

Whether maw was disappointed or not in her imbecile ambitions, Henny certainly showed a most praiseworthy ardor in his new employment. Updyke told me he was "doing fine" and binted good-naturedly that he would soon let me off the four dol-lars a week if Henny "kep" it up." But keeping it up, alas! was just what Benny failed to do. In Updyke's picturesque vernacular the boy "lay down on it," and it was in this recumbent position, three weeks afterward, that he received his walking to be the property.

I was very angry with him and so was Edith, and for a while the Jacksonboy lan-guished in the outer darkness; but after time he crept back, penitent and hungrylooking, and lawn-mowed himself into our good graces again. Soon he was playing the phonograph and dancing with Edith as though there had been no interlude in

our relations.

Our relations.

Our second attempt to connect up Benny with the wheels of industry was through Mr. Fortnum, the grocer. Fortnum, whom I caught redhanded, so to speak, with Boy Wanted in his window, demurred and expostulated at Benny being foisted on him; but the four-dollars-a-week and six-monthsfree-trial arrangement was not without its appeal and was finally-though upenthusiastically-adopted.

asticully—adopted.

"You are wasting your time befriending that young scalawag," observed Mr. Fortnum with the air of a man who had made a bad bargain and was already regretting it. "I have known him ever since he was a little tad that high and, believe me, Mr. Gilbert, the only thing he is any good at is stealing dogs, I mind a little bull I had once, the pride of my wife's heart; and ..."

Benny took to commerce much more kindly than to plumbing, and went at it in such a brisk, whistling, basket-slamming way that his success seemed assured. But after several weeks, when Mr. Fortnum actually commended him to me, I confess I felt my first tremors of misgiving; for it was at this stage I had the most fear for Benny—the second-wind stage, when the novelty had worn off and the original impetus had lessened. I was only too well justified; for more groups Benny proporations. ustified; for, sure enough, Benny promptly ran down like one of those clocks you wind up once a month. He ticked to the last minute of the last hour of the last day—

and then stopped for a rewind.

It was all maw's fault, he said. He put
the entire blame on maw. Maw declared he was wasting his time and would not let him stay any longer at Fortnum's. Maw said he was nineteen now and old enough to "wolk" his way through the Columbia Law School; and would I please advise him how to go about it? Maw had sent him over to ask me that-how was he to work his way through the Columbia Law Schnol?

It was an exasperating situation and was made even more exasperating by maw's quoted references to Lincoln. If was even more exasperating still that Benny did not

seem to wish to be a lawyer at all and evidently had some glimmering of his own deficiencies. I took down a copy of Every Man His Own Lawyer and forced him to stammer and flounder through a simple

partnership agreement.

"That's what law is," I said as be finished, flushed and mortified, with the sweat
of the effort glistening on his brow. "It
wasn't railsplitting that made Lincoln
great—it was what he had in his head.
Your mother is like so many people—she
confuses the two."

"She's a daywood old fool!" said the Inch.

"She's a durned old fool!" said the Jacksonboy, with a frankness that left us some-what overcome. "She don't understand a feller must do the best he can with what he's

feller must do the best he can with what he's got."

"Precisely," put in Edith, delighted at such an unexpected gleam of sense—"though it is very wrong to refer to your mother like that, even if she is mistaken."

"That's why I am thinking of going on the stoige," said Benny, ignoring the reproof. "I have been thinking a lot lately of going on the stoige, for it would take me away from maw and her everlasting negging about Lincoln."

While Edith and I sat there stupefied, Benny produced a little newspaper clipping and proceeded to read it to us. It was the advertisement of a tenth-rate dramatic school, which charged sixty dollars for a school, which charged sixty dollars for a three-months' course and guaranteed sit-uations to promising pupils. Benny read it a great deal better than he had the partner-

n great deal better than he had the partnership contract and then, putting it away in
his vest pocket, regarded us hopefully.
"I could easy pay it back afterward," he
murmured. "It's something fierce what
actors make! Why, sixty dollars a week
ain't hardly nothin' to an actor!"

If I had not minced my words before in
adling Benny what I thought of him as a
possible lawyer, it was child's play to the
way Edith went for him now. I never saw
her so worked up. She was so angry that
her words could not come fast enough; she
held the mirror up to Benny and showed held the mirror up to Benny and showed him, in torrents of the most wounding invective, what he really was—an uneducated, uncouth, shambling, half-baked, conceited noodle, with neither the brains of a canary

noodle, with neither the brains of a canary nor the grace and dignity of a yellow dog!

An actor! The scorn Edith put into the word was shriveling. Henny an actor! She pulled down from the bookshelf a volume of Shaw's Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant, and chose a passage at random. "Read that!" she exclaimed in a paroxysm of contempt. "Read that aloud and just show us the kind of actor you are!"

The Jacksonbey, hunched in his chair as though being struck at from every side, burst into heartrending sobs. The disregarded book foil to the floor. As a scene in a play, with Benny himself playing, it would have brought down any house; but Edith and I were too enraged to see any humor in it. After all we had done for the young ass, after all our sacrifices and privations, to have him wanting to be an actor! tions, to have him wanting to be an actor!

tions, to have him wanting to be an actor!
Ridicule, irony and sarcasm heat on his bead like hall, and the more they beat the louder Benny sobbed. I washed my hands of him forever: Edith washed her hands of him forever. He was invited to rutire into the outer darkness and, so far as we were concerned, to stay there permanently.

By this time Benny had been so completely skinned that the only thing to do, metaphorically speaking, was to wrap him in a bianket and blow in his face. He was altogether repentant—childiship, tear-

was altogether repentant-childishly, tearfully, agonizingly repentant. He abjured his errors as pitifully as a medieval heretic up to his waist in burning fagots.

up to his waist in hurning lagots.

He had been talking like an "idjit," he quavered. He knew he was not fit to black a real actor's shoes and never would be. It was maw's fault for pestering him night and day about Lincoln. The "stoige" seemed to be the only way he could escape from maw—and Lincoln. He pleaded with us not to turn "agin" him and, with his eye on the beloved phenograph. [mulcred and on the beloved phonograph, implored and besought us in a hysterical crescendo not to turn again "agin" him.

Needless to say we did not turn against him. Crushed and bumbled as he was, it was impossible to turn against him. On the contrary we were greatly mollified by his abasement and hastened to discuss a new plan I had formed for his future. The taxicab era had just dawned; and one of my friends at the club, who was interested in this new business, had told me of the great difficulty he was experiencing in finding enough chauffeurs. He had also told me it cost only forty dollars to go through

the Y. M. C. A. automobile school. I had put this in the back of my head, with an eye to Benny if he failed to hit it off with ortnum.

So we talked chauffeuring with much gusto and enthusiasm, and with it peace descended on us. Benny revived and soon it was all settled that he was to go through the Y. M. C. A. school and learn to drive one of my friend's cabs.

It was a wrench to part with that forty dol-lars, for it deprived Edith of a new dress she had been counting on for weeks and saving up for, a dollar or two at a time; but the new furnace had cost us so much we had not a penny to spare and therefore I was forced to see her part with her little heard. It was tremendously generous of her to sacrifice it; for, to a woman, giving up clothes is like a man's giving up tobacco-only more so.

It was her own suggestion, too, which made it all the finer, and she never whimmade it all the finer; and she never whim-pered a whimper, except to say, "Oh, my darling boy, it is perfectly dreadful!" when I ventured to praise the old dress she had made over by Madame Pipin, the local dressmaker. Her words betrayed an inner suffering that would have entitled her to an angel's crown.

Meantime the Jacksonboy, who had to have a six-dollar commutation ticket, which came near breaking the camel's back, toiled

came near breaking the camel's back, toiled and moiled with admirable persistence, and returned at night almost too tired to dance. He was certainly learning all about engines, and proved it by taking the phonograph to pieces and oiling it, as well as reviving our electric bells and overhauling the surtisn-

The only fly in the cintment was maw, who still harped on Lincoln and disap proved bitterly of what we were doing for her son; but Benny, undeterred, went blithely on and in the fullness of time took his examination and gained his certificate. Instead of hanging about, waiting for me to find him a job, he borrowed a suit of my

clothes and went not and promptly found one for himself. And such a job! To drive a splendid, eleven-thousand-dollar im-

Park West lady named Miss Van Sickle!

How anybody in her senses could have intrusted such a magnificent car to Heony is beyond my comprehension! It must have been his heautiful blue eyes that accomplished this miracle—either that or the blind strend faith. blind stupid faith people often show in engaging servants; or it may have been Benny's engaging manners. Edith had done wonders for Benny and had carefully coached him besides as to how he was to act in applying for a situation

Anyhow, there he was, with seventy-five a month, a smart livery, free hed and quarters, and little to do except tootle the old lady round the park and hold a hag of peanuts while she fed the equirrels.

Nor must you think we had only Benny's

word to go on. There were cankering doubts in my own mind until one holiday morning Benny appeared with the car and, assuring us he had Miss Van Sickle's permission, took us for a forty-mile spin. It was the most stunning car I had ever seen—a great, shining, resplendent palace on wheels—and to sit there behind Benny, lapped in all this eleven-thousand-dollar luxury, was to think oneself dreaming dreams.

I might have known it was too good to last, however—Benny's job, I mean, not our one long glorious ride together. He quitted it through the glass erroen in front at the glad, wild hour of three A. M.

Oh, yes, it was the old story - joy riding, irls picked up at random, drinks all along the line, and a milk wagon across the prin-rose path. The eleven-thousand-dollar car flew into eleven thousand pieces amid milk and blood; and, though no one was seriously burt, it was a case of ambulance and hospital for all the survivors save Benny.

Once through the screen, he had apparently never stopped running until he reached us at daybreak and fell, breathless and gasp-ing, at our feet. While he lay on the floor and had a saucerful of glass specks picked out of him, he hesought us bysterically not to give him up to the police.

I was all for sending for the doctor and allowing justice to take its course; but Edith would not hear of anything except hiding Benny until the hue and cry were past. Having just lost Miss Gulespecwicz-called Maggie for short—we were in admirable trim to shelter a fugitive and afford him that aid and comfort which are so expressly against the penal code.

(Continued on Page 45)



Some folks say you don't need t' chase after a trolley car once you get it. But I say, look out you don't fall asleep after you get on, 'r you might just as well missed it. Similar with jobs. Jedgin' fr'm its uniform quality, the folks that make VELVET don't stop chasin' popularity after they've got it. They're hoein' away Velvet goe as hard as ever.

COME goods build up a big reputation and then Dive on it. VELVET has built up a big reputation and is living up to it.

The Velvet Joes that raise the Kentucky Burley for VELVET are "a-hoein away" to make good tobacco better. The Velvet Joes in the curing sheds and the factory are "a-hoein away" to make better tobacco best in VELVET, the smoothest smoking tobacco.

All the mild, full-bodied flavor of this Burley de Luxe is brought out, with an added aged-inthe-wood smoothness found only in cool, pleasant, slow-burning VELVET.

Be. Bags 10c. Tine One Pound Glass Humidors

> Coupons of Value with VELVET

Liggetta Hyara Tobacco Co.





(Continued from Page 43)

Heaven knows it was none of my doing that we kept him-I was angry enough to take Benny by the collar and drag him to the local police station—but one might as well argue with a lion as with a sympathetic lady who has once made up her mind; and when Edith said Benny was to stay. Benny stayed.

Wound round and round with court-plaster like an emblematic figure of Sing Sing, with his suffering form incased in my new baby-blue silk dressing gown, Benny was put to bed on the sofa, with a little bell at hand, which he was to ring if he wanted anything. I must say he did not want much except to be let alone. If ever there was a joy rider the worse for wear it was Benny!

When I got home that night he had chirped up enough to be playing the phonograph; and I was told—as though I ought to be preferred was told at the install.

nograph; and I was told—as though I ought to be profoundly gratified at the intelli-gence—that he had eaten two pounds of hot-house grapes. The next day he was up and limping about, helping Edith with the bousework; and she said he was so grateful that it brought the tears to hereyes—totter-ing and hurt as he was, yet so pathetically eager to recov us.

eager to repay us.

I refrained from making any comment on the number of cigarette stubs I found everywhere or on the ample supper he tucked away. It was impossible not to like the young scamp; there was something so whimsical and absurdly winning about him that one was attracted in spite of eneself.

Even our last farewell was most cordial, though he had overstayed his welcome and become a fearful nuisance. He was wholly cured by now and there was no reason why he should continue to be our guilty secret and keep us on tenterhooks of apprehension.

We gave him ten dollars, my second-best suit of clothes, a selection of my shirts and underclothing in a telescope basket, and ordered him to proceed to Philadelphia and join the army or navy. If Benny were to flee from justice we thought he might as well do it at Uncle Sam's expense and gain a little badly needed discipline and setting

a little badly needed discipline and setting up on the way.

We started him off one dark night with as many precautions as though be were an escaping safeblower; and I told him I hoped he would never step until he had reached Guam. Of course he promised to write from Philadelphia—and of course he did not. Our only communication from him was found subsequently in the top of the phonograph:

"I have took 1073, 2904, 2777, which I hope you won't mind, but cheap at the price perhaps to get rid of One who, whatever his faults, knows how Kind he was treated and will remember same to his Dying Day. God bless you, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert!"

As time went by and there came no word from him, Benny gradually faded from our recollection. Maw, too, disappeared unobtrusively into space and was seen no more. I wish I might say the increasing years brought me increased prosperity, but they did not. Edith and I jogged along the road of life like most other middling people, with a few kicks here and there to ginger us up and an occasional raise, which was always a little less than we expected—but I must not say a word against my firm, for when I got run down last year and was ordered by the run down last year and was ordered by the doctor to take a six weeks' vacation they acted with the most unexpected liberality.

Imagine my feelings when they sent me a check for a thousand dollars, with the nicest

check for a thousand dollars, with the nicest kind of letter about my sixteen years' faithful service and the high value they set on it!

We decided to spend the whole time in Paris, thinking it better to see one foreign place thoroughly than to race all over Europe; and no two kids let out for a holiday ever had a better time than Edith and myself. With all that thousand dollars and my pay still running on, we had money to my pay still running on, we had money to burn—and there is no place where one can burn it more pleasantly than in that beautiful, incomparable Paris; but, lavish as we were in a quiet way, I admit I got a shock when one day Edith twined her arms about me and asked very falteringly whether she might have a hundred dollars to "throw to the birds."

"I want to do an swfully extravagant thing," she said, hugging me closer than ever and speaking with a breathlessness that

showed how worked up she was. "And it isn't a dress, and it isn't jewelry, and it isn't stockings or gloves—but just some-thing I want more than any human being ever wanted anything in the world."

She gazed at me so wistfully that, of course, I said she might have all the money in the bank; but I was thunderstruck, nevertheless, at her wanting so much—for there never was a more careful, economical woman than Edith, or one who could make

woman than Edita, or one was could make a dollar go farther.

"It's the tango," she confessed, looking scared to death. "I want to take five half-hour lessons from Muñoz."

Muñoz! If she had said from the president of the republic I could not have been more overcome. In tango-mad Paris Muñoz was king — he loomed over the place like the Eiffel Tower. Why, they named suspenders after him; pumps, all sorts of things. I was wearing Muñozes myself and took a hitch

wearing Muñozes myself and took a nitch in them every marring.

"Muñoz!" I repeated helplessly. "Oh, my darling, there must be other teachers who could teach you just as well and do it for far less! Do you realize it is almost seventy-five cents a minute?"

"But it would be worth; "she protested."

There is nobody like Muñoz—nobody in the whole world; and they say he gives you a grace and perfection that no other teacher

a grace and perfection that no other teacher can come within a mile of. Then think of the preetige of being a pupil of Muñoz—you murmur you are his pupil, and people fall dead! And you would be the bushand of a pupil of Muñoz—think of that!"

I tried not to sigh as I counted out five

I tried not to sigh as I counted out five one-hundred-franc notes. It seemed a frightful lot of money, though Edith said that by the time she had taught the tango to me—the real Muños, drop-dead taught it to the Bubcucks lack home, and made them pay their half—it would work out as hardly anything a lesson, thus divided among the four of us. If her arithmetic seemed somewhat faulty her pleading, eager face was irresistible; and I told her to rush round to the tangery and get her name round to the tangery and get her name down quick for five appointments.

round to the tangery and get her name down quick for five appointments.

She came back almost crestfaller enough to cry. A horrid little secretary had informed her that Muñoz was engaged for three weeks ahead. As we were salling in two and had our cabin already engaged, you can imagine her despair.

"And he wasso detentable about it!" continued Edith bitterly. "Looked me up and down as though I wasn't good enough for his nasty old Muñoz—wasn't smart or important enough for such a tremendous honer! I suppose if I had had purple hair and a transparent dress, and had worn legmuffs, he would have passed me right in!"

With that she threw berself on the sofa and wailed out how unbearable it was to come three thousand miles across a fiendish ocean—and then raise the one thing you had set your silly heart on. Then I said:

"Why couldn't we go to that restaurant in the Bois where the paper advertised Muñoz to dance this very afternoon—ten francs apiece to go in, with afternoon tea extra at little tables."

Edith glancsel at the announcement and then brightened up wooderfully, though she

Edith glanced at the announcement and then brightened up wonderfully, though she

then brightened up wonderfully, though she was inconsistent enough to demur at the ten france. But she said that in Paris she supposed even a cat could not look at a king without being charged for it or having to buy a consensation for the privilege—a saucer of milk at least, or a lap of red sirup—and that it was an awfully good idea to go to the Bois—and wasn't I the dearest old dear for suggesting it!

It was lucky we arrived early, for the tables were nearly all occupied; and such of them as were not were mostly ticketed by grand dukes and baronesses, and all sorts of tiptop people. Twenty minutes later and we might have been with the scufflers outside the door, who were being held back by menials and rioting in a well-bred way at being refused admittance. There was an electric stir in the whole assemblage that showed better than anything the hold Muñez had over Paris—an air of anticipation and a curious indescribable are itement. over Paris-an air of anticipation and a curious, indescribable excitement.

Then the music struck up, followed by a sudden loud buzz, a craning of necks and the scraping of a hundred chairs, as a couCIANDARD

DEBRA

For 40 years

Stondard Varent

for floors

WORKS

the scraping of a hundred chairs, as a couple was seen advancing toward the cleared space in the center of the room.

There were cries of "Muñoz! Muñoz!" and a frantic handrispping, while Edith and I — No! It could not be! It was not possible! It was only a marvelous, an incredible resemblance! Those blue eyes: that shy, whimsical smile: that slight figure! "It's Benny!" gasped Edith, clutching at my sleeve. "It's Benny Jackson!"

I had risen from my chair, hardly know-

I had risen from my chair, hardly know ing what I was doing; and there was a jab-ber of resentment behind me as all the



YOUR home is judged by your floors. They are the stage setting for the other furnishings. If your floors sparkle with the lasting beauty of Elastica, then your home will radiate comfort, beauty and coziness.



Elastica Floor Finish is made for one purpose onlyfloors. For 40 years we have been solving floorfinishing problems with Elastica. This wonderful floor finish ends all floor troubles. It is mar-proof, spot-proof, heel-proof and "boy-proof,"

For Every Floor

Elastica is equally adapted to old or new floors, hard or soft wood, linoleum or oilcloth. Floor varnish is the most abused varnish made, therefore it want be durable. Elastica protects floors. Lasting floor satisfaction, and beauty is Elastica's record.

Get This Free Book

Our experts have written a great book entitled "How to Finish Floors." It is brimful of splendid floor-finishing suggestions. Every householder should have a copy, Write for one today - we'll send it with our compliments.

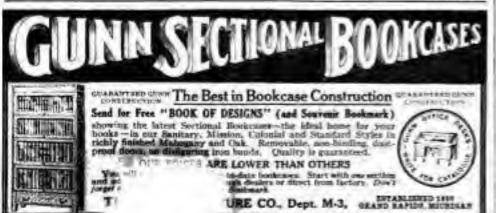
STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

Elm Park, Port Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y.; 2506 Federal Street, Chicago, Ill.; 113 Front Street, San Francisco, Cal., or International Varnish Company, Ltd., Toronto, Canada,

> Due Salandle - the perfect to the property

ASK YOUR DEALER





dukes and princesses and barons and baron-esses hissed and called out at me fiercely to sit down.

The hubbub arrested Muñoz's attention; his arm slipped from his companion's waist; his gaze sought mine-first in anger, then in amazement and dawning recognition. A moment later and I was almost appalled to see him moving toward us through the crowded tables, while heads craned and chairs scraped, and we found ourselves in the dizzy focus of five bundred pairs of staring

Yes, it was Benny all right—Benny, smil-ing at me like a long-lost brother—Benny, waving at me and uttering exclamations of joy. He clasped me in a French hug and patted my back; raught Edith's hands to his lips and saluted them as though he would never stop; said again and again that he could not believe it—no, he simply could not believe it! And was it not too wonderful for anything that we three should meet again

like that!

Our talk was broken and disjointed, as it could not fall to be—what with the orchestra banging away, everybody staring at us, and Edith and I scutely conscious of the limelight we were standing in. Benny wanted our address and we wanted to know how be had become Muñor; and somehow we would be talking of the old phonograph in one breath and of Buenos Aires in another, until Edith told him how Aires in another, until Edith told him how she had been turned away by his secretary. And he said: "Carassla!" She should have a hundred lessons if he had to throw out half of Paris! And would tomorrow do, at three? And might be send his car for her? "I owe everything to you!" he said, look-ing down at her and speaking with a little catch in his voice. "It isn't that I can ever repay it—but please let me try!" Before I realized what he was doing, he slipped off a superb diamond ring and forced

elipped off a superb diamond ring and forced it on one of her fingers; and then he pulled out a gold eigarette case heavily mono-grammed in brilliants and laid it beside my

plate.
"That's for stealing Robbie, and that's
for stealing his collar!" Benny cried out,
apportioning the gifts with a giggle of
recollection; and then he added, backing
out of reach before we could expostulate or
do snything: "The Jacksonboy will now return to the center of the room and tango for his thousand francs!"

Record Extremes

BIG records for talking machines, largely magnified from the original records in order to have a greatly increased sound, and also little records reduced from the originals in order to have a more delicate sound, have been successfully produced lately by a chemist with a method so ingenious that it is interesting in itself. Whether such records will come into regular was is a numerican though it would seem as if use is a question, though it would seem as if

use is a question, though it would seem as if there would be a large opportunity for them. The present practical methods of increas-ing or decreasing the sound of a talking machine are limited to using different kinds of needles and to horn or shutter arrangements; but all use the same-sized records as the original, as closely identical with the original as possible. This chemist sought a means of increasing the sound by sellarating the record. enlarging the record.

He found, first, that he could not make successful enlargements by a pantographthe apparatus commonly used in enlarging the apparatus commonly used in enlarging a drawing. The pantograph would record the delicate markings of the original record, but every tiny vibration of the instrument was also recorded in the enlarged copy; so that, instead of a pure sound from the enlarged record, it was possible to obtain only a sound bodly broken up with scrapings and other poises. and other poises.

He then took an impression of an original record in a mold of gelatin and suc-ceeded in getting a perfect print. The gelatin was then enlarged by hydration, which practically means that he snaked it in water until it swelled the amount he desired. Then, by putting it in another chemical solution largely composed of formaldchyde he hardened the geistin and thus had a mold for a magnified record. To make a reduced-size mold he followed much the same process; but instead of soaking the gelatin to swell it he dried it to shrink it. The chemist then exhibited the records made from these molds and stated that they were very free from scraping and other undestrable noises, having even less of them than the originals.





May We Send You Both of These?

FREE Book

"Household Helper"

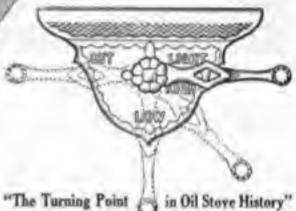
We have for you-FREE-an unusual and handsome book of recipes and household helps. It is a first aid to economy in these "high cost" days. It is FREE. Mail the coupon.

A Toy Stove, 16c (campa)

This we also have ready to send you: A toy representation of a Florence Oil Stove. Any child will enjoy this unique plaything. Tis a boon indeed for "playing house."

> Harmless - not to be lighted Again, may we send you but of these?





FLORENCE Oil Cook Stoves

"Look for the Lever"

hos. This heat changes the oil to gas. The holes in the claimney permit just the right quantity of oxygen (air) to enter. The mixture rises as burning gus—intensely hot— hotter than coal—infinitely butter than any other oil flame.

Each burner costs about one-bull a cent an hour. Very much cheaper than a roal range or gas. There are no plumber's bills for connecting and disconnecting.

In the Florence line you have - at last - the safe, reliable mil stove. The model pictured below retails at \$25. Others as low as \$5.

Florence Ovens with Glass Doors

You are your baking at any time without opening the oven. Cold air kept out until the baking is done,

The oven grates run from from to back, instead of lengthwise. Liquid pies or puddings slide in easily. No slopping — no spilling. Florence Ovens are full asbestos lined and rust proof, with arched roof - bakers' oven top, ensuring even heat.

Let us tell you the whole story about the wonderful Florence Oil Stoves. They are fully guaranteed. Send for either the Free "Household Helper," the Toy Stove, 16c in stamps, to delight the children — or both. Please use the coupon and he sure to give your dealer's name.

At Last-

The Right Idea in Oil Stoves

How can we make you-the millionth reader-realize the big significance of this story? For we tell you of the right idea in cooking stores. How can we make you forget unhappy experiences with other oil stoves? For you must forget. The day of balky, smoking, unreliable, sooty, greasy oil stoves is past. The dependable—the absolutely safe oil cooking stove has come.

DOGRESS demanded the automobile and it was pereried. It dermands the atroplane. That is being priected. The housewife sweltering over her at firty range—has cried out for relief. She is not in Florence Oil Stoves.

Not to a cold range - nor a dead, left-over coal and to a ready storve.

bee. Intensely bot—and blue. A few minutes later a resty, the much is cooked, the eggs are boiled.

ture of the lever. Your flame falls to a sim-ber. A half rurn. The flame dies.

" sum," you say, "but my old oil store always and scented and sooted up the whole house."

4 burner, high frame Florence Automatic



Certainly! Recause of an untrimmed or mised wick - a finoded humer - a worm-out valve.

that the Florence Oil Store has no suicks. There are so varies to wear out - nor clog -

Again you protest, "My old store never record to really heat up — the flame was half yellow and irregular." Imperfect combus-tion! The oil didn't gasify. Sufficient oxygen was lacking in the mixture.

Florence Oil Stoves change every drop of nil into gus. This is mixed with the right quantity of oxygen. The

When the flame is yellow it means that eil is burningant nil-gas. Burning nil does not produce a fost flame. It does moke and smell. When the flame is blue, nil-gas is burning. Oil-gas that does not smoke and dwe produce the hottest flame for cooking.

Suppose you want to bake. No vexing wait for a stub-born coal fire. In a few minutes your Florence oven is ready for six loaves.

Through the plass doors you see the ruddy crust brought only by uniform heat. It is visible baking. That means good baking.

When the baking's done the fire is turned out. Your kirchen was not overheated. The heat was concentrated under the oven or cooking utenal.

Those intolerable summer days, when every inch of your cast iron range radiated heat, are gone.

To the Man of the Family

And you men. You who want to know how it works the principle involved - if economical,

Oil seeks its level—from tank in fred pipe. A turn of the control lever life the burner above the level, out of the oil. No oil—no firme. Another turn. The burner in A third lowered into the nil 200e. A full supply of nil. A third sum of the lever. The burner is in an intermediate position. A limited supply of oil and a loss flame.

Simple - of course. But a simplicity protected by patents. Next - the principle. It is absolutely rate.

The sides of the steel chimney become sed - almost white

Central Oil & Gas Stove Co.

Boston, Mass. Address Dept. 25, Gardner, Mass.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO. Dept. 25, Gardner, Mass.
You may send me : (One aride send)
The Free Cook Book.
Toy stove, for which I enclose 16c in stamps.
Toy store, for which I enclose 16c in stamps.



Guaranteed in writing

AJAX TIRES were born of the conviction that a steadfast determination for higher in-built quality would justify a written guarantee of 5000 miles. We are pioneers in building quality into tires and guaranteeing that it is there. Nine years ago Ajax set the standard of 5000 guaranteed-in-writing miles for every Ajax tire made. An ever increasing demand, always greater than the supply, is the public's evidence of appreciation.

Ajax tires are better for our own determination to make them so. Their quality, far from heing a recent discovery, has been known and guaranteed to motorists for 9 years.



Investigate Ajax tires! See the Ajax dealer who is close at hand, or write us for new booklets. The increasing favor of Ajax tires has come as users have told their satisfaction.

"While others are eldining Quality we are quaranteeing it."

AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER COMPANY

1796 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Branches in III Leading Clino

Fasterm: Tremm. N. J.



I TEACH BY MAIL Size to Section & Out Froman

or it rober I W. CAMBEYN, 417 Mayer Hilly, Kamus Kim Mr.

Coats only 25% for \$10 perced

Japanese Raine Terri

\$18 ar line 2'us \$10 to 904 Fe 965 to 965 Tier 965 to 965 Inc. 965 to 965 Inc. 21s. be 9150

INSURANCE COMPANY DE NORTH AMERICA Surplan \$5.500,000 234 Walcont St.





HEART OF GOLD

(Continued from Page 7)

missed a hook in the corner—that a decent,

self-respecting woman would wear.

A good-sized mirror was set on the shelf at the end of the room, with a border of glaring electric lights round it, and oc-cupying the rest of the shelf was a litter of articles the uses of which be did not at all understand, but which somehow signified the intimacies of feminine adornment. Pervading the whole place-and whether it came from the bright pink sticks and crayons and boxes of powder on the shelf, or from the clothes, he did not know—was a per-fume. He had never heard of an odor called Bouquet du Diable; but if he had he should have felt no besitation in asserting that this

And this was the place where be was to wait for his mother! There was something crocked about it surely. There would have been ample time to call ber if that had been truly the purpose of the cyclonic and garishly dressed young lady who had thrust him in here. He had not heard ber turn the key in the lock though. He went over and tried the door. Yes, it opened all right; and that fact reconciled him to waiting quietly for a few minutes more.

Presently he heard steps come thomping down the stairs. There was a rustle of many persons passing in the corridor. Per-haps his mother was out there now. At any rate there would be some one he could

ask to find her for him. He pulled the door wide open and started out. Then, with a quickness which a Western gunfighter would have envied, he sprang back into the comparative security of the dressing room and slammed the door shut. You see he had unfortunately chosen for making his escape the moment of what is known as a quick change of the chorus.

In the ordinary course of things, when a choras girl changes one of her scanty costumes for another, she gets the new one off its hook where it hangs in a rank along the corridor, taken it to her dressing room, taken off her old costume, puts on her new one and comes out dressed, except for a V-shaped gap down the back, which the wardrobe mistress or nos of her assistants hooks up. But when the time allowed for the change is only a matter of three or four minutes she gets out of her old costures while she is running down the stairs, grats her new one off the book and plunges into it in any vocant spot that happens to be handy, much as a fireman jumps into his hoots.

The consequence is that what she wears going down the corridor is merely the irro-ducible minimum that never comes off from the moment when she gets rid of her drest clothes antil the time when she puts thousan again. It is a very small renairrum, railly, and to the punic-arriches eye of one unasvastiened to such realters may easily appear to be less than it in

For about a 18th of a second Newton, booked. After that positing but an earthquake or a fee reald have got live out of

Period I should not have end unber-treated, see it was to the fact that Bland and it that also found him there bet was to that also found him there bet was to have later. She owned the deer transfer, short a below but with a bang and based has, apapet th.

"Anything form in here?" she wanted to

He made to a persy just started. It was on firm good look at love - close to her. He or the first and the state of the first the first and stood granting the first all results and stood granting the first and the first and stood granting the first all results and stood granting the first and stoo

bracking and the lids were penciled blue, And the point, the powder and the rough challenged reprective quite without solder-Tupes. As he believed at her, and from her toher surrecourse, the employetion that he the characters of the state of The abole oftuntion was September - To ble real.

Fourthfor atotrophy celling from he. averedon in Rading o here for?

m-rowther was here." mag. I don't believe









Traction O' was designed oneully for this season's Overlands. For Ourlands of 1910, '11, '12 and '13, sak or the "Champion Long."

logging these spark plags, we were re-ural to take into amount every feature the Overland motor;

es de factory experts tested, tested and test until absolutely sure that "Cham-ses" save the highest possible efficiency is der rooms.

American mode cars, including the old Oreland, Stoolebaker, Marwell and on are being equipped at their furbories a questily designed Champson Spark

is not quality of these plugs comes not at from the use of superior materials, or love out own special manufactoring

Chergens" are oversize. They are built to

to by the special 1-9 inch Champion A bring furi car. It's 75c. The Overland our ein at \$1.

radia at \$1.

If with your dealer on this important outth will advise you he in the "Gadgar"
throld use for your Monte Car, Monte,
a. Monte, the Monte Bout, Adoption or
more Monte.

country the Compact of arms for Million,

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO.
113 Avandale Ave., Toledo, Obio
12 Avandale Ave., Toledo, Obio
13 Avandale Ave., Toledo, Obio
14 Avandale Ave., Toledo, Obio
15 Avandale, New York



The best shirt on earth! Made since 1878," in every terrable style - \$1.50 and up.

Ask to see our special sum-mer shirt "Cufturn" with reversible cuffs, soft or stiff.

Columbia Shirts are uncondilimally guaranteed - a new Mirt for an unsatisfactory one!

If your dealer can't supply 79%, write

Calumbia Shirt Company, Inc. 729 Broadway, New York

Mary Earn \$30 to \$75 a Week STATE OF

it's true. Maybe it's a mistake. But I was

in a hurry to see her; so I came."
"She's here all right," said Hazel after deciding that it was not worth while to try
to lie about it; "but you aren't going to
see her if I can help it. You're going to see
me instead. I'm Hazel Dering. Maybe
your mother's written to you about me."
His law drawned at that in black incre-

His jaw dropped at that in blank incre-dulity. The Miss Dering of his mother's letters, who was so kind and clever and who worked so hard that his mother worried about her, turning out to be a shameless bedizened hussy like this! Her announced intention to prevent his seeing his mother faded into the background beside so glaring an impossibility.

She glanced up toward the ceiling, where a thumping overhead told her how much time she had left for the interview. Then, determined to waste none of it, getting as straight to the point as she could—and

that was very straight indeed—she sailed in.
"She's told me about you all right. You
don't need to tell me what you came here
for. You couldn't graft it from her fast
enough out there in Arizona, so you came along to make a straight touch. Maybe it's none of my business, but old Kegiah's a pal of mine, and right there's where I butte in and say Niz! She's an old lady, and she works twelve hours a day for her little old thirty a week—and she's going to keep it. See! Norathekeller rube is going to separate her from it while I'm right side up with care! Do you get that?

Newton opened his mouth and drew in his breath preparatory to spesch; but the thumping overhead had stopped and the girl knew her time was getting short.

"Now, keep your hair on," she ad-monished him, "and listen! I don't know

what the regular ante was, but if old Kenish could stand it I guess I can."

She had not been looking at him while she said it. Any one who knew Hazel well, if he could have seen her and heard her just then, would have found her manner a little odd. It was an inveterate habit of hers to dress her occasional altruistic acts in a disguise of selfish considerations. She was always—toward her own more remarks: impulses—a bit of a cynic. The proposition she had now to make to the rube, in its naked kindness and affection for her old friend Keziah, troubled her modesty as one of her own contumes would have troubled

that of a debutante.

"I'm no Sarah Bernhardt or Eva Tanguny—or anybody like that," she said;
"but I guess I can see old Keziah's ante all right. Tell me how much you get from her and I'll pay it regular. And I'll stand the carfare back to Arizona if you'll bit the

the carfare back to Arizona if you'll hit the rattler tonight. You play it square with me and I'll play square with you. You write her a letter when you get back and tell her you've got a job, and I'll slin the coin to you once a week—see? Does that go?"

Overhead the ponies were doing the third encore to their specialty, and she had to come strolling on left as they bounced off right. She ought to be in the wings this minute. She left the door and strode up nearer to him.

"Does it go?" she repeated insistently.

"Does it go?" she repeated insistently.
"Speak up!"
Refore she could speak, however, the unguarded door swung open behind her and the look in the rube's face made her turn "Mother!" he said.

"Mother!" he said.
Old Kesiah just looked at him and her face went white. Her competent, strong old hands went out fumblingly, tremblingly for a chair. Hazel was quick, but the rube was quicker. Before she could sweep away the cumber of things on a chair he had caught the old lady in his arms.

"Keep your mouth shut about that," it does."

it goes."
She boited from the room again and fled

up the iron stairway, catching her cue and a glimpse of Freddy Boldt's distracted face

at the same moment. When she came off at the end of her scene Freddy was the first person she enprepared to be properly explanatory and apologetic. A stage wait of one seemed is long enough to chill an audience and is an excuse for heart-failure on the part of the stage manager. To Hazel's amazement it appeared from Freddy's manner that his own anxiety was to reassure her. "The old lady's all right," he said. "It

wasn't anything serious that happened to her. The rube's taken her home, but she'll be all right in the morning."



LA PREFERENCIA is unique—the pioneer Broad Leaf Havana Cigar, never successfully imitated.

LA PREFERENCIA is unrivaled - immense sales and constantly increasing demand have clearly established the brand as "The National Smoke."

LA PREFERENCIA is distinguished—the rich, mahogany-brown color of the Broad Leaf wrapper indicates thoroughly-ripened, fullymatured tobacco.

LA PREFERENCIA has character - the pure Havana filler and the Broad Leaf wrapper harmonize perfectly to produce a deliciously mellow, sweet, full flavored cigar.

LA PREFERENCIA is unvarying-year after year the brand maintains its exceptional high Quality and skilled Workmanship.

HAVARA AMBRICAN CO. R.Y.

"30 Minutes in. Havana"



Stand anoth from all White Room Washington, D. C. Commonted and Taking S. Sarrong U.S. Personal Latting.

In front of the White House

THE rendways lending to the White House, U. S. Treasury and Store, Navy and War Departments, in Washington, illustrated above, were constructed with "Tarves X" in 1911.

The above photograph shows the condition of these road ways two years later. They are quiet, clean, amonth and clusticas, entirely autable for so exacting a location.

The Tarvia torms a rough matrix arrand the stone, halding it firmly in place. Annamobile traffic samply rolls slown the surface and makes it smoother.

The maintenance-cost of farwated roads is uninginficant, and their first cost in only singhtly higher than that of ordinary mucadime. Tarvia lusmy order and does not track.

Turvian made in three grade-"Tarver X" is a dense, viven coal tay product of great bond; ing power, mitable for builtmg Tarvia and "Tarvia H" are thinner grades suitable for roads already in use, to preserve them and make them dustiess.

Harther free on request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

THE STREET ME US AND W



Get a MACKINAW ROBE For Your Auto and meny other uses; Sizes 4 fs. 7 in, by Couch Rober fife. 7 in. Benatt-Picnic Robe ful, will tobes at gen-Steomer Hag Parch Hobe

Canne Rug

nine 32 or Patrick Mackingw Cloth. They reasist enld, Camp Blanket wied, and measure and are not heavy

All STREET

Bed Blanke Carriage Robe nor bulky. Invelid's Robe All the famous Patrick plaids and plain colors to harmonies with your car and match your "Patrick" (cost).

Regular Price of Rube, \$9.50

Write for Itee Mackinsw Book describes all Patrick-Duloth products and showing colors. solid publications.

Patrick-Dulath Woolen Mill

520 Commerce St.

Dulath, Minn.



I'm afraid that Hazel's expression of her annoyance over this unforeseen turn of affairs would not meet the approval of any writer, however liberal, of a book on etiquette. Freddy did not approve of it sither. He had done, according to his lights, a friendly act in letting the old lady go home in the middle of the performance.

However, there was no time to tell Freddy the whole story as she had confided it to George Featherstonhaugh earlier in the evening; so she allowed his natural though rather profane inquiry as to what

was esting her to go unanswered.

It was hard luck, though, and no mistake. The rule would have a clear two hours with his mother in which to tell his sob story and make his touch before Hazel could possibly interfere again. Probably he would not waste a minute of it, either, now that her own declaration of war on him

now that her own declaration of war on him had given him such ample warning.

She thought a little of telling George Featherstonhaugh what had bappened and getting him to go home with her—George's remark, accompanied by a muscling up of a hig right arm, about setting the hash of that particular Johnny recurring pleasantly to her mind. But it was hard to see, on reflection, how an appeal to force would settle matters. The rube could not be beaten up in his mother's apartment and under her eye; and anyway Hazel doubted a little whether George, with the best ina little whether George, with the best in-tentions in the world, were the man to do it. The rube was almost as big as he was and had a lean, hard, dangerous quickness that recalled to the girl's mind a phrase shout being able to lick one's weight in wildcats. No; all there was for her to do was to dress as fast as she could after the show, go home in a taxi and hope she would not be too late.

The light, which shope through the trans-

The light, which shone through the tranroom, was an encouraging augury as she went panting up the stairs: but the ab-sence of voices as she felt for her key—she had decided to let herself in rather than ring-told in the opposite direction. And

when she quietly swung the door open and stepped inside she saw that she was too late, just as she had expected to be.

Old Keziah, in a rocking chair by the window, was alone in the room, and the look of troubled perplexity in the kind old face shot a hot stab of anger through the girl's mind. She closed the door quietly and covered a minute to set her breath.

and paused a minute to get her breath,
"Well," she asked at last, her voice
harsh with eagerness, "did you fall for it?
Are you going to do what he wants you

"I don't know," said old Keziah. "I'm tryin' to figger it out. He's comin' back in the morph'—to breakfast. I'm a-goin' to tell him then."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Wireless Controls

WIRELESS control from a distant point is now sufficiently perfected for practical use. For several years the idea of control in this way of machinery or apparatus, or recording instruments that are difficult of access, has been discussed and attempted, because of the great number of uses it would find. The first actual one is in the control of fog horns or fog guns on const lines. coast lines

Such fog guns are now being made and placed on dangerous shoals or rocks, supplied with a wireless control operated from a shore station a few hundred feet or even a few miles away. When log comes up, a switch is turned at the control station and the fog gun begins work, keeping up its warning signals until the switch is turned

The feg guns are automatic, and the only action of the wireless signal is to start the gun merhanism or to stop it. Such fog gurs are operated by acetylene gas. Gas feeds constantly into an explosion cham-ber and this gas is exploded at regular intervals, usually two or three times a minute. The reports may be heard three miles away under rather adverse conditions, and under the best conditions as far as ten miles for the largest guns.

Must of such guns now coming into use are operated continuously day and night, with no idea of restricting their use exclusively to times of fog, because the cost of the gas hardly warrants the attention nec-essary to such restriction and enough gas is supplied to last several months without recharging.

I'll Put The Proof In Your Mouth

All you do is to write me a letter and express your willingness to try my cigars. You may doubt, with all your function

of doubting, my statement that my Shivers' Panatela at \$5.00 perhundred is the equal of the 10c cigar at retail.

I don't care how much you doubt, so long as you give my cigars a chance,

Without asking a penny of you, I will ship you, express prepaid, a box of my panatelas. You smoke ten and then make up your mind about them.

I have thirty thousand cur-

tomers scattered all over th country who buy my cigare di-rect from my factory in Phila-

delphia.

These people are satisfied that my method of making and selling eigars is economically sensible and correct.

They have every opportu-nity to cease being customers of mine. They are surrounded by cigar stores and stands. Yet month after month and year after year they re-order and re-order from me—and save hill

their cigar money.

It is on re-orders that I make my profits. Initial orders do not mean any money for meunless the customer is pleased and wants more of my cigars.

Now that you know these things, consider my offer.

MY OFFER is: I will, upon request, send sity Shivers' Paneteles, on approval, its a reader of The Saturing Learning Post, express prepaid. He remaining forty at my express and return the remaining forty at my expresse and to charge for the ten amoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is appeared with them; and keen, them he agrees to small the price, \$2.50, within ten days.

My Shivers' Panatela is hard made by skilled adult men cigar makers in the cleanest factory that I know of. It is made of Cuban Grown Hayana Tobacca with a genuine Sumatra wrapper.

In periodical, places and despress stationers to give reference and their martine sem forfer mild, medium or diring egot

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

913 Filbert Street

Philadelphia, Pa.

Three Baby Bonds

Diversified, on the property of three corporations—one each in the railroad, public utility and indus-

The average yield is about 514 per cent. Send for list 93.

John Muir & Co.

Odd Lots of Stock

re of New York Stock Exchange 74 BROADWAY, N. Y.—MAIN OFFICE 42d St. and B way—Longure Building 125th St. and 1th Av.—Hotel Theresa NEW YORK

The Greatest Motor Boat 30 For The Money Ever Built

estimates to test been all the first transfer of grace but there and be antitud firsts, to only as a fire beast, with an chamber conveiled because the first in bow and storm in always degendently. Can't warry, split, day out or rot — So seams to really—To Orgoles to leak — Absoluting Pagnanteed Apalors Practure. MULLIAR BLAG Speeds Launch & equipped with 3-Cycle 3-11, P. Ferro contines. Hat some stall — Speed a 1-2 to 9 miles on hours—Cose man control—Fried with MULLIARS when under water expenses. This 16-force routs is provide counfertable.—To the follower south is provide counfertable.—To the following the provider of the provider of which even dered. Wette today for beautifully linear value even dered. Wette today for beautifully linear and more best contains, containing toll parts when.

THE W. H. MILLINS, CO.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO. 120 Franklin St. Salem. Ohio, U. S. A. The World's Largest Boat Builders

MULLINS STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK

ADVENTURES IN BANKRUPTCY

(Continued from Page 18)

office and made them his clients. Finally be decided that the time to strike had come.

Having selected the professional receiver that he wished to have handle this difficult enterprise he took this mun into his confidence, and together they made careful plans and together they make careful plans and had all things in readiness for quick action. Then the lawyer appeared before the judge in chambers and advanced the startling proposition that a receiver should be appointed without notice to the officers of the amusement corporation, for the reason that any notice would jeopardize the interests of the small shareholders and the interests of the small shareholders and permit the directors of the corporation not only to get away with the assets—mainly in the form of funds—but also to destroy the evidences of the fraud under which the minority shareholders had been robbed of their dividends. The court finally decided that this was good reasoning and that the interests of the small shareholders must not be allowed to suffer for lack of technical precedent. Therefore the receiver was se-cretly appointed.

Twenty deputies were already waiting at a convenient point not far from the park gates, and another squad was in readiness at the downtown office of the corporation. A code signal was first telephoned to the park squad, and the telephone wires leading to the park were set.

to the park were cut.

At practically the same instant the five deputies took possession of the city office and put out all the employees after making sure that they did not take any papers with them. The receiver then made a speedy run in an automobile to the park. His deputies were distributed as that every entrance was covered. entrance was covered.

A Well-Planned Raid

Then the signal was given and each squad charged the entrance allotted to it. The private policemen of the park were seized, put outside, and the gates were closed. The receiver, with his picked men, made his assault on the office where the directors were sitting at a table on which were heaped the uncounted gate receipts. These men were seized, carefully searched for papers and then hustled out of the rates. for papers and then hustled out of the gates. The most important requirement, beyond

seizing the gate receipts, was to secure evidence that would substantiate the charges made in the bill that, by collusion and subcontracts with concessioners, large sums of money were diverted from the cor-poration to the pockets of the three majorhy stockholders, and that certain specific cases of graft existed by which the directors were personally enriching themselves. Not a scrap of record that might bear on this charge was allowed to be taken away. An examination of the books and records

showed that the volume of diverted funds was many times larger than had been suspected, and that there was not a concession in the park that had not paid heavy tribute. One man owning three concessions, for example, was paying a small percentage to the corporation—but was dividing his profits equally with the directors as individuals.

At the hearing it was shown that they personally received forty thousand dollars from this source alone. The directors had bought more land adjacent to the amuse-

ment park than the park itself contained.

The result of these sensational disclosures was an order from the court that the receiver continue the business, and that the directors should have no part in the management of the company. They surrendered all their stock and interests in the concern, and the business was continued. The next and the business was continued. The next season the widow, with fifty shares of stock that had never paid a dividend and which could not be sold, received three thousand dollars in dividends; and her fifty shares are worth more than twenty-five thousand

Such experiences as these make the work of a professional receiver interesting. Of course these experiences do not happen often, but there is enough of novelty in the course of the routine work to make it as interesting a profession as any I could

A favorite plea on the part of the crooked bankrupt who has worked a deliberate frame-up for the planting of assets is the statement that the goods were sold and the money lost at the gambling table. Though the staid and respectable business man regards gambling as a disgrace, the law has not branded it as a prison offense; but the concealment of assets in a hankruptry proceeding happens to be punishable with mprisonment.

One of the most notorious and instructive cases of this kind occurred in a large Western city, and it carries more than a casual lesson to the manufacturer, the jobber and their credit men. It also indi-cates the artfulness with which assets may be manipulated under the hands of a master in that branch of magic.

This merchandising house was a close This merchandising house was a close corporation owned by a father and three sons. The jobbers' credit association had become suspicious of this house and had been watching its movements for ten days—long enough to reach the conclusion that careful preparations were being made for a failure. It was decided to beat them to it, and an involuntary bankruptcy was filed and a receiver appointed. The court pro-ceedings were short; but evidently the notice to the bankrupt company was suffi-cient to allow its managers to manipulate

When the receiver reached the store and when the receiver reached the store and looked at the windows he was tempted to induige a momentary feeling of security, for the windows were filled with a generous display of goods. Once inside the hig store, however, this feeling suddenly vanished. The counters and showcases were thinly

He premptly began an investigation of the boxes on the shelves. One contained a single shirt; another, two collars; another, a solitary necktie. The stock had been skinned. Normally the store should have contained forty thousand dollars' worth of goods; actually there was not three thousand dollars in merchandise within its walls.

The unsecured habilities of this corporation amounted to about forty thousand dollars and a large part of this indebtednew had been incurred within the previous ness had been incurred within the previous sixty days. Naturally the first move made by the receiver was to put "the boys" on the witness stand and call on them to account, in their own way, for the situation. They declared that the goods had been sold—trade had been brisk with them—but that they had been reckiess and had attempted to do up a trio of innocent-looking strangers who had drifted into a certain gambling house. Their account of this experience was highly circumstantial and entertaining.

Chasing Vanished Assets

Few rourts have heard a more thrilling recital of poker combats than that given in harrowing detail by these sons, who claimed that they had been tempted into the game because their opponents looked like such easy money that it was a shame to waste the chance. Their antagonists were de-scribed as wearing their trousers in their boots, smelling of the stockyards and

having mild blue eyes.

The young merchants professed great remorse at the trouble they had brought on the head of their old father, who had started them in a business that was presperous beyond their expectations — until they fell under the blandshments of the blue aread attents from the stockwards. blue-eyed strays from the stockyards.

"That's a mighty moving poker story," remarked the receiver to his custodian, "but it's too good to be true. Men who know as much about poker as that don't lose. It's up to us to find where those goods have been shunted to — and find them

The first clew led to an empty store building in a remote part of the city. The receiver followed it in person. Half of the building was occupied by a fruit store, run by a Greek who had a wholesome fear of an officer or a court document. A display of the writ of receivership and a firm demand in the name of the law were enough to induce the Greek to show his guest into the busement and lead him up into the vacant store—the windows of which had been carefully whitened.

There the receiver found a drayload of packing cases. There had been an attempt to scrape the name of the hankrupt company from the cases, but the work had been hurriedly done to insure thoroughness, and the name was still legible. Attached to the goods were the lot numbers corresponding to those on the list held by the





15 Days' Free Use



AGENTS-200% Profit

Fout Scraper and Cleaner-THURSE SCHAPE OF BLYIN, SALE

ELECTRIC

Dass One Ordinary Dry Battery

EVERY ONE SCARAFTED, PAYENTS PLUDING At your dealer or sent promoted most receipt of \$1. Inside, \$140. Smally in the Accept inching bits 5 buts. INSITE ELECTRIC CO., Rept. A. Marion, Indiana

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL "RANGER" BICYCLE on approach, freight prepaid, to any place in the United States without a rest deposit in advance, and allow
ten days here trial from the day you receive it. If it does not suit you in every way and
in not all or mine than we claim for it and a better bicycle than you can get anywhere
the regardless of price, or if for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep it, ship it
back to us of our expense for treight and you will not be out one cost.

LOWEST PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles with puncture-proof tires, imported relier chains and peduls and many exclusive fires, imported relier chains and peduls and many exclusive fires, imported relier chains and peduls and many exclusive fires, imported relier chains and peduls and many exclusive fires, market what you have not example they a better hityele than our "LARGER" no matter what you have not example they a good bicycle at a lower price than we offer you.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED in each town, and district to rade and exhibit a minple 1914 "Ranger" Bicycle furnished by us.

Ten will be artemated at the law prices and the liberal propositions and special offer we will give on the law 1914 sample going to your town. Whe at some for our special offer we will give on the law 1914 sample going to your town. Whe at some for our special offer we will give on the laws of the law there is not some of the law of th for expense for treight and you will not be out one sent,

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. M-55 CHICAGO, ILL. 54





monium; but no sooner had these goods been seried and placed in care of a custo-dian than an uncle of the boys appeared with a writ of replevin, claiming that he had bought and paid for the goods and that they were his. The court, however, held that this was not proved and that the goods belonged to the assets of the hankrupts, and should be bold and sold as such.

Nearly three months passed before the well-nigh discouraged receiver developed, from a fragment of chance freighthouse information, the hope that he had at last found another clew. As it involved more than thirty cases of goods it was well worth

One truil led from the dock of a steamship line in Milwanken. Here the receiver's upont arrived just in time to find that the coming ment of goods had been unsuccessfully offered for sale there and then reshipped to Minneapolis and placed in storage. There the agent watched it carefully and saw it reforwarded in two ahipments over different

railroads to San Francisco.

Though the receiver had, by this time. little doubt that these numble assets belonged to the bankrupt company, he had no proof of the fact; and his only recourse was to keep on across the continent in the trail of the greats until his proof could be estab-An appeal was made to the attorners of the railroads; and they agreed that, If the must would man a restricting order, they would not only hold up the delivery of the goods but would also allow the usus notice to go to the remigness when the

goods arrived.

The receiver agent was waiting at the San Francisco freighthmose to welcome Smith & Brown, and was not supprised when two of the boys appeared to claim the goods order their sew names. As some they found they had been checkmated they brazenty flied a writ of replayin and sent their attorney on to Chicago. When he learned the honory of his clients be refused to continue the case. One of the polor-playing some came back to Chicago. of his own volition, and the other was brought back by a United States murchal. They were both indicted for concentracit of aims, pleaded guilty when the ruse was called, and received a contence of one year in the Fort Leavenworth prison,

Fraud on the Heels of Loose Credits

"The business man," remarks this peconver, "ought not to miss the real nub of this incident. What made it possible for these creeks to get these goods, with which to play ducks and drakes across the continent! Loose creaks! That's line whole story in a reliabell. There were a hundred seventy-five creditors in this case—all cracy to sell goods. And because the large were always enough not to place a hundred with any one house they got the goods without question. The credit man was willing to take a chance. was willing to take a chance.

"Il any one of those hundred seventy-five credit men had booked into the history of the personnel of that corporation be would not have trusted the boys for ten dollars: but those boys know as much about credit men as they did about poker. The bigoest order they placed was for five burdred dollars and the lowest about two burdred fifty. These orders were distributed all over the country. In a word they selected houses so far apart that the credit men would have no temptation to make insulries by personal contact.

"And they made their orders so low that

And they made their orders so low that the men at the credit design would take a chance rather than enter into correspondence for an exchange of information. It was a slick job and they nearly got away with it too. No matter how vigilant and experienced a receiver may be, he's no muracle worker—and that's wint's necessary in order to make a successful backgroup in the majority of crocked frame-ups.

The hearbts of andacity and daring a lies the croshed bankrapt will sametimes attain are almost beyond belief. Some pedri are a shoe manufacturer began prossecting for a factory location and visited.

Western from that was feeling the first tirkles of the boom lever. The town was to re it had growing pains and was strong for infant industries. The vestor was year node. He said frankly that, though be understood the shoe business, he would bure to start his factory to a small way and and. The parameter for securing induas a beaded by the president of the strongest book in the town - a man of

large personal fortune and of strong influence in his part of the state. The modest talk of this location pro-

particularly when he learned that the stranger did not expect the citizens to capitalize his enterprise. All he asked from the public was the land on which to locate his factory and a moderate home with which to help build his factory.

The banker felt that here was the right sort of manufacturer to have in the tour

sort of manufacturer to have in the town It would be putting it over on the othe towns that were paying fancy prices for ne-industries to get this one on a sound an-reasonable business basis. Besides, the banker was not averse to showing his townsmen what he could do for them who he really took off his coat and went at The manufacturer made it clear that looked on the banker as his special guid counselor and friend.

The factory was built and did a gor business. It grew faster than its founder the banker had expected. This expanse demanded capital, and the banker back the manufacturer to the limit. When the owner of the shoe factory needed a heavi-line of credit than the home bank row extend, the local banker gave the man-facturer a good name with certain outsi-banks; but finally, in a period of gener financial depression, the manufactur-falled to take up an obligation and to gates closed down on him.

What Happened at Lunch Time

When his factory was invaded by the strangers, who were empowered to take invoice of his stock, he made them welco invoice of his stock, he made them welcomed wasted no time in lamentations. I accountants remarked that he stood ig aff like a good sport. Owing to his he the work of invoicing proceeded rapid At noon he invited the accountants lunch with him at the hotel. The lunch was a good one and they are it with becoming lessure. As one of the accountant remarked, it was not polite to hurry a funeral! This witticism was greatly preciated by the bankrupt, who laugh heartily.

After luncheon the invoice proceed There was no difficulty in telling w portion of the stock had been invoi before luncheon, as a tally figure had b chalked on the end of each box of shoes soon as listed. When the work was tinke and the entries footed the head account

remarked:

You're not so badly off. If your credit "You're not so badly off. If your credit would get together and let you go all you'd pull out all right. There's all twice the amount of manufactured stock this factory that I expected to find who first looked things over in a casual way. If a sharp lawyer, who had learned I experience years before the wily chara of this manufacturer, had not been drinto the proceedings this invoice may be the remained unquestioned until the of sale; but as soon as he was called

of sale; but as soon as he was called the case he made an investigation on own account and discovered the trick the shrewd manufacturer had played the accountants.

The office help had been carefully dr in advance, and while the account were lingering over luncheon the emplo were shifting the stock already invo-into boxes that had not been chalk-mar As a result about three-fourths of manufactured stock was officially involved. The object of this plan on the of the manufacturer was to make so a a showing that his creditors would pehim to resume business without be adjudged a bankrupt.

In subsequent litigation it was develthat the manufacturer took notes from employees — who posed as shoedcale and discounted them at the banks, goods supposed to be involved in t transactions were shipped to a relative large city and sold at auction. proceeds the schemer was able to p portion of the fake notes at the ban just enough of them to keep his cred repair and at the same time increas-

From the testimony it was evident this gifted schemer had his plans care laid for a meteoric finish—a get-away would have broken all records for comp ness; but all bankruptcy officials f iar with this incident are agreed tha simple audacity the double-invoicing played by this manufacturer is entitle first rank.

THE TRAIL OF THE TAMMANY TIGER

(Continued from Page 9)

for president. When I called the Madison Square Garden reception to order Murphy's personal following and the Hearst men attempted to stampede the meeting for Hearst, but Mr. Bryan appeared on the platform in the nick of time.

Murphy's next big piece of work was his domination of the Democratic state convention at Buffalo, which nominated Mr. Hearst for governor. Mayor McClellan inited the nomination, and so did McCarren and the Democratic organization of Brookin the Democratic organization of Brook-lyn. This in itself was responsible for the defeat of Mr. Hearst, but it had the effect of establishing Murphy as the first leader of Tammany Hall since Tweed's time to become the absolute master of the New York State Democracy. Shortly after this Murphy had a row with Bourke Cockress and drove him out of

with Bourke Cockran and drove him out of Tammany Hall, as Croker had done years before. Murphy became very busy in national politics and it became my duty to keep close watch on him. I knew he was holding conferences with Wall Street Dem-serats who were planning to prevent the third nomination of Mr. Bryan. Big Tim Sullivan at this time was the most powerful man in Tammany Hall, next to Murphy himself. Tim was far from being a Bryan man, but he was well aware that the rank and file of Tammany leved Bryan, and that the Nebraskan was bound to get the nomi-nation. I depended on Sullivan to keep

me posted. In this way I learned that Murphy had refused to piedge himself to the Wall Street Democrate and that the New York dele-gation would vote for Bryan if they knew that his communation was inevitable. It was through these conferences that Murphy established himself in the good graces of some of the powerful financiers. Murphy was the undisputed leader of the New York delegation at Denver, just as he was four years later at Baltimore. The men he trained with were anti-Bryanmen. When he may that Bryan's nomination was a foregone conclusion he set to work to bring shout the comination of the late Mayor Gaynor for vice-president.

Murphy showed that he had not the sightest conception of the spirit of the Naslightest conception of the spirit of the National Democracy, to say nothing of the apirit of the times. He came to the Bryan headquarters, accompanied by Daniel F. Cchalan, who bud succeeded Bourke Cockran as Murphy's chief adviser. Charles W. Bryan was in charge. There were several of the leaders in the room when Murphy and Cohalan critered. Murphy wanted to talk about Judge Gaynor and proposed a secret conference. Charles Bryan laughed at the idea.

at the idea.

The Exclusiveness of Murphy

"Progressive Democrats do not held serret conferences," said Mr. Bryan. "We believe in doing everything in the open." Murphy and Cohalan made a basty exit.

Tammany gave Bryan very indifferent support, though on the surface they appeared to be loyal. Most of the Tammany energy was spent in an effort to elect Lewis
3. Chanler governor.
The gambling and criminal elements,
which, with the financial interests, largely

dominated Tarnmany Hall, were very bitter against Governor Hughes on account of his racetrack legislation. There is no doubt they traded Bryan off to get votes for

Mr. Murphy has been held accountable for many things for which he was not responsible. One of the great troubles with Murphy has been that he is so exclusive. He has an agreeable personality and I have beard no end of his charitable deeds. He has not lost all his bashfulness and he still dislikes to meet strangers. He has had but lew advisers at a time; and up to a couple of years ago he was afraid of the Sullivans. The Sullivan tribe controlled all the districts south of Fourteenth Street, and they had the sympathy of several leaders in the upper part of the city. Murphy had all of Croker's power but not Croker's forbearance.

A very small percentage of the New York voters attend primaries; so, with the regular Tammany machine vote and the aid of toughs, the Tammany leader has practically his own way in everything.

It is really dangerous for an honest voter to attempt to cast his ballot at some of these primaries. I attempted to do so in the early days of Murphy's leadership and was told that I was a repeater—that the real owner of my name had voted hours before. I knew very well that some tough had voted for me; but as I did not want to go to a hospital I lost no time in getting out of the

neighborhood. Under the new primary law that will be Under the new primary law that will be in effect when the next primaries are held in the fall of this year it will be much more difficult for the toughs to operate in the almost unebstructed manner of recent years. The great fear will be that New Yorkers, not being in the habit of going to the primaries, will not take advantage of this splendid new opportunity to assert themselves. I believe the best thing that could be done would be to declare primary day a holiday. Even a half holiday might unswer the purpose. If such an amendment of the law were made I have not the least doubt that nearly half of the Tammany districts would elect leaders and committees not only hostile to Murphy but mittees not only hostile to Murphy but in favor of the absolute destruction of Tammany Hall as a political organization.

Tammany's Dublous Future

The Tummany Society, which is benevolent and patriotic, according to its charter, would, of course, still go on. If a majority of the leaders elected were anti-Tummany they could simply declare that Tummany had nothing to do with the regular Demo-cratic prescription by taking their head. cratic organization by taking their head-quarters away from Tammany Hall, on Fourteenth Street.

The whole spirit of the times is diametrically opposed to the system that controls Tammany politics. With Tammany Hall becoming more and more a stench in the nestrils of the National Democracy, which is carrying out Woodrow Wilson's ideas of New Freedom, it is impossible for me to believe that by the end of Mayor Mitchel's four-year term Tammany Hall will be able to the control of the control four-year term Tammany Hall will be able to say who shall be the Democratic randidates for the chief city offices.

Murphy for several years has spent com-paratively little time at Tammany Hall, and makes his headquarters at Delmonlea's, on Fifth Avende, where only a chosen few can meet him. After he had elected John A. Dix governor, and became more powerful than ever as the leader of the whole State Democracy, Murphy's time seems to have been occupied in opposing every healthy and progressive tendency. He has been both ignorant and indifferent to the real trend of Democracy. It was his control of the city that gave him control of

After all, Murphy is but a tool or agent taking orders from certain great legal and financial influences that care only for their own good. The only time that this com-bination of big business and bad politics was thoroughly exposed to the public gaze was at the national convention in Baltimore, by William Jennings Bryan.

The country now knows, as it never knew before, what Murphy and his masters stand for; and it is hard to figure out how it will be possible for the same combination

will be possible for the same combination ever again to appear at Democratic national conventions and be a factor.

Murphy is holding on, probably hoping that the new primary law will not be successful, and that, with Republican and Progressive state tickets in the field next November, he can again elect "any old ticket." If the Brooklyn Democracy is reorganized, as it now appears it will be, and with a hostile upstate Democracy, Murphy will not be able to say who shall be the Democratic candidates. With this be the Democratic candidates. With this gloomy outlook Tammany will save whatever money it has left; and, as the financial interests will not furnish a great amount of backing, Murphy's struggle for political existence will not be unlike Huerta's desperate effort to obtain power.

Murphy has no particular adviser at the present time. He first discarded Bourke Cockran, then Duniel F. Cohnian and J. Sargent Cram; and his last adviser, Edward E. McCall, defeated by John Purroy Mitchel, is no longer on intimate terms with Mr. Murphy.

You choose supreme quality in leather, distinctiveness in style, in addition to the three exclusive features, when you select

Grinnell

Exclusive styles in Automobile, Outing,

Rist-Fit-giving a snog fit at wrist and preventing cuff from sagging-

Ventilated Back-which gives free circulstion of air, yet keeps out the dust - and

giving a firm, non-slip grap of wheel, handlebar or rems - and double wear

Grinnell Gloves are made of the oury finest selected Removes, Culturio, Cape or Kid-soft as sylvetwear like inen. They see muhable on your lembs, in sorp and scalar or gunillar -- they dry not well and

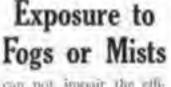
There is a particular Criticall. Gloss for your particuhe persons wighlet for motoring, written work of drawware and d's the had glove made for that purpose.

Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Co.

25 Broad St., Gronnett, Inwa 4 Trustal Order LATIN C Sea Francisco, Chicago, Newson

Viter strates ought to have Grimmil Gloven and Jun. 41 as a sund cour dee, We will study page affection on at-proved. Get our bundermaly matters of glove hander, above ing riving and propertion which to choose yours. The it today.





care not impair the efficiency or destroy the beauty of Pumpellan Bronze Screen Cluth. The wirefrom which it is woven (90° pairs (vager) can bet cont - and not determined a drougher conditions

Year after your arrens filled with Pampinian Braningive unverying service. Borning fire or an obser, they have for controles whole and sound, without ryrevoing patering, variabling or coating—a permanent profe-tion negative off invert profe-

There is a married by the same of the same

Court years come from the fact with a removable rail strong to the dry on it down to make a strong to the fact of the court of the court with the court of the court of the court would make the court of the court



POMPEIIAN BRONZE LONG AS

Chatan Wire Cloth Company 75 Sterling St., Clinton, Mass.

the state of Come Western State to the Common of the Commo Training ages, agreed to properly





Keep Your Teeth for Life

Your set of natural teeth should last you a lifetime. At seventy they should be as sound as they are at forty. They can be-with proper care.

Proper care means protection from their deadliest enemy, "acid-mouth." If the acids formed by food-ferment are allowed to eat away the enamel, your teeth must decay. Neutralizing these acids protects the teeth from decay.

EBECO TOOTH PASTE

is a scientific dentifrice originated in the chemical laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany. It counteracts "acidmouth" and thus is a very great help in keeping the teeth sound. Pebeco cleans the teeth beautifully and removes all bad tastes and odors. Its use is a daily pleasure.

You can prove its value for yourself without cost if you will

Send for Free Ten-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

They will open the way for you to keep your teeth for years - even for a lifetime. Pebeco is sold everywhere in extra-large use tubes. As only one-third of a brushful is used at a time, Pebeco saves money as well as teeth. For sample and test papers address

LEHN & FINK Manufacturing 106 William Street, New York Produces of Lehn & Fink's Rivers Tokum



7OUR ancestors bought furniture I laboriously prought by hand of solid time delying tak. Its morrise and temer countraction outlasted the centuries

You can get furniture today as faithfully and rigidly constructed as that of old, but adapted to medien use. It is Lindant's Holland Durch Arts and Crafts, built of solid white rock, in simple, dignified patterns which never become tire some, a comn of nations duratility due take beauty dury of

> send you a prohesely illumental of need histo Direct cament hat 20 cm/s

P. Limbert Company Mich, Holland, Mich



HALL, HARTWELL & CO., Troy, N.Y.

COLLARS

Martin H. Glynn, the present governor, is a genuine progressive Democrat, and almost from boyhood has been W. J. Bryan's most devoted friend and ardent admirer. An incident in Mr. Glynn's career indicates that he is not going out of his way to sup-

port Murphy in power.

When Governor Glynn was managing editor of the Albany paper he now owns he brought it out flatfooted in support of Bryan in 1896. The paper was then owned by J. H. Farrel, who was also president of the leading bank of Albany and associated with large financial interests that were bitterly bestile to the Demography presidential terly hostile to the Democratic presidential

When proprietor Farrel first learned that his newspaper had become a Bryan organ he was presiding over a meeting of his bank he was pressing over a meeting of his bank directors. Had they been suddenly informed that the cashier had absconded with all the funds of the bank. Farrel and the directors could not have been more surprised or more indignant. One of Farrel's sons rushed over to the editorial rooms of the newspaper and not only denounced young Glynn for assuming such authority but started in to emphasize his opinion with blows. However, according to the story I got from Mr. Glynn himself, the young editor was handler with his fiste and there was no great harm done.

Pretty soon Mr. Farrel himself came into the office making as much noise as an ap-proaching cyclone. He charged Glynn with having ruined his property and betrayed a trust. Glynn kept his temper and insisted that he had enhanced the value of the prop-That night there was a family council and Glynn was present. He knew that everyloody would be against him. Mr. Farrel told Glynn that he did not want to hear a word from him, and then he let the whole Farrel family talk until they had exhausted themselves.

The Tammany Conscience

Glynn was then given an opportunity to esent his side of the case. He pictured a greatly increased circulation, and said that for every advertiser who had withdrawn his patronage from the paper, dozons would give the paper business before the end of the year. Proprietor Farrel realized that it was pretty hard to change the policy after Glyzn's action, and he told Glyzn he would give him six months to make good his prophecy. The young editor's predictions were more than realized within that time. Two years after that Glynn was elected to

Congress.

For over thirty years I have heard some of the leading Democrats of the country wonder how certain leaders of Tanonany Hall could stand for things that would not be tolerated in the South or West. The late Speaker Crisp often asked that question. This is accounted for by what is called the Tammany conscience. The class of leaders who served under Croker would not think of doing the things they did for their organization if they were in Insiness for themselves; but they trained themselves so as to have no compunctions of conscience. to have no compunctions of conscience. They left that only Tammany and its chief

were responsible, and they themselves were responsible, and they themselves were ramply parts of the machine.

This is well illustrated by a story Mr. Croker told me years ago about Thomas F. Grady, who was then known as the silvertangued erator of Tammany Hall. When Croker became the successor of John Kelly be determined that one of the first thick he determined that one of the first things be would do should be to expel Grady from Tammany Hall. The first day he acted as leader he was going through the papers in Kelly's desk, and found orders issued by Kelly to Grady to do the very thing Croker had objected to and for which he had publicly denounced Grady as a crook. Grady had killed a bill in the senate that

would have reduced the ferry fare to Brooklyn. This ferry by poor people. When Croker made the servery be sent for Grady and asked him why he had not explained his reason for permitting him-Croker-to believe ill

"It was not my conscience, but Kelly's," lid Grady: "I always follow the leader of said Grady. "I always follow the leader of Tamerany Hall and never ask any ques-tions. My conscience is clear." A short time ago I repeated this story to Senator O'Gorman. He admitted it was

one of the great curses in Tammany that so many otherwise good men have a Tammany conscience!

Latter's Note-This is the last of a series of four articles by Burry Wilson Walker.



Paring a corn only bring brief relief. And there i danger in it.

The way to end corns i with Blue-jay. It relieve the pain instantly. Then i loosens the corn and gen erally in 48 hours the entir corn comes out.

Blue-jay is applied in a momen From that time on you will forg

Leave it on for two days until gently undermines the corn. The you can remove the corn. The will be no pain or trouble.

Blue-jay has ended sixty m lions of coras. Millions of cerare now ended in this way.

There is nothing clse like it: At no man who has used Blue-jay w even suggest any other way ! dealing with corns.

Blue-jay For Corns

15 and 25 cents-at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New 1 Makers of Physicians' Supplier

Ignorance Is a Cri I need the second agreement which causes in the and second and appliese while their inte You san't afford to be sufficient the neares



KNOWLED By DR. WAS ELLD SCOTT HALL Pinin Trushe at they Life and Expendent on the internal blood of their at they all About the Mathew What young women and

The Mark All Med round and the state of the Markett was a second and the Read of the state of th

Just out in book for THE "GOLDFIS

Being the confessions of a successful the frankest, most detailed revelat the daily living of a New York for wealth and social position ever put int the all facilities The Centus



THE RIGHT will give your dog cost sound to scie and salt temper. I leed, exercise, cure for you pet, send for

"About Do Pres Booklet. Mail po We will include stamping Dog Bread the best too

Austin Deg Bread & Anim 207 Marginal Street Cl

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

(Continued from Page 25)

tunivery caused him even more acute takey. The city was full of thieves; povward its companion, crime, lurked on a dadowy staircase of the barracklike con or peered, red-eyed, from every

1rd into this city of contrasts - of gray and of the night hugging gratings for en and accosting passers-by with in the gestures, of smug civilians hida angular mouths under great mus-el dapper soldiers to whom the pri unattended was potential proy. ha night city of terror, this day city halaful contrasts, cemine rubbing the frost-nipped flesh, destitution may along the fashionable Prater for and select, gilt wheels of royalty and at and slone for the second time.

time there was no Peter Byrna of her cheerily in the twilight and her ty sheer friendliness. She was to lier funds were lower, much lower. is mething else had gone—her faith.
It leave had seen to that. In the auEarmony had faced the city clearmething else had gone—her faith.
It leave had seen to that.
In the aumething else had gone—her faith.
It leave had been to the city clearmething else had gone—her faith.
It leave had been to the city clearmething else had gone—her faith.
It leave had gone had g

is rested eyes, alas! understood it.

It was not the Harmony who had bade now brewell to Scatchy and the Big are in the station who fied to her in the upper floor of the house in a Williadyasse. This was a hunted serie alternately flushed and pule, who gother door behind her before she took be lat, and who, having taken off her a or serveyed her hiding place with is the gaslight.

had no plans beyond flight. She sillingarian and spoke no German. be beimaker had gone to the Ronacher. good did not know where to find a savet was afraid to trust herself to She went to bed supperservice alones, a tria tiny picture of Peter and Jimmy z :: wooden sentry under her cheek.

To meen, cooling on the window-sill, was er early. She was confused at many up to see if Jimmy has thrown off nest the sickening realization that per was not there.

maker, whose name was Monia

E sectate after her evening out. Harto managing with hunger and faintness, are a long as alto could. Then she put be higg desperately and ventured out. and it this hour Peter would not be being and even if he were he would make of the aixteenth district. He make inquiries, of course—the Pennishers, Boyers', the Master's.

Coloradian brought back her strength

the norming air gave her confidence.

Activit, too, was less formidable than
subborhood of the Karntnerstrasse theiraben. The shops were smaller. The use of family atmosphere about many the head of the establishment in ferway, the wife at the cashier's deak, Topposins, nieces behind the wooden The shopkeepers were approachand of familiar. Harmony met no the red to. In many cases the appliwestern a general consultation, shopbe used to the second s Fraday of tramping during which in exefully away from that part of where Peter might be searching

is betwas, of course, that her knowltish was her sole asset as a clerk. the were few English and no tourists strenth district. She was market-

ted at a Conditorei, more to rest body than because she needed afternoon was as the morning. lock, long after the midwinter signse and up the whitewashed

a shock at the second landing. A rejet flared over his head, and

she recognized the short heavy figure and ardent eyes of Georgiev. She had her veil down luckily, and he gave no sign of recognition. She passed on, and she heard him a second later descending. But there had been something reminiscent after all in her figure and carriage. The little Georgiev paused, half way down, and thought a moment. It was impossible, of course. All women reminded him of the American. Had he not, only the day before, followed for two city blocks a woman old enough to be his mother, merely because she carried a violin case? But there was something about the girl he had just passed—Bah!

A bad week for Harmony followed, a week of weary days and restless nights when she slept only to dream of Peter-of his burt and incredulous eyes when he found she had gone; of Jimmy-that he needed her, was worse, was dying. More than once she heard him sobbing and wakened to the cooing of the pigeons on the window-sill. She grew thin and sunken-eyed: took to dividing her small board, half of it with her, half under the carpet, so that in case of accident all would not be gone.

This, as it happened, was serious. One day, the sixth, she came back wet to the skin from an all-day rain, to find that the carpet hank had been looted. There was no clew. The stolid Hungarian, startled out of her lethargy, protested innocence; the little dressmaker, who seemed honest and friendly, wept in sheer sympathy. The fact remained—half the small hourd was gone.

Two days more, a Sunday and a Monday. On Sunday Harmony played, and Georgiev in the room below, translating into cipher a recent conference between the Austrian Minister of War and the German Ambassador, put uside his work and listened. She played, as once before she had played when life seemed sad and tragic, the Humoresque. Georgiev, hands behind his head and eyes upturned, was back in the Pension Schwarz that night months ago when Harmony played the Humoresque and Peter stooped outside her door. The little Bulgarian sighed and dreamed.

Harmony, a little sadder, a little more forlorn each day, pursued her hopeless quest. She ventured into the heart of the Stadt and paid a part of her remaining money to an employment bureau, to truch English or violin, whichever offered, or even After she had paid they told her it would be difficult, almost impossible, without references. She had another narrow escape as she was leaving. She almost rollided with Olga, the chambermaid, who, having clashed for the last time with Katrina, was seeking new employment. On another occasion she saw Marie in the crowd and was obsessed with a longing to call to her, to ask for Peter, for Jimmy. That meeting took the heart out of the girl. Marie was white and weary perhaps the boy was worse. Perhaps Peter Her heart contracted. But that was absurd, of

course; Peter was always well and strong. Two things occurred that week, one un-expected, the other inevitable. The unexexpected, the other inevitable. pected occurrence was that Monia Reiff. finding Harmony being present for work, offered the girl a situation. The wage was small, but she could live on it.

The inevitable was that she met Georgiev

on the stairs without her veil.

It was the first day in the workroom. The apprentices were carrying home boxes for a ball that night. Thread was needed, and quickly. Harmony, who did odds and ends of sewing, was most easily spared. She slipped on her jacket and hat and ran down to the shop near by.

It was on the return that she met Georgiev coming down. the staircase unlighted. In the gloom one face was as another. Georgiev, listening intently, hearing footsteps, drew back into the embrasure of a window and waited. His swarthy face was tense, expectant. As the steps drew near, were light feminine instead of stealthy, the little spy relaxed somewhat. But still be waited, crouched.

It was a second before he recognized Harmony, another instant before he realized his good fortune. She had almost passed. He put out an unsteady hand.

Frankin!

"Herr Georgiev!"

The little Bulgarian was profoundly stirred. His fervid eyes gleamed. He struggled against the barrier of language.



For Screening Purches

This year-investigate PEARL before you buy just screen.

Deell WIRE CLOTH

wears by far any pointed screen you've ever used. Its remarkable wear qualities are derived from a permanent metallic tracting which is practically a part of the wire itself. As hondrows as painted screen is agiv, him to keep clean. After a little exposure it turns to a gray that's practically invisible.

For Screening Windows and Doors

Two grades-Regular, and an Estra Heavy, Extra Strong Grade for door, window and joint our.

Conscientious Architects

ecily Gillert & enwest Peast he Chille-

Good Corpenters and Contractors Oss "PEARL"

PEARL" is made only by The Gilbert & Bennett M(g. Co. Do not accept any substitute. Insist upon accing two Copper Wires in the activage and a Round Tag bearing our name on each roll and you'll be certain of getting the geneine article. The best hardware dealer in your city sells tollest & Bennett PLARL Wire Cloth and

will gladly supply you.

Or — write nearest office for samples, literature and the dealer's name.

The Gilbert & Bennett Mfg. Co. (Established 1818)

npi. A-167, 277 Brandway Dryl. A-167, 38 So. Durbore S New York Chicago Laure City, Ma.



SAMPLES

FREE













Everything depends upon your eyesight. Your eyes are your most valuable possession—save them. You know how inconvenient light fixtures are located—well, here is the very thing you have been wishing for to ease eye-strain, preserve your sight and get the light wherever you want it.



want it - whether you are reading, writing, swing, asing tool, making tools, playing plane, showing, or doing soything requiring light. Stands, Hangs, Clamps,

or Sticks any place, or at any angle you put it Indispensable in the home.

Every traveller should have one Handwork finished in satio-

nickel an ernament anywhere. Weigle a trifle over one poundeasily carried in a grip.

Special Introductory Offer-10 Days' Free Trial

We want you to see this himp-try it—we what a necessary convenience it is. If you cannot obtain them from your local Electrical or iterativate Stores, write up and we will send you use be 14. Keep it 10 days and, if not sublated, when it and we will send you monthly. Saving your eyenght is worth "hum himsted times \$4." Send for trial lamp to-day. Wallace Novelty Co. 11 200 Madison Ave., New York

AGENTS WANTED Terms and full information upon request. Write us.

lustrations above only a few of its

\$4

Prepak









A Young Married Man

earned \$40.00 a month as a clerk. He saw no advancement ahead; apparently he had come to the sticking point. Realizing his earning power was limited by his own lack of training, he set about courageously to secure the technical education he needed. He

enlisted in one of the national correspondence schools and studied in the evenings and early mornings. Shortly afterward his employer increased his salary to \$60.00 a month, in recognition of his improved service. But with this he was not satisfied. He kept plugging and now, to make a long story short, is earning over \$6,000 a year as a contractor.

Have you reached the sticking point? Have you come to the end of a blind alley? Then let us tell you how, through our Scholarship Offer, you can gain without cost the training you need to fill a bigger position. Don't work blindly for \$40.00 a month when, by intelligently planning your future, you can become a highsalaried executive. Address your letter of inquiry to

Educational Division, Box 271

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

broke out in passionate Bulgar, switched to German punctuated with an English word here and there. Made intelligible, it was that he had found her at last. Harmony held her speeds of thread and waited for the storm of languages to subside. Then:

"But you are not to say you have seen me, Herr Georgiev,"
"No?"

Harmony colored.

"I am - am hiding," she explained.
"Something very uncomfortable happened
and I came here. Please don't say you have ecen me.

Georgiev was puzzled at first. She had to explain very slowly, with his ardent eyes on her. But he understood at last and agreed of course. His incredulity was turning to certainty. Harmony had actually been in the same building with him while he sought

the same building with him while he sought her everywhere else.

"Then," he said at last, "it was you who played Sunday."

"I surely."

She made a move to pass him, but he held out an imploring hand.

"Processin, I may see you sometimen?"

"We shall meet again, of course."

"Francisis—with all respect—sometime perhaps you will walk out with me?"

"I am very busy all day."

"I am very busy all day."
"At night then? For the exercise? I, with all respect, Friblein!"

Harmony was touched.
"Sometime," she consented. And then impolaively: "I am very lonely, Herr

Georgiev."
She held out her hand, and the little Bulgarian bent over it and kissed it reverently. The Herr Georgiev's father was a nobleman in his own country, and all the ittle spy's training had been to make of a girl in Harmony's situation lawful prey. But in the spy's glowing heart there was nothing for Harmony to fear. She knew it. He stood, hat in hand, while she went up the staircase. Then:

"Frauleis/" anxiously.

"Yes?"

"Was there below at the entrance a tall.

"Was there below at the entrance a tall man in a green velours hat?"

"I saw no one there.

"I saw no one there."

"I thank you, Fraulein."

He watched her slender figure ascend, lose itself in the shadows, listened until she coached the upper floore. Then with a sigh he clapped his hat on his head and made his cautious way down to the street. There was no man in a green velours hat below, but the little spy had an uneasy feeling that eyes watched him nevertheless. Life was growing complicated for the Herr Georgiev.

Life was pressing very close to Harmony

Life was pressing very close to Harmony also in those days, a life she had never touched before. She discovered, after a day or two in the workrooms, that Monia Reiff's business lay almost altogether among the demissende. The sewing girls, of Marie's type many of them, found in the custemers endless topics of conversation. Some things Harmony was spared, much of the talk being in dialect. But a great deal of it she understood, and she learned much that was not spoken. They talked much that was not spoken. They talked freely of the women, their clothes, and they talked a great deal about a newcomer, an American danser, for whom Monia was making an elaborate outfit. The Amer-ican's name was Lillian Le Grande. She was dancing at one of the variety theaters.

Harmony was working on a rostume for the Le Grande woman—a gold brocade slashed to the knee at one side and with a fragment of bodice made of gilt tissue. On the day after her encounter with Georgiev

she met her.

There was a dispute over the gown, something about the draping. Monia, flushed with irritation, came to the workroom door and glanced over the girls. She singled out Harmony finally and called her,

"Come and put on the American's gown," she ordered. "She wishes—Heaven knows what she wishes!"

Harmony went unwillingly. Nothing she had beard of the Fraulein Le Grande had prepossessed her. Her uneasiness was in-creased when she found herself obliged to shed her gown and to stand for one terrible moment before the little dressmaker's

amused eyes.
"Thou art very lovely, very chic," said
Monia. The dress added to rather than re-lieved Harmony's discomfiture. She donned it in one of the fitting rooms, made by the simple expedient of curtaining off a corner of the large reception room. The slashed skirt embarrassed her, the low cut made her shrink. Monia was frankly entranced. Above the gold tissue of the bodice rose Harmony's exquisite shoulders. Her hair was gold; even her eyes looked golden. The dressmaker, who worshiped beauty, gave a pull here, a pat there. If only all women were so beautiful in the things she

made!
She had an eye for the theatrical also. She posed Harmony behind the curtain, arranged lights, drew down the chiffon so that a bit more of the girl's rounded bosom was revealed. Then she drew the curtain aside and stood smiling.

The Le Grande paid the picture the tribute of a second's silence. Then:

"Exquisite!" she said in English. Then in halting German: "Do not change a line. It is perfect."

Harmony must walk in the gown, turn.

It is perfect."

Harmony must walk in the gown, turn, sit. Once she caught a glimpse of herself and was startled. She had been wearing black for so long, and now this radiant golden creature was herself. She was enchanted and abashed. The slash in the skirt troubled her: her slender leg had a way of revealing itself.

The ordeal was over at last, The dancer was pleased. She ordered another gown. Harmony, behind the curtain, slipped out of the dress and into her own shabby frock. On the other side of the curtain the dancer was talking. Her voice was loud, but rather agreeable. She smoked a cigarette. Scraps of chatter came to Harmony, and once a laugh.

"That is too pink—something more delicate."

"Here is a shade: hold it to your check."

delicate.

"Here is a shude; hold it to your cheek."
'I am a bad color. I did not sleep last

"Still no news, Fraulein?"
"None. He has disappeared utterly.
That isn't so bad, is it? I could use more

rouge."
It is being much worn. It is strange, is it not, that a child could be stolen from the hospital and leave no sign."
The dancer laughed a mirthless laugh. Her voice changed, became nasal, full of

Her voice changed, became masal, full of venom.

"Oh, they know well enough," she snapped. "Those nurses know, and there's a pig of a red-bearded doctor—I'd like to poison him. Separating mother and child! I'm going to find him, if only to show them they are not so smart after all."

In her anger she had lapsed into English. Harmony, behind her curtain, had clutched at her heart. Jimmy's mother!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

When to Light Up

AN ALARM signal, to give warning that it is time to depend no longer on fading daylight but to turn on the gnalights or electric lamps, is now being devised. The great usefulness of a successful device of this sort is apparent. Records have shown that the greatest strain on the eyesight comes in the late afternoon hours near sundewn, or on dark, dull days when it comes in the late alternoon hours hear sundown, or on dark, dull days when it does not seem to be dark enough to turn or artificial lights. Each case is a matter for the judgment of some individual and the tend-ency is to delay turning on the lights. In offices, schools, libraries—and to some extent in stores—the lights are switched on many a day only after a period of eyestrain for all the people in the place; so illuminating engineers have called for a machine that will decide at just what moment lighting should begin.

There is no great difficulty in building a successful apparatus for this purpose, though there is a great problem in making one inexpensive enough for general use. All over the world there are now used lightbuoys on the seacoast and in places dangerous to shipping, so constructed that they turn on automatically at dusk and

turn off at sunrise.

It has been found possible to make their response to light so delicate that the light would be turned on in the daytime when cloud passed over the sun. Selenium has the peculiar property of permitting a greater or a lesser amount of electricity to pass through it, according to the amount of light thrown on it; and on this principle most of these light-controlled devices operate. Therefore it would be entirely feasible to have an alarm bell controlled by a selenium cell in such a way that when the day-light in an office faded to the point where artificial illumination was required the bell would ring. Thus far the idea has not been developed to the point of marketing such an alarm, but it is being worked out and may come into general use before long.

The Jury and the Judges

(Continued from Page 19)

opinions of foreign civilians are your perpetual theme; but who ever heard you mention Magna Charta or the Bill of Rights with approbation or respect? By such treacherous arts the noble simplicity and free spirit of our Saxon laws were first

Junius touched here the great central idea in this struggle. The theory of the people as judges in a cause was the Saxon idea, while the chancellor was a Norman impor-tation. The early English people were epposed to a centralized authority, as we are today. They were afraid of power in the hands of either one man or a body of men. They believed that justice ought to be men. They believed that justice ought to be administered by the whole people. Their shires and their hundreds each had a court where suits might be instituted. A larger purisdiction was exercised by a county court, and from this appeals were some-times made to the Witenagemot; and here they were decided by a vote of all those who constituted that assembly.

They had no chief justice nor any su-preme judicial tribunal. The chief justice was an importation of that Norman rob-ber, William the Conqueror. He had a genius for keeping all authority within his hand; and his plan was to have a grand central tribunal for the whole realm, which should not only be a court of appeal but in which all causes of importance should originate and be finally decided.

So William the Conqueror set up the first supreme court in England. The con-stable, the mareschal, the seneschal, the chamberlain and the treasurer constituted chamberiain and the reasurer constituted this court, over which the grand justiciar presided, and which sat in the hall of the king's palace. Ariotta, of romantic legend, who fascinated Robert, Duke of Normandy, as he rode by the door of the Tanner of Falaise, was the mother of the first chief justice of England—and a fine figure of a rooms he was: rogue he was!

And so we see that this struggle between the people, who wished to remain the source of justice, and the judges is as old as the race. Nor can it ever be harmonized; for the first idea is English and has a origin in the instincts of the Anglo-Saam people, and the latter idea is Norman and has its origin in the divine right of time.

When today we see benches of judges undertake to annul laws the people have passed, and assume to say by what laws passed, and assume to say by what laws the people shall be governed, and by what laws they shall not be governed, we see the system of William the Conqueror dominating the Anglo-Saxen nachinery of justice. And when we see the jury made the more subservient creatures of the judges in the trial of causes, we see the Norman idea dominating the English idea of justice.

We are moved to inquire whether the long struggle of the English people to keep the administration of justice in their own

the administration of justice in their own hands is, after all, useless; and whether we are about to abandon what our ancestors with so much difficulty gained and held.

The True Source of All Justice

Lord Blackstone declared that the jury system was the chiefest glory of the English isw. He said it was the one device by which our civilization had been able to preserve itself from that decay which had eventhally overtaken all previous civilization.

This idea, that the jury shall be the sole and ultimate judges of the whole case in every controversy, is particularly adapted to our form of government. It guarantees that our conception of right shall be of common constituency, like water drawn from a lake having a variety of sources; that the idea of justice administered in the courts shall be and remain at all times the courts shall be and remain at all times the idea of the whole people; that the motives of all classes of the people shall be interpreted by those who understand them; and that the ultimate source of all justice, like the ultimate source of all authority, shall remain in the whole electorate.

It seems wisely ordered that men do not require a special education in order to do justice. A sense of right and wrong in a "learned judicial monk," A lame slave, who wrote philosophy in the time of Domitian, pointed out that, though men were not born with the knowledge of a rightangled triangle and had that to learn, every

one came into the world with a knowledge of what was good and what was evil, what he ought to do and what he ought not to do.

From the beginning the English-speaking people have been of the opinion that a certain number of intelligent persons taken from the whole body of the common people would always be the best guardians of pub-lic justice; that a plain common-sense pass-ing on human affairs was not apt to be more in error than a refined philosophy.

The thing was aptly illustrated in an ancient case where the crown was endeavoring to make out a case of treason by proving a number of little things, no one of them amounting to treason; but the attorney-general insisted that, taken together, they made a case of treason against the king. And the jury met it with this piece of shattering comment: "We have yet to hear that two hundred black rabbits make one black horse!" This comment has been credited to a more pretentious authority; but it has the smoke of the fire-side on it and probably came from the

This old idea that the jury should judge verything in a case is based on the profound truth that all same men are born into the world with a natural sense of what is right and what is wrong, that which con-stitutes justice and that which constitutes injustice; and that if a matter be fully explained to the man in the ditch he will be as able to say what is the right of it as the man on the beach.

The Rarity of Corrupt Juries

The idea is a proper basis for the adminintration of justice in a republic. It guar-antees that all persons within certain limitations shall have a chare in the admin-istration of justice; that a wise uncertainty shall be maintained as to what particular individuals shall hear and decide a particu-lar case; and that no special class of people shall be able to take over the machinery of justice to the injury of other clauses. insures to every man a consideration of his controversy by at least some persons of the same condition in life as himself; and it would prevent any permanent corruption

of the judiciary.

Mr. Joseph Choate has answered those who speak of the corruption and bribery of individual jurors as follows:

"In an experience of more than forty years in the trial of civil cases before juries I cannot recall one case where I had reason to believe that corruption or bribery had reached a single juror. And if you can show me a few authentic cases of such infamy in the jury boxes I will undertake to match

them with an equal number of similar crimes committed by judges who have been properly exposed and punished.

"For I cherish, as the result of a life's work near its end, that the old-fashiened trial by a jury of twelve honest and intelligent citizens remains today—all suggested proportions and amendments to the connnovations and amendments to the contrary notwithstanding—the best and safest practical method for the determination of facts as the basis of judgments of courts; and that all attempts to tinker or tamper with it should be discouraged as disastrous to the public welfare."

It is the law today in our courts-and it has always been the law except for a brief period—that in the case of libels the juries period—that in the case of libels the juries are the ultimate judges of both the law and the facts in every case. This doctrine makes the jury the regnant tribunal over and above every other portion of our machinery for the administration of justice. And it is properly so. We, like our fathers before us, when we stop to consider the subject in its large, national aspect, do not helieve that any one man or any fixed num-ber of men ought to be the exclusive source of either authority or justice. We believe the whole people to be the common source of both

We do not believe any class of men could be so well acquainted with the multiple affairs of life as to be able to appreciate the motives and status of the whole people. We fear that if any particular class of men were to undertake the whole administration of justice, even though their motives were forever pure, they would be uncon-sciously influenced by the trend of ideas among their kind, and that their decisions would be favorable to that class of which

Here's Your Real Joy Pipe

It insures always a cool, dry, sweet smoke, productive of the full fragrance of your favorite tobacco untainted by any foreign odor or bitter taste. Delightful to you, never offensive to others. It cannot become "strong," or stale or foul, because, first, owing to its ingenious con-

struction it is so easy to clean; and, record, it is made of "Condensite,"



Price \$1.50 with Starting Stlver Storm Stand, on shores parked to familione loss. With Starting Stlver

which is absolutely non-absorbent - the invention of Mr. J. W. Aylsworth, who has been for over twenty-five years the chief consulting chemist of Mr. Thos. A. Edison.



Play Golf?

Improve Your Game! Much depends Players using the MARDRIGHT Driver-Hand report that it draws from 15 to 25 words forther than a wood on the content of the con



Hardright Showing Brosless are guaranteed forever against briefles coming out. Write for Illustrated Booklets

Hardman & Weight, Belleville, N. J.



A might hope from more Wash, Natur Stark

COLDWELL COMBINATION ROLLER AND MOTOR LAWN MOWER

THE Coldwell Combination Roller and Motor Mower is the liest and most economical mower made for large stretches of turk

The Coldwell motor mower mows and rolls at the same time. It does the work of three home mowers on less than a gallon of gasoline an hour. It climbs 25% grades easily. It is simply designed and easy to operate.

The Coldwell line includes horse mowers with the new demountable cutter feature. Also hand mowers in 150 different styles and sures. Wene for ratidities and an interesting booklet "The Circ of Lawns."

Coldwell Lawn Mower Company

Newburgh, New York

er Laure Manuers

What is there about that substance known as

which makes the paint so good?

Technically it is a long story, but the facts are quickly stated.

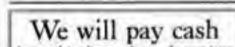
Zinc makes paint look better, whether white or colored; it makes it last much longer, and it transforms the paint into an impervious shell of protection from all kinds of weather.

Proof: The best paint manufacturers use it in their best paints.

The story is readably told in our booklet, "Your Move," which we would like to send you.

The New Jersey Zinc Company, 55 Wall Street, New York

For big contract jobs consult our Research Bureau.



for your late afternoon hours. In your town are many persons who will read The Saturday Evening Post if its real character is explained to them. They will subscribe if you give them the opportunity. For each subscription you receive we will give you a liberal cash commission and salary credit. An bour three-times a week may yield you weveral hundred dollars a year, Address your inquiry to

The Agency Distriction, Bon 273
The Curtis Publishers Company, Philipdelphia, Pa-







they were a part. We have read in the books, and our fathers have told us, that it is not natural to expect the few to be attentive to the interests of the many!

tive to the interests of the many!

English-speaking people have always known this. They knew it before the Conquest; they knew it during the long struggle with the king's judges; and they know it today. They need only to be awakened in order to see that the administration of justice is kept in their own hands.

There is no danger to the libertice of a country when the people are roused into attention. When Washington, riding north out of Virginia, heard of the Battle of Bunker Hill, he did not ask who had won; his only inquiry was:

inquiry was:
"Did the militia fight?"
He knew that if the people were awak-

ened the fortunes of any particular battle would not greatly affect the ultimate result. We are apt to forget the atruggle that plain, common men—unknown, unremem-bered and loog dead—have made to keep the source of justice in the body of the whole people. The king's judges were not men easy to oppose. Wright was a crook; Kelyoge was a vulgar tyrant; and Scroggs and Jeffreys were unconscionable beasts But the common people of England, like Doctor Johnson's countryman, Eiwall, were alraid of neither the king's "red-guards" nor his "black-guards."

Juries Firm Under Judicial Pressure

Lord Ellenborough was so anxious to con-Lord Ellenborough was so antious to convict William Hone of a libel on George IV that he got up from a sick-bed and went into court to conduct the trial himself. When he took his place on the bench Hone said to him: "I know what you are come bare for, my Lord Ellenborough; I know what you want." The judge replied: "I come to do justice: my one wish is to see justice done." But Hone shattered his hypocrisy with the answer: "Is it not rather, my lord, to send a poor bookseller to rot in a dungeon?"

That was the precise thing for which Lord Ellenborough had come into the courtroom, for be presently exerted himself to force the jury to find Hone guilty by declaring to them that the publication was a "most impious and profane libel." But the jury was not under the thumb of Ellenborough or of any other judge, and Hone went free.

In the celebrated trial of the even bishops, when the blue had committed to the Towar. vict William Hone of a libel on George IV

In the celebrated trial of the seven bishops, whom the king had committed to the Tower and wished to prosecute because they sented a petition to him praying that they might "not be forced to violate their con-sciences and break the law," the stubborn

sciences and break the law," the stubborn resistance of the jury to the royal judges was conspicuously marked.

The king had selected Chief Justice Wright, who the biographers say was "the lowest wretch that had ever appeared on the bench in England," to conduct the trial. And he had managed to get his brewer on the jury; but the people were stanch in those days in their resistance to tyranny, and, in spite of everything the king's judges could do, the jury could not be conresd into a conviction. They were given into the custody of a balliff who was sworn not to let them have "meat or drink, fire or candle" until they had agreed on their verdict. The king's brewer stood out for a conviction; but at six o'clock in out for a conviction; but at six o'clock in the morning a huge countryman in the panel

rose and thus addressed him:

"Look at me!" he said. "I am the largest and the strongest of the twelve, and before I find such a petition as this a libel, here I will stay till I am no bigger than a tobacco pipe!"

A stubborn contest between juries and the said has a before the property of the said.

judges has not been infrequent in our own We have seen a jury find a verdict and the judges set it aside - and a new jury

This happened in the case of Shaw versus the Boston & Worcester Railroad Company. dollars and the Supreme Court of Massachusetts set it aside. It was tried a second time and the second jury found a verdict of eighteen thousand dollars. The court set this verdict aside and remanded the case for a third trial. The third jury found a verdict of twenty-two thousand five hun-dred dollars, and the supreme court finally abandoned a contest that seemed to result

only in a larger verdict on each reversal.

Restrictions on the exercise of power written into great national charters and old bills of rights have always a meaning founded in some desperate experience of the people.

It is not for a small reason that trial by jury is guaranteed in the Constitution of the United States and the state constitu-tions following after it. It was the accumu-lated experience of English-speaking people

that put in this safeguard.

They knew the tendency of judges to accumulate power and to reach out after an extended jurisdiction. They had had a long experience with the centralization of authority and had ample cause to fear and resist it. They did not intend that the whole body of the people should ever cease to be the common source of justice.

to be the common source of justice.

The Anglo-Saxon people have always been opposed to a centralization of authority—to the exercise of power, judicial or governmental, by any particular clase of men. They have believed in an administra-tion of the government by the people and in an administration of justice by the people; and their resistance to this day

against the exercise of excessive powers by executives or judges is a rucial resistance. It is the resistance of the instincts of a people to a custom antagonistic to them. Government by tribunals apart from the people was a Norman custom superimposed on the English system of jurisprudence. It is adverse to the spirit of Anglo-Saxon institutions. It is contrary to the great idea of self-government for which the Anglo-Saxon has always contended, and it cannot be made to harmonize with a republican pretension

The hostility of the people to it is seen in their statutes restricting the authority of judges, confining them in some states in their instructions to the juries to a mere written statement of the law. It is seen in a common practice among thestates of making the office of judge elective, and in the great agitation today against the pretension of courts to annul acts of the legislature, by their decisions to make laws for the people and to say in effect by what laws the people shall be governed.

The Two Legs of Self-Government

It ought to be remembered that the only erson in a courtroom who is in fact clothed with the attributes of the sovereignty of the people is the juror. He alone is permitted to exercise the larger powers of sovereignty. He alone has the rightful power of life and death over both the law and the facts in a case.

Compared with him the judge is an efficer of delegated powers, within certain fixed limitations; but the juror sitting in indement to a case in a sovereign.

judgment in a case is a sovereign. He can decide it as he pleases; and he can take the law, which the judge explains to him. to apply to the case or not to apply, as be chooses. He is responsible to no one for his verdict. He is under the dominion of no authority. He is supreme! The judge is helpless before him.

The law is binding or inoperative on him as he pleases. This is the law for which the people contended against the king's judges—a right they forced Parliament to recognize and which they have preserved

to themselves in their great charters.
It is a correct principle of justice. Some body must have supreme authority in the decision of causes. These great powers of severeignty could not be delegated to a particular person for a term of years or for life, for those cogent reasons always apparent to English-speaking people; but they could he delegated to persons unknown until they were drawn out of the whole body of the

And they could be delegated for the brief time that a jury panel would exercise them. Thus the source of justice would remain in the body of the electorate. The imperial powers of judicial tribunals would issue out of the body of the whole people and return

Self-government goes forward on two legs—the people are the source of authority and the people are the source of justice. To amputate either is to put democracy on



GOVERNMENT TELEPHONES

fiscal year ending March 31, 1913—the latest issued at this writing: "Considera-ble progress has been made with the work of providing additional plant, both external and sternal, in those areas where the National Telephone Company reduced or stopped construction work during the period immediately preceding the transfer of their system to the post office. This class of work will be actively pursued during the coming year and it is estimated that throughout the country a sum of almost two million pounds will be spent on the providing of additional underground and overhead wires."
This starved condition of the plant should

be taken into account in considering the poor service subsequent to the government purchase. I just came from a London office in which two telephones stand side by side on the same desk. One is Central; the other is Bank. In other words they belong to different exchanges. At the American Embassy one telephone is Victoria, while the other is Gerrard. All through the telephone directory you will find this same condition of two telephones in the same office that belong to different exchanges. The reason belong to different exchanges. The reason, of course, is that one was formerly a post-office telephone, while the other was a Na-tional Telephone Company instrument; and the duplication has not been corrected—at

least, the phones have not been assigned to the nearest exchange.

The National Telephone Company's license required it to pay the government a yearly royalty amounting to ten per cent of its gross exchange receipts. In the last year of its existence it paid the government. on that account one million seven hundred thousand dollars. As to the fiscal results of government operation, all I have is the brief statement in the postmaster-general's an-sual report, which shows a gross telephone revenue of a little over twenty-eight million deliars and a net revenue of a million nine hundred thousand dollars—or substantially what the National Company would have paid the government as a royalty if it were still operating the lines. The National Com-pany, however, paid a six per cent dividend on its stock, after paying its royalty to the

The same report says that service in London was improved during the year, "the number of completed calls being kept steadily between seventy and seventy-one per cent"; whereas in 1911 it was between sixty-five and sixty-seven per cent. I do not dispute the figures; but all the tele-phone users I talked with seemed unable to appreciate the distinction between getting their number seventy per cent of the time as against only sixty-five per cent. I think it a fair statement that the service, originally not good, has not improved under government ownership. Rates have not been reduced; and the meager information so far available indicates that the government has made less profit from the lines than the private owners did.

Service Dear at Any Price

A few other things in the report may be mentioned. For example:

"Traffic on the Anglo-French lines—government-owned on bothsides—has increased stisfactorily during the year; and the increase would have been more marked but for the fact that, owing to bad weather experienced during the early part of the year, two of the lines were out of order for some time, while the others were unworkable for shorter periods.

"Negotiations are proceeding with the Dutch administration for the joint provision of a direct Anglo-Dutch telephone cable.

"The possibility of affording telephonic

communication between Germany and this country is under consideration." Germany and Holland, of course, are

eparated from England by comparatively short stretches of water and there is a great volume of business between the island and the continental countries. I venture to think that in America, under like con-

ditions, telephonic communication would already have been established.

Telephoning is cheaper in England than in the United States. The charge for a business telephone in London, with unlimited service, is eighty-five dollars a year; or one can get a residence telephone by paying five dollars for the instrument and two penceor four cents - a call. But these rates have

no particular bearing on the question of government ownership, as they were the same when the lines were privately owned; and the rate signifies little, except when the quality of service is also taken into account. Cotton is cheaper than wool-but nobody wants a winter overcost made of it. The only object of a telephone anyway is to save time and effort; therefore a cheap, slow service may be really dearer than a more costly and faster one. I expect to have something to say about comparative telephone rates in another article—therefore I will drop the subject here.

There was always a reason why the British Government should go into the telephone business. That reason is that, for more than forty years, it has had a monopoly of the telegraph business. It acquired the privately owned telegraph lines in 1870; and here again I may point out that the total investment was only forty million dollars, which, by the way, was substantially twice what it was estimated to be when the bill passed Parliament; but taking over a forty-million-dollar concern is rather different from taking over a several-hundred-million-dollar one.

The English Telegraph

Pretty much the same general ressons that led the American Bell System to buy control of the Western Union Telegraph Company led the British Government into the telephone field. The telephone is a conpetitor of the telegraph and a complement

Now the British post office's manage-ment of the telegraph is one of the most ment of the tesegraph is one of the most successful instances of government owner-ship in the world. The service is good; certainly as good as the telegraph service in the United States, and perhaps better. For telegraphing anywhere in the United King-dom the minimum charge is sixpence, which carries a message of twelve words, and for every additional word the charge is half a penny; but both the address and signature are counted as part of the message.

The average address probably contains five words—as, John D. Smith, Peoris, Illinois—and the average signature will no doubt take two words. Of course if a street number is added the address will take more than five words. than five words.

On the other hand, there are many registered telegraph addresses that take but a single word besides the name of the city. If we take five words us the average address and two as the average signature, then the average cost of a ten-word message—ex-clusive of address and signature, as on the American plan—would be seventeen cents in England, which is well below the cost in the United States.

There is, of course, an immense difference in distance. All England is within about six hours' ride of London. Concerning a projected trip to Glasgow—a night's run—an English friend raised the objection that it was "a very long journey." There are few daily papers in England outside of London. London.

The town of ten or twenty thousand inhabitants, which would support at least one or two dailies in the United States, gets late editions of the London papers at breakfast and has no local daily. So telegraphing in England is all dense, shorthaul business,

which naturally affects the rate. Nevertheless, telegraphing under fairly Nevertheless, telegraphing under fairly comparable conditions—as between London and Manchester or Liverpool and New York and Philadelphia or Boston—is cheaper than with us and the service is quite as good; but because a government succeeds well in one field it does not necessarily follow that it will succeed well in all other failes.

And on the fiscal side the British Government's operation of the telegraph can hardly

The post-office reports show that for the last five years expenses of the telegraph system have ranged from one hundred and thirty to one bundred and forty per cent of gross receipts. In other words, gross re-ceipts have paid for only two-thirds of the service, the remaining third coming out of

the public treasury, In these five years salaries and wages exclusive of engineering-have never been less than eighty-two per cent of gross receipts, and the proportion has risen quite steadily year by year. To be more exact,



Villiams Hölder Top Shaving Stick



Convenient when you first use the stick.



More convenient when the stick is nearly used up.

The more you try other STICK kinds, the better you POWDER will understand why Williams' Shaving Soaps are so popular.

A miniature trial package of either of these four shaving preparations will be sent postpaid for 4c. in stamps.

> THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY Dept. A. Glastonbury, Conn.

CREAM





A Parent Who Is a "Pal"

is a power for good in the life of a boy

This parent enters into the youngster's joys, directs his enthusiasm and guides him along the path to manhood.

The spirit of this companionship is the spirit of the booklet "What Shall I Do With My Boy?"

For fourteen years we have worked with and worked for boys. We have studied them, the motives which stir them, the influences which guide them. We know boys well.

What we have learned has been written into "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" for the parents of boys who know they have a boy problem. A copy of this booklet will be sent you with our compliments. Please address your request for a copy to

Sales Distriction, Ben 275

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

five years ago salaries and wages took over eighty-two per cent of gross receipts, while last year they took over eighty-seven per cent—each intervening year showing a rise. In the same years the expenditures for maintenance of plant have steadily fallen, both absolutely and relatively. Five years ago maintenance took twenty per cent of gress receipts—last year only twelve per

All these figures, it should be said, are made after crediting the telegraph with the estimated value of services rendered free of cost to other departments of the government; so when you pay tweive cents to send your English telegram you are paying only two-thirds what the message costs. The extra six cents is paid by the govern-ment—which means the body of taxpayers. Or it may be argued that it comes out of the postal revenue proper, which, exclusive of telegraphs, shows a surplus. But, how-ever you figure it, users of the telegraph system pay only two-thirds of what the service coets.

The last five years have not been excep-tional in this regard, for the telegraph service has shown a deficit pretty steadily since the government took it over; so that giving a service at less than cost seems to

e its settled policy. In all branches the British post office employs two hundred and forty thousand persons—a fact which has considerable political significance. About a decade ago relations between the post office and its employees were decidedly strained, because the post office refused to recognize the labor unions to which some of its employees belonged insisting on dealing with its men as individuals rather than through the representatives appointed by the unions. This led to a rather bitter fight, and one incident of the fight was that a peatmaster-general last his job. Various other explanations, official and non-official, were given; but no doubt it was the fight made on him by dissatisfied postal employees that forced

him out of office. The upshot of the contest was that the post office recognized the unions. Natu-rally this increased the membership and rate that increased the membership and strength of the unions, and in late years labor questions have been settled by conferences between representatives of the unions. In the last len years organized labor in England has made many contests for the principle of recognition of labor unions, and

principle of recognition of labor unions, and has been pretty generally successful. As a recognized labor leader explained to me, the greatest of all victories in that line was the one over the post office because of its moral effect on other employees.

Unions being fully recognized, relations between the post office and its employees in late years have been quite amicable. It is the opinion of well-informed men that restal employees are letter hav, better

postal employees get better pay, better hours of work, more secure tenure, more consideration and more holidays than like labor in private employment. No doubt this condition sufficiently accounts for the fact that labor generally is in favor of cationalization of railroads in England.

The Pay of Postal Clerks

That telegraph wages take nearly eighty-eight per cent of the gross receipts of the service I mentioned above. For the whole postal service, salaries and wages—exclu-sive of engineering—took thirty-one per cent of gross receipts a generation ago, and of late years have taken from forty-seven to fifty-one per crot.

fifty-ene per crot. Under the head of Health of Staff the postoffice report shows there were one hundred seventy thousand absences on sick-leave last year. In the metropolitan district fiftyfive per cent of the men and eighty-three per cent of the women of the established staff nere absent on sick-leave during the year, the absences averaging fourteen days for the men and reventeen for the women. It may be mentioned that there are one

bundred eighty-one thousand men em-ployed and fifty-nine thousand women; but the women, in all the more important positions, such as the money-order department, and so on, are well organized, probably three-fourths of them belonging to unions.

As I write this a rumar is in circulation that a special committee of Parliament, which has been investigating the subject, is about to make a report recommending equal pay for equal work in the post office—that is, the same pay for a woman as for a man doing the same grade of work. If this Parliamentary report is made it will be a

distinct victory for the organized women

of the postal department.

That the organized employees of the post office constitute a political factor that every political leader is bound to take into account cannot be disputed. The reader may regard that as a good thing or a lead thing, according to his taste and inclination. but it is a thing that must be taken into account in any consideration of government ownership in a democratic country.

My own notion is that better wages and better hours—better treatment of labor all round—are decidedly good things; but they must be paid for. And a large body of citizens who stand in a dual relationship to the government, first as its employees, then as voters, tends to create a rather difficult situation in any democratic coun-try, especially if the employees are well organized, as they are in England, and there-

fore able to act promptly as a unit.

Here again it is necessary to consider the comparatively small size of the British Government's trading enterprises.

The Strike at Leeds

That public ownership may count heavily against labor was recently illustrated at Leeds. Like a majority of British cities. Leeds owns the street-car lines as well as the gas, electric-light and water works, and some other utilities. Common ownership of these things naturally tended to solidly the labor employed. Last winter the me-demanded a flat raise of two shillings a west all round. Some of them at least were to doubt underpaid. The city granted some increases in wages, but not all that was demanded. A strike began and at one time

the whole municipal force was on strike.

The leaders calculated that the city would be obliged to surrender very quickly; that two days, at most, of complete tying up of the public utilities, including street cleaning, street-car service, and so on would secure their demands. Now if any one set of them had been striking against a private employer public sympathy would have been a good deal on the side of the men; but this was a strike against the city. and the citizens rose up and smashed if. Volunteers carried on the necessary public works—manning the street cars, and soon.

until the men gave in.

Under the same conditions the same thing has happened elsewhere, and sometimes on a larger scale. In striking against a government the men usually have public opinion against them. In striking against a private employer public opinion is likely to be with them. And every experienced labor leader knows—though he may deny it on occasion—that public opinion is an important element in nearly every strike.

I am not trying to make an argument against government ownership or for it.

against government ownership or for it. Nobody worth considering would wish our Government to turn the mail service over to

Government to turn the mail service over to a private corporation. Most of the British cities own and operate street cars, gas plant, electric-light works, and do it quite successfully. The London County Council operates a very good street-car service in London.

On the other hand, privately owned motor busses and subways carry millions of passengers rheaply and, on the whole, quite sathfactorily. Both arrangements work very well as they stand. The County Council does nothing with the street cars which tends to show that it could do any better with the busses and subways than the present private owners do. Why, then, should it take them over?

The British Government has operated the telegraph for more than forty years—practically growing up with it, for the total number of telegrams handled in its first year was under ten millions, against over

year was under ten millions, against over ninety millions now. Considering the def-icit, it is doubtful whether it handles telegrams more cheaply than a private corporation would; but it is a fairly satis-factory established condition and it ought not to be radically changed except for some cogent reason. There ought to be a strong presumption that somebody would benefit by a change.

I believe the British mail service is better than ours, and if that assumption is correct a fair inference from it would be that our post-office department would handle tele-grams and telephones less efficiently than

the British poet office does.

As for England's experience with publicly owned telephones, there is nothing in it from which a fair argument for public ownership of telephones in the United States can be deduced.



Try This Ink in Mr. Carter's Inx

WE have produced the matchless isk that will keep Mr. Carter's lively and companionable. The new Cottoller permits a touch of the er in ship the flow, so that he never was too much or too little. This with the new controller is called





and combines every hours Carrier lisk quality. Be-styles, it is the matchless conditionium flind for steel perm and all foundain pens. It is amount and ever live-

ing. It writes a snappy films and does a brillant, permanent black

All the lost discuss are not all the lost of the lost

no ink the Coster's



THE BROOKS SYSTEM

final Book Mailed Free

H. HIC. CO., Eldd Best Ave., Sagister, Hick-



ATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE REPURSED Year thanh for his sauch of Friend Protect als moved free. How to Obtain a Whan to layent with Bet of haves FREE process offered for investors and than a New York, 1837 the steam of Polis Victor J. EVARS & CO., Washington, D.C.

JUNK

(Continued from Page 12)

of spume boiling in the breath of the gale—but somehow tonight it seemest worse than ever before. The crushing bows of the old liner drove up tons of brine that swept the forward decks and thumped sullenly against the walls of the wheelhouse. Far alt he could hear the quick swirl of the

propeller as it rose and dived again.

"I'll be glad when we're in the lee of San Miguel Island," he thought. "I'm glad I didn't take the outside course. This is a very hard gale indeed."

An hour passed and Mr. Halsey came to him and cried into his ear that they should have relead Point Aspendic Liebs.

have raised Point Arguello Light.
"We haven't," said Singgold briefly.
"Keep her wide!"

So another hour passed and still there

was no light visible. "We're held back by wind and current," the captain remarked calmly. "We will wait fifteen minutes more before we haul for the nutside."

At this moment the quartermaster picked up the Light and Singgold verified it. "We shall soon be in the lee," he said. "An S. O. S., sir," gusped the wireless

operator at his elbow.

"Tell me the message," said the captain calmly, putting the paper in his pocket. "Steamer Arrivaca. Thirty-three degrees and eighteen minutes north and 121-46 east. Machinery brokes down, and sinking.

"Tell the Arrivaca we are steaming to that position at full speed," said Singgold evenly. Then he picked up the speaking tube and called the engine room. "Chief," he said brusquely, "please carry all the steam you can and get all the power out of your engines possible. We are steaming to the relief of a sinking vessel off Santa Rosa Island." Island.

Shall I wreck this machine?" demanded Mr. Bales in his hurshest tones.

You know how to drive your engines," the sharp response, "Drive them as was the sharp response, you never did before!"

He then gave orders to change the course and take the direct road into the open sea. He figured his course in the chartdesk and told the chief officer, who had been called, that at full speed the Chittagong should reach the designated spot within three hours.

"The Arrivara is an excursion steamer that makes trips round the islands," Mr. Masters announced: "usually carries about

Masters announced: "usually carries about two hundred passengers."

By this time the old liner was shaking from keel to truck under the tremendous impulse of her burrying engines, and the seas that piled over the port bow kept the decks full. The gale had risen to a hurricane and Mr. Masters loudly thanked his stars that the man in the wheelhouse knew the ship and his business.

Captain Singred's raddy checks were

the ship and his business.

Captain Singgold's ruddy cheeks were blazing as he felt his old command respond to the emergency. He strode back and forth on the bridge, with the brine dripping from his white heard and his eyes alight with strange fires. Each time the operator sent him up a fresh message of despair from the sinking atcamer he would snatch up the speaking tube, call Mr. Bales and demand more speed. In some way that ancient mechanician managed to get more power, and when the day was fully come the Chittagong was plunging through the moustainous seas at a good sixteen knots, and the smoke from her funnel poured out in a steady, rearing stream.

the smoke from her funnel poured out in a steady, roaring stream.

"My Lord!" said the second mate to the third. "This is stepping some! She's some packet!" Pride rang in his voice.

It was eight o'clock when they sighted the wreck. It lay a mere speck on the leaping horizon, but Captain Singgold knew it instantly for what it was.

"Foundering!" he said curtly. "Mr. Masters, you and Mr. Halsey will see that our hoats are ready to be swung out."

our hoats are ready to be awaing out."

There was a moment's hesitation. was Death that was hammering on the old liner's sides and stretching up huge fingers-for its victims. Even running as she was, taking the seas on the starboard bow, two boats had been smashed in the chocks and a liferaft hurled clean into the boiling smother; but something in the old skipper's eyes brought the two mates to their duty. They dropped down the bridge ladder and were quickly at work, taking off boatcovers and overhauling falls.

It was just three-quarters of an hour before the Chittagong hove to windward of



GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY

TRUCKS

Quantity production, quick sales and small profits permit us to sell trucks of the highest grade at prices exceptionally low.

\$1300

From 11 tome at Gasoline To 5 tone at

Electric From 1000 lbs. at \$1200 Chasers I To 12000 lbs. at

The increased demand for G M C trucks is substantial proof that those who need trucks approve of our product and our policy.

They know they can buy with assurance of complete satisfaction and with perfect confidence in the stability of the General Motors Truck Company-one of the units of General Motors Company, the strongest organization of its kind in the world.

Your business needs a truck with the SERVICE BUILT IN IT. If you choose a G M C-that's the kind of a truck you get.

Correspondence luminal with dealers of financial communitary,

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY

Branches: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Kanses City, St. Louis



"Cinch-and I Get a Quarter for This"—

TS easy with my "W & B" Lawn Mower. I cut the grass in one-half the time now that I used to take and it's easier work, too. If you'll remember this name - "W & B"-the next time you buy a lawn mower, you can do the same.

Ranning

Lawn Mowers

Casting

are made by a corporation with 60 years' uninterrupted experience in the manu-facturing of Mower cutting known.

"While" Mowers are constructed to give a fee: "above cut" to a lawn. Each individual red

"Wh B Mowers are communical to give a feet "shear cut" to a lewn. Each individual red blade in combination with the cutter by blade operates as so many pure as a shear of shears. The "Wh B Diamend Special" is a fine textuple of lewn mower construction. It has distincted features that will interest you, — ball bearing and self-sharpening adjustments, etc.

The "Wh B Junior" Ball Bearing is an excellent medium price all round mower. "Velvet lavors" if you use a "Wh B Junior" Ball Bearing.

Ask your Hardware Dealer for a "W & B"

Ask your dealer lim the laws mower with "W & B" marked on the handle. If he doesn't have any on hand, have him order one for you. Or write for our free literature which we will send with name of your nearest dealer who does handle the "W & B.

THE WHITMAN & BARNES MFG. CO.

Established 1854

General Offices: AKRON, OHIO

Phenodes at Chicago. Akron and St. Catharines, Ont. — New York Office and Store, 64 Brade St. — Cameton Office. 51 Catharines, Ont. — European Office. 149 Queen Victoria St., London, E. C. Off ALERS: If more supply is extensive, order. With Missest from your marries follow.



Plan Next Summer's Vacation

FIRST of all, you will need money. To go on a camping trip, you will need ten dollaror sq; to go to the share for two weeks, you may need forty dollars; a sea trip will probably cost you a hundred.

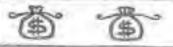
You can recure the funds you need without squiezing your present income

An hour or so a week at our representative in your own town will yield you the vacation money you want. Let us tell you how, like thousands of others, you can evarantee your next aummer's outling.

This is the time to plan it. Write us now. We will tell you all about our offer. Address

drawn Persons, E : -

The Carita Paleisling Company, Planting on Prints.









the Arrivaca. She was deep by the head and a bundred passengers were huddled on her afterdeck. A cloud of steam bley from her furnel, showing that the first were being extinguished. Just as the Chittagong rolled into the trough of the sea a despair-

ing, thin, tremilious cry came from the wreck. A large comber swept over her simost submerged town and broke in wild have against the deckbouse.

Captula Singgold did not besitate. He haned for not over the after-rail of the bridge and believed his order to lower the leasts. A moment later the little crafts were swinging over the created surges toward the doomed yesul

For the cert hour Captain Singgold monocuvered with all the skill of his lifty years at sea to pick up his bouts when they got away from the Arrivaca, while Mastica and Ralsey risked their lives overy instan-in getting the huddled passengers down the side of the rolling wreck and must beir

Meantime the hurricane continued to increase in force and the old liner lost one thing after another as the numbers swept her; but at soon the Arrivaca's people were sufe on board of ber, and the wreck, as if beving struggled to the limit of her strength, rolled under a terrific sea and did

wot appear again.
"Now for Sunta Herbara!" said Sing-gold caledly when the last best was abourd.
"You'll have to make it quickly!"
growled Mr. Hales in his nar. "She's
upward up below, Wars's a foot deep in the fireroom. One of the body's has fetched loom too. I just came up to tell you. I'll

"Charae," said the captain, justing his counts to the chief's car and whispering. here for going along as you can. I moved howe the sid jurket to fail. She'll have these people anyway. I can tell by the feel of her that she won't last long; but upin than region up as much as you min,

Then he called the waveless operator and ammanical blinks word out \$15.0.8, call. "And heep it going, son, for we're in an excluding the late of the latitude and largitude from the third officer."

Lie then went down and saw to (that the removed were well lest. To the grap-haired

clind meased be juid:

"Hoo't spare your stires. We wan't sand 'was anared yes-

And the old man looked at the ragitals med emoled-the ademic amile of these who most depart from the activities of life and arms the digalty of douth. For two house the Chatagong van before

the busing harmoun, and then appeared a mean absonat. The arreless operator Principal that she has running to the rescue.
"Yell her to hurry, son!" was the grim

It was drawing tale the law agreement when the outer reservictors or, a quarter of a soile from the sail arms and stary some

by his narches that she had no locate soft.
We've got turn, "Surgeold remarked,
"Mr. Masters got and Mr. Habey will tranship the powergett. I saved them itselfs reputpos

Teepes as a main reation among the sand From the Artitus a charactery are conditively most source that top a forthway and more more brace for furnise are aire of the li-the should that roped to be such. Then more one specify refused in go and them has a transport of resolu-

Black his board of the Caretary Stargedd

When he hard of the foreign snapped of the down hard. He was to much the bysics of the region of the total foreign and the first of the foreign and the briller be also respectively. It was a series of the briller be also respectively and the petting may of the best of the the Chinatotal foreign and the first of the transfer of the contract of the petting and the petting of the briller foreign and the petting of the transfer of the contract of the c denote abooned empt on to within a value The posts and routh own from the l

The second and really was figures to be a self-real second and the second and the second are the second as the second and the second are second as the secon

the state of the s L = 7 + 10 mm r= -35. Th 200

that both boats were full. He rang engines down, stared at the dial a mon and then put his hand over his quive

and then put his hand over his quive lips. The dying liner had done het regioriously. Now she was to rest foreve. Mr. Bales came slowly up the brateps and bent his seamed face before gale. Behind him came the boson, behind him the head fireman. Sing looked at them, the men who had with him when the Chittagong came raround the Horn—a maiden ship.

"A boat will be back for you," he cently.

They turned their eyes toward the st chooper. The boson gave a grunt.

"That whooping sea will get 'em if ain't quick!" he muttered.

With unwinking eyes they watched trapedly. They saw the two boats a alongside, the quick grasping for the the wild pulling on them, the slow cree of the laden boats up the steamer's siring dank. Then the buge and terriforming the little steamer far over, recover its bows and tossed the boats up. They saw the men spilled out on the saw them grasp at handholds, disce their agonizing struggle not to be the

their agenizing struggle not to be it overboard. Then the two empty boats in chattered fragments and flew before the shrieking wind.

"No more boats!" said Singgold shadding his face from the stinging." We're going with the Chittagong." The four of them stared down a decks, now awash and filled with four water; they stared at the cruel and have a stared.

Well," said Charlie Bales, "I we'll stay with her."

Tom Allen peered from under the parties out wester.

"Yes, sir; we'll go with her."

The head fireman puffed out his chort and made gruff assent.

"Charlie," said Singgold quietly, sorry I couldn't get you off. I do heat and the old Chittagong did her hat we're all old."

"I don't mind," rasped the ong l'as going down to my cahin."

"I think I'll go down to my room, and the boson quietly.

"I might draw them fires," said the

Two of the men went down the lur

steps and vanished, but Captain Sis mem,

"I want to any something to Charlie," he said. "Let's get in the the chartroom,"

Seanding squarely on their feet, looked at each other.

"There's one thing I never told you told wife—Ruth," said the captain.
"There's one thing I never told you told wife—Ruth," said the captain.
"There's one were married?
"There's and said to me: "Ted, all this has and said to me: "Ted, all this has and alone. I hope I'll go first.
"The went first. She was buried or

he went first. She was buried a I've crossed that spot hundre I've crossed that spot hundre and I've said: "There'll be some in meet me." You haven't anybout you, Charlie. Ye remember how to always ask you to supper! will ye to come with me, seeing you to body waiting on the pier. Should glad to see you."

There was allence between them, the lengineer rubbed his bands on a solid waste.

waste.

"she'll be awful glad to see you, Cl "I'm nothing but old junk," mu

for as that my for as that goes, we're both

Beneath them the Chittagong tre-critily. Together they made their v the forward bridge. Far off they sa

Ves, Charlie," said Captain Sin roughing the engineer's arm ten roughts come with me. I'll take along with me. Ruth will be might; the par you."

A tremendous sea rose out of the in twice and raced toward the dying to g. It seemed to pause a money to submerged bows and then swept per, while the captain and the ch const stood calmly side by side, Const stood calmly side by side, Congoold's hand still steady on Mr. arto.

\$35,000 in Assets; \$11,000 a Year Profit-

Without Investment

This Letter Tells How It Was Done

Manasha, Wisconsin

"Seven years ago the Phillips Company in-stalled a \$35,000 Automatic Sprinkler System in the plants of the Menasha Paper Co. We did not invest or dullar, but agreed to give them our insurance savings of a few years.

"Two years ago they gave us the system—teminated their contract. We now get all the insurance savings ourselves. They amount to \$11,000 a year, showing us a \$1% profit on the \$35,000 one meter invested.

"But \$35,000 increase in assets and \$11,000

a year profits seem relatively small considering the fact that the system soved our mills from destruction three years after it was installed. Without this protection our steady going business would have been crippled and our encounters tomage curtailed.

"Further than this, we know our employees are now rafe from fire—and this is a load off

MENASHA PAPER COMPANY
M. R. Ballos, Fire-Pres and Gen. Mgn.

WHAT we did for the Menasha Paper Co. we have done for hundreds of others—can do for you. Mail us the coupon below and we will soon tell you how quickly we can give you your system. The protection against fire you get at succ. That's the big thing.

THE PHILLIPS CO.

Temple Building So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

A CALLES Inntance ranted Bate, ets. per \$100 Sir of heilding.



BUSTER BROWNS DARNLESS Guaranteed Hosieru

For Men, Women & Children

Ask Your Dealer

BOSTERY MILLS Bhattangoga Tunyo

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Byatander

WASHINGTON, D. C. DEAR JIM: The incredible and ince sant clamor of the Democrats for office continues unabated. Every known deviceand some not previously known—for mak-ing vacancies has been resorted to by the harassed senators and representatives; and still the wolves how unceasingly. They want jobs, these Democrats, jobless for sixteen years; and they do not see why they cannot have them. Nor will they see. "This man is a Republican, isn't he?" they ask of their supposedly influential man in Congress.

man in Congress.
"He is."

And I am a lifelong Democrat, ain't I?"

"You are."
"And I've supported you loyally in the past, haven't I?"
"You have."

"Well, then," shouts the place honter, "why don't you turn him out and put me in? What good did it do us Democrats to get control of the Government if the Republicans are to liang on to the places and get the money? Answer me that!"

There isn't any answer me that!"

There isn't any answer to that kind of talk. All excuses that the civil service interferes; that the policy of the Administration is to allow officials to serve out their terms; that there can be removals, in many cases, only for cause, fall on indignant ears. The runk and file of the party do not understand. They do not want to understand. What they want is jobs, and they expect their representatives at Washington to get those jobs for them. There is no reasoning with them, no pleading with them that is effectual.

"We want jubs!" is the battle cry of the jobiess Democrats, and they intend to have jubs or take such reprisals as they can.

The Voracious Victors

Viewed from a distance, a man who is a senator of the United States seems to have a great and comfortable position; and he hus. Outsiders are accustomed to think of him as a statement participating in momen-tons discussions of big affairs, shaping and debating legislation, consulting with the President on matters of national and in-

President on matters of national and international import, pronouncing and parfecting far-reaching policies, and all that.

But are they? Not exclusively, my dear James, not exclusively. The fact is that the greater number of the senators of the majority and the greater number of the representatives of the majority—the Democrats—are patronage broken, no more and no less. Their chief concern is to get jets for their constituents. Their chief grief comes when they do not get them; and most of their troubles may be summed up under the broad, general heading of patronage.

The senitors and representatives have settled down to the grind, and with the settling down many trials and tribulations.

settled down to the grind, and with the settling down many trials and tribulations have come. Big Democrats are getting sore. Patronage is on their nerves. They are ridden to distraction by the place hunters; and they, in turn, ride the place givers to distraction. So inconsequential a thing as a little public office has caused hard feeling between men in Congress and men in the Cahinet. Legislators who have been friends for years are at odds. Underbeen friends for years are at odds. Under-

neath there is a great diseatisfaction.

The job business is the most perplexing and most troublesome phase of the cares of a new Administration. You cannot make a Democrat who has been a Democrat always, and who has stood by the party in times of defeat, think that a Republican should continue in the office the Democrat wants for himself. Merit system, civil service, tenure of office, policy of the Administration—none of these arguments has the alightest effect. The creed of the average Democrat is: "To the victors belong the spoils!" And that is the creed of the average Republican and the average Progressive. wants for himself. Merit system, civil

Progressive.
"We won, didn't we?" they ask,
"Yes."

"Then give us the jobs! We are entitled to them and we are going to have them."

SAXON \$395



The price of \$395 includes Top, Windshield, Lamps and Touts

A high-grade, well-designed, carefully built, lightweight automobile, with four-cylinder motor, standard tread, standard features; produced by an experienced, soundly financed organization.

The Saxon is not a cyclecar, but a real automobile—the first car to offer all the essential features of standard motor car practice at a price under \$500. The first cost is lower than a good horse and buggy; the upkeep cost far less. Considering time saved, it is cheaper than riding on street curs.

The Saxon meets the demand for a lowpriced car that is both good and goodlooking. It is a big our for the price, with 96-inch wheelbase; roomy, comfortable body; ample leg room; generous doors.

There is nothing skimpy or cramped about the Saxon. Molded oval fenders, tapered bonnet, streamline body, graceful, sweeping, curves make this car a delight to the eye. The Suxon has style.

The Saxon is a car of the widest useful-ness—a source of pleasure and health for the man of moderate means; a great time-saver for salesmen, physicians, contractors and all others to whom time is money; an economical convenience for the man who already owns a big car who can use the Sason to better advantage than his big car for running about town and in a dozen other ways.

It is a car for the young man-or for the young osuple. In a Saxon two people can enjoy all the pleasures of touring at a cost so low as to be negligible.

Sazons are selling fast everywhere. See your dealer early for a demonstration. Send the coupon today for a detailed description of this sturdy car.

SAXON MOTOR COMPANY

Detroit, Mich.



This is the Saxon Trademark

Fire is the Saxon Trademark.
For contains the Saxon race
has typified strength, simpliciny, though, courage and endurance. Sozone have made good
all around the world. Among
motor cars Saxon stands for simplicity of design, specifican
of construction, economy of operation, and endurance. The
trun-blue Saxon makes good
everywhere.

Sazon Features

4-Cylinder Motor, water consed. Standard Tread. 96" Wheelbase. Left Drive, Center Control, enter from either side. 15 Horsepower. Sliding Gear Transmission. More leg room than high priced cars. Streamline Body. Honeycomb Redistor. Dry Plate Clutch, Light Weight. Wire Wheels, Good Looks. LowUpkeep.

water Carl state



Make Vegetable Gardening Easy

making vegetation can be true specially as dispersion. Seed Tage from special and as dispersed. Selected seeds, properly spaced a patter tage and incremel with after fertilizer as a quick, charry growth, is make the paper at a summing to the abrestly fertilizer seed. Support tracing the seeds of the selection of the seeds planted in sell. Proper any threat we seed wanted—no thinning out says than and fact-breaking later.

ing stream no used wanted—no thinning con-tures than and back-breaking bless.

I No. DOLLAR for SO it, each of White and I Radiah, Souther and Carly Latters, Onion, much, Sun, Turnip, Carrot and Cabbage Sends.

It, in all. Correct planting instructions in each large. Send the dollar new. NO AGENTS. AMERICAN SEED TAPE CO.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay BOOKS, ADVICE and SEARCHES FREE Watson E. Coleman, Patent Louger, Washington, D. C.

The United Mills Offer Great Bargains, Direct to You, in Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Furniture, Blankets



WE PAY FREIGHT Dated Mile Mig. Co. DOS-Softsper St. Phile.

SAFETY FIRST

You never bought better tires than you buy in Goodrich Tires this year

We never made tires as good as we are now making them.

This is simply for the reason that in all our forty-four years of manufacturing experience our idea has been longer service and more satisfaction to tire users.

Goodrich leads in quality. We set the standard by which all other tires are judged.

We have not only been pioneers in perfecting and devising the best means to put mileage and quality into rubber and fabric, but we have been the pioneers in bringing tire prices to their present low level and raising the standard of quality.

All this in addition to the pleasing sense of security which you have when you equip your car with Goodrich Safety Treat Tires. The Accepted Standard

Goodrich

Best in the Long Ron



the Safety First Symbol Just the unit-group of bore and creente which brace and belance the strain on the tire so that the bulety Trend runs as a second tread does and given more artisal service and advage.

Here are the prices on the hest tires ever produced in the Goodrich lactory:

Sine	Smooth Tread Prince	Sadety Tread Print	Inner Take Prices	Size	Trend Friend	1	Lear Take Prices	
30 x 3	\$11.70	\$12.65	\$2.50	34 x 4 1/2	\$33.00	\$35.00	\$6.15	
30 x 31/2	15.75	17.00		35 x 4 1/2	34.00	36.05		
32 x 3 1/2	16.75	18.10	3.70	36 x 4 /2	35.00	37.10		
33×4	23.55	25.25	4.75	37 × 5	41.95	44.45	7.70	
34 x 4	24.35	26.05	4.90	38 x 5 1/4	54.00	57.30	8.35	

Dealers almost everywhere have Goodrich Tires or can get them for you from one of our Brinches or Depoir.

Akran, Ohin The B. F. Goodrich Co. Principal Cities There is nothing in Goodrich Advertising that isn't in Goodrich Goods

OOKS FINE AND

You'll never expect to get many out all howers than you'll find in every mor of "Nutnesses" - former, wrones and children.

WANTED-AN IDEAL

The C. A. Edgeston Mig. Co., Street, Marc.

Shirley Bely clother fit make doubles bepr President Suspenders



We Will Pay For Your Next Summer's Vacation

O where you please; do what you like. We will advance the money you need, in exchange for a little of your spare time this spring. Hundreds of young men and women have been able to go to the shore, to the mountains, to the country, because they accepted this offer no are making you. Upon receipt of your letter, we will tell you why we will finance" your vacation. Address

Agency Diversion, Box 272

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Democrats in Washington are doing the best they can, but their best isn't good enough. And the cruel feature of it all is this: When a secutor or a representative gets a place for a constituent, that doesn't belp the giver any. Instead, it hurts him; for always there are several candidates for each office, and they continue angry and resentful until their dying days.

You cannot make any applicant for an office believe that his claims for recognition are not greater and more securely founded than those of any of his competitors. You cannot make him think that another deserved the office more than he did. That is contrary to the nature of the human animal. He thinks he is preëminently the person for the place. He doesn't get it; and he becomes an enemy of the man to whom he applied and a disgrantled party member forever after.

member forever after.

MAR.

Take the post-office situation, because there are more postmasterships than other offices. Postmaster-General Burleon, working at the highest possible speed, appointed sixteen thousand postmasters during the first year of the Wilson Administration. He replaced sixteen thousand Republican postmasters with eixteen theusand Democratic postmasters—an average of more than fifty a day for the three hundred working days of the year. That, of course, didn't make much of a dent in the total number of postmasters in this country, which is in the neighborhood of eighty or ninety thousand; but it shows that the Postmaster-General is at least making an sarnest effort to put Democrata where Republicans have flourished for sixteen yours, subject to such limitations as are prescribed

Substituting postmasters seems a comparatively easy thing to do, you think. Well, let me tell you some things about it, just to show you how fierce the strife is and how difficult the situations, of both the Postmaster-General and the Democratic senators and representatives, to say nothing of the position of the President himself, who must pass on all first, second and third class appointments to postmasterships.

Four disappointed candidates for post offices have committed suicide since March 4, 1913, when Postmaster-General Burleson took office. Several others have tried to kill themselves. A number became insane over their failure of recognition.

The President Not to Blame

In several states the two senators have had bitter quarrels over small post-office appointments. In numerous cases these quarrels have been carried to the White House, with correspont disturbance of the President and his Congressional policies. To show you how seriously the Senate

takes it, five or six bours were spent fight-ing over the confirmation of a man ap-pointed pestmanter of a small Western town—five or six bours of the time of the Senate of the United States over a twenty-five-bundred-dollar job! This is but one of many similar instances.

The Postmaster-General is blameless. The Postmaster-General is blameless. His appointments are made according to his best lights. He is an able and conscientious man, and he has a place of enormous difficulty. The senatures and representatives are not to blame. They do the best they can for the party, for the local communities affected, and with an eye to the most advantageous political effect. The President is not to blame. He depends, as he must, on the recommendations of those he must, on the recommendations of those beneath him, who are familiar with all the circumstances.

It is the system that is to blame—the system of parceling out offices as reward for voting this way or that; the system that places the administration of the business affairs of this Government in the hands of the party for the instant in power and, disregarding the plain business sense of the situation, makes a political reward of an Administration place instead of making that place a husiness responsibility

Of course all this is as old as the hills, It has been going on since we began as a nation, and in all probability it will go on until the end. I cite it merely to show that, so far as demanding spoils for victory is concerned, we haven't advanced an inch beyond the days of the early seventies, notwithstanding all our efforts at civil-service reform- not advanced an inch, I meun, so

far as the impulse is predicated.

Under pressure of public opinion the civil service has been expanded and it retains many persons in office; but in



WHEN you see a smart, polished shoe think of Floraheims -men wear them everywhere. Shapes and leathers to fulfill every requirement. Priced at \$5 - and up to \$7.

The Floreheim dealer will allow you the season's correct styles.

Fred on Property THE ROLL OF CHERRY PATTERNS

The Florsheim Shoe Co. Chicago, U.S.A.

FOR THE HAN WHO CARES



Agents Make Big Money Selling The NO-KEY PADLOCK





Assessed the Shock of Co., \$19 Corne St., Affect Los, Miles

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Maintage to the books, incoming wanted site. I get patent to me for Maintage in the patent to me for Maintage in the patent to the Maintage in the Ma

Absorbent Cotton In a Patent Package

Forbidden

Reason forbids the use of Absorbent which is not ascrite,

All Cotton is aseptic when it leaves the laboratory. But B & B goes bother. It is kept asseptic.

We real it in an air-light package. in a patent package, which letevou use the Cotton without taking out the roll.

This keeps the Cotton clean, unbucked. Keeps it wrapped as it came from our laboratory. No other package doce that.

Nothing is more important. But: on get in addition a perfect Cutton Our experts have worked 25 years on this specialty.

Remember B & B. There is no other Cotton so ideal no other so protected. You can feel that B & B is safe.

10c up-at Druggats

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York. Makers of Surpical Dressings, etc.

Home Uses for Absorbent

For densing wounds. Abording do burger Covering salves and positions. Applying assumption. Bathing eyes. Abundang pursuitation. Applying face provider. Thering baby's milk. Corking mile builds. Strong bquids, etc.



ER JOHNSON RICYCLE Bridge DICICLE

Send for Mi-part back relling about Develor-Moleccycles, Receivers and Iver Johnson Champing Saint Genn.

lver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works 200 River St., Estehburg, Mass. hers theset 11 Mariet Street Tork the Eventury in Chambers Sheet Dier Tork

Chairs and Tricycles V Fin forelish and Crippins Windships of the Control of the Cont

their hearts the members of the dominant party always loathe the civil service, and there never has been a minute in the past thirty years when every civil-service law would not have been repealed if the men

with the repealing power had dared.

I have tried for many years to discover what there is in public office that makes it so attractive to Americans. The only solution I have arrived at is that a public office gives—or is supposed by the holder to give—a little added importance to the holder; to make him somewhat superior to his fellow citizens; to pin a badge on him that shows his standing in the community. That must be all there is to it, for most public offices do not pay large salaries, and most public officeholders lose rather than gain financially by holding office.

That sit, Jim—recognition, They want to be given the stamp of approval. They hun-

ger to have a medal pinned on them. They cry for a little brief authority, so they may strut about in their own communities, proud in the distinction conferred on them. They resort to any subterfuge, suffer any deprivation, take any sort of office-and

are happy.

There is a government elevator in this town, Jim, that is run by a man who was once a candidate for United States Senatur in his own state. There is a minor legal position that is filled by a man who was once almost daily in the dispatches concerning the proceedings of the House of Representatives. There are clerkships and assistant secretaryships, and other similar offices by the dozon, held by men who once were prominent politically. And the way the incumbents hold on!

And the way the incumisents hold on! You'd think, to hear those Republicans who are in office talk about it, that the crowning political crime of the ages would be committed if they should be removed to make way for Democrats. Men who in Republican days shoved Democrats out incontinently weep over the cruelty of a Democratic Administration that has the uncharitableness to say to them: "We need your places for men of our own political faith. You have been in office for sixteen years. We want your jobs."

The Outraged Patriots

They get indignant over the outrage. They seem to consider themselves some sort of superior political beneficiaries, who must not be disturbed lest the Republic shall perish! And when they were in office under Republican Administrations their sole political thought was to keep themselves and their friends in place, and to shove any Democrat who might be hanging on

precipitately into private life.

It is a toss-up between these eniveling hypocrites who want to be retained and these foolish patricts who want to obtain. One lot of them makes your gorge rise, and so does the other.

The more you look into the psychology of office hunting and office holding, the farther into the guich you get. The only rational explanation of it, it seems to me, is the explanation of the passion for recogni-tion, for trifling distinction over one's fellows, which in the American mind comes from holding office. Why should a man give up a good practice at the law to come here and take office as an assistant to some Cabinet officer, for example? The pay is small; the social position is wil; the work is laborious; the future is not bright. Or why should a man move heaven and earth to get to be an assistant secretary in one of

the executive departments or to be a bureau chief? I don't know. It's beyond me! Patronage may not be a great rock on which the Administration will strike— though patronage has been such a rock in the past—but it is and will continue to be a series of troublesome reefs on which Captain Wilson's Ship of State will bump, and which will jolt the captain and the crew to a considerable and a continuous extent.

gentleman's job, do you. Jim? Maybe so-maybe so; but you can't make any Democratic senator believe it.

For instance, a woman who has a grievance has been here for one hundred and eighty days. In that time she has called on a defenseless senator, who comes from her state and knows her people, two hundred and fifty times by actual count, and has told him her monotonous tale of woe each time—and he can do nothing! And she is but one case out of a hundred.

Yours on the outside, genially looking in,

Make the Lake or River Your Playground Join the bappy throng of came-ists and enjoy the envil abody noudes, the churming views and bracany nit of take and stream. To nown your own canon, to trim, it with flaps and emblants, to use it whenever you want for an idle linur or two. for plenic, folding, camphe and varation trips, he just of living. Canoning a unraminum pleutire especially fit Old Town Cances They respond to the liplatest fromh of the public, get are as musty and as trally propose thomas that chaldren famile them with perfect sofets. They are the modern, improved adaptation of the red man's bitch course—so di, graceful and datable. They are the choice of experienced productions. and yourdinness. We have the community made, among an artifact a power, Weignful and places are broad of some in conditions to be seen above to the Condition of the Condi OLD TOWN CANOE COMPANY SEE MIGHE Did Yearn, Mainty, 47, 5, 6.

Do Your Printing! TOR PRESENCE Montain

East and West -STILLWELL BUNGALOWS

WEST COAST SUMMALOWS. BOOKS FOR 11

S. W. STILLWALL S. DO. Accepts



YOU HAVE A BOY and are Incomment in the figure. For or a full year furthern surprise or a soft a fourth to make a long broader. "When four I has William My Jeny?" Surprise Journal of the SOURCE LEADING POOR PRINTERS AND ASSESSED AS



marlade three ordinary copying pencils. Two grades the of medium authord Take

L & C Hardtmath, 34 East 23rd Street, New York.





n-the famous Warner

AGAIN the Warner is practically the only speedometer to be found at one of America's greatest social events. So it was at the New York Grand Opera Season, the New York Horse Show, the Importers' Automobile Show, the New York Automobile Show, the Chicago Automobile Show, at all of New York's most fashionable weddings and receptions, at all of the exclusive country clubs and city clubs. No

matter where you go, if you are among high-grade autor biles and people of wealth, refinement and prominence, rarely find any other than the Warner Auto-Meter in us the costliest speedometer made.

At the Chicago Auditorium, on the opening night of Grand Opera, a record was taken of every car, its speedome

were equipped with the speedometer of world-wide fam the magnetic instrument. We mention only those ma

and owner's name. The result was as follows:

represented by two or more cars:

Out of 129 cars equipped with speedometers, 113 carried the magnetic ty speedometer.

Leaving only 16 cars equipped with other types. Just think of it!

In other words, 87.6% of all the cars equipped with speedometers carried the magnetic instrument.

Following is a partial list of the high-grade cars that

25 Pierce-Arrow cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

14 Packard cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

7 Locomobile cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

Cadillac cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

6 Stearns cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

5 Peerless cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

4 Garford cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

4 Chalmers cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

3 Lorier cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

3 Stevens-Duryea cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

3 Simplex cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

2 Franklin cars carried the magnetic speedometer,

2 White cars carried the magnetic speed-

2 Renault cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

2 Fiat cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

2 Stoddard-Dayton cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

2 Alco cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

2 National cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

2 Haynes cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

2 Hudson cars carried the magnetic speedometer.

Here is a partial list of the prominent Grand Opera box holders who have Warner equipped cars:

All of which bears not our oft repeated statement that people of wealth, tests and judgment—people who are accustomed to the very best at everything—will take no other than the Warner Auto-Maker—the people's finest spend and mileage indicator. Some attornobale manufacturers. Some this and willingly equip their cars with Warner Auto-Meters. And these some manufacturers have been

up-to-the-reinute speedorpeter, because the car-buying public took with avoiwed approval on any car employed with the magnetic speedometer. The Warner Auto-Meter costs more than any other speedometer. Car manufacturers willingly

speedsmeter. Car manufacturers willingly much higher price for it. They further know a speedsmeter built on the magnetic principle able, accorate and sale for all time.

It will pay you to have a Warner on to if you are getting a new car look at the apred it carries. Make sure it is a Warner. Y have no difficulty in getting come. Maker, grade cars use nothing else. If you are is high grade car insist on the Warner. All dealers will gladly supply a Warner Meter with any car you buy if you ask for

Here are the high-grade cars that are Warner equipped:

Cadillac Carterdas



Here are the high-grade cars that are Warner equipped:

Opres Ohio Electric

Staver Stevens Dures Universal Velie Westcott White Willys-Knight

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Factories: Chicago and Beloit, Wis.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 1935 Diversey Boulevard, Chicago

Secretare Brancher. Series Stations in all eilies and large trans.



Auto-Meter Dominates



Here are just a few of the prominent Chicago Grand Opera Box holders who use only the Warner Auto-Meter. See opposite page for long list of others.





t the game, in business, society, everywhere—ociety Brand Clothes.

The BUDD - A "Nothing" suit - unlimed, no-pad shoulders—an example of garment one much in vogue; easy, and, comformable, strillab.

Cost - 3-button, soft roll, patch pockets, full skeletion. Vest - "Athlete" style, full skeletion, or "Olympic", with extra large armholas to give greater one in increments of arms and tody. Tronsers—medium width, with curi about IM" above heat of alone.

The POOLE —An oldra-smart model. Semi-English, single-breasted 3-button, soft-roll front, semi-form fitting cost. Vast—6-button "Athletic", or "Clympic", as described above. Trousers—Same as "Budd."

Society Brand Clothes

Made in Chicago by Alfred Decker & Cohn

Made for Canada, in Montreal, by Samuel Hart & Co.



The Sporting Editor reported it this way

Our boys came to bat in the last half of the ninth with the score tied. Brady fanned. Stimson walked. He went to second while Griggs was thrown out at first. Big. Ed flarrows, looking beyond the pitcher to the club house in center field with its cooling shower, thought this a good time to end the day's toil and sent the first ball safely to right, bringing in Stimson with the winning run.

If Of course, the sporting editor thought that he was cracking a joke at Big Ed's expense when he confided to the fans the supposed motive power behind that hit to right. But there was more fact than fancy in his observation. Indeed, Ed saw with his mind's eye not only the refreshing shower but a big cake of Ivory Soap waiting to free his hot, chafing skin from the dust and sweat of the contest. If Under these conditions could you blame him for spoiling an extra-inning game?

IVORY SOAP



99#% PURE

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company Independence Square Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Poat-Office as Second-Class Matter

ntered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottown, Canada

e 186

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 25, 1914

Number 43

THE FIRST YEAR

By William Jennings Bryan

Secretary of State

NE year of President Wilson's Administration is past and its record has been made. It has been a busy year. The first year of an administration is generally its busiest year, if it is the administration of a new president. The changes made in the personnel of the government are more numerous, and every incoming executive has new policies to inaugurate. The changes in the offices and in the policies are still more numerous when the new president represents a different party from that which controlled the former administration, and in the case of President Wilson the changes in both persons and policies were augmented by the fact that an opposing party had been in control for sixteen years. And as if this were not enough to absorb the executive thought and occupy his time, a special session of Congress was called in order that the work of reform might be commenced at once.

In the matter of appointments the President has demonstrated his purpose. to make qualification for the work to be

is he shief requirement: but he has not been unmindful of steal merit, where that has been found combined with fitness. be plus activity has been the formula used where the two have been found in an applicant.

in the very beginning he laid down a rule which enabled him to mains time - namely, that he would not personally see applicants the except when they were summoned before him. This not it is enabled him to reserve time for the consideration of public but has saved him from the nerve-racking strain that those

must endure who listen to earnest and often pathetic appeals, supported by a narration of services rendered or an account of pressing need for financial assistance. The refusal to see officeseekers, however, does not mean that he has delegated the appointing power to any one. While refusing to surrender the final decision in such

matters be has, as far as possible, followed custom and given weight to the recommendations of senators and

members of the House.



William J. Bryan

A United and Harmonious Cabinet

THE "togethernese," as some have expressed it, of the present Cabinet has been a matter of favorable comment. The members were not selected as they usually are. The President did not pick out the states he thought ought to be represented in the Cabinet, and then consult with the political leaders of each state as to the availability of any particular man. Regarding the heads of the various departments as members of his official family, upon whom he was to rely for the development of his policies, he selected his Cabinet without regard to locality and according to his personal preference. He could not have abosen a more harmonious body. The men brought together in his consultation room, inspired by his own high purpose and wholehearted devotion to the work he has undertaken, not only have avoided friction, but have grown in each other's confidence and in the spirit of fellowship. The President has a rare combination of open-mindedness while a matter is under discussion, and independence when the time comes for action. The example he sets of firmness, frankness and forbearance has contributed powerfully to the unifying of the Cabinet in the support of the various measures that have been brought before Congress.

Some consternation was caused by the announcement that he would return to the custom that prevailed in the earlier days of reading his messages to Congress. Conservation was shocked and the timorous were slarmed lest the Executive should overstep the limits of his office and unduly influence Congress. The fear disappeared, however, when he met the legislators face to face and in a spirit of comradeship invoked their cooperation in the fulfillment of the pledges made. No criticism has been heard since, and the restored custom quickly vindicated itself. His visits to the Capital for purposes of consultation have also had a good effect and relations between the White House and Congress were never more cordial than now.

Triumphant Leadership

THE tariff question was the first to test I his power to organize the forces of his party in support of a given proposition.

He called into conference the members of the committees who were intrusted with the shaping of the bill for the reduction of import duties. He not only was one of the architects of the bill, but he acted as a "board of conciliation." harmonizing differences and adjusting demands. His plan, having worked well in the House, was applied in the Senate, where it also succeeded; and as a result the Democratic party was marshaled behind the best revenue measure that has been put upon the statute books in a generation. It was so good that it won Republican support and has commended itself to the Nation. The reduction is tariff rates is both substantial and equitable, and the income tax provisions are all that

could be desired. It is fortunate for the country that the constitutional amendment authorizing an income tax was adopted in time to permit the embodiment of the principle in the present tariff law, for without it, it would have been unwise to risk as much reduction as public

opinion demanded. The high rates of the income tax and its general acceptance indicate a most significant change in public opinion on economic questions. The effect of the new tariff law was largely discounted in advance of Its enactment, and it went into operation without a joit or jar, much to the relief of those who had faith in it and to the astonishment of those who were wedded to the policy of protection.

During the tariff fight the President learned of the lobby sembled in Washington for the purpose of obstructing the work of reduction, and promptly called attention to what was going on. Some of the protectionists thought to embarrase him by demanding an investigation of his charges, with the result that the lobby was scattered and the consideration of the tariff bill accelerated.

In the preparation of the currency bill the President followed the same plan that he adopted in dealing with the tariff question - that is, be conferred with the committeemen of the two houses and brought them together on the provisions of the measure. This was a greater triumph in leadership and in constructive ability than the victory won in the fight for tariff reduction. The opposition to tariff reform was almost entirely a Republican opposition, the Republican party having won over practically all the Democrats who were pecuniarily interested in the maintenance of a high tariff. In the matter of finance, however, a great many men prominently connected with the banking business are identified with the Democratic party, and



Franklin K. Lane



Filliam G. Mc.Hdon



these were able to bring a strong influence to bear

against the policy favored

by the President. Twice

during the course of the

discussion a concerted at-

tack was made upon the

bill: first, through pres-

sure upon the business

public, and second, by op-

position to the main fea-

tures while the bill was

in the Senate. When in the beginning of the fight

indications of stringency

were manifested simulta-

neously in different parts

L. M. Guertens

lowest price.

In the case of

government

ownership, it

in the desire of

the officials

representing

the public to

furnish the

consumer the

maximum of

benefit at a

minimum

charge. With-

out attempt-

ing to discuss

the relative

Jumes E. McReynolds of the country, the Secretary of the Treasury, after consultation with the President, announced that the Treasury would furnish money to the various communities in such quantity as was needed to relieve the situation. This at once put the panie forces to rout and illustrated the merit of the plan by which the different sections of the country are brought into communication. with Washington instead of Wall Street. The second attack was intended to force a demand for one great central bank, or, if this was impossible, to limit the regional banks to four. The Pres-

ident promptly put an end to

this effort by his appeal to the Senate, and soon had an opportunity to rejoice over the passage of the measure. This bill enjoyed the distinction of securing a larger Republican vote than was given to the taziff bill, and the instant approval the measure has won from the country proves the wisdom of the work of those who joined with the President in securing currency reform.

The new currency law is a remarkable measure. The rights of the public are safeguarded, and at the same time the banks are put in a better position than they have ever been in before to furnish aid in an emergency. A bank, in order to secure government money, has heretofore been compelled to put up bonds; and to secure the bonds it had to pay out more money than it could possibly borrow on the bonds. This plan, though remunerative to the banks, because they could collect interest on the bonds while they loaned government money at a profit—money upon which until recently they paid no interest—did not put the banks in a position to help the community in time of distrem.

Competition to be Restored

THE new law, by authorizing the banks to borrow on the notes held by them, enabled them to bring new money into the community and thus increase the currency to meet temporary needs. This alone ought to win the favor of all the banks that are engaged in legitimate banking; and that the banks appreciate this advantage is shown by the fact that they have accepted the provisions of the bill almost without exception, in spite of the fact that many of them had declared their intention of going out of business when they were attempting to drive a bargain with the Government.

While the banks are rejoicing in the advantages conferred by the bill, the general public finds satisfaction in the vindication of the Government's right to issue the money and to control the banking business through government officials.

The state banks for the first time are permitted to enjoy on equal terms with national banks the favors extended by the Federal Government in times of emergency. This breaks the monopoly which the national banks have had and does justice to the state banks, which outnumber the national banks and share with the national banks the burdens of the business community.

In its practical operation the chief merit of the new law is that it disintegrates the money power and ends the domination that the Wall Street financiers have exerted over the country. When New York was the only place to which the country banks could go for money, Wall Street opinion was accepted as law throughout the country. Now with eight or more sub-centers of finance, all dependent upon the Government for assistance and subject to the Government's direction, it will be impossible for a group of men in New York to coarse any section of the country.

These two laws, dealing with two subjects of prime importagos, have been referred to in foreign lands as the two outstanding events of the year. The third subject taken up by the President for definite action was the trust question. The reduction in taxation levied on import duties, and the substitution of a direct income tax for a part of the taxation that was indirect - these constituted a paramount

duty. Currency reform was the connecting link between the tariff question and the trust question. The new system inaugurated was intended to supply the money needed for a larger business activity; and at the same time it freed the country from the financial despotism that had heretofore prevented any serious attempt at the overthrow of private monopoly.

Solving as a few men could dominate the industrial world, and create a panic if they were disturbed, men were afraid to incur the risk that: affirmative action involved. But now that the scepter has passed from Wall Street it is possible to legislate on this subject without fear, and the President has undertaken a comprehensive scheme for the restoration of competition.

There are but two forces that can protect the purchasing public: One is competition; the other

> is government ownership. In the case of competition, the self-interest of rival producers is relied upon to furnish the censumer with the best article at the



W. B. Willens

merits of the two systems, it is sufficient to say that there is no middle ground between the two. There is no disposition on the part of the general public to undertake government ownership where competition can exist. A large majority of the people are individualists, and they favor legislation necessary for the protection of competition because they believe that private monopolies cannot be successfully controlled. They know that it is folly to expect a private monopoly to be benevolent in disposition. It is as natural for the private monopoly to squeeze the public as it is for the ferocious animal to bite. They know, too, that efforts to regulate

private monopoly are futile, for the monopoly, profiting largely by the control of officials, cannot resist the temptation to elect these whose duty it is to control them, or to entrupt them, if possible, after election. The tribute paid by each individual, though aggregating a large sum, is so small that the citizen is not able to cope with the vigilant and sleepless beneficiary of privilege. To allow a monopoly to exist and then attempt to control it is like letting a burglar into the house and then staying awake to keep him from stealing. In the end the public prefers to rid itself of the nerve-racking effort to protect itself from organized greed.

The President, recognizing the importance of satisfactorily restraining and limiting a private monopoly, plants himself upon solid ground when he declares that a private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable. In taking this stand he is fortified by the fact that this declaration has been embodied in four national platforms of the party, It is the only rational doctrine on the trust question; It lays the ax at the root of the tree.

The restoration of competition is the object that those have in view who seek to make it impossible for a private monopoly to exist in the United States. The aim is to open the door of opportunity to the young men of the country by issuring them of the Government's protection while they

build business success upon merit.

We produce and consume more than any similar population, and this is due, in part at least, to the fact that there ir more hope in the heart of the average man in this country than is to be found in the hearts of people elsewhere. This hope of independence, hope of reward commensurate with effort and measured by the contribution that the individual makes to society, is the most valuable element in our industrial world. This hope, darkened and in many cases destroyed by combinations and trusts, is to be restored and vitalized when the plans of the President are realized. It is not possible to comprehend in a single message or even to calculate at this time all the legislation that may become necessary in the carrying out of the President's purposes. but he has suggested five steps that may with advantage he taken now: First, there is the prohibition of interlocking directorates. One of the favorite methods for the stilling of competition has been the electing of the same men to the managing boards of rival corporations. Men do not compete with themselves, neither do corporations, controlled by the same men, compete with each other. This custom is to be stopped, and none acquainted with present conditions will doubt that this will exert a most salutary influence on business.

Control of Security Issues

THE second remedy is to be found in the supervision of the insuance of stocks and bonds by corporations doing an interstate business. The interests of the stockholder, well us the interests of the general public, demand the supervision. Remedies never come until after the people are convinced that disease exists. The investigations that have been made have convinced the people that the iss: ance of stocks and bonds has been used by premoters and Napoleons of finance for their own enrichment and for the swindling of the public. So long as the stocks and bonds

represent water instead of invested capital, so long will fluctuations be certain. and fluctuations injuriously affect those who hold stocks and bonds for investment. The interest of the general public in this supervision of issues is found in the fact that, when once issued, then Betitious representatives of value are made the basis of a demand for excessive tolls and charges. The sympathy bestowed upon the innocent purchaser is turned to the advantage of the promoter and the manipulator.

The third measure proposed by the President for dealing with the trust



A. S. Burteren

question is intended to define a trust, and to mark the limits beyand which a corporation cannot go toward the monopolizing of the market. The interpretation placed upon the Sherman Anti-Trust Act by the Supreme

(Continued on Page 77)



William C. Redfield

THE WIRELESS CONFESSION

NTHE last Sunday of an exceptionally hot June the Reverend Doctor Morton, suffering, Christianlike, from overwork and underpay, or, if you prefer, overworry and underfeeding, fainted in his pulpit as he had nearly finished one of his nice, gentle sermons. Everybody thereupon made the same remark. This often happens among people who share the same beliefs in the kindness of the Deity. They all said it. was lucky Doctor Morton collapsed just as vacation time was commencing. They, of course, also said they would do their duty. They did. They instantly began to talk about giving him a little extra money so be could go away. In order that neither the coogregation nor the pastor might have any doubts as to this kindly deed being charity, they talked in public about the donation and the vacation. After discussing whether a trip to the Yellowstone was not better than one to Switzerland, besides being cheaper, they compromised by giving him one hundred dollars in cash. This left him free to go anywhere, excepting Switzerland or the Yellowstone. The growth of factions in the regregation was thereby prevented.

The old clergyman had fed a family of three healthy sons on his salary of one thousand dollars a year and had clothed them with the fees he received for marrying people. These three sons had even gone to rollege. John, the oldest, after getting his il. A., had gone to the law school, and was ready to accept a position as office buy in some city law firm. James had fluished his fourth year at the medical school and had been lacky enough to secure an appoint-

nent as interne at the hospital, and Paul had finished his ephomore year at electrical engineering and hated it.

Fortunately the boys were at home when the old clergyman's collapse came on. They stood by his bedside when Dotter Emmons, the town's most competent physician, came. Doctor Emmons was very fond of the clergyman. The clergyman's sons called him Uncle Jim.

The physician of bodies felt the pulse of the physician of souls, raised his eyebrows and asked perfunctorily:

"No, James."

"If m!" muttered Doctor Emmons. The Morton boys latened attentively, for the old physician had a habit of Carnesing aloud. "Mine mule! Two-legged! Worn out! Fine specimen to pickle in alcohol for permanent exhibition

"I vestry, labeled: 'Christian. Typical Case.'"
The old clergyman smiled feebly. "James," he said,
"I named Jimmy after you. Don't make me regret that
I made him study your profession. If it is going to make
him —"

"Be reasoured, reverend sir; medicine is wome even than the Christian ministry. If it's martyrdem you crave for him he'll get it. He'll spend long stretches of time in the houses of patients waiting, waiting alike for people to de and for people to be born. You don't get paid for waiting, but you can become a Shaksperean scholar."

The physician began to write a prescription. The organian turned to his sons and said:

"Boys, while I still can talk, I ask you to remember all your lives, in case I - I - in case I should ----"

"You won't this time, Tom," cut in Doctor Emmons; to kindly spare your own tears over your untimely

"I'm not so strong as you think," murmured the old drgyman, "and I feel so tired, so tired!" His eyes closed.

The three boys bent over him anxiously. The old man pened his eyes and smiled at them—reassuringly, as he dought, but it made them gulp.

"John, I think you will be a-a careful lawyer. Defend always the right ——"

"Don't you do it, John," interrupted Doctor Emmons.
"It is not your duty to starve to death: and, besides, how in blazes are you going to tell who is right? You go to work and acquire a practice first. That's bread. If you must pick and choose later, pick out good butter."

"Father, I'll never take any case I know to be wrong," promised John with the overpowering solemnity of twenty-three years.

And you, James -- " began Doctor Morton.

"He also will be poor," volunteered Doctor Emmons.

"He will have all his own practice, and mine if he wants
it. It isn't worth much."

"Thank you, Uncle Jim," said Jimmy gratefully.

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE



The Bread of Being Alane Made the Banker Jee the Human Being in the Damestie

"I also thank you, James," said old Doctor Morton.
"Jimmy, learn to be like him, but don't talk the way he does to hide his big heart ——"

"I order you to be silent," gruffly interrupted Doctor

"And you, Paul --- "

"Don't you worry about me!" said Paul hastily but decisively. He was nineteen.

"My son, I do worry. I fear ---

"You needn't. I know what I am going to do. I don't know just how I am going to do it, but that, after all, will depend upon what chance I get."

"What are you going to do, Paul?" asked Doctor Emmons, obviously to distract the sick man.

"I intend to make a million dollars!"

"My boy! My boy!" The old man's voice so plainly showed distress that Paul hastened to say reassuringly:

"If it can be made honestly I am going to make it. And I'm not going to give up trying until I've made it. What has your life been? It's lad enough to have to worry over the troubles of a congregation at the rate of about twelve cents per annum per trouble. But to worry alout food and clothes! Your worries were mother's worries, and they killed her. I propose to make a million dollars as quickly as I can, and you are going to live to enjoy it."

"My son, 1 --- "

"And to teach me," went on Paul very quickly, "to use my fortune worthily and do good to those who need tinuncial help."

Doctor Emmons laughed and said:

"Well, Tom, you know Mary's grandfather was a banker.
I'll keep you on top of the ground for some years. But,
Paul, you hurry up just the same."

"I'll make it in less time than you think," said Paul defaulty, boylike suspecting that his talk was not taken very seriously.

H How?"

"By wishing to make it; by wishing it with all my head and all my heart. That always does it, doesn't it?"

"Not always," contradicted Doctor Emmons.

"Barring death, always!" said Paul, so firmly that
Doctor Emmons turned to the sick man and said:

"I believe he'll do it, Tem!"

"I hope not," retorted the sick man with deep sincerity.
"Tut, tut!" chided Doctor Emmons. "I tell you it'll do him good," just as if making a million were medicine.
"Now, hoys, get out and don't let anybody see him. They might want to sympathize with him, and he's had the sympathy of his congregation too long."

"But, James ---

"Well, if any fellow-Christians come and you see in their eyes the unquenchable hope that your father is dying, you might deprive them of the joy of hearing his last words free of charge by telling them he's got smallpox. Clear out, all of you. You will eat at my house until I change the treatment. You know my meal hours, boys."

The old clergyman did not die then. He died two years later, when his congregation superseded him by a younger soul-saver and generously made Doctor Morton pastor emeritus. In view of the Latinity of the title they felt constrained to give him five hundred dollars in a lump. They knew he couldn't live very long. Besides, the old man had three grown sons.

The sons did as they had promised. John was not brilliant. He was a plodder and, moreover, did not believe in taking tainted cases; so he had to leave the highly reputable firms for which he worked. He went into business for himself. He made a living and was neither popular nor unpopular, neither respected nor ridiculed on account of his bonesty. So few people knew him at all that they couldn't know he was honest.

James, good-natured and cheery, patterning himself after Doctor Emmons, made a good practitioner. He did a very good business, and some years, with the aid of threats of lawsuits, be collected fully sixty per cent of what was owing to bim.

Paul went to the city, looked round and decided that the way to make money was to have something or somebody work for you while you worked your brain. To have men work for you has all the disadvantages that any large employer of labor will cheerfully enumerate for you whenever you have a couple of years to spare to listen in. Therefore he decided to make money by the simple process of letting money make it for

"I also thank you, James," said old Ductor Morton. him. He studied money and its habits. This led him

straight into the Marshall National Bank.

He worked very hard and very conscientiously. He had one flush of inspiration. One is all any man needs in his lifetime. He decided that to make a success of his own life he must be famous for something, must identify himself with one thing. He ingeniously resolved to be known as the man who never made mistakes. He saw clearly that one of the things a bank must not make is errors. He talked about the sin of making mistakes even to the president. And so within three years they took him at his own valuation and made him teller. He worked hard; trained incessantly, as it were, for infallibility; took his work home and practiced, practiced, practiced until he couldn't make a mistake. And even while he was a teller he trained for cashler. And so they made him assistant cashler, and he was so good at it that they felt proud of their own discernment and made him cashier, and finally, at thirty-eight, vice-president of the bank- the man who never made mistakes! But now that he had to deal with men instead of figures be subtly revised his slogan. He called it: The sin of making avoidable mistakes! And he cleverly hedged by adding: "Any man may fool me once!"

He became cautious on principle, careful by force of habit, suspicious by reason of his environment. But worst of all he began to take the exaggerated view of the importance of having money that all people take when they have money to lose. He developed a habit of trying to regulate his own life, to govern it, checkbook in hand. Even in his family affairs, instead of visiting his brothers at Christmas, he sent to his nieces and nephews each a check for one handred dollars, making seven hundred in all.

At forty he had made his million and vaguely thought he ought to marry. And as he studied his own fitness for marriage, he perceived that he had been for years in a business in which nothing was left to the imagination, but everything given precisely, to the hundredth of a dollar, in which he did not deal with men but with customers. He trusted only people who signed their names to documents. His associates were human beings, to be sure, but they might as well have been labeled No. 87 or 16D as haptized John Henry Brown or William P. Jones. It was a souldesiccating environment, and this careful man who never made mistakes realized that he should not treat a wife as be would an honest merchant or a stock-exchange borrower.

He therefore decided to train for the married life as he had for other positions—he must first humanize himself. He would do so by learning to spend money.

So he began by spending one-third of his income; and then, after a great effort, one-half; then seven-eighths of it. But he accomplished this by cheating himself—richman-fashion—by buying a house and choice furniture and very good paintings, which should have been charged to capital account instead of to expenditures. At forty-two he had a nice home and was becoming used

to spending money without pain.

Of course, he had been a money-maker for twenty years! His acquaintances were all people to whom money meant pretty much what it meant to him. It was among them that he looked for the girl. He knew that after he found her he must fall in love with her, and that only then should he marry her. In considering all the phases of it he filled himself with the vehement passion of a man doing a mathematical problem.

He found her. It was not difficult. He was known to be a millionaire and he was not known to be forty-two, for he looked five-and-thirty at the most. Being well was a profitable habit. He had husbanded his health as he had saved his earnings. He had a pleasant smile, which, though it did not strike heartward more than one-fifteenth of an inch. nevertheless made him look like his mother, who was the most levable of women. Then there was in his eyes a look

of alertness that was as impressive as sharpes without the disagreeable quality you find in the eyes of those money-making men who suspect all other men of being thieves and all thieves of being murderers.

And as for falling in love, he knew that all men whose judgment he respected did it. And this girl was very beautiful and very worthy of

It was only after they were engaged, and indeed after he was madly in love with her, that the man who did not make mistakes learned that her father, instead of leaving his family several millions, had barely left them enough to live on in outward decency. But he mathematically demonstrated to his own satisfaction that her poverty clearly proved that he loved her. Indeed, one of the blessings of a Providence always kind to young - well, relatively youngbankers is that they are permitted to marry beautiful girls to whom they can give ever so many beautiful things.

He would rather not marry at all than buy a wife! That was obviously the most egregious of all mistakes. She did not even try to resist his suit. Had he not been in love he probably would have called her a human orchid, one of those ornamental feminine parasites that like

even their emotions ready-made and, as it were, predignated. She was indeed young and beautiful, with that nedect, illusory, wholly artificial beauty that is both described and damned by the word dainty. The barbarian gazes with awe upon the frail crystal goblet and worships its fragile beauty because it is fragile. All men in their first love are children and all children are born barbarians. But there comes the time when you don't want a dainty mother of big healthy babies?

He married her. He soon discovered that falling in love was quite unlike making money. There is a certain definitenem about making money; you do certain things and leave undone certain other things: and the reason you do and the reason you don't is one and the same—to make money. And all the things you do in money-making consist, like everything else in life, of both giving and taking, but your gifts and your takings can be measured with dollars and you must always take more than you give.

But in loving there were no set rules, no definite plan of conduct. To begin with, there were so many ways of loving that Paul spent hours every day hoping he might live long enough to love in all the ways possible. The business of loving was the business of giving, never of taking. To give to her was to give to himself the pleasure of giving to her! Therefore he treated love like a wonderful beverage, to intoxicate himself with. The more he drank, the more he craved. The more he gave, the more he wished to give.

He did not desire a helpmate, because he was a selfreliant, aggressive man, who, moreover, had reached an uge at which his social likes and prejudices had definitely crystallized. She was his first sweetheart, what harmony is to the musician and color to the painter. He really lived only when he loved her. He surrounded her with the adult toys, the over-refinements of luxury and intricate mechanical conveniences that attend the transformation of a democracy into a plutocracy.

Far more carefully than the money markets or the business outlook this banker now studied ways and means of pleasing this girl. He eliminated all necessity of her ever asking by giving in advance. He sharpened his inventiveness by anticipating her needs. He interested her in hobbies, merely that he might gratify them!

At his desk in the bank he kept an exquisitely painted miniature of her and in a little silver vase always fresh flowers—a boy-lover's devotional demonstrativeness. He confessed to her pertrait things he dared not tell her in made him tremble. person, for her delicate exquisite. Whenever he passed the tips of h over the smooth cheeks he did not say to her the flesh but flower-petals, that her bloc leaves, that her soul made thelf fe odors! He did not tell her. He

That is precisely why this money-maker, accustomed to the deference of the less rich and the ingratiating smiles of thousands of money-borrowers, felt a very pauper before a girl who had no views on life, no experience of the demand and supply of money and what men do because of them, no fixed opinions on anything. He could see no reason why she should love him! To youth love brings its overpowering selfishness, but to middle-age it brings its subtle humility, because where twenty craves action forty yearns

And in the same topsy-turvying way love made him an optimist by abeer force of pessimism. Humanity became very nice after his marriage. He saw only lovable traits in all men under thirty-five, and he felt a profound gratitude toward all men who were nice enough to be over fifty and, therefore, not dangerous.

What a man of over forty gets who has married a girl of under twenty is not a wife but a treasure—to gloat over and

"I find dec from the Steal That New Word Not in Lines With Mr !!

> fear for until the jealous, sleepless care of the treasure comes to be life itself for him!

Nearly a year had passed since their wedding when the first blow fell: Mrs. Morton's only sister, suddenly taken ill in London, cabled for Anne. The physicians' cable made Mrs. Morton decide to sail at once. Paul could not go with her. The annual meetings of several corporations of which he was a director were near at hand, and there were other strong business reasons why he should not leave New York. His loyalty to his associates put it out of the question for him not to do his duty. But he understood at last why intelligent men retire from business, since the hardest chains of all to break are those of solid gold. He could refuse her nothing. He said she could go.

It was their first separation. In the daytime in his office the miniature of her cheered him with the old implied promise of reunion at the close of day. But at home the moment he crossed his threshold gloom descended. The house was a burial-crypt. The silence maddened with its ten thousand sinister meanings; the emptiness appalled. It made the halls not only cheerless but huge, like warehouse corridors. In the dining room the consciousness of her non-being took on an unearthly character. He was filled with an uncanny expectancy—as of seeing her because she was not there!

He did not, however, dream of escaping any of the exquisite subtleties of suffering inflicted by her absence. He preferred to be unhappy in her house than try to forget her at his club.

He therefore was dining at home alone,

The English butler looked on superciliously. Why should a millionaire eat as though he had a train to eatch? And even if there had been a train to eatch, what was the use of being a millionaire if you couldn't make the train wait until you saw fit to take it?

Paul Morton refused dessert, rose and told the butler to take the coffee to the library.

"Very good, sir," said the butler coldly.

Paul wished to sit in an easychair before a cannel-cual fire and look at a map of the Atlantic Ocean above the mantelshelf. A black-headed thumbtack near the Banks

represented the Atlantis, on which Mrs. Paul Morto sailed for Liverpool. Twice a day he heard from ! wireless, in the morning at the office and in the even home. She gave him the latitude and longitude and assurance of the state of her health.

She had been on the ocean fifty-nine hours! He : her so poignantly that he felt his longing go from I psychic waves. At times he thought she must recei soul's wireless messages!

It must be at least ten o'clock on the Atlantis. asleep? Possibly she was playing cards, or talkinfellow-passenger; or, worst of all, listening to a

He bit his lip and stared at the fire gloreproached himself for fostering suspicions that in her heart and his head.

He even tried to argue himself out of his feeli jealousy, which is to attempt the impossible.

In his search of rehabilitating excuses he merel ceeded in making the vision of her lose its sharps outline and its vividness of color. But, on the other he became conscious of her nearness most curiously. and again he half rose from his chair, as though he ! boulde him or behind him, as if she were coming it room, walking toward him. He even thought he i draft of air caused by her passage through the root

He reproached himself for disloyalty to her in t was allowing the strain of the stockholders' fight centrel of the bank downtown to disturb him in her

Suddenly he shivered, for no reason whatever, a inward trembling, as though his soul were shakin

was sure that if he sweated it would water. He rang the bell.

"Bring me some Scotch whisky," he t servant. He drew the emychair close to! braced his feet against the bars and ker there until the smell of burning leather him move away from the hearth.

The servant returned with a tray. 1 took a stiff drink of raw whisky and back in his easychair.

"Shall I leave it, sir?" "Yes, on the table. There!" "Yes, sir. Very good, sir!"

The moment the man turned to g Morton realized that he did not wish alone. To him the servants had neve men or women but furnishings, like the c or the rugs. They always felt themsel humanized in his presence and they him, for he had established them on a ; eternal inferiority. The faculty of others feel that way belongs to the true crat and to all military leaders.

But now the dread of being in this cox;

alone with the cheerful fire that could no ailing souls stop shivering, made the banker see the

being in the domestic. "Wait, James!" he said before he knew it; ar

eudgeled his brain to think of what to say to th whose name was James. Or was it the man's pred whose name was James? "What is your full name?" inquired Paul A

having found the excuse. "My full name, sir?" repeated James uncomfe

He looked like a man caught in a trap,

"Charles Edward Bolton, sir," confessed James. "Oh! Charles, is it?"

"Ye-yes, sir." "H'm!" muttered Morton. Immediately the quaking and shivering returned. He thought hi must be shaking. He held it before him, the fings spread. It was absolutely steady. He felt hot a: at once and, withal, not ill,

"James! I mean Charles! Ab-wait there. I feeling well. I ——" He stopped talking. He felt were smothering for all that his breath came and we normal regularity.

"Yes, sir. Shall I telephone for the doctor, sir?" Charles. He looked as if he feared to be blamed master's indisposition.

"No! I-I - No!" said Paul Marton, H and presently began to pace up and down the roo felt as though he had walked twenty-five miles. time to time he caught his breath sharply, su gaspingly. His wife's ghost had vanished from the He was not now thinking of her.

"You may go, Charles. If I need anything I'll "Yes, sir. Very good, sir," the man said with

relief. Nevertheless he waited. "I'm better," said Paul Morton and smiled reases He felt grateful to the stolid Englishman for his sol And the stelld Englishman blushed at the master' ness as one blushes at being overpraised in public.

"I'm glad to hear it, sir, You-I-yes, si stammered. "Do I look ill?" asked Paul Morton curiously.

"No, sir, not exactly ill, sir," answered Charles hastily. "How then?"

"Begging your pardon, sir, as if you were frightened,

sir. Or," he added after a pause, "angry."

"I am all right now!" Morton nodded dismissingly, and iegan to pace up and down the room after the servant left. He again took an inventory of himself to account for his malaise. But he could not hit upon the precise trouble. Age, which explains so many inexplicable things, is the last hypothesis to occur to a man who has married a weman twenty years younger than himself.

Suddenly there came a knock-faint, uncertain, omlnous. Paul Morton felt himself grow cold all over. His legs

bent under him. "Come!" he said; but the word sounded so faint to his

own ears that he repeated more loudly: "Come!"

The door opened. The butler entered. He had a silver eardtray in his hand.

"Cablegram, sir." With a hand that shook Paul Morton took the marconigram from the tray. The butler's eyes were fixed on the master's trembling fingers with the curiosity of a man trying to see a compromising situation through a keyhole.

"No answer!" said Morton irritably. He wished to be alone. The butler left the room. On his face was the look of a man folled at the last minute.

Paul Morton opened the envelope and read;

S. S. ATLANTIS. At Sen, Feb. 25. PAUL MORTON,

Fifth Ave., N. Y. Ship sinking collision explosion have given wireless oper-stor emerald necklace if rescued do nothing last message to you forgive me full confession in third drawer.

Paul Morton slowly clenched and unclenched his hand six times.

His wits came back. Crises always made him calm. He

now went over the marconigram carefully.

The ship was sinking. There had been a collision. It was followed by an explosion. In the confusion the wireion operator obviously refused ordinary messages. She had not much corrency with her-enough for gratuities to the deamer servants - and her letter of credit was of no use in the emergency. She bribed the Marcani man by giving him the famous emerald necklace for which Paul Morton he delightedly paid eighty-five thousand dollars. She had kept her wits about her!

And what was the message? She asked for forgiveness. What had she done that needed his forgiveness, that made

her sak for it with her last breath?

And farther on the word confession! Preceded by the seaver for forgiveness, it could mean only one thingguilt! Of what was she guilty, that exquisits creature fashioned of petals, with blood of liquefied rose-leaves? His wife, his life, his everything-in-life, asking for forgivesee, speaking about a full confession -

He heard hoarse shouting in the street.

"Extry! Extry! Extry!"

He rung the bell and, without waiting for the servant to answer, went out into the hall, threw a coin down the stairs and shouted: "Get me the extra. Hurry! The man is passing the house."

Preently the servant came back with a newspaper.

ATLANTIE SUNG! The Compagnie Générale Transatlantique has readved a wireless message from its liner In Toursing. which left this port yesterday morning, reporting that

"I Propose to Make a Million Dollars, and You are Going to Live to Enjoy It"

the Fürst Bulow, of the German-American Line, had received a call for help from the Atlantis, which reported having been struck amidships by a strange steamer. An explosion had blown in some of the bulkheads. The engine room was rapidly flooding and the ship was sinking. There was no disorder among the passengers, who were fortunately few in number. They were taking to the boats. The message abruptly ended, probably due to stop-page of dynamo. The Fürst Bülow was rushing to the scene of disaster, but feared the worst by reason of the high sea running, the strong winds and the extremely low temperature prevailing.

There followed a description of the ship; quotations from the Bonnard Company's circulars declaring the Atlantis to be the last word in ship construction and practically unsinkable; the list of the first and second cabin passengers and of the officers.

Among the latter was that of the wireless operator. When he read that name Paul Morton felt as if an icicle had pierced his heart-it was Robert MacGregor! Who but a Scotchman would calmly think of a life of ease in the face. of death, of the uses of eighty-five thousand dollars' worth

of emeralds in the event of escape? Paul Morton never knew how he lived through that night. He was numbed by the blow. He could no more readjust himself to the new conditions than can a man to the loss of both arms. What overwiselined him was the amputation of that part of his soul that he was happy with. He had lost the ability to love out his love, to squander affection!

His concern was with himself, with his own loss, not

with her death !

In the days that followed the servants tiptoed their way about the empty house and would not look him in the face. They spoke in whispers; never a door slammed; the shades were drawn, just as though she were in the drawing room in her coffin lying on banks of rare flowers. Fresently the steamship people gave up hope. Friends, associates, acquaintances-all were very nice to him. Even the newspapers respected his grief. But in all the well-meant words of sympathy and in the far more expressive silenous never a hint or a look to show that the world suspected he had not even the soluce of his memory of her! But for that wireless message he might have lived on, an elderly man of affairs humanized by his love, made kindly by the remembrance of her brief sojourn in this world before she left him, to wait for him! But that message, that prayer for forgiveness, that daggerstab in the very heart of his love of loves-the word confession!

Outwardly he here his loss like a gentleman; he was slightly paler, slightly more deliberate, a triffe more coneciously impassive. But within him raged tempests that shook him to his inmost soul. Doubt ran amuck and stabled, stabled! Was she worthy of being mourned? Was it some schoolgirl prank, exaggerated by her purity



intoblack guilt, that she would confess? Was it some boyand-girl affair that she had allowed to persist? And then he thought of her, in her slim youthfulness, struggling in the Atlantic gale, freezing, drowning, this beautiful child-and he could find her guilty of nothing, unless it was of the right to be pitied!

He could not at first bring himself to formulate an accueation against her. But gradually, in the pathetic fever-

ishness of his search for solam, he began to fling the mud of jealous suspicions at her character, until, grown half-mad, he definitely accused her; anesthetized his sense of decency, and began his search of all the third drawers in that haunted house-like a thief, that nobody might discover him; like a coward, that no one else might learn the shameful truth! He ceased going to the office in the forenoon, to search more assiduously; sent his housekeeper away on a short vacation that he might search unsuspected and unhampered; and still trying to save the last shriveling shred of self-respect, he argued that certainty would be wisdom, for if he knew that she was unworthy he would not have to grieve! He invested his search with something of the character of a consumptive's trip West. To have been spared the necessity of divorce proceedings, to have escaped the humiliation of hearing the world's vile chuckles, was no small boon-if only he knew definitely.

He searched carefully, methodically. He looked first in the third drawers; and then in all drawers; and then in all places wherein a sheet of paper might have been hidden. At times there were reactions and he abandoned himself to his original serrow. But the poison had entered; he rould not think of her as guiltless. And the struggle left its traces on his face, in his eyes, in his very gait and in his habits of work, so that his associates feared to comfort him lest they might unwittingly intensify the strain to the

breaking point!

He could not help thinking of her as too exquisitely deliente for certain kinds of guilt. Most women and all wives are capable of deception, but not necessarily of crime. He rould not know the strength of her resistance to temptation because he had persisted in keeping her a doll; but he knew her hatred of vulgarity. If she were alive and guiltless he felt he could not kiss her, after the depths of degradation into which his jealous suspicions had made him sink?

Still there were her own words, vouchsafed at a time and under circumstances which precluded falsehood. This child, in the face of a terrible death, had thought of him

to the very last, had asked to be forgiven even as the Atlantic yawned for her. Had be forgiven the dead woman who had been so much to him? "I wish I could! I wish I could!" he cried

aloud in his despair.

But he couldn't as long as he didn't know. Presently a knock sounded. Evidently some servant had heard him speak and imagined be was calling.

"Come in!" he said.

Churles entered.

"Telegrum, sir!" he said softly.

"Damn it!" said Paul Morton Irritably. "I thought it might be important, sir," meekly

apologized the servant. "You did well to bring it, Charles," said Paul Morton, "I thank you."

He opened the message and read:

GLOUCESTER, MASS., March 3.

PAUL MORTON. Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Picked up by schooner Mary R. Brennan. Leaving immediately. Expect to arrive New York eleven fifteen A. M. tomorrow.

He stared at the yellow sheet with eyes that no longer saw words; that instead beheld a slim girl of twenty with two skies for eyes and roseleaves for blood and flower-petals for cheeks, a girl three hundred miles north of New York. How- What- When-

"Good Lord!" be muttered.

"Mr. Morton, sir! Mr. Morton!" said Charles in alurm.

"It's Mrs. Morton! Saved!" he gusped. "Oh! Ah! Yes, sir! Mrs. Morton!" in turn gasped the servant.

(Continued on Page 48)

A KING AMONG KINGS



THE king we tell of was not born to his purple; neitherdid he achieve it. Rather was it thrust on him by careless hands in the large, lavish days of the old

California. Johnny Hogaboom, of humble hirth and without hope of temporal grandeur, had been a sprightly unit of the throng that surged over the mountains in the yellow liftim to gather gold from the breasts of the hills and the sand of the creekbeds; but Johnny, it soon developed, had too little of the gambler's temperament to be

He was young and strong, and ardent for the new life that flowed about him in such generous contrast to that of his New England uphringing, but the haphazard hunt for gold was repellent to all his orderly instincts; for in this blind hunting, industry was not inevitably rewarded the prizes went too often to mere singing, carefree, lazy luck. The game went too much by chance: and Johnny, who was not singing or carefree or bazy, and who considered Luck a hussy, bestowing her favors by caprice, craved a calling where he could be sure of a day's pay for a day's

And so, forever prescribing gold as a yellow wanten, Johnny hit on a manner of hunting that was less fortuitous. At a point where the ranks of the goldscekers filed down out of the mountains lusting for fresh meat he hunted the deer and the elk. There was nothing of romance about it-no flavor of the wild, free forest sport; it was a thing of pressic routine. He would ride into the hills, leading a packhorse or two, and from the populous herds there he killed as many deer or elk as he could pack in to Webber's Landing in a day.

Indeed it was hardly skilled labor, and it was at all times tedious; but Johnny knew each day what his net profits would be his foundations were firm, his results certain, his satisfaction mild but unalloyed. He supposed that sometime he would find pleasanter work; but he worried not at all about this. When it came he would take it.

Even in that early day he often suspected that this new work might have to do with the soil. On that first spring morning when he beheld the far-flowing reaches of the San Joaquín Valley he had been appressed by a sense of wastefulness. He saw a wideflung garden of flowers and verdure in which cattle grazed. The grass and the clover grew hub-high about the lumbering excarts of the Spanish rancheros, but the land was giving back only a thousandth part of its potential value; and Johany's thrifty soul even then was vaguely affronted. The careless Spaniards were

"They only make a picnic ground of it," complained Johnny as he rode out for his ment. Then ominously: "Some day the Americans will take that land and show them what to do with it."

And the wave had started that was to lift Johnny to his throne. When the founder of the city of Stockton was beneficently allotting several hundred thousand acres of the richest land in the new state he suddenly bethought him of the hard-working young hunter who brought in the fresh meat with such unfalling regularity.

"And Johnny Hogaboom might as well have some of that land," he mused. "He ought to be having a nice little home one of these days-about five thousand agree. I should think, for Johnny."

In this airy fashion was Johnny's domain him. To be sure, the gift was not considered did young Johnny Hogaboom experience elation in accepting it. He took it, of courhe might have taken a box of cigars from

By Harry Leon Wilson

storekeeper, at Christmustime. The following week bereturned the courtesy by leaving at the door of his benefactor a tender yearling buck of an amiable succulence. Johnny felt that they were quits then. For that matter, so did the landgiver.

And the new proprietor forgot about his land for a number of years. It continued to hissesm, a beauteous and wasteful flower garden, while Johnny applied his industrious hands to several of the simpler crafts; but when he did chance to remember them the fat acres were a real satisfaction to him. Their mere spaciousness was satisfying, especially when he remembered the little rockyhilled Vermont farm of a pitiful hundred acres or so, from which his father had tortured a precarious livelihood; but during those early years the charm of his demain lay entirely in its effectiveness as a spectacle. It was good to look at and to think about - but one had to work at other things. Johnny was land poor.

Then came the amazing day of wheat. Magically, as it seemed, the whole San Jonquin Valley threw off its cloak of blossoms and became one billowy sea of grain. As Johnny had once foretold, the Americans had shown the Spanlards what to do with the land; and Johnny's five thousand acres became the Waterloo Ranch. He happened to like the name. And in the fullness of time Johnny himself became a wheat king.

Of his rise and of the gracious middle years of his reign little need be told. He were his honors lightly and yet with an increasing and very serious devotion to the cause of wheat. He held wheat as he would have held his religion had he been burdened with one-he had left his in New England, with the small, reck-billed form of his father. The new state's destiny was wheat and Johnny Hogaboom. of the Waterloo, was its nealous high priest.

afterthought. He formed an alliance with a wheat princess of a neighboring dynasty who bore him a son. And Johnny forgot about wheat and his relation to it only to the extent of planning that his heir should also grow wheat - and nothing but wheat-in all the years to come.

The crown prince was taught at school that the principal products of California are gold, wheat, wine and wool; but at home he was taught by his father that the gold, wine and wool should be thought little ofthat wheat alone was the state's cause for being. When his father returned from business trips to San Francisco be almost always brought a wspaper with him, in which

little boy was enabled to that "John Hogaboom, at King of the San ain Valley, is in town a few days, and is

registered a Palace." The prince though fine thing t father should a palace in that c city.

This, howeve all in the good before the que passed at the er dry year, and the little crown had followed the end of a dry year; in tru fore they had h to speak of dry assomething to pected in the c processes of th sons. No evil had been ut against Joh

chosen staple; nor had any shrewd and impious for suggested that the soil of the valley was too rich humble a crop as wheat. Johnny enjoyed those to the full. His money went as it came. Deep ancestry, he was never a saver. The careless genero the land itself had beguited him into an openhand that would have rudely shocked his pinch-penny for

Nor was Johnny perturbed when his brother mo began here and there to abdicate-some under ecpressure: others voluntarily and at great profit. I the later day, when the newspapers proclaimed "John Hogaboom, last of the Wheat Kings," John still undismayed—and at last, it must be confessed than a little proud of his title. He felt no alarm. It seemed to him that of all the wheat kings he ha fittest to survive. With increasing droughts he i more and more stubboruly a wheat king. And then had years he was actually forced to sell random acre the remote frontiers of his domain; but he swore he die planting wheat.

Perhaps the curtain should descend briefly wi imagine that something like half a century has e As aiding this feat, we may note that in 1900 John boom was arrested and fined fifty dollars for killing out of season-even a deer he had been obliged three days over a mountain trail to find,

Hogaboom had met with advercities, but not or came to him with the shock of this.



The Crown Prince Thought it a Fine Thing That His Father Should Have a Palace in That Distant City

The curtain rising again reveals the house and outbuildings of the Waterioo Ranch; but these are now in a state of squalid neglect. The house of weathered gray is buttered and pathetically patched here and there, where its grandeur has succumbed. The enormous barn—last of those glorious wheat barns in the valley—is well-nigh denuded of shingles, and seems in its decrepitude about to collapse.

The débdele had not come with fanfare, onslaught and clash of arms. It had been a thing of slow, insidious eating away, hardly to be detected from year to year. Yet it had some decisively and Johnny Hogaboom was but a harried erf. Some dethroned monarchs are impressive—some are cruelly picturesque; but the dethroned wheat king, amid the rains of his kingdom, was all but ignoble. In determination only was he still kingly. His figure retained at seventy-six the suppleness of youth; he was spare and straight, with his white-maned old head well up.

He stood at his doorway in the fading light of a December afternoon, gazing with a sickened wonder out over the Waterloo Ranch—he could see all of it now. Without efort his eyes could trace its farthest confines, for there was little left of his domain save a name that had become all too eloquent. To be precise, there remained a hundred acres of the lordly five thousand. The ranch had very simply and crudely consumed itself. In driblets of five, ten, twenty, fifty acres, those fields had been eaten away from him in the bad dry years—insignificant tracts, surely never to be missed from that wondrous total.

The droughts had perdeted, the hungry years had massed themselves on him, and the steady drain had told; but in all those years, though his frontiers were canningly creeping up to choke him, the king had stayed stubborn to the voice and precepts of the new day. Other wheat kings had capitulated planting fruit or crops that could be irrigated, or selling their lands handsomely to those who would do this.

Captain Webber's Ranch was now the site of the valley metropolis and its silerts. Jacob Kettler's Ranch was the Tokay Syndicate's vineyard, and Kettler's beirs were globetrotters, social aspirants, alcoholics, and what not. John Hogaboom had repulsed fortunes of this sort a dozen times. He had not sold land when he could, which would have made him rich, but when he must-when the store had declined to let his bill run longer. He had sold just snough land for just enough money to plant more wheat.

And the dreadful and hamiliating worst of it was that Johnny's land had, acre by acre, gone to despixed aliens—Italians, Swiss, Japanese, Chinese. These hordes had crowded

in on him, edging ever closer to the old ranch house; transforming his beloved wheatfields into what seemed to him to be the old flower garden of the lazy Spaniards—orchard and vineyard and piffling truckpatch. The aliens had invaded his kingdom with an intensive farming that does not come out of books, but is painfully acquired through caturies of land poverty.

He remembered now when the first amazing orchard had sprung into life on one of his quarter sections—the price of it going into a wheat crop that was never harvested. Slowly then the astute Japanese had becomed him is with acres of the Tokay grapes that brought fabulous prices in New York; yard by yard the patient Chinese had encroached on him with their garden tracts; and the thrifty Italians had crept to his very door with their vines.

As he now looked out on his depleted acres something like panic seized him for the first time. He remembered what he had once foretold of the Spaniards when the land did little but feed their cattle—that the Americans would take their land and show them what it was good for; but now these later aliens were calling the same boast to the Americans—they were taking the land and showing what it was good for. All at once the old man saw his ranch as but a desert of wheat set in a wide oasis of gardens.

He sighed and turned desperate eyes to the heavens for a sign of the needed rain. Three dry winters had befallen and now again he was waiting for rain. It had been that way, he recalled, at the end of a third dry year, when his wife had gone. And now—was he to lay his last acre in sacrifice on the moldering alter of wheat?

From the vine-embowered cottage of Tony Jusi, his nearest neighbor, came Tony's fruity gurgle of a voice, flung gladly out in his one song: O sole mio!

The old man shook an angry fist in the singer's direction and launched a hearty curse on the presumptuous dago; for only that morning Tony Jusi—stocky, glowing Tony—who seemed always to irradiate earthy smells of fruit and green salads, with a definite tang of honest human swent, had paused in his song long enough to offer old Johnny three hundred dollars an acre for the fifty acres south of the ranch house. Fifteen thousand dollars in gold had Tony to pay for that bit of land—and old Johnny was perplexed about next month's salt pork and coffee!

And Tony had smiled, almost it seemed in sympathy, when the old king, with quick, hard words, had rebuffed him and his impudent offer. They had not beaten him yet. He would keep something from them. A hundred acres at least they would not turn into a picnic ground. He was still a wheat man.

And yet old Johnny knew as he scanned the arid sky that his back was against the last wall. The year before he had planted his hundred acres to wheat, but the summer sun had burned it to tinder when it was three inches high while the Italians and the Asiatics were harvesting their irrigated crops to a vast profit.

"It is Good Wine. I Make Myself. Jure to Mike!"

This year, he felt, had to be a good year. The heavens must relent and open for the wheat that would be planted again—it had to be so, because the store would not carry John Hogaboom over another year.

As the night drew on he entered the untidy living room, lighted a candle and—for a moment's solace before bedtime—sought the columns of the Stockton Gazette. The angry lines about his eyes deepened and his lips were set desperately as he caught the disgraceful tenor of the local news:

"Potato King of the San Joaquin Talks to College Men," he read in a headline. The offending item concerned a Japanese who had cunningly wrested a furture of millions from the valley's despised tule lands.

"Tain't a white man's country any more!" he growled.
"Well, I'll be ____" he muttered fercely as he turned the page and rend again:

"Antony Baccigalupi, the Tokny Baron of the San Joaquin, has returned to his native Italy for a brief visit. Mr. Baccigalupi is reported to have cleared one hundred thousand dollars in Tokny grapes last season."

This offender had once been Johany's humble farmband and had bought five acres of the Waterloo with the savings of a twelvemonth. Now he held five hundred acres of the original Waterloo and handled the products of other ranches besides. He had not planted wheat. The old man threw down his paper with a shudder of apprehension and desperately ran a hand through his mane of white hair. Years ago—his dark eyes flashed back to that splendid past—the same paper had spoken only of wheat kings, and he was not the least honored of them all. Now there were potato kings, onion kings, cabbage kings, asparagus kings—a monarch for every species of vegetable, it seemed. The editor of the Gazette was a busy Warwick.

"A sweet bunch of kings!" he sneered. "I wonder they nin't got a king for catnip and a birdseed baron!"

He went out for another questioning of the sky. The moon shone through the scattering tule fog—a dry moon, he had to admit. From a distance came the gurgled cadeness of Tony Jusi's O sole mio! The old man shivered as at the note of some pursuing, incluctable fate.

"It can't be," he thought in a sudden panic, "that they'd have four dry years. I start plowing tomorrow—rain or no rain."

Once he had had two hundred and fifty men to do his plowing, and more horses than he had ever counted. Now he had one pair of horses and he would plow alone; but he was still an American and a wheat man.

He was astir even before the gray of dawn the next morning. He purposely kept from looking out-of-doors. He had a sudden unreasoning belief that if he waited until sunrise he should see a sky full of rich black clouds and feel a soft little wind of promise coming up from the south. He built a fire in the rusted kitchen range, set the coffee

to boiling, the salt pork to frying, and put into the oven a loaf of bakingpowder bread. His kitchen lore might have been enlarged to his udvantage.

In the larder at his elbow were ten such loaves, partially consumed. He made a fresh one every morning. It was a villainous, a tissuerending, a soul-destroying bread at best—and he was never equal to more than a quarter of a loaf; but he continued to bake it freshly, and his flour bill mounted.

While his meal cooked he shaved. Never a morning in all those years of dwindling prosperity had he omitted this. It helped him to remember his past dignities as a wheat king—to keep a firmer grasp on such pride as remained to him. He was going out to plow his hit of dry land, but he shaved his lean brown face with such care as might any king facing a state function.

Then he sat down to his breakfast as the flame of his candle yellowed in the new dawn; but he made sorry work of feeding. He managed a bit of the salt pork, but the baking-powder bread revolted him. He even balked at the coffee. It was poor coffee beyond a doubt—there were now rather strict credit systems

in the San Joaquin Valley, and the stores frankly discouraged doubtful creditors from choosing the best of their wares—but ordinarily he was equal to tremendous drafts of coffee.

He recalled with some alarm that, of late, he had eaten but little of anything. He knew that would not do. He must keep up his strength for the plowing. But on such food! He who had once had the best Chinese cook money could hire!

Dejectedly he pushed his plate away, drew a long breath and went to the door. The light had come and an empty supphire sky glowed above him. He tried to pretend that he had not really expected rain today. Tomorrow, of course, it must come. The fourth year could not be dry; and yet—O sole min! came the gurgling tenor of Tony Jusi, aiready abroad.

He found himself swaying in the doorway under a wave of dizziness. He reached to the wall for support and waited for it to pass, shrugging it off contemptuously. He had felt that thing before. It was nothing. Then he returned to the table, heroically drank a cup of the wretched coffee, and was off to his plow and horses.

The horses were Dolly and the Colt. Dolly was a white mare almost twenty years old to the day. The Colt, just one year younger, still held his name because he was a colt

(Continued on Page 72)

The Wage-Earner as an Investor

How Employees' Organizations are Teaching Thrift by Teamwork



far beyond ble meunt in an era of

overextension of all kinds. Third,

must find favor." "But how do you get this good will," asked one of his

companions. "I pay good wages and don't have it." "I give bonuses," chipped in a third, "and miss it."

"I let our people buy stock, and still they are not

happy," came from the fourth,
"I'll tell you how I do it," replied the first speaker: "I teach my employees how to save and encourage them to keep on saving. In other words, I show them they can become financially independent by their own efforts! When you do this you lead them to competence and

This manufacturer was simply expressing a growing sentiment among intelligent employers that is finding expression everywhere in organized movements—usually aided and abetted at the top—to teach the great lesson of thrift. No economic step of recent years has so intimate an appeal, so helpful a moral, or achieves such a deep and lasting good as this crusade to make the average wageearner an investor.

Routing the Loan Shark

BUT how does plain everyday thrift make him an investor? you may ask. Simply because all investment, whether large or small, consists of putting money out to work, so that it will earn more money. It starts with saving. The moment a surplus, however humble, begins to earn a return, that moment the owner joins the investing

this moment; and the net result to him, so far, is a dividend of increasing harmony and efficiency. To the worker it not only means independence but immunity from harassing money ills.

contentment."

The campaign for systematic saving and investment bristles with benefit. When combined with humane lending, and with character as collateral, it puts the loan shark out of business; it is making the savera real partner in industrial and commercial enterprise. Bent of all, it is giving to the individual working at the bench or in an office a larger confidence in himself and a better realization of his opportunity. In short, a financial commonwealth, which represents a real community of interest, is in the making. Like thrift, it recognizes no creed, color or sex.

class. The farseeing employer is beginning to capitalize

Re-Jeidsen

Invest Ann Muses

and Borrowed Incessantly

bankruptcy and ruin. Then came the uprising against the Shylock masquerading as a luan hanker. Philanthropists took up the subject of the remedial loan and legislatures began to gried out statutes against illegal interest rates; but the discriminating employer, realizing that by legislation alone reform is never achieved, took the matter into his own hands. He saw that the highest conservation, was to safeguard the purse and the peace of mind of his employee. It was not only practical humanity but good business

and most devastating, was the ravage of the ioun shark,

who oppressed the newdy and blackmailed his victim into

Frequently in factories, stores and shops there were skarks who faltened on the misfortunes of their fellows. In every group of men there are always a few stronger and thriftler than all the rest. The question naturally arose: If the worker can be imposed on from within, why cannot he be helped from within?

Hence sprang up a whole economic system, by which the saver and the lender pool their interests without seeking outside aid. It represents the very essence of financial democracy and it has brought new hope and fresh fuith to the worker.

So many and varied are the mediums through which the employee may save, invest or burrow, without leaving his place of work, that it is possible to present here only a few types of the organizations that fulfill that far-away proph-

ecy of Benjamin Franklin that by saving alone can the working man become master of his money fate. It is the narrative of a notable emancipation from usury and dependence, and it has a significant lesson for everybody. Let us now see how it works out.

Before we go into the concrete examples, however, it may be well to say at the outset that in every known system of saving provided by employers for employees, or by employees for each other-whether it is encouraged by deposits from the firm, generous interest rates or other inducements the big underlying purpose is to foster the regular habit of thrift. The man worker and woman worker are taught that no sum is too small to save. Thus you discover that the penny bas played an important part in the unfolding of this drama of social welfare and practical uplift.

First, take one of the most imposing of all illustrations, furnished by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, whose Staff Savings Fund has 8995 members, with assets of \$2,232,213.05, raised out of the dimes and quarters that have been piled up from week to week. This plan combines systematic saving with an old-age pension.

As in most constructive enterprises, the beginning was significant. In the late nineties various older employees who had not been thrifty began to need help; others were in the toils of the loan sharks So the offlcials said: "If our people will learn to help themselves we will also help them."

Out of this grew the Staff Savings Fund, open to everybody in the employ of the company whose salary did not exceed three thousand dollars a year. Any sum is received

To encourage the employees to save, the company sulscribes to the fund fifty cents for every dollar deposited by a worker. This contribution is credited to the deposito's account and draws interest along with his own savings.

Depositors may close their accounts in the fund at any time and for any cause; but, unless the withdrawal is after twenty years of service or is caused by death, old age or illness, the employee can take out only his deposits, plathe interest accumulations. The company's subscription. however, are not withdrawn and remain in the fund to the credit of the persistent depositors.

Withdrawals are more numerous among the thousands of agents in the field, where there are frequent staff change, than among the clerks in the home office. Therefore the field savings accounts, which comprise a separate das it the fund, show larger increases from forfeits than those of the clerical force. The word forfest in this connection is used to indicate the company's money transferred fronths account of the withdrawing depositor to the account of the loyal one.

The savings funds are invested by trustees choses from the important officials of the company and are employed mostly in high-class bonds and real-estate mortgages. Let year the home-office force got 5.30 per cent on the straight fund investments and 1.23 per cent from forfeitures, making a total of 6.53 per cent on their savings.

Saving for a Trousseau

N THE field the return on the investments was the same. I but the yield on the many forfeitures was 3.58 per cent. making the total yield on deposits 8.88 per cent.

The way these Metropolitan savings accounts have piled up is little short of amazing. Of course one reason for the startling size is the fifty per cent contribution of the conpany. Some concrete examples will illustrate the results of systematic saving:

One of the agents in the field-the kind of agent who follows the trail of industrial insurance down the highways and through the alleys-has been putting aside \$1.18 week since April 3, 1900. He has actually deposited \$848.50, yet his account stands at \$2523.71. Of this total \$424.25 is the company's contribution. The rest is the interest that the money has earned, plus forfeitures.

On the saving of one dollar a week since February, 1900. another field worker has rolled up a total of \$2186.33. The amount of his actual deposits is only \$719. The company share, interest and forfeitures do the rest. An inspector in the field who earns fifty dollars a week, and who has I thrifty bent, has an account that aggregates \$4578.58. It began April 1, 1900. His own savings are only \$1553.15.

A girl in the New York office began to save in March. 1900, with the expectation that some day she would many and need a trousseau. She took the desired step last April Though she had deposited only \$445, her account was

These incidents and many more that I could give many only add much to the welfare of these savers but give then

each day a fresh revelation of the wonders that money achieves when it is put by regularly and left to labor.

Nor does the company lose any opportunity to bring home this beneficent lesson. At most conventions of agents, for instance, the superintendent will say:

"All who are members of the Staff Savings Fund stand up!" Those who remain seated are not likely to continue much longer out of the Savings Fund. When employees get their pay envelopes the cashiers are instructed to say: "Can't I take out something for the savings fund?"

In this connection another plan that makes for compulsory saving is well worth explaining. It applies to the salaries of the host of women clerks in the home office, more than a thousand in number.

Formerly these girls were started at six dollars a week and raised from year to year until they got twelve dollars. The initial wage was found to be inadequate; so a minimum of nine dollars a week was established. Instead of regular increases, however, the company gives the girl a cash bonus of one hundred fifty dollars at the end of three years; three hundred dollars at the close of six; five hundred dollars when she finishes nine years' work, and two hundred dollars every year afterward.

This plan has a twofold value: First, it keeps the girl in the employ of the company, which gets the benefit of seasoced and continuous service; second, it provides the girl with a neat nest-egg at regular intervals, and the chances are that she would not have saved it if she had received it in the form of a weekly wage increase.

No girl gets her bonus without a brief sermon on the sivisability of putting part of it, at least, into the savings

fund. Experience shows that most of them already have modestaccounts. It is perhaps fitting to close this Metropolitan chapter with the statement that last year its army of thrift saved energy \$315,743.50.

Somewhat different in scope is the Savings and Loan Association and octed by the employees of the New York Edison Company. Here the path of systematic saving leads to home building on the exist possible terms. In this process you encounter, for the instime in this journey through the domain of saving, the widely employed plan of selling shares to members on installments, which are called dues.

Four kinds of shares are sold. The most popular is the installment, paid for at the rate of one dollar a month, which may be used for systematic saving or for house-buying. Likewise this share gives its purchaser an illuminating lesson in the way money works. Its matured value is two hundred dollars; but it requires only the actual payment of one hundred thirty-eight collars because, by compound interest, the matured value is reached in eleven years and a half at the present rate of earning.

Alds to Thrift

WHEN a member wants to buy a house he buys enough intallment shares to cover the amount of his loan. He pays off these shares at the rate of one dollar a month on each share.

These installments at maturity are sufficient to pay off his loss. It is the simplest kind of amertization. He pays an average of six per cent for the loss and on easy installments. Here is a concrete case:

Let us say that the member wants to borrow thirty-six hundred dollars. He buys eighteen installment shares. These cost him eighteen dollars a month. He pays eighteen dollars more in interest. The total cost of this house to him is at the rate of thirty-six dollars a month, which is no more than rent; yet every month brings him nearer to ownership of his domicile and the approach is made very easy.

In addition to this first aid to homemaking the association provides for proper appraisal, censorship of title, and exercises a general supervision. If a member has an annoying mortgage hanging over his head the association will take it up and he can reimburse it in easy installments.

When the installment shares are bought just as an investment they yield the holder an average of five and threequarters per cent a year. This represents the earnings of the association on the money it lends to the home buyers or builders. This association also sells savings shares, which have no definite dues and are paid for in optional deposits. It is just like putting money in a savings bank. The interest return is four per cent.

Then, too, there are income shares, paid for with a lump sum, which provide an annuity at the rate of five per cent. They are sold in pieces of one bundred dollars each.

The fourth share was devised to encourage the boys in the employ of the company to save, and such shares are known as juvenile saving shares.

They may be started with a deposit of ten cents a week and pay four per cent interest.

No feature of the Edison Association is more beneficial in promoting a competence than its automatic saving. This plan has found wide adoption and has come to be regarded as a regular part of most employees' thrift associations.

It consists of taking the saver's weekly or monthly deposit out of his pay before he gets it. Of course he must authorize it. Thus he becomes accustomed to receiving a net salary and the surplus goes on piling up almost without his knowledge. It is the best answer to the plea of the hitherto improvident, which always is: "I range save."

Turn to the Investment Fund of the Brooklyn Edison Company and you get a different plan, which brings to straight saving a highly desirable profit-sharing and copartnership process. Though only inaugurated in 1916, this fund includes thirteen hundred of the eighteen hundred present employees of the company, and embraces laborers and linemen.

Any one in the employ of the company may join, and he or she can begin an account with twenty-five cents. head of his department on the withdrawal blank. This procedure goes a long way toward cooling sudden and ardent impulse to be extravagant.

In the Brooklyn Edison thrift program there is an original scheme for profit sharing that makes all participants involuntary savers. In order to encourage and reward loyalty the company gives its men a certain share of the earnings each year. This is based on the dividend paid on the stock and the employees' salary. To those who have been in the company's employ two years one-fourth of the dividend on the salary is paid. This dividend has averaged eight per cent a year.

Therefore if a man gets two thousand dollars a year his share of the profits, after two years, is forty dollars. At the end of three years he gets one-half of the dividend on his salary; at the close of four years it is three-fourths. If he has worked there five years he gets the full dividend on his income, which usually means the bonus of a whole month's salary.

A constructive provision attaches to these profits. No one may draw out his share until it has been to his credit for three years. Of course it is earning interest all the time. This is the feature that makes for involuntary saving. An exception is made to this three-year rule in the case of an employee who wants to use his bonus to aid in the purchase of a house or for some pressing emergency. These withdrawals, bowever, are made at the discretion of a Provident Committee.

The company encourages the men to devote their share of the profits to the purchase of company stock, which is offered as an inducement. The stock buying is not

mandatory, but last year one hundred took advantage of it. Now let us see what a definite saving and lending system has

Now let us see what a definite saving and lending system has done to redeem economically two types of workers—the telegraph operator and the printer.

After the Sharks

Take the case of the telegrapher first. In New York and elsewhere many were borrowing from loan vultures at interest rates ranging from four hundred to one thousand per cent a year. By holding the club of attaching their wages over their heads the lenders kept the victims in a state of mental terror, which impaired their efficiency. Frequently the most competent men were forced to jump their jobs to escape this persecution.

This demoralizing state of affairs was happening, for example, in the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company, where the excess of usurious zeal proved to be the undoing of the whole nefarious system. Here is the way it came about:

Back toward the end of the nineties a tall, lithe, lean, keeneyed man sat in an office on an
upper floor of the huge white
Postal Building, which towers
over City Hall Park in New York.
He was born up in the state of
New York and had been gradusted from working a key in a
small branch office to be general
auditor of the company. His
name was Edward Reynolds.

As auditor he came in close contact with the financial affairs of the employees. He had seen about him—in his operator days—the depredations of the loan vampires; now he was face to face with examples of garnisheed salaries and all the rest of the toll that usury exacted.

One day a particularly harrowing case of extortion came to his notice. He called the victim into his office, and the man came with fear and trembling, expecting to be dismissed; but Mr. Reynolds said to him:

"You have made a mistake in allowing yourself to be blackmailed. We are going to take up your battle for you. Don't pay any more interest. We will settle the claim against you on a fair compromise and you can begin all over again."

Mr. Reynolds sent for the loan shark. It was a new experience for the Shylock to find an employer interested in the loan troubles of his men. The auditor offered a fair compromise—the shark threatened suit; he was dared to go into court—and that took all the bluff out of him. He, and other loan sharks, were glad to settle.

The effect on the men was so cheering and helpful that Mr. Reynolds asked himself the question: Why not convert



The Loan Shark Stackmailed Sis Victim Into Bankruptcy and Ruin

One can have this taken out of his pay if he so elects. This automatic saving includes weekly installments of from one to twenty-three dollars. Curiously enough, the man who permits this last-named sum to be taken out of his envelope is earning only forty dollars a week.

Interest is paid at the rate of six per cent a year. The proceeds of the fund are invested by a board that includes the general manager, the treasurer and the auditor of the company, supplemented by two men named by the president and two by the employees. The investments are entirely in the securities of the company.

Here, as in so many similar organizations, you get striking examples of the results of systematic saving. In this era of high cost of living the following illustration may be found of interest: Early in 1911 a man started to save two dollars a week on a weekly salary of twenty-five dollars. Today his salary is thirty-seven dollars and he is saving fourteen dollars a week. In other words, he added every salary increase to his weekly saving and continued to live on twenty-three dollars a week. He is married too.

One desirable rule of the Investment Fund is that no depositor may withdraw money without the O. K. of the this cooperative help into a definite and organized force? The result was the formation of the Mutual Investment Association of the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company, which has set a new mark for economic welfare.

It is a voluntary organization, with a membership limited to one hundred fifty. It is really a savings club. Membership is gained by subscribing to a share of stock with monthly installments of five dollars. This makes

regular saving necessary.

There is no limit to the value of a share. Dividends are declared out of the proceeds of the installments; but, instead of being paid in cash, they are put to the credit of members, and thus continuous saving is encouraged. The value of each share on the first of February of this year was \$457.05. This represents its paid-up installments and interest earnings. Last year each share earned \$39.61.

The earnings are from two sources: One is by the investment of the money saved in high-grade stacks or bonds; the second is in loans to Postal employees, who need not be members of the association to have the borrowing privilege and who pay at the rate of six per cent a year. On a loan of twenty-five dollars, repaid in weekly installments of one dollar, the interest is seventy-five cents. At the time this article was written the association had assets of eighty-one thousand dollars in gilt-edged securities and good loans.

The association not only encourages its members to save, but, by an arrangement with a building and losn association, assists them to get homes. Operators who never knew what the word thrift meant now have bank accounts and

are living in their own houses.

Mr. Reynolds, however, who meanwhile had risen to be general manager of the company, was not content with the good the association was doing. In sponsoring the affairs of the employees he came on another evil. He found that many of the men were buying merchandlae on the installment plan, which is always costly. Stores that sold employees clothes on weekly payments were also lending them money and covering it up on the books as goods bought. Every operator must furnish his nwn typewriter and most of them were renting them on terms that were exorbitant.

So Mr. Reynolds made an arrangement by which the investment association would provide its members and other employees with what they needed at each prices, to be returned to the organization in easy installments and with no interest charge. The association's profit is in the liberal cash discount it gets from the stores. The method of operation is very simple. If a Postal employee wants to buy a suit of clothes for twenty-five dellars he goes to the secretary of the association and gets a purchase card, which contains this sentence: "This card will introduce Mr. Blank, who will select goods to an amount not excepting twenty-five dollars; same to be charged to the account. of the Mutual Investment Association.

The Hurry-Up Touch Club

THE buyer does not have to show this card until the time comes to pay for the suit. Thus he gets the very lowest cash price. He can pay back the twenty-five dollars in installments of one dollar a week. This purchase-card system has extended to scores of stores in New York and Brooklyn, until the employee can supply practically all his personal needs and get a typewriter on a spot-cash price basis. It is just one more form of saving.

This plan of saving and lending money has proved so succonsful in New York that Mutual Investment Associations have been started by Postal employees in Chi-

cago, Philadelphia, Washington and St. Louis. In the Chicago office, for instance, it has wrought wonders. On account of the many changes in operators, due in the main to the inroads of the loan sharks, it was jocularly called the Tramp Office. Now it is one of the steadiest in the country. The result to the company has been a more efficient and permanent group of employees. To quote Mr. Reynolds: "When you build men economically you build them morally,"

No less interesting is the economic emancipation of one group of printers, who have pointed the way to freedom for all their coworkers.

Before the introduction of the typesetting machine the printer was known as the Tramp of s. One reason for his shiftle the fact that he seldom saved any money and borrowed incessantly. The Hurry-up Touch Club was a feature of most composing rooms. More than one thrifty foreman did sharking on his own account; men who would not pay his price lost their jobs. And so it went.

The Boston Globe in the old days was no better and no worse in this respect than any other large printshop. There was the usual number of men who were constantly broke or borrowing at exorbitant rates.

In 1892 one of the oldest employees, with a saving sense, took out some shares in a

cooperative bank. He got his first insight into humane lending. As he looked about and saw his colleagues struggling with debt and topheavy interest, he conceived the ides of starting a fund to which they could contribute and then borrow their own money. Thus the Globe Savings Fund and Loan Association came into being. It is one of the most successful in the country.

Only employees of the Globe are eligible. A member may deposit from one dollar to five dollars weekly until his account reaches three hundred fifty dollars, the maximum sum on which a dividend is paid to one depositor. This prevents a monopoly by a few members. Once started, the member must keep up his saving. He cannot advance or reduce the specific amount he promises to contribute. If he falls to deposit in any week he is fined two

cents for every dollar of his deposit.

Loans ranging from one to three thousand dollars are made to members. The rates range from one per cent a week on small loans to an average of five per cent a year on large ones. For the small loans character is the only collateral required. On loans from fifty dollars up a married man must have the indersement of his wife on the note, so that she may be acquainted with his bank relations. This provision has kept more than one mun from extravagance. On the very largest loans life-insurance policies are accepted as security. So admirably is this fund conducted that the average return to the depositurs has been as high as twelve per cent. It seldom falls under eleven. The dividends are paid pre rata to all depositors, and thus the borrower gets a share of the earnings.

The executive officers devote considerable attention to members who, through sickness or other misfortune, become financially embarrassed. The man's debts are usually pooled and the association pays them off on weekly installments. Thus the debtor escapes worry and his earnings contribute to the wiping out of his obligations all the time.

The whole effect of the Globe plan has been to establish thrift, create order and stability, and make the working force a cheerful and contented unit. The simple key has en systematic saving.

We now come to a process of mutual saving and lending that seems destined to create a fresh financial epoch for the American wage-corner. It lies in the so-called Credit Union, which is nothing more than the seasoned cooperborrower-in both town and country-in Europe.

wealths formed under the auspices of the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society, in Connecticut, New Jersey and New York, had proved the efficacy of the

ative bank that has been the economic refuge of the small Department. First, let us see what a Credit Union is. Summed up, it is an association of persons tilling the land in the same vicinity, working in the same establishment, or laboring for a common end, whose purpose is to provide a loan fund by small and systematic saving. This saving is accomplished by the purchase of shares of stock on the installment plan. A fundamental rule is that each member is entitled to of labor under one control. one vote, regardless of the number of shares he owns. Loans are made entirely on character and the affairs of the organization are conducted by members. Thus a purely democratic administration is achieved and a high moral standard established. "These people will not go to a savings bank, which is only The Credit Union came to the United States by way of Canada, where many are in operation in the Province of Quebec. Massachusetts was the first of our states to exact law authorizing them. However, even before the Bay State took up the plan as a statute, the various cooperative agricultural common-

scheme and built up a chain of helpful mutual small-loss agencies that are really the forerunners of a rural crofit system. These unions are unincorporated and voluntary, and based entirely on character.

The Credit-Union idea lends itself admirably to the ambition of workers who want to organize for thrift. First to take advantage of the Massachusetts law were the employees of the American Express Company, whose union differs slightly from the or al nian in that it is

chief purpose is to encour bought on weekly installment. they pay interest at the rate of four per can a tree

controlled and officered by off

One excellent reason for the existence of the Union-which applies everywhere-was given me by an officer of the American Express Company Employees' Union, who said:

76.

"Our union has inspired men to save because it make the medium for saving accessible. Many men do not become savers because they are too lazy to go to the trouble of finding a bank. They won't stand in line awaiting the pleasure of a dilatory clerk. Such procedure take up much of their lunch hour and often some of the company's time. Furthermore, they will not go to a bank with a deposit of a quarter or half dollar; but they are willing to save this small sum if a clerk stands ready to receive it the moment it is paid to them as a wage."

Making Banking Easy

SO SATISFACTORY have been the operations of the Credit Unions in Massachusetts that a group of publicspirited business men in Boston have organized the Masachusetts Credit Union, in order to extend the system throughout the state. This union will not enter the loaning business, but will organize new unions, strengthen old cosdistribute literature about the idea, and be prepared to furnish local unions with funds when they fall short.

Last year a Credit-Union statute was written into the laws of the state of New York. Its principal features are: loans at the rate of not more than one per cent a month exemption from attachment or taxation of members' myings up to six hundred dollars; equal distribution of profits; one vote for each member, no matter what he stockholdings are, and supervision by the State Banking

The very first firm to incorporate under its provision opened up a whole new and picturesque vista of usefulness. In the city of New York the firm of Bing & Bing operate extensively in real estate. An allied company called the Speedwell Construction Company creets and operates many large apartment houses. Here was a great variety

The head of the firm, Mr. Alexander Bing, who has been a student of thrift systems, desired some plan by which be could make his employees save, thus becoming more efficient to themselves and to him. So he said:

open at stated hours. We will bring the bank to them He pointed out the merits of the new Credit-Union Lav. to his employees and under his direction they formed the Speedwell Credit Union. Any employee and what is new and interesting - any member of an employee's family may become a member by subscribing for shares the par value of which is one dollar. Installments of twenty-five cents a week are accepted. A member may pay for half a door shares at the same time. Members need not purchas-

shares to become savers. They can begin with twenty-five cents a week and receive interest just

as in a savings bank.

Up to this point the conduct of the organization is fairly conventional; but when you investigate the way it literally brings the bank to the new ple you uncover an interesting service. This savings system is, of course, easily accessible to the office force. How does it reach the scores who are scattered in apartment houses all over New York?

The case of the elevator men will illustrate. They are paid off in cash every Saturday night. If these employees, however eager they might be to save, had to wait until Monday to deposit their money they might easily succumb to myriad temptations to spend it; so they are provided with deposit slips, and as soon as pay envelopes they can take out their weekly saving and hand it over to the superintendent of the building, who is authorized to receive it and who gives them a receipt.

Each employee has a passbook and at regulat intervals the deposits are written in. This same system applies to the laborers working on nonbuildings for the firm. On payday they give their savings to the foremen, who issue receipts and then turn the deposits over to the treasurer of theunion. This experience shows conclusively that when you make the medium for saving accessible, men will save. (Continued on Page 33)



HIS OWN STUFF By Charles E. Van Loan

T'S a mighty fine thing for a man to know when he's had mough, but there's a piece of knowledge which beats it all tellow. That's for him to know when his friends have had too much.

Thisispotemperancesermon, so you needn't quit reading. it's the story of a baseball player who thought he was inny and didn't know when to quit the rough-and-tumble senedy that some idiot has mmed practical joking.

Before I tell you what happened to Tom O'Connor becase he didn't know when to quit being funny, I want to put nyself on record. I don't beleve that there is any such a ting as a practical joke. As I unferstand the word, a thing in order to be practical must have some sense to it and be of some use to people. To play it ule I looked up the dictionary definition of the word to see if I rould stretch it far enough to sver the sort of stuff that Tom O'Connor pulled on us

at the training camp last season. I couldn't make it sneer. Here's what I found in the dictionary:

"Practical.—pertaining to or governed by actual use or experience, as contrasted with ideals, speculations and theries."

That's what the big book says it means, and I string with the definition whether I understand all of it or not. Slow me anything in there that applies to sawing out half the sixts in a man's hed or mixing up all the shoes in a Pulman car at three o'clock in the morning!

You can call it practical joking if you want to, but it woo't go with me. I claim there's nothing practical about it or sensible either. Practical joking is just another name for plain, ordinary foolishness with a mean streak in it. The main thing about a practical joke is that semebody glossys gets hurt—usually an innocent party.

I'm strong for a good clever joke. I get as much fun out if one as anybody and I can laugh when the joke is on me;

but when it comes to the rough stuff I pass.

Take 'em as a whole, baseball players are a jolly bunch. They've got youth and health and vitality. They call us the Old Guard, but we're really nothing but a lot of young bilows and we have the reputation of being the liveliest outlit in the lengue; but even so, we got sick of the sort of funts that Tom O'Connor handed us at the training camp and in the early part of the season.

We didn't have much of a line on Tom when he joined the club. He'd been in the hig league only part of the seaon previously, and he came to the Old Guard as the result of a winter trade. We needed a first-baseman the sorst way, and Uncle Hilly—he's our manager—gave up a titcher, an infielder and an outfielder to get Tom O'Connor way from the Blues. The newspapers made an awful roar about that trade, and so did the fans. They said Uncle filly was out of his head and was trying to wreck the team. by letting three good men go. The noise they made wasn't whisper to the howl that went up from the other manager then the time came to get some work out of these three good men.

When it comes to a swap, Uncle Billy is a tougher reposition than a Connecticut Yank, and a Connecticut Yatk can take an Armenian pawnbroker's false teeth way from him and give him Brazil nuts in exchange for em. Uncle Billy always hands the other managers three x four men for one. He's so liberal and open-hearted that bey feel sorry for him, and they keep right on feeling orry after they see what he's slipped them in the trade.

In this case the pitcher had a strained ligament that even he bone-setter couldn't fix, the infielder's eyes were giving at on him and the outfielder had a permanent charleysome in his left leg. As big-league ballplayers they were all brough, but as benchwarmers and salary-grabbers they vere immense.

Even if they had been in condition I think that Tom Connor would have been worth the three, for he is a Tacking good first-baseman, and now that he has settled lown to business and quit being the team comedian he'll be wen better than he was last year.

He joined us at the spring training camp in Louisiana. We've been going to the same place for years. It's a sort of



health resort with rotten water to drink and baths; and the hotel is always full of broken-down old men with whiskers and fat wives to look after 'em.

O'Connor turned up in the main dining room the first night with a big box of marshmallows in his hand. He is a tall, handsome chap with a tremendous head of hair and a smile that sort of warms you to him even after you know him. He stopped at every table and invited folks to help themselves.

"These are very choice, madun; something new in confectionery. Prepared by a friend of mine. Won't you

That was his spici, but the smile and the little twinkle of the eye that went with it was what did the business. The fat ladies didn't stop to think that it was rather unusual for a strange young man to be offering them candy. They smiled back at Tom and helped themselves to the marshmallows, and some of them insisted that their husbands should try one too.

Tom was a smooth, rapid worker and he kept moving, not stopping long at a table and never looking back. Perhaps that was just as well, for the marshmallow had been dipped in powdered quinine instead of powdered sugar. Quinine ain't so bad when you expect it, but when your mouth is all fixed for marshmallow the disappointment and the quinine together make a strong combination. The fat ladies went out of the dining room on the run, choking into their handkerchiefs, and the old men sent C. Q. D.s for the proprietor. He came in and Tom met him at the door and handed him one of the marshmallows, and then of course everybody laughed.

I admit that we might have begun discouraging his comedy right there. We would have done it if he'd been a minor-leaguer trying to break in, but he wasn't. He'd been five months with the Blues - a bad ball club, but still in the big league. That made him one of us. We knew and he knew that he was going to be our first-baseman and he settled down with us much assurance as if he had been with us ten years instead of ten hours.

He saw right away that we were going to be a good audience for him. Not all of his stuff was on the roughhouse order. Some of us were not long in finding that out.

A couple of nights afterward we were having a nice, quiet little game of draw poker in my room on the third floor of the hotel. Any poker game running after ten o'clock in the same hotel with Uncle Billy has got to be a quiet one-or

it's a case of a fifty-dollar fine all round.

Uncle Billy is a great baseball manager but he's awfully narrow-gauge on certain subjects, and one of 'em is the American indoor national pastime of draw poker. He doesn't like the game for seven hundred different reasons, but mainly because he says it sets a bad example to the kid players, who get to gambling among themselves and lose more than they can afford. That's true of course, but if a kid is born with the gambling bug in his system you can't fine it out of him, not even at fifty a smash. One season Uncle Billy tried to shut down on poker altogether, and there was more poker played that year than ever before. Then he took off the lid, and now we're allowed to play twenty-five-cent limit until ten o'clock at night. Think of it! Why, if a man had all the luck in the world and

filled everything he drew to he might win as much as four dollars!

I'm not saying that the rule isn't a good one for recruits and kids, but it comes hard on the veterans, especially at the training camp where there isn't a thing to do after dark. We used to sneak a real game once in a while with a blanket over the transom and paper stuffed in the cracks and the keyhole. We had to do that because we couldn't trust Uncle Hilly. He was just underhanded enough to listen outside of doors, and to make it worse the poor old coot has insomnia and we never know when he's asleep and when he's not.

Well, this poker party in my room was the real thing: Pat Dunphy, Holliday, Satterfield, Meadows, Daly and myselfall deep-sea pirates. It was table-stakes of course, every man declaring fifty or a hundred behind his stack in case he should pick up something heavy and want action on it.

It got to be about two in the morning, and Dunphy was yawning his head off and looking at his watch every few minutes. He was two hundred shead. The rest of us were up and down, seesawing along and waiting for a set of fours or something. The elevators had quit running long ago and there wasn't a sound in the hotel anywhere. What talking we did was in whispers because we never knew when Uncle Billy might take it into his head to go for a walk. I've known him to bust up a poker game at four in the morning.

Dunphy was just scooping in another nice pot-like a fool I played my pat straight against his one-card drawwhen all of a sudden a board creaked in the hall outside, and then came a dry, raspy little cough that we knew

mighty well.
"Holy Messet" whispered Dusphy. "Unde Billy!

Don't move!"

Then someledly pounded on the door. We were sure there wasn't any light showing through the cracks, so we sat quiet a few seconds trying to think what to do. The pounding began again, louder than before-bangety-bang-bang!

Well, our only chance was to keep Uncle Billy out of the room, so I motioned to the boys and they picked up their money and chips and tiptoed into the alcove in the corner. I whipped off my shirt, kicked off my pants, put on a bathrobe, tousied up my hair to make it look as if I'd been asleep a week, switched out the light and opened the door a few inches. Then I stepped out into the hall.

It was empty from end to end. There wasn't a soul in

sight.

We had a long discussion about it. We all agreed that it was Uncle Billy's cough we heard; but why had he hammered on the door so hard and then gone away? That wasn't like him. Had he been round to the other rooms checking up on us? Was he so sure of us that he didn't need the actual evidence? Perhaps he was going to switch his system and begin fining people fifty dollars apiece on circumstantial evidence. It began to have all the earmarks of an expensive evening for the six of us.

"Did anybody else know about this party?" I asked.
"O'Connor knew," Holliday spoke up. "I asked him if he didn't want to play a little poker. He said he couldn't take a chance of getting in Dutch with the boss so soon. That was his excuse, but maybe he was a little light in the vest pocket. He already knew about the ten o'clock rule and the fifty-dollar fine."

"Did he know we were going to play in this room?" "Sure, but I don't see where you figure him. wouldn't have tipped it off to anybody. Probably Uncle Billy couldn't sleep and was prowling round. You can't get away from that cough. And he's got us dead to rights or he wouldn't have gone away. I'll bet he's had a passkey and been in every one of our rooms. We'll hear from him in the morning."

It did look that way. We settled up and the boys slipped out one at a time, carrying their shoes in their hands. 1 don't know about the rest of 'em, but I didn't sleep much. The fifty-dollar fine didn't bother me, but Uncle Billy has got a way of throwing in a reast along with it.

I dreaded to go down to breakfast in the morning. Uncle Billy usually has a table with his wife and kids close to the door, so he can give us the once-over as we come in.

"'Morning, Bob!" says Uncle Billy, smiling over his hotcakes. "How do you feel

this morning?"
"Finer'n split silk!" says I, and went on over to the main table with the gang. That started me to wondering, because if Unde Billy had anything on me he wouldn't have smiled. The best I could have expected was a black look and a grunt. Uncle Billy was a poor hand at hiding his feelings. If he was peeved with you it showed in everything he did. I didn't know what to make of that smile, and that's what had me worried.

Dunphy and Holliday and the others

were puzzled too, and the suspense was eating us up. We sat there, looking silly and fooling with our knives and forks, every little while stealing a peek at each other. We couldn't figure it at all. Tom O'Connor was at one end of the table eating like a longshoreman and saying nothing. Dunphy stood the strain as long as he could and then he cracked.

"Did Uncle Billy call on any of you fellows last night?" said he.

No! Was he sleep-walking again, the old rascal?"

"Was anything doing?"

"He never came near the fourth floor. If he had he'd 'a' busted up a hot little crup game.

"What was he looking for - poker?"

None of the boys had seen him. It was plain that if Uncle Billy had been night-prowling we were the only ones he had bothered. Peachy Parsons spoke up.

"Did you see him, Pat?" says he.
"Why, no," says Dunphy. "I-1 heard him." For a few seconds there was dead silence. Then Tom

O'Connor shoved his chair back, stood up, looked all round the table with a queer grin on his face and coughed. once—that same dry, raspy little cough. It sounded so much like Uncle Billy that we all jumped.

O'Connor didn't wait for the laugh. He walked out of the dining room and left us looking at each other with our mouths open.

KNEW a busher once who tore off a home run the first time he came to bat in the big league, and it would have been a lot better for him if he had struck out. The fara got to calling him Home-Run Slattery and he got to thinking he was all of that. He wouldn't have a base on balls as a gift and he wouldn't bunt. He wanted to knock the cover off every ball he saw. Uncle Billy shipped him back to Texas in June, and he's there yet. In a way O'Conner reminded me of that busher.

He had made a great start as a comedian. The stuff that he put over on the poker players was clever and legitimate; there was real fun in it. His reputation as a two-handed kidder was established then and there, and he might have rested on it until he thought of something else as good. He might have; but we laughed at him, and then of course he wanted to put the next one over the fence too.

I can see now, looking back at it, that we were partly responsible. You know how it is with a comedian-the more you laugh at him, the worse he gets. Pretty soon he wants laughs all the time, and if they're not written into his part he tries to make 'em up as he goes along. If he hasn't got any new, clever ideas be pulls old stuff or rough stuff-in other words he gets to be a slapstick comedian. A good him or two or a few rotten eggs at the right time would teach him to stay with legitimate work.

It didn't take Tom long to run out of clever camedy and get down to the rough stuff. Rough stuff is the backbone of practical joking. Things began to happen round the training camp. We couldn't actually prove 'em on Tom at the time-and we haven't proved 'em on him yet-but the circumstantial evidence is all against him. He wouldn't have a chance with a jury of his peers—whatever they are.

Tom began easy and worked up his speed by degrees. His first stunts were mild ones, such as leaving a lot of bogus calls with the night clerk and getting a lot of people rung out of hed at four in the morning; but of course that wasn't funny enough to suit him.

There was a girl from Memphis stopping at the hotel, and Joe Holliday the pitcher thought pretty well of her.



Al found the Inake, Which Relieved His Mind a Whele Lat

He borrowed an automobile one Sunday to take her for a ride. After they were about twenty miles from town the engine sneemed a few times and laid down cold.

"Don't worry," says Holliday, "I know all about automobiles. I'll have this bird flying again in a minute."

'It sounded to me as if you'd run out of gas," said the girl, who knew something about cars berself.

"Impossible!" says Holliday. "I had the tank filled this morning and you can see there's no leak."

"Well, I don't know all about automobiles," says the girl, "but you'd better take a look in that tank.'

That made Holliday a little sore, because he'd bought twenty gallons of gasoline and paid for it. They stayed there all day and Holliday messed round in the bowels of the beast and got full of oil and grease and dirt. I'll bet he stored up enough profanity inside of him to last for the rest of his natural life. And all the time the girl kept fussing about the gasoline tank. Finally, after Joe had done everything else that he could think of, he unscrewed the cap and the gas tank was dry as a bone.

Somebody with a rare sense of humor had drawn off about seventeen gallons of gusoline.

"I told you so!" said the girl - which is just about what a girl would say under the circumstances.

They got back to the hotel late that night. Love's young dream had run out with the gasoline, and from what I rould gather they must have quarreled all the way home. Joe west down and got into a fight with the man at the garage and was hit over the head with a monkey-wrench, From now on you'll notice that Tom's comedy was mostly. physical and people were getting hart every time.

Joe's troubles lasted O'Connor for a rouple of days ned

then he hired a darky boy to get him a water snake. I think he wrote it in the boy's contract that the make had to be harmless or there was nothing doing. He put the make, a whopping big striped one, between the sheets in Al Jorgenson's bed, which is my notion of no place in the world to put a snake. Jargersson is our club secretary-a middle-aged fellow who never has much to say and attends strictly to business

Al rolled on to the sonke in the dark, but it seems he knew what it was right away. He wrecked half the furniture, ture the door off the hingss and came fluttering down into the lobby, yelling murder at every jump. It was just his luck that the old ladles were all present. They were

pulling of a whist tournament that night, but they don't know yet who won. Al practically speiled

the whole evening for 'em

The charitable way to look at it is that Tom didn't know that Jorgenson was hitting the boone pretty hard and kept a quart bottle in his room. II he had known that, maybe he would have wished the scake on to a toetotaler, like Uncle Billy. To make it a little more abundant Tom slipped in and copped the make while Al was doing his shirt-tail specialty, and when we got him back to the room there wasn't any snake there. Torn circulated round among the old ladies and told 'em not to be alarmed in the least because maybe it wasn't a real snake that Jurgenson saw.

But Tom had his good points after all. The next morning Al found the snake tied to his doorknob, which relieved his mind a whole lot; but he was so mortified and ashamed that he had all his meals in his room after that and used to come and go by the kitchen entrance.

Tom's next stunt-which he didn't make any secret of-put four of the kid recruits out of busi ness. He framed up a midnight hunt for killyloo birds. It's the old snipe trick. I didn't believe that there were four people left in the world who would fall for that stunt. It was invented by one of old man Pharaoh's buye in the days of the Nile Valley League. It is hard to find one man in a whole town who will fall for it, because it has been so well advertised, but Tom grabbed four in a bunch. It just goes to show how much solid ivory a baseball scout can dig up when his traveling expenses are paid.

The idea is very simple. First you eatch a sucker and take him out in the woods at night. You give him a sack and a candle. He's to keep the candle lighted and hold the mouth of the sack open so that you can drive the killyloo birds into it. The main point is to make it perfectly clear to the sucker that a killyloo bird when waked out of a sound sleep always walks straight to the nearest light to get his feet warm. After the sucker understands that thoroughly you can leave him and go home to bed. He sits there with his candle, fighting mosquitoand wondering what has become of you and why the killyloo birds don't show up.

Tom staged his production in fine style. He rented a livery rig and drove those poor kids eleven miles into a swamp. If you have ever seen a Louisiana swamp you can begin laughing now. He got 'em planted so far apart that they couldn't do much talking, explained all about the peculiar habits of the sleepy killyloos, saw that ther candles were burning nicely and then went away to be also the game. He was back at the hotel by elev-

About midnight the boys held a conference that maybe it was a bad time of the year for Lill but that the sucker crop hadn't been cut down any. started back for the hotel on foot and got lost in mud dear up to their necks. They stayed in the swamp all night ind it's a wonder that they got out alive. And that wasn't all Uncle Billy listened to their tales of woe and said if the didn't have any more sense than that they wouldn't make ballplayers, so he sent 'em home.

The night before we were to leave for the North therews: little informal dance at the hotel and the town folks cans in to meet the ballplayers and learn the tango and the

It was a perfectly bully party and everything went along fine until the punch was brought in. We'd decided not to have any liquor in it on account of the strong prohibities sentiment in the community, so we had a kind of a fail temonade with grape juice in it.

Well, those fat old ladies crowded round the bowl as it they were perishing of thirst. They took one swig of the punch and went sailing for the elevators like full-rigged shipe in a gale of wind.

Of course I thought I knew what was wrong. It's always considered quite a joke to slip something into the punit I'd been duncing with a swell little girl and as we started for the punch-bowl I said:

"You won't mind if this punch has got a wee hit of a kirk in it, will you?"

"Not in the least," said she. "Father always puts little brandy in ours.

So that was all right and I ladled her out a sample. could have got mine at the same time, but as old last behind me started to choke and I turned round to se what was the matter. When I turned back to the git again there were tears in her eyes and she was sputterly about rowdy bullplayers. She said that she had a brothe at college who could lick all the big-leaguers in the world and she hoped he'd begin on me. Then she went out of the room with her nose in the air.

I was terribly upset about it because I couldn't thin what I had done that was wrong, and just because I he the glass in my hand I began drinking the punch. Then went out and climbed a telegraph pole and yelled for th



'How Dare You, Jir! Help! Police! Help!"

fire department. Talk about going crazy with the heat. It can be done, believe me! I felt like a general-alarm fire

for the rest of the evening.

There was an awful fuss about that, and some of us held a council of war. We decided to put it up to O'Connor. He stood pat in a very dignified way and said that he must positively refuse to take the blame for anything unless there was proof that he did it. About that time the cook found two empty tabasco-sauce bottles under the kitchen sink. That didn't prove anything. We already knew what the stuff was and that too much of it had been used. One tottle would have been a great plenty.

That was the situation when we started North. Everybody felt that it was dangerous to be safe with a physical humorist like O'Connor on the payroll. We hoped that he'd quit playing horse and begin to play ball.

We went so far as to hint that the next rough stuff he put over on the bunch would bring him before the Kangaroo Court and it wouldn't make any difference whether we had any evidence or not. The Kangaroo Court is the last word in physical humor. It's even rougher than taking the Imperial Callithumpian Degree in the Order of the Omery and Worthless Men of the World.

This had some effect on Tom and we really thought that he had reformed, but we should have known that there is only one cure for a comedian, and that is to hand his own staff right back to him.

THE last straw fell on us in the home town. Jorgenson arme into the dressing room one afternoon with a hand-

ful of big square envelopes. There was one for every man on the

I opened mine and there was a stiff sheet of cardboard inside of printed in script. I didn't save mine, but it read something like

Mr. Augustus P. Stringer requests the henor of your company et dinner, at the Algon-quin Club, 643 Avenue, at seven-thirty on the evening of May the Twelfth, Nineteen Bundred and

Well, there was quite a buzz of excitement over it.

"Who is this Mr. Stringer?" asks Uncle Billy. "Any of you boys know him?"

Nobody seemed to, but that wasn't remarkable. All sorts of people give dinners to ballplayers during the playing season. I've seen some winters when a good feed would come in landy, but a ballplayer sonly strong with the

public between April and October. The rest of the year sobody cares very much whether he eats or not.

"He's probably some young sport that wants to show us agood time and brag about what a whale of a ballplayer he

used to be in college," says Pat Dunphy.
"You're wrong!" says Peachy Parsons. "Ten to one ou're wrong! I never saw this Mr. Stringer, but I'll bet I've got him pegged to a whisper. In the first place I know about this Algonquin Club. It's the oldest and the most exclusive club in the city. Nothing but rich men belong to it. You can go by there any night and see 'em sitting in the windows, holding their stomachs in their laps. Now this Mr. Stringer is probably a nice old man with a sneaking fixing for baseball. He wants to entertain us, but at the same time he's afraid that we're a lot of lowbrows and that we'll show him up before the other club members."

What makes you think that?" asks Dunphy.

"Simple enough. He's got an idea that we don't know what to wear to a banquet, so he tips us off. He puts formal' down in one corner."

"What does that mean?"

"It's not usually put on an invitation. It means the old thirteen-and-the-odd. Claw-hammer, white tie, salk hat and all the rest of it."

How about a 'tux'?"

"Absolutely barred. A tuxedo isn't formal."

"That settles it!" says Dunphy. "I don't go. If this bird don't want to see me in my street clothes he don't need to see me at all. I never bought one of those beetle-backed coats and I never will!"

"Come now," says Uncle Billy, "don't get excited. I know a place where you can rent an entire outfit for two bucks, shoes and all.

"Oh, well," says Dunphy, "in that case -

The more we talked about it, the stronger we were taken with the idea. It would be something to say that we'd had dinner at the Algonquin Club. We warned Tom O'Connor that none of his rough comedy would go. He got awfully sore about it. One word led to another and finally he said if we felt that way about it he wouldn't go. We tried to persuade him that it wasn't quite the thing to turn down an invitation, but he wouldn't listen.

You never saw such a hustling round or such a run on the gents' furnishing goods. Everybody was buying white shirts, white ties and silk socks. If we were going to do it at all we felt that it might as well be done right, and of course we wanted to show Mr. Stringer that we know what was what. Those who didn't own evening clothes hired 'em for the occasion, accordion hats and all. We met a couple of blocks away from the club and marched over in a body like a lot of honorary pull-bearers.

We got by the outer door all right and into the main room where some old gentlemen were sitting round, smaking cigars and reading the newspapers. They seemed kind of annoyed about something and looked at us as if they took us for burglars in disguise, which they probably did. Up comes a flunky in uniform, knee-breeches and mutton-

"Tell Mr. Stringer that we're here," says he.

chop whiskers. Uncle Billy did the talking for the bunch.

"I-beg your pardon?" says the flunky.



"You don't need to do that," says Uncle Billy. "Just run along and tell Mr. Stringer that his guests are here."

The flunky seemed puzzled for a minute, and then he almost smiled.

"Ah!" says he. "The-Democratic Club is on the opposite corner, sir. Possibly there has been some mistake.

Uncle Billy began to get sore. He flashed his invitation and waved it under the flunky's nose

"It says here the Algonquin Club. You don't look it, but maybe you can read."

"Oh, yes, sir," says the flunky. He examined the invitation carefully and then he shook his head. "Very, very sorry, sir," says he, "but there is some mistake."

"How can there be any mistake?" roars Uncle Billy. Where is Mr. Stringer?"

"That is what I do not know, sir," says the flunky. "We have no such member, sir."

Well, that was a knock-out. Even Uncle Billy didn't know what to say to that. The rest of us stood round on one foot and then on the other like a lot of clothing-store dummies. One of the old gentlemen motioned to the flunky, who left us, but not without looking back every few seconds as if he expected us to start something.

"James," pipes up the old gentleman, "perhaps they have been drinking. Have you telephoned for the police?"

"They don't seem to be violent yet, sir," says James. Then be came back to us and explained again that he was very, very sorry, but there must be some mistake. No Mr. Stringer was known at the Algonquin Club.

"This way out, gentlemen," says James.

I think I was the first one that tumbled to it. We were going down the steps when it struck me like a thousand of brick.

"Stringerl" says I. "We've been strung all right. Tom O'Connor has gone back to the legitimate!"

"No wonder he didn't want to come!" says everybody

We stood on the corner under the lamppost and held an indignation meeting, the old gentlemen looking down at us from the windows as if they couldn't quite make up their minds whether we were dangerous or not. We hadn't decided what we ought to do with Tom when the reporters began to arrive. That cinched it. Every paper had been tipped off by telephone that there was a good josh story at the Algonquin Club, and the funny men had been turned loose on it. Unde Billy grabbed me by the arm.

Tip the wink to Dunphy and Parsons and let's get out of this," says he. "I don't often dude myself up and it seems a shame to waste it. We will have dinner at the Casino and frame up a come-back on O'Connor,'

I've always said that, in spite of his queer notions about certain things, Uncle Billy is a regular human being. The dinner that he bought us that night proved it, and the idea that he got, along with the coffee, made it even stronger.

"Do you boys know any actresses?" said he. "I mean any that are working in town now?"

"I know Hazel Harrington," says Parsons.

"Ah-hab," says Uncle Billy. "That's the pretty one in Paris Up to Date, sh?" Why, the old rascal even had a line on the musical comedy stars! "Is she a good fellow?"

"Best in the world!" says Parsons. "And a

strong baseball fan."
"Fine!" says Uncle
Billy and he snapped his fingers at a waiter. "Pencil and paper and messenger boy-quick! Now then, Penchy, write this lady a note and say that we will be highly honored if she will join us here after the show to discuss a matter of grave importance to the Old Guard. Say that you will call in a taxi to get her."

When the note had gone Uncle Billy lighted a fresh cigar and chuckled to himself.

"If she'll go through with it," says he, "I'll guarantee to knock all the funny business out of Tom O'Connor for the rest of his natural life!"

Miss Harrington turned up about eleventhirty, even prettier off the stage than on it, which is going some. She said that she had sidestepped a date with a Pittsburgh millionaire because we were real

people. That was a promising start. She ordered a light supper of creamed lobster and champagne and then Uncle Billy began to talk.

He told her that as a manager he was in a bad fix. He said he had a new man on the payroll who was promoting civil war. He explained that unless he was able to tame this fellow the team would be crippled. Miss Harrington said that would be a pity, for she had bet on us to win the pennant. She wanted to know what was the matter. Uncle Billy told her all about Tom O'Connor and his practical jokes. Miss Harrington said it would be a good thing to give him a dose of his own medicine. It was like Uncle Billy to let her think that the idea belonged to her.

"Suppose," says Uncle Billy, "you should get a note from him, asking you to meet him at the stage door some night next week. For the sake of the ball club, would you say Tes ?

"But-what would happen after that?" asked Miss Harrington. "I don't know the man at all and -

Uncle Billy told her what would happen after that, and as it dawned on the rest of us we nearly rolled out of our chairs. Miss Harrington laughed too.

"It would be terribly funny," said she, "and I suppose it would serve him right; but it might get into the papers

Uncle Billy shook his head.

"My dear young lady," says he, "the only publicity that you get in this town is the publicity that you go after. I am well and favorably known to the police. A lot of 'em get

(Continued on Page 64)

HEART GOLD

TAZEL went over to a little clothes closet and pretty deliberately took off her hat and the big fur coat that brought her weight up to one hundred and four pounds. She was in time, then, after all. The rube had not got away yet with all his mother's savings in his pocket; but the girl knew she must be careful. It would not do to make any mistakes in trying to dissuade Keziah from doing what her boy-with tears in his voice probably-had begged her to do. A wrongly chosen word might spoil everything.

She was still half buried in the shallow little cuphoard, replacing her hatpins with minute accuracy in the holes they had come out of, when she heard the old lady getting up rather

creakingly from her rocker.

'I guess we may as well be goin' to bed - both of us," she said as Hazel faced round. "There's nothin' like a night's sleep for settlin' yer mind. And mine cert'nly needs settlin' after what I've

b'en through tonight."

They had lived together a year, with perhaps the nearest appreach to intimacy that was possible to either of them. Both were reserved to an extraordinary degree-but here was where the difference came in: the girl-buffeted, cheated, tricked, grown out of all her illusions and most of her faiths before she was well into her teens—had cultivated and developed the blank, impenetrable reserve she wore before the world as a defensive armor. She could have understood that form of self-defense in the older womun.

The sight of the old lady, however, beaming trust and confidence and affection on her through her big iron-bowed spectacles—and yet carrying her troublesome problem to bed with her, all alone, without a word neemed to the girl almost unendurably pathetic. It made her throat tighten and her eyes blur.

Kezinh saw the brightness in the girl's green

eyes, and the troubled, thoughtful look in her face gave way to her old benignant smile.

"Don't you fret about it, child," she said.

"Look here!" said Hazel. "Perhaps you're right about a night's sleep; but in the morning, when he comes back. and you talk things over with him, I want to sit in -- see?

"I don't see as it would harm any," said Keziah, "though there ain't a mite of need of it. The boy's made a mistake; but he'll understand better in the mornin' too."

This was a little puzzling; and Hazel was still frowning over the meaning of it when the old lady stopped halfway down the passage to her bedroom, hesitated like one in difficulty, and then said something more puzzling still:

"Mebbe - mebbe in the morning, if you was to dress fer goin' out-in your reg'lar street clothes-it'd help him to get over his mistake.

Hazel wrestled with that remark for a while after she went to bed. Had she got any clew at all to its meaning she might have lain awake a long while over it; but, as she could make nothing of it whatever, she fell asleep presently.

The next thing she knew - somewhere along in the middle of the night-the doorbell was ringing; because, if your regular hours for sleep are from two to ten, half past seven A. M. is the middle of the night - just about.

Hazel slept on a couch in the sitting room, preferring it to the tiny little box, with a window in the light shaft, that offered the only alternative. Her reaction to the thrill of the bell was purely galvanic. She was not awake at all really when she sprang out of bed, groped for the sleeves of her heavily quilted dressing gown and poked her feet into her fleece-lined elippers. The bell was probably a mistake—or it might be a telegram or a special-delivery letter; and the more expeditiously she disposed of it the sooner she could be back in bed again, sleeping in the normal horizontal position. She would not have stopped for the dressing gown and slippers, except that the doctor had advised her to sleep with the windows wide open and the room was cold.

Consequently when she pulled the door open and found herself confronting Newton Strong it took her the better part of a minute to get her mental eyes open. During that time she simply stared at him. And he, with a difference, stared back at her.

To begin with, he did not know who she was at allthis pale, slim young girl with her black hair done up in two thick braids and her sleepy eyes staring at him. A woman always looks younger, or else a great deal older. than her age when you see her that way, with her hair hanging and in slippers without heels. And Hazel had not yet reached the age where the candor of such a revelation

By Henry Kitchell Webster



made her look old. And then, last night's make-up never entirely came off until she had washed her face in the morning, and the imperceptible residuum of it gave her skin the blsom of a child's. Indeed, it was for a child that Newton at first took her.

"My m-mother-" he stammered, "Mrs. Strong-asked me to come to brankfast,

"Breakfast!" said Hazel, shivering with the cold and with the effort to wake herself up. "Oh-yes. Come in." It was not until she had closed the door behind him that

he knew her.

Wby!" he exclaimed, "you -

She interrupted him with a quick little gesture toward his mother's bedroom up the hall.

"She's salvep yet," she whispered.

The rube took this admonition with a little gasp; then, still staring at her, he began to flush deeper and deeper. Presently he turned away and looked out the window.

"You might shut it," suggested Hazel. "The room will get warm quicker." And she padded across and closed the other one—the maneuver gave her time to think and she felt she needed it.

Obviously here was a providential chance to intervene once more in old Keriah's defense and foish up what she had begun the previous night in her dressing room—only, somehow, as she looked at the rube this morning in the light of day, as he stood there now at the window, painfully embarrassed, turning his soft widefrimmed hat round and round in his hands, the line she had taken with him last night seemed hardly applicable.

Perhaps it would not have seemed applicable last night if she had had time really to look at him then. She had been so hurried and so auxious that she had made her proposition rather to the image of Keziah's son she had been carrying in her mind for such a long time than to the man who had stood before her. He did not look like a regular grafter-no more really than did Keziah herself. There was a look of innocence about him that reminded ber of Keziah-a look of competence too.

Perhaps he really had played in bard luck. Perhaps he had not understood fully what his mother's situation was or how hard she had to work for her thirty a week. The old lady-this was rather a startling thought-might have been as reticent about her affairs with him as she was

"Look here!" she said, moving a little away from the window and leaning back against the radiator. "The old

lady'll be coming out soon; but let's you and I have a little chin first-try to get thing. straight. That was pretty re on stuff [handed you last night, but that was

I thought she was getting the wors' I butted in without knowing what I about. Things like that have been happen. Take off your overcoat and sit u. and deal it out to me straight."

He stammered out "Thank you!" and began unbuttoning his coat; but, after he had taken one brief and rather panicky look at her a look that somehow included the disheveled bed she had so recently sprung out of -his eyes once more sought refuge in the blank front of the apartment house across the street.

And Hazel-Freddy Boldt would not have believed this, but it is true just the same-Hazel, after a puzzled frown that lasted half a second, began to blush. That last incomprehensible suggestion of Keziah's the night before recurred to her.

"I'll-I'll go and dress first," she said.

She turned up the blankets on the couch and drew the blue-and-red-striped cover, which disguised its functions by day, over it before she left the room. As she closed the door between them she apostrophized it, halfway between

mirth and indignation.
"Now what," she inquired, "what do you know about that?"

A notion occurred to her that brought he color flaming up higher than ever. If he very shocked and embarrassed by her appearance this morning in a heavily quilted blue-silk dressing gown which, for warmth, closed tightly under her chin and reached clear to the floor, what must be have thought of her last night!

The rube himself, meanwhile, on his side of the door, made no remarks, but the shock to a number of his preconceived ideas went a good deal deeper. The first of these shocks had corn with his identification of the pale, slim young girl in the dressing gown with the painted but gage who had abducted him the night before

Paint on a face had always represented to him simply the black flag of feminine piracy, flaunted shameleasly from the most in order that all might understand and that he mistakes might be made. Also, it was worn, he supposed, to conceal the ravages of age and wickedness. Under the paint, which gave that wicked adventures whatever charms she had, he had assumed a perfect hag; but the vision in the blue dressing gown had looked to Newton-I am giving away a secret, but you may as well know it nos as later-like an angel.

He was one of those simple persons-certainly with regard to women-who make the world simple. The celebrated little girl, with the curl in the middle of her forehead, is to people of this sort the prototype of all women If they are good at all they are very, very good, and if they are bad their horridness is simply unspeakable and unspoken of.

Clearly Hazel, with that childlike look of innocence on her and that pumistakably authentic concern for his mother's welfare, was not the vampire he had mistaken ber for; and if a girl as pretty as Hazel was not a vampire, then an angel was all there was left for her to be.

On the other hand, though, she was certainly an actressan actress who played the part of a grossly mercenary adventuress, who smoked cigarettes and sat on a table and crossed her legs and were clothes that

The thought of those clothes he had seen on her person and littered about her dressing room gave him a twinge of misgiving that hurt horribly.

The other side of the door Hazel was dressing as fast ashe could and thinking as fast as she dressed. She was a pretty wise young lady; and one of her shrewd observations on life was the fact that you were not very likely to get the whole truth out of anybody by sitting down blankly in front of him and asking him to tell you about himself even supposing him to be willing to tell you the whole unvarnished truth-which was some supposition, to begin with. The genuine revelations that you got out of people began when they had forgotten all about themselves.

Before she had buttoned the last button in her solur little silk blouse, however, she had hit on an idea for giving Newton something else to think about besides the story he was probably at this moment engaged in framing up. A she came blinking sleepily out of her little dressing room she glanced at the tiny watch in the bracelet on her wrist

"Gee!" she suid. "I don't believe I was ever awake at this time of day before. Look here! There's no use waiting for the Swede. She don't come till ten o'clock. Let's go out in the kitchen and boil up the mocha for ourselves."

The scene, though, did not work out as she had expected. It flew the track right at the beginning, when Newton exhibited a culinary technic so far superior to Hazel's that in five minutes it was he who was getting the breakfast, while she flitted about the kitchen and tried to keep out of the way.

"I think I'd know this was my mother's kitchen," he ad observed almost as soon as he had taken a look round. Though of course it isn't much like the one we had back

There must have been something homelike about it, though, because, except for occasional moments when he net Hazel's eye and the old paralysis returned, he ceased to se the blushing, uncomfortable, tongue-tied creature of her salier experiences with him. Except for the fact that he iid not talk like a rube, he reminded her of old Keziah nore than ever.

"Did you learn to rook out West?" she asked; and he aughed outright at the question.

"No," he said. "I'm a regular cook. My mother taught ne when I was a kid. She used to say I was about as good s she was-but I guess that was parental pride. In the sinter, when outdoor chores were stack, she and I spelled sen other off in the kitchen, week by week. It never did my good though. She always found something else to ork at. If it wasn't her own work it was somebody else's." le looked round at the girl just then and caught the little onfirmatory nod she gave this statement. "She's still like hat?" he asked.

Hazel nodded again and the look of worried perplexity hat came into his face opened the sluicegates. She set lown the coffee pot, crossed the little kitchen and con-

pested him.

"Look here!" she said. "I had a burn steer last night; ut what I said goes just the same. I know how you feel hout it. I've been up against it myself. I'm in luck-ust now." The doctor she went to see every week would tave understood the way her lips twitched into an ironical mile over that, but Newton did not have the data. "And his your mother I owe it to. If it hadn't been for her-Well, I owe her a lot-not money, but in other ways. I'd the to get square - see? So you tell her you're all rightden't need any more-help; and let me stake you on the quiet.

Newton fairly jumped at that, but his gasp gave her

time to go on with a right.

"It's just a loan, of course. You will be on the easy side. of the street pretty soon and then you can pay it back. It's likely"-that same ironical smile twitched her lips gain - "that I'll need it then more than I do now; so, you se, it's a favor to me too. Keep me from blowing it in." He turned away from her rather suddenly, and she saw im shut his hands tight and draw a long breath. "All right," she concluded enesuragingly. "Think it over."

"Was that"-he asked, still without looking round at her -" was that what you meant last night?"

'Oh, forget last night! I had a bum steer, I tell you, and I was sore. The proposition was the same, only-well, this morning I'd like to shake hands on it."

Newton might have said: "Forget the proposition, but shake hands unyway." That represented more or less what was in his mind; but he had never talked with an angel before and his thoughts were whirling too fast for any one of them to find an outlet. The beauty - the inpocence of her in herblue skirt and blouse - her warm-hearted affection for his mother and her kindness for him-the loyalty of her! What a pal she would make! Suppose a miracle should happen and she

So he did not say a word-just stood there staring at her until with a shrug of her slim shoulders she turned away.

"I suppose you're sore now," she said. because of last night."

That stung him to speech.

"Sore?" he said. "Because because you tried to protect my mother from agrafter? Of course that's what you thought me. I can see it plain enough. A man must seem pretty worthless who'd let his old mother work like that! And then, I suppose you knew about her sending me money. She did. Every time I sent her any she sent it back."

The culor came flushing up again into the girl's cheeks. Really it was a shame that Freddy Boldt and George Featherstonhaugh could not have been there to see.

"I didn't even know," she said a little unevenly, "about her sending the money to you-only she seemed so worried about you and so seared when your letter came in.

He looked a little puzzled at that -and then he smiled. "I suppose she began worrying," he said, "when I began threatening to come here to see for myself what she was doing and why she'd come to Chicago why she'd left East Weston, you know." Razel stared at that.

"Dun't you know why she left East Westen?" she asked. He shook his head.

I tried to get it out of her last night, but I couldn't. wish you'd tell me.'

You can search me!" said Hazel. "I thought-And then she floundered, because she was through the low again. What was worse, her confusion gave him a hint.

You thought it had something to do with me? That I'd-disgraced her some way? Oh, please don't mind!



Beset Began Walking Cracked and Jaying Things That Were Not in Her Lines at Ail

Of course that's what you thought. Anybody would have.

This was rather too easy a view for thegirl to take however. Shehad made the mistake that always exasperated her when other people made it.

"My middle name was Wiseheimer that time all right!" she said disgustedly. "Only-well, there's one thing I don't see. What was it threw the scare into old Ke-into your mother? Why didn't she want you to come?"

Seldom has the shoe of embarrassment changed feet more abruptly than it did at Hazel's question. The rube turned the unlovely culor of an American Beauty rose.

"My m-mother had never t-told me what she was doing out here," he stammered, "She was afraid to tell me for f-fear I'd be shocked-about the

theater, you know. And—well," he laughed unhappily, "I guess I was all right." The very desperateness of his embarrassment forced him to turn and meet her eyes, You see," he said, "I made a much worse mistake about you than you did about me.'

The girl returned his look thoughtfully.

"How do you know," she asked, "that it was a mistake you made about me?"

"I've seen you and talked with you," he said simply.
"You didn't like me last night," she persisted, smiling a little, "when I came out on the stage and lighted that cigarette."

'I'm not talking about the theater," he interrupted brusquely, "I'm talking about you. I know what you arethe real you! If there are things you do and say there that I don't—like, I guess that's because ——" Embarrasement was simply burning him up and he was stumbling fearfully; but he plodded on through and managed to get it out-"because-well, maybe you don't just understand what they mean?-how they'd be taken by men,

At first the only expression in the girl's face was a purzled pucker between her fine brows. Then, as she got his meaning, her eyes widened and she turned suddenly away from him with what started out to be a laugh, but did not end exactly that way. Really it did not sound to Newton file a laugh at all.

"Oh, please!" he cried. "I only said it because I had to. wouldn't have hurt you for anything. Last night, in your dressing room, I was sort of rattled or I might have understood then-what you really were, you know. You may be sure I understand now."

"You didn't burt me," she said; and when she turned there was a smile, albeit a rather ragged one, on her lips. "I understand you, all right," she went on; "but you wouldn't understand anyone like me in a thousand years."

The sort of breakfast that Hazel had in mind when she suggested that they go out into the kitchen and get it for themselves would have been done long ago; but Newton, without asking any questions except as to where a few things were, had laid the foundation for the meal on a much larger scale. If anybody had offered him a cup of black coffee and a slice of toast and told him it was breakfast his feelings would have been hurt. He had something in the oven now, compounded principally of flour and lard. The girl had watched the mixing process with the fascination of horror-and she did not yet know what it was going

how he turned to the oven door when Hazel said he would not understand any one like her in a thousand years, and he had ignored the remark. He just produced a pan of bakingpowder biscuits like a prestidigitator and announced that



Hazel thought it was a bit queer herself; but she had one more mystery to solve, and she meant, if possible, to accomplish this before the old lady appeared. So she presented the first explanation that came to hand.

"It's only half-past eight and she doesn't wake up usually for another half hour. There's a lot in what you're

"Yes," he said thoughtfully; "I guess that's so." And what he was thinking of was revealed the next minute, when he added: "I wish you'd tell me about the theaterabout what your work is, and all."

Do you mean your mother's?" she asked.

"Yes; and—yours," he said. "It seemed horrible to me last night; but I suppose——" He flushed a little.

"Oh, It isn't so bad," she said, "not if you're lucky and have a place like the Globe to work in."

He stared a little at that, wondering-if the Globe were

a good place-what the others must be like.

"You've got a chance for good steady work in a show like Willy Lord's," she explained. "The trouble with the profession is the ups and downs. You make a hit in something and draw down a hundred a week for a while; and then you get a contract for a new show at one-fifty, and the new show's a bloomer and the notice goes up, and there you are—flat! Maybe you don't get another look-in for six months. You can't go back in the chorus and you've got to keep up a front. And then, if anything happens to you; if"-she hesitated, but went steadily on-"if you get sick or anything, why-it's all off."

Newton did not have the data that the doctor, or even George Featherstonhaugh, possessed; but his intuitive faculties were as good as old Keziah's, and the stendy look be gave the girl across the table made her change the

subject quickly.

"Of course it's different with your mother," she said. "She don't get paid as much as we do and she has to work harder. She's at the theater every day by noon, whether there's a matinée or not-and she never gets back here before midnight; but she gets paid for all the time she works-and she'll always have a job as long as Willy Lord has a show to his back. It isn't a soft thing though-not so you'd notice it."

Newton set down his coffee cup and clasped his hands

under the table.

"I wish I could take you out of it too!" he blurted out. The sparkle that had been in the girl's eyes and the faint flush that had colored her cheeks finded and died. She set down her coffee cup, too, so suddenly that it clattered.

"Too?" she repeated stiffly.

"I came on to get her, you see-to take her back West with me. When I found out last night where she was and what she was doing I told her I wanted her to pack up and come with me this morning. She said she'd tell me at breakfast-time. But-but I wish you could come with us."

Well, there was the answer to Hazel's unasked question. Since it was not money, what was it the rube had asked of old Keziah which had left that troubled look in the old lady's face last night? It was the most natural thing in the world. He wanted her to quit working twelve hours a day and go out West with him and be taken care of-as a mother should be taken care of - by her grown-up son.

The girl's sensation under the impact of this idea was one common enough in dreams. It was what an aviator must feel when a stay snaps and his planes begin buckling, and the long plunge begins but not very fast at first. She had been aware for weeks that what held her up was neithing but the strength - the inexhaustible vitality -of the innewilled old lady, who took her days so competently, one at a time - who never flagged, never let go, never sentimentalized or made a fuse, but was always there when she was needed, with that benignant smile of hers and those big. competent, motherly hands.

Hazel had never told her so. It was not the sort of thing you could tell Keziah. She had not told her, either, about those weekly visits to the doctor. What was the new?

Hazel was like most followers of the hazardous professions - a thoroughgoing and thoroughly unconscious fatalist. She would not have described herself by that term, but she could not act in matters that concerned herself on any other hypothesis. The ductor's suggestions were not impracticable. Thanks to old Keziah she had saved up money enough to take the year's rest be ordered in the climate be specified. And if that did not do the trick she might find something to do in her own profession out in some place like Colorado Springs, Willy Lord would have plenty of suggestions along that line if she should ask him.

Active resistance was paralyzed, however, by the profound belief that you could not sidestep what was coming to you. The streak of good luck that had begun with her friendship with old Keziah had not resulted from any effort of hers; it had begun, in fact, through the throwing away of what looked like the best chance. The luck had gone on getting better and better so fast that it almost frightened the girl. And then, right in the full tide of it, had come a twitch of the string the warning catch in her breathing that had sent her to the doctor's office. She had smiled over the doctor's verdicta smile appreciative of the perfect irony of the thing.

Fate must have its little jokes, and this time the joke was on her; but she could not take this last blow like that. In sending this big bronzed innocent, with strength and power and confidence simply singing in him, to take her one support away from her, Fate was not playing fair. There was an intolerable wrench about it that could not be met with a smile.

She did not think it out. She was not thinking at all as with a clatter she set down her coffee cup and gripped the sides of her chair to resist an actual vertigo. The things I have been telling you were just the ingredients for the explosion; but you will understand why she did not grasp at once what it was he had actually said-that he would like to take her out West too. It was not until he repeated it that it began to reach her mind at all. When it did it struck her as almost grotesque.

The conventionally well-heed, nice girl would not have taken it quite that way because the cornerstone of a nice girl's good-breeding is the asiom that the world owes her a living. From the cradle to the grave it is somebody's job to take care of her. The only way she can forfeit this right

is to stop being nice.

Hazel, however, was not a "nice" girl and she had never found any disposition on the part of anybody to take care of her except for value-of one sort or another-received. One could pay her way by this means or by that. For one of these means—the essiest, perhaps—she had a very profound contempt.

In what capacity did Newton mean she should go out West with his mother? That question, which flashed into her mind as soon as she had fairly heard him say he wished she could go, would have brought a smile to her lips if she could have smiled at anything just then. She had been invited to take trips before—to California and Florida and places like those. The contrast between the givers of those other invitations and the big man across the table from her now, with that look of troubled concern in his face, should have been funny enough for unybody.

She had not eaid a word yet, since Newton had told her what he wanted of his mother. It seemed hours ago already. She tried to speak new, but could not.

He waited a moment - it was not more than that reallythen looked away from her and went on talking.

"It isn't much of a place yet to live in - just a galvanized iron shed; but it would not take long to build some sort of house and get things fixed up a little; and it's a wonderful rountry with the mountains all round and the firest air you ever breathed. I'm not much at descriptions. You'll have to come out and see it for yourself." Now he looked round at her sgain. "It's better than this," he said.

"I guess that's right," she managed to answer; but her eyes fell away from his and she made a pretense at going on with her breakfast.

She had seen something in that last look that showed her a way out—an alternative to letting old Keziah go and

fighting her own hopeless battle alone. Newton might be a rube, and the old-fashioned cut of his collar was enough to have justified Tom O'Hara in calling it a paper one and he might not be so very prosperous now; but there could be no doubt, looking at him, that he was going to succeed.

He had, in spite of his embarrassment in her society, the accent of a man who has succeeded already. There was no doubt in her mind that he would prove strong enough to carry all her burdens as well as his own. She could get that support, in exchange for old Keziah's, by the perfectly practicable expedient of making him fall in love with her and marry her. It would hardly take an effort.

She scorched that idea to death, before it had time to state itself explicitly, with a hot blast of contempt that brought the color up into her cheeks again and a hard light into her eyes. Newton stared at her in consternation.

"What's the matter?" he gasped. "Did I say anything that

"Not a thing," she interrupted.

And just then Keziah came into the room. They must have pretty well forgotten about her, for a fact, since she had managed to get completely dressed without giving either of them an inkling that she was stirring. And the way Newton sprang up at the sight of her had a touch of surprise about it.

He managed to say, "Good morning, mother!" composedly enough, and went over to the wall to get a chair for

her, but she checked him with a gesture.

"I guess we might as well have an understandin' first as last," she said. "I didn't pack up my trunk last night and just for the present I don't reckon I will."

Hazel pushed back her chair from the table.

"Sit down here," she said to old Kegiah. "I'm through." She glanced at her wrist-watch. "I'm going downtown to do some shopping before the matinée. See you later." She managed a sort of nod of farewell to Newton before she left the room.

Old Keriah pulled up the vacant chair and sat down comfortably to her breakfast; and she contemplated Newton's culinary triumphs with undisguised satisfaction.

'I'm good and hungry," she said. "I've been awake a right smart while." She smiled placidly across the table at her son, who blushed again. "Ever sence you rang the deorbell," she went on.

"Why in the world-" Newton began; but he did not have the face to finish the question.

"I guess I'm ready to tell you now what you asked me last night," she said as she poured her coffee, "why I come out here in the first place; why I didn't just go on waitin' in East Weston till you was rich enough to come back and buy up the town, like you said you was goin' to, and show some of them backbitin', gossipin' stick-in-the-muds that they was capable of being wrong once in a while! You used them very words, Newton, and I ain't never forgot 'em. You'd show 'em, you said, whether yer old mother was a faol or not fer havin' given you a good education and a fair

"Well, that all seemed right and just to me, and I waited fer quite a spell-all the while you was at the School of

Mines, and after. But it come to me all at once - Why did I have to do my waitin' there, sewin' out fer the same folks, hearin' the same scandal, and gettin' to be 'most as ossified as the rest of 'em? They all thought I'd b'en a feel once fer not givin' you to yer uncle, and then fer keepin' you in school—and most of all fer lettin' you go out West. Well, sez I, why not be a fool fer once? Why not cut loose and have my fling? Get up some mornin' without knowin' everything that was agoin' to happen that day like I'd dreamed of doin' ever sence I was a girl! So I up and come to Chicago."

"You've always wanted to do that?" gasped Newton.

It was almost as much of a shock to him as Hazel had been. She nodded.

"I've done my work," she said, "and I ain't never complained; but I calc'late it's finished and I'm entitled to a good time. I don't want to be selfish, but I ain't agoin' back to East Weston or out to your mine until you get it fixed up comfortable. I'm goin' to stay right here."

WHAT quinine is, or calomel, to the medical practitioner, such, to the writer of theatrical stories, is the understudy. You take a humble, unappreciated little heroine, who is looked down on by everybody. Nobody realizes bet possibilities; she has a part in which she says "Isn't it a lovely night? Let's go out on the terrace!" or "Will you wear your emerals' tonight, madam, or the pearls?" If she says

these lines for what they are worth nobody pays any attention to her, and if she tries to dramatize them the stage manager calls her down She has no chance in the world.

(Continued on Page 68)



Cats and Mice in Merrie England By RHETA CHILDE DORR

WILIGHT of a bleak December day was gathering in London streets. Low in the chocolatehued sky a discouraged sun strove to send earthward a few pale rays, the first that had appeared since noon was high. It was not raining-for a wonder-and a particularly acrid wind was taking advantage of that fact to scoop the corners hare of dust, soot and rubbish, and to distribute the same in germladen clouds into the eyes and throats of pedestrians.

One spot in the vastness of London gave the wind an especially good field for its activities. There the conflu-ence of several streets formed a large triangular open space, like an island left in the crossing of streams. The neighborhood was shabby genteel, but the most prominent object there could hardly be described as either shabby or genteel. It was a big, gloomy, castlelike stone structure set well back from the road behind six feet of wall. Barred windows procaimed the castle a prison, and the rowd of women drifting up and down the street in shivering groups revalled it to be Holloway Prisonor, as they spell it in England, Holloway Gaol.

Six stalwart policemen guarded the iron gate to the prison yard and a small regiment of police defended the approach to the prison street. The police did not interfere with the

watching women, except to keep them moving; nor did they seem to notice the four women who, carrying purple, green and white flags, and marching two by two, were doing picket duty under the frowning walls. Back and forth, stemply and silently, walked the pickets, the two sections meeting and crossing before the prison gate. Every two bours they were relieved; but two hours in that wind and cold must have been a test of endurance-even a Militant's endurance.

The twilight deepened and the wind took on a sharper eige. Still the watching women drifted up and down, the pickets marched and the police waited—all in shivering silence. A man walked hurriedly into the street and advanced to the center of the triangular space. Turning squarely toward the prison, he raised a cornet to his lips and began to play. He played Onward, Christian Soldiers, The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee and the Marseillaise. The police looked at one another and grinned. Then the cornetist played the Women's Marching Song, and the vatching women looked at one another and smiled. Last of all he gave himself as an encore the Marsellaise.

The Bobby on the Milifant Breed

AS THE last defiant note died in the wind a coal cart came jogging noisily over the stones. The man on the seat drew his horses in with a loud and discordant Whoa! He looked at the retreating Blondel; he looked at the women; he looked at the purple, green and white higs of the pickets; and then he looked at the long line

of police.
"Hey, Bill," he called raucously, "wot's the bloomin"

The nearest policeman jerked his thumb back toward the prison gate.

"R'yal fambly's in res'dence!" he replied tersely. It was his way of recording the fact that somewhere in the depths of Holloway Gaol, Mrs. Pankhurst was ending the fourth day of a hunger strike-the second time her return to England a fortnight before; and that in some other cell Sylvia Pankhurst was enduring an eighth day of forcible feeding. To a casual American the policeman's attitude toward the thing seemed unnecessarily frivolous. With the frankness of her kind she said so to another policeman standing near.
"'E don't mean nothin' by it, miss," apologized the

policeman. "It's no more than a manner o' speakin'."
"Well," said the American severely, "I think this

whole thing is perfectly awful. Do you think they'll let ber out tonight?"

The policeman looked carefully to left and right. "Indeed, miss," he murmured cautiously, "all I can my is, I 'opes so."

"You hope so!" repeated the pleased American. "Are you a sympathizer?"



Mrs. Drummand Entering Saw Street Police Court

"I am that, miss," said the policeman, still discreetly low-voiced. "You see, I've knowed 'em now for nearly six years. I've got so I know all the disturbin'st of 'em by nime; so it's just natural that I've growed into a sort of a friend-now ine't it? I was stitioned at Westminster all durin' the time when they was rydin' the 'Ouse of Commone, before they'd thought to set any 'ouses afire. Yus, miss, every few weeks or thereabalts we got the word at headquarters: 'Suffragettes is gettin' ready to send another depitation.' And we knowed who we was fycin'. You see, they 'ad their horders, so to speak-which was to get to the 'Ouse. And we 'ad hour horders-which was to stop em before they'd got beyond Victoriar Street.

"So there was alwis a minup—wet you rightly might call a rah. And, wet with knocking 'em abaht, I come to feel aquynted with 'em. I used to s'y to 'em: 'Nah then, Miss Christobel, you know it ine't no use! Cawn't you see it ine't no use?' Or like enough I'd s'y to Miss Sylviar:

Mrs. Punkhuret and Miss Christobel in Prison Garb

'Nahlook at your 'air all fallin' abaht! W'y cawn't you be the cool 'and you mah and sister is?' A fair 'eadstrong piece, I calls Miss Sylviar. But, Lor'. she's nawt to some of 'em! Gen'ral Drummond! Lor'!"

"Right-ah!" agreed another bobby, strolling softly into the conversation. "I shawn't forget the rahnd I ad with 'er! It was the lawst big depitation they 'ad. Awfter that un they give hup depitations and took to bustin' winders, wich is easier on the police, miss. Wull, that day-Black Friday, they calls it-I ad two of 'em under arrest and was tryin' to get 'em through the crahd to the stytion, when the gen'ral she sails into me and catches 'old of the pris'ners. I was 'oldin' hon to 'em with one 'and and was-er-pushin' the gen'ral loose with the other, w'en one of the pris'ners got away, and sudden the other she grabs me by the belt, so I 'it'er once-not too 'ard, of course.

"Then the two of 'em grabs me belt and they trips me hup; and the three of us goes rollin' and sprawlin' on the pavement. I 'ad a black eye and a ear 'most tore off before we was through and they was sife in the stytion. And I goes 'ome and I says to the missus, 'W'y shouldn't they vote?' I says. 'They can fight!'"

If you want to hear denunciations of the English Suffragettes do not

apply to a London bobby. The London police-that is, the uniformed police-respect the Suffragettee as formen worthy of their steel. The police are willing enough, it is true, to "knock em abaht." That is orders. Besides, they belong to the sex that, in the British Isles, has a hereditary instinct in favor of knocking the other sex about.

The Suffragette View of the Situation

NOW England is getting so emasculated that a man's activities in this direction are not quite as untrammeled as of old. It is becoming just a little dangerous to "knock 'em abaht," except within the hallowed precincts of the home. Not long ago a mun actually got "six weeks 'ard" for assaulting a lady friend with a beer bottle.

"You seem to forget, my man," said the magistrate verely, "that this woman is not your wife!" When a bobby uses his fists on a Suffragette it is not in anger, but in the joy of a recovered masculine prerogative. He is ready the next moment to ask her for her purple, green and white button as a souvenir.

The real foes of the Suffragettes are the plain-clothes men and the detective Cats from Scotland Yard. The plain-clothes squad as it exists today in England was created to meet the Militant situation and overcome it if possible. In the early days of the agitation, previous to 1910, Militant methods meant nothing more incendiary than sending deputations to the House of Commons with a resolution calling on the government to give votes to

In itself this was as innocuous a proceeding as the working girls' deputation to the White House; but instead of an affable and astute Woodrow Wilson, offering the glad hand and a diplomatic utterance, the Suffragettes had an Asquith-which is to say, an old gentleman apparently entirely devoid of a sense of humor. He would not receive a deputation of voteseeking women-not he; and, that attention might be diverted from the absurdity of his position, he ordered out the police, uniformed and plain clothed, to fight the women back to their headquarters.

The logic of this course is apparent. When the public is talking about how shocking it is for women to fight the police and get themselves arrested, it is not talking about how silly it is of cabinet ministers to refuse to receive deputations of women. So the play went on. As the mêlées repeated themselves, the usefulness of the

plain-ciothes men became apparent.

They have an institution in Parliament known as Questiontime. At that hour the private member, who is almost as influential a figure as a Democratic congressman who does not belong to the caucus, has his small inning. He is permitted to rise in his seat and ask the all-powerful government why certain things have happened and what the government proposes to do about it.

These questions are sometimes embarrassing. They must be answered, and often it is not at all convenient to return the right answer.

Thus when members demanded to know whether it was true, as charged, that the police had broken bones and blackened eyes, choked and beaten and otherwise maltreated women, the home secretary replied sunvely that the government's orders to the police were merely to keep the approaches to the House of Commons open. If violence had been offered the women it must have been at the hands of roughs and hooligans-always present during street brawls. There was no evidence to prove that the offenders were un-uniformed police.

As time went on this answer became more and more convenient, and the number of plain-clothes men increased. The plain-clothes men, a negligible quantity before the Militants appeared, now are said to outnumber the uniformed police. Their usefulness has increased atill more since the passage of the Cat and Mouse Act, a measure which has sorely taxed the strength and ingenuity of the Scotland Yard force. More and more Cats are needed to

pursue and pounce on the clusive Mice.

The Cat and Mouse Act was passed by a reluctant Parliament in 1913 simply to oblige the nerve-racked and despairing home secretary, Mr. Reginald McKenna. The home secretary begged Parliament to help him enforce the majesty of the law, set at naught by the hunger-striking Suffragettes. He said forcible feeding could be resorted to only with the strongest, and that he was powerless to keep the others in prison unless Parliament authorized him to let them die of starvation. It really seemed impossible to let them die; but it was equally impossible to let arson go unpunished. Mr. McKenna proposed to release the hunger strikers before their health was too seriously affected, send them home or to a hospital long enough to recover health and strength - then re-arrest them. In this way the women would, in the course of time, serve their sentences.

Shortly before the bill was introduced, Mrs. Pankhurst had been tried for conspiracy and sentenced to prisen for three years. While the bill was being debuted she was successfully starving her way back to freedom. Under Mr.

McKenna's bill, it was pointed out, Mrs. Pankhurst would not be able to remain at liberty after a hunger strike. She would probably spend the next twenty years between Holloway Gool and the hospital. Without their leader the Suffragetta forces would speedily become disorganized. The Cat and Mouse Act, as an example of class legislation, stands almost without a peer.

Whether or not it has been a success depends on the point of view. From the government's point of view it falls short. From the Militants' point of view it is a huge success, because it gave them at once a new form of attack on the government and a new law to defy. On these two things the Militant movement thrives. Especially is it desirable to get new prison laws to defy.

First, it will be remembered, the women went peacefully to jail, wore the prison clothes, obeyed the rules and were model prisoners. It was good capital. They copied the prison dress, were it at their meetings and also at by-elections, where it greatly impressed the rural voter and diverted thousands of votes from the Liberals.

No sensation lasts forever. The women took to breaking prison rules. Then they took to leaving prison via the starvation route. Then, most opportunely, came the Cat

and Mouse Act; and they said: "Good! The prison stunt was getting tiresome anyhow.

We won't go any more."

And mostly they do not. Mrs. Punkhurst, it is true, has been arrested and re-arrested. She will not avoid arrest; and hesides, the numbers sent against her are overwhelming. At Plymouth they went two warships to clear the bay. They caused the White Star liner Oceanie to anchor two miles out in the harbor; and they sent a police tender with six men from Scotland Yard, the head constable, an officer from Plymouth and a wardress from Holloway. At Dover, ten days later, they took her by a ruse, backed up by a regiment of police. Yes, they do arrest Mrs. Pank-

The others they arrest occasionally; but they rarely get a woman against her will -or, more properly, against the will of the organization. When a Militant hunger-strilos her way out she is given a license, which authorizes her

release for a term of days, usually seven. By the provisions of the license she is ordered to return to the prison at the expiration of the time-but she does not. Instead she first scornfully destroys the license and casts the fragments at the feet of the governor of the prison.

In case she is a leader she preserves her license and auctions it off at the next big meeting. Annie Kenney's license is worth from twenty to fifty pounds. Mrs. Pankhurst's license is so fabulously valuable that they do not allow her to have it any longer. The governor reads it to he and

locks it up in the safe.

The next thing the released hunger-striker de recovering her health is to go to the headquarters way and ask for orders. Those in charge there consu. question: Shall she be re-arrested or not? Usually not. In that case the released Militant becomes a Mouse, changes her name and the way she has been doing up her hair, and retires into the provinces to work.

An organizer is needed at Brighton.

"What is Miss Murray-Jones doing now and how much longer has she to serve?" asks the head organizer.

"She has just finished the new prison book and hasn't anything special on hand. She has five days more to

"Well, tell her to go and get arrested this afternoon; and when she comes out she can take Brighton."

So Miss Murray-Jones smilingly goes forth and looks up a policeman who knows her and will take her in. They tell of an aristocratic young person who was standing on a street corner in Piccadilly, a little uncertain of her destination. The policeman on the best watched her for a moment, then approached her politely, touched his cap and inquired:

"Beg pardon, miss, were you wanting to be arrested? I'm goin' off just now and should be very glad to do it for

you quite quietly.

After all, it's the bobby-if anybody-who understands Militancy. Certainly Scotland Yard does not. Shortly before Christmas, Scotland Yard gave out a statement. probably government inspired, that was very widely copied

Cantinued on Page 44)

WILLIAM CARLETON MY SON

We Road Six

ICK kept his herd record faithfully and accurately. He knew both the quantity and quality of what each cow produced. He knew just what he paid for every item of feed and labor. He knew the cost of delivery and the cost of bottling. He could hardly wait until the end of the first twelve-month period to get at these figures. Then he and Jane spent a week in working them out. Hecause they were vital to his business and not because they furnish any standard I want to give some of the results. To start with he worked out averages, because these of course represent the actual count of his milk. Later on he took up the record of each care by limit.

Hay and ocorne feed		1	4	4		á.	à.	÷	H	4	\$ 52,00
Circle	ŷ.								-		34.00
Labor	v	4		10	4	v.	W.	w		à	25.00
Salt, veterinary, and	mi	for	th	6		7				ú	1.00
Boiding	Ÿ			-		4		3		7	3.50
Cost of male	è		6		14	a			No.	1	5.00
Degreciation of cow	i.			1	4		0			ü	6.00
Interest and risk on											4.00
Interest on barn and	di	in	r pe	or e	NIW.			9	N	į.	5,00
Taxes, incurance, repo							per	de	w	ů	1,50
Correspondence and										i	,50
Total cost per										V	\$107.50
Total cost per	9	uw	4			¥		i		×	.048

The average production per cow that first year was 2848 quarts running to slightly over four per cent fat. This at eight cents a quart gave to the credit of each cow \$227.84. Further credita were:

By dress By ealf	lez.	11	to	ne	ú	\$1	50	par	1	ing:	4	1	÷	\$16.50
By calf							6	1	4					3.00
														319.50

This gave a gross return per cow of \$247.34 and a gross return per quart of .0873, which was a net return over the actual cost of production

of .0393 per quart. Out of this had to come bottling and delivery. This totaled .0343 per quart, which left a net profit per quart of an even half cent. This figured out a net profit per cow of \$14.24.

The boy came over to the house with these figures as soon as he worked them out.

"Well, dad," he said, "I've made the thing pay. I've earned my five per cent and a little over; but honest, from the viewpoint of a farmer it looks discouraging."

'How's that?"



"I make the net profit for the whole herd to be only \$170.88 for the entire year."

That's after taking out five per tent on investment." "I've counted that into the cost," be said.

"Of course, but at the same time you've had that returned to you. And you've counted in twenty-five

dollars a cow, or three hundred dollars, for labor." "I figured it took Al one-half his time to look after the herd."

"That's about right, I guess," I said. "But if you were running the farm yourself as your only business you'd do the work yourself and would have to count wages to your nee credit. That would bring your profit up to \$470-over a five per cent return on your money. Then you've used that same burn as part of your general farm plant, shelter for your horse, and so forth. Then you've taken out your own milk and cream at rost -another saving. I should say those items totaled about thirty dollars at least, which arings your profit up to five hundred. Now to me that down't look like a bad return on a three-thousand-dellar

investment. Furthermore, you must take into account that the herd kept your farm working in the winter when nothing else would."

The boy smiled.

"That looks like good reasoning," he said: "but let's get at it unother way. As a matter of fact I haven't run the farm myself. I've invested my money, created the business, devoted my time and energy to it for a year and netted a profit over ordinary interest of \$170. Mind you, I'm personally satisfied, because I didn't go into this as purely a money-making proposition; but with those results I don't see now any one could."

"You mean you've been paid a salary of only

\$170 for your services."

"Exactly." "The whole point is then that a threethousand-dollar farm can't afford a business manager. That's right. If you'd been doing your own work you'd have been receiving. remeting in your interest, a gross return of \$650 for about one-half your time and the use of three thousand dollars. That isn't a bad profit. Furthermore, you're only a beginner." "You're right," said the boy.

When Barney saw the figures he was off in a

wild dream in a minute.

"Fine," be exclaimed. "You've proved you can do it-Now the only thing to do is to get into the business hard. I've been keeping track of some good cows for you and know where you can buy fifty."

"I'm raising seven cows from my own stock," said Dick

proudly.

"Seven? What do seven amount to when we need seventy. I need five hundred quarts today and could use a thousand."

Then Barney proceeded to tell the boy of case after case where children were literally taking their lives in their hands every time they put a nursing bottle to their lips.

"And mind you that milk gets by the law. It's all right for adults who can put most anything down their throats and still live, but it isn't right for children. Nature will allow a hardened sinner of a full-grown man to swallow twoor three hundred thousand microbes to a swallow and will proceed to kill them off inside him; but she has too many other things to do for a kid who's growing by the week more than a man grows by the year. It isn't fair to Nature or fair to the kid to keep them busy throwing off unnecessary poison."

Barney went into details about some of those children in a way that made your hair stand on end and left you feeling that you weren't even halfway decently human if you didn't contribute every cent you had in the world to help fight the danger. But he felt first what he made you feel afterward. I learned later that in at least four or five cases he was supplying families who couldn't get Carleton milk with certified milk, and paying the difference out of his own pocket. The man didn't save enough out of his income to pay his own bills. His wife never trusted him to buy a new suit of clothes or a pair of shoes for himself. The money would disappear before he had made half a dozen professional calls in Little Italy. She had to go with him and lead him into the store and pay over the money

respectable. Because Dick refused to be awept on into the same extravagance in his dairy I goess Barney thought he was the typical modern young busisess man-for himself ilways, unemotional, and progressive only with some one else's money. But that wasn't true. Dick was for his business always, not for the ake of himself but for the sake of the business, He was as eger as Barney to produce a thousand quarts a day, but carbed his emotions sufficiently to realize that even a hundred quarte a day, year in and year out, was better than the larger production for only

herself in order to

keep him looking

In Brewster, and everywhere else I reckon, we need both

six months.

types of men. You can't combine those qualities in one man without taking off the edge from both. I've never seen saything accomplished yet without a wild-eyed reformer tack of it; and I've never seen the wild-eyed reformer accomplish anything without a steady, same man back of him. Barney was good for Dick, and Dick for Barney.

I've spoken of the wide difference in the herd as producers, but these differences became decidedly more marked when the cows were finally weighed in the balance at the end of the year. The figures were important only to Dick and I won't give them in detail. But if every cow in the herd had been equal to the hest cow, Number 8, the production of the herd would have been almost doubled. If every cow had been as poor as the worst one, Number 2, the profits would have been halved. With the same investment, the same cost of maintenance, there was a possible margin of a fifty per cent difference in efficiency. And the boy's best cow didn't represent the last word by a whole lot. She averaged less than eight thousand pounds of milk per year when cows run as high as fifteen thousand. I don't know of any business in the world where there is such a wide difference between normal efficiency and postible efficiency. It is like a steam engine that wastes about ninety per cent of the real energy latent in coal. There doesn't seem to be any remedy for coal waste, but there is a remedy for dairy waste.

I wonder how long it would take the government to make a shoc manufacturer appreciate a way to increase the profit of his plant three or four hundred per cent, if the government could prove its theory by actual demonstration. Not an hour. The government wouldn't have to issue very many bulletins to reach any type of city business. man. But they've been issuing bulletins on cow efficiency for years without exciting among the rank and file of farmers anything but ridicule when, through the agricultural papers, they succeed in getting the articles read. Where these farmers haven't a sense of humor they are calloused by a grim fatalism that is almost barbaric.

Ruth and I spent a week one summer in the old New Hampshire town where she was born. While there I used to get out on the country roads and walk and when a team came jogging along get in and ride a way. I wasn't asked one in five times, but if I invited myself I was always welcome enough. In the same spirit no opening was ever made for a conversation. After a remark or two about the weather these lean, weather-beaten men remained silent unless I pressed the talk. There was nothing surly about them, but just as they went the round of their farm duties without either expecting or desiring outside interference, they pursued the round of their thoughts without either expecting or desiring interruption. Once Interrupted, however, they were willing enough to talk.

I used to ask them all if farming paid, and always received the same reply: "Pays nothin". Times have changed."

When pressed for something more definite one man answered: "Seasons are shorter than they useter be."

He honestly believed this and accepted it humbly as a ecree of fate. Farmers all over New England believe it. I asked another man why more farmers thereabouts

didn't keep horses. "Can't afford 'em no more."

"Why not?"

"Horses eat more's they useter."

There's No Distinction of Rooms in ther House

it. It shows their attitude and accounts for the difficulty in reaching them. As Hadley often says:

A man can't go agin Providence."

One of these men told a story worth repeating. He pointed out a dilapidated-looking farmhouse surrounded by rock-strewn fields. The shingles were off the barn and the fences down. It was as poverty-stricken a place as I'd.

"Frank Mosd used to live there," said the man. "Frank never had no luck and had to sell off his own place up to the cross-roads. He came down here and hired this place. He was leanin' agin the fence here one day when a man came along. The feller stopped and took in the old house and the broken-down walls and the fields all covered with rocks, and then he walked up to Frank and held out his hand. There was almost tears in his eyes.

"'Stranger,' he said very sad-like-'Stranger, I don't know who ye be or anything about ye, but I'm sorry

"Frank took his corncob outern his mouth. Then he says, says he:
"'I don't blame ye none, but I ain't as poor as I look

jest hire this place; I don't own it."

I've wandered a long way from Brewster, and then again I haven't. 'Most every problem we had at home is a problem you'll find all over the country.

DICK sold that summer three of the least efficient cows and bought three others. But he had to go out of town to get them, because he wanted cows with established records. The cash loss in the transaction was forty dollars. Then out of his reserve fund he bought two more. This gave him a herd of fourteen, besides the seven culves of his own breeding. The five bull calves produced by the herd

he sold when five days old for four dollars each. And here the boy was ready to stop for that season, as far as increasing his plant went, when Barney came to him with a new proposition.

"Look here, Dick," he said. "Maybe your theory about making the business grow by itself is sound enough. I'm willing to admit it is. The only trouble is that it's too darned sound and too slow. You're figuring on your calves and it will be a couple years before they produce anything to count. During that time I know at least a hundred kiddles who either will have died or reached a point where they can get along without the milk."

"But won't there be a hundred others ready for it?"

said Diek.

"Yes," said Barney; "but that doesn't help the hundred who couldn't wait for the calves to grow up. I figure that twenty babies are worth a heap more than one calf."

It wasn't exactly a fair way of stating the case, because it put the responsibility directly on Dick. That's the way Barney always did. I never saw a man who could take a vague public question and bring it home so sharply to the Individual as Barney could. He converted every generality into a personality. He made every question of public welfare definite and concrete, and then proceeded to hold every one of us accountable by name.

I was present when he waded into the boy this time and I asw he made Dick feel mighty uncomfortable, "Well,"

said Dick, "what's your scheme?"

"Just this. Let a half dozen of us chip in and buy a cow apiece. There's room in your barn for them and it won't call for any increases in your plant. We'll take our profits in milk. We need it."

Dick didn't like the scheme at first. He thought it was a reflection on his good judgment.

"Look herebe began.

But Barney didn't allow him to go on until he had explained further.

"We're asking it as a favor," said Barney. "We need Carleton milk right here in town and you know there isn't any way of getting it. There are a dozen families who would pay fifteen cents a quart for it. My

scheme gives some He let it go at that. There was nothing be could do about. of them a chance to get it. You're doing great work, Dick, and we all know it. Give us a chance to help. Don't be

> From this point of view the scheme looked different and Dick said he'd think it over. That night he talked with me

> "Personally I can't see any objection," I said. "It's n cooperative idea and might work out to something big."

> "It's the cooperative idea all right," said Dick, "and might work out to something else. I don't like the notion of having so many voices in the business. I know they'd all mean well enough, but they'd all have different ideas on the proper way to manage things. Now Barney or no Barney, propose to run this plant according to my own notions."

> "That's your right, Dick," I said. "I think that's just exactly what they all want you to do. You can make that clear to them. But it does seem too bad not to run your plant full espacity when there's such a demand for your

> "You couldn't satisfy that demand with a plant ten

times the size of mine," said Dick.

In a way I couldn't criticize the boy for being somewhat shy of the cooperative idea as applied to dairying. There's a bigger record of failures along this line in New England than in any other branch of farming. Nothing on the face of it looks so simple as the cooperative creamery. It doesn't require an expensive plant; it offers a fair opportunity to both the large and the small producer: it supplies a steady and constant market. Yet cooperative creameries have failed again and again and offer farmers today their strongest argument against cooperation in any form.

But what the boy failed to take into account was that while in other places farmers had not been educated to cooperation, in Brewster they had. The trouble elsewhere in ninety cases out of a hundred was that the farmers had no real cooperative spirit. The creameries were started on

a false basis. It was presented to them as a sort of getrich-quick scheme. The appeal was made wholly to their pocketbooks and not to their intelligence. The result was almost immediate dissatisfaction, jeulousy and consequent bankruptcy. The creameries in most cases were poorly managed, to be sure, but that was due to lack of loyalty on the part of the farmers and to the lealousy that prevented them from placing the right man at the head of the business. In Brewster several years of success with the Pioneer Products Company had overcome all such petty weaknesses; but back of that success was the Pioneer Club. It was here we learned to know each other as friends and not as rivals; it was here we cultivated a genuine social spirit, which was only a larger growth of the family spirit. We laughed and played and studied together before we did business together. We learned to work together for the common good before we began to work together for the common purse.

I hadn't ever hinted anything of the sort to the boy, but down deep in my heart I had hoped his enterprise might work out into something of the sort. I had looked forward to a cooperative creamery, but a cooperative dairy would be just as useful. The spring, summer and fall work in town was well cared for by the Pioneer Products Company, but we didn't have as much to do in the winter as we needed. Our chicken business was increasing rapidly, but not every one could raise chickens. We were also doing considerable business in raising draft horses, but we needed both cows

and pigs to round things out.

Without urging these facts very strongly I put them before the boy. With all a young man's combativeness he argued against them, but I knew he'd think over what I said. And he did. He told Barney he would consent to the venture upon the sole condition that the investment carried with it absolutely no voice in the management.

"I can't prevent your talking, Barney," said the boy. "I wouldn't if I could. But hanged if I'd trust you with a

vote!"

This didn't show a particularly commendable cooperative spirit on the boy's part, but perhaps in this case he was justified.

The final arrangement was that Dick should select the cows himself, have entire control of them for one year and allow each investor one quart of milk a day. Valuing the milk at eight cents a quart this gave the investor a return of \$29.20. Taking out interest and depreciation this was generous enough for any one. Furthermore, it gave them milk which they couldn't get in any other way. Dick on his side saved the cost of delivery and transportation, for he stipulated that each customer must come to the dairy for his own milk. This left him a profit round three cents. a quart. The arrangement still left about eighty per cent of the product for Barney and his kiddles. As near as I could see it was a mighty good deal for every one concerned.

But what the proposition emphasized more than any thing else was the big per cent which was being paid for delivery to city customers - almost thirty-five per cent of the total cost. Had his clientèle been among the wellto-do class this wouldn't have seemed so important. Most of them probably would have argued, and rightly enough, that when they were getting such milk for eight cents a quart they could afford the luxury of having it delivered at their doors. But it did not seem right to squander thirtyfive per cent of the retail price in any such luxury, when the

manager of the enterprise was devoting his thought, capital and energy to the reduction of his profit to a fraction of one per cent. To put it another way: Dick was scheming the whole year round to keep down cost of production in order to supply as much milk as possible, and yet he was spending three cents out of every eight to get the milk to the door.

"Hang it all, why shouldn't the customers do a little of the work and come after their milk?" said the boy to me. "If I get it in town to them I don't see why they shouldn't do the rest. It's only fair to their neighbors who want the milk and can't get it."

He put this up to Barney and the latter agreed

You're right," said Barney. "No doubt about

it. How are you going to work it?"

That was the point. It was the same problem we had faced with the Pioneer Products Company. Considering the amount of time and labor we spent in keeping down the cost of our market products for the benefit of consumers, it didn't seem fair to allow them to spend thirty per cent of what they paid for the privilege of having the goods brought to their doors. After all, consumer and producer are in a sort of partnership-a partnership that is growing more intimate every day. The consumer, then, should be willing to contribute a fair share of the labor or else hire it done for him without growling.

But it is one thing to recognize fair play, and another to be in a position to demand it. In the present case, however, Dick had the advantageit was not he, the producer, who was eager, but his market, the consumer. Under these circumstances it seemed as though he should be able to enforce his own conditions. But how?

Dick worked on the problem all that winter. We all did. It was a matter which was of common interest to us all, as today 'most every problem is. And, as it seems to me every problem inevitably must, it led us to the old cooperative idea. But the way it came about was entirely unexpected. To understand, you must know about Horace Moulton, Jr., the son of Moulton, the local storekeeper.

THE first year or so that I was in town I hardly knew Moulton had a son. The boy was away at college and seldom came home except for over Sunday or during the winter holidays. I met him once or twice and liked him well enough without being particularly impressed. He was a stalwart lad, tall, broad shouldered, and interested in athletics. He played football and baseball, and Moulton subscribed to a press-ellipping bureau through which he acquired a wider acquaintance with his son than he did through personal discourse. The father handed out these clippings to his friends who dropped into the store. On the whole it was rather puthetic, because the father was very much alone. He was a widower and fived in a beautiful old house with only a crabbed housekeeper for company. But he was proud as a peacock of his boy, and became quite expert in the statistics of college athletics, though he was always too busy ever to get away and see the buy play. He did go up to see him graduate, however, and a day or two before that I happened in and he told me what he was planning.

"I'm glad you're going." I said. "What's the boy going

to do next?"

"I don't know," said Moulton. "Going to study a profession?"

"No, he wants to go into business," answered Moulton.

"With you?"

"Lord, no," said Moulton, looking kind of sad. "Running a country grosery store isn't big enough for him. He has a chance in a wholesale house and some of his friends want him to go into hanking."

"I see."

"I suppose it will keep him away from home the rest of his life," said Moulton. "But that's the way, sin't it? I had kinder hoped he might like to settle down here. My father lived here and his father before him. There's a nice house going to waste and this business-well, it seems almost like a family business now. It's growing, too, but I don't suppose it grows fast enough to suit him."

"It's a pity he feels that way," I said. "You've done well here and I don't see why a younger man couldn't do

even better. We need all our young men." Moulton put his hand on my shoulder.

And I need him worst of all, Carleton," he said. "I ain't said anything to him to no one, and I ain't goln' to: but I'm gettin' old and haven't seen much of my boy. He's all I've got too. Sometimes it makes me wish I hadn't edicated him. But that ain't right, is it?"

"I don't know," I said. "It's a hard thing to say just how much our children belong to us and how much to themselves and the world. But I know just how you feel, Meulton, and I do wish the boy could remain here.



Moulton hesitated a moment and then said wistfully: "I don't suppose you'd talk with him, would you? He's coming home for a week after school, and maybe you could kinder make him see the things the way you do. You've lived in the city and you've lived here and know both sides. It's a good deal to ask, but maybe he might listen to you."

"I'm afraid he'd think it was none of my business," ! said. "But come round with him some time and have supper with us. Perhaps in the course of the evening the talk

will lead up to the subject."

I told Ruth how Moulton felt, and I didn't have much doubt after that but what the talk would lead up to the subject all right.

"Of course it's none of our business, Billy," she said, but I feel as though I could shake that boy. What's the good of his education if he doesn't come back and use it among his own?"

"Probably he doesn't think the field here broad enough," said.

"What do you mean by 'broad'?" she asked.

"I suppose he feels he can't make money enough here." "There you have it," said Ruth. "His father made money enough to have a good home and send his son through college and give him everything he wanted. If the boy made a million I doubt if he would do any better than that. If he made a million I wonder if he could buy anything worth more than this same lather's love and pride and joy!"

"Now look here," I said, "you're getting off the sub-

ect." "I'm not," she said. "How would you have felt if Dick hadn't gone on with your business and settled down with

us after he went through college?" "If he had wanted to go away and start fresh for himnelf?" I said.

"Exactly."

"Well, it would have hurt, little mother, it would have been hard; but I expect we'd have let him go. I expect you'd have been the first to say let him go.

She looked up at me kind of frightened when I said that. But down deep in her heart she knew I was right.

"Oh," she said, "isn't it lucky he didn't want to go!" "He would have left a big bole behind him," I said. "And he isn't all we have either," she said. "Life can get so horrid it makes me shudder sometimes."

"You'd have straightened it out somehow," I said. But it's a different matter trying to straighten out any one else's life. But the old man sort of got hold of my heart today. And honestly I think there is a fine business chance here for the boy. All I want to do is to suggest that to him."

"And I'm going upstairs to see if Billy Junior is sleeping sound. He's getting so big and his legs are getting so long. Oh, it breaks my heart to see his legs get long.

Moulton and his boy came, and Ruth had a supper ready for them that would have satisfied a king-fried chicken and bashed brown potatoes, lettuce and radishes that we grew in a little bothouse we had built as an experiment, rhubarh sauce and calce, coffee and home-made cream cheese. Maybe these things don't sound like much, but you have to remember that there was something of the magic of Ruth in each dish. She'd make gruel taste like something with a French name,

Dick and Jane came over and during the meal we talked football and baseball, with Ruth knowing as much about

the games as any of us. It's surprising where she ever learned all she knows. I didn't suppose she had thought of those games since Dick left college, for we never mentioned them at home. Yet here she came in almost as well informed as Moulton himself. I suppose she and Billy Junior most have been talking them over in private.

There was another thing Ruth could do which always filled me with wonder: She could cook a dinner and put it on the table, and then sit down looking as fresh as though she had a dozen servants in the kitchen. When one course was finished she could get up, remove the dishes, bring in the second course, and keep in the conversation so well that you hardly realized she wasn't sitting quiet at the table with some one else doing all those things.

After dinner Dick and I always helped clear the table and wash the dishes, and this time Moulton Junior insisted upon joining us. I saw him watching Ruth and saw the wonder of her grow in his eyes as it does in the eyes of every human being who ever saw her. I told her once that it was a curious fact that a visit by a young man to our home was almost always followed by the announcement of his engagement.

The two boys, pulling at their pipes, did up the work this evening while Moulton and I enjoyed our eigars, looking on. There's no distinction of rooms in our house. Kitchen, dining room, front room and all are just living rooms. The living room of the moment is just where we happen to be. Sometimes when it was a little chilly we'd

(Continued on Page 53)

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

'IMMY was not so well, although Harmony's flight had had nothing to do with the relapse. He had found Marie

a slavishly devoted substitute, and besides Peter had indicated that Harmony's absence was parely temporary. But the breaking up was inevitable. All day long the child lay in the white led, apathetic but deepless. In vain Marie made flower fairles for his pillow, in wain the little mice, now quite turne, played bide-and-seek over the hed, in vain Peter passed long enough in his frantic search for Harmony to buy colored postcards and bring them to him.

He was contented enough; he did not suffer at all; and he had no apprehension of what was coming. He asked for nothing, tried obediently to est, liked to have Marie in the room. But he did not beg to be taken into the salon, as he once had done. There was a sort of mental confusion also. He liked Marie to read his father's letters; but as he grew weaker the according a long of Peter with his dead father became a fixed idea. Peter was daddy,

Peter took care of him at night. He had moved into Harmony's adjacent room and dressed there. But he had never slept in the bed. At night he put on his shabby drowing gown and worn slippers and lay on a halrdoth sofa at the foot of Jimmy's bod - lay but hardly slopt, so straid was he that the slender thread of life might snap when it was drawn out to its slenderest during the darkest hours before the dawn-More than once in every night Peter rose and stood, hardly brouthing, with the tiny lamp in his hand, watching for the rise and fall of the

boy's thin little chest. Peter grew old these

days. He turned gray over the care and developed lines about his mouth that never left him again. He felt gray and old, and sometimes bitter and hard also. The boy's condition could not be kelped: it was inevitable, hopeless. But the thing that was eating his heart out had been unnecessary and crust.

Where was Harmony? When it stormed, as it did almost steadily, he wondered how she was shaltered; when the occasional annahums he began it was bringing her a bit of theer. Now and then, in the night, when the lamp burned less and gustant which shook the old home, fearful thoughts came to himthe ennal, with the fifthy depths. Daylight brought reason however. Harmony had been too rational. too same for such an end.

McLean was Peter's great support in those terrible days. He was young and hopeful. Also he had money

Peter could not afford to grease the machinery of the police service: McLean could and did. In Berlin Harmony could not have remained hidden for two days. In Vienna, however, it was different. Returns were made to the department, but irregularly. An American music student was missing. There were thousands of American music students in the city: one fell over them in the coffee houses. McLean offered a reward and followed up innumerable

The alternating hope and despair was most trying. Peter became old and buggard; the boy grew thin and white. But there was this difference, that with Peter the strain was cumulative, hour on hour, day on day. With McLean each night found him worn and exhausted, but each following morning he went to work with renewed strength and energy. Perhaps, after all, the iron had not struck so deep into his soul. With Peter it was a life and death matter.

Clinics and lectures had begun again, but he had no heart for work. The little household went on methodically. Marie remained; there had seemed nothing else to do. She cooked Peter's food-what little he would eat; she nursed Jimmy while Peter was out on the long search; and she kept the apartment neat. She was never intrusive, never talkative. Indeed she seemed to have lapsed into definite silence. She deferred absolutely to Peter, adored him, indeed, from afar. She never ate with him, in spite of his protests.

The little apartment was very quiet. Where formerly had been music and Harmony's soft laughter, where Anna Gates had been wont to argue with Peter in loud, incisive tones, where even the prisms of the chandelier had once vibrated in response to Harmony's violin, almost absolute silence now reigned. Even the gate, having been repaired. no longer creaked, and the loud altercations between the portier and his wife had been silenced out of deference to

On the day that Harmony, in the gold dress, had discovered Jimmy's mother in the American dancer Peter tad had an unusually bad day. McLean had sent him a note by messenger early in the morning, to the effect

By Mary Roberts Rinehart



"Only a Man in a Grass Hat. And Down the Street a Grass of Juddiage"

that a young girl answering Harmony's description had been seen in the park at Schöebrums and traced to an apartment near by.

Harmony had liked Schönbrunn, and it seemed possible. They had gone out together, McLean optimistic, Peter afraid to hope. And it had been as he feared-a pretty little violin student, indeed, who had been washing her hair, and only opened the door an inch or two. McLean made a lame apology, Peter too sick with disappointment

to speak. Then back to the city again.

He had taken to making a daily round, to the Master's, to the Frau Professor Bergmeister's, along the Graben and the Kärntnerstrasse, ending up at the Doctors' Club in the faint hope of a letter. Wrath still smoldered deep in Peter; he would not enter a room at the club if Mrs. Boyer sat within. He had had a long hour with Doctor Jennings, and left that cheerful person writhing in abasement. And he had held a stormy interview with the Frau Schwarz, which left her humble for a week, and exceedingly nervous, being of the impression from Peter's manner that in the event of Harmony not turning up an American gunbout would sail up the right arm of the Danube and bombard the Pynsion Schwarz.

Schönbrunn having failed them, McLean and Peter went back to the city in the street-car, neither one saying much. Even McLean's elasticity was deserting him. His eyes, from much peering into crowds, had taken on a strained, concentrated look.

Peter was shabbler than ever beside the other man's ultra-fashienable dress. He sat, bent forward, his long arms dangling between his knees, his head down. Their common trouble had drawn the two together, or had drawn McLean close to Peter, as if he recognized that there were degrees in grief and that Peter had received almost a death-wound. His old rage at Peter had died. Harmony's flight had proved the situation as no amount of protestation would have done. The thing now was to find the girl; then he and Peter would start even, and the battle

They had the car almost to themselves. Peter had not spoken since he sat down. McLean was husy over a notebook,

in which he jotted down from day to day such details of their search as might be worth keeping. Now and then he glanced at Peter

as if he wished to say something, hesitated, fell to work again over the notebook. Finally be ventured. "How's the boy?"

"Not so well today. I'm having a couple of men in to see him tonight. He doesn't sleep.

"Do you sleep?"

"Not much. He's on my mind, of course." That

and other things, Peter.
"Don't you think—wouldn't it be better to have a nurse. You can't go like this all day and be up all night, you know. And Marie has him most of the day." McLean, of course, had known Marie before, "The boy ought to have a nurse, I think."

"He doesn't move without my hearing him." "That's an argument for me. Do you want to

Peter turned a white face toward McLean, a face

in which exasperation struggled with fatigue. "Good Lord, boy," he rasped, "don't you sup-pose I'd have a nurse if I could afford it?"

"Would you let me help? I'd like to do something. I'm a useless cub in a elektroom, but I could

do that. Who's the woman be liked in the hospital?" "Nurse Elisabet. I don't know, Mac. There's no reason why I shouldn't let you help, I suppose.

It hurts, of course, but-if he would be happler-"That's settled then," said McLean. "Nurse Elisabet, if she can come. And—look here, old man. I've been trying to say this far a week and haven't had the nerve. Let me belp you out for a while. You can send it back when you get it, any time, a year or ten years. I'll not miss it."

But Peter refused. He tempered the refusal in his

kindly way.

"I can't take anything now," he said. "But I'll remember it, and if things get very bad I'll come to you. It isn't costing much to live. Murie is a good manager, almost as good as - Harmony was." This with difficulty. He found it always hard to speak of Harmony. His throat seemed to close on the

That was the best McLean could do, but he made a mental reservation to see Marie that night and slip her a little money. Peter need never know, would never notice.

At a cross street the car stopped, and the little Bulgarian, Georgiev, got on. He inspected the car carefully before he came in from the platform, and

sat down unobtrustyely in a corner. Things were not going well with him either. His small black eyes darted from face to face suspiciously, until they came to a rest on Peter.

It was Georgiev's business to read men. Quickly he put together the bits he had gathered from Harmony on the staircase, added to them Peter's despondent attitude, his strained face, the abstraction which required a touch on the arm from his companion when they reached their destination, recalled Peter outside the door of Harmony's room in the Pension Schwarz - and built him a little story that was not far from the truth.

Peter left the car without seeing him. It was the hour of the promenade, when the Ring and the larger business streets were full of people, when Demel's was thronged with pretty women eating American ices, with military men drinking tea and nibbling Austrian pastry, the hour when the flower women along the Stephansplatz did a rousing business in roses, when sterile women burned candles before the Madonna in the Cathedral, when the lottery did the record business of the day.

It was Peter's forlorn hope that somewhere among the crowd he might happen on Harmony. For some reason he thought of her always as in a crowd, with people close, touching her, men sturing at her, following her. He had spent a frightful night in the Opera, scanning seat after seat, not so much because he hoped to find her as because inaction was intolerable.

And so, on that afternoon, he made his slow progress along the Kärntnerstrasse, halting now and then to scrutinize the crowd. He even peered through the doors of shops here and there, hoping while he feared that the girl might be seeking employment within, as she had before in the early days of the winter.

Because of his stature and powerful physique, and perhaps, too, because of the wretchedness in his eyes, people noticed him. There was one place where Peter lingered, where a new building was being erected, and where because of the narrowness of the passage the dense crowd was thinned as it passed. He stood by choice outside a hairdresser's window, where a brilliant light shone on each face that pussed.

Inside the clerks had noticed him. Two of them standing together by the desk spoke of him: "He is there again, the

gray man!"
"Ah, so! But, yes, there is his back!"

"Poor one, it is the Fraulein Engel he waits to see perhaps."

"More likely Le Grande, the American. He is American."

"He is Russian. Look at his size."
"But his shoes!" triumphantly. "They are American. little one."

The third girl had not spoken; she was wrapping in tissue a great golden rose made for the hair. She placed it in a box carefully.

"I think he is of the police," she said, "or a spy. There

is much talk of war."

'Foolishness! Does a police officer sigh always? Or a spy have such sadness in his face? And he grows thin and white."

"The rose, Fraulein."

The clerk who had wrapped up the flower held it out to the customer. The customer, however, was not looking. She was gazing with strange intentness at the back of a worn gray overcoat. Then with a curious clutch at her heart she went white. Harmony of course, Harmony come

to fetch the golden rose that was to complete the Le Grande's costume,

She recovered almost at once and made an excase to leave by another exit.

She took a final took at the gray sleeve that was all she could see of Peter, who had shifted a bit, and stumbled out into the crowd, walking along with her lip trembling under her veil, and with the slow and steady ache at her heart that she had thought she had stilled for good.

It had never occurred to Harmony that Peter loved her. He had proposed to her twice, but that had been in such case to solve a difficulty for her. And once he had taken her in his arms, but that was different. Even then he had not said he loved her - had not even known it, to be exact. Nor had Harmony realized what

Peter meant to her until she had put him out of her life. The sight of the familiar gray coat, the scrap of conversation, so enlightening as to posr Peter's quest, that Peter was growing thin and white, made her almost reel. She had been too occupied with her own position to realize Peter's. With the glimpse of him came a great longing for the house on the Siebensternstrasse, for Jimmy's arms about her neck, for the salon with the lamp lighted and the sleet beating harmlessly against the casement windows, for the little kitchen with the brick stove, for-Peter.

Doubts of the wisdom of her course assailed her. But. to go back meant, at the best, adding to Peter's burden of Jimmy and Marie, meant the old situation again, too, for Marie most certainly did not add to the respectability of the establishment. And other doubts assailed her. What if Jimmy were not so well, should die, as was possible, and she had not let his mether see him!

Monia Reiff was very busy that day. Harmony did not leave the workroom until eight o'clock. During all that time, while her alim fingers worked over fragile laces and soft. chiffons, she was seeing Jimmy as she had seen him last, with the flower fairies on his pillow, and Peter, keeping watch over the crowd in the Kärntnerstrasse, looking with his steady eyes for her.

No part of the city was safe for a young girl after night, she knew; the sixteenth district was no better than the rest, rather worse in places. But the longing to see the house on the Siebensternstrasse grew on her, became from an ache a sharp and insistent pain. She must go, must see once again the comfortable glow of Peter's lamp, the flicker

that was the fire.

She ate no supper. She was too tired to eat, and there was the pain. She put on her wraps and crept down the whitewashed staircase. The paved courtyard below was to be crossed and it was poorly lighted. She achieved the street, however, without molestation. To the street-car was only a block, but during that block she was accosted twice. She was white and frightened when she reached the car.

The Siebensternstrasse at last. The street was always dark; the delicatesen shop was closed, but in the wild game

store next a light was burning low, and a flame flickered before the little shrine over the money drawer. The gameseller was a religious man.

The old stucco house dominated the neighborhood. From the time she left the car Harmony saw it, its long flat roof black against the dark sky, its rows of unlighted windows, its long wall broken in the center by the gate. Now from across the street its whole façade lay before her. Peter's lamp was not lighted, but there was a glow of soft firelight from the salon windows. The light was not regular-it disappeared at regular intervals, was blotted out. Harmony knew what that meant. Some one beyond range of where she stood was pacing the floor, back and forward, back and forward. When he was worried or anxious Peter always paced the floor.

She did not know how long she stood there. One of the soft rains was falling, or more accurately, condensing. The saturated air was hardly cold. She stood on the pavement unmolested, while the glow died lower and lower, until at last it was impossible to trace the pacing figure. No one came to any of the windows. The little lamp before the shrine in the wild game shop burned itself out; the portier across the way came to the door, glanced up at the sky and went in. Harmony heard the rattle of the chain as it was stretched across the door inside.

He Itand by Chaire Datride a Hairdesser's Wiedow May holom Var In 1915.

> Not all the windows of the suite opened on the street. Jimmy's windows - and Peter's - opered toward the back of the house, where in a brick-paved courtyard the wife of the portier hung her washing, and where the portier himself kept a butch of rabbits. A wild and reckless desire to see at least the light from the child's room possessed Harmony. Even the light would be something; to go like this, to carry with her only the memory of a dark looming house without cheer was unthinkable. The gatewas never locked. If she but went into the garden and round by the spruce tree to the back of the house, it would be something.

> She knew the garden quite well. Even the darkness had no horror for her. Little Scatchy had had a habit of leaving various articles on her window-sill and of instigating searches for them at untimely hours of night. Once they had found her hairbrush in the rabbit hutch! So Harmony, ashamed but unalarmed, made her way by the hig spruce to the corner of the old lodge and thus to the courtyard.

> Ah, this was better! Lights all along the apartment floor and moving shadows; on Jimmy's window-sill a jar of milk. And voices - some one was singing.

> Peter was singing, druning softly, as one who puts a drowsy child to sleep. Slower and slower, softer and softer, over and over, the little song Harmony had been wont to

"Ak, well! For us all some sweet hope lies Deeply buried from human eyes. And in the hereafter angels may Roll the stone from its grave oway."

Slower and slower, softer and softer, until it died away altogether. Peter, in his old dressing gown, came to the window and turned down the gaslight beside it to a blue point. Harmony did not breathe. For a minute, two minutes, be stood there looking out. Far off the twin clocks of the Votivkirche struck the hour. All about lay the lights of the old city, so very old, so wise, so cunning, so cold.

Peter stood looking out, as he had each night since Harmony went away. Each night he sang the boy to

sleep, turned down the light and stood by the window. And each night he whispered to the city that sheltered Harmony somewhere, what he had whispered to the little sweater coat the night before he went away:

"Good night, dear. Good night, Harmony."

The rabbits stirred uneasily in the hutch; a passing gust shook the great tree overhead and sent down a sharp shower on to the bricks below. Peter struck a match and lit his pipe; the flickering light illuminated his face, his rough hair, his steady eyes,
"Good night, Peter," whispered Harmony. "Good

night, dear."

XXIV

WALTER STEWART had made an uncomplicated recovery, helped along by relief at the turn events had taken. In a few days he was going about again, wesk naturally, rather handsomer than before because a little lese florid. But the week's confinement had given him an opportunity to think over many things. Peter had set him thinking, on the day when he had packed up the last of Marie's small belongings and sent them down to

Stewart, lying in bed, had watched him. "Just how much talk do you suppose this has made, Byrne?" he asked.

"Haven't an idea. Some probably. The people in the Russian villa saw it, you know."

Stewart's brows contracted.

"Damnation! Then the hotel has it, of cours!" "Probably."

Stewart grouned. Peter closed Marie's American trunk of which she had been so proud, and coming over looked down at the injured man.

"Don't you think you'd better tell the girl oll about it?"

"No," doggedly. "I know, of course, it

wouldn't be easy, but you can't get away with it, Stewart. That's one way of looking at it. There's another.".
"What's that?"

"Starting with a clean slate. If she's the sers you want to marry, and not a prude, she'll understand, not at first, but after she gets used to it."

"She wouldn't understand in a thousand years."

"Then you'd better not marry ber. You know, Stewart, I have an idea that women imagine a good many pretty rotten things about us anyhow. A sensible girl would rather know the truth and he done with it. What a man has done with his life before a girl the right girl rome. into it isn't a personal injury to her, since she wasn't a part of his life then. You know what I mean. But she has a right to know it before she chooses."

"How many would choose under those circumstances!" he jibed.

Peter smiled. "Quite a few," he said cheerfully. "It's a wrong system, of course; but we can get a little truth

"You can't get away with it" stuck in Stewart's mind for several days. It was the one thing Peter said that did stick. And before Stewart had recovered enough to be up and about he had made up his mind to tell Anita. In his mind be made quite a case for himself; be argued the affair against his conscience and came out victorious.

Anita's party had broken up. The winter sports did not compare, they complained, with St. Moritz. They disliked German cooking. Into the bargain the weather was not good; the night's snows turned soft by midday; and the crowds that began to throng the hotels were solid citizens, not the fashionables of the Riviera. Anita's arm forbade her traveling. In the reassembling of the party she went to the Kurhaus in the valley below the pension with one of the women who wished to take the baths.

It was to the Kurhaus, then, that Stewart made his first excursion after the accident. He went to dinner. Part of the chaperon's treatment called for an early retiring hour, which was highly as he had wished it and rather unnerving after all. A man may decide that a dose of poison is the remedy for all his troubles, but he does not approach his bour with any hilarity. Stewart was a stupid dinner guest, ate very little, and looked haggari beyond belief when the hour came for the older woman to leave.

He did not lack courage however. It was his great asset, physical and mental rather than moral, but courage nevertheless. The evening was quiet, and they elected to sit on the balcony outside Anita's sitting room, the girl swathed in white furs and leaning back in her steamer chair.

Below lay the terrace of the Kurhaus, edged with evergreen trees. Beyond and far below that was the mountain village, a few scattered houses along a frozen stream. The townspeople retired early; light after light was extinguished, until only one in the priest's house remained. A train crept out of one tunnel and into another, like a glowing worm crawling from burrow te burrow.

The girl felt a change in Stewart. During the weeks he had known her there had been a curious restraint in his manner to her. There were times when an avowal seemed to tremble on his lips, when his eyes looked into hers with the look no woman ever mistakes; the next moment he would glance away, his face would harden. They were miles apart. And perhaps the situation had piqued the girl. Certainly it had lost nothing for her by its unusualness.

Tonight there was a difference in the man. His eyes met hera squarely, without evasion, but with a new quality, a searching, perhaps, for semething in her to give him courage. The girl had character, more than ordinary decision. It was what Stewart admired in her most, and the thing, of course, that the little Marie had lacked. Moreover, Anita, barely twenty, was a woman, not a young girl. Her knowledge of the world, not so deep as Marie's, was more comprehensive. Where Murie would have been merciful Anita would be just, unless she cared for him. In that case she might be less than just, or more.

Anita in daylight was a pretty young woman, rather incisive of speech, very intelligent, having a wit without malice, charming to look at, keenly alive. Anits in the durk of the balcony, waiting to hear she knew not what, was a judicial white goddese, formidably still, frightfully potential. Stewart, who had embraced many women, did not dare a finger on her arm.

He had decided on a way to tell the girl the story-a preamble about his upbringing, which had been indifferent, his struggle to get to Vienna, his loneliness there, all leading with inevitable steps to Marie. From that, if she did not utterly shrink from him, to his love for her,

It was his big hour, that hour on the balcony. reaching, through love, heights of honesty he had never scaled before. But as a matter of fact he reversed utterly his order of procedure. The situation got him, this first evening absolutely alone with her. That and her nearness, and the pathos of her bandaged, useless arm. Still he had not touched her.

The thing he was trying to do was more difficult for that. General credulity to the contrary, men de not eften make spoken love first. How many men propose marriage to their women across the drawing room or from chair to chair? Absurd! The eyes speak first, then the arms, the lips last. The woman is in his arms before he tells his love. It is by her response that he gauges his chances and speaks of marriage. Actually the thing is already settled; tardy speech only follows on swift instinct. Stewart, wooing as men woo, would have taken the girl's

Yes.

Harmony Collapsed in a Beap on the Floor of Her Ro

hand, gained an encouragement from it, ventured to kim it, perhaps, and finding no rebuff would then and there have crushed her to him. What need of words? They would follow in due time, not to make a situation but to

But he could not woo as men woo. The barrier of his own weakness stood between them and must be painfully taken down

"I'm afraid this is stupid for you," said Anita out of the silence. "Would you like to go to the music room?"
"God forbid. I was thinking."
"Of what?" Encouragement this, surely.

"I was thinking how you had come into my life, and stirred it up."

"Really? 17" You know that,"

"How did I stir it up?"

"That's hardly the way I mount to put it. You've changed. everything for me. I care for you-a very great deal.

He was still carefully in hand, his voice steady. And still he did not touch her. Other men had made love to her, but never in this fashion, or was he making love?

"I'm very giad you like me."
"Like you!" Almost out of hand that time. The thrill in his voice was unmistakable, "It's much more than that, Anita, so much more that I'm going to try to do a hideously hard thing. Will you help a little?"

"Yes, if I can." She was stirred, too, and rather frightened. Stewart drew his chair nearer to her and sat forward, his face set and dogged.

"Have you any idea how you were hurt? Or why?"

"Na. There's a certain proportion of accidents that occur at all these places, isn't there?"

"This was not an accident."

"The branch of a tree was thrown out in front of the sled to send us over the bank. It was murder, if intention in erime." After a brief silence

"Somebody who wished to kill you, or me?"

"Both of us, I believe. It was done by a weman - a girl, Anits. A girl I had been living with."

A brutal way to tell her, no doubt, but admirably muraeous. For he was quivering with dread when he said itthe courage of the man who faces a cannon. And here, where a less-poised woman would have broken into speech, Anita took the refuge of her kind and was silent. Stewart. watched her as best he could to the darkness, trying to gather further courage to go on. He could not see her face, but her singers, touching the edge of the chair, quivered.

May I tell you the rest?"

"I don't think I want to hear it." "Are you going to condemn roe unbeard?"

There isn't anything you can say against the fact?"

But there was much to say, and sitting there in the darkness he made his plea. He made no attempt to put his case. He told what had happened simply: he told of his loneliness and discomfort. And he emphasized the lack of sentiment that prompted the arrangement.

Anila spoke then for the first time: "And when you tried

to terminate it she attempted to kill you!"

"I was acting the beast. I brought her up here, and then neglected her for you."

"Then it was hardly only a husiness arrangement for

"It was at first. I never dreamed of anything else. I swear that, Anita. But lately, in the last month or two, abs-I suppose I should have seen that she -

"That she had fallen in love with you. How old is she?"

"Nineteen."

A sudden memory came to Anita, of a slim young girl, who had watched her with wide, almost childish eyes

Then it was she who was in the compartment with you on the train coming up?"

"Where with now?"

"In Vienna. I have not heard from her. Byrne, the thap who turns up to see me after the-after the accident, wert her away. I think he's looking after her.

I haven't heard from him."

Why did you tell me all this?" Because I love you, Anits. I want you

to marry me. What! After that?"

"That, or something similar, is in many men's lives. They don't tell it, that's the difference. I'm not taking any credit for telling you this. I'm ashamed to the bottom of my soul, and when I look at your bundaged arm I'm suicidal. Peter Byrne urged me to tell you. He said I couldn't get away with it; some time or other it would come out. Then he said something else.



"Peter, I Must Prepare My

Outfit: I lie to Minerica"

"He said you'd probably understand, and that if you married me it was better to start with a clean slate."

No love, no passion in the interview new. A clear statement of fact, an offer-his past against hers, his future with hers. Her hand was steady now. The light in the pricet's house had been extinguished. The chill of the mountain night penetrated Anita's white furs, and set her or was it the chill?-to shivering.

"If I had not told you, would you have married me?"
"I think so. I'll be honest too. Yes."

"I am the same man you would have married. Onlymore honest."

"I cannot argue about it. I am tired and cold."

Stewart glanced across the valley to where the cluster of villas hugged the mountainside. There was a light in his room; outside was the little balcony where Marie had leaned against the railing and looked down, down. Some of the arrogance of his new virtue left the man. He was suddenly humbled. For the first time he realized a part of what Marie had endured in that small room where the light burned.

"Poor little Marie!" he said softly.

The involuntary exclamation did more for him than any plea he could have made. Anita rose and held out her

"Go and see her," she said quietly. "You owe her that. We'll be leaving here in a day or so and I'll not see you again. But you've been honest, and I will be honest too. -I cared a great deal too."

"And this has killed it?"

"I hardly comprehend it yet. I shall have to have time to think.

"But if you are going away-I'm afraid to leave you. You'll think this thing over, alone, and all the rules of life you've been taught will come-

"Please, I must think. I will write you, I promise."

He caught her hand and crushed it between both of his. "I suppose you would rather I did not kiss you?" humbly.

"I do not want you to kiss me."

He released her hand and stood looking down at her in the darkness. If he could only have crushed her to him, made her feel the security of his love, of his sheltering arms! But the barrier of his own building was between them. His voice was husky.

"I want you to try to remember, past what I have told you, to the thing that concerns us both-I love you. I never loved the other woman. I never pretended I loved her. And there will be nothing more like that."

"I shall try to remember,"

Anita left Semmering the next day, against the protests of the doctor and the pleadings of the chaperon. She did not see Stewart again. But before she left, with the luggage gone and the flacre at the door, she went out on the terrace, and looked across to the Villa Waldheim, rising from among its clustering trees. Although it was too far to be certain, she thought she saw the figure of a man on the little balcony standing with folded arms, gazing across the valley to the Kurhaus.

Having promised to see Marie, Stewart proceeded to carry out his promise in his direct fashion. He left Semmering

(Continued on Page 57)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription \$1.06 the Year. Pive Cents the Copy of All Newsdealester To Canada—By Subscription \$1.75 the Year Discoupt in Tomorie. \$1.50. Single Copies, Five Casts.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Funci Union, Single Subscriptions, \$1.75. Sumitraneous to be Nace by International Puster Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 25, 1914

A Freight-Rate Puzzle

PEOPLE especially interested in that subject are asking themselves what effect the Panama Canal will have on railroad freight rates; and the only answer so far is that it will probably bring up anew that troublesome question of the long and short haul. To meet water competition railroads are permitted to charge more for a short than for a long haul—that is, the rate from Chicago to a point two or three hundred miles east of the Pacific Coast may be the rate from Chicago to the Coast plus the local rate from the Coast back to the point of destination.

The argument is that the rate to the Coast must be lowin order to meet water competition; and if the merchant three hundred miles east of the Coast pays the through rate plus the local rate from the Coast back, that is only what he would have to pay if his goods were shipped by water to the Coast and by rail from the Coast to his town.

That, however, does not altogether reconcile the merchant to paying, on a carload of goods from the East that stops in his town, exactly what he would have to pay if the car were hauled three or four hundred miles farther west and then back again.

More and more are rail rates in the mass held down to a point that will yield only a fair return on the capital invested. Now if rates, as a whole, yield only a fair return on the investment, and some of those rates—to meet water coropetition—are decidedly lower than others, it necessarily follows that the lower rates are producing considerably less than a fair return on the investment, while the higher rates are producing considerably more.

As water competition is increased by the Canal, inland people will probably be more diseatisfied with an arrangement under which they contribute disproportionately to the support of the roads.

The Special Court

CHICAGO, which blazed the way with a juvenile court, has since added a court of domestic relations and a morals court, and now proposes another special court to deal with youths. The fundamental idea behind these special courts is tremendously important, and we hope to see it pervade our whole system of criminal jurisprudence before many years. That fundamental idea is to deal with a culprit as a human being instead of dealing merely with his crime or disorder as an impersonal thing.

Here, say, is a youth who has stolen an article of a certain value. That is all the old statute wanted to know about him—simply that he was of a certain age and stole an article of a certain value. It then classed him as a thief and sent him to jail; but if the case were brought before you, you would ask: "What sort of youth is he! What is his record? What was his motive for stealing?"

It would make a great deal of difference to you whether his record had been good and he had stolen a scuttle of coal to keep his mother warm, or whether his record had been had and he had stolen a washerwoman's purse to get money with which to buy eigareties.

So all through the old criminal code: its attempt to deal merely with acts by hard and fast rules, without regard to the character, situation and metive of the persons who perform the acts, gives had results. These new special courts, each with a comparatively free hand within its field, can deal humanely with the people brought before them. They are our great invention in jurisprudence. We hope to see them multiply.

The Party's Breadbasket

IN PROSECUTING its heroic warfare on behalf of the plain people every political party - broadly speaking -- has been compelled to resort to ornamental people for its campaign funds. Before it could fire a shot at the citadels of special privilege it must go to some gentlemen inside those citadels for money with which to buy powder.

That this put the party in a rather anomalous and embarrassing position was long recognized. The history of the Republican party shows the logical result of this dependence on the privileged for munitions of war. In this country parties derived funds from the sale of offices or nominations for offices, and from contributions by benevolent gentlemen who had a direct stake in the tariff or some other governmental policy.

In England, ever since there were parties, the sale of titles of nobility has been a standard method of replenishing the party's coffer. A syniral peer recently observed in Parliament that the tiling had always gone no and doubtless always would; while another peer confessed that not long ago he endeavored to secure a substantial sum for party purposes on the pledge of a haronetey to the donor, but his tender was promptly rejected on the reasonable ground that his party was out of power and consequently unable to deliver the goods.

Naturally it is the Conservative party that is pressing the question over there, both because it is out of power and so has no titles to dispose of and because as soon as a Liberal contributor is made a peer he turns Conservative; so that, though the Liberals have him neatly off their hands, the Conservatives have him to live with for the remainder of his life. It is like rewarding a man who has assisted you to fight Smith by giving him a lifelense of a part of Smith's house. The noble Smitha do not like it. Publication of contributions on the American plan is suggested as a remedy.

Financial support of a party by its own rank and file ought to be the remedy. The time has come to political development when the continued usefulness of any party for which the rank and file will shout and vote, but which it will not support with money, is very questionable.

The Professional Consul

WE ARE not much interested in the diplomatic service, for its importance to the country is small. The non-sions when a minister or amhassador acts on his own initiative, except at a tea party, are so few as to be fairly negligible. Mr. Choate described the situation when he said that an ambassador was only a glorified messenger-boy.

The consular service, however, is capable of real and broad usefulness. It ought to be a hig trade-promoting agency, equipped to give the smaller manufacturers such comprehensive reports about foreign markets as the great exporters, like the oil and steel trusts, gain by maintaining expensive organizations of their own. It ought to be a national bureau of information on foreign social and commercial affairs. All this requires training and experience. It requires that spirit in the personnel which can be had only by making the consular service a profession, with security of tenure and certainty of promotion.

A good many young men in the consular service are now watching events at Washington with interest and a little apprehension. They went into the service only after our Government promised to make it a profession. Mainly they are the sert of young men who would not have gone into it unless it were made a profession.

From time to time rumors have arisen in Washington—happily unsupported by facts as yet—that there was to be a return to the old system of using the better consular positions as rewards for political activities. The better consular positions are law. Only two or three political appointments to the more attractive posts would be necessary to demoralize the whole consular service. The young men on whom its future depends would feel that the Government had broken faith with them; that energy and devotion on their part were thrown away. A single dubious appointment not long ago, and that by no means to a first-class post, sent a chill through the whole service.

With any considerable return to the spoils system, we might as well throw the consular service on the scrapheap.

The Speculator's Toll

ESSENTIALLY Berlin is as new as Chicago, and of about the same size. Both have sprung up overnight, so to speak, in the forcing-house of an industrial system which causes cities to sprout everywhere from the Danube to the Sacramento. The Chicagoan makes his own government; that of the Berliner is made for him. It is, therefore,

rather odd to find that in the first and most important item of civilized living the self-governing Chicagoan is mulcted to an extent which the governed Berliner would deem incredible and intolerable.

For equal living quarters a man of moderate means would pay in Chicago at least double the rent he pays in Berlin. The rent a New Yorker who is just comfortably off pays for his flat would procure him quarters in Berlin or Paris that an enthusiastic reporter might describe as palatial.

It is really extraordinary that in the matter of paying a monstrous toil to urban land speculators America far outstrips all European countries. The rent that almost any American city pays over and above what would be paid in almost any European city of corresponding size would support a dozen royal households and maintain a hundred dreadnoughts.

They Do Not Quite Like Us

THE United States is not very popular in France at present. That nation of small investors is peculiarly cautious and sensitive on the subject of bonds. It has by no means forgotten how we unloaded some rank Frisco securities in Paris just before the road confessed bankruptcy.

The general principle of our new tariff law, with low rates on necessities and high ones on luxuries, is admisted to be sound; but unfortunately France is almost exclusively an exporter of luxuries. Her wine and all merchants complain: "Instead of saying 'We will impose high rates on luxuries,' you might as well have said, 'We will impose high rates on French goods."

France has some interest in Panama Canal tolls and some stake in Mexico. In neither respect does she find satisfaction in our actions. The course pursued by our Treasury Department in regard to imports of French pottery was especially resented. There is undoubtedly a feeling that the United States holds France in rather light regard; and being held in light regard is probably less tolerable to the French than to any other people in the world.

On the other hand, prodigal circulation of American coin along the boulevards is duly appreciated; and the knowledge, based on long experience, that American visitors spend more morely and spend it more foolishly than any other nationality about squares the account.

Irritating Customs Practices

WE HAVE, after mighty effort, reformed our tariff law; but we do not seem to have reformed very greatly the method of enforcing it. Time out of mind our custom duties have been collected with a sort of inveterate suspicion and nagging jealousy that have provoked much righteous resentment. The guiding principle seems to have been to construe the law in whatever way would be least agreeable to the person paying the duty.

The matter of traveler's baggage is a relatively unimportant instance, yet that has created an amount of irritation which makes the money gained by it a very doubtful asset. Every successful department store, for example, suffers a certain constant amount of imposition and is perfectly aware of the fact, but would rather be imposed on than make a funs. The same thing is true of all good businesses. No good business insists on the last cent in every case. It is much better to suffer some petty impositions with a smile than to set the machinery so tight that its acreech is heard all over the place.

For half a century, of course, the basic idea of our tariff was that bringing foreign goods into the United States was an evil. Under that idea, to make importation as vexations as possible was perhaps the reasonable policy. The new law expresses a more liberal idea and ought to be enforced in a correspondingly liberal spirit.

Listing Real Estate

A COMMITTEE of the New York Real-Estate Board has reported favorably on a proposal to list their securities based on real estate, substantially as stocks and bonds are listed on the Stock Exchange, and to make an open, official market for them comparable to the Stock Exchange market for other securities.

Here would be a responsible and reputable body which would appoint a committee to examine securities that were effected for the list, to require exact statements concerning them, and to see that they had some substantial, honafide basis. The investor in such a security would know at least that he was not buying mere blue sky.

Taking it by and large, there is as much sheer take and fraud in the selling of real estate as in any other part of the investment field. This proposal looks only to the listing of securities based on real estate. In every large city we should like to see the real-estate board offer to list all extensive real-estate selling enterprises—all those that advertise, circularize or otherwise go out for a public hearing.

Under proper regulations any lot or acreage selling proposition that was not listed would be one for investors to let severely alone.

WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



A Gentleman With a Broad A and an Appetite for Street

TIBRARIES have been written about country boys who went to cities and there became masters of business, of finance, of politics, and of everything else in the line of endeavor that required stout hearts and willing hands-or. willing hearts and stout hands, as the various cases may have been.

Likewise libraries are being written about city boys who are going to the country-back to the soiland attaining that well-known and justly celebrated panacea for hilman woes, independence, through the medium of close communion with Nature, the tilling of the soil as opposed to the soiling of the till with the tainted money to be obtained in the busy marts of trade, and the manifold benefits of the

parcel past, which enables them to ship their produce direct to the consumer—from grower to growler, so to say.

Personally I applied both propositions, for I have tried them both; but it occurs to me that here, at this moment, it is time to say a few ringing words in behalf of the city toys who stayed in the cities; who fought their fights in or year the wards where they went to public school; and who,

struggling with the horrendous handicap of a metropolitan upbringing—for it is an awful thing to be a native of a city, as we have been told voluminously ushayed in and proved that now and then a looy who is born urbanly and remains urban is not, either congenitally or contemporaneously, always of no account.

Wherefore, casting about for a living example to cite as proof of my contention, my eye lights on the Honorable Billy Murray, of Boston-lights on Bill Murray and lingers there; and I cite him. I cite William Francis Murray, of Boston, who was born in Boston, has always lived in Boston, always intends to live in Boston, hopes to be buried in Boston, and has all the Boston attributes, including the broad A, the appetite for scrod, the firm belief that if Boston were expunged the universe would be eliminated and that Buffalo is out West.

I call your attention to the picture of the said Murray that snugly ensconced in the upper left-hand corner of this page. Observe that! If it is not a picture of a city boy; a boy who was reared on the pavements instead of in the fields; a boy who has been over seven since he was three; a boy who, from the top of his derby hat to the tipe of his shoes, radiates the wisdom of city ways; a boy who has always been familiar with street cars and big stores and theaters and ambulances and crowds, and keenly sophisticated as to all other city matters that are strange to the youth who wanders in from the farm—if that is not the picture of such a boy, then I have never seen such a picture or such a boy. And I've seen a million such boys and several such pictures.

At the present time William Francis Murray is thirtythree years old, and is serving his second term in Congress, from Boston, the place where he was born. That means he was elected to Congress when he was thirty, and it also means that occasionally a boy comes across in a city who was not brought into this vale of sorrows and deceit in an outlying district. There are others, of course, in our Congress; but not so many as you would think when the opportunities are considered—the opportunities in a numerical sense, I mean—and very few who came under the wire at such an early age.

It can be said, with due regard for conservative utterance, that Mr. Murray has been and is a busy little pot of baked beans. "Of course," he said to himself as he emerged from the first grades and sought sanctuary and a sheepskin at the Boston Latin School, "of course, I am penalized by a stroke a hole because I did not come down from Maine, and that may make it more difficult; but, that being as it may, I shall now begin an endeavor to put something over in my capacity as a Bostonian."

On the Air Line to Washington

AFTER he had finished with such Latin as was previded by the Boston Latin School he turned his face toward Cambridge, as all loyal Boston boys must, and matriculated at Harvard. He spent four years at that institution for the manicuring of young men, and two mure years at the Harvard Law School. The net result of these six years in a schedulatic sense was the beneficent bestowal on him by Doctor Eliot of the degree of bachelor of arts in 1904, and the further plastering of him with the degree of bachelor of laws, or something like that, in 1906. Thus equipped, he began the practice of art and the study of law. Neither degree, so far as can be learned, has had a deterrent effect on him, and he feels that he has lived them both down.

However, art and the law were not his sole concerns. While he was at Harvard he was a sort of a Signese-twin

student or a Siamese-triplet student. He studied—of course he studied. He received his degrees, didn't he? But other things concerned him to some extent. There was journalism, for example, and politics, and one or two little matters of similar import. They say his record for a sprint from a classroom to a newspaper office, thence to the meeting of a political club and back again, stands for all time as the low mark for such performances.

Gradually he concentrated on the law and on politics—
that is, gradually he expressivated on politics and the law.
The law is the handmaiden, valet, major-domo and the
general manager of politics. So are the lawyers. It must
be so. If we had no law we could have no lawyers—what
a calamity!—and if we had no politicians we could have no
law. Hence the lawyers go into politics in order that they
may make the laws, so there may be laws for the lawyers
to unmake.

Anyhow, young Mr. Murray not only felt it to be his duty to provide a few laws for his own use but, being of a genial and charitable and kind disposition, concluded that his sphere of influence was along those lines—politics and law. As is well known, law is not insistent. You can practice law or let it alone, as it pleases you. Politics, on the other hand, is not only insistent but persistent. Unless you practice politics constantly it will not be a case of your letting politics alone—politics will let you alone. The youthful Murray was soon in touch with the situation.

That denoted adaptability. Any person who is in touch with the Boston political situation may be said to be a good, capable, experienced situation-toucher. Boston politics eludes most persons who do not begin the persistent practice of it at the age of four years. Also, it cludes most persons who do so engage in it. Boston politics is a combination of race, religion, tradition, prejudice, inheritance, entails, ancestors, posterity, dogmatism, hatreds, friendships, history, prophecy, precedent, novelty, detusion, deception and desire. It has as many slants as a cubist picture of a man falling down stairs with a cookstove; as many angles as a rail fence; as many intricacies as a crystal mans. Some understand it; some comprehend it; some apprehend it; and many try to beat it.

Murray seems to have grasped the rudiments of it anyhow, for he had been but a short time out of the law

school—maybe it was while he was there—when he offered himself for the suffrages of his fellow citizens and was elected to the Boston City Council. That started him. He next seized on the Massachusetts House of Representatives and was triumphantly deposited therein. Then came the upward step that led to the Governor's Council, and after that it was but a short distance to Wash-

An alert and capable young fellow, he has good ideas and good sense. He talks well, makes friends, is open and aboveboard, and is popular with his colleagues. He has courage, says what he thinks, is not averse to a fight, and plays the game as it lies, with a strong predilection for having all the cards laid on the table. He is lively, energetic and busy every minute. Moreover, he has excellent material in him and will develop into a very useful legislator. He harbors the remarkable theory that a workable but not overworked phase of politics is to be frank and fair in his dealings with everybody.

Bearing all this in mind I cite Murray as Exhibit A in the class of city boys who stuck to the city and won out, as a proof of the contention that it is not absolutely necessary for a person to come from a farm to get anywhere in town. Sometimes the city boy lands, and William Francis Murray appears to be a rising young member of that aggregation.



The Camel Breaks Loose



The Children

who go to school this way breakfast on Quaker Oats. They get the cream of the oats-the large, luscious flakes—the most delicious food of its kind.



But so do the children who go to school this way, if their mothers know. For Quaker Oats, despite its quality, costs no extra price. And its flavor wins the children to this most important food.

Duaker Oats

The Flakes with the Luscious Flavor

Now a

25¢ Size

Now we put up a large package for 25 cents. It lasts nearly three times as long as the 10-cent size. And by saving in packing it offers you

10% More

For Your Money

Perhaps five million children, every day, get from Quaker Oats ten pounds of Quaker. But their study food and their food for that one-third, as delicious food,

Some are next door to you - some 10,000 miles away. For the mothers of a hundred nations send for Onaker Oats.

They insist on Quaker because it consists of just the rich, plump oats.

Cats with a flavor and aroma not found in puny grains.

A bushel of choice outs- of Quaker. 10c and 25c per Package

The Quaker Oals Company

Except in Far West and South

Remember this when you order. Quaker Oats brings a delightful dish. It brings you this energy food at its best

is worth the other

two-thirds.

And it brings you all this for one-half cent per serving.

Every home reached by this weekly can afford the luxury

weighing 32 pounds-yields but

Bank Stock as an Investment-By Roger W. Babson

MY PRIENDS have asked me to recon-cile the facts that, though I am an officer and a large stackholder in banking institutions, I at the same time advise others not to invest in bank stock. My reply is that in these SATURDAY EVENING POST articles I have been endeavoring to guide the small investor to sound financial practices, irrespective of personal interests. You may own a grocery store, yet you would feel free to advise small investors to invest in other securities rather than in stock in grocery steres. Well, banks are a good deal like grocery stores.

Experience shows that the success or failure of banks depends on the human laining of mans depends on the maman element. A bank cannot be run by rule; neither has it any monopoly. Bank management requires a wonderful combination of bonesty, fact and good judgment.

Among people of New England antecedents there exists an inherited predilection for bank stock. This is a natural reflection of the veneration in which their

reflection of the veneration in which their forbears held that class of investments. The spirit of the age, which is more active in showing up defects than in extolling virtues, shows that the idoi of gold has, at times, feet of clay. Bank stack that has been inherited along with family portraits and old chira constitues covers to tay. and old chins sometimes ceases to pay dividends—or, what is worse, declares Irish dividends. For the benefit of readers not posted on the technicalities of finance, I will say that an Irish dividend is an assessment.

First let us runsider the elements that affect the value of bank stock and note the use of the published reports of condition in arriving at the stock's investment merits. Fully years or so ugo the natural and most common use for excess funds was to organ-ize a local bank. Local money was loaned to finance local needs under the personal supervision of those most interested. The sibilities of the bankruptcy law were undeveloped and personal integrity was a dependable asset. With the high rates of interest then prevailing, the local bank was a good proposition from all standpoints. As the commodity dealt in by the banks—

that is, money—is the concentrated es-sence of all human endeavor, success or failure depends on the human elements governing the transaction of the business. The latitude permitted by the elasticity of modern busine modern business usage renders it impera-tive that credit should be based on facts rather than on sentiment.

How to Judge Bank Management

In other words, though most business is conducted with honest intentions, there is not the moral or social opprobrium attached to the financial delinquent that existed in those early days. In a business where the losses, expenses and profits are recovered from a gross return of two or three per cent on the total overturn, the errors resulting from an excess of either conservation or liberality are very potential in results. A bank reflects both local and world con-ditions; and on the ability of the manage-

ment properly to decide today's small and great questions depends the prosperity of the institution. Is the bank you have under consideration a nursing bottle for infant industries—or is it an invigorator for senile decay? Is it dominated by a progressive spirit, full of hope, optimism and thrift, tempered by good judgment as to probabilities? Is it a bank where the majority of the stock is held by live directors, or by women and estates -so that the local cemetery is the only place where a stockholders' meeting can be held with a certainty of having a quorum present? Are the directors cuming or going? Are they full of industry and courage? Or are they like the last leaves—unwilling to let go? These are the human assets or liabilities, as the case may be, which cannot be found in a report of condition; but they are the factors that decide whether your prospective bank stock is a good or a bad investment.

National and state laws require that all banks under their authority shall furnish, when requested, sworn statements of condition at the close of business on certain dates-generally a few days past. In the case of national banks these calls are made at least five times a year and to a certain extent periodically. Two copies are made in detail, each showing the salient facts affecting the bank's stability as shown by the books on that date. One copy is sent to the Government authorities at Washington and the other cupy is kept on file for verification by the examiner on his pest visit. These reports show the amount of stock held by the several directors, as well as the amount of loans made to them and to

as the amount of loans made to them and to interests with which they may be affiliated. These reports also show all loans in excess of the prescribed limit; maturity and character of all loans; nature of the items comprising the bonds and securities account; amount of cash on hand and in banks; average of cash reserve held for thirty days previous; the amount of money borrowes from other banks; interest paid and character and see an account of the security and see an account of the security days previous; the amount of money borrowest from other banks; interest paid and charged, and so on. A concise state-ment of the bank's condition is demanded. in fact, and may be considered as mathe

matically correct.

For the purpose of comparison, it will be better for the investor or young business man to use the report made in response to a call rather than one voluntarily published, as bank officials are sometimes not above selecting opportune times for issuing re-ports. I have even known instances where they have loaned themselves money to fatten up deposits. Did it ever occur to the reader that a bank can at any time easily increase its deposits one hundred thousand dollars by loaning five of its friends twenty-five thousand dollars each, with the understanding that they should each have twenty thousand dollars of their loan on deposit It is a sort of perpetual-motion affair; nevertheless it does the trick.

Conditions Revealed by Figures

National banks are also required to fur-National banks are also required to furnish a condensed statement to a local new-paper for publication, and this is the report that will be available for the people inter-ested. A copy of the published report is attached to the sworn statement of the publisher attesting publication and forwarded to the Government authorities for comparison with the other detailed report, mentioned before.

Any discrepancies between the published and the detailed reports must be accounted for and corrected. This is done in order to be sure that you and other people interested may have an opportunity to know, if you wish, just how your bank's affairs are being conducted.

conducted.

An omission of the item of bills payable including certificates for money borrowed, from the published report of the condition of a large city bank once started an investigation that resulted in the bank's going into the hands of a receiver. The discrepancy caused the investigation, and not the fact itself. These reports show the condition as of record, but are no criterion of the financial possibilities—except when used for comparison with some previous reports of the same institution. All assets, as shown by the report, are considered good, whether they are so or not. Their real worth is problematical. To illustrate this point, a report will be analyzed that was approved and published about two years ago:

REESOURCES.	
Leans and disposents	\$502,405.52
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	940.41
United States bonds, to secure circula-	
ting	150,000.00
United States bonds, to secure United	35.00
States deposits, \$10,000; to secure	
pretal savings, \$5,000	35,000,00
United States bonds on hand	25,000.00
Premiums on United States bonds	2,000.00
Bindrand reparities	475,421.00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	40,000,00
Other rual estate owned	36,000,00
Due from approved reserve agents	370,500.22
Checks and other each items	1,339,14
Notes of other national banks	1,370.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and	
reeti	1,225.00
Lawful money reserve in bank namely,	
special, \$19,700; legal-tender notes,	
\$30,200	69,900.00
Redemption (und with United States	

Treasurer - 5 per cent of circulation

Total + - - : 31,685,654.60

4.550.00

LIABILITIES

ord thick paint in	\$ 150,000,00
in shed	50,000,00
moisi profits, less expenses and	1000
nampaid .	880.15
Armed heaknetes out: tanding	147,050:00
mirodramand	772.00
troal deposits, subject to check	1,237,163.95
ancied objekts	656.86
pher's checks outstanding	2,582,44
- 16 (States deposits \$1,000.00)	
myshie, including certificates of quarter money borrowed	94,499,96
	\$1,685,654.60

perficulty this would seem to be god report, with the stock showing a book his of one hundred and thirty dollars. To principal causes for criticism may be used in the apparently small undivided into and the fact that the bank is borrowor unity-five thousand dollars in round per-presumably paying five or six great interest thereon, and carrying with serie agents the sum of three hundred bilder cent.

The stem of undivided profits might be gustified from many causes. Assumm made a distribution on January first, to looks would have been closed at that set juying two per cent interest semi-disally, and due January fifteenth, on a spect of five hundred thousand dollars, the would also have cut down the profits whis time. If other current expenses were as theosand dollars all these items-munting to eleven thousand dollarsand out of the earnings between January in soi the date of the report, say, Feb-ary twenty-second, would have caused to suit. These earnings could be easily stand as follows:

- e Government b		Liston	\$1,000.00
other bonds,	2300	114,000	3,420,00
cirret, and so on		10 1	2,490.15
Total			\$11,880.15
amount paid out	2.5		11,000.00
Delivited profits, lesso in te	reet		\$880(1)

In same proportionate income will conwring dividends, amounting to six per my a year, and carry three per cent and any to the surplus fund. This is based on the supposition that the assets were inmed on an average return basis of four mis quarter per cent. Hence the above soit shows a book value of about one levind and thirty dollars, constantly incessing and about have had a market of a of about one hundred and twenty mars. I say should have; but, in fact, which is now in process of liquidation another bank. The report showed the set to be sound: but an analysis of the we low shows an entirely different state

Analyzing the Report

1-Louns and Discounts. This item ind be worth its book value; but, in a rarely is for liquidation. So long as mested, this bank would probably have studerest in full and be considered good. The however, had, I believe, been made that than sound business reasons—so that should have been cleaned up of 120, before the security was impaired. penlative account was accepted of wrose personal influence was substiset for the usual margin of safety that and exist on loans secured by collateral avery speculative nature. Time might remedied this fault or enlarged it, seeding on the market. For liquidating these the loan account of most national the may be reduced about five per cent. the case of the bank in question this

a value of, say, four hundred and that five thousand dollars.

I mird States Bonds. For reasons in model by mational banks, the bonds wooded by national banks, the bonds of them for securing circulation have braised greatly—not on account of a security behind them, but because to low income derived from them—to about two per cent. Honds bought a tremum not only have lost that the but have also depreciated in some—a much as from five to ten per lose assets in the above case show a security logicating purposes—of say five

- for liquidating purposes -of, say, five

thousand dollars, including the asset. Premium on United States Bonds.

3-Bonds and Securities. This account shows the value at which the different items comprising it are carried on the books-generally the price at which they were pur-chased. Owing to market conditions such securities have recently fallen off greatly in value in the case of almost all banks, not only on average but because purchased for speculative possibilities rather than investment. Time might have shown gains far in excess of present recessions; but for our purpose we shall consider a less of only five per cent on this item, say, twenty-five thousand dollars - not excessive, but quite

a sum if charged against earnings.

4-Banking House, Furniture and Fixfurez. This item comprises the office build-ing, vault, furniture, and so on. Good, sound, conservative banking policy charges off a certain percentage of the cost of these items every year. Facts show that, except in extreme cases, such property depreciates very rapidly, and for realization purposes a bank vault is practically worthless. Who fancies second-hand bank furniture? As a

nelling proposition this item would show a value of only twenty-five thousand dollars. 5—Other Real Estate. National banks are forbidden by law to loan money for mortgages on real estate, or hold-except for office purposes – any real estate; though they can take the same to secure debts previously contracted. This was the case in this instance; and the property, instead of being worth the amount stated, was worth only, say, about six thousand dellars, being a sawmill site after the lumber had been sold from the neighborhood. The assets as above analyzed show a loss as follows:

5940,041	
Depreciation of United States bombs	\$ 5,000
Premium on United States bonds	2.000
Banking house and fixtures	15,000
Other real netate	50,600
Bonds and securities	25,000
Leam and discounts .	25,000
Total depreciation	Simple

Cash items are worth one hundred per cent cash and need not be considered, as the only fact affecting them would be the downright dishonesty of the officers. The above losses, if not adjusted by time and exertion, would eliminate the stockholders' equity. Those in touch with the above affair consider that, as a going proposition, under proper executives, the losses may be recovered; but stress is laid on the personal equation.

Reports of Trust Companies

To emphasize that feature is the purpose of this article. The above conditions were developed under a régime where the direc-tors were dominated by a strong personality and, for various reasons, temporized, condoned or abetted tendencies that cumulatively were disastrous.

For comparison I will illustrate how the same report would appear if published for a trust company, where the personality of the directors was different. In this case we will assume that the executive committee controls the majority of stock, both in fact and in name, and that any loss will be felt by them more than all others. Hence selfish reasons insure a continuation of a policy that is profitable, both to the com-munity and the institution. The same report, if issued by them, would cut up about as follows except the two items of Bonds to Secure Circulation and Banknotes Outstanding:

1-Louns and Discounts. Every borrower is given to understand that his loan has a definite maturity and that the promses made at the time of borrowing will be fulfilled. The loan must be paid or reduced as agreed on. This condition is satisfactory to coming men, but not to going ones. The result of this policy is that the loan account very much alive, or amply secured by collateral capable of liquidating above the loaning value, the whole account being worth ninety-nine per cent on six months' time. The policy was outlined by the directors as follows: "Mr. B., when we have the money we have the say about it: but when you have borrowed it you have

the say."

2 - United States Bonds. As a trust empany has no use for holding United States honds, this feature may be eliminated. Though the trust company in question holds some state bonds that have depre-ciated, these, unlike some United States bonds, have a definite maturity; and the



Ever Written

Gay Vienna Went Dance-Mad Over It

1 L. Asserica and Europe today are tast in the spell of the Dance. The facinating, treshtlife rhythms of today's mode melant young and old alike - are them to a new and public exhibitation, which are a expension in the Hestudian, Tanga, One Sup, ex-

first years ago, just another such trace of eligibin swep; the two cominotes. Johann Straga's forecas orchestra twas the sensation not only of Vitnus the all flarges. And the "Beamlife! Blue Dambe" walts lives only an spilaring favorer. Great emerce plantas like Josef Halmans include it in that posture. Dancers the trurid over demand it for their bullroom impac-

Flay M The Beautici Blue Danube" on your Virtuolo Player Pape by Jimme), and its beweeking spell fives anew. You know then what if it to have the source shortent stime your very pulses and self you to keen production.

Recurse the Virtuals makes you assessed of our plenty. Its simple Acordo furtime francisce your very feelings into the music, and you find you're self playing its and im, just listening, and almost forgetting that you are doing the playing. No player mule puts more duck and ye late dance more;

HALLET & DAVIS

THE INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

V = 100 em berr, pay the Virtuals in on view and rown the country own And we would be splenchers you man or most and playing the risks of Employing

Plung, the to red mark legitimes in

Every Home Can-Own a Versiolo

The Victoria In No. Harin in Dron Plans - COLUMN TO POST AND Section Direct Wales tic based 'Area' COLUMN TARREST Indiana take www.Fi Percentage. The Printers Toyston, 5 malitiment for model



Service Control Column PAC

horses \$450. Out Charge Science Plan parties out to while law, to be Victoria Victoria Victoria personal authorizing authorize

You would notice after the process. per player unto por have bluorigated this great Street,

Send for the Free Virtuola Book

The sock expense she Venne o different from sine man player pome, so a reth the Hittage Part Plant to female amount to add in furnities Payers.

Mrt artis analysis William Today - he one for pic torough a charge so he got.

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.

BRANCHES: CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

BEST DEALERS IN ALL CITIES

HALLET & DAVIS BUILDING 146 Buyiston Street, floate HALLET & DAVIS BUILDING

18 East 42nd St., New York

Los Angeles

Lawavilla

Memphia

Milwaukee

Minusmeetis



city of North America.

SERVICE BRANCHES

Newsels, N. J. New Orleans New York Omaha Philodolphia Pitting Fortland, Ove. Reclaster St. Lawis St. Paul Salt Lake Dity. San Francisco Swattfe Syrucus Weshington William Barre Youngstown THE CARADIAN

II. W. JOHNS. MANVELE COMPANY.W Montreal Winspry

Vancentee

Right on the Job in Time of Need First There's nothing in this horn your hand or elbow assuring cost the only cost I nere a norming to the norm your name or enow assuring to get out of order. It never certain and orders response. Amount of pressure toristics of entered of intensity and duraelectrical. It employs no barreries fails at the critical or with leaves nothing to Machine-cot, bardened gears It is operated with and ball-bearing observe-

the assurance of a Service that is in

actual operation in every important

Works with the Enginenot against it

Never 24 hap 15 or 15 drags 24. Built on a precipie that gives the ecures complete automatic control over the Comment and Ton P. and Comments.

Carter Carburetor

Matting-jut Principle

Effects a real increase in acatesmy, ficability and power. Allows lower throttle, images marked "peck-up" and estimated conservatively, save

Performances Speak Louder than Words

OTHER JOHNS-MANVILLE AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES

Jones Speedometer Johns-Manville Shock Absorber

chance-

J.M Non-Burn Brake Linny

Spark Plug

J-M Lens (Non-Blinding) G-P Muffler Cut-Out "Noark" Englosed Fuses J-M (Merger) Sout-Proof J-M Fire Extinguisher

J-M Dry Butteries Spark-No Hungler Alarm Armid Electric Vaporuer Arunid Electric Heating Plags J.M Mobilion Electric Lampi

Write several Branch for booklets

H.W. JOHNS-MANVILLE

book loss will be recovered, as there is no question in regard to the security.

3-Bonds and Securities. In this item appears the value of personality. These directors, qualified by personal experience and observant students of the trend of things, buy bonds at intervals. If the report of condition of a year previous were available it would be seen that the item "with reserve agents" was far above legal requirements, and the stock and bond accounts would be correspondingly small, instead of being, as at present, far above apparent needs. The bond account, as it stands, represents values arrived at as follows:

There is a tide in the affairs of finance as well as of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. The investment board of this company maintains a Burke's Peerage of investments and buys only securities of good character and antecedent—and then only at certain times when prices are low, considering the law of action and reaction in accordance with deductions justified by broad experience. Purchases are made in blocks of five thousand to ten thousand dollars, at prices that are attractive by comparison with prices over a term of years as an investment proposition.

The Stock and Bond Accounts

Should these investments show an appre ciation, a portion of them will be sold; though, imstead of carrying the profit to the profit account and paying out the same as dividends, the balance of the item is carried at the book value. In the reports of condition made by trust companies the market value is published as well as the book value. Consider this when you review the next published report. Should you, however, and that the stock and bond accounts show a shrinkage there is no cause for alarm, as probably every other banking institution is in the same class. Remember that fresh eggs are sixty cents a dozen in December thirty-five cents in May, and the intrinsic value is no less at one time than at the other. When the bond account of a con-servative institution is low probably every other unit of value is correspondingly low. At that time show your confidence in your directors and sit tight. To return and illustrate: The Company

purchased on a sound investment basis in

1907:

\$13,000 American Telephone and Tele-\$12,450,00

graph Convertible 4% bends, at \$3 It had said previous to January, 1912: \$12,000 of the bonds at the average price 312,000,00

The remaining \$3,000 of bends are new carried at .

The objection may be raised that this is a misleading entry; but as the entry is ap-parent to every auditor and examiner, and is a counterbalance offsetting future losses that are bound to occur, I claim that the entry is correct. Numerous instances like the above will explain why the bond account will read: Market Value, \$500,000; and Book Value, \$475,421.

4—Honking House Furniture and Fixtures. In this case the fixtures include a

safe-deposit vault that is a profitable prop-osition and which has already been charged

off filty per cent; and, as a going proposi-tion, the item is well worth the book value, 5—Other Real Estate. As trust companies are allowed to loan on mortgages as well as hold real estate it is safe to assume that the properties are worth the prices as carried; for if the property was taken to eatisfy a mortgage it may be presumed that the margin allowed for safety when the mortgage was placed has been protected. When a national bank holds real estate it may be safe to assume that the property was taken as a last resort at a price above the owner's equity; for, if below, the owner would have taken it and paid the loan. So probably the national bank gets in on top, while the trust company gets in at the bottom.

These citations show why the bank might be forced to liquidate and the trust company become a going proposition, with the stock having a market value of one bun-dred and fifty dollars bid and one hundred and fifty-five dollars asked; and both reparts of conditions might be mathematically

Hence whether the stock you are considering is or is not a good investment propesition depends entirely on the personality of the management. Before buying, compure the available reports to ascertain the trend of progress, and whether assets that

are bound to depreciate are charged off or not. The bank going ahead is anxious to do so; the others cannot. Is the stock seeking a buyer or a seller? And in the last analysis consider the question: How do the directors size up as men?

My attention was recently called to the personal element very emphatically. An institution that had, under the impetus gained by the advent of new management, made a very substantial gain was commencing to retrograde. The novelty wearing off, vigilance was relaxed and conditions de-veloped that had no business justification. A strong personality present took exception to the trend and prescribed drastic remedies. This being unpopular, the doctor was fired; but his prescription was taken and the institution prospered.

Already the corner is turned and a continuance of the present policy will result in the institution's becoming creditable and profitable; and those who shouldered the load will be rewarded. The stock, with a book value of one hundred and thirty dollars. and a very limited market round one hundred dollars, will probably become scarce-

except at higher prices.

As an investment proposition pure and simple I should advise letting banking institutions alone. If you are interested for sentimental reasons there is an opportunity to give good service to your community by supporting a local institution that, if rightly conducted, may be as beneficial as the church—or, on the other hand, if misconducted, an unmitigated evil.

If all these conditions are natisfactors

If all these conditions are satisfactory, and the return is attractive, there exists no financial reason why the purchase should not average as well as any, always remem-bering that you will be financially as well as morally responsible for the delinquencies of the institution to the extent of one hundred per cent assessment. If not prepared to let your head and hand accompany your pocketbook, let the stock alone.

A Bank's Main Asset

The men are the main asset. Because a bank has degenerated and the stock is low may mean an opportunity for profit when new blood takes hold. On the other hand, the stock may be high and the causes that made

stock may be high and the causes that made for success may have been removed.

Note who the president of the bank is and whether he is a sound, substantial busi-ness man, standing for what is best in the community, or a politician living on his wits and the troubles of others. Note whether the officers of the bank have themselves made successes in life, transacting their own business as they should, living well within their means; or whether they are beavy horrowers of money—just scrub-bing along to make ends meet. The person-nel of the management is the real asset of a bank, and on that the real value of your bank stock depends.

Now in this vale of tears-when man is here today and gone tomorrow-is not the personality of a board of directors rather a slim asset? Personally I think it is; and, though I hold stocks in banks of which I am a factor, yet I do not want any stock in banks with which I am not thoroughly acquainted.

This means that the young business man should purchase bank stock only of institu-tions with which be deposits and is thoroughly acquainted, treating such stock not as an investment but as a side business interest. When the young business man dies, however, his wife and children should

make haste to dispose of his bank stock.

Women should do this not only out of
duty to themselves but for the sake of the community. The great trouble with many banks today is—as I have already sug-gested!—that their stockholders' meetings must be held at the local cemetery in order to get a real quorum! This is wrong. The majority of the stock of a bank should be owned by the directors. That is the only thing which makes directors careful and thoroughly interested in their work. Hence avoid stocks of banks where the owners are quietly resting in the local cemetery!

The greater the percentage of stock represented on the board of directors, the better the bank; but the greater the percentage represented in the cemetery, the

worse off is the bank.

Hence, when widows and children come to me asking about the bank stock they have inherited, I say: "Sell it to some one on the board of directors, in order that the owner thereof may attend meetings in person and not in spirit only."

The Wage-earner as AN INVESTOR

Cantinued from Poge 12

When you come to the ordinary savings and loan associations among employees in large concerns you find such a bewildering array that, with the limited space remaining, I can only point out those which are either striking in formation or unique in method of teaching the thrift habit. In most of these organizations the method is the same. It involves systematic

savings of sums from five cents a week up. fines for non-payment of dues, and the lending of money to members at minimum rates of interest and on character. In the main there are two procedures. One provides for a definite period of saving, with a distribu-tion of deposits and profits once or twice a year: the other is like a savings bank, in which the accumulations continue from year to year. With few exceptions, the as-sociations are conducted by and for the workers.

The Savings and Loan Department of the Celluloid Company of Newark will illus-trate the series of deposits system. Memtrate the series of deposits system. Mem-bers pay weekly installments in sums of twenty-five cents or multiples. A fine of five cents is imposed for failure to deposit. On June fifteenth and December fifteenth the deposits and profits are distributed. A small surplus is kept for a sinking fund. To encourage the men and women to keep de-cents interest, a small results is attached for posits intact, a small penalty is attached for

all withdrawals.

One aid to saving by this system is well worth duplicating everywhere. Scattered throughout the factory are receptacles for the deposit of money. On payday, or any other day, an employee with a loose quar-ter jingling in his pocket can put it in an envelope provided for the purpose, and drop it into the nearest box, from which it will be taken out at night and deposited to his credit. If he had kept that quarter an bour longer it might have been wasted on some unless expense. The officers of the fund find that these boxes are a great incentive to small envire. small saving.

Department-Store Savings Systems

The same plan is in operation at the Sears-Roebuck Company, in Chicago, where deposits may begin with five cents. On some days hundreds of nickels in as many envelopes are found in the deposit boxes.

The H. B. Claffin Mutual Benefit Association, in New York, has a Poor Box, into which applications for loans are dropped. This enables the berrower to make his re-

which applications for loans are dropped. This enables the borrower to make his request without publicity. A loan committee, composed of employees, meets every day to consider the applications.

The yearly clean-up of thrift results—make in December—is shown in the work of the Employees' Bank of the Rogers-Peet Company, in New York. Here you have five different banks—three in retail stores, one in the factory and one in the wholesale department—all under one central control. Savings from fifty cents up to ten dollars a week are received. In order to secure the largest possible number of depositors the week are received. In order to secure the largest possible number of depositors the earnings, which largely come from loans, are divided share and share alike. Thus the employee who has saved only fifty dollars getz as much dividend as his colleague who has piled up two hundred dollars. This prevents a few from monopolizing all the profits.

Still another type of annual distribution of savings is exemplified by the Strawbridge & Clothier Savings Fund, of Philadelphia, which has distributed \$1,757,228.23 since its organization thirty years ago. The spe-cial feature is that any depositor may re-invest a part of his savings in a special and permanent fund, which is put out to work. Thus he can have one savings deposit for emergencies and another for money that he does not want to touch.

The beginnings of some of these associations are picturesque. The Deposit and Loan Bureau of the Filene Cooperative Association, composed of employees in a large Boston department store, is a case in point. For years there was no organized agency for

saving in the establishment.

Then a man entered the employ who had notions about thrift. He started a little bank in his right rear trousers pocket; accepted small deposits; banked them, and turned them back when the saver needed funds. The deposits grew so heavy that the pocket could not accommodate them; so the bureau was started, which now contains a membership of 1661 depositors out of a possible 2089.

The bank has an office in the store, re-ceives deposits from five cents up, and pays interest at the rate of five per cent. Loans are made on character at the rate of one cent on a dollar a month.

cent on a dollar a month.

Last November it was decided to wage a campaign for five hundred members in five days. The store was canvassed and ten more than the required number were secured in the stipulated time. Nor does the bureau rest on its laurels—it wages a constant crusade to bring everybody within the conservation fold. On January third every clerk who was not a depositor received this notice: notice:

"This is the first Saturday of the New Year and it is the time to begin a regular system of saving money. Resolve to de-posit a certain fixed sum in the bank regu-larly every week and not to withdraw any part of it until your savings have reached a contain sum? certain sum."

Another notice that went to every employee was:

"If you are in need of money don't go to outside moneylenders or loan sharks. The Deposit and Loan Bureau is ready to help you in all such cases. No reasonable request for a loan is ever refused. All loans are strictly confidential,"

No less picturesque was the inaugural of the Penny Bank in the factory of the Joseph & Feiss Company, in Cleveland. Here the sex line isstrougly drawn among the workers. One day during the recreation period a group of girls who sewed at the same table began

"Let's save them for a certain purpose,"
spoke up a thrifty Hungarian maiden.
They took the forewoman into their con-

fidence; and out of it grew a bank that now includes the majority of employees and pays six per cent interest. The firm lends worthy borrowers reasonable sums and charges no

One particularly helpful feature of this thrift system is the definits effort made to teach employees—especially women—the value of money. If a girl comes to work wearing a flashy pair of white shoes her forewoman asks her what she paid for them. As usually happens, the girl has been over-charged for an inferior quality of footwear. Her chief then gives her a little lesson in economic and practical purchasing. Again, if a girl wears a lot of false hair and is gen-erally overdressed she is cautioned about simplicity of attire and the wisdom of con-mentrating on work and not on survey. centrating on work and not on appurel.

The Diminishing-Deposits Plan

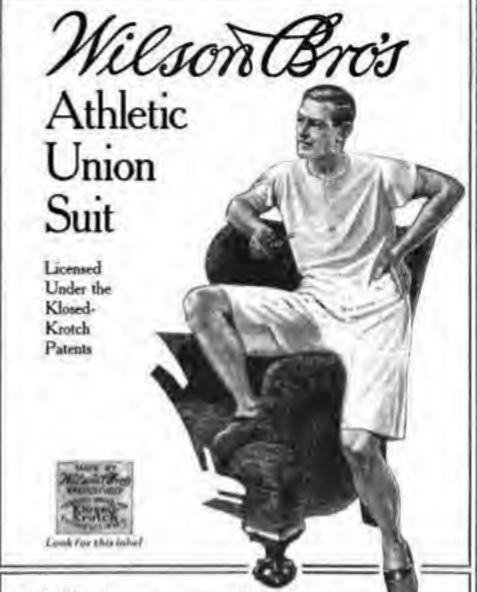
Many savings and loan associations issue stock. The employees of the John Wana-maker Philadelphia Cooperative Association can buy both common and preferred. The preferred, for instance, has a par value of ten dollars, pays six per cent, and may be bought or weekly installments of twenty cents. Money is loaned to shareholders at six per cent a year.

Every possible aid to thrift is given in this store. There is even a John Wanamaker Junior Savings Fund, which receives deposits from fire posts its. As in the Filmon

posits from five cents up. As in the Filene store, the employees are canvassed in order to make them save. A retired member of the staff makes it his business to advise his old co-workers about safe investments.

A unique plan of saving is in operation among the employees of the New York Life Insurance Company. Each person desiring **SCLITMG** beginning of the year. He is then required to deposit one dollar on the first Monday in January; ninety-eight cents on the second Monday; ninety-six cents on the third Monday - and so on - the deposits decreas-ing by two cents a week until fifty deposits are made. By the middle of December the depositor has saved about twenty-five dollars. Any member who is more than three days late with his deposit is fined ten per cent of the amount due.

Any one withdrawing before the end of the series is taxed ten per cent of the sum he or she has on deposit. Loans are made



CASE in every pose. Smooth—convenient—comfortable. Permanently closed crotch gapless. No edges or buttons between the legs. Separate openings front and rear. Wilson Bros. have the exclusive right to use this patented closed crotch on this style of union suit - \$1.00 and up for men; 50 cents and up for boys.

> Other furnishings bearing the Wilson Coros mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Heatery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, etc.



Wilson Bros - Chicago



on the unindersed note of the employee if he is known to the treasurer of the fund. The most desirable feature of this fund is the excellent way it encourages continuous

saving.

Sometimes the savings and loan association is operated in conjunction with a regu-lar savings bank. Chicago furnishes an illustration with the Hibbard, Spencer & Bartlett Company Employees' Savings and Loan Association. The Northern Trust Company supplies the passbooks, deposit slips and loose-leaf ledger pages. Every Friday a bank representative comes to the store and receives the deposits. The mini-mum is twenty-five cents a week. Earnings are from three sources-from the bank, which paye three per cent; from loans made to members at six per cent; and from in-vestments of the surplus in bonds. Last year the depositors got a total of 7.08 per

cent on their money.

The firm has encouraged the movement to the extent that on the first of this year it issued a letter to all employees cautioning them to be prudent, and stating, among

other things:

"A man or woman who is saving money is more valuable to an employer than one who is spending the last dollar.

More intimate is the system used by the National Clock & Suit Company, in New York, which employs three thousand girls, mest of whom are of foreign birth or ex-traction. Many have family burdens; so the plan has been to encourage them to start saving with a penny. As soon as the girl indicates her intention to become a regular saver she is given an envelope, which is placed is the custody of the paymaster.

When she has saved a dollar the company

starts an account in her name at the Excel-sior Savings Bank. This enables the girls, who would shy at going to the bank them-selves, to become regular depositors. The envelope is used for the accumulation of the second dellar; and it goes, in turn, to the bank. The paymaster keeps the bank books. Thus the girls cannot withdraw money without giving an excellent reu-son. This firm lends money to its employ-ees at a nominal rate of interest. Out of eleven thousand dollars leaned last year the loss was under one hundred dollars.

This leads us naturally to thrift among people who work in lanks. You would naturally suppose that men and women who toll in the very atmosphere of money would be savers; but experience shows that they used incentive and encouragement.

Thrift Among Young Bankers

One of the most striking of all these systems is employed by a great international banking bross that has branches all over the world and a very large one in New York. It combines automatic saving and an old-age pension. In order to make the saving systematic the bank deducts five per cent of every employee's salary each month, and with it deposits to his credit a sum equal to twice the amount of his savings. This so-called Provident Fund receives interest

from the firm at five per cent a year.
Unlike the Metropolitan Fund it has no twenty-year clause. Any employee who re-tires after a reasonable service can take out all he has put in, together with the bank's generous contribution. One reason for this generosity is that these employees serve in every section of the globe. They are subject to tropical fevers and the hazard of life

in strange regions.

Most of the big banks in New York have sayings organizations among their employ-ses. In the Guaranty Trust Company, for instance, the Guaranty Club has a straight savings club that receives deposits from one dollar a week up. Under the auspices of a savings committee, and with the advice of the bank officials, it invests the proceeds in high-class securities. Last year the fund earned nearly eight per cent. An employee may buy stock in the company through this The same system obtains in the Bankers' Trust Company.

The National City Bank accepts deposits of employees—who have a club—and pays them six per cent on sums up to five hun-dred dollars. The house of J. & W. Seligman & Company, in giving its employees their Christmas bonus—usually twentyfive per cent of their salaries bands over only half in cash and deposits the remainder

in a savings fund. And so it goes all over the country. Even the smaller towns have joined this thrift procession. The First National Bank, of

Joliet, Illinois, which wages a very intelligent campaign for savings deposits, in-cluding the collection of school children's deposits by automobile, has an Employee' Savings and Profit-sharing Fund that netted forty-five per cent on the investment last year. These employees save one-tenth of their salaries each month, which is used by the bank. At the end of the year the bank adds to the fund an amount equal to two and a half per cent of all dividends paid

during the year.

An imposing tribute to the scope of these organizations is found in the assets of the Pennsylvania Railroad Savings Fund, which has \$5,884,575 to its credit in such which has \$5,384,575 to its creat in such ultra gilt-edged securities that the annual return is only three and a half per cent. The employees of the Cumberland Telephone & Telegraph Company—part of the Bell system in the South—have rolled up nearly a million and a half dollars, on which

they receive five per cent.

Of course the regular purchase of stock in curporations is really a form of saving, especially when it follows the plan put in operation by the United States Steel Corporation. Any employee, from laborer up, can indi-cate the installment he wants to pay each month for stock and this sum is deducted from his pay. The stock is offered at a price that is usually one point below the market at the time of the offer. That the employees appreciate the opportunity is shown by the startling fact that last year 35,460 pur-chased 59,502 shares.

Christmas Clubs

All systematic saving by workers is not done through their own organizations, bow-ever. Vastly differing agencies, with a multitude of purposes, carry the gospel of thrilt to factory and fireside. Take the Vacation Savings Fund, which is under the wing of the National Civic Federatios. Beginning as a modest medium to provide summer holidays for tired shopgirls in New York, it has grown into a nation-wide protest against

Useless Christmas giving.
Then, 100, there is the Christmas Club. which began, like so many of these movements, in a very unusual way. Some years ago a shrewd and live-minded young man worked as an accountant in a bank at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. He noticed that a clerk employed in a local factory deposited about three hundred dollars every month on his own account. The observer was especially interested when the clerk drew sat the whole sum about the middle of Decrees. the whole sum about the middle of Decemher. The live-minded young man, whose name was Herbert F. Rawll, investigated and found that the large and persistent de-positor was the Santa Claus of the establishment where he worked. He collected the savings each month, deposited them to his own credit, and got the interest for his part in the transaction. He had persuaded his co-workers that the only way they could have a Christmas surplus was through him.

"If this scheme is so good for one man in one town it ought to be good enough for some other men in a great many towns,

said Mr. Rawll.

So he devised the Christmas Club scheme, by which regular weeldy deposits, which may begin with two cents, create the heliday fund. It is now employed by more than a thousand banks throughout the United States. Last year these clubs had two million members, who saved forty million dollars.

What then is the lesson of this organized movement for thrift that extends from coast

to coust?

It has a multitude of benefits. For one thing, it shows that the man who will save his money will also save time and material; and thus it is a good investment for the

employer who encourages it.

It is making the employee more contented and therefore more efficient. More than this, it is proving to him that by his own efforts-and without altruistic aid or benevolent bonus-he can work out his economic salvation. Hence he becomes a independent unit. As he develops materially be likewise strengthens the stability of the whole country; for a nation can prosper only to the degree that its people advance.

This campaign fits admirably into the machinery of a time when "Safety First!" is a much-heard slogan. Along with protection of life and limb must come that other and equally important safeguarding which concerns the pay envelope. Together these constructive agencies rear an impregnable bulwark for the worker and his wage.

A Mere Veneer for a Union Suit



Simplicity—The Secret of OLUS Superiority

The first layer of comfort is your UNDERWEAR. It's an unbroken, smooth-setting layer if it's an

OLUS is consent - from all the terr drives. OLUS has all as reght - as thete, no how here. only one this burre of many too one; place. Oh Chamber and horse perfect fit from changer to erstch. in landing.



OLAS sering such ary made in taking plain and force more fickers, including names, madray, fourne, tills and till misthere, also there and my challed Print \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.40 and \$3.40

COAT-CUT UNION SUIT (Loose Fitting)

The Coat-cut feature, found only in OLUS, makes possible a closed back and permanently closed crotch, protecting the body at every point, used any one thickness of cloth any obere.

OLUS One Piece Pajamas for Lounging, Resting and Comfortable Sleep

are made us the same prompts of the MIN or me in, sout out ordered crotch-closed back and only one large of material perpulsive OLUS Pajaran has no string around the waist, the direct many with the most many department and unfirst field because of the indicary lik on this brees.

OLUS Pijama has elimed back to i because it is the past count work up. The water, portented O to to will the may, present at

appearance out 18 today to and torque at the set to be only and the set of th Write for important limbles, I to To Dealers .- Your wholesaler carnes OLUS.

THE GIRARD COMPANY, Makers, Dept. O, 346 Broadway, New York City





The car twelve months ahead

From the Manchester, England, Disputch :-

T is only after mature reflection that one is able to grasp the importance of the enormous improvements embodied in the Cadillacchassis. We have been so long arcintomed to believing and being told that the English car is indisputably ahead of any other construction in the world that it comes as something of a shock when we are faced with a car successfully embody ing features which are as yet in the merely exper-imental stage in British car builders' workshops.

On the Cadillac car will be found an interesting example of a two-speed back asle, and we may here remark there the construction has been thoroughly tested and found serviceable and reliable, both in the United States and in Europe. There is no element of experiment about the work; it has proved itself. The pressing of a botton throws the low or the high-gear on the axie into operation as required, and that is all about it They tell me that, as a test, the car was driven from London to Edinburgh with a full load without handling the gose-change lever at all. Pressing the button was all that was required.

Having admired the axles to our hearts' content, we are at liberty to examine the many other features of the Cadillac chassis, which calls for close examination. There is the self-starter, which will start the engine a thousand times without a miss. There is the neat little mechanical tyre pump. This is one of the finest classits, taking all things into consideration, that ever left the United States just as an ordinary persposition. All her improvements are practically thrown in. I should term her the push-the-leutron car. So fur as ordinary practice is concerned, she is equal. to any. Her unique improvenuets have placed her twelve months alward."

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mic

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM GREEN

The Forthcoming Fourth of July

DEAR AUNT: Henry Begg and me D were haven sevrel orguments lately about hollydays and wether Christman or the Forth of July was the gratest and we do not seeme to be abul to get it settuid and so we thought of riten to you because the Forth of July is commen round agen in a litted wile and it will be Christmas soon after that and we would like to know about it.

We have set a grate meany peopul round here about it but they do not seme to know how important it is and they are appto laff. and say it all depends on how you look at it witch is a poor ansur don't you think like a teacher sumtimes makes wern she does not know and tells you to wurk it out for yoursolf and not always be usten her.

Hennry said a teacher ofto he like an en-sicklepedia so you could open her enry-wars and find out what you wanto know without early liother but she is not and so I supous nobuddy is to blum.

A teacher is a wanderful thing when you are young and do not have so mutch expens-ence but when you get calder you begin to see that she is match the salm as all of us an see that she is match the sain as all of us an sumtimes a littul returns. It is a deliteful thing to be a totcher through and maybee halfter spank sum boy who will be president of the Younded States sumday and be abul to look back with a grate deed of pride.

Hencey Beeg says when a teacher sets just how long it taken a Bog to eat a sheap after a bare can est it in two hours and a

wulf in three hours and a wild cut in fore hours god the bure has been eaten half an hour and the wall ten minnets and the wild cat forty minusts and the flow can set it in half an hour in the furst place. And she expects you be tell it out of your head in a minnet when you have just been thinken about a serkus or a bowl goin.

And issides Hennry says a love enoid not cut a sheep emy way because it note be only a hisrk bare and eat binney because you cannot always tell.

I goes you ofto scharuse me for getten so far away from the Forth of July and Cluckers but sumifrance a boy's hart gets full hour and the walf ten minnets and the wild

man but sumtimes a boy's hart gets full of sumthing about school witch he hassto get not before he can talk about empything ells.

And Hennry and me know you are always full of simpathy for us because you are so luvly and know how to cumfure a boy when he is full of pane like Hennry was the time be bloo off part of his thumns wile he was taken a catridge out of the shell by melten

It is the tips with the best intenshings.

And sureday when he is famus he will reword you for it dedd or alive witch is the
kind of a boy Henory is.

The way we get started about the Forth of July and Christmas was Hennry and Collumbias was a grainer man than Washington because he discovered it wile Washington ington found it shreddy hear when he was born and if it was not for Collombuss is would have been no changs for Waillington

would have been no chanci for Waitington to be the father of it because it would not be thank to be the father of.

Thenery said Collections was a verry poor key was presend by just to the queen for three email shipps and was almost discurridged in the middle of the owner when he hard sumbuildy say Ead (In! watch was a pome meany conchuries afterwards.

And so be word note the Vocanter States.

And so be avent onto the Younited States. and was met with grade pleabure by the Indpute from which we alterwards took it.

After Collumbuss discussered it he tide

in sorro and disegrace and is new herried in sorrei difrunt places menny of witch are not him but it may be there is a sixtal of him in each place but Henry said he was not supbut it did not matter enny eq... Hencry said after Columbus was ber-

ried he became a verry grute more which is offers the case.

Hencey and after Collumbus discur-vered a it was a simpal thing for Washingon, who lived a grose menny years and dideall of honour and glorey belin blood to note by dockters which they thought was the best thing to do but it formed not cong for Washington.

Washington railed the Unitione pullyties logs therator the tre wanthers were Business and they all the reed up Hupker Hill so men so they ears the witer of that eyes.

As soon as it was over Patrick Head made a speach and said give me libburt or give me deth witch was published in t Fiffth Reeder and was a grate shock to Kl Gorge when he redd it.

Then they all sined the Decklarusium

Independance followed by Jon Hanes

and menny uthers.

Hennry said this was the Forth of Je witch happened to be a good time herau would be verry could for bands to play o dores if it was in the wintertime but Chri mas does not make so mutch difrutee caws you haffto stay inside all day and

Hennry said a boy is appto make a gr menny mistakes on the Forth of July) loden a big cann with mudd and sum per of brick and nales and other things and distribution a big charge of powder under it a liters the fews and after wile looken mod it close to see if it is goen off witch it of

Then your muther cums rushen out v Then your muther cums rushen out vagrate shreak and gethers you up in arms as mutch as she can get and takes in the house and the uther boys go a home glad it is not them. But a boy is full and unless you get the lockjaw you out agen in a few days looken at the pware it happend.

Hennry said the reesen boys are at make a mudd cann and get hurt is because have no munney to buy red fireward so they hafte make sum cheen the

then have no munney to buy reel fireword so they haffte make sum cheep the and get hione up becaws they are for patriotism but if a boy has a littul munde is more appte buy a littul flagg and small firecrackers and a peace of reel pand a cupple of pinweels and a roman day with cullered balls of fire and a cuprockuts witch are purfeckly safe unless but you witch they never do unless you in the rode of them.

Hennry said it is a grate felen to wat

Hennry said it is a grate felen to wat nite with maybee a dollur's wurth of wurks and shoote them off as soon as dark enough and sumtimes before where

can hardly wate.

And in the daytime you can brake a menny firecrackers in too and make a too ut of them witch gives you twice as m excitement but not as mutch noise u they go off backwurds sumtimes and your thump witch is not a grate dunt but only paneful and a littul lar

I supoas a cupple of boys could he grate time on the Forth of July for m a collur and be purfeckly safe all the You mite ast Uncle William about

that would be purfectly safe by liten with a long stick after one one end that would be purfectly safe by liten with a long stick after one end thought a long stick after one changes with would have to take our chances wit unless and peaces of brick when it ble but we could probily run out of harm though a blone up nale is appto travel

But a dollur's wurth of reel fire would be mutch safer and otto make a better sittizun when he grows up dollar on the Forth of July would be a price to pay for two good sittizuns you think so?

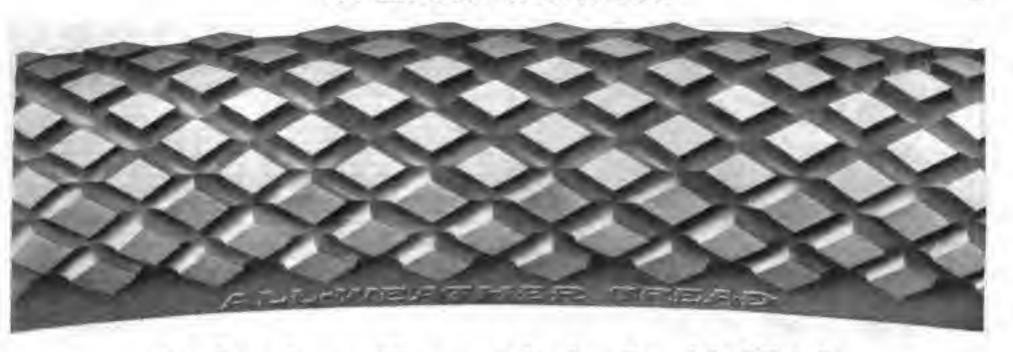
You mite ast Uncle William whithinks about it and if he knows can; to make a mudd cann that is purfeckly And let us know about it if you hap! rite to us before the Forth of July w two wekes frum Wensday but a boy a buys his firewurks on the day before has cany monney by that time. Hearny sends love and he never thi

his thumm without thinken of you Uncle William.

Your afeckshunate nephew, WILLIAM GRE

PS-A blone-up boy fram a mude mover hope to see one.

2 - We will probily rite to you about the mudd canns cum out. - W. G. -J. W. F.



In Goodyear Tires, with the Double-Thick All-Weather Tread, We Offer You

The Utmost in a Tire

How We Proved This

We have for years kept scores of experts at research and experiment—all to lower your cost per mile. Most of these men were technical graduates. Their efforts have cost us \$100,000 per year.

They have built in our laboratory 8 or 10 tires per day. They have tried out some 2,000 formulas, some 200 fabrics, countless methods and devices.

They have put these tires on testing machines to run under road conditions. They have worn them out in road use while meters recorded the mileage. This, remember, for years and years, with 8 or 10 new tires daily. Always seeking a lower cost per mile.

They have compared, in the same way, rival tires with our own. This to make sure that no other maker had found any way to excel us.

They have watched Goodyear tires which came back for adjustment—analyzed the faults. And they have found some way to correct each fault, regardless of cost.

They have strengthened the fabric, toughened the rubber, found out the best way to combat every tire trouble.

Now these men say that No-Rim-Cut tires mark the best they know. A thousand efforts have shown no way to improve them. And no rival tire reveals a single advantage. So far as men know at the present time, we offer you here the utmost in a tire. And we offer you so much more than others that these tires have become the largest-selling tires in the world.



Four Exclusive Features in No-Rim-Cut Tires

Here are four ways in which No-Rim-Cut tires excel all other tires.

They prevent rim-curting in a way which for many years has proved faultless.

Many other attempts to accomplish this have resulted in faulty tires. The Goodyear method has no shortcomings. And hundreds of thousands have proved it infallible.

This method—which we control has ended a trouble which ruins murly one-third of all old-type tires, as per our last statistics.

Blow-Outs

No-Rim-Cut tires are the only fires which are final-cured on air filled labric tubes—under actual road conditions. This "On-Air" cure means an extra cust of \$1,500 daily—all to save the countless blow-outs which are due to wrinkled labric.

Loose Treads

We alone use a patent method which lessons by 60 per cent the risk of tread separation. Hundreds of large rubber rivets are formed at the point where this treable occurs.

And Goodyears are the only tires with double-thick All-Weather treads. As smooth as a plain tread, flat and regular, but offering wet roads countless sharp-edged grips. This tread alone has completely solved all the problems of anti-skids.

Yet 16 Makes Cost More

Despite all these costly exclusive features, Goodyear prices are below 16 other makes of tires. Some cost up to one-half more.

Goodyear prices are due to enormous corput. We are now making as high as 10,000 pneumatic motor tires daily. Our overhead cost has been reduced by efficiency 24 per cent. And our margin of profit last year was brought down to 6½ per cent.

No-Rim-Cut tires used to cost onefifth more than other standard tires. And they give you today all that any price can buy. On mileage records they have won the topmost place in Tireslom.

Any dealer, if you ask him, will supply these matchless tires.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada

London, England

Mexico City, Mexico

Dealers Everywhere

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

(1491)



HUNDREDS read your smile-story every day. It is your personal revelation.

If free and unrestrained—showing fine and well-cared for teeth-you express health, refinement, high spirits. The smile that must be guarded because of neglected teetli cannot but make an unfavorable impression. Charmphysical vigor-radiant cleanliness go hand in hand with

GOOD TEETHKEEPING

This is, semi-annual visits to your dentist and the night and morning use of

Dr.Lyon's Tooth Powder

Prepared for nearly half a century by a Doctor of Dental Surgery

Safe to me-cleanses by thorough polishing, the natural way, the acknowledged hypienic practice. Dr. Lyon's is a pure, velvety powder, pleasant to use-efficacious in preventing decay and the formation of tartat.

The notional acceptance today of Dr. Lyon's is but the recognition of a deutdrice which has becefited theregenerations of users.

In compelent to dic

SOLD EVERYWHERE

This dainty trial can contains a week's supply of Dr. Lyon's. It's a good way to learn about a good dentifrice. Sent prepaid for a 2c stamp. Write your name and address plainly. L.W. Lyon & Sons, 520 West 27th Street, New York City.



Hints on Vacation Houses

HOW and where shall one spend the summer vacation? The answer is not so easy to be read in the stars as it is in the pocketbook. Having arranged the elemental, general or fundamental principles of the proposition with the boss, the next thing to do is to consult the ultimate oracle that carries the coin. Sometimes that oracle says you must be content with a week or so me farm not far from the city, where

at some farm not far from the city, where
the farmer has grown too tired to work and
so runs a resort—mostly by his wife's labor,
he himself doing little but tell how good the
fishing used to be.

There are grades in the country farm and
the country resort, all nicely adjusted to
catch the vacation dollar; but, after all, a
hammock is a hammock, and almost any
place where you have belower is good enough place where you have leisure is good enough for larking and sponning if you are young, or for loading and smoking if you are old. You can board in a resort for a dollar a day,

You can board in a resort for a dollar a day, or ascend the price scale until you pay four hundred a month for a cottage in the North Woods, where papa gets out almost every other Saturday night if he has luck and does not like it better in the city.

As to localities, there never was any country laid out better for vacation purposes than these same United States. All the way from Maine to Oregon there is a grand summer country ready and waiting for you; and in that country you can get almost any sort of game you want, from

for you; and in that country you can get almost any sort of game you want, from log cabin or tent to cottage or swell hotel. Summer-resorting has been brought to a science in every one of these Northern pine countries where lakes and streams are numerous. From Allegash to Glacier Park; from Manitowish to the Rogue River Valley; in upper Dakota or even in lower Saskatchewan and Alberta—you will find a summer country waiting for you, and in a summer country waiting for you, and in it some person or persons who have made ready for your coming, generally minded to transfer your coin from your pockets to their own

The ability to scent a round iron dollar in any weather is not confined to the East or the Middle West. Even in the remotest fastnesses of the Rockies you will find that your vacation has been all thought out and your vacation has been all thought out and planned for you by some one on the ground. There has always been a fascination for Eastern folks in the ranch life of the West. This year there are many Western resorts advertised as ranches, which offer the at-tractions of horseback riding, fishing, and so on. One such circular comes from the Big Horn Mountains, as an instance, and there are others from different parts of Colorado.

Colorado.

There is no better exercise than horse-back riding: and there is no bluer sky or better air than that of the high plains, or the foothills, or the mountains. The guides out there will tell you how abundant the big game used to be and how large the trout once were. At least the mountains are as alundant and as large as they ever were—as restful and linginal, consoling and rejuvenating. It is hard to beat the mountains for a vacation if the oracle of your pocketbook. s vacation if the oracle of your pocketbook allows the thought.

Summer Holidays in the Woods

Most of us go North in the summertime rather than West, in part because of the change of climate, but more because of the proximity to the larger Eastern cities and of the attractive vacation countries of the North Woods. Perhaps you may pass your week or two weeks, your month or two months, in some Northern country where once there were pine forests, and where yet the remaining trees stand tall and the water runs clear and cold and you need a blanket at night. This is not to say that only Northern folls have remained as a second cold and you need a blanket at night. Northern folks have summer vacations and that all Northern folks go North. There are many mountain districts in the Southern states that are delightful in the summertime; and all through California the summer seashore life equals that of the winter season, which is better known to the Northern tourists who go thither. Whatever be your choice of a vacation ground, you go there as a transient. Per-haps you go to a large hotel more or less

badly run, or to a small one that is worse. There is benefit even in that, though you

will put up with inconveniences there you would not tolerate at home—bad beds, had food, had water, had service, and a certain amount of danger from disease.

It is only the loyalty of vacation folks to the vacation idea which sometimes makes them stoutly asseverate that they have had a perfectly "bully" time, when their time would have been just as bully hat they stayed at home in a cool cellar or camped out near the bathtub.

Every one to his own taste and in accord-

Every one to his own taste and in accordance with his own means in these matters. To me, it seems an easy guess that a vacation will be better if it affords an absolute change of scene and manner of life. Moreover one will get more good out of a vaca-tion net passed in a crowd. Your family, for instance, will rest better if you have a little cottage or a big tent all your own than if you divide two or three small rooms in a

Perhaps they will enjoy it yet more if you go farther into the woods and turn your hotel cottage into a log camp on some less frequented water. Or as you advance is vacation skill and as your wife become used to life in the woods—which the kids always like—you may shake off civilization altogether and take to the tent, where you do your own cooking and your own work. do your own cooking and your own work. This latter proposition is more apt to appeal to bachelors or to young men who go in small parties, though it is entirely practi-cable for a family.

Again every one to his taste: but to me it seems that the tired business man can get

about as good a run for his vacation money in this way as in any other.

In Case of Mosquitoes

If you go to a summer resort you do not need any hints, points or suggestions. Just take all the money you have, borrow some more, give it all to the hotel people—and then walk home and try to forget it. The main memory you will have of your vacation is the general feeling that other people have more diamonds than your family, and your wife's assurance that she cannot see why that Smith girl should be asked oftener to dance than your own daughter Ellego.

why that Smith girl should be asked oftener to dance than your own daughter Eileen. II, however, you wish to take the plungr into camp life in your vacation season there are some things that perhaps you might well consider in advance. For instance, what is the best all-round tent? The answer is that there is no best all-round tent any more than there is a best all-round rifle or shotgun. It all depends on where you go and what you do. vhat you do.

The vacation en famille, more or less per-The vacation en familie, more or less permanent in location, is apt to indicate a wall tent as the vacation home. Indeed the wall tent is the typical tent of the white man. He built it as near like a house as he could, with upright sides and ends, and a sloping roof running down from a ridge-pole. You can get wall tents from six feet square up to forty feet long. Some of them have board floors and boarded sides, and sidewalks in front of them. In some of them you can stand up and in others you cannot. you can stand up and in others you cannot. Some of them are heavy and some are light. In short, in this one model of tent you have

a great range of choice.

The main virtue of the wall tent is its roominess. It will do as a sort of house when it rains. You can keep it warm if it grows cold: and by putting a fly over it you can keep it fairly cool when the weather is warm outside. But, at the same time, most wall tents are close and stuffy. The air does not seep through canvas, especially when it is damp. You will have to use the wall tent as you do the hall bedroom at home—
open the windows and leave the door ajar. That means perhaps mosquitoes—a situation which, in turn, opens up a series of questions.

Tentmakers have improved in their work steadily; but in one essential they seem not to have improved at all—that of ventilation. Some maker of every-day wall tents is going to make a big business success one of these days by building wall tents with good ventilating windows in them—windows covered with mosquito bars. At present it is only in the specially made tents that you can get good ventilation or good protection against insect pests.

The mosquito pest has spoiled many a vacation for a woman, or even a man. If you do not sleep perfectly at night your vacation is a failure. As a general rule, it is not enough to have head nets to wear at night. That is an uncomfortable way of putting in the night. Your whole tent should be mosquito-proof if you are in the mesquite country.

Most city folks think it is enough to

drape a mosquito bar carelessly across the front of the tent. Perhaps they close half of the open end of the tent. That means they swelter and suffocate if the weather is warm, because very likely the tent is not provided with mosquito-proof ventilating

windows.

You can buy a tent that has a bobbinet front. Again, you can buy an inside tent of mosquito netting or cheesecloth, which can be tied to the ridgepole inside and dropped down over the beds at night. All this shuts off a certain amount of air. In general, therefore, it is a good hint to study your wall tent and its possibilities before you

adopt it as your vacation home.

Of the methods above suggested, that of the inside net is the best. The edges of this inner tent should be heavily shotted so that it will be close to the floor. You can help this out by putting the rod cases or articles of camp furniture on the edges of the tent netting. Of course you have to lift the edge of this net when you come in at the tent door; and, of course, then some mosquitoes will come in with you.

Of one general proposition you may rest pretty well assured—ne tent is mosquito-proof that does not have a floor sewed into it. The best sod cloth and inside net arrangement you can devise will let some mosquitoes in round the edges in spite of snything you can do unless the floor is seved to the walls of the tent.

It is just as well to harken a bit about this mosquito business, for your comfort in camp in the average wilderness vacation is lessened much more by mosquitoes than it is by cold or rain. Now there are men who live in fly countries all the time and

carry on work

In far-off Alaska, all over the Rocky Mountains, in the timber or tundra country of the wet Pacific slope far to the north, where monquitoes swarm in millions and constitute a pest such as is not compresimilate a peer such as a not compre-sended by average Easterners, men live and work—do prospecting, mining, engi-seering, railroad building, packing, travel-ing—not as sport, but as a business. They are obliged to sleep at night—and sleep comfortably—or they could not carry on their work. Naturally it is to some of these prolessions that we might well turn to get

Inowledge on the mosquito question.

The general principles of the ideal mosquito tent have long been accepted by Eastern manufacturers, but the most perfect mosquito tent I ever saw I ran across lat summer for the first time. It was made is a Western city, after a design said to have been invented by a member of the Geodetic Survey in Alaska. If it will work in Alaska it will work anywhere.

A Door With a Puckering-String

The material is not of heavy duck, but a light Egyptian cotton, sometimes called halloon silk. In size it is seven by seven, very high in the ridgepole and on the walls, the tent in its bag weighing only about

twelve pounds.

A light waterproof floor is sewed into it. Both ends are sewed into it. On each side there are two large netted windows, affording abundant ventilation. There are flaps arranged for these windows that can be buttoned down in case of rain.

In each end of this tent there is yet another large window for ventilation. The

roof projects three or four inches all round over the walls, making caves that keep the water out of the open windows in case of rain. The front door is not a door at all, but a hole, and it is round—not triangular. This hole is fitted with a sleeve, like the trap of a fyke-net—the sleeve or funnel being made of light drilling. You crawl through this hole and, so to speak, pull it in after you, and tie a knot in it; at least, there is a puckering-string by which you can close the bug that makes the entrance of the tent.

Once inside you have a large, roomy house in which you can stand up with comfort, lie down on your beds in comfort, and let the weather rage. No mosquito can get at you unless you take it in on your clothes. In case you have done that you can put a wet sock into operation. At first you may think the tent a little close, but soon you will see that the ventilation is perfect.

There are variants of this mosquito tent used in Alaska, some of them A tents of heavy duck, provided with one little window high up-mankillers of the worst type; but the tent made as above is practical. It can be pitched rather quickly. Make your bed of boughs or leaves, or whatever you can get on the ground. Throw your tenton top of it. Peg the bottom out loosely at each corner. You do not put the ridgepole inside the tent at all.

The roof runs up into a four-inch comb, in which is a line of grommets, or big eye-lets, let in the canvas. You can run a rope through these and lash the top to a ridgepole above the tent. Use two crotches— at each end of your ridgepole—and roughly holst your tent to its full height. Crawl inside, throw your warbag into one corner, your bedroll into the other; and have your churn do the same on his side. This will hold the floor in shape well enough for the night, and it is all the work of only a few moments. If your camp is permanent you can take more pains with the pitching. You can buy a tent like this in one-man, twomen or four-men size; and the largest will not weigh more than the little A tent of heavy duck you once used for smothering

I am strong for this wall tent, much as I dislike wall tents in general, because it has abundant windowspace in it, and because it will afford a good night's sleep in any weather or any amount of mosquitses. So if you plan tent life in the North Woods you might do very well to keep your eye on this sort of wall tent. It is professional,

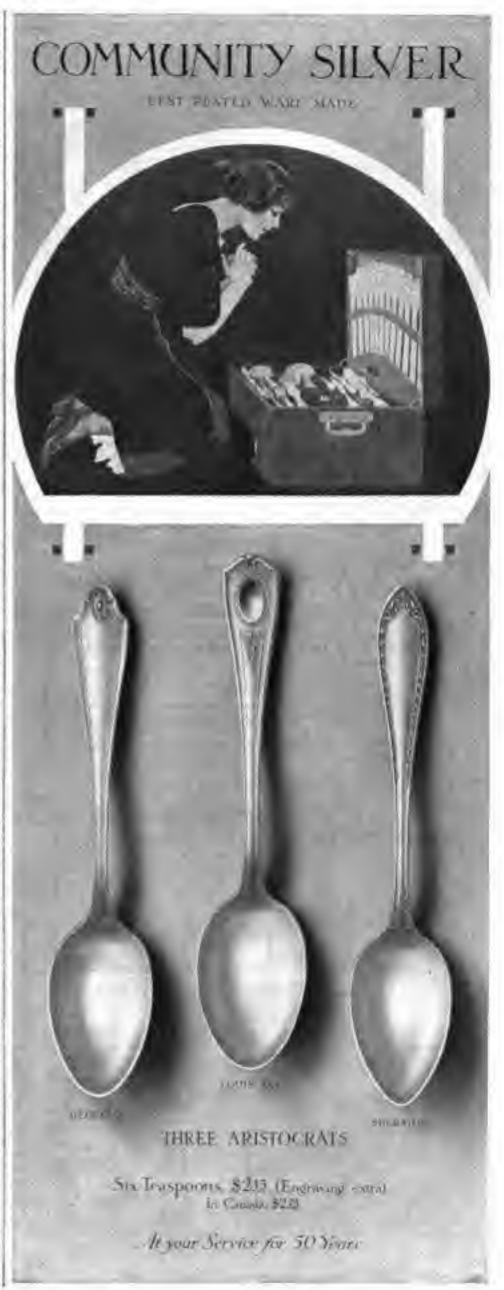
Openfront Models

You should not forget your fly dope, of course, whether you be angier or camper; but in very bad fly country dope is no defense—you will have to use netting or a mosquito tent. In Africa the safari outmosquito tent. In Africa the safari outfitters give you bed nets, which are along
from the mot of the tent, the sides dropping
down round your bed. Your tent boy tucks
in the edges when you go to sieep. That is
all right unless you get the netting loose
during the night. The beauty of the mosquito tent above outlined is that you cannot get the netting loose. Another great
advantage is that you do not hear the buzz
of the mosquitoes close about your ears,
as you are bound to do if you use a bed net.
You can get tents in all sorts and shapes,
embodying the best of the foregoing principles, sometimes with the floor sewed in

embodying the best of the foregoing prin-ciples, sometimes with the floor sewed in and sometimes with inside nets rigged to drop down all round. I tried one of the small shelter tents, triangular in shape, running down to a point behind, last fall on a bunt where mosquitoes were bad. I fitted the tent with an inner net of bobbinet. fitted the tent with an inner net of bobbinet. There was no floor sewed to the tent. Two of us occupied this tent and we did our best to keep out the mosquitoes. They got at us in spits of everything. Such a test will do in good country and good weather where there are few mosquitoes, and where the transportation is so bad that you cannot get a better tent. The argument for it ends about there. It is better on paper than on the ground, and is amateur—not professional.

As much is true of many other patent inventions, ingenious as makeshifts but not accepted by the seasoned outdoor men as useful in every-day work. If you are walking and carrying your own outfit, and like to think you are pretty hardy, and are not apt to be much bothered by insects, you may take one of these little tents, which only weigh four or five pounds. In good weather conditions such a tent is comfortable with a campfire in front of it. In bad eather conditions it is not comfortable at all; and as a summer home or a vacation rendezvous it, therefore, is not to be com-mended, and should not even be considered

Of course all these matters bring us to the two basic factors in any vacation-the pocketbook and the transportation. The sort of transport you have must determine to some extent the sort of vacation you are going to have if you are to live in camp. In a dry country almost any sort of tent will answer, and the one most open to the air is the best one for you. There are many forms of shelter tents in openfront models. One is called the baker tent, because its roof and walls are set at the angles of a reflector oven. It is a healthful and pleasant





tent even in cold weather, for you can have a good fire in front of it and so keep warm.

Your catalogue will also show you such tents made with porches and with floors sewed in. Perhaps you can leave the porch fisp up and put in a door of your own, made of hobbinet or cheesecloth. The main thing is to get all the air at night you possibly can. The better your transportation (scilities, the better your tent may be. Men live in tents all through the summer in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Labrador, Alaska, the subarctic country of the Yukon-because they know how to live there. By using a little judgment, therefore, you also will be able to live out-of-doors in comfort in your selected country, in almost any sort

of conditions that are apt to occur.

In some of the Far Northern countries mesquitoes come in assorted sizes—aome so large that they will hite through a leather glove, and others so small that they will go directly through an ordinary mesquite bar. I think that even in our lower intitudes a good many mosquitoes will crawl through the ordinary mosquito har. Bobbinet is better, and English cheeseloth is still better. A good bed net is made with a ranvas top—say, three feet by six—with shotted sides six or eight feet deep, made of chemerioth. It sounds a little stuffy, but it keeps them out.

In Northwestern Canada travelers use what they call a mosquito tent. It is not very different from a very large bed net. It is pitched with a ridgepole and stands about three feet high. You erect this over your bed and crawl in under it. The walls are of chessecloth or bobbinet. This gives

you good air and protects you from dew as

well as from mosquitoes.

In the West I have always liked the Indian lodge as the best of outdoor houses. That is the Indian's basic idea of a tent as against the wall tent the white man makes. One is conical and the other rectangular; but the teepee is by no recans mosquitebut the teepes is by no rosans mosquito-proof, even though sometimes filled with smoke at night. Of rourse you rould rig bed nets in a tecres as well as in any other kind of tent. Ventilation in a teepes is better than in the whits man's test, and it is roomy and comfortable. No teepes Indian ever had tuberculosis, but his people are dying like flies of it in cabins and wall tents. At the same time the teepes is bulky tents. At the same time the teepee is bulky and heavy, and, in fact, is impossible for the average vacation.

If I were golog into the Rockies for a permanent camp I would use a teepee, because I think it is the most practical of the aboriginal homes; but some men do not like teepees. They are, of course, out of the question for the average camper in the East or North, and, indeed, are not much used by the practice months are received.

by vacation people anywhere.

A Capital Offense

Your vacation home ought to allow com-lort in any sort of weather; and sametimes the weather gets wet and cold in summer. The worst thing about a wall tent then, next to its lack of ventilation, is the difficulty of keeping it dry and warm. For this reason an ingenious man has invented a wall tent in which one whole side lifts up into a porch, so that you can have a fire in front. Of course you can have a fire in a teepee right on the floor. You can have a stove in your wall tent; but to my mind a stove in any tent, except in extremely cold weather, nught to be considered a capital offense. It makes the ient still more stuffy and hot.

In the average campetove the fire goe out about as quirkly as you build it, and it is practically impossible to keep a fire in one of them overnight. The average summer camp will not need a stove—unless it is used out in the open, clear away from the tent, which of itself is also more or less criminal in view of the pleasure of cooking at the open fire. This criticism of the stove, however, must be given with qualification; for in some countries you cannot get wood for a camplire, and so perforce must have a stove, even though you carry it on your own back.

So, always considering transportation and the personnel of your party, and the ex-perience of the weakest member in outdoor life, you will have to select your tent-closed or openface with or without a permanent floor, in accordance with your guess as to what the weather and mosquitoes are going to do to you.

The openface tent is, in fact, a sort of amateur fad. It is considered the correct thing by some men who have not thought

much about it, and by others who have thought a great deal about it. A quarter of a century or more ago there was an oil woodsman by the name of Sears, who wrote over the name Nessmuk-an ingenious dd solitary woodsman who had ideas of his own and who was the founder and forerunner of the modern school of camping light.

Mr. Nessmuk invented a hunting knife, Ar. Nessmuk invented a nunting knis, a hunting ax, a packsack, a manner of building a campfire and a way of pitching a tent. He made his tent open in front, with side and roof converging to a low wall at the rear. He built a little frame of poles and tacked his light drilling on to this, the from opening being about four feet in height the tent itself being intended as a sleeping shelter.

such a tent is not much good in case of rain, but the old woodsman managed to make it do by means of shelters of boughs at the sides. It took a little while to fix this tent, last the whole affair could be taken down and packed with little trouble. Such a tent can be made quite warm in cold weather if you know how to build a lasting campfire in front of it. camptire in front of it.

The baker tent, and indeed all the oper face tents, are only modified forms of the old Nessmuk bivouac shelter. You cer-tainly sleep well in such a shelter, for you are warm and you breathe good air.

The Three-in-One Tent

Besides these square-front, openface models, there are many sorts of single-pole, conical or pyramid tents, which can be put up quickly. The miner's tent is the simplest of these—a broad-based pyramid with a single upright centerpole inside. It is very quickly pitched, and is very compact when made of the light modern materials and not of heavy duck. This is a modification of the round tent, which was a medification of the teppe. The door is formed by a flap inside, the opening running not quite to the top of the tent, Such a tent will keep off rain, and it is all right Besides these square-front, openface

ning not quite to the top of the tent. Such a tent will keep off rain, and it is all right for men who are accustomed to living simply in the open or who are traveling about from day to day.

An Eastern outlitter makes a big round tent, with a single centerpole and a bould tent, with a single centerpole and a bould tound an iron ring—a modification of the old Indian teepee idea. A very decent permanent camp can be built with one of these tents, but they are hard to put up and require a large number of pins and ropes. No white man can build a beepee.

An ingenious mind undertook to make a tent that would be a cross between the wall tent, the A tent and the single-pole or miner's tent. Moreover, he did it, and made a very effective tent, which has about as much room in the right place, weight for

has a very enective tent, which has about as much room in the right place, weight for weight, as any pattern yet cut. This tent has a single upright pole, which is used in the front end. The roof runs down to a low wall at the rear. The sides alope from the peak like those of an A tent, merging into the well behind. the wall behind.

The floor of this tent is square; the front has two flaps that meet in the middle, and over it there may be used a triangular fly, which can be shifted in front and used as a

shelter or porch if required.
Such a tent can be easily made as mosquito-proof as any. It can be used as an openfront camp or as a closed tent. It ought to be called the three-in-one tent, for it has some of the advantages of each of the three trace it embedies. types it embodies.

For eight years an old comrade and my-

self used this tent in our summer vacations. some weeks in extent, and we found it very practical. Of course there is not much room in such a tent for ladies who are par-ticular regarding their costumes. Indeed

nearly all tents except the wall tent are made for men and not for women.

You can make a good-enough bivouactent out of a tarpaulin or tent fly stretched lean-to fashion, or in the fashion of a lean-to, with the roof or porch in front—all depending on the frame you use in stretching. Or you can buy such a tent already cut, with side walls let on to it, if you prefer. And, of course, if your transportation is bad, you can use, instead of heavy canvas, a sheet of the light balloon silk or Egyptian cotton of which more and more tents are made today.

The A tent is very simple—indeed about as practical as anything for general travel under a compromise of average wilderness conditions. An A tent can be just as stuff; as a wall tent, though it does not weigh quite so much. Therefore look to the windows and the mosquito defenses if you are going into fly country.

The A tent, however, used to require a The A tent, however, used to require a risigepole and two end poles, and the excellence of the pitching depended on the fit of these poles. Of course you cannot always carry tentpoles along with you, and sometimes cannot cut them. Therefore the A tent is now largely made with the rope risigepole. The rope risigepole is not quite so good for shedding rain, but it is simple and handy. By its use you can quickly pitch the tent between a couple of trees. Or you can peg out the end ropes and lift Or you can peg out the end ropes and lift the tent by using a couple of poles as sheers at each end, tightening it all you like—a

simple and speedy process.

However, not even the simple A tent, or wedge tent, was left unmolested in its model. Along came a man who shortened the ridgepole of the seven-foot A tent to a couple of feet, sewed a short permanent ridgepole into the top, cut the sides sloping in every direction from this short ridgepole, and hung the whole thing up by a rope from the top—like a birdcage. This also was a simple canvas house, light, portable, and dispensing with considerable useless canvas. Some cancelats took to using this tent. I presume you could call it a trapeze tent, though I have never known it to have that

Now your canceist, though the most sybaritic outer on earth, likes to consider himself very hardy; so he makes his tent as small and low and inconvenient as he can. This trapeze-bar, short ridgepole did not leave much room luside the abbreviated tent, the door of which sometimes was so low that a fellow had to crawl in. So the ingenious outfitters who ester to the canoe trade built a big circular end or swell in the back of this sort of tent. It added im-mensely to the floor space. Such a tent in balloon silk may be seen in a good many cance camps. I have never seen one ar-ranged with windows for ventilation. And once more I speak loudly for windows in the tent—and plenty of them.

You will notice that the general tendency

in modern tents seems to be toward light material and toward the abolishment of poles. Tentpoles are a nuisance. I knew a Chicago man not long ago who had been in the Rockies and who wanted a teepee in his city back yard for his children. He sent all the way to Japan to get a set of hambon poles for his teepee, and when they came they were broken to pieces. Then he sent to Montana and imported a carload of teepee poles from an Indian village.

We all remember the ridgepole of the old wall tent, which used to stick out behind

wall tent, which used to stick out behind the wagon when we went on a family picnic. That left the tail-gate of the wagon down and everything spilled out. We do things better now. We shorten our ridgspoles, lighten our tents, and run to ropes rather than to poles. And all the time, though we have not yet learned the virtue of windows, we trend toward openface tents, with picnty of air. For once the trend of fad or lashion is a good one.

The Shelters of the Chippewas

In dry country like that of the eastern slope of the Rockies—the best man's country and the best out-of-door country to be found anywhere on the globe—out-door workers do not always use a tent, but spread down their blankets with tarpaulins under and over. Your outfitter will sell you a terrapille angree of the street of t a tarpaulin arranged with rings and enaps, so you can make a very good bed right on the ground. This is hardly a good suggestion, however, for the tired business man who has his whole family along. It may do for you if you are alone on some tramping, riding or boating trip.

Get as far from home as your pocket-took will let you and then build as good a

book will let you, and then build as good a camp as you can in as good a place as you can find. Even two men in a capoe can outfit for camping in absolute comfort. you can have a wagon to carry your duffel you can carry a whole village of modern can take an Indian lodge, a wall tent, an A tent, a baker tent, a miner's tent, or any one of a dozen other combination models,

which will probably do you very well. Perhaps you may find some old shack or log cabin that you can use for bad weather at least. It depends on your transpertation usually, however, what your house is to be. Two persons in any tent are enough—more than enough if one of them snores. If there are several in the party two or three tents are far better than one. Your vacation will do you most good when you have a little time and space and solitude all to yourself.

Lastly if you have not yet got just the hints you want as to your summer home you can have a great deal of pleasure in designing a special tent model all your own; and you certainly will find some manufacturns ready to make it and list it in his cutalogue. One ardent canoeist, for instance devised himself a little octagonal tent like a teepee, with a hole cut in the side, not run-This was a single-pole tent. The flap could be raised and used as a sort of porch. One could make a fire in front of this tent and get some good of it, or could easily defend it against mosquitoes provided it had a sewed-in floor.

Another man devised a tent with steep roof and sides to shed snow. He pitched it usually in the trapeze or birdcage fashion, the ridgepole being short and permanent. Then there are little gipsy tents, pitched over bows like wagon-covers a sort of thing not seen in this country, though some-times used by the Romany folks in Europe. This is something like the dome-topped bark lodge of the Chippewas, but much

Speaking of the Chippewas, did you ever see a party of them go into camp on the trail? They have no skin covers for their lodge-not even canvas, let alone balloon silk nothing but mats woven out of reeds; but in a few minutes the women will have some springy poles cut and the ends thrust into the ground. Then they bend the tops over and fasten them together with bark— three or four sets of these rafters—connected by a pole on top to stiffen them. Perhaps they lash a pole or so alongside. As this progresses another woman will throw mate neross the top. In a few moments they will have a house that looks as though it had always been there. There is a smakshole in the roof at the middle.

Three Great Remedies

In fifteen minutes after they have thrown down their packs you can be sitting in a very smoky interior, with eight dirty children and himsteen dogs running over you, feeling quite hardy and sporty. You can add to the excitement if you happen to have a banana or some taffy along.

There are volumes—and very good ones, too, interesting and useful—written in the way of advice, hints and suggestions to the outdoor man going into camp. No doubt you will get additional ideas from these. At first you will believe everything you read; but after a while you will get over that. I remember once hearing a girl in a musical comedy sing a little song. She must have been a peach, for I remember her yet—also the words of her song, which ran in the chorus about like this: "I read it in the book, in my little lesson book—I read it in the book, and it must be so!"

You can read a great many things in your lesson book harden you have been a proper lesson book—I read it in the book, and it must be so!"

You can read a great many things in your lesson book before you leave home for your varation, and about the hest part of the vacation out-of-doors is in preparing for it; but the great issuen book for you will be the out-of-doors itself. You will get your best fun out of meeting actual conditions of Nature with your own wite and your own energy. The best way is not in take any man's dictum as to what you want to do or how you want to do it. Figure it out for yourself.

The more primitive your summer resort, the better it is apt to be for you. What you need in a change. No man can live in the city—indeed, no man can undergo the high pressure of modern business in any com-munity—and not get a case of nerves at

least once a year.

Neurusthenia, nerve exhaustion and men-tal collapse are becoming more and more common in American business and social life. We work entirely too hard-speed up entirely too much. No amount of drugs and no amount of stimulants will ever cure

that sort of thing.

For the nerve-broken man or woman treatment-no drugs, no stimulants; just sunshine and sleep and oxygen and good food, and freedom from all care. If some of these generally tired chaps, some of these generally harassed women, would get out into a camp in the wilderness son where for a few weeks, they would get a better run for their money than perhaps they could in any other way.

At least this is the hint that of all these seems most worth while: As an antidote for the three R's of the city, take the three S's of the wilderness-Sleep, Sunshine and





"First Choice" for Summer Underwear— Chalmers "Porosknit" Guaranteed. For coolness, "first choice." For lightness, comfort, durability, value—"first choice." But—buy by the label.

That you may know gennine Chalmers "Porosknit," we show our label here. For there are numbers of imitations.

Imitations may resemble the genuine in looks—may have "holes" or "pores." But they are unitations still, that cannot give you the real learners of Chalmers "Porosknit." Let's see why.

The Way to Judge

Let's consider some reasons for Chalmers "Porosknit's" widespread popularity— its tremendous sale. Let's learn why this underwear is backed by a "No-Lorist Guarantee."

Examine a Chalmers "Porosknie" Union Sun, for instance

The "stretch" in kind goods is only inc



way. But observe our triangular processor the back. See how this postion of Jabric is resected. Thus its "stretch" runs opposite on the rest.

This means full r lauricity to the seasup and down, as well starting. It growat every turn or bend, with no pull, too bulge, no draw.

There can be no "churs wanted" feeling - no "curring in the crotch." The Closed Crotch is continuable. It fits It stays put.

For these reasons you get real unionuit comfort in this underweit.

The EXTRA Stitches

Now we'll turn the most suit inside out. Nonce how every seam is reintorced throughout. All are double seamed by cover seaming. Estim sitches—for trength's sake.

Note that there are no cumbersome flaps to gape open. Stretch the falme, See the exms sinches (again) surrounding each ventilating hole. These, with the lock-stitch, prevent unraveling.

The EXTRA Quality

We have been told that the yern in Chalcons "Porosknie" is not of them it need by. This we include him confi-



"Fire



Buy -It's on Eve

combed yarn. That we conthousands of extra dollars of That the yarn would still be good That we could be get away with

True. We might. None mi

The same careful workyour be employed in finishing such yarn—and Chalmers "Pornski still had about the same.

Yet—the durability—the living safter. Something would be busin and classicity.

So we take no changes with the risks with escabilished quality

I be fam we are to the fire

CHALMERS KNITTING CON



ice!"



Label the Genuine

the highly - the extra -quality or "Procedurit" (Guaranteed).

Illions Delighted

thinks in superiority you canflar in them, rests the inability "Chalmer, "Purpshait." They intuiting socialization. They arise and so the millions—men a bare found in wearing the

I what this com-

Doubtless you see why one should judge by more than mere appearance

Soft, Cool, Dry

Chalmers "Porosknit' is made in all sigles - for man, for boy.

Open in texture, and of soft, absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration. You are kept dry—even when the mercury warn skyward. Your pores breathe the needed air. The yarn's softness eliminates irritation of the skio.

These features you can we and feel.

The Cleanly Making

The extreme care in making, you cannot see unless you come to Amsterdam. There, in a modern mill, ifom as a new pin, Chalmers "Paraskan" is fashioned and sewn. The atmosphere is bright, clear, healthful Hygiene at the maximum. Even the dust eliminated.

Many rostly, patented machines kurthe high-perced yarn into the celebrated fabric. Then each yard of fabric is acrated with hot, dry, pure air.

Other machines complete the funding touches. Each garment is ironed individually before packing. See for yourself how planing the appearance of the gar- ONE OF THE ment in the box—at the dealer's. KNITTING

But-boy by the label

FOR MEN And Style 25c

FOR MEN FOR BOTS

\$1.00 | And Style 25c

FOR BOTS

\$1.00 | And Style 25c

FOR BOTS

\$0.00 | And Style 25c

FOR BOTS

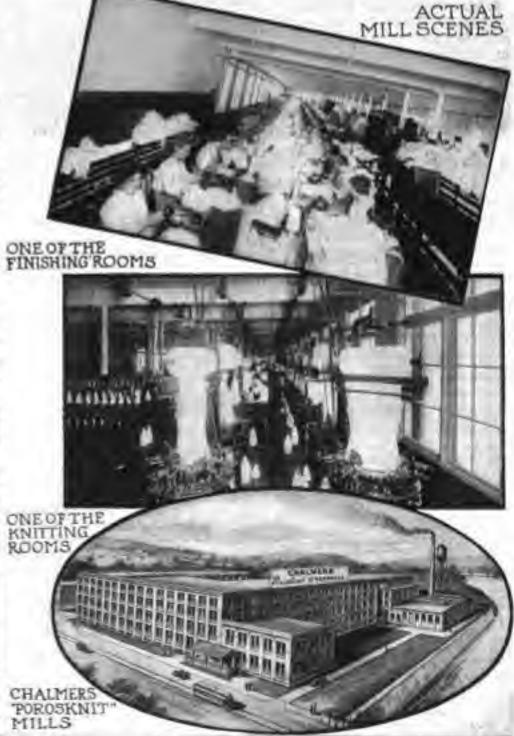
\$0.00 | And Style 25c

FOR BOTS

\$0.00 | And Style 25c

FOR BOTS

Bridge Street, Amsterdam, N. Y.





Fuel and Repairs You can lower these expenses

N three years' time supplies and repairs occasionally cost as much as the original price of a car.

Careless lubrication is responsible for most of this expense.

A canvass among New York repair skops showed that about one-half of the automobile engine troubles are caused by incorrect lubrication.

There are two things that must always be considered in an oil. One is its quality. The other is its fitness for your motor,

Low-quality oil in time may bring practically every trouble a motor can face.

Oil of a body which is incorrect for your motor brings many penalties heating and seizing of bearings, worn wrist pins, poor compression, breaking of parts, excess carbon deposit, smoking or overheating of engine and many other troubles.

Aside from repair troubles you must face a plain fact:

The more power you waste the more fuel you must consume.

You cannot get perfect lubrication unless the quality is right, and the bady of your oil suits-

Your type of lubrication system.

Your piston clearance. Your bearing design and adjustment. Your bore and stroke.

Your engine speed. The size and location of valves.

Your cooling system.

Gargoyle Mobileils are sold by a Chart which specifies the correct grade for early car.

They are backed by almost 50 years' ex-perience which has won for us the world-leadership in scientific lubrication.

If you do not at present use the grade of Gargoyle Mobilolls specified for your car, you may feel almost certain that your bills for fuel and repairs are higher than they should be.

Consult the partial Chart printed at the right. Make a note of the grade specified for your car. Then make certain that you get it. If your car is not mentioned send for our complete Chart of Recommendations.

It is safest to buy in original barrels, half-barrels and scaled five and one-gallon cans. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture, been the container.

On request we will mail a paraphlet on the Lubri-cation of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine scouldes and gives their causes and

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobilally, purified to remove free carbon, are: Cargoyle Mobilell "A". Gargoyle Mobilell "E", Gargoyle Mobilell "E", Gargoyle Mobilell "Aretic".

They can be secured from reliable garages, auto-mobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply labricants.

For information, kindly address any laquity to me-

Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the cur indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiled that should be used. For example: "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiled A" "Are, means "Gargoyle Mobiled A" Are, means "Gargoyle Mobiled A". The recommendations over both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise notes.

REPORT IN	Stek.		1	2913		1916		(ats.		- SMA	
CARS	1	Winter	Summer	White	Sections	Whee	l	Witness.	Supplier	Water	
Attivit Detroit	A	No.	A	An	A	km.	A	Ar.	An	AN.	
American	4	An.	ł۳	40	1	Acc	1	30	1	122	
Autocar (2 cal.)	Ä	屬	18	Ary	ķ	A.	12	Arc.	Ä	Aire	
Army SELVELL	13	łĒ	12	TE	12	(A	Ä	18	×	X.	
Bakin (Seek)	la	J۵	I A	Arc	12	A	١â	A.	×	Sec.	
Catillar (4 c)(L),	in.	10	April A	4	in.	10	ŀ.	Apr.	án.	No.	
Carrie Carrie	12	8	8	4	18	Act.	13	Mr.	10		
Chalman y common	1	50	12	6	M	Sec.	G.	An.	12	A	
City of the contracts	Œ	憑	7	12	L.	lå.	10	2	12	Œ.	
Lutarner Befreille	æ	Æ	B	Δ	10			A	*	10	
Pint we recent contract	6	16	Ti.	A	A	A	8		M	A	
Pleasers (6 197.5	15	18	10	N.	100		Significant Control	Sec.			
Franklin American	12	Am.	E.	12	I E	15	12	6	ĮŦ.	12	
G M.C. Corl	18	A			A	Am.	A	Air;	2	Jan.	
Harries di 48		E	A	No.	A	ăb,	12	Air.	12	A	
Hartest Self-	X	(W	X	lan.	X	Sec.	X	1	1	20	
Hoperstate of	Δú	Ari.	A	(to	là.	b	2	to	A	Am	
LH Com			-	100	10.		4	M	0	N	
THE RESERVE OF THE PERSON NAMED IN	1	5		828	12	F	Ã	A	Ã	7	
International const	1	18	Ä	1	1×	Ã.	Ä	No.		13	
Jie Basto C 194 Survey	2	Δ.	A	1	8	in.	A	10	Œ.	-	
federal	6	22	12	1/2	-	10		22	*	4	
Con the second	V-		A	Œ		E	A	(8)	ē	X.	
KNAR	軍	F		10	F	4	F	1	8	4	
Lormobile	4	Δ	12	4	4	A	2	۵	2	2	
Hiller constants	A.	4	14	10	w	W	4	10	٠	A	
Mark, In	10	15	10	10	ΙÇ.	ē	ı.	G	Ä	Am.	
Martin	8	R	8	16	18	16	â.	E.	A	Art.	
Manuell Cost has	2	2	ä.	E.	Æ.	Č.	2	1	1	-	
Webby	W	Ker.	1	1	×		A.	Art.	Mg.	AM.	
Min-fail	æ	April	Ã	1	Ä	E	8	Arri	A	Art.	
Muller Keight				-		1-	0	40	6	K	
Monte in an in-	A	В.	40		4	An.	Art.	M	2	An.	
National	4	4	Ą	A	Ÿ.	A	ě.	A	A	A	
Oktimentale property	0	8	Ä.	-	A	Arr.	6	Ani	An.	Mrs.	
Prettad	À.	Œ.	the same	1	Œ.	Ast.	Art.	Artic	an.	Mr.	
Page Dennik	Ħ.		4	-	*	A	4	An.	2	A	
Parties American	Am.	Arr.	A	Am.	And	An.	Airi.	Airri	de.	No.	
	, in	, in		Am.	-	Am.	Am.	MAL.	30.1	An.	
Proper Distribution of the Personal Property Control of the Person	A	100	A.	And I	A	Am.	A	Rec.	A	1	
	-				Am.	(Am.)	An.	(Ans.)		Val.	
Regulate	A	2	ã	Am	An.	Am	Resi:	(Nami)	An:	Arriv	
Regal Remails	A	Assu	**	55	4	An		1.6	à	E	
Regul Breadt Rec 4-G, V	A	1	A	1550	a.	热	A.		100	1	
Regul Bermadt Res d. G. V Salkber	AAA A	THE RE		E	een Si	55.55	SEA!	はいいかんし	OA LL	AC.	
Regal Frankli Reg & G, V Sakken Tarpere Upanitsell	444 ALL	N N	A	57.0	eta Sie	55555	CEASE	はいいかない	A	なな	
Regal Breads See G. L. Sakker Terrory Upder(see)	AAA ALL	F STR ME	AMALA A	F STAN	erasie e	255255	* LEAST	おおおおおと	647758	上一大	
Regal Bermall Ber	AAA ALL L.	F. F. STR. WE	ABALA A	中に 57日	densid and	552535 545	CANTEL AND	THE PERSON	C41158 4	SALLE AS	
kegid fermill. hee A G. V Sahker ************************************	AAA ALL L.	F STR ME	AND A A LA	F STAN	densite exite	*5.253 5.54	PEN PEREN	*5× 414 6365	C41158 4	SALLA A	
Regard Remail Rem Ref	AAA ALL L.	F. F. STR. WE	ABALA A	中に 57日	density and a s	1 * * fall \$15555	CERTIFICATION	7 * * 5 × 1 1 1 1 1 5 5 5 5 5	CALLES AS IN	1117 X	
Regard Remail Remail Rem Ref	AAA ALL L'IL	TELF STR. NO.	CHALLA A SA	THE P. P. STAIL	CARSIA ARIGA LA	** * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *	CRASSIST NICES	1554 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	SALLIE AS REA	11/2 3	
Regard Remail Remail Rem Ref	AAA ALL LINE KA	死死 用 1 5 6 6 5 5 5 5 6 9 6	CHAIR A A A A	THE PLET STATE	CHEST WATER PIECE	\$ \$05 x 26 25 \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$	CANAL STREET	1964 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	BALLER AS REAL	11 X X 11 15	
Regard Remail Remail Rem Ref	AAA ALL LINE KA	死死 用 1 5 6 6 5 5 5 5 6 9 6	CHAIR A A A A	THE PLET STATE	CHEST WATER PIECE	* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *	CANAL STREET	1964 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	CALLER AS ASSESSED	LANGE CONTRACTOR	



A grade for each type of motor

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

BRANCHES:

NEW YORK 29 Breadway PHILADELPHIA 4th and Chestnut Sts.

CHICAGO INDIANAPOLIS Indiana Pythian Bidg.

DETROIT MINNEAPOLIS Plymouth Bidg.

ROSTON 49 Federal St. PITTSBURGH Fulton Bldg.

CATS AND MICE IN MERRIE ENGLAND

(Continued from Page 20)

in American as well as English newspapers.

"The Suffragette movement," declared Scotland Yard, "is dead—slain by the Cat and Mouse Act." For proof Scotland Yard pointed to Holloway Gaol with only two Suffragettes incurcerated; whereas at Christmas time, 1912, the prison sheltered something like fifty Militants.

The day the statement was given out a bomb was exploded under one of the outer walls of Holloway. The young person who did the job was a Mouse. Less than three weeks before she had stood in a dock and received a sentence of eighteen months in Holloway. She served a week and was now diligently at work again. Motives of deli-cacy forbid the publishing of her name. It goes as deliciously with bombplanting as Miss Jolly does with a hunger strike— but then Miss Lamb has charge of an important department at headquarters; Miss Pleasance Penread wrote a pamphlet defend-ing window-smashing; Mrs. Dove Wilcox got eight days' solitary confinement for kicking a wardress; Miss Rachel Peace has recently finished a stormy term at Hollo-way. What's in a name anyhow? Scotland Yard does not understand the

Suffragettes; but then, who does? The bobby perhaps—but no one else. One occa-sionally hears the Suffragettes defended, but never explained. On a day when huge crowds were pouring out of London for some racing event the usual crowd of program sellers and hucksters were doing a more or less thriving business at the doors of the railroad station. Suddenly a bevy of Suffragette newsgirls appeared on the scene, much to the disgust of a vender of team resettes.

"Ah nah!" he grumbled: "blow the women anybah! Nah they'll get all the show! W'y don't they stop at 'ome? Wot are their plyces like, I wonder?"

A woman huckster stopped work long soough to reduce the grumbler to moral

pulp.
"Shut up and maked your business!" she shouted. "These women is the friends of us shouted. "These women is the thends of us pere women. You don't know wot you're tarkin' ababt! 'Ave you got four children and a plyce to look awfter when you gets 'ome? Wull, I 'ave when I gets 'ome! Good luck to 'em, Is'y! Next time you open your marth, know wot you're s'yin' of!"

Out With Their Hammers

"Ine't that just like a woman!" the dis-countied one exclaimed. "Tark politics to 'em and all they s'y is: 'Dry hup!"

Apparently many of the swented women of England have it firmly fixed in their minds that the Suffragettee are going to make things better for them. I saw a plain-clothes man drag a woman out of a Suffrage procession in the East End and take her to the station house. They were followed by a crowd of typical East End women who hurled abuse on the officer as far as I could hear them. far as I could hear thera.

"McKennar's pup!—that's wot I call yuh!" was about the least offensive of the expressions used. However, that did not explain the Suffragettes. I asked an Englishman who sat at table

with me on a steamer what he made out of He was one of those calm, slow Englishmen; but at the word Suffragette he became violently agitated, red in the face, almost hysterical. He poured out a rapid recital of experiences so incoherently that I could hardly follow him. I managed to gather, however, that he and his wife had just got back from the Continent; and after they were settled in their hotel rooms she told him that he had no fresh evening shirt and that he had better go out and buy some before the shops closed. So he went forth into Bond Street and was standing befhis favorite haberdasher's, admiring the window display.

It was a beautiful evening-everything quiet and benign. His soul was peaceful within him as he regarded the haberdash-ery. All of a sudden a woman stepped up to him and said: "Beg pardon!" and pushed him aside. Then before his very eyes she raised her hand, which held a bunch of pink roses, and behind the pink roses a hammer, and smashed the window of his favorite haberdasher.

As though that was not enough and plenty, the sound of smash, smash, smashing



One teaspoonful per cup, there are 60 to a pound. The cost per cup, you see, is really less than ordinary coffee-And it's delicious.

ET us send you a trial package. Then you can see for yourself that it is not only better and purer, but that it costs less per cup than ordinary coffee, as it makes more cups to the pound.

A Trial Can Free

SEND us your grocer's name and we will send you a trial can of Barrington Hall, enough to make six cups of delicious coffee, and booklet, "The Evolution of Barrington Hall." This explains the three stages of progress through which this famous coffee has passed.

BarringtonHall The Baker-ized Coffee

At first Barrington Hall was sold whole or ground as ordinary coffee is today, then steel-cut with the bitter chaff removed, and finally Baker-ised. In it we have retained the good points of our older methods and adopted new lea-tures (explained in booklet) that make it economy without economizing. A luxury not at the expense of health, but one that is an aid to correct living.

Baker's Steel-Cut Coffee

Stoel-Cut Cuffee lacks a little in quality and in evenness of granulation when compared with Baker-ized Barrington Hall, but the chaff with its objectionable taste is removed from it also. It is far superior to the so-called cut coffees that are offered in imitation of Baker-ized Coffee.

Our Coffee is for sale by grocers in all cities end most towns. Where not for sale, we will send it by Parcel Post prepaid until arrangements can be made with your grocer to supply you.

BAKER IMPORTING COMPANY 116 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y. 246 No. Second St., Minnespolis, Minn.



Do you know that you can buy your olive oil just as you buy your flour, in large enough quantity to make a saving in the price?

Our business is exclusively olive oil. We have selected a brand of unquestioned quality

"B&G" OLIVE

Supped by Measrs. Barton & Guestier, Bordeaux, France, to the United States, formure than Oyenmin glass. They are now sipping it to us in half gallon and one gallon tins.

This makes it possible for you is buy a product of exclusive quality and to obtain the romany of large quantity.

It carried the * marking in "Good Housekeeping."

Perfect plive oil is particularly by a physician. It may be obtained from us, delivered, charges paid onywhere in the United States, upon receipt of thesh or money order for mount of order.

Half Gallon Tina . . \$2.75 Each Om Gallon Time . . 5,25 Each

LA FRANCE OLIVE OIL COMPANY 16 South State Street



26 South State St., Chicago, IZ infinits ____ for gallow time of "B & S."

began to be heard on every hand. Ladies with hummers were coolly walking the length of Bond Street and smashing window after window. The noise was simply frightful. The excitement was enough to give one heart failure. The destruction was horrible:

The scene, on the whole, was like nothing but the beginning of the French Revolution.

"And she said Beg pahdon! and pushed me on one side; and raised her hand. It was unspeakable, unspeakable! And I never got me shirts!"

Got the point, the pake seal point? "I

Get the point—the only real point? "I never get me shirts!"
You would think an army man, a prolessional fighter, might understand. But no! A member of a fashionable Guards' Club was relating his experience: A Suffra-gette threw a stone through his club win-dow and then surrendered to the policeman

who came running at the familiar sound.
"I went out and saked the woman: 'Why
did you break our windows? We haven't
done anything!' And what do you suppose she said? 'It's because you haven't
done anything!' No sense to that, so far as
I can see. What could the woman mesn?"

Suffragette Logic

I think I know why the Suffragettes are not understood. There is nobody in Eng-land to understand them, nebody who can understand them. There never were; per-haps there never will be. The English mind is not constructed to understand. It is the least understanding mind in the world, as

history proves.
Under one of the Georges—the previous one, if memory serves—a man by the name of Thomas Muir, of Hunter's Hill, came into at Thomas Muir, of Hunter's Hill, came into hrief fame by going up and down the coun-try agitating for votes for men—net lards and owners of great estates, but common, ordinary lawyers, doctors, shopkespers, workingmen. Well, of course they could not have that; so they arrested Thomas Muir, tried him for sedition and transported him for fourteen years. Lord Braxfield, who sentenced the man, and:

maid:

"The British Constitution is the best that ever was since the creation of the world,

and it is not possible to make it better."

The man Muir, the judge said, had gene about "telling folks that a reform was absolutely necessary for preserving their liberty, which, if it had not been for him, they would never have known was in danger! Mr. Muir might have known that no at-tention could be paid to such a rabble as he harangued. What right had they to representation?"

So it was Botany Bay for Mr. Muir, just as it is Holloway for the Suffragettes— when they can catch them.

One begins to feel sorry for the Militarits. They have a hard job ahead of them, though it is beginning to be whispered that, be-tween the Irish and the women, the present government's sand is pretty well run out. But would any other government prove less obtuse? It is doubtful.

One Englishman is very like unto another, regardless of politics and regardless of cluss. They all argue somewhat after the fashion of a realbeaver whose wife had been listening to the talk in Hyde Park and had come home a convert. As he tells it, the conver-

sation ran something like this:
"'There's ababt four million women in the country,' she says, 'as 'aven't got the

"'Go hon!' I says.
"'And ababt a million of 'em,' she says, p'ya separate taxes.

Go hon!' I says. "And taxation without representation,"

she says, 'is tyramy!'
"'Go hon!' I says.
"And that done 'er! She could see that she 'adn't got such a feel to talk to as wet she thought for!"

However, to revert once more to the case of Thomas Muir, of Hunter's Hill, it did not do much good to transport him. for men happened just the same.

Unchiming Your Suit

A MACHINE has been constructed to take the shine from well-worn suits of clothes. Its action is practically that of sandpapering the glossy elbows of the enst or the polished knees of the trouvers. The cloth is passed between sets of rollers which are covered with sandpaper, or some other friction material, and the surface of the cloth is picked up, destroying the gloss.



P. A. spells "pa"-and that means Prince Albert is the daddy of 'em all!

Never hit you before? Sure will just about as quickoff-the-bat as you fire-up some national joy smokings, via a jimmy pipe or rolled into a makins cigarette.

Because Prince Albert has everything-flavor, aroma, quality. It's so ripping good for what ails your smokappetite that the sight of a tidy red tin just jams joy into your system,

You pin a quick-action tag on your sleeve, beat it biffbang around the corner, and lay in some

the national joy smoke

Somer you know for yourself that P. A. con't bite, the wiser and more cheerful-like you'll be early in the a.m. It's this way: Prince Albert is made by a patented process that removes the bite! Just leaves the tobacco-goodness all there, and bring, out the rich flavor that makes men years for P. A., surrise to asset. You give Prince Albert the punch-test. That's trying it out any old way - just as mean as you can be to it. You'll find P. A. true-blue because you can smoke it red hot - and it just can't make your tongue tingle!

Say, you begame. Mateup P. A. with a immy pipe and get youngsome?

You been Present Albert just like you beam what you're an some way I as. It's mild all secrethe naries; on the legalism we well as the highways. Topsy ted large, See, ted; sed than 10c; also handware passed and hell-pound handware.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.





What Next?

WIRELESS-TELEGRAPH shows are the latest form of amusement, just as interesting to persons who know nothing about electricity and wireless as to opera-tors themselves.

The principal feature is the use of a stereopticus screen on which are thrown actual messages from some distant wireless station, translated to the audience as the

messages proceed.

At such a show recently in London the audience actually saw a message on the acreen sent especially to that room from the Eiffel Tower, in Paris; and then by the

same method enjoyed eavesdropping on messages that were being exchanged between official stations.

Demonstrations of ordinary wireless instruments made up the remainder of the entertainment. To receive messages on the screen a siphon recorder was used, so that a shadow much control to the screen much control to the screen as in the screen as the screen as the screen much control to the screen as the scre that a shadow mark on the screen rose and fell as the signals came in; and a lecturer

Climbing Buckets

called out each letter as it was formed.

PASSING on the same track has long been a subject for humor, but it is being

I been a subject for humor, but it is being successfully accomplished on some overhead transportation lines. A cableway of one rope, carrying buckets of earth and ore, has been built to permit the buckets to pass each other safely.

The carrier, which runs along the cable and supports the bucket, has in each instance a short rail built over its top. This rail is bent so that it rests on the cable in front of the carrier. When two buckets meet the carrier of one promptly climbs the rail over the other one, passes over it completely and alips down to the cable on the other side.

A simple arrangement prevents any con-fusion as to which bucket should climb over the other one and prevents interference as they swing past each other.

Suction Shampoor

Vacuum-cleaner shampoos are now being given the horses of the New York park department. The suction cleaner takes the place of a curry comb occasionally, and the shampoo is as pleasing to the animals as it is successful. Its best use is after a horse has been clipped, for in this way all the fine loose hairs left on the animal's coat are removed. animal's cost are removed.

Fungi in Cold Storage

AN ODD use of cold storage is now being practiced in Florids. A fungus that is plentiful in the orange groves in the fall is very fatal to the larvæ of the white fly, which, in its turn, is destructive to the

orange groves.

The fungi, however, are plentiful only in the fall and the larve of the white fly

appear in the spring.

Cold storage gives the opportunity to have the fungi at the most useful time. The fungi are collected in the fall and placed in cold storage, which keeps them safe and vigorous until spring, when the organisms are placed on the trees. There they attack the larvæ of the white fly.

The Latest in Oils

NOT many new foods are invented. A new one which is now being perfected so that it will work is tomato-seed oil. Some Italian factories in recent years have been using the seeds to make oil for soap and oil cake for stock feeding, obtaining them from preserving facturies which formerly wasted the seeds.

These oil manufacturers are now developing a process of refining the oil so that it will be palatable and nutritious, to be used like olive oil.

Glue Embroidere

GLUE embroidery aptly describes a new idea for giving at slight cost an em-broidered appearance to cloth. A solution of the chemicals from which artificial silk is made is prepared in a tank and used like the ink of a printing press for printing patterns on the cioth.

After it dries the cloth bears a raised pattern in artificial silk.

the money, time and temper sav

AS a rule, automobile tires never have the proper amount of air in them. The is why some motorists have to buy a many new tires. Big tire bills are usually due to incorrect tire inflation. Too much or just as detrimental as too little.

In either case you cannot get your is mileage nor keep your tire expenses down rock bottom. Improperly inflated tires not wear due to rim cutting

— wear due to broken fabric

— wear due to drag of flat tire on road

- wear due to friction.

No one can, all the time, properly infate tire by hand. Ask any tire company. Il

Stewart **TirePump**

cats your tire bills down to an absolute minimum will pay for itself in an time. Fills say the in a if fee managile; it will fill a 36 in. a 472 in, the in minutes. No more bath-breaking week on a handput Itself in built on the most modern engineering line. I piston in steel, hardened, ground and lapped. The is to alternature. The commercing root is of hardeness. No oil can enter tire. This is the most troduced up-to-date pump on the market. You should have an your tax.

Price complete, with sir pressure gauge and 12 to high grade bose, only \$13.

The big automobile menufacturers are rapidly ofting the Newser Tire Pump as regular soutient. When you buy pour car are that you get one of those air pumps. It is the most nordern agreeably convenience invented for automobiles.

For sale by dealers all over the world.

For sale by dealers all over the world.

Stewart-Warner Spendometer Corporation Factories: Chicago and Balait, Was.

Executive Officeer 1936 Diversey Blvd., Chic



You can't beat Diamond Quality

Why pay more than Diamond prices?

Your tire cost is going to be lower this year — your mileage per tire is going to be greater—

When you equip with Diamond Squeegee Tread Tires.

You are not simply buying tires—you are buying Diamond More-Mileage—Diamond Quality and Service—Diamond Squeegee Control—Diamond non-skid Certainty—that blocks the sidewise skid or forward slide.

The tough rubber Squeegees defend you against short mileage and long skids.

They wipe their way through muddy, slippery going to a firm, clean grip of the pavement.

Diamond



Squeegée Tréad



Where is the Difference?

Handsome streamline body; graceful, tapered bonnet; new style rounded radiator; modern lenders; left drive; electric lights; electric starter (if desired); light, powerful motor-these features of the new KRIT read like a list of specifications for a \$2,000 car.

And yet the KRIT wells for \$950 (\$1050 with electric scarter). It is "the moderate priced car with the high priced car features." Glance over this partial list and compare the KRIT, with cars coming \$1000 to \$2000 more:

act Spendometer

Unit Payerr Flant Bouch Magneto Multiple Disc Clutch Electric Starter, Lights, Harn Stenmberg Carburatoradjustment on structure extense. Understone Rear Springs

Left Driver Left Control petur from either side. Linu Wheelbase Dynamustable Stime Too Curior at Reas Jiffy Curtains

Corkdinatories, shoo board Floor and running Deep Upholetary Clear Vision Wanishteld Granding Tunk in Dank

New Features; Proven Chassis

Though new in these features that penduce style, comfort and convocience, there is muching freekish or experi-mental about the ERCT. It is a rest, action unhievement in motorcur build has And mechanically it processes the Martine qualities that have endoured KRIT runs to owners for five years; qualities that havened possible recently of 25,000, 50,000 and 100,000 miles in the service of these owners.

In the Kkill, as \$050 or \$1050, you funt all you can demand in appointmen, ly comfort, in convenience, and more than you expect in the way of economy. Not only is it recognite in withit cost, has because of its light weight, its stoots construction, in well-balanced theaguthe KRIT keeps down the biel and the

Why Pay for Useless Weight?

KRUT lightimes comes from two

The strictly, powerful KRIT motors weight only 283 pounds as hypothesis 100 to 550 pounds for assessment to carried the some necessal power on the EHIT.

And so on immediate the car.

Engrapes tell to that the KMTI is two years about of its fet I - he is poresear, at \$550, the auxility leavages you find in case or double the price. The seasetherd asks record work by the new KRIT is an endorsoment by entical medicine that prove these experts

Say we sake two, what more can you get to a higher polyoficial? More weight, perhaps, but weight only adds to the expense of uphases. More send formpower, but much of the extra lowerpower is used up in earnying around the empt weight - and the rest of the expower you don't need. For the KRIT will take you anywhere you want to go; it will take you there specify, salely and conformbly.

Take a KRIT Ride

Let the pow KRIT that? was me. INTY lightimes come from our to us the namest KRAT dealer pages not design our form allows on report. Rife in the care drive of tog. We save 120 pounds a wealt, test it is any say you with.
To wright by using alumi. We are see the coeffiell will obvious non for our emak case. You; and the price will prove an adand transmission case, this local reason for buying,

> TEXT BOOK OF MOTOR CAR ECONOMY" TREE.-This builder gives mean important facts for estry melacest layer or user. If you are interested in requires most national tion at lower and for your notice car expanditure, used in the cussion today.

KRIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Dept. A

Detruit, Mich.

The Wireless confession

(Continued from Page 7)

"She was picked up by a schooner and landed at Glouesster. She will arrive to-morrow morning. Tell the others, Charles.

They would like to know."

"Indeed they would, sir," blubbered
Charles, and left the room hastily.

Psul Morton confronted the great crisis

of his life. She was alive and coming back.
What would his life be now? He cursed
the message—ber first—that had made it
impossible for him ever again to be happy.
If he had been living in a fool's paradise he
should know it. Of course! And yet—
He paced the room till the small hours,

a prey to doubt, the victim of a million surmises that settled nothing. She was coming back. He would see her. If he met her at the station he would have to go through the motions of happiness—a de-mesning simulacrum of joy. The news-paper reporters probably would be there. She might so behave that he might wish willfully to blind himself to the perennial messace of her unfinished message. He had loved her insunely, like a fool, like an old man! She could do as she wished with him; she was irresistible! He feared her-and

his weakness!

If he did not go to the station he would have an understanding with her here at home. Mrs. Fanning, the housekeeper, could go with the motor to the station.

To wait for her at home was to ask her to find the confession and give it to him to read.

If he forced her to do this she could never again be to him what she had been! And suppose the confession were a trifle, indis-cretion rather than guilt, how would she take his unforgiving attitude? And if there had been an error of transmission, then his jealous doubts became deadly insults that

she could never forgive.

Perhaps it was wiser to forgive and forget,
to let his love win her love and his respect Magnanimity works wonders with bers.

But if she had decrived him once, as implied by her message, and he had never dis-covered it, what was to prevent her from deceiving him again? At forty-two a bitter swakening is ruthless, but at fifty-two it would be fatal! Why had he thought himself the one exception to the experience that girl of twenty is an ass?

The only solution that he could see was leath? He would not live without her and be could not live with her. A bullet would end it all!

He sat down and wrote:

ANNE:
"I could not bear to see you after your
"I could not bear to see you after your
PAUL."

He thought a long while and then he secreted "cannot" between the "I" and the forgive," for he could not and did not

forgive her!
But die and not know why ahe had implored him to forgive her? It was an exasperating thought, but it made suicide an He did not once think that his death

ould make her his sole belress.

He threw the letter into the fire and went to bed, where he lay thinking, thinking, and never once deciding! Atdawn he fell asleep, only to be awakened as usual at eight by his valet.

At breakfast he found that the news-apers had not published the news. Had she kept it from the reporters?

Why?

He could est nothing, so he went upstairs to the library, sat down in the easychair

or before he knew? Those kisses! The Ower-like cheeks he loved to foudle! Was not wise to ignore the message, to forgive ber without knowing; or was it wiser to laten and then decide whether or not to orgive? Again, while forgiveness now was

ifficult, suppose her confession made it impossible to forgive? How did she look? Had she suffered much? Fashioned of flower-petals, and a neek in a heat! She had nobody but her behand, poor little -

What was it that she had to confess? Without his knowing, could be forgive?

Go? Never! He would stay at home. hen she came he would demand that she tell him the truth. If she was not worthy to be loved he should know it. And time heals wounds.

But worthy or not, if she only permitted him to love her, what did anything else matter? What was life without her? If he were young he could love again. But for the few years he had to live, why let a foolish doubt torture him?

It was better not to know! But he could not forget! But he was a fool to remember!

A knock at the door.
"Come!" said Paul Morton, and rose to
his feet unsteadily, his face livid.
Charles opened the door and said;
"The motor is here, sir!" and waited for

Morton to speak.

After all a man must be a man. He re-membered the father who had feared nothing except that his son might really become a millionaire.

Was this the revenge of money on his soul? He would go. He would see her. He would fight his battle. If it was ordained that he was not to know happiness on earth he might at least spare himself the reproach of cowardice.

He went downstairs firmly. It was the determined composure of a man on the way to the gallows who has made up his mind to die game for the benefit of the spectators. The butler and the housekeeper had agreed that there must be lavish floral displays. fragrant welcomes in every room. As it would be rather expensive the butler was going to protect himself by asking the master. But when he saw Paul Morton's face he turned away his own eyes. And the other servants also saw the grim, set laws and the paller and the haggard took, and dared not meet the eyes that always gowith much a face. with such a face.

She was the first one to slight from the Pullman. She looked thinner, less beautiful, but there was something war-worn, proved about her. She looked less like a doll, much more like a woman. The loss at that othereal quality that always made him feel so keenly a sense of her alcofness from him unpleasantly shocked him. Here was no longer a doll to fondle and caress, but a woman to love. And yet he could not say that he saw the clay more plainly. It was not that exactly. It was different in some curious manner. Indeed he suddenly felt that his own suffering had given him different eyes to see with. And perhaps her own She was the first one to alight from the ent eyes to see with. And perhaps her own hardships had made her different. There was a curious strangeness about her. This girl was not the girl he had loved and he himself was not the man who had

loved her! He was so full of this constraint that he held himself firmly in leash, though he could not have told what would have happened

had he let himself go.

She stepped from the car platform and be noticed that she limped slightly. It filled

him with concern.

"Are you lame?" he asked quickly.

"No! 1—I wrenched the muscles a little."

She was at last on the station platform, surrounded by valises and by obsequious baggage porters. It was impossible to be affectionately demonstrative amid such

surroundings.
She looked at him and there was about her glance a new scrutinizing quality that disturbed him and then vaguely irritated. She held out her hand, said, "Well?" and

smiled not at all guiltily.
"Well?" he echoed heavily. She was lose exquisitely fragile, but infinitely more beautiful; less suggestive of flower-petals, more of flesh and blood. He realized now that he had before plunged, boylike, into a sentimental orgy, born of inexperience. But this new and marvelous woman was one be could fight for and kill for! He had never loved her because she had not existed. He never had won her, but he could not lose her! He could not! If he could have this woman he would never again think of the other woman, who had gone away from him forever on the Atlantis!

He had forgotten everything else. That

is what love is for! "Aren't you glad to see me?" she asked with the maddening coquettishness of women when they are sure of your love but wish to test your physical self-control.

He looked at her so strangely, there was such mighty love and longing in his blazing

eyes, his face was so pale and so full of deeply bitten lines, that she turned pale. Her eyes, that so lately had looked death in the face, stared fascinatedly into his. Then her own filled with tears and, oblivious of the people about her, she threw her arms

"Oh, Paul, darling! God was good to

us! God was good to us!"

Never before had she called him darling. Never before had she admitted her love. But even now it might be remorse, perhaps a second confession of guilt. Indeed, he told himself he had heard a prayer for absolu-tion! He couldn't give her up! His soul and his body with ten thousand voices exhorted him to forgive and forget!

He did not know. He need never know.

He loved her. He did not wish to know. More composed now, she looked at him with shamed eyes, in which shone subtle suggestions of defiance—as though she would do it again no matter who looked on! She took his arm in both hers, little-girl-wise, and as they walked toward the Concourse she asked in his ear:

"After you found the note I left in the

"After you found the note I left in the

"After you found the note I left in the third drawer, could you forgive me?"

His throat suddenly went dry and his youl cords were paralyzed, so that he couldn't answer. He tried to speak, but it was impossible. He felt himself trying to swallow, in a desperate effort to restore fexibility to the vocal cords.

"Were you angry—or sad? When you thought of the two of us drowning together—"

"I-I-never —" he said chokingly. "I - n-never found - the paper!" He pushed her away from him. He wanted to die out of her sight, so he turned his

head away.

"Oh!" she exclaimed happily, "then you didn't suffer as much as I feared!" The face she turned to him was that of a naive child. She added regretfully: "I might have spared myself a lot of worry, thinking of what you might think of me."

Should he tell her what he had thought of

her?

How could be and not kill?

"I shouldn't have done it, Paul. But in a way it was your fault. You spoiled me. You treated me like a doll. And all the time the dreadful suspense! When they were getting the lifeboats ready I kept on saying to myself: 'I must keep cool! I must keep cool! If I only had told Paul the troth!' So I went about it calmly and put on a life-preserver, and all the officers said I was the coolest person on the ship and I was the coolest person on the ship and told some frightened men to look at me and learn to be brave. But they didn't know! They didn't know!"
"Didn't know what?" asked Psul Morton

"I forgot you don't either. My conscience made me suffer tortures. But, Paul, ne long as you didn't know, what's the use of suffering—what is the word—retroactively? Forget all about it."

"I can't!" he said almost involunturily.

"Well," she said resignedly, "I might as well face the music. But you won't scold me, Paul, dear?" Her lips trembled slightly.

slightly.
"Will you, dearest?" she persisted and shook his arm. "I've been punished enough. I promise that I'll never again keep anything from you, good or bad. But if you insist we'll find the note together and ..."
"Together?"
"Cartainly." And you couldn't find it!

"Certainly. And you couldn't find it! It was in the third drawer." "Which third drawer?"

"Don't you remember the old Gothic desk we picked up at the Sturtevant sale?" Don't you remember the three secret drawers? The third is behind the second, and the second behind the first. That's the one we agreed I should use. Don't you remember?"

"I had forgotten!" he said. He would not tell her that he had looked in every drawer of every piece of furniture in every room in the house. He wished to be happy. He wished to disbelieve and he yearned to believe. So he maintained outward calmness by forcing himself not to look at her as they drove home. This was not difficult, because she chattered away like a magpie, overwhelmed by the sights of New York.
"I never expected to see that or that!"

she kept on saying, for every familiar build-ing became an old and welcoming friend and every trolley car greeted her affec-

The reception of the servants at the house upset her. The men's eyes as they sbook hands with her leaked quite as freely

as the sniveling maids'! The butler, with a red-faced majesty never before equaled even by himself and never surpassed by any emperor, told her: "It's a great day for the house, my lady!" as he had once heard, when a boy, his father tell the Marchioness of Choeston on the hirth of the heir-after fifteen years of prayers! But just as the butler looked round for applause, Bolton had to blubber!

After she had enjoyed a few tears herself, the mistress of the house led her husband to the luxurious little living room on the third floor.

She pulled out one secret drawer after another until she took from the third drawer a scaled envelope addressed to him.

"I don't think I'd better give it to you now, because I can make you very happy and—if you don't know you'll never scold."

Something in her voice made his heart jump. It couldn't be a very serious confession after all!

"I've never scolded you, have I?" he

"That's the trouble! That's the trouble!"
she said very gravely.
"That's the trouble! That's the trouble!"
she said vehemently. "That's why I did it!
I could see from the first that you were not in love with me. You didn't love me—"
"Anne!" He was shocked by her vehe-

mence and by her utter blindness to his

worship.

"Not with me but with a toy, a silly little doll. What you loved was to love! You wanted me so that you could love me your way, but in your life I was nothing! I counted for no more than a particularly beautiful painting."
"Anne!" he said again. It was all he

"Anne?" he said again. It was all he could say because what she said was so true that he could not fight back. He was bearing her reasons and they were good reasons. He had not known this woman! "What I have gone through makes me different and our life from now on must be different," she said determinedly. "I don't want to feel that I am a bought bibelot! But, of course, it was my fault, because you were so happy in your love and so anxious to do what you thought I wished, that I had not the heart to tell you that I was tired of toys. I wanted to go on some bunting had not the heart to tell you that I was tired of toys. I wanted to go on some bunting trip, to go to Central Africa with you, to be your woman! I made up my mind to have a serious talk with you. Then I—and then came sister Grace's cablegram and I knew if I told you you'd never let me go. And I was so afraid Grace—"
"She doesn't know," he interrupted, "They've kept the news from her, but she is better. I'll cable at once."
"Yes, do, and say I can't go because I'm going to stay with you, unless you insist upon my being a toy. In which case I'll run away. There! Read it!"

He opened her confession. It said:

He opened her confession. It said:

"Doctor Carr says there is no doubt, and I am glad; but I was afraid yeu would not let me go if I told you. I'll take very good care of myself and when I come back to you I know you will be so glad you will not scold me. And, besides, if you did scold it might be bad for me, and it is your duty to love me more than ever now that at last I am walls, and truly really and truly
"Your own wife who loves you very much,
"Asse."

"Do you mean --- "His trembling voice

could not finish.

"Of course," she said with a triumphant calmness that made her seem almost unreal to him. "Of course! And I serve notice on you that I am your wife, not a ——"
"Hush, dearest!" he entreated shame-

facedly.

"Certainly I won't," she said determinedly. "I'm not going to be a doll any longer! Do you hear me?"

She went up to him and looked straight in his eyes. "I'll show you I am not what you thought. Dann! How do you like that from your little Dresden shepherdess?

"It—it isn't good for you to stand, darling," he pleaded. "Please sit down!" She looked at him in despair. Then she lenched her fists and rushed toward him. He felt himself grow both cold and paralyzed. But she merely jumped and, throwing both arms round his neck, pulled herself

up as if she would climb on his shoulders.

"If you talk that way again I'll tango
every day," she threatened.

"My de——" he began, but stopped
because he felt her arms relax. Whereupon. inspired by love, he snarled at her: "I'll give you a crack on the jaw, do you hear?"

The arms tightened about his neck again.
"I wish you would!" she murmured.

For Rent This American Adder



Ten Days Free Then 10c a Day

This offer is made to workers-tomen who must buy their own Adders. To men who add figures to a slow, hard way, and who often make errors.

That all such men may have this help, we make this rental offer:

We will place this machine in your office for a ten-day test, without cost or obligation. Then, if you want it, you may pay the cash price. Or you may pay \$3 down and \$3 monthly until you pay \$37.50.

What It Does

This American Adder adds, subtracts and multiplies. It does all you could do with \$150 machines.

It is rapid and competent: It easily computes a hundred figures a minute, and it never makes mistakes. It is so simple that a child can operate.

It makes play of addition. The longest columns are added quickly, and the totals are always correct.

It will do all this for you for ten cents a day. Then, after one year, the machine becomes yours.

An Ideal Adder

Good Adding Machines have heretofore cost from \$150 to \$750. Now this competent Adder costs \$35, and all men who add figures can afford this help.

In less than nine months, over 17,000 offices have adopted this American Adder. Among them are hundreds of very large concerns,

general Railway offices and the U.S. Government.

But the greatest welcome has come from workers who heretofore went without Adders. It has come from Accountants, Railway Agents, City and County Officials and Employees, Storekeepers, etc. Our price and our rental plan place this new Adder within reach of all such users.

Send This Coupon

If you deal with figures, we ask you to send this coupon. Let this machine do your work for ten days. Note the time it saves, the labor and mistakes. Judge for yourself if it earns its way. Do this in justice to yourself.

If you find it essential, pay as you wish-all cash or 10 cents a day. This offer will probably not be repeated, so send the coupon now.

AMERICAN CAN CO. 1246 Mourse Bldg., Chicago

You may send me, express prepaid one American Adder for ten days' trial. will then either reject it, may your cash price of \$35.00, or pay \$3.00 down and \$3,00 monthly until I may you \$37.50, then the machine becomes mine.

Unless you are rated, kindly give refer-

The \$2.50 satrs charge on the rental plan barely covers interest and the cast of twelve collections.

American Can Co. (Address Martine) 1246 Monroe Bldg., Chicago Eastern Sales Dept., 476 West 14th St., New York

Different Office Needs Call for Different Typewriters

The Remington Line offers you 44 choices

PORTY years ago modern business was a youngster. The original Remington typewriter was its first companion.

They have grown up together.

They have branched out together.

Every year develops some new business need — which calls for an improved typewriter.

Every improved typewriter put on the market opens up new short cuts in business practice.

WE long ago outgrew the idea that any one model would answer every need.

Today's business needs are multitudinous. A great variety of typewriters is required to meet them.

The character of your work should determine your choice of typewriter.

This is why the line of typewriters now offered by the Remington Company has grown from one elementary model to 44 specialized machines.

Each is a fully equipped, easy running typewriter, designed for general use. Each has special qualities for special business purposes.

THE day is past for selling typewriters on the strength of this or that feature alone. We do not attempt to narrow your choice to any one type of machine—we offer you by far the widest range of typewriters on the market to choose from.

You know your business needs. Let us help you to select the machine which best fits those needs.

For example:

In the Remington Typewriter Line (including the Remington Standard, Monarch and Smith-Premier models) you will find the following qualities—and many others. Some are in all models others in only certain models.

Do you require-

Twenty manifold copies?

The lightest possible touch!

Writing on extreme top and bottom edges of page?

Dependable shift from black to red printing?

Durability (therefore fewest repairs)?

Clean stencil cutting?

Instant cabulation - in any number of vertical columns?

Tabulation of dollars and cents in selected columns?

Conspicuously visible writing?

Accurate writing on ruled lines?

A key for every character?

Interchangeable carriages of various widths?

Retail billing and charging devices?

Special type characters for weights, measures, foreign currencies, etc.?

Typing in any foreign language?

Writing on paper as wide as 323/2 inches?

Easy writing on stiff cards?

Guides for addressing envelopes?

Addition and subtraction? (See opposite page)

Adjustability of carriage tension for typists with different touch?

Carriage return for right-handed typ-

Carriage return for left-handed typists/

Fase in changing ribbons?

Ease in making corrections?

Ease of operation?

All the above features in various combinations are in the Remington Line of typewriters.

It goes without saying that Remingtons have all-sufficient speed. The typist has yet to be born who can go faster than Remington machines can print.

In each of the three Remington models shown on the opposite page totally different kinds of typewriting efficiency have been achieved. But in no case have the fundamental good qualities—ease of operation, durability and clean, clear results, been overlooked in the slightest degree.

The test of a typewriter is not on a few mechanical devices alone but the machine's complete adaptability to your work.

In the Remington Line you will find typewriters for every business requirement.

Get posted on the Remington Line of typewriters now. It will save time when you buy. Write to our New York office for descriptive booklets.

REMINGTON LINE of TYPEWRITERS

The New Remington Idea

One Speedy Operation

Types your bills Adds the items Proves the totals

WE have told you of our general line. Now for the newest achievement.

If your clerk first writes out a bill and then stops to foot it—this latest Remington time-saver is needed, for bills are now automatically added and proved while they are being typed.

Any clerk can be accurate eventually. This machine is accurate instantaneously.

The figures mechanically add as fast as your typist strikes the keys.

Your discounts automatically subtract with equal ease.

One quick operation begins and completes your bills and statements. No time is spent in addition or subtraction — no time wasted in looking for errors or making corrections.

The speed is limited only by the speed of your typist's fingers. Idle machines are costly. The Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter need never be idle.

If your typist wishes to write letters, she simply touches a lever. She then has an up-to-date correspondence typewriter.

If a clerk wishes to list and add some items he has a complete accurate adding machine.

Said an office manager recently, "The uses to which we put this machine are so varied, that it is in operation constantly throughout the day."

Thousands of offices and retail stores, large and small, find that it saves a vast amount of time on billing alone.

A quick way to find out how much you need this epoch-making machine is to send today to our New York office for descriptive booklet, "The New Remington Idea."



Monarch Model

REMINGTON Adding and Subtracting TYPEWRITER

THE PARTY OF THE P

THE Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter can be had in any of the Remington Models shown at the right.

Each is a member of the famous Remington Line.

Each is a complete easy-running typewriter, plus the adding and subtracting feature. Each is designed and built so as to insure the maximum of durability.

Each has distinctive features designed to meet individual requirements.

Write today for booklet, "The New Remington Idea," which describes these machines in detail.

Remington Typewriter Company, Incorporated, New York City (Branches Everywhere)

For clear, clean, typewriter results, use Remnics brand letter paper, carbon paper and ribbons. Write to our nearest office.



Dollars Added to the Value of This New Outfit, and Not One Cent to the Price

It is inconceivable to experts how so remarkable a ragor with 12 "Radio" Steel Blades can be put into your hands for just one dollar.

The new Salety Plane we quarantee for jet you - he japon 0%-05-attaneous or similar to a tomaty. Last and most on the swelve (12-mind year) "Radio" Steel Blades Mass consists the delice within

Lach Bades? Seed Made is guaranteed to the of the tene rest that will privery man, and to sope away the wire a stability method in account

If you goes a pleased with the torre you will please as a consequent back. You will never know what a "Los Share" is made out share with the EVER JO ATTY. If you take a substitute of a your sum than Your local design will will you selender yours with -1

Ever-Ready Safety Razor

"Radio" Steel Blades -10 for 50c

the new "Ratho" Shed Blade is now analysis britished to be provided as the second of the sec mine works for misconsment in a source ing blockers out U. e. orpo-sat-lest consequire-

> or T. WEB-RI ALLY THE THE destruction of the degree of a transfer over his have \$10 year tolking at a house

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CU., In-Smoklyn, New York



Sense and Nonsense

LIKE the weird remedies and tests of medicine in the Middle Ages are some of the very latest means science has de-vised to detect and classify forms of insan-ity and brain affections. Salts of gold in solution, drops of spinal fluid, bits of the tissue from the covering of a normal person's brain, and various other similar materials are the means employed.

The gold test, for instance, is now being used to prove definitely the existence of paresis, meningitis and several other forms of nervous disease, though in practice it is used mostly as corroborative proof rather

used mostly as corroborative proof rather than the only proof. Solutions of salt of gold of carefully graduated strength are put into test tubes, with the weakest solutions at one end of the row grading up to the strongest at the other end.

Fluid from the spinal column of the person who is being examined is then dropped into the tubes. The presence of certain kinds of train or nervous trouble is then indicated by the colors produced in some of the tubes. The particular color produced the tubes. The particular color produced and the strength of the solution that shows the color strongest give the clew to the kind

Another peculiar test for certain other kinds of brain trouble is to take a drop of blood from the person examined and place in it a prepared solution from a tiny parti-cle of brain-revering of a normal person. Epilepsy causes an easily detected reaction on the combined solution, while other brain disturbances are detected by a similar process, using other materials in the same

The Elusion Jeapard

AN APPLICANT for a place as tencher in one of the colored schools at Louisville was being examined touching his fitness for the position. He was a small, dapper, yellow person, wearing gold spectacles, a long black coat and an abiding air

tacles, a long black coat and an abiding air of great dignity.

The examination was in part oral and syntax had been reached.

"What is your definition of the word 'jeopardized'?" asked the examiner.

The candidate's knew wrinkled.

"Which?" he inquired.

"Which?" he inquired.

"Which?" for just do you understand the word 'jeopardized' to mean?"

For just one short half-minute he hou-

For just one short half-minute he host-tated. Then he answered sonormuly:
"In reply to yo' question I would state that that would refer to any art committed.

by a jeopard."

The President's Privilege

PRESIDENT WILSON has had his nails manicured by a professional manicure just once in his life. That once was after he was elected President and before he was

He had some time in New York and decided to use it in a visit to a manicure. A fluffy blond person officiated with the orange stick and purior.

She took the hand of the future Presi-

dent, began operations and began conversa-

tion at the same time.
"Where do you live?" she asked archly.
"In Princeton, New Jersey," Mr. Wilson

replied.
"Ob," she said ecstatically, "what a privilege! Have you ever seen the house in which Mr. Cleveland lived?"

Ready Wrapped

A SECRETARY for a Massachusetts con-A few days ago he happened to be in the office of a representative from the South and saw several small sucks on the floor.
"What are those?" his asked

"Cotton seed furnished by the Department of Agriculture for distribution down

our way," the Southerner explained.

A sack was opened and the Yankee examined the cotton seed with great interest. He picked up some and observed the lint clings closely to the seed. He pulled at this, but was not successful in removing

any of the lint.
"My!" he said. "The Department certainly treats you fellows fine. Just think of wrapping up each seed so carefully in cotton! How do they do that?"

The Latest in Lenses

A CAMERA that will take seven pic-tures at once—all taken from different directions—and then blend them into one photograph is being used for taking ple-tures from balloons in Germany.

The seven lenses are arranged in a circle, each pointing down at an angle of forty-five degrees; so that the face of the combination camera, seen from below as it swing under a balloon, looks like the inside of a

Pictures taken by this camera give a paneramic view of the ground; and by the new science of mapping from photographs they furnish the necessary data for a very reliable map of the section, with the di-tances all represented properly.

New Fire Alarms

A FIRE ALARM which discriminates between ordinary heat and any fire that may start, and another which makes more racket the hotter the fire is, are two additions to the great number of recent automatic fire alarms. The discriminating alarm is based on the theory that a dangerous fire will cause a sudden rise in temperature in a room, but that ordinary temperature changes due to heating systems or to the weather are alow. FIRE ALARM which discriminates weather are alow.

The new alarm pays attention only to the sudden change.

One thick glass tube and one thin glass tube contain liquids that will vaporize and make pressure in the tubes when they are bested, and the alarm will ring when the pressure in the thin tube is greater than in

With a slow increase of heat the liquid in both tubes vaporizes at about the same rate, but with a sudden heat the thin tube

acts more promptly.

The other fire alarm is based on the electric resistance of a metal. It can be dropped by a cord into a ship's hold, for instance, and if there is heat there it will ring gently or vigorously—in accordance with the degree of the heat.

A Clear Windshield

A DOCTOR living in a rainy climate, whose calls took him out often in wet weather, undertook the problem of maintaining clear vision through the windshield of his automobile regardless of rain; and he succeeded in making a prescription that would do the work.

The prescription calls for one ounce of water, two ounces of glycerine and one dram of salt. This is poured on a piece of gauze and then wiped over the glass, care being taken to have all the strokes downward. The effect of the treatment is to prevent raindrops from clinging to the giam.

Star Gazing

IT IS not often that Representative Mann, of Illinois, is stopped in debate; but Representative Fowler, from Mann's own state, sewed up the doughty leader of the Republicans the other day.

A bill relating to the importation of convict-made goods was under consideration and the discussion had taken a wide range and had reached the foreign child.

range and had reached the foreign child-labor phase. After a time Mann offered an amendment.

smendment.

Fowler rose and told a story of a man who was pedding telescopes in the old days in Illinols. He stopped at a farmhouse. The farmer had never seen a telescope and was much interested. The peddler explained the workings of the telescope and told him to look at the moon with it.

The farmer adjusted it and looked at the moon. He walked round the yard with the telescope glued to his eye, razing at the

the telescope glued to his eye, gazing at the sky, fell into a cistern and was drowned.

At the Juneral the children were overcome with grief, but the widow retained her composure.

One of the girls said:

"Ma, don't you think that was an awful way for pa to die?"
"I don't see that it makes much difference," the widow replied. "If your father had been looking at things closer to home he would be alive row."
"That is very sweet!" was all Many

"That is very smart!" was all Mann

could think of in retort.

Sincerity Clothes

Young Men's Personality in Clothes

If you're a young man. or feel young, you probably want your clothes to suggest youth. You prefer garments that are sprightly and vet in good taste.

You will find that in

Sincerity Clothes

They will meet your atmost requirements as to fabric, workmanship, and especially that difficult thing to findpersonality. They are distinctively thoroughbred garments.

See these clothes at your nearby Sincerity dealer. A post eard brings his name and our new Style Hook.

Kuh. Hathan & Fischer Co.

Chicago

MY SON

(Continued from Page 22)

spend the whole evening in the kitchen. With the cook stove piled full of wood, a red tablecloth over the kitchen table, with the kerosene lamp throwing out its soft light, with the pans and kettles shining and the tea-kettle singing on the back of the stove, I don't want any better place. As a matter of fact we stayed on here this eventually. matter of fact we stayed on here this evening unconsciously. Ruth and Jane brought out their sewing and sat down by the table. Offhand Ruth appeared to do nothing but listen as she bent her head over her work. But every now and then she lifted her eyes and smiled in a way that clinched an argument, or put in just the word to keep the talk along the right track.

ment, or put in just the word to keep the talk along the right track.

I watched young Moulton and I saw that nothing we said had half the effect that just Ruth's sweet presence had. The big, brave facts of life, the sweet, same facts of life, always hovered about her. Sitting there by the lamp in our kitchen mending a tear in Rilly Junior's rumpers, she expressed things that even a young man could understand. Wealth in dollars, worldly ambition of the noisy sort, the gaudy show features of the noisy sort, the gaudy show features of life, all faded into insignificance when compared with such sterling realities as

Ruth expressed.

I didn't say any of the things I had intended to say. I watched this vigorous young college athlete, eager for life that was as yet meaningless to him, and saw him glimpse a meaning in it. I watched him pull his pipe and saw new hopes born within him. I don't believe the minister in his baccalaurents sermon did as much as this for him or the orator of the day with his phrases, his lofty thoughts and wide gen-tures. It was late in the evening before the talk became very personal, and then Ruth said, as she rested her sewing in her lap for

a moment:
"I'm almost as glad as your father that
you're back home again, Horace. There are
so many things here waiting for the young men to do."

The boy took his pipe from his mouth and leaned forward with his elbows on his

kness.
"I never thought of there being anything to do here," he said.
"Ob, do you think we are all quite perfect?" she laughed.

"I meant there didn't seem to be any big things," he said. "I've sort of felt I wanted to get into the city game. That's where

most of the fellows are going.
"Yes," said Ruth, "that's where most
of them are going. That makes it all the
more important for some of them not to go,
dosen't it?"
"But all the big chances are there," said

"I wonder," said Ruth, as though think-ing—"I wunder what you call the big chances, Horace,"

"The big chances in business and poli-tics," he said.
"Chances for doing good?"
"In a way," he said.
"She raised her blue eyes to his and I saw the boy look into them and hissh. If his answer was not written there it was written in another pair of eyes to here were written in another pair of eyes somewhere waiting

for him.

"There are so many chances right here," said Ruth. "We farmers count for something in the world, don't we?"

"It's a good thing we have the farmers to offset some of the big business done in town," said Dick.

Then in some way the talk drifted to the

Then in some way the talk drifted to the country store. It counts for a lot in the country town,"

I said; "and might be made to count for a "Eh?" said Horace. "What about that,

"I've thought of it," said Moulton. "If was ten years younger I'd certainly try

"It's a job for a young man," I said.
"It's a job for a man who won't wait for his customers but who'll make them." "How make them?" said Horace.

"The way the railroads are doing; the way the mail-order houses are doing." I said. "The day has gone by when men accept existing conditions and make the best of them; the keynote of progress today is to make the conditions of the best. The railroads don't wait any more for business to come to them; they make business. traffic falls off along their lines they go after immigrants, loan them money to buy their



EVERY man has felt them; many experience them every time they shave.

Don't have them - Hot, smarting skins, ingrowing hairs, unsightly face eruptions, belong back in the Dark Ages of shaving.

There is a Shaving Cream which will give you a quick, smooth, delightful shave, with no "horrible after effects." It lathers up with the bruch almost instantly, requiring none of the mussy "rubbing in" with the fingers, which irritates and makes the win tender.

Most important of all, it contains no free caus-tic nor other irritant, which are the chief causes of the painful and distressing features of shaving. Hundreds of letters have been received from men

who now know the real cause of their former shaving secubles. For years they blamed their rasors - now they have no cause for complaint—the creamy, instant beard-sultening lather of

MENNEN'S Shaving Cream Apply Mennen's Sharing Cream direct to the face. Solved their troubles

One of these converts to Mennen's says: "Prior to the time I used your cream, shaving was a insture that had to be endured. My razer pulled while shav-ing and my face smarted afterwards. I used numercon kinds of seaps, powders, creams, etc., finally deciding it was the fault of my razor, so I bought different razors, all to no purpose. Now, in using your cream, I can use any of the razors with the same good effect—no pulling while shaving, and no smarting afterwards.

Another writes: "It seemed as if it were impossible to find a shaving soup or cream with entire

freedom from smarring, until I used your shaving cream. The aftereffects were both surprising and delightful, and I knew for the first time the joy of a perfect shave."

Another: "My skin is extremely tender and never before could 4 shave for several days in succession until using your cream, and now the trouble has been completely overcome. It has a soothing aftereffect on the skin I find to be marvelous, while its beard-softening properties are simply great.

Mennen's Sharing Creen it put up in possing minight tales with heady, her agen some tops. The will more below what it can do for your year will you try the

At all dealers-25 cents.

Send 20c for a demonstrator tube, good for 50 chaper. Gerhard Mennen Co., Nemark, N. J. Makers of the externated Mennen's Borated and Violet Tulcum Today Proceders and Mennen's Cream

The Mennen Way saves your face and your time.





Work up the lather with the brush (no mussy "rubbing in" with fingers necessary).



Shave your entire face (no re-uropping nor re-lathering). No after smarting,



The Howard Watch

HE predominance of the Howard Watch among yachting men illustrates some interesting conditions in American business and professional life.

There is in this country no exclusively yachting class, as such. Practically every American yachtsman is a man of affairs, who finds his greatest relaxation on the water, and who takes his HOWARD Watch with him when he goes aboard.

The thing that makes bim a yachtsman and an American disposes him to like the Howago Watch-with its fine traditions, its trim, racy lines, and its way of showing its clean American heels to the talent of the watch-making

The wonderful character of the Howaso Watch is that it meets men of to many different kinds and occupations on their own ground. Men in con-merce, in the technical industries, in the professions, in official life.

A Howard Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch in fined at the factory and a printed ticket attached — from the 17-jewel (double railer) in a Crescent Extra or Boss Extra gold-filled case at \$40, to the 12-jewel in IFK gold case at \$170 - and the Enward Howard model at \$150.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Signboo has written a Sittle back, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. You'll sajey it. Dropus a post card, Dept. N. and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS BOSTON, MASS.

Canadian Wholesale Depot: Lumeden Bldg., Toronto.

Sharpens every kind of old-style razor and every make of safety-razor blade



Kanner's Slyde-Stroke Stropper

-perfect shaves from any razor-old-atyle or salety!

Their's role one tight out on the property of the conservation of

3000 gmod storas mil Styde-Strate Strangers. Or send as \$2.50 and we will mail you one instantal and positively guaranteed in give you administration. At good stores everywhere \$2.50 (Canada \$3.00) or postpaid by small

(Brown in a later tree to annu-for accord-SAMUEL KANNER, 554 Broadway, New York land, put up their houses and barns, even furnish them with stock. They create traffic by creating prosperity." "A railroad can do that sort of thing,"

"They haven't done it until recently." I said. "It's a brand-new idea. It's modern business. The railroads aren't the only ones who are doing it. There's a mail-order house that recently appropriated one million dollars to be given to the farmers; one thousand dollars to a county to be used for promoting better farming. There's modern business

"Juve!" said Horace, rising to his feet;
"there's a field big enough for any man!"
"It doesn't make much difference today
where your office is." I said. "You can get
into tourh with an much of the world as you're big enough to handle wherever you

The boy of course did not make up his mind right there and then to remain in the village, but the evening started him to thinking. He came over several times after this and atruck up a friendship with Dick

that has steadily grown.

Horace, before making up his mind, spent the whole summer in his father's store. He went over his father's books for store. He went over his tather's books for the last twenty years, studying the nature of the business done and the changes in the character of the business. The thing that impressed him most was the rapid decline in bad debts which had taken place in the last few years. It began the first season of the Pioneer Club and the Pioneer Products Company and had become now almost a Company and had become now almost a regligible item.

regligible item.

But in the end I don't think it was these business facts that so much decided Horace to tackle life right at home as it was the talks he had with Ruth. She had done a lot of serious thinking during the last few years in connection with her own boys and had reached some pretty definite conclusions.

clusions.

"Do you know," she said to Horace, "I think what we need today is big men who will accept the little duties of life, if you call them little. We need big men who will tarkle plain everyday business and not hunger after the presidencies of big corporations; we need big men who will help life up plain, everyday politics without using that as a stepping stone to get to Congress; we need big men in our villages as well as in our cities; we need big men on our farms. our cities; we need hig men on our farms. We need those hig men to lead their hig We need those big men to lead their big lives among ordinary folk, content with what they do rather than what they get, I suppose it's natural for every mother to want her son to be president of the United States, but I don't feel that way about Billy Junior. If he will be just good and brave and ordinary I won't care. If he will just settle down here and marry and rear good children I'll be satisfied."
"And you wouldn't care if he never got rich or famous?" said Horace.
"I wouldn't care if he never got rich or

"I wouldn't care if he never got rich or famous enough to be known to the daily papers," said Ruth. "I want him to have just money enough to do the good things he wants to do and not have to worry, and I want him to be famous just among his own. It seems to me, Horace, that it's more important to have people speak of just Bill Carleton with pride than it is to find it necessary first to win a title before now it necessary first to win a title before any pride is felt. It's even more important to the country. Bill Carleton, of Brewster, can

be just as important as Senator Carleton, of Massachusetts, or Maine, or Montana."

"And Horace Moulton, of Brewster, as important as the Honorable Horace Moulton, president of the Blank Trust Company, vice-president of the And So Forth purp.

"Why not, Hornee?"

"It's a quest way of looking at it, but I don't know but what you're right."
"It's the way it was done in the old days and it made this nation. When we needed a big man we found him tucked away in some small village, We found Washington there; we found Lincoln there; we found Grant there. We need to develop just such men and keep them in reserve. There's ambition enough for you. He ready even if you're not called, and in the mean while use your big strength doing the big little things that are getting neglected."

So it happened that in the fall the old sign over Moulton's grocery store was taken down and a new one put in its place. And the new sign read like this: "Horace Moulton & Son, Grocers."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

UFF makes more jacks than any other maker in the world.

DUFF builds jacks for every lifting and leverage purpose in the world.

DUFF represents at all times the most advanced and efficient development in ALL types of jacks.

BECAUSE of this pre-eminent position. Duff is the great clearing house for all new jack ideas, us well as the most active source of improvements in its own organization. Duff adop-tion of any jack device or improvement means that it becomes immediately and deservedly standard.

For great bridge building operations for big engineering projects like the Panama Canal, the lifting and leverage problems are solved by Duff. Duff-built

HIGH-SPEED JACKS

are somilard equipment for miletads, becomenive and our works, street and suburbon railway systems, and for sottomobile and motor truck service.

FOR 1914, many valuable jack im-

Genuine Duff-built

AUTOMOI

foremum of these is the new admeable Footist, which eliminates the procedum of varying from aml rear and housing by providing a toe that is instandy adjustable to aut these verying



The Familit, here shown a regular equipment on a Barren. No. 000 Juck, can be permanently set at any bright below the top lift to 50 under the lower sale of any any.

Ricero Jacks are notable for save and convenience of operation; for reliable efficience and durability. Any carnot have no enumbered in handicapped so verily. Full information, advice and proces on any type of lifting tack will be principly and an request.

THE DUFF MFG. CO. PITTSBURGH, PA.

Y-100 -12 (102)

New York 50 Church Street

Chicago People's Gas Building

Barrett No. 08 Auto Jacks rame in the Barbett No. 1988 dayen show, but without

the Footific A naticapacity for a within the malianase, with mollcuble from base and every pure familied up to the Bayren wandard of effi-Citting.



A lawn mower can e only as good as its ades. In the famous PENNSYLVANIA"

Quality Lawn Mowers

Il blades are crucible tool ed, oil-hardened and der-tempered.

No other kind of steel takes I holds an "edge" as well.

HENNSYLVANIA" Quality Mowen "Valurpentry and, due to the higha dozen years or more. And they - saly easy-curous as well, even blue ue. If you do want a good, dothe mower - one that does away with reprise and trouble of re-sharpening; the will be perfect-cutting and beht-5,000 only the first season, but many-PENNSYLVANIA" Quality

They have been the standard for " If your, and over a pullion-and-obut her been sold. Perhaps that is than a mere not of advantages.

he lilming brands are all "PENN-VANIA" Quality:



THE STREET of seven stars

(Continued from Page 25)

the evening of the following day, for Vienna. The strain of the confession was over, but he was a victim of sickening dread. To one thing only he dared to pin his hopes. Anita had said she cared, cared a great deal. And, after all, what else mattered? The story had been a jult, he told himself. Girls were full of queer ideas of right and wrong, bless them! But she cared. She cared! He arrived in Vienna at nine o'clock that

night. The imminence of his interview with Marie hung over him like a cloud. He ate a hurried supper, and calling up the Doctors' Club by telephone found Peter's address in the Siebensternstrasse. He had no idea, of course, that Marie was there. He wanted to see Peter to learn where Marie had taken refuge, and incidentally to get from Peter a feeth suppely of marie had taken refuge, and incidentally to get from Peter a fresh supply of moral courage for the interview. For he needed courage. In vain on the journey down had he clothed himself in armor of wrath against the girl: the very compartment in the train pro-voked softened memories of her. Here they had bought a luncheon, there Marie had first seen the Rax. Again at this station she had curied up and put her head on his shoulder for a map. Ah, but again, at this part of the journey he had first seen Anita!

He took a car to the Siebensternstrame. His idea of Peter's manner of living those days was exceedingly vague. He had re-spected Peter's reticence, after the manner of men with each other. Feter had once mentioned a boy he was looking after, in ex-cuse for leaving so soon after the accident.

That was all.
The house on the Siebensternstrame loomed large and unlighted. The street was dark, and it was only after a search that Stewart found the gate. Even then he lost the path, and found himself among a group of trees, to touch the lowest branches of any of which resulted in a shower of raindrops. To add to his discomfort some one was

To add to his discomfort some one was walking in the garden, coming toward him with light, almost stealthy steps.

Stewart by his tree stood still, waiting. The steps approached, were very close, were beside him. So intense was the darkness that even then all he saw was a blacker shadow, and that was visible only because it moved. Then a hand touched his arm, stopped as if paralyzed, drew back slowly, fearfully.

"Good heavens!" said poor Harmony faintly.

faintly.
"Please don't be alarmed. I have lost the path." Stewart's voice was almost equally nervous. "Is it to the right or the left?"

It was a moment before Harmony had

breath to speak. Then:
"To the right a dotten paces or so."
"Thank you. Ferhaps I can help you.

to find it."
"I know it quite well. Please don't

The whole situation was so unexpected that only then did it dawn on Stewart that this blacker shadow was a country woman speaking God's own language. Together, Harmony a foot or so in advance, they

made the path.

"The house is there. Ring hard, the bell is out of order."

"Are you not coming in?"

"No. I—I do not live here."

She must have gone just after that.

Stewart, glancing at the dark façade of the house, turned round to find her gone, and a moment later heard the closing of the and a moment later heard the closing of the gate. He was bewildered. What sort of curious place was this, a great looming house that concealed in its garden a fugitive American girl who came and went like

a shadow, leaving only the memory of a sweet voice strained with fright? Stewart was full of his encounter as he took the candle the portier gave him and followed the gentleman's gruff directions up the staircase. Peter admitted him, looking a trifle uneasy, as well he might with Marie in the salon.

Stewart was too preoccupied to notice Peter's expression. He shook the rain off his hat, smiling.

How are you?" asked Peter dutifully. "Pretty good, except for a headache when I'm tired. What sort of a place have you got here anyhow. Byrne?" "Old hunting lodge of Maria Theresa."

replied Peter, still preoccupied with Marie



In the last twenty-rine years S. F. Bowser & Co. have saved surrold millions to users of Gasolene and Labricating Oils-

The original Bowser System was the self-measuring oil pump invented by S. F. Bouser. Today there are over 500 different flowser statems. These range from Bowser underground storage tanks for

the private garage to complete yet simple Oil Storage, Filtering and Circulating Systems for million dollar power plants.



Oil Storage Systems

In The Garage

Bowser Underground Systems more the Gasolene out of Garden Server Outs

Longer Bone Pipe and pump it may distance into the mean. Deliver it to may produce mained quantity. Keypelle "pum h" by — the distance oil. No clogged made Server Outs

Careline Server Outs

No that prover. Easily installed. A Bowser strong in the paragraph of aron per for anoth in a few months. Thinken the added

efficiency - the great areas, the conferential communice - the unity.

Linderground tooler, and will executing tools on which for the public garage.

These parts of a real process, works. Multiply the efficiency of the garage.

In The Store

No receive on Lanned secretarialise Discourse Statement In a standardly accounted hadard. Adds to the most's capacity. Pury for stard or on arms, and better of sold. The Box or this recorder to a sum for a lotherable root, servar arriting or heaveners. your and talescaring orders are shown or to

In The Factory

Controlled and Individue Contr-

resonants convenience, dispatch. Also Control Vid House Statelas for large powers and Deportmental Storage and Distributing I min for targe and much

Bowser Will Advise You

Test Hower a not oil stocage modeabother pairs a garage owner as large something that the pairs of a garage owner as large something. Possibly Bosser can include you, Bosser has solved a outless such problems in the last 29 years. Via Theorempan, Success that an Novallagation, Pair is "tay to Bosser." Soul the coupon today.

S. F. BOWSER & COMPANY, Inc.

Engineers and Manufacturers of Oil Blanding Devices

160 Thomas Street

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA





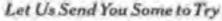
Bowser System For Reclaiming Cotting

COUPON S. F. BOWSER & CO., Inc. 100 Discount St., Fort Wayner, Indiana Writing the term of Setting to the part of (Myumbachulus (Myumbachulus COATE POAC NOT BENEFIC BUT)) The Million of 1 (27) is bringed () () Section (200 m l State



N SERVING Clover Leaves with afternoon tea or ices you offer your guests fairy wafers of exquisite flavor that appeal to every appetite. Their crisp walls and cool cream-centers make them a delicacy in aweets that is always enjoyed.

These "Quality Biscuits of America" are all surprisingly good. The reason is more sunshine, more purity, more biscuit-making skill. And they reach you with all of their fragrant freshness.



e Surpline Revisions Stea, containing of you can be and provided with the most you from your can be a provided to b

LOOME WILES BISCUT COMMENT

Bulers of Southing Mounty

696 Causeway Street

Boston, Mass.

He Was Worth More Than \$40.00 a Month

In a certain Indiana City, a young man entered the employ of an express company. He kept the books and handled packages. His salary was \$40 a month.

He knew he was worth more. His position offered no promise of advancement. There was one thing to do: qualify himself for other work. He enrolled as a student of structural engineering with one of the national correspondence schools and devoted his evenings to study. After he graduated, he entered the employ of a well-known architect and made good. A few years later he opened an office of his own, specializing in reinforced concrete construction.

His fees for one year averaged over \$800.00 a month.

This is the experience of one man who recognized his limitations and courageously set out to remedy them.

Now if you feel you are in a rut, we want to hear from you. Thousands of persons have, through our Scholarship Plan, secured the training needed to fit them for bigger positions. We paid their tuition charges. We will pay yours in any college, musical conservatory, technical school or business college. Let us tell you all about our Scholarship Plan. Address your letter or postcard to

The Educational Division

The Curtis Publishing Company

Box 282, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

and what was coming. "Rather interest-

ing old place." commented Stewart, "with goidesses in the garden and all the usual ethoits.

Goddesse?"

"Ran into one just now among the trees. A soman I foreswore, but thou being a goodless I foreswore not thee. English-speaking goldess, by George!"

Peter was staring at him incredulously; now be ben! forward and grasped his arm

in tingers of steel. "For heaven's sale, Stewart, tell me what you mean! Who was in the garden?"

Stewart was arrused and interested. It was not for him to belittle a situation of his own making, an incident of his own

telling.
"I lost my way in your garden, wandered among the trees, broke through a hedgerow or two, struck a match and consulted the compass -

Peter's fingers closed.
"Quick," he said. Stewart's manner

lost its jauntiness. "Couldn't see her. She spoke English.
Said she didn't live here, and broke for the
gate the minute I got to the path."

"You didn't see her?"

"No. Nice years the minute of the path."

"No. Nice voice though. Young."

The next moment he was alone. Peter to his dressing gown was running down the staircase to the lower floor, was shouting to the portier to unlock the door, was a madman in everything but purpose. The portier let him out and returned to the hedroom.

"The boy above is worse," he said briefly. "A strange doctor has just come, and but now the Herr Doktor Byrne runs to the drogstore."

The portier's wife shrugged her shoulders even while teurs filled her eyes.

"What can one expect?" she demanded.

"The good Herr Gott has forbidden theft and Rosa says the boy was stolen. Also the druggist has gone to visit his wife's

"Perhaps I may be of service; I shall

go up."
"And see for a moment that husey of
the sireets! Remain here. I shall go."
Slowly and ponderously she climbed the

Stewart, left alone, wandered along the dim corridor. He found Peter's excitement rather amusing. So this was where Peter lived, an old house, isolated in a garden where rambled young women with soft voices. Hello, a youngster asleep! The boy, no doubt.

He wandered on toward the lighted door of the salon and Marie. The place was warm and comfortable, but over it all hung the indescribable odor of drugs that meant illness. He remembered that the boy was

(rail Marie turned as he stopped in the salon doorway, and then rose, white-faced. Across the wide spaces of the room they eyed each other. Marie's crisis had come. Like all crises it was bigger than speech. It

was after a distinct pause that she spoke.
"Walter, I am sorry. Do you hate me?"
She had dropped the familiar "thou."
Stewart crossed the room until only

Peter's table and lamp stood between them.
"I didn't mean to be brutal," he said
rather largely, entirely conscious of his own magnanimity. "It was pretty had up there and I know it. I don't hate you, of course: That's hardly possible after—everything." "You—would take me back?"

"No. It's over, Marie. I wanted to know where you were, that's all; to see that you were comfortable and not frightened."

Marie put a hand to ber throat. "It is the American, of course.

She staggered a trifle, recovered, threw up her head. "Then I wish I had killed her!" No man ever violently resents the pussionate hate of one woman for her rival in his affections. Stewart, finding the situation in hand and Marie only feebly formidable, was rather amused and fiattered by the bonest fury in her voice. The mouse was under his paw; he would play a bit.
"You'll get over feeling that way, kid. You don't really love me."
"You were my God, that is all."

"Will you let me help you-money, I mean?

Keep it for her." "Peter will be here in a minute." He bent over the table and eyed her with his old,

(Continued on Page 61)



This new member of the large and growing family of Whitman awards weight 19 onnces.



Fruits and Nuts Supplied by our sales agents about every where. Resails at \$1.25, except in Canada and extreme west. Sent postpand if no open

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc. Philadelphia

Makers of Harris Investment Charles and Mandandow Why.





KEEP THE ICEMAN OUTS!

Any McCray may be arranged with outside door to be level from rear parch - which keep deceman with his modify tracks outside the le

McCray Sanitary Refrigerat

has Sanitary Buings of Oud Gine, Perceitin A Engined of Colories White Wood, which give stru-ctualities, and an antire circulation of pure col-or, that keeps hade fruit.

Any MrCray may be arranged with an omali-dper, to be first from the run posch.—which keep terman with his middy tracks outside.

Let Us Mail You Our Catalog Regular Nines for

No. 95 — Regular Sines for No. 69 — For Graces No. 50 — For Hoster No. 50 — For Hoster No. 50 — For Modern No. 50 — For Modern

McCray Refrigerator Co. 706 Lake Street Kendallville, Ind. New York, McCray Building, 7-9 West 30th 2 Chicago, 158 North Wahash Avenue

For branch salesrooms in other cities see your lesephone directory.



Dunlap Pony Farms range — when is not there whose all two only are famo — DUNLAP SHATLAN Or at only at DUNLAP DUNLAP BURNESS TORES or derived from the property house. A few for a least control of the second post of the property as a left covered to produce the restall may have Duelep Prny Farms, Box 30, Greenfield, C

(Continued from Page 58) half bullying, half playful manner. "Come round here and kiss me for old times.
"No!"

"Come."

She stood stubbornly still, and Stewart, still smiling, took a step or two toward her. Then he stopped, ceased smiling, drew himself up.

"You are quite right and I'm a rotter."
Marie's English did not comprehend
"rotter," but she knew the tone. "Listen,
Marie, I've told the other girl, and there's
a chance for me anyhow. Some day she
may marry me. She asked me to see you."
"I do not wish her pity."
"You are wasting your life here. You

"You are wasting your life here. You cannot marry, you say, without a dot. There is a chance in America for a clever zirl. You are clever, little Marie. The first money I can spare I'll send you—if you'll take it. It's all I can do."

This was a new Stewart, a man she had never known. Marie recoiled from him, eyed him nervously, sought in her childish mind for an explanation. When at last she understood that he was sincere she broke understood that he was sincere she broke down. Stewart, playing a new part and raw in it, found the situation irritating. But Marie's tears were not entirely bitter. Back of them her busy young mind was weaving a new warp of life, with all of America for its loom. Hope that had died lived again. Before her already lay that creat country where worsen might labor great country where women might labor and live by the fruit of their lahor, where her tawdry past would be buried in the center of distant Europe. New life beckned to the little Marie that night in the old salon of Maria Theresa, beckened to her as it called to Stewart, opportunity to one, love and work to the other. To

America!

"I will go," she said at last simply.
"And I will not trouble you there."

"Good!" Stewart held out his hand and
Marie took it. With a quick gesture she
held it to her cheek, dropped it.

Peter came back half an hour later, down-cast but not hopeless. He had not found flarmony, but life was not all gray. She was well, still in Vienna, and—she had come back! She had cared then enough to come back. Tomorrow he would commence again, would comb the city fine, and when he had found her he would bring her back,

the wanderer, to a marvelous welcome.

He found Stewart gone, and Marie feverably overhauling her few belongings by the salen lamp. She turned to him a face still stained with tears but radiant with hope.

"Peter," she said gravely, "I must prepare my outfit. I go to America."

"With Stewart?"

"Alone, Peter, to work, to be very good.

"Alone Peter, to work, to be very good, to be something. I am very happy, although —— Peter, may I kiss you?"
"Certainly," said Peter, and took her cares gravely, patting her this shoulder. His thoughts were in the garden with Harmony, who had cared enough to come

back, "Life," said Peter soberly, "life is just one damned thing after another, isn't is?" But Marie was anxiously examining the hem of a skirt.

The letter from Anita reached Stewart the following morning. She said:

I have been thinking things over, Walter, and I am going to hurtyou very much—but not, believe me, without hurting myself. Perhaps my uppermost thought just now is that I am disappointing you, that I am not so big as you thought I would be. For now, in this final letter, I can tell you how much I cared. Oh, my dear, I did care!

But I will not marry you. And when this bat I will not marry you. And when this reaches you I shall have gone very quietly out of your life. I find that such philosophy is I have does not support me tonight, that all my little rules of life are inadequate. Individual liberty was one—but there is no liberty of the individual. Life—other lives— 1 ou, living your life as Fress too closes seemed best and easiest, and carrying down with you into shipwreck the little Marie and—myself!

For, face to face with the fact, I cannot accept it, Walter. It is not only a question of my past against yours. It is of steady revolt and loathing of the whole thing; not the flash of protest before one succumbs to the inevitable, but a deep seated hatred that is a part of me and that would never forget.

You say that you are the same man I would have married, only more honest for concealing nothing. But—and forgive me this, it insists on coming up in my mind—were

you honest really? You told me, and it took courage, but wasn't it partly fear? What motive is unmixed? Honesty—and fear, Walter. You were preparing against a contingency although you may not admit this to yourself.

I am not passing judgment on you. God forbid that I should! I am only trying to show you what is in my mind, and that this break is final. The revolt is in myself, against something sordid and hor-rible which I will not take into my life, And for that reason time will make no

I am not a child, and I am not unreasonable. But I ask a great deal of this life of mine that stretches ahead, Walter—home and children, the love of a good man, the fulfillment of my ideals. And you ask me to start with a handicap. I cannot do it. I know you are resentful, but—I know that you understand.

ANTA.

THE little Georgiev was in trouble those days. The Balkan engine was threatening to explode, but continued to gather steam, with Bulgaria sitting on the asfety valve. Austria was mobilizing troops, and there were long conferences in the Burg between the emperor and various bearded gentlemen, while the military prayed in the churches for war.

The little Georgiev hardly ate or elept. Much hammering went on all day in the small room below Harmony's on the Wollbadgasse. At night, when the man in the green velours hat took a little sleep, mysterious packages were carried down the whitewashed staircase and loaded into wagons waiting below. Once on her window-sill Harmony found among the pigeons a carrier pigeon with a brass tube fastened

to its leg.
On the morning after Harmony's flight from the garden in the Street of Seven Stare, she received a visit from Georgiev. She had put in a sleepless night, full of heart-searching. She charged herself with cowardice in running away from Peter and Jimmy when they needed her, and in going back like a third the night before. The conviction that the boy was not so well brought with it additional introspection her sacrifice seemed useless, almost childish. She had fied because two men thought (t she had fied because two men thought it necessary, in order to save her reputation, to marry her; and she did not wish to marry. Marriago was fatal to the career she had promised herself, had been promised. But this career, for which she had given up everything else—would she find it in the workroom of a dressmaker?

Ah, but there was more to it than that. appose how her cheeks burned when she Suppose—how her cheeks burned when she thought of it!—Suppose she had taken Peter at his word and married him? What about Peter's career? Was there any way by which Peter's paverty for one would be comfort for two? Was there any reason why Peter, with his splendid ability, should settle down to the hack work of general practice, the very slough out of which he had so painfully elimbed?

Either of two things—go back to Peter, but not to marry him, or stay where she was. How she longed to go back only Harmony

How she longed to go back only Harmony knew. There in the little room, with only the

shew. I here in the true room, win any the pigeons to see, she held out her arms longingly. "Peter!" she said. "Peter, dear!"

She decided, of course, to stay where she was, a burden to no one. The instinct of the young girl to preserve her good name at any cost outweighed the vision of Peter at the window, haggard and tired, looking out. It was Harmony's chance, perhaps, to do a big thing; to prove herself bigger than her fears, stronger than convention. she was young, bewildered, afraid. And there was this element, stronger than any of the others—Peter had never told her he loved her. To go back, throwing herself again on his mercy, was unthinkable. On his love—that was different. But what if he did not love her? He had been good to her; but then Peter was good to ever

There was something else. If the boy was worse what about his mother? Whatever she was or had been, she was his mother. Suppose he were to die and his mother not see him? Harmony's sense of fairness rebelled. In the small community at home mother was sacred, her claims insistent.

It was very early, hardly more than dawn. The pigeons cooled on the sill; over the ridge of the church roof, across, a luminous strip foretold the sun. An oxcart, laden with vegetables for the market, lumbered along the streets. Puzzled and unhappy,



These Tires Alone

are guaranteed not to skid on wet or greasy pavements, else returnable at full purchase price after reasonable trial.

-are guaranteed for 4,500 miles actual service for the user's protection only on the basis of years of proof that this ligure is a low minimum.

are guaranteed to be absolutely oilproof immune to the effects of oil on roads, garage floors, or otherwise encountered.

PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUPTIRES

No user has ever challeaged the non-skid guarantee.

Purchasers should always figure on the great excess mileage (above the guarantee) averaged by these tire many records exceeding 12,000 miles on heavy cars.

The Offproof feature is invaluable, and eliminates much worry and inconvenience.

> Start 1914 on VACEUM CUPS Dealers Everywhere

Pennsylvania Rubber Co., Jeannette, Pa.

New York Chambre Chambred

Omato Spense Coy Ata

An Indipendent Company with an independent polling policy



Mastercraft Sectional -Bookcases



The Doors Can't Stick



Harmony rose and lighted her fire, drew on her slippers and the faded silk kimono with the pink butterflies.

In the next room the dresmaker still slept, dreaming early morning dreams of lazy apprentices, overdue bills, complaining

Harmony moved lightly not to disturb her. She set her room in order, fed the pigeons-it was then she saw the carrier with its message—made her morning coffee by setting the tiny put inside the stove. And all the time, moving quietly through her morning routine, she was there in that

upper room in body only.

In soul she was again in the courtyard back of the old lodge, in the Street of Seven Stars, with the rabbits stirring in the butch, and Peter, with rapt eyes, gazing out over the city. Bed, toilet table, coffee pot, Peter; pigeons, rolls, Peter; surrise over the church roof and Peter again. Always Peter!

Monia Reiff was stirring in the next room. Harmony could hear her, muttering and putting coal on the stove and calling to the Hungarian maid for breakfast. Har-mony dressed hastily. It was one of her new duties to prepare the workroom for the day. The luminous streak above the church was rose now, time for the day to begin.

She was not certain at once that some one had knocked at the door, so faint was

She hesitated, listened. The knob turned slightly. Harmony, expecting Monia, called

It was the little Georgiev, very apologetic, rather gray of face. He stood in the doorway with his finger on his lips, one car toward the stairway. It was very silent.

Monia was drinking her coffee in bed,
whither she had retired for warmth.

"Pardon!" said the Bulgarian in a
whisper. "I listened until I heard you

moving about. Ah, Fraulcin, that I must disturb you!"

"Something has happened!" exclaimed Harmony, thinking of Peter of course. "Not yet. I fear it is about to happen.

Frdulein, do me the honor to open your window. My pigeon comes now to you to be fed, and I fear—on the sill, Frdulein." Harmony opened the window. The wild

geom scattered at once, but the carrier, flying out a foot or two, came back promptly and set about its breakfast.

"Will be let me catch him?"

"Pardon, Freulein. If I may enter—"

"Come in, of course."

Evidently the defection of the carrier had

been serious. A handful of grain on a wrong window-sill, and kingdoms overthrown! Georgiev caught the pigeon and drew the message from the tube. Even Harmony grasped the seriousness of the situation. The little Bulgarian's face, from gray became livid: tiny beads of cold sweat came out on

"What have I done?" cried Harmony. Oh, what have I done? If I had known about the pigeon -

Georgiev recovered himself.

"The Freudein can do nothing wrong,"
he said. "It is a matter of an hour's delay,
that is all. It may not be too late."

Monia Reiff, from the next room, called loudly for more coffee. The sulky Hun-garian brought it without a glance in their direction.

"Too late for what?"

"Francis. If I may trouble you but glance from the window to the street below. It is of an urgency, or 1-Fraulein!"

Harmony glanced down into the half light of the street. Georgiev behind her watched her, breuthless, expectant. Harmony drew in her head.

"Only a man in a green hat," she said, 'And down the street a group of soldiers.'

The situation dawned on the girl then, at least partially-

They are coming for you?"

"It is possible. But there are many soldiers in Vienna," "And I with the pigeon-Oh, it's too

horrible! Herr Georgiev, stay here in this room. Lock the door. Monin will say that

"Ah no, Friedrin! It is quite hopeless. Nor is it a matter of the pigeon. It is war, Friedrin. Do not distress yourself. It is but a matter of - imprisonment.

"There must be something I can do."
desperately. "I bear them below. Is
there no way to the roof, no escape?"
"None, Frankin. It was an oversight.
War is not my game; I am a man of pence.

You have been very kind to me, Front thank you.

"You are not going down!"
"Pardon, but it is better so. Sold they are of the provinces mostly, and for a lady to confront."

"They are coming up!"

He listened. The clank of scales, gainst the stone stairs was unmistales The little Georgiev straightened, three his chest, turned to descend, faltered, a

hack a step or two. His small black eyes were fixed on l

mony's face.
"Fraulein," he said boskily, "you very lovely. I carry always in my h your image. Always so long as I Adieu.

He drew his beels together, gave a little bow and was gone down the stain. Harmony was frightened, stricken. collapsed in a heap on the floor of her re her fingers in her ears. But she need have feared. The little Georgiev mad protest, submitted to the inevitable i gentleman and a soldier, went out of ife, indeed, as unobtrusively as he entered it.

The carrier pigeon preened itself of fortably on the edge of the washed Harmony ceased her hysterical cryin ast and pondered what was best to Monia was still breakfasting, so increthought Harmony wrote a tiny mose English, German and French, and inci it in the brass tube.

"The Herr Georgiev has been arrest

she wrote. An hour later the carrier laxily from the window-sill, flapper way over the church roof and disapper like Georgiev, out of her life. Grim-via war had touched her and pussed on,

The incident was not entirely elbowever. A search of the building lowed the capture of the little spy. testing tenants were turned out, beds dismantled, closets searched, walls son for hidden hollows. In one room on mony's floor was found stored a qua

of ammunition.

It was when the three men who had ducted the search had finished, when boxes of ammunition had been gather the hall and the chattering sewing had gone back to work, that Harmon her way to her dismantled room, p through the upper passage. She glanced down the staircase v little Georgiev had so manfully desce-

"I carry always in my heart your ir Always so long as I live." The clutter of soldlers on their way to the street came to her ears; the casing of the pigeons, the whirr of a machines from the workroom. The dent was closed, except for the he ammunition boxes on the landing, gas

by an impassive soldier.

Harmony glanced at him. He wi ing her steadily, thumbs in, heels in out, chest out. Harmony put her ka ber heart. "You!" she said.

The conversation of a sentry, save holiday, is "Yea, yea," and "Nay, "Yes, Fraulein."

Harmony put her hands together, a gesture of appeal, infinitely touching "You will not say that you have have seen me?"
"No, Francis."

It was in Harmony's mind to ask a hungry heart craved to learn-of Pet Jimmy, of the portier, of anything belonged to the old life in the Sieben strasse. But there was no time. The se-

impassive face became rigid; he is through ber, not at her. Harmony to the man in the green hat was coup the staircase. There was no fichance to question. The sentry we to carrying the boxes down the staircase.

Full morning now, with the winte shining on the beggars in the marlo the crowds in the parks, on the flower: in the Stephansplatz; shining on Harr golden head as she bent over a bit of ch on the old milkwaman carrying a whitewashed staircase her heavy or milk; on the carrier pigeon winging it to the south: beating in through h the exalted face of Herr Georgiev; n on Peter's drooping shoulders, or neglected mice and the wooden as on the closed eyes of a sick child worshiped sun, peering forth the g window of the East.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)





WHEN you think of a bright, glistening, spick, span, new, white, Jap-a-lac-ed pantry or kitchen -doesn't it just make you hanker to get to it with a brush and get it done? Do it!-today, with Jap-a-lac.

And the half floor, the marred baselsoards, radiators, picture frames, wasul-work and worm furniture—Jopea-lat will make there all new —a particular lipa-lae for each particular use. There are eight transparent colors, ten manel colors and gold and uluminum

You'll find Japenshie at modify stores. Get take to modify our (25c per can). The Japenshie in destroy colors; we will see that bright gates tall interactions. Callet each total are turnished promoptly if your rouns.

fallmeres CLEVITANO TOTONTO

CANADA: Our factory at Toronto is furnishing dealers throughout the Deminson for the benefit of Camelian scalers.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY

16410 Mauron Ave., N.W.

CLEVILAND, ONIO

Branches Services. Emcker Lineare



ERE is an Oxford with those "custom" niceties of fashion and finish that appeal to the man who likes his shoes to accentuate his individuality.

"AVENUE" Black Russia Oxford-\$5

Ebony-finished Black Russia; toe looks narrow, but is high and roomy; tip and vamp perforated and finished with a 'saw tooth' edge; low, square heel; untside extension sole with 'file stitch' on edge; invisible eyelets and round cords for trim facing.

> Exclusive Custom Styles \$4 and sep

There are 100 Exclusion Regal Stores and 900 Accordited Regal Agents, Write for our Spring Style Book W free.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY

277 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.



Can You Find Your Way Through This Forest?

Success and profit await him who chooses the right trail, blazed by business common-sense.

ARE you a non-advertiser, arraid to enter this lovest of negetery, ignorant of where to blaze ii trail?

Draws you golly setting forth on some make that you may be healed the STURY WATER

Un ace you already deep in the mileof transferred and theires, well aware that you are lost and I've hing for a NET PRO

Western your aftirmle or relation to overtising our can posts by filling not the coupon at the right.

You will account a annuional disclosyeth wary mental residence in estate.

thus principles of advertising efficiency, which will give you the close to curvess. If the close to curvess, it is that a birth for our deprivation. If

ULTIGRAPH true . Il you want have

Time and Sure sales of the course of the cou

Michaels-Stern Clothes



AIN or shine, whether business-bent or pleasurebound; whether entering the company of friends or rivals, a man feels ready in a MICHAELS-STERN suit.

The commanding character of MICHAELS-STERN clothes appeals to dressers who aspire to more than just holding their own.

> Wa'd like to send you our portfello, illustrating Michaels-Stern Cluthes by means of color photography from life. Ask for it.

Michaels, Stern & Co.,

Langest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing ROCHESTER, N.Y.



You see here, just how PARIS GARTERS look in the box; we want you to know just how they look; because there's some substitution. You want PARIS GARTERS No metal can touch you I yan get anything elad a back, per what

COMPANY

NEW YORK

BUY NDESTRUCT

Compare the Indestructo with any other trunk made. See it side by side with other trunks in the store.

You will find that not one of them has the distinctive features of the Indestructuthat not one of them gives you the same solid assurance of real worth and service not one of them is so well able to care for itself in the crush and crush of hard baggage

an proving hit of evidence as to the standing of destructs Trunks in the business world is the ante have accepted the Indestructo.

Somember that up other trunk can give you the revice, satisfaction, the beauty and lasting value, and the special Five Years Insurance and Registry outures that are all yours with the Indestructo Frunk. It is worth your while to buy right and antisfied.

sy to yourself, "The next trunk I buy will be an hidestructo" - then make good on that prunite.

Our broklet explains that fully-usk for it.

National Veneer Products Company Midawaka, Indona Beiger Street

his own stuff

(Continued from Page 15)

annual passes from me. Captain Murray at the Moutmorency Street Station is my pal. He can see a joke without plans and specifications. I promise you that the whole thing will go off like clockwork. We'll sup-pose that you have attracted the young man's attention during the performance. You would attract any man's attention, my

dear."

"I would stand up and bow for that compliment," said Miss Harrington, "but the waiter is looking. Go on."

"We will suppose that you have received a note from him," said Uncle Billy. "He is to meet you at the stage door. . One little acream - just one. . . Would like heream - just one. . . . Would tiny little scream - just one. . . . Would you do that - for the sake of the ball club?"

Miss Harrington giggled.
"If you're sure that you can keep me out of it," said she, "I'll do it for the sake of the joke!"

UNCLE BILLY was a busy man for a few UNCLE BILLY was a busy man for a few days, but he found time to state that he didn't believe that Tom O'Connor had anything to do with the Algonquin Club thing. He said it was so clever that Tom couldn't have thought of it, and he said it in the dressing room so loud that everybody heard him. Maybe that was the reason why Tom didn't suspect anything when he was asked to fill out a bex party.

Put Dunphy, Peachy Parsons and some of the rest of us were in on the box party playing thinking parts mostly. Uncleded the right up against the stage.

Miss Harrington was immense. If she'd had forty rehearsals she couldn't have done it any better. Before she'd been on the stage three minutes Tom was fumbling round for his program trying to find be name. Pretty soon he began to squirm in his chair.

"By colley that cirl is looking at me util."

his chair.

"By golly, that girl is looking at me all the time!" says be.
"Don't kid yourself!" said Uncle Billy.
"But I tell you she is! There—did you

see that?"
"Maybe she wants to meet you," says
Uncle Hilly. "I've seen her at the ball pari:
a lot of times."
"You think she knows who I am?" ask-

Tom. "Shouldo't wonder. You're right, Tom.

She's after you, that's a fact."
"Oh, rata!" says O'Connor. "Maybe I just think ss. No, there it is again! Do you suppose, if I sent my card back.
"I'm a married man," says Uncle Billy.
"I don't suppose anything. But if a girl as

pretty as that -Tom went out at the end of the first act

I saw him write something on a card and slip it to an usher along with a dollar bill. When the second act opened Tom was so regroup he couldn't sit still. It was easy to see that he hadn't received any answer to his note and was worrying about it. Pretty his note and was worrying about it. Pretty soon Miss Harrington came on to sing her song about the moon—they've always get to have a moon song in musical comedy or it doesn't go—and just as the lights went down she looked over toward our hox and smiled, the least little hit of a smile, and then she nodded her head. The breath went nut of Tom O'Connor in a long sigh. "Somebody lend me twenty dollars," says he.

says he.
"What for?" says Uncle Billy, reachifig.
for the bankroll.

"I'm going to meet her at the stage door after the show," says Tom, "and she won't think I'm a sport unless I open wine."

Well, he met her all right enough. The whole bunch of us can swear to that be-cause we were across the street, hiding in a doorway. When she came out Tom stepped up, chipper as a canary bird, with his hat in his hand. We couldn't hear what he said, but there was no trouble in hearing

Miss Harrington.

"How dare you, sir!" she screams.

"Help! Police! Help!"

Two men, who had been loafing round on the edge of the sidewalk, jumped over and grabbed Tom by the arms. He started in to explain matters to 'em, but the men dragged him away down the street and Miss Harrington went in the other direction. "So far, so good," says Uncle Billy, "Gentlemen, the rest of the comedy will be played out at the Montmorency Street Police Station. Reserved seats are waiting for us. Follow me."



A tempting relish having the true tomato task

BLUE LABER

Keeps After Opening

Vine ripened tomatoes, from selected seed, grown under our personal supervision, carefully handled in maitary kitchens, same day as picked; cooked but lightly so that the natural flavor is retained; seasoned delicately with pure spices; placed in merilioni bottles-this is Blue Label Ketchup.

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U.S. Government

Our other products, Soups, June, tellies, Preserves, Mests, Cannot Fruits and Vegetables, you will find equally as pleasing as line Laint Revelops



Roof Leal

The Celebrated Roof Pain Will add years to the of any roof, old or new tin, shingle or felt.

Sure relief for roof trouble

Roof Leak stops leaks, pres rust, decay or warping. Is not affe by heat, brine, cold or acid. Doer crack in winter or soften in sumi Highly fireproof.

Roof Leak is a rubberliquid cement that affords the ut protection, can be easily applied to roof and is the best investment the of of any new or old roof can make.

If you are interested we will gladly und you a full horotal to your door by pured gent-actors of Easts & allies of More Gorea. This sample will enable you interest gladly principal own and still be test sayeful will enable the company of the comp set and soler card appear receipt of ten cents, con at sall

Elliott Varnish Company 700 S. Kolmer Avenue 700 Washington Avenue

Brantford Roofing Company, L Brantford, Ontario,



The Florabeim Pleasabe-Upper bother out and platte. Pleating gain, bending quality. A prientific "Natural Single" - 86.

Not "by and by" but right from the start. The Flexsole is a boon to tender feet - a blessing to much-exercised teet. A new shoe with an old shoe's comfort.

"The Sign of Correct Styles":

The Florsheim Shoe Co.

Horsheim.

Stamps Three Envelopes While You Stamp One

Here's a little device that affixes stamps to my size or form of mail—instantly and se-curely. Simply insert coiled stamps lubtalu-able at any P. O. 1 in stamp case, fill water chamber, and it is ready for 500 mampings. Then simply press the plunger. The

Multipost

Stamp Affixer and Accountant has been on the market three years and now is in daily use in 15,000 offices. Begins

to save immediately large or small offices. Pays for itself in no time. One year guarantee. Will last

A Stamp Cash Register You can't get a stomp old of the Multipost without it being revorded. The Multipost protects your stamps like a bank protects your money. Keeps a constant check on your postage and Save yourself

mailing. Si and your em-, playees from

temptationby using the Multipost.

FREE BOOK-"How Stamps Are Lost"

Tella why you should watch your stamp box. Shows the big stamp loss in every office. Full of facts that are "eye-open-Every business man should read this book. Send for It at once -it's free.

The Multipost Co., 22 Allen St., Rochester, N. Y. Canadian Mulipart Co., Toronto, Can.

of value serviced by Massia, Frantica & Lawrence, Washington, D. C., and Service, York City, Eath, 1861, BOOKLET FREE.

You can say anything you like, but it's a pretty fine thing to be in right with the police. You never know when you may need 'em, and Uncle Billy certainly was an ace at the Montmorency Street Station. We went in by the side door and were shown into a little narrow room with a lot of chairs in it, just like a moving-picture theater, except that instead of a curtain at the far end there was a tall Japanese screen. What was more, most of the chairs were occupied. Every member of the Old Guard ball club was there, and so was Al Jor-

genson and Lije, the rubber.

"Boys," says Uncle Billy, "we are about to have the last act of the thrilling drama entitled The Kidder Kidded, or The Old Guard's Revenge. The first and second acts went off fine. Be as quiet as you can and don't laugh until the blow-off. Not a whisper—not a sound—a-a-sh! They're whisper-not a sound-s-s-k! They're bringing him in now!"

There was a scuffling of feet and a scrap-ing of chair-legs on the other side of the screen. We couldn't see O'Connor and he couldn't see us, but we could hear every word he said. He was still trying to explain

"But I tell you," says Tom, "I had a date with her.

"Yeh," says a gruff voice, "she acted like it! Don't tell us your troubles. Tell em to Captain Murray. Here he comes now."

A door opened and closed and another

voice cut in:

"Well, boys, what luck?"

"We got one, cap," says the gruff party.
"Caught him with the goods on —"It's all a mistake, sir—captain!" Tombreaks in. "I give you my word of honor

breaks in. "I give you my word of honor as a gentleman —""
"Shut up!" eays Captain Murray.
"Your word of honor as a gentleman!
That's rich, that is! You keep your trapclosed for the possent —understand? Now,
boys, where did you get him?"

"At the stage door of the Royal Theater," says the plain-clothen man, who did
the talking for the two who made the
pinch. "Duffy and one, we saw this bird
kind of slinking round, and we remembered
that order about bringing in all mashers, that order about bringing in all mashers, so we watched him. A girl came out of the stage door and he braced her. She hollered for help and we grabbed him. Oh, there ain't any question about it, cap; we've got him dead to rights. We don't

even need the woman's bestimenty."

"Good work, boys!" says the captain.

"We'll make an example of this guy!"

"Captain," says Tom, "listen to reason!

I tell you this girl was flirting with me all

through the show — "That's what they all say! If she was flirting with you, why did she make a boller when you braced her?"

"I—I don't know," says Tom. "Maybe

she didn't recognize me. 'No, I'll bet she didn't!"

"But, captain, I sent her my card and she sent back word—"Oh, shut up! What's your name?" Murray shot that one at him quick and

Tom took a good long time to unawer it.
"Smith," says he at last. "John Smith."

That raised a laugh on the other side of the

screen.
"Well," says the captain, "unless we can get him identified he can do his bit on the rock pile under the name of Smith as well

ns any other, eh, boys?"

"Sure thing!" said the plain-clothes men.

"The rock pile!" says Tom.

"That's what I said - rock pile! Kind of scares you, don't it? There won't be any bail for you to jump or any fine for you to pay. We've had a lot of complaints about mashers lately and some squeals in the newspapers. You'll be made an example of. Chickens are protected by the game laws of this state, and it's time some of the

lady-killers found it out."

Tom began to plead, but he might just as well have kept quiet. They whiried in and gave him the third degree—asked him what he had been pinched for the last time and a whole lot of stuff. We expected he'd tell his name and send for Uncle Billy to get him out, but for some reason or other he fought shy of that. We evuldn't under-stand his play at first, but we knew why soon enough. The door back of the screen opened again.
"Cap'n," says a strange voice, "there's

some newspaper men here."

Well, that was all a stall, of course. We didn't let the newspaper men in on it because we wanted them for a whip to hold over Tom's head in the future.

"What do they want?" asks Murray.



On the Alleged Slowness of Philadelphia

Some jokes gain currency because they are so picturesquely libelous; exempli gratia, the unreliability of gas meters; the undesirability of mothers-in-law; the Hobokenness of Hoboken. Call Philadelphia slow and raise a laugh.

Let us analyze that a little. Philadelphia is slow, but only in the sense that it is not fast. It has few lobster palaces and white waywardnesses. It is not a city selected by Pittsburgers to "blow in" large rolls between sunset and daybreak.

Philadelphia devotes itself to living not to seeing life. Its specialty is homes - not hotels.

A population of home makers and home livers interests the manufacturer seeking a permanent market more than any spot on earth. Into the best Philadelphia homes first thing in the morning goes the

PUBLIC LEDGER







Do You Own a Ford Car?

Your few copy of our 1914 cutaling of accommiss for Farit cars is mady.
Send for it to-day. It will show you how to save money on twentything you may need for your Ford our parts, supplies, time, etc.

THE POST & LESTER COMPANY



"They're after this masher story," says the stranger. "I don't know who tipped it off to 'em, but they've seen the woman and got a statement from her. She says she thinks this fellow is a baseball player."

"I wouldn't care if he was the president of the League!" says the captain. "You know the orders we got to break up mashing and bring 'em in, no matter who they are

and bring 'em in, no matter who they are. Here we've got one of 'em deud to rights; and it's the rock pile for him, you can bet your life on it!"

"And serve him right," says the stranger.
"But, cap'n, wouldn't it be a good thing to
identify him? These newspapermen say
they know all the ballplayers. Shall we have 'em in to give him the once-over?"
"I'll send for 'em in a minute," says

Murray. That was the shot that brought Tom off

his perch with a yell.

"Captain," he begs, "anything but that! I'd rather you sent me up for six months—yes, or shot me! If this gets into the papers it'll ——! Oh, say, if you have any heart at all—please—please—Oh, you don't understand!"

We didn't understand either, but Torn

We didn't understand either, but Tom made it plain. I'm not going to write all he said; it made my face burn to sit there and said; it made my face burn to sit there and listen to it. It took all the fun out of the joke for me. It seems that this rough kidder—this practical joker who never cared a rap how much he hurt anybody clse's feelings—had some pretty tender feelings of his own. He opened up his heart and told that police captain something that he never had told us—told him about the little girl back in the home town who was waiting for him, and how she who was waiting for him, and how she wouldn't ever be able to hold up her head again if the story got into the papers and he

was disgraced. "It sin't for me, captain," he begs; "it's for her. You wouldn't want her shamed just because I've acted like a fool, would you? Think what it means to the girl, captain! Oh, if there's anything you can

Uncle lilly best me to it. I was already on my feet when he took two jumps and knocked the screen flat on the floor. "That's enough!" says Uncle Billy. We had planned to give Tom the horse-laugh

when the screen came down, but somehow none of us could laugh just then. If I live to be as old as Hans Wagner I'll never forget the expression on Tom O'Connor's face as he blinked across the room and saw us all sitting there, like an audience in a

theater.
"Tom," says Uncle Hilly, "I'm sorry, but this is what always happens with a practical joke. It starts out to be funny, but it gets away from you and then the first thing you know somebody is burt. You've had a lot of fun with this ball club, my boy, and some of it was pretty rough fun, but—I guess we'll all agree to call it equare."

Tom got on his feet, shaking a little and white to the lips. He couldn't seem to find his voice for a minute and he ran his fingers across his mouth before he spoke.
"Is—in this a joke?" says he.
"It started out to be," says Uncle Billy.

"I'm sorry."

Tom didn't say another word and he didn't look at any of us. He went out of the room alone and left us there. I wanted to go after him and tell him not to take it so hard; but I thought of the way he had shamed Al Jorgenson, I thought of the girl who wouldn't ever speak to Holliday again, I thought of the four kids who went home broken-hearisd, all on Tom's ac-count—and I changed my mind. It was a bitter dose, but I desided not to sweeten it any for him.

fom O'Connor isn't funny any more, and I think he is slowly making up his mind that we're not such a lead outfit after all. To this day the mention of the name of Smith makes him blush, so I guess that in spite of the fact that he's never opened his mouth about it since, he hasn't forgotten what his own stuff feels like.



The Man Who Wears

silk hose regularly knows that it is no economy to buy cheap hose for every-day wear. They do not

That is the reason why

Me Callum Silk Hosiery

is sure to be your ultimate chalce.

A pair of McCallum's Nu. 520 but they will be more committa-in the end—and the most entillating in every way because of their splends

A separative value to pule these of the law and moderate price leaves No. 1891, that and outers. Ask your coaler to it:

Last park will be theoreted in our horsems below Through the Links of May, " more for a

McCallum Hosiery Company





Saves \$\$\$ THRE F On Tires

PATE

SCHOY COME

CHARLE LYGIN 4 PHELMS

E017Ato 5#6 BIFTAL You will eave both of ex-on repairs and man tread on tread your three with Newschot the table Objector into each of well pay for the H many term

HEALS PUNCTURES INSTANTED

With Norrellesh in some bi-runctures apper lander to they are to deek factoring. Ve-per they the planner and set-ice from your bidgets.

IN USE EVERYWHERE

From could of hicycle cides of New half has given said to that in Ta years, saving the name of the of sighters. You're part near or stocker so the hiral law is all the said. It sents a tale,

SUPPALO SPECIAL BUFFALO, N.Y.

AUTOMOBILE OWNER

DON'T HAVE TO BUY NEW CYLINDERS WE YOUR OLD DRES SECOME WORN DUT ROUND, SEND THEM TO US, WE WILL AS A THEM FURNISH AND FIT NEW PISTONS A IMPROVED SHIPS. SEND FOR ADDITION

H.B.UNDERWOODE







Ships Carry Anchors in Fair Weather

And Thoughtful Men Carry Accident Insurance Because Accidents Happen When Least Expected

O'T of thirty men who lost their lives in a recent fire in a western city, five or one-sixth of the total number carried accident insurance in The Travelers, under which the Company will pay the beneficiaries forty-eight thousand dollars. The cost of these five policies was \$95.00.

This protection is furnished at an annual expense per thousand of less than two cents per day by a company which has been writing accident insurance for over fifty years and has paid accident benefits to over 632,000 policyholders.

If you are not carrying an accident policy, apply for one today in the largest accident insurance company in the world.

It will be too late when the need strikes home.

Travelers accident policies are famous for their broad coverage, fair spirit of adjustment and prompt payment.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO., Hartford, Conn. 201 For Foot G. TEAR OFF.
Photocomical are particulars regarding your accident publics. No many, address, occupation and date of both are written below.



A Boy Worth Having

He approaches you confidently. He does not stammer, scuff his feet or hang his head. He approaches you at your office or home and asks you to buy your copies of The Saturday Evening Post from him. There are elements of real salesmanship in his talk. He is a product of the Curtis Boy Plan.

There are thirty thousand boys of this kind selling the Curtis publications today. They are sons of doctors, lawyers and business men. They sell more than one million copies of The Saturday Evening Past each week.

There is a hig opportunity for any buy who wants to earn a lot of money. There is a big opportunity for any parent who wants his liny to develop the sort of character and to get the out of training which will be of incolvolable value to him in later life.

We should like to bear from any boy wise scants to do what as many thorough of other hose are successfully doing early week outside of achieve hours or from any parent interested in his long's future.

SALEK DIVISION, BUX 287

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

HEART OF GOLD

(Continued from Page 18)

However, she has understudied the starit is safest to make it a waning star—and then, one night, the star falls ill and the little heroine takes her place, giving, of course, a far more brilliant performance than that of the star berself. Among all the models of ready-made styles in plots this is

one of the most popular sellers.
In unreal life, though—that is to say, the ife of the theater—the understudy is not a very important institution. The reason is that, broadly speaking, actors and actresses are never ill. They may be what other people would call ill if they felt that way themselves. They may get up giddily in the marning, decliving anything for breakfast but a cup of black coffee; their heads may feel as though they meant to hurst. may feel as though they meant to burst, their voices be nothing but raucous whis-pers, their hands and feet nonsentient tumps of ice; but they obviously are not ill because at eight-thirty-seven—or whatever the precise moment is—they are waiting in the wings for the cue; the voice comes back miraculously for the first line, nobody in front knows that anything is the matter,

acei the understudy in a mixture of rage and relief says: "Ien't it a lovely night? Let's go out on the terrace!" just as usual.

And so when, on the night that followed the first appearance of the rube, Hazel, about halfway through the first act, began walking croalcid and saying things that were not in her lines at all—and finally, with an instinct not wholly submerced by with an instinct not wholly submerged by her defirium, started for the wings, where she tumbled in a heap just out of yiew of the audience-the members of the company were taken as completely by surprise as though they had been a group of children.

They got a dector round from the front of the house who, after an examination, quieted what was almost a panic among the cherus by assuring them that she was not going to die then and there; but who said that her temperature was one hundred and four, that she ought to have spent the last week in bed, and who seemed inclined to hold Freedry Reidt criminally responsible for having allowed her to go on in such a condition. He and Keriah took her home in a taxi, where she was put to bed and dosed and condited just as though she were a regular sick person.

Meantime at the theater an utterly

panicsaricken understudy—who was, it appeared, the only one in the company who did not know all Hazel's lines—was giving the worst performance of The Girl From Proctor's that ever had been seen on any

As Haze's own doctor, who came the next morning, predicted, she recovered from the attack - the fever subsided and the terrible racking ache-and at the end of three or four days she was able to oxygenate what little blood she had with twenty

what little blood she had with twenty respirations or so a minute.

The girl herself noted these symptoms of convalescence rather apathetically. It seemed almost stupid to get well as she could get. The one inducement she was conscious of was the desire to get rid of the trained nurse, whom she and Keziah detested about equally.

They did get rid of her within a week, by which time the Swedish maid-of-all-work was adequate to supply Hazel's wants dur-

was adequate to supply Hazel's wants dur-ing the bours when Keziah was at the thester. Hazel did not want much, except to

be let alone. Every day during Keziah's absence Hazel made up her mind to ask her the question the one great question that mattered-when she came home that night; but every night, in a panic of terror, she put the question off until the next morning, and every meeting kept postponing it until it was time for Keziah to set out and it was too late for her to give the answer. The question was, of course, When was Kezinh going to follow her son back West? Was it to be nest week or next month? Or by any miracle of good fortune was Keziah going to wait until he had built for her the house he had talked about?

The old lady gave her no hint-said nothing to indicate in any way that any-thing had happened to change their old régime. They chatted a little every night and again in the morning, Keziah bringing her the Globe's daily budget of news and friendly messages from everybody. They were all anxious to come out and see her, Keziah said—everybody, from Willy Lord down to the members of the chorus—and

were only waiting to hear that she was strong enough to see a little company in order to begin making regular visits.

There were flowers nearly every day, too, which Keziah kept in the kitchen sink—or, on mild days, out on the fire-escape. Hazel could not bear them in the room. She said the smell of them made her think she was

The doctor came one morning before old Keziah had left for the theater, scowled over his patient in a ferocious manner, told her she was ever so much better than she thought she was, and ordered her to buck up and take a brace. On the way out he

spoke to Keziah.

"Have some of her friends come to se her," he said, "whether she wants them or

That afternoon, when the doorbell rang, as it frequently did, the maid, instead of bringing in a long pasteboard hox from the florist's, stepped aside and admitted to the sitting room—well, just about the last person in the world Hazel had expected to see—the big bronzed rube—no leas—whom she supposed to have been back in Arizona for the last fortnight.

Her first thought was that here was the answer to the question she had never yet dared ask old Keziah.

"You've come back to get her!" she said with a gasp. "Don't! Don't take her away from me—yet." He did not seem to understand at first;

and then he smiled.
"I didn't go back at all," he said. "I've just been waiting for another chance to see

She gazed at him fixedly for the better part of a minute, though the look in his honest face had been plain to read in a glance. Then her bend dropped back on the pillow and she turned her face away from

him.

"Oh, please," she said with a weak little shiver. "Please go away!"

You see, his being there at all—to say nothing of the way he was looking at her—showed her the way out again, the way that was so easy for the taking. And what she meant was that she was not strong enough to make a fight against it, hold him off, show herself up to him, send him on his way properly disgusted with her.

He could not interpret it, of course; but he was not at all tragic about it—just smiled at her, with a touch of old Kezish's good-humored obstinacy, and told her that the doctor had prescribed visitors. It was just as well, he thought, that the first one should not be too interesting; so would she not let him sit down for a while and tell her shout Arizona? about Arizona?

There was no resisting the way he pulled up a chair, and discovered where the light that shone into her eyes came from, and that she wanted a drink of water, and that the pillows were bunched uncomfortably under the back of her neck. The touch of his hands as he lifted her to settle the pillows was curiously pleasant.

"I didn't mean to be so rotten," she said with a washed-out smile—"just a grouch. Where is Arizona?"

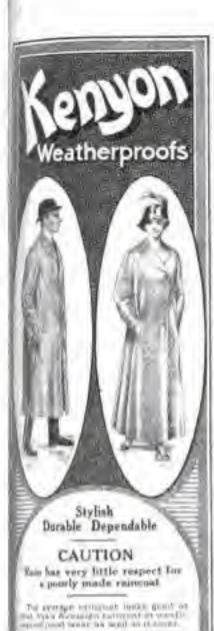
with a washed-out smile—"just a grouch. Where is Arizona?"

Well, that was the way it began; and having let it begin the girl found it hard to stop it. He did not stay so very long that first day—at least, it did not seem long, and the hour after he had gone did; but, like the camel that got his head into the tent, Newton rapidly made himself an inevitable part of the establishment.

Other visitors took to coming on success.

Other visitors took to coming on succeeding days—people from the company on afternoons when there were no matinées fat George Featherstonhaugh, and Zora. and Josephine Foster, and sometimes a bunch of the ponies-funny, bold, frightened little people with a cooperative bunch of violets or a box of candy. Willy Lord came too; and he used to cheer her up by telling her how rotten the show was with her out of it, and how much money she was losing him by not getting well quicker. Then there was a desiccated young man

with powerfully ground noseglasses and a way of saying things that did not begin to bite in until about a minute after he had said them; and a friend of his, with a disrespectful manner and a vast knowledge of unclassified subjects. Hazel explained to Newton after they had gone that one of them was a dramatic critic and the other wrote dope for a sure-enough magazinebecause, you see, Newton was always there



The mide pictured or a bonds of dark triple tratters multivist and van be det most Graders, for \$15. Since You are and remember the celler to a minute consection into a startiful large cellar veloci message.

Encordeathers guaranteed by return as allowy, doyalog to antismanus in sel tempto ablesso proci-

Kenveign habet-free Burya inting and wanted must be wife. mand everywate, in all origina and m, and the sper, and welcon, and ad it reliable Deniers everywellers m. See to became

C. Kenyon Company

NY YORK (Westerd) COO AGO N Am Bidg Indo-Ore a Ziella (puma) is Yambin puma



NO MONEY REQUIRED

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

LOWEST PRICES Together the bar to be t

WHILE ASTONISHED when you person out The ASTONISHED be madeful estalogue and the property we can offer you very attractive and the made you. The property was the call to have such that we would be made to be such that the day be revealed. On the above and the characteristic was permitted to the property of the characteristic was permitted to the characteristic was permitted to the characteristic was permitted to the property of the characteristic was permitted to the characteristic was permitted to the characteristic was been property of the characteristic was property with the characteristic was true to the characteristic was permitted to the characteristic was permitte EAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-55, CHICAGO, ILL.

whether the others were or not; and he always stayed after they had gone awaylong enough at least to make sure she was not too tired and that she wanted nothing. He never got in the way - always dropped

cheerfully into the background, answered the bell, fetched things and carried them away, and-when there was nothing else for him to do-sat back in his corner and listened to the rapid-tire talk in a language he did not understand at all.

She shot a look round at him every now

and then, as if to see what he was making of it or whether he was shocked; and the smile he gave her when he caught any of those looks almost brought a lump int throat—it was so like old Keziah's. into her

There was no denying it was a relief, after the noise and the fuse and the sentimental farewells of the others had died away, to have him pull his chair up close, so that she should not have to speak loud, and talk to her about Arizona or East Weston, or the theater — which latter place, it appeared, he frequented during the odd hours when he was not taking care of Hazel. This fact disturbed the girl more or less

when she heard of it. It would be all right, of course, if she were there herself to keep an eye on people—guard his precious inno-cence as she had guarded old Keziah's. In her absence were they not likely to give him some horrible shocks—distillusion and disgust him completely? Well, was that not just what she wanted?

That question pulled her up with a jump. Would it not save her the trouble of doing just that very thing herself? Let her off the big fight with him that she kept telling herself she was not strong enough for—yes? She dismissed the question from her mind. in a ruge, but she was too honest to avoid the answer; and she described herself to herself in terms that Newton, had he beard them, would have attributed only to de-

Things went on after that much as they had before—on the surface; but the girl was conscious of a difference underneath. She could not be sure whether Newton was conscious of it or not. And then one day

Newton was out in the kitchen making her an eggnog when Hazel, who had been sitting up in the Morris chair, decided she wanted to look at the merning paper and got up rather too suddenly to get it. They

got up rather too suddenly to get it. They were encouraging her to walk a few steps now and then, but this time the thing did not work. Everything went black and, after turning and trying to grope her way back to her chair, she fainted. The next thing she knew, she was being kissed.

I will not pretend that it was a new experience to Hazel, but I do aver positively that it was a new sensation. The strength of it kept her from opening her eyes quite as soon an she might otherwise have done. When she did she found herself lying on her couch. Newton had been sitting on the couch. Newton had been sitting on the odge of it beside her, holding her hands; but he let them go and rose rather precipi-

tately when she opened her eyes.
"I can't stand it!" she heard him say as
he turned away from her. "I can't stand

She steaded berself with a long breath or two, stolen while his back was turned to her in his patrol of the room. When he turned back he met her familiar, ironical smile.
"I don't wonder!" she said. "Cooped
up all day with a sick cat like me! Why

dan't you go back to Arizona?"

He came all the way back to the couch

and towered over her almost threateningly before he answered.

That's what I'm going to do," he said; "and I'm going to take you back with me."
"Get me a job as — what do you call 'em?
biscuit-shooter at the camp?" she inquired

He sat down suddenly beside her, and it sapped pretty near all the courage away from her to feel that he was trembling

uncontrollably.
"I know how you feel about me," he said, taking pains with every word, "how you must feel about anybody—any—rube like me after the people you're used to; but that doesn't matter a bit, because I'm not asking for a thing just that you come up with mother as her guest, and get well and strong again, so that you can come back here to your work and your success, and all that means such a lot to you here.

"It's spring out there now and I know we can make you comfortable. You can be outdoors all day. In a few weeks you'll be strong enough to ride. In six months you'll be well again and we'll shake hands

15,000,000 Spark Plugs are Produced Annually

5,000,000 Would Supply the Demand If They Were All Good Plugs

HOW much of your money is represented in this tremendous waste that motorists pay for?

It is almost a foregone conclusion that you have paid for more than a few spark plugs that did not give you anything like full return for your money.

Here at last is a spark plug that you can buy with confidence-a spark plug that is a quality plug -that is not made to compete on the basis of price with spark plugs in general, but with the one idea of giving the purchaser absolutely satisfactory service.

SPARK PLU

Naturally, is cross more to produce such a plug. But we feel that motorists will gladle pay a slightly higher price -in order to be sure of getting full value for their money.

Specially constructed and extremely beavy involuting ours stands strains which easily break flows ordinary insulators. Sear for involutor unusually wide and well outlilored, aflowing ample room for expansion and contraction.

Easily taken spart cleaned and re-essembled. Always absolutely gas tight. If your dealer does not carry the Masser Plug, and \$4.00 for set of four and prepaid stilpment will be made direct-

Guarantee After using Master Spark Plugs for 30 days, if you will be refunded, if requested, no return of plugs where quirthased.

HARTFORD MACHINE SCREW CO.

476 Capitol Avenue

Existilished 1873

Hartford, Conn.

TO keep your auto looking just like new all the time—



as bright and attractive as the day it came from the factory, just clean and brighten it with LIQUID VENEER.

No matter how dull, dingy, greasy or marked the finish may be, LIQUID VENEER will help to restore its origireal beauty - and the frequent use of it will preserve the finish against the ravages of time and weather.

Renewing an auto with LIQUID VENEER is simple and cleanly—just a few minutes work with a little LIQUID VENEER on a piece of cheese cloth, that's all! There's so drying to wait for, so your car is instantly ready for use.

Thousands of auto owners now use LIQUID VENEER, and it is recommended by many of the manufacturers.

Any Auto Supply, Grocery, Drug or Hardware Store sells LIQUIDVENEER in 25c, 50c and \$1 bottles. The name, and walk, on a yellow package is a guarantee you are getting the original, dependable article.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.









and say good-by—and you'll come back here. It'll all be understood from the start. I'm net asking a thing. Can't you do it that way?"

"Not in a thousand years!" said Hazel. "I may not be much good but I'm not that kind of grafter." He sprang up at that and echoed the word grafter indignantly. "Well," she persisted, "isn't that what it comes to? Taking your charity—"

He fairly dashed that word back in her

"Charity!" he said. "When all I want in the world is just to take care of you and

see that nothing gets a chance to hurt you again or frighten you!"

With that she sprung her trap.

"And you'd have me take all that," she interrupted, "everything you've got to give a woman, use it to get well on, and then hand you out a happy ta-ta and come back to work?" back to work?

He stared at her incredulously.

"You know"—he said after a silence, and hardly able to command his voice at all—"You know what it is I want."

Her green eyes met his with their oldtime straight stare.

"What is it that you want?" she demanded.

manded.

"I want you to marry me!" Under her stare a deep burning blush came up into his face. "You—you didn't think—"
"Oh," she said, "you make me laugh!"
The very last ounce of her control and resolution had gone into the contemptuous inflection of those words however. She could not help what harvened afterward

inflection of those words however. She could not help what happened afterward.

"I'm not making you laugh," he said quite simply, "I'm making you cry."

And with that observation he sat down beside her again and caught both her hands in his—and pretty nearly crushed them, he held them so tight. She turned her face away with a shudder.

"You couldn't marry me!" she said. "I'm not what you thought I was that first night you saw me with the make-up on; but I'm more, a lot more like that than I am like the little innocent who didn't know what the things meant she said on the what the things meant she said on the stage. Do you suppose a girl could live the life we do and not know? No-let go of me and listen! Let me tell you just a few

"Not now - nor ever!" he said. "There's just one thing you can tell me that'll get you rid of me for good in a minute. If you don't tell me that I shan't want to hear anything else."

She went almost as white as when she fainted and she felt her lips stiffening, but she managed the question.

"What is that thing?" she asked.

"That you don't love me!" he said.

"That you don't like to have me near you! That it hurts you to have me hold you like this! That you're happier when I'm away from you than when I'm with you! Can you tell me that?"

But Hazel could not. Presently, though, when he gave her another chance to speak,

when he gave her another chance to speak, she ventured a last protest.

"It's a rotten trick to play on—on your mether," she said.

"Letting me marry you?" he saked; and then he grinned. "I told her I meant to do it—that very first morning after you went dewatewn. She's been keeping me from getting discouraged ever since."

"Can you beat that?" said Hazel; and she lay there in his arms so quietly and so long that he began to wonder what she was

long that he began to wonder what she was thinking about.

"I've known some pretty good sports in my day," she said at last; "but, you can take it from me, the best sport I know— who's got all the rest of them faded to a fare-you-well—is old Keziah!"

(THE END)

Throwing Beams

LITTLE lamps that would hardly give enough light for a small room are now being used for lighthouse purposes, throwing beams many miles. One little lamp rated at only thirty candlepower and operated by a battery has a record of being seen clearly at a distance of more than twenty miles.

The secret is the concentration of light. Every effort was made to keep the light source down to as fine a point as possible and then to keep it all concentrated in one narrow beson. This particular light re-volves, and as it comes round the fine pencil of beams will catch a person's eye miles



Gladden Your Guests

A pociable chat over teacups; then the delicious climax of the afternoon's call-a box of Johnston's Chocolates. Let us propose the

Quintette Assortment

"More Then a Found" in the Unione Gray Box

Datch Bitter Sweets, Milk Chem-late Creams, Clusteliale Caramili, Chocalate Butter Scarch, Nanga Clas-niates and Chocalate Assorted Nanall are included. I ruly a purious of ewent supplies — suil coney claimles amouth and autofaing t. Yet this a but one of the 10 distinct perhaps prepared by Johnston's for educated namely haden.

Ask your dealer to supply you and it be cannot, send a dollar direct and receive this how post-harte, post-post-



Consider Quality Fir.

And you will be satisfied only with







Don't turn in the coff.

Strongest where the greateraln comes.
Of one-plee-construction are proof against breater A new one free, if broken have const.

More actual gold in More actual gold in Krementz Rolled Plate i Button than in say of plated call button make



And that means years of a without wearing through gold enriace.

Before you buy on butters, at freeler or Amberdarker to then the Krement, the name that on — is write at for booter.

In Rolled Gold Plate-\$2.00 the Pair KREMENTZ & CO., 40 Chestnot St., Novark.

Big Opportunities in Tre Surgery and Fruit Growin

Injurier's out condition is life; increase year coronal in new, accrewised, whiches anotherms of Type Scrayty, Franchis, positionies. The cell for transact more greatly on highly. The Correspondence Course die you in noise is shown Frant Greater way as a remier profits. Write to for book. "Majorators in Sectors." THE DAVET INSTITUTE OF TREE SURGERY

We'll buy any leisure time you have on your hands. Let us tell you ab-THE SATUEDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA ?



Milk

Onions

Can Be Kept In The Same Compartment Without Contamination

'HIS remarkable fact is due to the perfect, rapid circulation of cold, dry air obtained by the Bubn Syphon System. Odors are carried to and deposited upon the ice then pass off through the drain pipe.

Bohn Syphon Refrigerators

The exclusive Bohn construction and the use of Flaslinum enable Bohn Syphon Refrigerators to maintain a tempera-ture 10 degrees colder than other refrigerators.

Find compartment walls lined with grounds, white vitroms channel which will not creek, discolor or peel off. No corners or revues to bold impurities.

The Pullman Company and all American Rail-puly base subspled the Bules System System a testimetal of its superiority.

Write let "Cold Storage in the Home," a bank of information which every housewife should read:

WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR CO.

Main Office and Works 1508 University Ave., St. Paul, Mins.

How York Chicago Lin Angeles Lt W. 42 and Rt. 20 E. Junkers Med. Not Se. 1841 15.



of Stee



Owners of CHASE MOTOR TRUCKS Admit They Are "Hard Buyers"

ThEY don't mind being called Hard Buy-trs—you can call them "finty-brained, quets-beareed risk killers" if you wish.

There is only one consideration with a Had Hayer. This: Do the ounces of a tack find by their own experience in securing that it is absolutely profitable?

Every man to his own way of buying. Buy on your engineering knowledge. Buy in your lath in demonstration tests. Or, From want to, put your ear to the ground sallisten for Discounts and Terms. But — 3530 Hard Buyers have bought Chase Incks on the experience of Chase owners,

THE DIE CO.

We have always built for Hard Buyers of drute means, light, texple, very strong and serveable cars at tria bettem prices. Of the total 3550 Chann

CHASE MOTOR TRUCK CO. Makers of Chase Trucks

SYRACUSE, N.Y.

trucks sold, more than 1600 are of the 1500 hr. type, selling at \$1000. This is our reason for building a still lighter truck at a known price.

Model S is a man's size track—no parcel

car or toy. Has wonderful engine power, large over-sized tires. Exceptionally strong ruction. throughout. lts. 1000 lbs.; the price is \$750. A car that will stand abuse and hard work.

will stand abuse and hard work.

Other models, 1500 ht. delivery are at \$1000 to 3-in tracks at \$3000. The time-ten track is seem driver. English made—David Brown typeworts. Unit Power Plant—Commenced Manastad Bower-Lipe Transmission.

In contraction and mechanical party these models give the center track market a zero standard to measure by half- lie fight and leavy heading.

R TRUCK CO.

When you will we will and you the evidence that being a hard tweet to key a positable track.

SHARE THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE PA

The Comfort of "5130" Begins with the Pattern

One reason why No. 5130 Clothcraft Blue Serge Special is one of the most successful suits for men is because it is so well designed.

The time and money devoted to designing the patterns are well spent, for they result in a comfortable, easy fit. The suit keeps its shape and every detail of collar, sleeves, pockets, armholes and so on, is just right.

It doesn't cost you any more either; for doing each little operation in the one best way also means saving time and money.

It may be only a fraction of a minute in sewing a seam, or in trimming a lining, but altogether it means a good many dollars. That saving comes back to you in the painstaking work of the designer, and in better and better materials and workmanship.

And, remember, Clothcraft is the one CUARANTEED ALL-WOOL line of men's ready for service clothes at \$10

Drop in at the Clotheraft Store and see for yourself the substantial value of No. \$130 Blue Surge Special at \$15.

Write for the new Style Book and a personal note of introduction to the marrel Clotheralt dealer.

There is also a full-engage Chellage's filter Progr Pastraid of \$10 M house's as No. 4140

The Joseph & Feiss Company

Frenched CF48 620 St. Class Ave., N. W. Cleveland, Sixth City

The a-b-c

of Paint

House-Owner





This (abottom every Children's Support story story story appear to the polarity of story controls of s



White lead is the most widely used of the spinners because it is the only our thin rate for elementary used by used for extresse paradoxy. It has a matters and leading allesting and leading allesting of the second and leaves a tough and leaderst point sion which makers fought and leaves or the second and keeps and the second and keeps and the second and keeps and the second and are the seco

"Pure Buserd and is the life of palest." It alsoes to expens from the sky and becomes hard and efforts. It shows not evaluate that has at soft to proceed to evaluate head that we controlled to partially evaluately, as partially evaluately, as partially evaluately, as partially evaluately, as

Currer is the meanity pure white lead of our furnishers, only whiter, flow and name perfectly made, due to an improved modern process. Carrier makes the whites white point for white houses and, with the officient of the proces Garian, polors, must be made and doubtle mining polors. Carrier to know as a "The Lead with the Spread" because it has physical concrete and "The Louis with the Spraud

Spread" because it has present covering and spreading symboles. While there are white

tends which cam less he the pound and palots who, it cost how by the sullen, none count how yer square yeard of surface yourself raway somethin would be dear at any parce. Instead of chacking and eading like points that remists incluming pages point a free White Lead and that when you have you will take of all thank wears gradually and though solid by water of repositive, periodic decay and is made for reposition when the winds and include the massacian of palot are weekly made the erivates of a component particle of the services of a component particle and extend that the state of the form of the services of a component particle are weekly more than the firmal show you." The Partit Brainting the Spead."

White Lead

the Special and datable enters. He will reproduce exactle, any others you may arises. He will relay his point to such the condition of surface to be passed.

such the condition of surface to be painted.

To secure a permanentic natiofactory isb of painting to to a composed and reducte painter and specify "Carter Witter-Leaf and pure linesed of when you ask for estimate. The price may be a little lower if you simply specify "paint," but it is precty regard to cost you move in the long run.

Forty forces comes absolutered for a free copy of "Park Point, a Test Book on House Principa". If your factor from the wing and adventures and other con-tions a test point to the fee or on the business for parelle. While it per feet with finishing manifest founds outrained pointed, from "The Feets Benefied" profilets.

CARTER WHITE LEAD COMPANY

Factories Chicago Omaha

12078 So. Pearla Street, Chicago, Ill.





We Will Pay For Your Next Summer's Vacation

O where you please; do what you like. We will provide the money you need, in exchange for a little of your spare time this spring. Hundreds of young men and women have been able to go to the shore, to the mountains, to the country, because they accepted this offer we are making you. Upon receipt of your letter we will tell you why we will "finance" your vacation. Address

Agency Division, Bux 279

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A KING AMONG KINGS

when John Hogaboom got him. Johnny had always been averse to changes. As he hitched these bony veterans to the plow he suffered another attack of that irritating dinriness and leaned for a moment against the side of the old white mare. He shivered when the spell had passed, and blamed it all on the chilly air, for the tule mists still

clung to the ground.

With an effort at cheerful shouting he guided the horses to the spreading live-oak, where the furrows were always started on the Waterloo Ranch. Once he had made this rather a ceremony, but now it was an empty form. The horses were stiff and awkward in the chill air. Old Dolly was not responding to his rall, though the Colt betrayed a sort of willingness to begin the year's work.

year's work.

"Now then, old girl!" urged Johnny as he set the point of his plow. "Come on there, children! Off you go! Hay-yup!"

The Colt shambled and forged a step ahead; but Dolly strained at the traces, fell back, strained gallantly again, then stumbled weakly and went down in her tracks. Johnny was quickly at her side. The old mare tried feebly to lift her head and pawed the earth bravely with a forefoot. Johnny knelt beside her and liften her head.

her head.
"What is it, old giri? Tell me what's the matter!" he called gently.

Dolly seemed to make the effort; but after a few seconds her owner rose to his feet and shook trembling flats at the empty

sky.

The mare was dead. A long moment the old man surveyed her. Then be mumbled old man surveyed her, bis luck, endearincoherently—curses for his luck, endear-ments for the horse.

He went back a step and looked away, idly studying the defaced gray front of the ranch house. A queer change marked his face; the iron of his resolution had strangely gone; every trace of expression but that of senile despair had been erased. Then be tried to raise his hands in what should have been a gesture of defiance; but queerly enough only the left hand came up. His right arm hung nerveless, immovable. In a dull stupor of slarm he glared down at the inert member

He strained to lift it, but it seemed to be

Panting now, he strained again, his fright-tortured face purpling with the effort. A moment he towered thus, then he swayed, stumbled, and went flabbilly down beside the fallen mare. The Colt looked down on him

with dumb surprise, but did not move.
Feebly he writhed there, trying to rise;
but he was again in the swirl of that terri-

lying dizziness.
"I got a stroke!" he mumbled. "Of all the rotten luck! Three dry years, the mare dead, and me knocked out just at plowing-time. Oh, this is bad for the Waterloo Ranch!"

"O sole mie!" warbled a voice in the

The old man shuddered. It was his fate—that song; but he was too weak now fate—that song; but he was too weak now for resentment. He closed his eyes and suffered the vision that through all the years had greeted him in darkness and in quiet—a vision of the San Joaquin billowing to its last acre with ripe wheat. He wondered whether he were dying and hoped—if he must go—that this golden panorama would finat before him to the last.

Tony Just proprieter of two armall acres

Tony Just, proprietor of ten small acres, looking curiously from his two-acre vine-yard over into the Waterloo place, noted an unwonted thing there. His song gurgled to a sudden break and, parting the barbed wire of the feace, he hurried to the scene of the cutastrophe.

Old Johnny's head reclined against the shoulder of the dead mare. He eyed Tony resentfully—Tony, glowing, ruddy with health, smelling of all the fruits of earth, with a tang of sweat! Tony ran lively eyes over the scene-eyes that betrayed a

shocked sympathy.

"Maybe you can help me to the house," grumbled old Johany weakly. "I was taken with a spell and the mare's dead; but I'm going to get another horse and plow-te plant wheat. You understand?"

'Oh, sure, I understand," replied Tony

with a humoring, placating briskness.
"Sure! Sure, I understand. Now I tell
you... I carry you this way." He drew one of the old man's arms round his neck. "Now you lift the other arm."

"I-I can't," muttered the old man, painfully ashamed of his weakness. "But I'm all right - I'll be all right in a minute-and I'll plant wheat—nothing but wheat! Mind that!"

"Sure! Sure to Mike-you plant plenty wheat! Pretty soon you plant a lot of wheat; but now you come with me. I think that better." And be lifted old Johnny as he would have lifted a child.

Old Johnny scowled and tried to cover his emburrassment by pretending more pain than he felt. The fact that this par-ticular despised dago was playing him the Good Samaritan distressed him more than the loss of his mare and his curious sezure. On ten of the old Waterloo acres this singing nuisance grew twenty different crops almost simultaneously—he and his buxon wife and his seven children. To him the San Joaquin, which had yielded the Waterloo only wheat in diminishing quantities, had given the fullness of the earth. And he was only a singing, macaroni-eating dage!

As Tony, with his burden, trudged stoutly across the yard to the house old Johnny mumbled his creed:

"But I'll plant wheat—nothing but wheat!"

wheat!"
"Sure! You plant all the wheat you want," agreed Tony soothingly as he laid want," agreed that cereal on a disordered want," agreed Tony soothingly as he laid the champion of that cereal on a disordered hed. "Now I run get the old woman. No doctor, padrone! All doctors are fools and benditti. My brother Luigi he had one, booking so wise with es-spectacles! And he say: 'I can do nothing; he too damn sick!' So Luigi he die pretty soon — and that doctor bring a bill just the same. No doc-tor for you, padrone! What to hell — a doctor!"

Tony had learned his English where he best could, but he saidom left one in doubt as to his meaning. Now he darted cheerily out and old Johnny could bear him warbling O sole mio! as he crossed the field; but the tone was subdued and sympathy-bearing. It died away and for as many as five minutes old Johnny heard no singing. Then the gurgling tenor came again to him. It was rather welcome now. It reassured him with its vitality, its suggestion of warm. with its vitality, its suggestion of warm,

willing kindness.

Tony entered, followed by his sympathetic wife, several pounds more substantial than himself, and a small boy, dark of eye and restless with life. And the woman, of course, carried her customary baby in

her arms.
"Now I think you take rest," advised
Tony. "My old woman she gons make east too—because she is not at home to cook—if you please, padrone. And little Tony here, he help to amuse you, mebbe. And we be all O. K."

He finished with a profusion of graceful flourishes and was out of the house again, his inevitable song floating back. Old Johnny looked helplessly at the woman. "Sorry to put you to all this trouble, ma'am."

"No troub!" said Mrs. Tony, smiling broadly. "My man he like you very much. You sell him big, fine land. We all very nice."

A twinge of conscience was here relief. something to eat, and pretty quick I come

A twinge of conscience was here added to old Johnny's other discomforts. He had known when he sold the bit of land that there was a bad gravelly place in it; but he had thought it good enough for a dago. And literally it had been.

"I'm obliged to you, ma'am."

And the woman, seeing he was ill at case, withdrew to the kitchen when she had drawn off his heavy boots and pulled the worn quilts about him.

"Now I'm up against it good!" muttered

"Now I'm up against it good!" muttered old Johnny. "I had a stroke—that's what I had. Now what am I going to do?"

He sank bewildered into this abyas of frustration. There was nothing to do apparently—just lie there forever, a useless

hulk.

Then presently he was sensible of a new influx of life; it was stirring in his old body. calling him to fresh, new effort. It was some time before he actually connected this invigoration with the novel odors that issued from the kitchen. To a weakened man who had long done his own cooking, and done it miserably, they were highly exciting odors—a blended chorus of them: and, high above them all, was one predominating odors—one deliciously apports. dominating odor-one deliciously appetizing scent, sharp, pricking, provocative. To old Johnny it was sweeter than the first



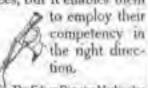
You gladly pay from \$15 \$20 a week to get a tenographer you can deend upon.



In Edison Dictating Machine make her more dependable al twice as useful isn't it a ad investment? The

status, Specify "Made by Educa").

mics merely the drudgery of mondence. It leaves your stenogwhee for other work until you are on detating. It ealls for com-MEET employees, but it enables them



The Edison Diputing Marker has been demoloped to its present at a second dauge by a cosps of expensional of Thomas As, Edison. It is the markers approved and labeled by the Understanding demoloper of the National Board of the Understand, and the stell distribute, and the stell distribute, and the stell distribute, another the stell distribute, another stell demoloper of the stell distribute on Auto-lades for requesting transaction, induces on. requesting transform indirector, on the transporter. He many mechanisms and electrical advantages are explained in rat least the last least before the last least before the last least le

to Everywhere, including the principal Conndian Cities



END IN THIS COUPON Eller No. Orace: N. J.

und on your 24 page browters. "The Tierd in Man," describing how the Edison Dictating my to adapted to my work, and your backlets to be adapted to my work, and your backlets to be adapted to my work, and your backlets

breath of spring to a winter-starved poet. He knew now that he was hungry—that he had been hungry a long time. He sniffed again and again, as if he would draw to him the succulent body of that drifting soul. Even in the days of the best of Chinese cooks there had come no such maddening scent from his kitchen. It engrossed him so that, for the time, he forgot the morning's tragedy. Surely that subtle emanation was from a magic herb plucked in some far-distant valley! distant valley!

After an age of impatient waiting he heard again the music-cue for Tony's entrance. Somehow he had ceased to resent the song and he no longer loathed the singer. That aroma from the kitchen had filled him with curiosity, anticipation and vast friendliness. The Italian bent solicitously over the bed.

"How you feel now, padrone?" he asked.

"Hungry!" replied old Johnny, with eager brevity. Tony beamed.

"That is mighty damn well!" he said.

"When a man can eat I think he is pretty O. K. When he is hungry he is well. And there is plenty. Oh, Maria! The padrone will eat!"

Maria bustled from the kitchen, a mad-

Maria bustled from the kitchen, a maddening increase of the odors in her wake, and placed a small table by the bed. Then she brought in steaming dishes. They did not contain ranch food. There was a bowl of savory soup; a plate of macaroni en-riched with tender fresh mushrooms; an immature fowl in a casserole, bathed in a thick brown sauce. There was the inviting

verdure of a salad and a pitcher of red wine.

"Everything she grow on my own place," said Tony, beaming with pride—"even the wine. And it is good wine. I make myself. Sure to Mike!"

Old Johnny lifted the bowl of soup to his tipe and drank a hearty draft. There was the subtle taste of which he had been inhalizer the arent for half are hour. the subtle taste of which he had been inhal-ing the scent for half an hour; the same taste was in the macaroni—it permeated the tender chicken, which Tony neatly cut for him—and he caught whiffs of it from the salad; but the wonderful substance itself eluded him. He puzzled over this as he ate greedily. It seemed to him that never, even in San Francisco, had he tasted such food.

"It puts new life in a man," said old Johnny graciously after his second glass of the mellow red wine. "If I was better fixed I wish your wife could cook for me a while."

Tony shrugged his volatile shoulders.
"I would also wish that, padrone—but
too many hombini. And my big daughter,
my Terecine, she go to school now to learn
all education like the smarts.
"Already she make native English writ-

"Already she make native English writing and counting in strange ways with figures, and geography of the lands; and but yesterday she say she learned that the principal products of California are gold, wine and fruit."

"That ain't right—she didn't remember right," objected old Johnny, revived by the food to some faint heat of resentment. "The principal products of California are gold.

food to some faint heat of resentment. "The principal products of California are gold, wheat, wine and wool."

"My Terecine say nothing of wheat that is taught her," Insisted Tony; "and she is very smart for her little size—that teacher of the school she tell my old woman so."

Old Johnny frowned and a twinge of pain showed in his face. The sympathetic Tony caught the train of his thought.

"I guess mebbe Terecine she forget about wheat," he conceded. "Sometimes she forget a lot—you think she ferget her own head! They say wheat and she lose it from the brains."

Old Johnny frowned again, however.

the brains."

Old Johnny frowned again, however.

"I guess she remembered it right," he said dejectedly. "They've been telling me for thirty years the times have changed. Maybe they have, and maybe the school-books have changed too. I'm the only one planting wheat. The rest are all gone—all except Jim Pierson and me; and Jim, he went into the drygoods business and get rich again, and Jim prevent was a ranch rich again—only Jim never was a ranch man. Wheat kings they used to call us, and that's all I got out of wheat!"

Tony gave way to excitement - a voluble, friendly excitement.

"But, padrone, you have still the best land in this whole valley of the San Joaquin, O Dio mio! If I have him I be a regular O. K. rich—I leave so many million dollars for the bumbini, and the bumbini of them. Oh, sure to Mike!"

Old Johnny smiled wanly. "And what would you plant now if you had the land?" he asked, but without enthusiasm.





for FORD CARS

This is the only Trade Mark under which KW Master Vibrators are sold -

You are particularly cautioned against imitations apparently re-sembling the K-W Master Vibrator in many details and being

offered by some dealers under private trade names. Look for the K-W Trade Mark and serial guarantee number.

A handsomely finished box means nothing. It's the electrical detail that makes a Master Vibrator reliable and efficient and years of service alms will prove this. Over 90,000 K-W Master Vibrators giving efficient service is proof that the K-W is electrically right That is why every K-W Master Vibrator is "Guaranteed for life,"

The K-W Master Vibrator Is the Standard of Excellence all over the world. It's a tried and proven accessary for a Ford car, with 100% efficiency.

Your nearest dealer will gladly show you the merita of the K-W Master Vibration. Literature on request.

Price \$15 with Kick Switch - with Yale Lock Switch \$14.











There's a wide difference between a mechanical arch support and an anatomical arch support-the first hinders, the second helps. Wear Coward ARCH SUPPORT SHOES, with COWARD EXTENSION HEELS, and feel the difference.

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel made by James S. Coward for over 34 years. FOR CHILDREN, WOMEN AND MEN Send for Catalogue Muil C Sold Nowhere Elan Muil Orders Filled

JAMES S. COWARD 264-274 Gerenwich St., near Warren St., New York

Tony's animation enlarged. His facile arms waved to all points of the compass. "Here the almonds; here the peaches; there the vines; over there the onions; down here those other vege-tabbles; below there the alfalfa!" With rapid gestures and quicker words he summarized all the crops that could be grown in California. His eyes widened as the vision grew. "And

there, by the rocks, a few olive trees to make like home." he concluded, surveying his hastily mapped Eden with gusto. "Also," he added after a moment of re-flection, "more of the bushini; and then the still more little ones of the grandschildren to work and be happy with very old Tony and very much old Maria- all happy! That is the best crop of all for california, padrone—so much room and so good to be children here. It is heaven for the Italian—some day I think the Italian have it all, for he know how to grow little things in little gardens, that you Americans say: 'Oh, what to hell! Such too little garden for any use!' Pardon, padrone! I talk too dams much!"

Silently old Johnny motioned for his pipe. The Italian filled it with cheap tobacco, gave it to him and held the lighted match. Both were silent, each seeing his vision— Tony his future of plenty; old Johnny his

misty, dwindling past.

Over acres and miles of waving grain, now glistening green, now ripened gold, old Johany looked with his closed eyes. League after league the wheat stretched, from the tules of the San Joaquin River to the Sierra foothills. He heard the rumbling of the harvesters and in the distance the faint whistle of a river steamer; but it must be that wheat had had its day! They must truly have been wise and right who told him that times had changed. Now Webber's Landing at the end of the

Mormon Slough was a city of skyscrapers six stories high, some of them. A stone city half of ambitious architecture had replaced the wooden courtbouse, and in the court about it there were few hitching posts, for the clumpy ranch wagons had all but disappeared, giving way to the motor car and the auto truck.

And the town hall, where formerly Lotta had sung and danced – actress-idol of California's fifties—was now an imposing theater, gorgeous with plush and polished woods. The Chamber of Commerce building, also made of impressive stone, was reared on the very spot where Captain Webber had apportioned Johnny Hogabsom his share of the San Joaquin for the drudgery of wheat.

And Johnny, of all the landholders, had remained true to the purpose for which the conqueror of the valley had intended it. Had he been true too long? Would be be driven out?

driven out?

"No; by the Eternal-

He strained valiantly to move the be-numbed arm. There he was—helpless! He who had turned the first furrow for the wheat of the San Jusquin would never guide another plow. Must be become the partner of an Italian truck farmer in his squalld old age - he who had been a wheat king? He thought intently during a long ellence, the Italian watching him with an understanding

Suddenly old Johnny turned his bead and sniffed. That baffling scent from the kitchen

had again assailed his nostrils.
"Say, Tony," he began, "you told me you grew all the stuff you gave me to eat.
There was one thing I never have eaten before—something I don't know—that stuff that smells so good. It makes me hungry

Tony was puzzled. He reflected, "The padrone would mean those little

"No, not the mushrooms—I know them well enough. It was something everything smelled of—soup and sulad and chicken." Tony brightened.

"Ab, the padrone will mean the garlic-r garlic from the little garden."

"Was that stuff garlie? I always thought garlie wasn't good for any one but "—dagos he had been going to say, "I always thought it wasn't so good as that," he ended lamely.

"Certain thing it's good for all of us!" said Tony blithely. "Surest thing of whatever you know! Maria she put just a little bit in everything—not too much, but thy like the most tiny. It is a great help. Se! I have one piece here. He drew a cluster of the pungent vegetable from a pocket of his overalls. Old Johnny fingered it respectfulls.

respectfully.
"So that's it, is it? Well, now, you can grow that stuff here, can't you?"
"Sure! On your life!" assented Tony.

"All you want—Dio miol—yes!"

"Would it grow all over my place!"

feverishly demanded old Johnny.

Tony gasped. The sudden vision of a
hundred acres all in garlic was awe-inspiring

hundred acres all in garlic was awe-inspiring even to him.

"Padrone," he answered in slow, hunbed tones, "you could grow here enough for many hig cities."

Old Johnny clenched his unimpaired fist and banged it vigorously on the table.

"Then my mind's made up," he declared, the fire returning to his old eyes. "Not another grain of wheat will I plant! From now on I'm planting garlic and you're going to be my full partner, do you understand that!"

"But, padrone," pleaded Tony, "such

"But, padrone," pleaded Tony, "such vines; such peaches; such melons—" "Not another word!"shouted old Johnsy.

"I've always been a one-crop man. When I go for anything I go for it with bath barrels. Garlie and nothing else! I'll show them I can be a king of something!"
"Dio wio!" whispered Tony with all reverence. "One hundred acres!"

Two years later John Hogaboom, one-time wheat king of the San Jonquin Valley, beamed over this paragraph in the Stockton Gazette:

"John Hogaboom, Garlie King of the San Jonquin, leaves for San Francisco today for a conference with Peter Lucchett, the Cabbage Baron. Mr. Antone Jusi, Mr. Hogaboom's partner, will look after his interests while he is absent. Mr. Hogaboom was formerly one of the wheat kings of the San Joaquin and is still in rugged health for his years."

The New Route

Oh, we have known the gales that blow

About the Polar Sea, And buttled racing tides that flow And outlee racing teas that flow
And combers rolling free.
We've fought the winds that rour so raw
And chill men to the core;
But now we go by Panama—
We'll round the Harn no more!
No more!
We'll round the Horn no more,

And hones of good men shall not bleach Upon that ernel shore. Past Colon town we shape our course.
We'll round the Horn no more!

The storms came shricking from the Pole. The ice flows elogged our course, And on our bram-ends we would roll Beneath the tempest's force That was a copage meant for Men—
Stout-hearted men of yore;
But we'll not brave that course again—
We'll round the Horn no more!

We'll round the Horn no more, But loiter through the calm Canal That cals from shore to shore, And rob the breakers of their prey. We'll round the Horn no more!

Oh, you who follow after us. Shall take the better way. Nor try the passage perilons We centured in our day. Yet we are glad that we have known. The perils that we bore, And thank our stars that day has flown-We'll round the Horn no more!

We'll round the Horn no more,
We'll round the Horn no more, Upon that iron shore; For now we go by Panama, We'll round the Horn no more! - Berton Braley.







You got now obtain, their word of your door, packed fresh the feet was under reaches us, this danner Cultimate States, Per two generations the favores confection and from the folder State by traveling friends.

These candied fruits are made by the original Townsend Process, from the choicest of California's inscious fruits.

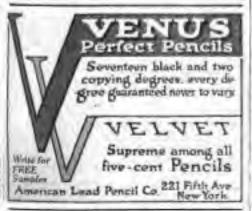
Period in attractive band guinted borner, condensing Apricat, Peaches, Oranges, Pears, Cherries, Prunss.

A full pound box will be sent year to \$1.00.

Pet up also in a pound boxes, \$1.00. We pay delivery things. Send check, that of P. O. creier.

Attention—High Class Dealers
We can make you an especially attractive proposition,
whereby you can be one the exchance agent for yours
walls Lailfornia belock Fruits in your city. Weste us
today and leaken hove you can obtain this agency.

57 Grant Avenue TOWNSEND'S San Francis



PHOTOISTS Send negatives for free sample print. Films developed 10c roll. Velos prints, 21 21 N. Sc. Enlargements by negative unmounted, 8310, 25c.
Columbia Photo Supply Co., Dept. N. Washington, B.C.

THE FIRST YEAR

(Continued from Page 4)

Court in the oil and tobacco cases has made it impossible for the honest business man to know what is permitted and what is for-bidden. The reasonableness of the restraint of trade attempted has been made a matter of individual opinion, and until the highest judge has made his last guess the citizen is in a state of uncertainty. A clear and ex-plicit definition of the things prohibited is therefore necessary for the protection of the innocent and for the punishment of the guilty.

The establishment of an Interstate Trade Commission is the fourth remedy recom-mended. It will be the business of this commission to gather information for the Government, to impart information to the industrial world, and to prescribe the details of regulations that cannot be embodied in statutes. The growth of the work of the Interstate Commerce Commission suggests the possibilities that open before a trade commission that shall have for its object the establishment of equitable relations between corporate producers and the produc-ing public, as the Interstate Commerce Commission endeavors to establish equitable relations between railroads and their

Fifth, the President recommends that in case of violation of the anti-trust law the punishment shall be visited upon the guilty individuals rather than upon the corpora-tion. This has two advantages. In the first place, the stockholder does not consciously participate in the act complained of, and therefore does not stand in the same attitude toward the law as the managing director or official who deliberately violates the law. In the second place, a fine imposed upon a corporation carries no disgrace with it, whereas individual punishment does. This distinction alone is sufficient to account for the indifference now felt toward for the indifference now felt toward. account for the indifference now felt toward. the anti-trust law by those who manage our great corporations. An ounce of imprisonment inflicted upon an individual is worth more than a pound of fines collected from corporations.

Latin-American Policies

These are the principal proposals made by the President for the elimination of the principle of private monopoly. How far he will succeed in securing the necessary legis-lation to carry out these principles remains to be seen, but his success thus far encour-ages us to believe that he will have the sup-port of Congress in the enactment of all the

ages in to believe that he will have the sup-port of Congress in the enactment of all the remedial measures he has outlined.

The foregoing enumeration of work ac-complished and tasks begun would seem like an abundant record for a single year. Hut the story is not yet finished. The Presi-dent has asked for legislation enabling the farmer to utilize his credits to a greater ex-tent than he has been able to heretofore, and a measure is being prepared embodying this relief. Congress has authorized the construction of a railroad in Alaska for the development of that territory, and a plan has already been prepared for the regulation of the use of water power.

And then to make sure that the Government, once freed from the control of favor-meshing corporations, shall not again

favor-sesking corporations, shall not again become their spoil and prey, the President has recommended the enactment of a law that will provide for the nomination of presidential candidates at party primaries. A number of interesting questions have been raised in the consideration of this subject, but where there is an evil to be remedled and a genuine desire to remedy it, differences can always be harmonized.

While the President has been busy with domestic questions be has been developing a foreign policy that has so far won the ap-proval of the country. In Latin America his aim has been to encourage, as far as this nation can do so, the establishment and maintenance of constitutional government. One of his first official utterances was directed against revolutions through which ambitious men seek to seize and use the government for the advancement of personal ambition or interest. He said:

"We hold, as I am sure all thoughtful leaders of republican government every-where hold, that just government rests always upon the consent of the governed, and that there can be no freedom without order based upon law and upon the public con-We shall look to science and approval. make these principles the basis of mutual



add extra money to

pools Services Co., 851) South State St., Obcupe

PATENTS and and description of MUNN & CO., 365 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

WANTED—AN IDEA! Was car think of particular think of particular thinks to particular the particular thinks to particular the particular thinks the particu

Only 2 Cylinder Rowboat Motor MORE POWER REATER SPIES



AGENTS WANTED Shines All Metals To Silver, Gold, Brown Nichel, etc.

The policit is to the chath. Assence needy for the chath of the chath discounter—us out getter. Price 25c from

Authorn Specialties Co., 27 Clerk St., Authors, N.Y. DATENTS SEVENED OF OFE THE SETTEMBE PATENTS To be the first to the second of Points

Potent of Wind to Invent on of Invent FREE

Second of Points

The Control of Points

The

Main Differs, VIUTOR J. EVANG # CO., Washington, D. C.

Patentswanted and Received by Manufacturery, such a court Description large Received Bush S. Laver, Days T. Washington B. C. Tana 1840.



YOUR BOY'S SPENDING MONEY

almost represent for a tax or a problem but a method of teaching him shrift and the value of money. How thousands of parent. ere applying the sugtled to their some inture success, is explained in our illustrated itsoukier, "What Shall I Do With My Boy."

We will send you a copy, free of charge, upon request. Write to

then this hour pro-25% THE CURT IS PUBLISHED COMPANY Philadelphia Properties



Day

Dollars

for representatives to secure subscriptions for The Saturday Evening Post. During July his earnings were \$461.80 - Seventeen Dollars a Day. During the entire summer he averaged over Eight Dollars a day. We do not refer to him because of his suc-

cess. Many others earned more. But we do refer to him because, being inexperienced, his earnings offer a fair standard by which can be forecasted the profits of any energetic representative.

AST Spring an inexperienced man an-

a swered one of our advertisements calling

These liberal earnings are attributable only in part to the natural ability of the persons themselves. They are due principally to the widespread demand for the publications represented.

We require the services of young men and young women all over the country to look after the subscription business of The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal and The Country Gentleman. For this work we pay commission and salary.

It can be done in leisure hours and no experience is required, for we stand behind our representatives and tell them how to work. If you want to try it, write today.

Agency Division, Box 281 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

intercourse, respect and helpfulness between our sister republics and ourselves. We shall lend our influence of every kind to the realization of these principles in fact and practice, knowing that disorder, per-sonal intrigues and defiance of constitutional rights weaken and discredit government, and injure none so much as the people who are unfortunate enough to have their common life and their common affairs so tainted and disturbed. We can have no sympathy with those who seek to seize the power of government to advance their own personal interests or ambition. We are the friends of peace, but we know that there can be no lasting or stable peace in such cir-cumstances. As friends, therefore, we shall prefer those who act in the interest of peace and honor, who protect private rights and respect the restraints of constitutional provision. Mutual respect seems to us the indispensable foundation of friendship be-

tween states, as between individuals.

President Wilson has aided legitimate enterprises, and has sought to assure our investors a welcome in Central and South America, by compelling an adherence to the highest business ideals. In refusing to indonse the so-called Chinese loan, he announced his opposition to methods that involve the principles either of monopoly or of interference with the rights of the country whose development is being undertaken. In the Japanese question, which are out of the anti-alien land laws of California, he has endeavored to secure equitable treatment for the Japanese and to prevent any discrimination based upon race or nationality.

Provisions of the Peace Plan

The Peace Plan, which by authority of the Frendent was offered to all the world, has made extraordinary headway. In less than a year the principle embodied in the plan has received indorsement from thirtyplat has received indorsement from thirtyone nations, representing more than threefourths of the population of the globe.
Treaties have been concluded with thirteen,
and agreement is near with several other
nations. The plan provides for an investigation in all cases of international differences without any exception whatever,
each nation reserving the right to act independently after the investigation. The
advantages of the plan are threefold: advantages of the plan are threefold: First, time will be allowed for investiga-

tion—the time agreed upon in the treatie already made is one year—and time itself is an important element in diplomacy. The war spirit is the spirit of anger and of passion. When men are angry they talk about what they can do; when they are calm they talk about what they can do; when they are calm they talk about what they can do; when they are calm they talk about what they can't to do. With nations, as with individuals, an interimbetween the offense and the time for retaliation is could save to result in an adjustment. tion is quite sure to result in an adjustment of differences. It would be well-nigh im-possible to declare war after twelve months'

Second, the period of investigation gives an opportunity for the separation of ques-tions of fact from questions of honor, and when the separation is made it is usually found that the facts can be reconciled and explanations exchanged in case an offense against honor has really been committed.

Third, efforts to promote peace have an educational value. They cultivate the spirit of peace, which, after all, is the con-trolling force. Men used to regard war as a necessity and to think in terms of blood; now they regard war as unnecessary and seek the means by which it can be prevented. As education increases men are able to take a more intelligent view of the subject, and intelligence is a champion of peace. An awakening conscience pleads even more strongly against force as a means of deter-mining issues. Right is becoming more

pararrful and more might less respected.

The spread of the democratic idea of government is also contributing the weight of its influence toward the cultivation of a pubopinion favorable to peaceful methods The masses bear the burdens of war, while a few win its glories and prosper through the expenditures that it compels. All the great forces of society are at work on the side of peace, and the President not only is in sympathy with them, but gives to them

enthusiastic support.
Thus endeth the first year of the administration of Woodrow Wilson. If we can judge the remainder of his administration by that which has already become history, it will be marked by a large contribution to the public welfare, a contribution that will be as permanent as it is large.



Custom Satisfaction in shirts ready to wear.

You get it, at \$1.50 up, in the

sold by dealers nearly everywhere. The shirt that is not only the criterion of fashion, but also sets the standard of value in men's high-class shirts:

Fit, color and wear guaranteed Write us for "Estics of a Gentlemon's Dress" and catalog of Emery styles.

W.M. Steppacher & Bro., Makers, Philadelphia



Send for this pound can at our Risk.

Don't aendusany money—Just say you are willing to be convinced that



s the richest, swertest, coolest and best tobacco for pipe or cigarette you eyer smoked.

We make Eddopia Mixture of the choicest North Carainia Torkish, Perline, Latakin at torkish, Perline, Latakin at torkish, Eddopia by the United Iominia that has been to the Course. Packed in Inndistance of Westell Europia blicture to

This 50c genuine French Brian Pipe given FREE with each initial order of Entopia Mixture

HEEL IS OUR OFFER: We will upon request, semi-ment point of Entopia Minture and the French har Plan curriage prepaid. Smale ten paperals of V pon over not planned, return at our expense-you DO like it, atopiy send us the price, \$1.50. When inferring, plants are burness stationery of a commercial reference.

We also offer at \$1.00 for a full pound, our Jefferson Mixture, a bully roll-cut tobacco for pine or regarder, the oded from choice Virginia. North urdina. Kentucky, flavana and Perique, and give such first order a fine 3% pipe free.

intresting booklet about choice taloccus mailed on promest.

CAMERON TOBACCO CO. Richmond, Virginia

Semmes and 9th Sta.

Great Rebuilt
Auto Bargains

Out one of these great buspains in rebuilt cars. Over

Matter and the second of the completely related.

We that is the accommod of the completely related.

We that is the accommod of the complete of the com

The Bashful Boy

Self-confidence is a quality too many young boys lack. They are bashful in the presence of strangers. They know there is nothing to he afraid of, but still their tongues are tied. Their reserve is not merely respectful deference to their elders, but sheer embarrassment.

The parents' probem is to teach the boy self-possession without encouraging an impudent manner. By encouraging him in a certain form of recreation in which polite assurance is esential, the boy can be helped to strengthen his personality.

Thousands of parents are now employing this method to teach their boys respectful self-confidence. Just how it is done is explained in the booklet"What Shall I Do With My Boy?" A copy will be sent you free upon request. Write today to

The Sales Division, Box 284 THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Credit Paper

WE MAY speak truthfully of the strength of paper; yet how like a paradox it sounds! From childhood we paradox it sounds! From childhood we have been accustomed to take frequent liberties with the filmsy material, to fold and rend it according to our lightest whim, and now to speak of it as strong! But strong it is, and the business world of America is bound into a cohesive whole by the fibres of millions of notes, checks and doubt which which the house and state. drafts, which pledge the honor and credit

of its citizens. In this paragraph we shall attempt to define three kinds of commercial paper— bills of exchange, promissory notes and bank checks—that are all business contracts. They are contracts, however, as to which business convenience decrees that the form shall be just as important as the sub-stance. If I am hiring Regan, the contrac-tor, to build my house and we fall out over our agreement, the court will consider every possible point connected with the transaction, in order to determine what our mutual intentions really were. But if I employ Regan to do the work and give him a promissory note in payment of his services, our rights, so far as that note is concerned, are largely determined by the exact form in which I issued it, taken in connection, of course, with the subsequent indorsements - that is, whatever written additions were afterward made to it in the course of

The vital feature of bills of exchange, or drafts as they are generally called, promis-sory notes and hank checks is their nego-tiability. That is to say, they are a special class of contracts, which are so framed and so favored by the law that, if certain rules are adhered to, they can be passed from man to man quite as freely and far more conveniently than actual cash.

An ordinary contract may be assigned or transferred from one to another. Thus, if I have agreed to furnish a large factory with knitting machines I may assign my right to be paid for doing so to Bogardus for right to be paid for doing so to Begardus for a valuable consideration. Suppose, though, that I misrepresented some important fea-ture of my knitting machines to the Success Textile Company, which ordered them, and after I have transferred my rights in the contract to Begardus they find it out. Under such circumstances the Testile Company can employ the defense of misrep-resentation against Bogardus just as readily as they could against me, for he has simply stepped into my shoes and is in no better position than I would be had I remained a party to the contract.

Now this is just where drafts, notes and bills, or, as they are often called collec-tively, negotiable instruments or com-mercial paper, differ radically from other contracts. While still in the hands of the original parties who gave them birth, they are subject to any defenses which one may have against the other, so that, if Curnon gives a promissory note for one hundred dollars, due in sixty days, to Plaisted, and then finds that through mutual dealings Plaisted really owes him five hundred dollars, he may, at the end of the sixty days, refuse to pay Plaisted the note and demand instead four hundred dollars from him. Suppose, however, that Plaisted has, meanwhile, sold the note to Rangely, who knows nothing of his debt to Curzon, can Curzon still set off Plaisted's debt and refuse to pay Rangely the note? Undoubtedly he cannot do so.

Such a case illustrates the distinguishing characteristic of commercial paper. Like a bird which has flown from the parent nest it is freed from any defenses which the original parties to it may have, just as soon as it has been purchased, in good faith and for a valuable consideration, by some third person. In every other form of contract the rule is otherwise; land bears its burdens from owner to owner, the assigned mortgage conveys no better title to the purchaser than the assignor had to give; but for the purely practical reason that, in trade, there must be some convenient representa-tive of specie, which may pass from hand to hand as readily as actual coin, a general agreement and strength of custom among merchants bred the three forms of credit paper: the bill of exchange, the promisory note and the bank check, all of which travel, in the words of a great jurist, as couriers without luggage, and to all of which an innocent purchaser, for value, gets an absolutely clear title.











COLUMBIA SHIRTS

The best shirt on earth!

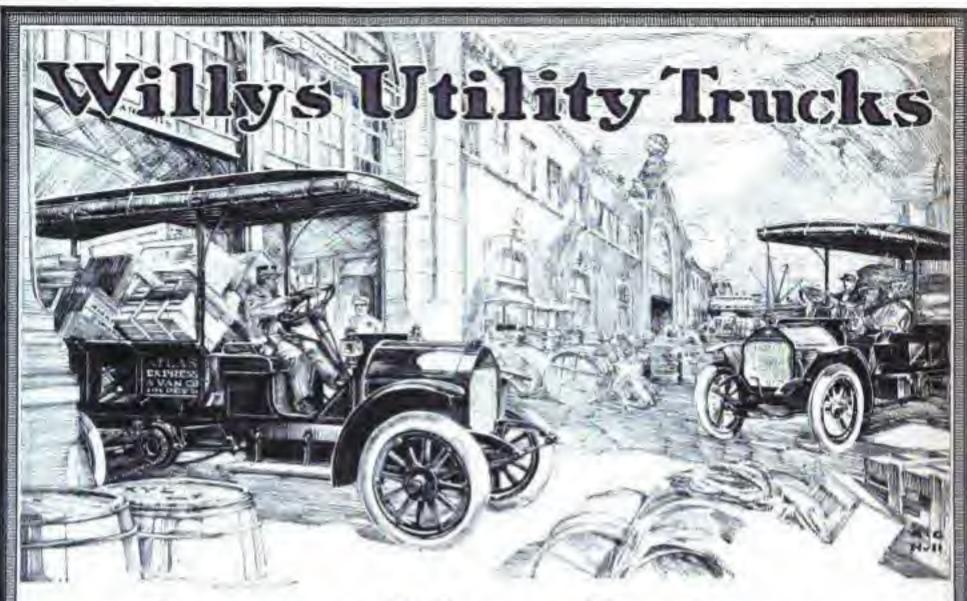
"Made since 1878," in every desirable style-\$1.50 and up. Ask to see our special summer shirt "Cufturn" with reversible cuffs, soft or stiff.

Color, workmanship and fabric of all shirts bearing the Columbia label are unconditionally guaranteed - a new shirt for an unsatisfactory one!

If your dealer can't supply you write

Columbia Shirt Co., Inc.

New York



Getting More Business

Lunquell's Transfer Company of El Pune, Texas, nature

Two Willys Linter Trucks see doing the work furtherly per-larmed by facility horace, and they are threading from that y to seely online a day. I am amount at the low cost of option, and before long expect to have fee United branch in service.

Jacob Piper, (Greeney and Most Business) of Lone, Ohio, Males.

The Willys Duley Truck hea periors a probable investment in every some of the word. Business has increased than in the lime 27% seems principally in three standard delivery relate and the principle service our old and may turbunite here there.

Our truck tooken from five to six trips a day nearoning 200 stops, the lotal daily subangs be-ing from 45 or 24 miles.

The Cleanland News of Cleveland, Ohio, states:

Cleveland, Ohio, states:

The Willias Miles of Truck makes a risk average in the Akisan landed with from preducts asserted to accordance to the control of t

John F. Harting of Webster,

N. V., stakus!

Vieps of the tacket, thereto be appeal, represents on a same pays as to absolute the Welter Stoney. There is no controlled to the tacket of tacket of

there is not no parameter of femal track to face the face of the first parameter of female the face that the face of the face

Thre. Bucker of General, Ill., states.

Principles to your trace of the least of the least of the first of the

VERY one is daily confronted with any number of commercial cles, anarls or questions that are smooth or straighten difficult to overcome, smooth or straighten out. It is either "how" can we cut selling expenses—or "how" is Jones doing-or "how" is so and so's credit-or "how" were yesterday's orders, and so on until it just seems as though business is one conlinual "how" after another. Yet all these are secondary to the biggest and most burning "how" of all, namely-"how can we get more business?

Broadly speaking the only way you can get more business is to utilize your working time to better advantage.

You cannot lengthen your days. But you con accomplish more work in the same time by adopting modern methods. Modernize your business, and your bank balance has got to increase in proportion. It never lails.

Willys-Utility Trucks conserve time. If you hard things, no matter what, they make it possible for you to do in 15 minutes, work that heretofure took 60 minutes. They permit two men to do the work of six. They make forty deliveries where horses make

but fourteen-and often less. They make it possible for you to reach out for new and undeceloped business because they give you and yours the time and the means to do it with. They create new business-increase ald business and get more business,

Read the letters on this page, These concerns thought, as you probably do, that they could not use these trucks to advantage. But please note what they say. And we have letters from merchants in every line of business.

In face of these logical facta - what easier way can you see to make more money?

Willys-Utility Trucks are helping merchants all over the world to develop new

They are cutting down expenses and increasing the volume of business.

They can do the same for you.

And we can give you all the bona-fide evidence you want from merchants right in your line of business.

Also remember the Willys-Utility Truck costs 30% less than any other similar truck

Our representative will be glad to call and go to an all details, plans, specifications, prices, ruch, etc. He will call whomever you vay. Literature and special hody bank on request.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

10 formapower man iding scace 45 × 70 inches

From Gree 34 x 41's problem. Sear tires It's Bly suches, sold \$1350

Three-Quarter Time Bade as shown \$150 cetro, f. v. L. lastory

Double expanding and contractone brakes Complete equipment

MATERIAL PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: Were you a truckler or an antitruckler? Did it outrage your sense of political honor to violate a section of the Baltimore platform, or didn't you give a boot?

I ask you these questions because by the time you read this you will have had an opportunity to look over recent proceedings in the once perturbed but now placid cap-ital of the nation; because you will have viewed those eruptions and disruptions in the cold gray dawrs of several mornings after. How about it, now that the tumult and the shouting have died, as R. Kipling was wont to inquire? Is all lost, including American supremacy on this continent?

And don't you think the reverse-English forensic honors, and all of them, may justly be handed to Champ Clark for his unrivaled performance of increasing a favorable vote of thirty to a favorable vote of eighty-six by the simple expedient of opposing such favorable action?

You wan Jim we so along stadelly for a

You see, Jim, we go along stodgily for a time, and then it becomes absolutely neces-sary to put on a show. Talk about your tired business man who needs musical comsiy to make him forget!—or make him remember, as it may happen. The tired business man isn't a marker in general lassitade and weariness to the tired congress-man. He gets so tired his bones ache and his head aches, which, of course, is the same thing; and he howls for relaxation. So we take a nice little teapot, stir up a tempest in it, keep stirring until the stirrers fall exlausted, and then go on about our business of passing supply bills.

Congress is a good deal like a periodical drinker—it has to have a spree once in a while. We've just had one, and the number of burning brows and furred tongues that are being endured as I write this passes be-lief. We had our spree, all right; but, wow! how tough we felt the next day.

Blood on the Face of the Moon

While a combat like this one over the re-While a combat like this one over the re-peal of the free-toils provision is going on it is all tragedy. There isn't a gleam of light athwart the murky skies. The newspaper boys go to it: and wreck of party, severing of lifelong alliances, disaster to the major-ity, closing of the career of the President, complicated political plots, surrender to England, sacrifice of our national honor, wounds that cannot be healed and breaches that cannot be repaired, are scattered profusely through the dispatches. The people read with amazement and shudder while they read about this frightful interparty strife. The dome of the Capitol rocks. The earth

shakes beneath the trend of the opposing warriors. There is blood by the bucketful on the face of the moun!

They clash. The cheers of the victors mingle with the grouns of the vanquished. Then everybody takes a bromide and comedy romes romping in. What was it all about? Well, sure enough, what was it all about?

Listen, Jim, and I'll tell you. It was all about one Woodrow Wilson, who happens at the present time to be the President of the United States; and though I confess that a certain amount of serious consideration should be given to episodes which, as the veracious chroniclers say, "have not been equaled since the stirring days of the Civil War," I call your attention to the fact that most of the chroniclers and many of the chronicled had not been born at the time of the Civil War; and a lot of them got into the game considerably after the Spanish

Our legislative history is speckled with episodes that, at the time, were said to re-temble in intensity those of the Civil War; but nothing happened, Jim, and nothing vill happen in the present instance save the coluntary and personal marking down to argain-sale prices of a number of so-called

it. When Mr. Wilson, so remarkable is his fixity of purpose and his tenacity of mind,

It was all about Mr. Wilson. You see, hat able and alert President of ours, realizing that he must run his party if the party was not to stand still, early began running begins running anything, party or what not, he invariably runs that thing. Having de-termined that it was his duty in the premises to bring about certain legislative processes, he began to bring those legislative processes about. He found himself in conjunction with a House of Representatives that was largely Democratic and largely inexperienced. He concluded that this Democratic House of Representatives should be amenable to eason, and he reasoned with it.

reason, and he reasoned with it.

However, he did not put all his faith in reason. If so be a club, say, or an az, or any other impelling power of similar nature, was needed, he used it. In short, he ran his party and his party's Congress. He secured in ten months three hig pieces of constructive legislation. He started several more, which in due time he will also secure. which in due time he will also secure.

Naturally there was resentment—not so much as you might think, but some. I has much as it seemed to the resenters that Mr. Wilson intended to keep on in charge of the control, of the goars and of everything else, they determined to put one over on him just to show him that, though he may be an excellent chauffeur, he isn't the owner

Wailing Over the Platform

Circumstances were fortultous, as circumstances sometimes are. Somebody-identity not yet disclosed—came along and told Mr. Wilson that it was a violation of treaty rights and a deep dent in national honor to allow the free-tolls provision to stand as law. Just who that somebody was is an interesting problem. There are rumors that it might have been Ambassador age, and those rumors may be true. Mr. Wilson, having his attention called

to this alleged violation of a treaty, imasted that the free-tells provision should be repealed. Whereupon the opposition concentrated and decided that this was the time to show him he was not the entire works. It was a fine orstorical opportunity. There were rearms of newspaper copy—of advertising—in it. National pride, aggres-sion by England, truckling to foreign Powers, sacrifice of the Monroe Doctrine, we-built-the-canal-and-it's-ours, spirit of 76, and many other good talking and

publicity elements, were there.

Furthermore, the Democratic platform, adopted at Baltimore, had a plank favoring free tolls for American coastwise ships.

Mr. Wilson was elected on that platform.

How could be desert the platform—that
sucrosanct compendium of Democratic sucrosanct compendium of Democratic principles—to abandon a single phrase of which were political treachery of despess dye! They grabbed the platform. They wailed about it. They held up their hands in horror over its sacrifice. Treason! Why, Jim, to hear them talk, it was more than treason—it was assassination, foul murder, a crime unparalleled in atrocity. Would the President be privy to such an odious proceeding? they asked in shocked surprise. He would, he told them. Also he told them briefly but with sufficient emphasis to pass briefly but with sufficient emphasis to pass the repeal measure at once.

Well, that started it. All the anti-Wilson

forces concentrated—and some not particularly anti-Wilson, but with leanings. As an opposition feature it had great possi-bilities. There was a chance for an appeal to party loyalty and party sincerity by holding up the platform declaration. There was a chance to appeal to patriotism by calling the proceeding truckling to Eng-land. There was a chance to go deeper than that and use the argument of ownership of the canal and payment therefor, and to exploit the outrage on the American to England! As a spellbinding, oratorical proposition it was a wonder.

Every tragic performance has its comic relief, and the comic relief in this was the walling and caterwauling about the viola-tion of the Baltimore platform. That, it seemed, was the crime of the ages. After it was all over I fancy most of the men who put such stress on the platform went and

had laughs by themselves. Well, they joined hands and decided they could whip the President. The move-ment seemed formidable, for Champ Clark, the Speaker, was in it; and Oscar Underwood.



breathe freely. It holds together in the tub and keeps its shape. It's fashioned to fit and keep on fitting. It is finely trimmed, finely made with reinforced

seams and lock-stitch eyelets that only a scissors will open. Besides.



is the only elastic ribbed mesh underwear, which means that it has the stretch and the come back so necessary in a comfortable union suit. Insist on seeing the name KEEPKOOL on every garment. Men's separate garments, 50c each; men's union suits, \$1.00; boys' separate garments, 25c each; boys' union suits, 50c. Any style, white or écru color. If your dealer hasn't Keepkool, we will supply you upon receipt of price.

> FULD & HATCH KNITTING COMPANY ALBANY, N.Y.





Make Vegetable Gardening Easy
first ittoried American Berd Taye from epod and
fast as disposed. Solvents avel, properly spaced
make paper tape and fastened with since fertilizer,
memory space, and fastened with since fertilizer,
memory applick, sincely growth, for most the paper acsolvent most tare to the ubysely fertilized meet. Special
work number than seeds planted in soil. Proper
gas as a season to seed wasted—no thinning out
very number than seeds planted in soil. Proper
gas as a season to seed wasted—no thinning out
very number time and back distributes before.
Send ONE DOLLAR for 50 ft. each of White and
field Radish, Baston and Curly Lettuce, Onion,
spinoofs, Beet, Turnip, Corner and Colbogs Seeds.
300 ft. in all. Current placeting instructions in each
package. Send the deliar now. NO AGENTS.

AMERICAN SEED TAPE CO.





NGOLEUM Floor Coverings and Rug Borders

Congulation is made by a new process which cuts the rost and improves the

It is the oper than printed lindrown, and it will not not no break along the scane as it contidue to buridge

Congoleom is unde on a waterproof late and you can work it freely without

Compositions to easy to lay. It does not require nation, or parties but lies far and month without ranking, winking or aliding.

Congoleum Flore Coverings are made in some forty parterns suitable for dining recover, living Person, halls, k/sch-72 locker water. Buy what you swed.

Congoleum Rug Borders

There are reveral charles and styles of Ray Borders which deplicate the grain and haith of quartered tube

Handamenty versished as dult finished. When used with rags they give the effect of one floors, at tolling cost.

Handrows Calie L'Anei free in report.

UNITED ROOFING & MFG. CO.

Barrett Mily, Co.

Philadelphia Chicago one Francisco Birealogham Monroad Towns

In Next Week's Issue-

Where Apple Trees Come From Brain That Beats Brawn A Label for Your Products Medicines From the Fields Potato Planting The Plight of the Sugar Planter

And Twenty Other Articles About the BUSINESS OF FARMING You Can't Afford to Miss Them

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Five Cents the Copy of all Newsdealers

\$1.50 the Year by Mail

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

the leader of the Democrats in the House and Claude Kitchin, who is to be leader if Underwood gets to the Senate; and John J. Fitzgerald, chairman of the Appropria-tions Committee; and Frank Doremus, the chairman of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee. They were all there, lined up vociferously against Wilson. Likewise they had active and able newspaper

support.

The Wilson plan was to pass the bill as soon as possible, for none knows better than the President that delays are dangerous, and that the proper time to strike is when the leaders are hot, and while the rank and file are still cold to outside influences. A rule was brought in, limiting debate on the repeal measure to twenty hours, and for-bidding amendment—as next a bit of cloture as Uncle Joe Cannon ever perpe-

trated; an artistic gag.

In reality it didn't make any difference whether the debate was to run for twenty hours or twenty minutes. The status of the case was determined before the rule was brought in. The Wilson people were possessed of two chunks of information: The first was that the repeal bill was stronger than the rule; and the second was that the rule was strong enough to get by. The yammering and yowling on the floor made no difference. It never does.

I have seen numerous similar forays against presidents in my time, and cannot remember many that won. The situation is this: The President of the United States is this: The President of the United States gets what he wants. Otherwise the members of his party in Congress do not get what they want. And as our statesmen are chiefly concerned in perpetuating themselves they ordinarily fall in with what a president desires. The little ethical question of violating a platform cuts no figure with them beside the greater question of standing well at the White House, in order to help themselves to remain in a position where they can have any standing at all thereat. they can have any standing at all thereat.

The President Stronger Than Ever

They passed the rule, despite the opposi-tion of Clark and Underwood, and Kitchin and Fitzgerald, and Dorenus and Mann and Murdock. They limited debate to twenty hours; but that was purely per-functory. As soon as the rule was passed the fight was over; for after it was made certain that the repeal measure would be put before the House, as it was by a majorput before the House, as it was by a majority of thirty, there was nothing more to fear. If they couldn't beat a gag rule they couldn't beat anything. The rest of it was entirely theatrical. It was a show.

The calm, benignant, but somewhat insistent spirit of Woodrow Wilson was brooding over it all, and as a brooder in such circumstances Mr. Wilson challenges the admiration of the world.

It wasn't a meetion of betraying the

It wasn't a question of betraying the party or violating a piedge or truckling to England, or anything else of that nature, with most of those Democrats. It was the purely personal question of standing by a Democratic President who had proved himbeing cratic President who had proved him-self greater than his party, and expecting that he, in return, would stand by them. That was all there was to it! With the heroics and the flubdub and the grand-standing and the humbug cut out of it, the questions of platform, or England, or right or wrong of tolls, had no more to do with the result than the question of rainfall in the Sahara.

Mr. Wilson, convinced he was in the right, demanded the repeal. He is President of the United States. Also, he is a Democratic President of the United States. Wherefore, out of a total of two hundred and ninety Democrats, only fifty-two voted with the leaders and against the President.

The percentage in our politics, my dear Jim, is always with the White House.

So that is all there was to it. The defeat of the leaders merely emphasized the strength of the President.

re is no cloture in the Senate. Th deliberate gentlemen will growl and grown over the repeal for many weary days; but when the test comes, Jim, the chances are strongly in favor of a similar performance over there—the chances, Jim, are that the President will win after the dignified but highly oratorical senators have exuded hot air for a few days; for the Democrats have a majority in the Senate and will have some Republican belo. And, as I have remarked, in cases of this kind, even as influencing the ungaggable Senate, the percentage is always with the house—that is, the White House.

Yours, perfectly calm,



Y/ILL accurately indicate the speed of Wany motor boat affoat. It indicates every speed from the alightest move-ment up to the fastest records ever made. Takes the speed directly from the propeller shaft. Can be mounted in plain sight emplace in the boat. Is not affected by wind, water or weather. Built on the famous magnetic principle—the same principle used in over 1,500,000 automobile speedometers.

Strong, durable and handsome. Now being used on all the famous power boats. Thousands in use in all parts of the world.

Get one for your boat now, Handsome catalogue on request. For sale everywhere.

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation

Executive Officer: 1938 Diversey Blod., Chicago Factories: Chicago and Beloit, Wisc. 17 Branches. Service Stations in all cities and large towns





Paint Your Own Car

Says \$75 to \$75.— In it years if at increasing years and a special and the product of the produc ABBURAL TAXBURE CO., PRINCES AVE. BASE IMAGE, M.



Typewriter Empartum 94-10 W. Lake St., Chinage, 10.

Big "I Yes Wee A Sig Lied East" Over 05,000 optional mid-yield 20Vascley this teams Musical and price Soc — to you by most prepared Lifes you've and manic 25c. Sent Today. D. C. ANDRUSS & CO., Elmira, N. V.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Independence Square Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A'D 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office us Second Class Matter

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 186

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 2, 1914

Number 44

CHEAP AT A MILLION

OM MERRIWETHER, only son and heir of E. H. Merriwether, finished the grapefruit and took up the last of that morning's mail. He had acquired the feminine habit

of rending letters at the table from his father, who had the wasteful American vice of timesaving.

He read the card, frowned, glanced at his father and seemed to be on the point of speaking; but he changed his mind, saghed and tore the card into bits.

The day was Monday, and this was what the card

If Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether will go to forenoon this week and anower just one little ques-tion about his past life he will hear admething to his advantage.

Idle men who live in New York are always busy. Toro had many things to think about; but all of them were about the present or the future. Itis past caused him neither uneasiness nor remorse. On the following Monday Mr. Merriwether received, among other invitations, this:

If Tom Merriwether will call at 777 Blank Avenue any forenous this week and answer one ques-tion he will do that which is both kindly—and wise!

It was in the same handwriting, on the same

kind of card and in the same kind of ink as the first. Now Tom had the Merriwether imagination. His father exercised it in building railroads into waterless deserts whereon he clearly saw a myriad men labor, love and multiply, thereby insuring freight and passengers to the same railroads. The son had to invent his romances in New York.

Ordinarily the second invitation would have given him something to busy himself with; but it happened that he was at that moment planning to do a heart-breaking thing without breaking any heart. Billy Larremore, the veteran whose devotion to polo was responsible for so many of the team's victories in the past, was not aware that age had hidden him cease playing. It would break his loyal heart not to play in the forthcoming international match. Tom Merriwether had been delegated to break the news.

Thinking about it made him forget all about the letter until the following Monday, when he received the third invitation:

Merriwether:

Come to 777 Blank Avenue Tuesday morning at ten-thirty without fail and answer the question.

He crumpled the card and was about to throw it away when he changed his mindperhaps it would be wise to give it to a detective agency. But what could be say he feared? Then he decided it was probably a joke. Somebody wished to put him in the ridiculous position of ringing the bell of 777, showing the card-and being told to get out. It was to be regretted that this would seem funny to some of his pervanially juvenile intimates at the Rivulet Club.

An hour later, as he walked down the Avenue, he looked curiously at 777. It was one of those newcomer houses erected by speculative builders to sell furnished to out-of-town would-be climbers or to local stock-market bankers who, being Hebrews, were too sensible to wish to climb, but were not sensible enough not to wish to live on

Tom resolved to ask Raymond Silliman, who played at being in the real-estate business, to find out who lived at 777. Meantime he did a little shopping wedding presents - and went to luncheon at his club. He had not quite finished his coffee when he was surmmoned to the telephone.





"Hello! Mr. Merriwether!" said a woman's voice—clear, sweet and vibrant, but unknown. "This is Miss Hervey—the nurse—Ductor Leighton's trained nurse. They asked me to tell you

about your father. Don't

be alarmed to "Go on!" commanded young Merriwether

sharply. "It is nothing seriousreally! But if you could come home it probably - Yes, dector! I am coming!" And the conversation ceased abruptly.

Tom instantly left the clab. He took the solitary taxicab that stood in front of the club. He afterward recalled the fact that there was only one where usually there were half a dozen.

"Eight-sixty-nine Blank Avenue. Go up Madison to Sixtleth and then turn into the avenue. Hurry! "Very good, sir," said

the chauffour.

The taxicab dashed madly off, turned into Blank Avenue, and finally stapped not before the Merriwether home but in front of Number 777. Before he could ask the chauffeur what he meant by it both doors of the cab opened at once and two men sandwiched between them Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether. The one on the west side threateningly held in his leand a bustnesslike javelin - not at all

the kind that silly people hang on the walls in their childish attempts at decorative barbarity. The man who half-entered the taxical from the east or sidewalk side held in his left hand z gobjet full of a colorless liquid that smoked, and in his right something completely but loosely covered by a white linen handkerchief.
"Please listen, Mr. Merriwether?" said the man with the glass. "Do nothing! Don't

even move! Hear me first."

"Is my father -

"I am glad to say he is well and happy, and working in his office downtown. The ssage that brought you here was a subterfuge. Your father is as usual. We arranged it so you had to take this particular turinab. Don't stir, please!"

"What does all this mean?" asked Tom impationally.
"I am about to have the honor of relling you," unwered the man.
He had no hat and wore black garments. His clean-shaved face was pale—almost. sallow - and young Merriwether noticed that his fore bead was very high. His dark brown eyes were full of the correstroes of all teulote, which makes you dislike to enter into an argument—first, because of the futility of arguing with a realest; and second, because said seedet probable knows a million times more about the subject than you and can out-argue you without trushle. So Tom simply betweed with an alertness that would not overlook any chance to strike back.

"This class combains hundry suspicarie soid. It will sear the face and destroy the eyesight with much capidity and completeness. Also" - here he shook off the handkerchief. from his right hand and showed a remeiver - "this is the very latest in automatics; marvelously efficient; stop an elephant! I am about to solicit a great favor.

Tom Merriwether looked into the earnest, pleading eyes. Then he glanced on the other side, at the bull-necked husky with the businesslike spear. Then he turned to the clerical garb.

"I see I am in the hands of my friends!" said Tom pleasantly.

"The doctor was right," said the man with the glass, as if to himself.

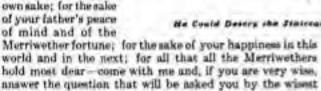
"Come! Come!" said young Mr. Merriwether. "How much am I to give? You know, I never carry much cash with me."

"We, dear Mr. Merriwether," said the palefaced man in an amazingly deferential voice, "propose to be the donors. If you will kindly permit us weshall give you what is more costly than rubies."

"Yes?" Tom's voice was perhaps less skeptical than sareastic.

"Yes, sir. Would you he kind enough to accept our invitation - the fourth, dear Mr. Merriwether-to join us at 777 Blank Avenue-right here, sir and answer one question? Please listen carefully to what I am saying: You don't have to go. Moreover, if you should go you don't have to answer any question. We would not, for worlds, compel you. But, for your own sake; for the sake of your father's peace

man in all the world."



"He must be a regular Solomon --- " began Tom; but the man held up the glass and went on, very earnestly:

"Listen, please! If you decide to accept our invitation to meet us in that house, and you will promise not to make an attempt on any one unless you consider that either your life or your honor is threatened, I shall spill this acid in the street and I shall give you this revolver. Also, I repeat, you do not have to answer the question! You will not be harmed or molested. I pledge you my word. Will you, in return, give me yours to follow me at ence into 777, and that you will not shoot unless you sincerely think you are in danger?"

Tom Merriwether looked at the palefaced man a moment. He was willing to take his chances with that face. Also, he could not otherwise find the solution of this puzzling affair. Therefore he said:

"Yes. I give you my word."

Instantly the palefaced man with the high forehead laid the revolver on the seat beside young Mr. Merriwether and withdrew.

Tom saw him spill the furning seid into the gutter. The burly javelin-man took himself off. The temptation to use the butt of the revolver on the clerical-garbed man with the earnest eyes came to Tom, but he saw in a flush that if he should do such a thing he would be compelled in self-defense to tell a story utterly unbelievable.

Moreover, the palefaced man was a slender little chap of middle age and no match for big Tom Merriwether. So, meuring himself that the revolver was in truth loaded and that it worked, he put it in his pocket, kept his grassf on it there and got out of the taxicals. His one impelling motive now was curiosity. Afraid? With the pistol and his museles and his youth, on Blank Avenue, at Iwo-thirty in the afternoon?

The palefaced man, the empty glass in one hand, walked toward the door of 777 without so much as turning his Tom followed.

The door was opened by a man in livery who took Mr. Merriwether's hat and cane. Tom saw in the furnishings of the house-complete with that curious unhuman completeness of a modern hotel - the kind of furnishings that interior decorators usually sell to first-generation rich on their arrival at Blank Avenue residenceship. The furniture ad every qualification possessed by furniture in order not o suggest a home to live in. Wherefore Tom, always worked quickly, reasoned to himself:

Rented for the occasion to the man who has made mecome to him.

Also Tom noticed four men-servants, all of them well built and all of them owning faces that somehow were not servant faces. The revolver, which had seemed amply sufficient outside, seemed less so within the house. Supposing he killed one or even two; the other two would down him in an affray. He tightened his grip on the revolver and planned and rehearsed a shooting affair in which four men in livery were disabled with four shots. A great pity E. H. Merriwether was such a very rich man a great fity for his son Torn!



He Could Desery the Stateage

At a door, on the center panel of which was a monogram in black, red and gold, the last of the footmen knocked gently. The door was thereupon opened from within.

"Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether, 7-7-77!" announced the intelligent-looking footman with a very pronounced English accent.

Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether entered. It was a nouveau-riche library. The Circassianwalnut bookcases and center table were overelaborately curved, and the hangings of rich red velvet were over-elaborately embroidered. The bronzes on the over-elaborate mantel looked as though they had been placed there by somebody who was coming back in a minute to take them away again.

Altogether the apartment suggested a salesroom, and there was a note of incongruity in a colden-oak filing cubinet such as one would find in a business office.

At one end of the room in an armchair, with his back to a terrible stained-glass window, sat a man of about forty. He had a calm, remarkably steady gaze, with a sort of leisureliness about it that made you think of a drawling voice. Also, an assurance - a self-consciousness of knowledgethat was compelling. His chin was firm and there was a suggestion of power and of control over power that reminded Tom of a very competent engineer in charge of a fifty-thousand-horsepower machine.

"Kindly be seated, sir," said the man in a tone that subtly suggested wearings.

Torn sat down and looked curiously at the man, who went on:

"Sir. I have a question to ask you. If you see fit to answer, he good enough to answer it spontaneously and in good faith. Do not, I beg you, in turn, ask me quostions—such as, for example, why I wish to know what I ask. If you decide not to answer you will leave this house unharmed, accompanied by our profound regret that you should be so unintelligent at your life's crisis." The man looked at Torn with a meditative expression, then nadded

to hipself almost sorrowfully. Tom, though young, was a Merriwether. He said

"Let me lieur the question, sir."

He biroself was thinking in questions: What can the question he? Who is this man? What is the game? What will be the end of it all?

"One question, sir," repeated the stranger.
"I am listening, sir," Tom assured him with a quiet but quite impressive earmentness.

"Where did you spend your vacation at the end of your Freshman year?"

Tom was so surprised, and in a delicate way even disappointed, that he hesitated. Then he answered:

"In Oleander Point, Long Island, in the cottage of Dr. Charles W. Bonner, who was totoring me. I had a couple of conditions and I stayed until the third of September."

"Thank you! Thank you! That is all-unless, Mr. Merriwether, you wish to do me and yourself three very great favors. Three!"

He looked at Tom with a sort of intelligent curiosity, as of a chemist conducting an experiment.

"Let's bear what they are," said young Mr. Merriwether calmly.

It was at times like these that he showed whose son he was - alert, his imagination active, his nerves under control, and his courage steady and at par. He had, moreover, made up his mind that he would do some questioning later on.

"First favor: Concentrate your mind on how you used to spend your bright, sunshiny days in Oleander Point and your beautiful moonlight nights. Recall the pleasant

people you were friendly with during those happy weeks. Visualize that summer! Make an effort! Think!"

It was a command, and Tom Merria ether found himself thinking of that summer. He closed his eyes. His grip on the revolver in his pocket relaxed. . . . He saw his friends. Some of them b had not seen in years. Others he saw almost daily. And somehow it seemed to him that all the girls were pretty and kindly; and in particular well, there were in particular three. But the affairs had come to nothing and were almost forgotten.

He could not have told how long his reverie lasted- the mind traverses long stretches of time. as of space, in seconds.

Well!" said Tom at length.

"Thank you," said the man with the matter-of-fact gratitude a man feels toward a servant for some attention.

He took from his pocket a small black velvet bag, opened it and spread on the table before Tom Merriwether a dozen pearls, ranging in size from a pea to a filbert. They were all of a beautiful orient.

"I beg you to select one of these. You need not use it. You may give it to your valet if you wish, or throw it out of the window. Only accept it as a souvenir of our meeting. That, Mr. Merriwether, would be favor Number

He pointed toward the pearls. Tom picked one-pearshaped, white, beautiful - and put it in his waistcost pocket. The man swept the rest into one of the drawers of the long library table.

"I thank you very much," said Tom. He was not sure

"No; please don't," said the man. There was a pause.

Presently he asked: "Do you know anything about pearls, sir?"

"I am no expert," answered Tom.

"Characteristic. You Merriwethers are brave enough to be truthful and wise enough to be cautious. Have you any opinions?"
"I think they are beautiful," said Tom.

"They are more than that. They represent, Mr. Merriwether, the hope of the Kingdom of Heaven. The pearl is the symbol of purity, humility and innocence. Do you know the legend of the mild maid of God - Saint Margaret of Antioch?

"No."

"Margaret is from margarites-Greek for pearl. And the reason why faith -Hut I beg your pardon. Men who live alone talk too much when they are no longer alone. I beg you to forgive me. Tell me, Mr. Merriwether, did you ever hear of Apollonius of Tyana?"

"Not until this minute," answered Tom. He felt almost tempted to ask whether the poor man was dead, but refrained because he was honest enough to admit to himself that the question would savor of brayado. Tom was consumed by curiosity as to what would be the

end of it all. To think of it: on Blank Avenue, New York. in broad daylight-all this?

How money was to be made of him he could not yet see. "I will show his talisman to you-the Dispeller of Darkness!" The man clapped his hands twice. At the summons a negro walked in. He was dressed in plain black and wore a fee. The man spoke some guttural words and the negro salaamed and left the room. Presently he returned with a silver tray on which were seven gold or gilt candlesticks and candles, and seven gold or gilt small trays or plates, on each of which was a pastil.

He arranged the seven candlesticks in some deliberate design, carefully measuring the distance of each from the other, and of all from a point in the center. He arranged the plates and postils about the candlesticks. Then he left the room, to return with a lighted taper, with which he lit the seven candles and the seven pastils. Tiny spirals of fragrant smoke rose languidly in the still air.

Again the negre left the room and returned with a small parcel wrapped in a piece of raw alk which he gave to his master. He then went away for good.

The man began to mutter something to himself and very carefully took off the silk cover, revealing a wonderfully curved ivory box. He opened the gold-hinged lid



Mr. Merriwether, This Has Been Italen From the British Museum t "

mi took out a silver case. He opened that and from it sok a gold box elaborately though crudely chased. He gened the gold box and within it, on a little white velvet ul, was a cross of dull gold curiously engraved. He put be pad, with the cross on it, in the middle of the seven ghis. On the arms of the cross and at the intersection om saw seven wonderful emeralds, remarkable as to size,

"Look at it, Mr. Merriwether. It is priceless. The ms alone are worth a king's ransom. If you consider it erely as a piece of ancient art there is no telling what a an like Mr. W. H. Garrettson would not give for it. And a calisman, with its tried wonder-working powers, there not enough money in all the world to pay for it."

Tom stretched his hand toward it.

"Please! Do not touch it, I beg," said the man in a ise in which the alarm was so evident that Tom drew rhand back as though he had seen a cobra on the table. lot yet! Not yet!" said the man. "It is the most wonriul object in existence. It is a cross that antedates trist!"

Really?"

"It is obviously of a much earlier period than the Messiah. est scholars have thought it a legend, but here it is

we you. It belonged Apollonius of Tyana, wonder-worker. Phitratus, who wrote the of that great man, does mention this talisman: iared not! Apollonius, o to this day is not waever to have died, u it to a disciple, who wit to a friend.

'We know who has and it. It was worn by adius in the fifth cen-. The Gotha took it Alarie gave it to the ighter of his most sted captain, who comnded his citadel of cassonne. Clovis, a dred years later, semitat the mack of Toue. We have records of aving been praised by his, the famous jewof Dagobert, in the onth century. It was used in the famous sures of Charlemagne. ent to Palestine durthe first and third ade-the first time ied by a maid who d a knight who did love her. She went as quire, he not suspectwreex until they were ly back in France, s be married her. it is a wonderful tal-

an. The emeralds efrom Mount Zabara. 7 have the power to sway the evil spirits also to preserve the tity of the wearer.

tover, they give the power to foretell events. Apola did - time and again. This is historically true. But the, of all the men who have owned it, never had e affair; hence his clairvoyance. I have bored you. ive me!"

Questina That

Will be dised Too"

vot at all. I was interested. It is all so-er-soperedible-yes! There is no reason why you should ve it. It is of no consequence whether you think me

stic or a charlatan."

said this with a cold indifference that made Tom incuriously at the man, whose obvious desire was to e curiosity. Then the man said, with an earnestness impressed the heir of the Merriwether railroads:

dr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether, classified in our a as 7-7-77, you are the man I need for this job!"

odeed?" said Tom politely.

(es. you are." Tom bowed his head and looked red. He deliberately intended to look that way. The went on: "The reason I am so sure is because I know who and what you are."

th, you know me pretty well then." Tom could not the mild sarcasm.

have known you, young man, for eighty-five years; aps longer." The man spoke calmly.

ndeed!" said Tom. He was twenty-eight.

Yes. On top of that cabinet is a book. After the name mas Thorne Merriwether you will find 7-7-77. In the net-seventh section, seventh drawer, card Number

77-you will find clinical data, physiological and psychological details, anecdotes, and so on, about you and your father, E. H. Merriwether, and your mother, Josephine Thorne; your grandfathers, Lyman Grant Merriwether and Thomas Conkling Thorne, and of your grandmothers, Malvina Sykes Thorne and Lydia Weston Merriwether. Indeed I know about your great-grandfathers and three of your great-great-grandparents; but the data in their case are of little value save as to Ephraim Merriwether, who in 1763 killed in one duel three army officers who laughed at his twisted nose, bitten and disfigured for life by a wolfcub he had tried to tame. Facts not generally known, but, for all that, facts, young Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether, which enable me to say that I have known you these hundred and fifty years - if there is anything in heredity. environment and education! And now, shall I tell you what favor Number three is?"

"If you please," said Tom.

For the first time he felt that the usual suspicious as to a merry-making game could not be justified in this particular instance. It was much too elaborate for a practical joke. He did not know how the matter would end; but he did not care. In New York, on Blank Avenue, on Tuesday afternoon, he was having what, indeed, was an experience!

"Came With Me cod Answer the

> "I beg that you will listen attentively. You will take the Dispeller of Darkness with you. Do not open the gold box under any circumstances. Tonight go to 777 East Seventy-seventh Street so as to be there at eight o'clock sharp. The door will not be lucked. Don't ring. Walk in. Go up one flight of stairs to the front room—there is only one. You will stand in the middle of the room, with the talisman resting on the paim of your hand-thus! Do nothing! Say nothing! Wait there! The talisman will be taken from you by a person. Do not try to detain herthis person. After the talisman is taken from you count a hundred-not too fast! At the end of your count leave the room and come back here and tell me whether you have carried out my instructions.

> "Now, young sir, let me say to you that you don't have to do what I am asking you to do. There is no compulsion whatever. There is no crime in contemplation - no attempt is to be made against your life, your fortune or your morals. I pledge you my word, sir!"

> The man looked straight into Tom's eyes. Tom bowed gravely. This man must be crazy-and yet he certainly was not.

> . This interested Tom by perplexing him as he had never been perplexed in his eight-and-twenty years.

"Mr. Merriwether, this will be the most important step of your life. Its bearing on your happiness is vital-also, on the success of your great father's vast plans. I give you my personal word that this is so."

There was a pause. Tom had nothing to say. The man went on: "If you care to take reasonable precautions against attack do so. Thus, keep the revolver you now have in your pocket-it is excellent. Try it and make certain. You may write a detailed account of what has happened and leave it with your valet; but mark on it that it is not to be opened unless you fail to return by ten P. M. Also, you may, if you wish, station ten private detectives across the way from 777 East Seventy-seventh Street, and instruct them to go into the house at a single shout from you or atthe sound of a shot. Believe me, it is not your life that is in danger, sir!"

'I believe you," said Tom reassuringly.

Will you do me favor Number three?" The man looked at Tom with a steady, unblinking, earnest-one might even say honest - stare.

Tom considered. His mind worked not only quickly but Merriwether-fashion. He saw all the possibilities of danger, but he saw the unknown-and the lust of adventure won. He looked the man in the eyes and said quietly:

"I will?"

"Thank you. There is the talisman. Each of the seven emeralds is flawless—the only seven flawless emeralds of that size in existence. Two of them have been in great

kings' crowns, and the center stone was in the tiara of seven popes; after which, the Great Green Prophecy having been fulfilled, it came back to its place on the cross. Apollonius raised people from the dead, according to eye-witnesses. The pnguns tried to confute the believers in Christian miracles by bringing forward the miracles of the sage of Tyuna-and they did not know that Apollonius wrought marvels by the Sign of the Son of Man-the Cross! This cross! I pray that you will be careful with it. Show it to nobody. You have understood your Instructions?"

Tom repeated them. 'Precisely! I did not znake a mistake, you see. In spite of your father's millions you will be what your destiny wills. Young man, good luck to you!"

The man rose and walked toward the door. Tom Merriwether followed him and was politely bowed out of the room. From there to the street entrance the four athletic footmen, with the over-intelligent faces, took him in tow, one at a time. And it was not until he was out on the avenue, headed north, walking toward his own house, that Thomas

Thorne Merriwether, clean-living multimillionaire idler, shook himself, as if to scatter the remnants of a dream, felt the butt of the revolver, befted the silk-wrapped parcel in which was the talisman, and said aloud, so that a couple of pedestrians turned and smiled sympathetically at the young man, who must be in love, since he talked to himself:

"What in blazes is it all about?"

IS perplexing experience developed so insistent a curi-Osity in Tom that he grew irritable even as he walked. That some sort of a game was being worked he had no doubt; but the fact that he could see no object or motive increased his wrath. He discarded all suggestion of violenes, though he was bound to admit now that anybody could be kidnaped in New York in broad daylight.

He decided to begin by verifying those allusions and references that he remembered. He walked down Fifth Avenue to the Public Library and there he read what he could of Apollonius and of Eligius, the murvelous goldsmith who afterward became Saint Eloi. The helpful and polite library assistant at length suggested a visit to Doctor Lentz, the gem expert of Goffony & Company, a man of vast erudition as well as a practical jeweler. Tom promptly betook himself to the famous jewel-shop.

They knew the beir of the seventy-five Merriwether millions and impressively ushered him into Doctor Lentz' office.

(Continued on Page 49)

ANYBODY'S BUSINESS

WHERE TWO HEADS ARE WORSE THAN NONE

THE government of an American state involves the settlement of business, political and social problems vastly broader, more complex and more difficult than those which confronted the men who framed our political institutions on eighteenth-century models. The demand for a reconstruction of these institutions along the lines of definite individual responsibility and husiness efficiency, especially in the legislative branch, has been growing rapidly during the past ten years.

That conservation, which takes no account of the new realities and the fresh and growing facts of society, would lift its voice in protest against the proposal to abolish the two-house state legislature, and to replace it with a one-house legislative body of small membership, was to have been expected:

For of the wholly common is man made, And custom is his nurse! Wee, then, to them Who lay irreverent hands upon his old house

furniture.
The dear inheritance from his forefathers!
For time consecrates;
And what is gray with age becomes religion.

Quite in the spirit of this quotation, one hears it asserted that the bicameral legislature has become "an axiom of political science," and reads lengthy extracts from the writings of Adams. Hamilton, Kent and Story, cited in defense of the system as though in this day of changed conditions some high-nounding phrase were sufficient to sunctify a system that practical men of today have found to be antiquated and inefficient.

However, the great names are not all on one side of the controversy. The practical Franklin, writing in 1789, compared the two-house legislative system to a cart with a horse hitched to each end, pulling in opposite directions. He called attention to the fact that one chamber may and is just as liable to obstruct the passage of good laws as to prevent the passage of bad ones; and he cited the mischiefs of a second brunch, the delays and great expense in carrying on the public business—even to the preventing of the defense of the provinces during several years and also the unfortunate experience with the second chamber in connection with the iniquitous demand that proprietary property be exempted from taxation.

John Stuart Mill in his famous essay, Considerations on Representative Government, recognized the fact that laws can be intelligently framed only by a small and experienced body of a very few experienced men with an accurate and long-sighted perception of their effect; and he explicitly said: "I attach little weight to the argument often urged for having a second chamber—to prevent precipitance and compel a second deliberation; for it must be a very ill-constituted house in which the established forms of business do not require more than two deliberations."

The Trend Toward One-House Legislatures

NEITHER has the bicameral legislature become "an axiom of political science," for there are said to be fifty-three governments which now have one-house legislatures, and historically the drift has been away from multiple legislative hodies. In many European countries there were originally a three and in some instances four chamber legislative system. Now none have more than two. In England, so says the Encyclopsedia Britannica, "the double chamber was originally more a factuitous product of the English political revolution than the application of any reasoned principle of parliamentary machinery"; and in the United States we have the bicameral system solely because of English and colonial precedent. Thus it came about that for more than a hundred years we have been putting new wine in old bottles and spoiling the wine.

Curiously enough, the tendency in England and her later colonies has been away from the bicameral system, until now its existence is merely nominal. For all practical purposes the House of Commons is today the British Parliament. The House of Lords has been shorn of all its power as a coordinate branch of the British legislature, and in the colonies one chambered legislatures have gradually won out. The English county council, which to some extent corresponds to our state legislature, has only one house, and the council of every English city is unicameral.

Even in the United States, diseatisfaction with the bicameral system began almost with its adoption. Constitutional conventions have exhausted their ingenuity in devising new restrictions on the power of our legislatures,

By George H. Hodges

Governor of Kaneae



It Requires Much More Than Honorty to Make Lame for a State

and it may be noted that every state constitution has been drafted by a single-chamber body.

The popular demand for the initiative and referendum, already adopted in twenty-two states, is striking evidence that the bicameral system has been found wanting as an instrument of really representative government.

Governor O'Neal, of Alabama, in his address before the Governors' Conference, at Colorado Springs last summer, said:

said:
"Candor compels the impurited observer to admit that
the efficiency and character of state legislatures has been
havered and that general distrust has succeeded what was
at one time universal and unreserved confidence. This
distrust has in many states grown into open contempt for
our lawmaking bodies. Not only is the convening of the
legislature looked forward to with dread, but while it is in
session a spirit of unrest prevails and an adjournment is
always bailed with a genuine sense of relief."

The writer heard no dissent from this statement of the case by any of the twenty-six governors present.

Last year a disastrous fire at the Kansas State Penitertiary and the conditions growing out of the severe drought seemed to demand an extra session of the Kansas legislature. The mere suggestion of it developed an almost universal opposition to an extra session, even among the members themselves; and so we got on very nicely without one. Such a state of the public mind is surely begotten of the reasonable conviction that state legislatures, as at present constituted, have utterly failed to realize in actual practice the high ideal claimed for the system by its defenders.

In view of the confusions, contradictions and absurdities that make American statute law, both as to substance and form, the subject of common reproach by judges, lawyers, people, and even by legislatures themselves, can it be fairly asserted that the two-bouse system has realized in practice the main thing postulated in its favor? Has the second house served as a check on bad legislation by providing a jealous and critical revision of all proposed laws by a rival body of men? And why should there he rival bodies of men whose sale functions are to revise jealously all enactments originating in the other house and put

stumbling-ble is in the way each of the other. Members of a legislature are chosen for a common purpose—to enact laws for the public good. Instead of revision by rival houses, to accomplish the best revealts there should be only unity and cooperation by the members of both houses.

There are in America alone over six thousand volumes of decisions of fifty or sixty different course, and this number is being added to every year at the rate of nearly two hundred volumes. I venture to assert that the decisions constraint the output of American bicameral legislature constitute at least one-third of this vast library a judicial ingenuity. Take down at random a volume of the West Reporter System—say, Volume 90 at the Pacific Reporter, containing the appellate is cisions of thirteen Western and Pacific states, and about our thousand decisions rendered within the two months from June 10 to August 12, 1907. For bundred and sixteen of these decisions are concerns with the construction of statutes or constitutions.

Take the last volume of the same Reporter, on taining about the same number of decisions as covering the period from October 20 to December) 1913, a period of six weeks, and one finds for hundred and sixty-one sections of various statute construed. Other volumes of the Reporter Syste show about a similar proportion of statutor, cases—which is to say that at the present tim nearly one-half of the cases in our appellate coninvolve the construction of statutes.

Bungling Law-Makers

MOST of this results from legislative bengin and unskillful draftsmanship. In good part also results from the incidental effect on oth and apparently unrelated statutes, which may now statutes are found to have when it is a tempted to administer them, but which are now suspected during the process of enactment, chief because little or no attention or consideration ever given to this phase of legislation by the awage legislator. The flood of decisions given over explaining to litigants what the legislature fail to put in plain, simple and direct language of its spells the condemnation of the system.

The system has not provided rival bodies that critical and scientifically revise the hasty and crude efforts, as of the other, but practically two divisions of one hou. The two houses no longer represent different classes society: and the original purpose of the upper house, as representative of aristocracy—to limit popular power legislative matters—is voiced only at rare intervals by so one bold enough to say: "The people be dammed!"

By dividing responsibility and making it impossible locate blame, the two-house system provides an admira machine for grinding out crude and ill-digested legislati. And this end is admirably furthered by the short sessithe expense of the system compels and the enormounter of bills that must be considered in the forty to hundred and twenty days to which the sessions are usualimited, and by the want of legislative experience or fits on the part of the overwhelming majority of the members.

The efficiency of American industries is the result of fixed individual responsibility. The success of the Pana Canal venture was in doubt for years. A commission nine, after serving for some time, was dissolved with results. A second commission of seven met practically same fate; but from this commission of seven an execut committee of three, which had distinct duties, became sort of factor. Nothing definite was accomplished, hever, until a committee of one man—charged with results sibility and accountability—accomplished the great industrial achievement of the age in the practical comtion of this gigantic enterprise.

It requires something more than honesty and gintentions to make good laws. Mr. Austin, the well-kn jurist, has well said: "What is commonly called technical part of legislation is incomparably more diffithan what may be called the ethical. In other words, far easier to conceive justly what would be useful law to to construct that same law that it may accomplish design of the lawgiver."

Take the case of the member of the last Kansas leg ture who introduced a bill to regulate the passage of tr at points where one railroad crosses another. His in tions were good, but his bill was worded like this; "W. two trains approach each other at a crossing they shall! come to a full stop and neither shall start up until the other has passed over." A member of the legislature of another state is quoted as saying: "When I came to the legislature I introduced a bill to prevent the manufacture of filled these, but it would have prevented the manufacture of all other kinds of cheese too."

Here is a bill that actually passed the last Kansas legislapure. The law governing the inspection of hotels and lodging houses contains this provision: "All carpets and equipment used in office and sleeping rooms, including walls and ceilings, must be well plastered, and be kept in a clean and sanitary condition at all times." In this act there are three distinct, different and diametrically opposite sections fixing the time when the act should go into effect,

For six years there stood on our statute book, as a part of the law regulating automobile truffic on the public highways, the following paragraph, which was doubtless added by some hilarious politician, who was impressed by the handwagon idea of party management:

Nothing in this section shall be construed as in any very preventing, obstructing, impeding, embarrassing, or is any other manner or form infringing on the perceptive of any political chauffeur to run an automobilious bandwagen at any rate he sees fit compatible with the safety of the occupants thereof; provided, however, that not less that on or more than twenty ropes be allowed at all times to trail behind this vehicle when in motion, in order to penuit those who have been so fortunate as to escape with their political lives an opportunity to be dragged to death; and provided further, that whenever a mangled and bleeding political corpse implores for mercy the driver of the relicle shall, in accordance with the provisions of this bill, "Throw out the lifeline!"

Here is another:

If any stallion or jack escape from his owner by accident he shall be liable for all damages, but shall not be liable to be fixed as above provided.

By being somewhat heedless to the ordinary rules of gammar some court might decide that it was the owner and not the stallion or jack that is made liable for damages under this act.

An act which particularly shows the inefficiency of legislatures is the bill that had for its purpose the raising of convicts' wages, to be paid to a dependent wife and the shildren of men and women confined in the Kansas Penitentiary. The bill was drawn by its friends and had for its jurpose the increasing of the wages of convicts from three sents a day to thirteen cents a day; but so clumsily was it drawn and so ambiguous was its phraseology that only by a decided stretch of the imagination and sympathy for the societs by our attorney-general were we permitted to sociate to pay the convicts three cents a day, their former wages—much less give them the additional ten cents a day the enactment contemplated. This evidences another reaten why we should have men in our lawmaking department who understand the how of things.

Blunders of Careless Lawmakers

THE enactment that created the non-partisan body known as the Irrigation Board provided that the beard should be appointed by the governor for the first two years. Some ambitious legislator tacked an amendment on the bill, which provided that thereafter they should be elected, but that no more than two of the three members should belong to the same political party. He neglected, however, to provide any means whereby the bipartisan provision much be partied into effect, either at the primary or at the reard election.

this hill to become a law without my signature; but, on examination, I found that it required me to appoint, as members of a board, three chiropractors who had practiced their art in Kansas for two years. In order to comply with this provision of the law I should have been compelled to appoint men or women who had been openly violating the medical registration laws of our state for two years—a thing which, as governor, I refused to do; but my right to refuse was only settled at the end of a mandamus suit in the Supreme Court.

Another law sent to my office for signature was found, on examination, to contain a negative that made the act exactly contrary to what it was intended to be. This bill was only one of fifteen others returned to the legislature by me for correction in particulars more or less important. Two bills that were exact duplicates passed both houses and came to my desk before the duplication was discovered. I am informed that exactly the same thing happened in Peonsylvania. In one instance a bill was passed amending another that had been passed some days previous, and both the original act and the amendment were enrolled and reached my office about the same time.

A number of bills passed both houses without any enacting clauses—a matter absolutely requisite to their validity as laws; and in the session laws will be found a large number of resolutions authorizing corrections in a number of acts. Not many years ago an act was passed establishing a county court in Douglas County. The act contained contradictory provisions—one requiring that the judge should be appointed and the other requiring that he be elected. The Supreme Court declared it void.

An old act, providing for the destruction of grasshoppers in the western part of the state, driving them from the cultivated fields on to the prairies and firing the grass, required ten days' notice by publication, without making it clear whether the notice was for the benefit of the farmers or was a legislative recognition of the constitutional right of grasshoppers to due process of law.

In 1873 the New York legislature passed a charter for the city of New York, and the repealing clause threatened a general jail delivery. The defect was discovered in the governor's office before the bill was signed. Conditions do not appear to have improved in New York since, for in 1910 one hundred and thirty bills were recalled from the governor's office by the New York legislature for further consideration after having once passed both houses.

Through a legislative blunder the Supreme Court of Ohio was deprived of a large portion of its jurisdiction in 1902 and an act of a special session was required to undo the mistake.

The recently enacted Illinois law providing commission government for cities is said to be so badly drafted as to defeat the purpose intended; while the Wisconsin Eugenic Marriage law was so radical that the Supreme Court of that state recently declared it unconstitutional.

Nor does the Congress of the United States make any better showing than state legislatures in the matter of crude legislation. Take the Hepburn Act, which is the amended interstate commerce law, and the mass of judicial decisions interpreting it. It has been described by Professor Stimson, of Harvard, as a mass of contradictions and overlying amendments, and fills twenty-seven closely printed pages. Mr. Stimson asserts: "Any competent lawyer who is also a good parliamentary draftsman could put those twenty-seven pages of obscurity into four pages — at most—of lucidity with two

days' honest work."

circuit courts, contained so many errors that it had to be reënacted for the sole purpose of correcting the errors—and, at that, left it still in doubt whether the two-thousanddollar limit qualified all cuses provided for or only a part of them. Section eleven of the act of Congress of July 1, 1882, imposing certain duties on the Capitol police, led to the discovery that there was no such body.

The specific instances of blundering and crudity cited are not sporadic and occasional. The statute books of every state are full of them. And how could it well be otherwise? In the large membership of our state legislatures there are usually a scant dozen men of superior ability and experience; the rest are for the most part firsttermers, without special experience or special fitness as legislators.

And yet legislatures so composed add something like twenty-five thousand pages to our statute books every year. Last year—1913—the session laws of California made a book of 1746 printed pages, exclusive of indexes; the session laws of Colorado, 696 pages; Delaware, 846 pages; Indiana, 967 pages; Minnesota, 918 pages; Missouri, 768 pages; New Hampshire, 572 pages; Nebraska, 810 pages; North Carolina, 746 pages; Massachusetts, 1260; New Jersey, 846.

The Horseplay of Legislators

THE session laws of Kansas for 1913 made a book of 594
pages containing 336 laws, of which 67 were appropriation hills and 147 amendments and repeals of existing
statutes and 122 new laws, many of them local or trivial.

These conditions were not unusual. The amendments and repeals in 1911 and 1909 were practically the same as in 1913. About half the time of each succeeding legislature is taken up in undoing what former legislatures have done. The Kanasa legislature sat exactly forty-nine days or parts of days; consequently an average of seven laws passed both bouses each day. Now it is hardly possible for a member to study conscientiously and intelligently seven bills each day. It must be remembered, however, that something like seventeen bundred bills were introduced and more than half of these were reported for passage by committees, and that a great deal of time was occupied in considering bills which were ultimately killed in one house or the other.

Often a good deal of valuable time is wasted in horseplay over bills like one introduced at a recent session of the Kansas legislature requiring that women should wear skirts which should extend at least four inches below the patella; or the one introduced into the Nebraska legislature to prohibit the wearing of cornets and bloomers; or the one in Michigan to prohibit the wearing of tights at circuses and theaters; or to prohibit the use of any language except English on the menu at hotels.

An amusing bill prepared and introduced by a Kansas senator had for its purpose the dissolution of the marriage ties after ten years of wedded life. The act contemplated an absolute legal separation of man and wife on presentation of the marriage certificate to the judge of the District Court ten years after the date of its issue. As soon as the senator heard from his wife he dropped the matter. Bills of this sort, introduced by rural statesmen with perfect seriousness, afford opportunity to waste public time that should be devoted to matters of real public concern.

[Continued on Page 44]



THE MEN

BY ALL the loaded canons of art that title should be The Two Bad Men, the Doctor, the Swede, a Little of Kerrigan, and Something of Steve the Night Bartender. But that would be too long - also misleading: for the Doctor was only Kerrigan's goat, using only in a large, wordy sense, and not to belittle the sprightly rogue.

"He's called Doctor," says Kerrigan, "because he has the whishkers an' is akeilly destructive to human life"which is nicely enough phrased and important if true, especially to the Swede, who was last heard yelling sagus, or something just as good, to the petulant Doctor, with Kerrigan left saying the Doctor helped out a whole lot in a town like that; while the two bad men, one of them limping painfully—but perhaps the shorter title is better after all. And Steve, the night bartender, not even mentioned! We shall have to start again and come to Steve by way of the first bad man.

He was Bogie O'Leary-a very bad man indeed. He not only announced this, often on less than no provocation

at all, but he looked it so slarmingly that only the iding could have doubted. That he was a killer was widely believed, the notches in the stock of his blue-harveled revolver imparting poetle significance to this opinion. And he was as quick on the draw as any moving-picture had man that ever lent vivacity to a film. Though past sixty he was light on his feet; and his red-rimuned little eyes saw true. Commonly he contorted his pully old face into a scowl that was a very thundereloud of

Because of his peculiar talents and the piquamy of his past, Bogie served as major domo of Pinnegan's Cave, though Finnegan designated him by the rather more abrupt term of bouncer.

Whether or not San Francisco's Barbary Coast was ever entitled to its repute for extreme wickedness is no longer of consequence, for that city now avers that the Coust has gone; but in those halcyon years when the city's boast was frankly quite otherwise Finnegan's Cave was to be entered from that block on Pacific Street which was the throbbing heart of the dance-hall district.

From our army and navy Finnegan drew the best of his income. Soldiers and sailors found in the Cave, in one fashion or another, a speedy relief from the empluments with which our Government thoughtlessly ladens them; but supplementing this largest-often to be had for the mere trouble of removing it from the uniforms of its slumbering trustees—there were opulent tourists to scatter gold along the Coast for the privilege of gazing wonder-eyed at its sinful life. And Finnegan, outshining the vested interests about him with the added attraction of a genuine bad man, drew heavily of this slumming revenue.

And Bogle O'Leary knew his value to the Cave. He wore his dignity consciously. Soldiers and sailors were beneath this dignity. Finnegan's deft waiters, with the assistance of a lethal squirt or two from the peter bottle back of the bar, usually effected what fiscal readjustments these seemed to invite; but the moneyed sourists from east of the Rockies-for these Bogie posed, and his heart was in his work. When a group of them, at a table beside the polished area of dancing floor, had been, by the waiter who served them, apprised of Bogie's dreadful prowess, Bogie would condescend to approach and allow himself to be wheedled into telling opies from his lurid past.

Also, at the proper moment, he extended empty handsand there in a twinkling was a gun in each! Bogie smiled villainously, while the slummers shuddered. Frequently, then, by some enthusiast in the party, he would be persuaded to part with the very weapon that had slain the two Mexicans. He purchased this memento in case lots and had relinquished dozens of them at a profit which handsomely assuaged the sentimental regret he seemed to suffer at parting with them.

Finnegan's brother divekeepers stoutly yearned to maintain bad men of their own, but they were discouraged by the police. The badness of Hogie was rather a mellow tradition and therefore something to be tolerated; also, he was not without influence. When, at intervals, it seemed essential to the gilding of his ill repute that he shoot out the lights in some neighboring resort, the police invariably arrived after he was gone. Bogie was bad as he listed and Finnegan throve.

The lights of the Barbary Coast had just begun to wink their invitation on a certain Saturday evening in June.





To the syncopated product of the Cave's three-piece orchestra a few sailors glided decorously over the dancing oval with painted and thirsty partners. At the bar Bogie O'Leary began the comumption of his nightly quart of whisky. It was bad whisky, even for a bad man, and it was served by Steve, the night bartender, resplendent in white Jacket, with his red hair plastered in a crescent above his not-too-lofty

"Heard the news over at the San Susy?" inquired Steve as Bogle poured his drink.

"Heard nothing! The burg's on the blink," replied

Bogle.
Well, they got a new bouncer over there yesterday and

Bagie scanned his informant suspiciously. It had more than once accurred to him that Steve was not above a certain veiled jocularity, which he would have described as kidding. Steve tenderly wiped the bar in front of Bogie, hummed a strain of Love Me and the World is Mine! and appeared to reflect on world matters at large. He threw a carelessly confident glance at himself in the mirror. fastidiously adjusted a vagrant strand of that scarlet splendor above his brow, and murmured, as though to himself:

"I only hope the bulls nail him before he starts anything rough in here."

Who's he?" demanded Bogie.

"The Pell Street Kid." announced Steve impressively. That's all - just the Pell Street Kid. He says his other name is Ruin.

"Aw, him!" observed Bogie is scorpful buskiness; but there was a jealous gleam in his little eyes, for word of the newcomer's rugged virtues had already reached him.

They tell me," continued the glib Steve, "that last night be knocks out four sailors with just four punches and then piles a couple o' soldiers on top of 'em. Of course I don't know, but he's certainly drawin' the crowds over there. One of his ears is half hit away."

Bogie was instantly piqued by the last item. He found himself envying this disfigurement. He wished earnestly that one of his own ears had been thus mutilated.

"Aw, I bet he's on'y a yellow-livered four-flusher at that!" growled the Cave's bad man. "Me? I'd give him a hard slap and break his wrist-watch if he ever showed up here. I'd have him hard to ketch-don't you worry! But he'll never come on my ground."

"Which reminds me," continued Steve. "He's been giving it out pretty raw that he'll be in here tonight to look you over. He tells certain parties he wants to find out have you got the goods or not."

Bogie heroically gulped his full glass of whisky and immediately poured another. This be studiously regards: for a moment, then pushed it across

"Use that stuff to clean the sink with," he directed. "I got to keep a clear bead.

"Might be just as well," agreed Store "Yes, sir; I got to have my wits about me and that red booze is the wrong dope. Gimme some ale with a dash of mulligan."

Steve drew a mug of ale and set the cruet of peppersauce beside it. Bogistung his drink freely with the contment and drained the mug. "They say he's an awful buegy, maneater," suggested Steve. "Of course

I don't know, myself -"If that guy shows up here look out for a tidal wave on the Coast-that's all!" warned Bogle. "Pil do him in if time. I just smell the blood and I want

to swim in it." "They say he's some swimmer himself," said Steve casually; "in fact a

regular high diver. But of course-"You're some handy lad with the gossip, sin't you, now?" demanded Bogie bitterly; but he was deal to Steve's deprecating retort, for now a slumming party entered and he was presently making his gunplay for them. He also hurled his long knife to the floor. where it quivered on its point. "The undertaking business in dead in the town," he loudly announced, "and I'm goin' to stirmmylate it. Their fam'ies has get to live an' Bogie O'Leary is gois to see that they live high. On with the dance of death!"

He rushed to the dancing floor, gliding in and out among the swaying couples, stamping his feet victously and charting his battleery. The slumming party cautiously with drew, despite Steve's assurance that Bogie never made any real trouble before a lady.

"He's a bad man; but he's got a good heart I have know him to kill any one in here," declared Steve warnly to the backs of the retreating group.

Bogie continued his sinister dance until thirst diversel him. As he stood, somewhat breathless, at the bar, spicing his ale with the peppersauce, even the cynical Steve was puzzled. He had never taken Bogie quite at his own valuation; and yet

"Say," warned Steve almost respectfully, "you ain't going to pull off anything in here? Remember, Pete) license is worth something

"If that guy comes in," responded Bogie, "I'll start in on a cross-country Marat'on that ends back in New York Watch me—that's all—just keep lookin'!"

He had raised his voice for the benefit of sundry Coss familiars who were now dropping in. The word had appar ently gone out that more than the usual entertainment might be expected at the Cave that evening. The new comers mostly drank in watchful silence. Only among the feminine patrons was there a hushed murmur of prophecy and foreboding.

"He's the meanest proposition in Californy tonight ba none!" whispered Cowboy Mag to Danish Kate.

And the latter, in blissful anticipation, agreed whole beartedly:

"The hardest put that ever hit the Coast!"

At the bar Bogie toyed with his drink and mutters grimly. He knew that he must make good. Otherwise ! foresaw a gaunt future in which he would have to beg hi

drinks. He might even be "vagged."
"Any guy say I was old?" he demanded ferociously s

"Old? Why, you're just a bear cub!" Steve hastened t

The crowd was nervous with expectancy; the dance wa abandoned: the musicians forgot to play, or perhaps waite

as the vaudeville orchestra waits for the acrobat to achiev his most perilous feat. The stage was act.
"If on'y I don't lose my temper," murmured Bogs that's all I'm airsid of; when I get mad I'm unsafe!"

The swinging doors flew wide on the Pell Street Kill He flitted into the Cave with the sure footing of a cat. H brushed past Bogie O'Leary, affecting not to see him, afre the manner of fighters in the ring who loftly pretend i ignore the existence of their opponents.

He was short of stature, but his shoulders were those of a gorilla. His features would have been considered advanced, even for a gargoyle. A cap pulled low and a sweater pulled high happily alleviated something of his facial effect. Bogie O'Leary glanced furtively at his rudi-ments of a profile. The lobeless ear was flaunted at him.

"Brandy!" commanded the Pell Street Kid in husky but confident tones. The lookers-on in Venice sat tensely quivering. How far would Bogie let this invader go? And Hogie was merely staring-staring, fascinated, at the partial ear of his rival.

"This here left sail of mine," remarked the Kid to Steve with seeming irrelevance, "was man-chewed back in Pell Street, N'York." He permitted himself a dramatic pause. "But the guy never saw nothin' again out of his right

amp!

He wriggled a thumb gruesomely and a delighted shudder swept the audience. He reached for the brandy bottle. There was a crisp little explosion and the bottle was shattered in his hand. With an unstudied yell of terror the Pell Street Kid whirled about and leaped through the swinging doors.

"He'll win a fight or a footrace!" shouted Bogie, speeding in pursuit, a blue-barreled revolver in each hand.

Fursued and pursuer dashed round the corner of Pacific Street into Kearny. The pursued held his hands high slove his head and loudly invoked the law. The pursuer at discreet intervals fired shots at an unruffled sky. Two patrolmen on Kearny Street stepped dispassionately into disrways to afford the procession an unimpeded progress.

The Pell Street Kid fled toward the Hall of Justice, where burned the blue beacon of the central police station. At almost any other time he would have shunned this light as a plague warning - now it was a refuge. He flung open the door on two inoffensive policemen engaged in a checker game. It was some moments before he could regain the breath to explain why he had felt obliged to interrupt the game at a crucial point.

Bogie O'Leary, panting under the battle stress, made his way back to Finnegan's. An admirer had bought drinks for the house, and Bogie, over brimming glasses, was halled

is the Cave's hero.

"If anybody else thinks I ain't got the punch let him peak now and I'll eat him slive!" anneunced Bogie.

As no one seemed eager to perish in this spectacular tastion the hero permitted himself to be mollisled and mellowed by more whisky. At his second drink a quietly carried youth of stealthy manner and shifting eyes stole is and made his way to the hero's side.

"Duck," whispered the youth; "two fly bulls'll be up in

talf an hour. They want you to heat it.'

Hogie had expected this message - a tribute to his recent victory and a delicate admission of the regard in which he was held by a discriminating constabulary. He paused only to quaff another beaker; then, with a gallant flourish in the applauding throng, he went out into the night. Brimmley with the canitation of one who, having done

reflected on the fine little details of his accomplishment ins merit became enlarged in his mind. He was in that pertions mate which has preceded the downlidi of many an artist. Drunken sith the glory of his masterpione is borned to paint another while yet the lever andured. Let us not blame him! With oufficient multigur in our alon which of to would spire low daringly?

Finling himself at the berryfour it compred to his chivalrous and that a brief journey beyond tim city confines might save his

There Hed Been

But a Gray Flack

Access the Arenn

good friends, the police, what chagrin they would feel at actually finding him while merely pretending to hunt for him. He promptly bought a ticket and boarded a boat that proved to be bound for the Marin County side of the Bay.

Half un hour later he landed in the sedate and already sleepy town of Tiburon. As the needle to the magnetic pole, albeit more sinuously, he wove a course to the only saloon.

He hungered for the sweets of applause, and his artistictemperament decreed that he should once ugain that night

inspire fear in the hearts of men.

"Hey! Spill me out some booze!" growled Begie in his best bad-man voice, and glunced about the dingy barroom to note what of terror he inspired. There were but a lew loungers present and these regarded the newcomer with a rather listless indifference. One of them-a yellowwhiskered mammeth-did not even look up. He sat at a table in a far corner, engrossed in the solution of a small wire puzzle. Moreover the bartender served the desired drink with a quite perfunctory oblivion, eactinsing to one of the loungers his masterly analysis of the hosehall prospects.

So spiritless a reception could not but affront Bogie. Had he not accomplished a wondrous, a historic feat? And in this contemptible suburb, was he to be doubt the reward of popular acclaim? It was monstrous! It was unbearable!

The bartender absently reached for the bottle when Bogie had poured his drink.

"Leave it!" expluded the indignant hero. "I want more! I want bucketfuls!

Two or three of the loungers now eyed the newcomer furtively; but the blond marnmoth in the corner still sat intent on his wire puzzle. This man especially annoyed Bogie. He had a grinning, foolish face and the empty, bulging blue eyes of a Christmas doll.

"Don't rile me!" snarled Bogle, chiefly for the impressment of the puzzleworker. "I'll let you know I'm a had man! I'm the worst man in California and I eat boobs raw-'specially Swedes. I smell one now and I'm goin' to

chew both his ears off. Wait till I get my appetite."

The bulky blond appeared to be deal. He bent lower over his puzzle. Bogie had drawn his long knife and hurled it into the floor. It quivered on its buried point a few feet from the chair of the puzzleworker; but the chair's occupant gave no sign.

The burtender edged cannally toward the end of the bur. Two of the loungers glided out with little ceremony. The others shifted awkwardly toward the rear of the room. Bogie, pleasantly aware of these belated tributes to his hadness, was now on his best mettle. He would make history in Tiburun. First he would shoot the lights out-with



"I'm the Worst Max in California and I Eas Books Raw"

grasp on his wrists tightened. He thrust back his bead and his teeth enapped as he tried for a primitive hold on the face of his antagonist-tried unsuccessfully; for at that moment he was skillfully tripped and fell face downward under a ponderous weight. Magically his wrists were caught together by handcuffs and he felt his pockets being

When he was at length jerked to his leet he saw through the haze that his cherished weapons had been laid on the bar-his long knife; two revolvers; the brass knuckles; the billy. Gazing at him with mild reproof in his pale blue eyes was the man of the puzzle.
"You ban nice faller!" remarked his conqueror with

pained sarcasm.

Bogie thereupon made the place vocal with his most sulphurous language. Back on the Coast his profanity was highly considered, but his captor only surveyed him with renewed disesteem.

"You batter behave," he warned; "cursing and swearing like a loafer!"

He turned away and picked up the wire puzzle to lay it tenderly on the bar.

"I got to lock this faller oop," he remarked wearily to the bartender; "but when I come back I but two dollar I do that puzzle before you have to shut.

"Take these things off and I'll kill you!" shrielord Bogie. "I'm a bad man! I'll come back and burn this town down and every squarehead Swede in it!"

"You ban make too much noise, Mr. O'Leary. Maybe you han bad, but I han constable and poundman, and I goin' lock you oop. Monday morning you tall the yuntice . how you ban bad. Now you come along!"

Kicking and emitting a weirdly frilled profanity the bad man was propelled by an irredstible force down the deserted main street of Tiburon and halted before a small

brick building. "This here bun the pound," announced his captor. "We but have a yail, so I use the pound for a yail also. Maybe the trustees make a yail for me if you come again sometime, Mr. O'Leary. You ban a good faller, maybe I put

you some place batter; but you ban a bad fool man-so in

you go!" "I'll cut your heart out for this!" screamed the bad

"Now I but two dollar I do my puzzle!" remarked his captor, as with a firm but gentle push Bogie O'Leary was projected into the black of the doorway. Faintly a padlock snapped outside the closed door.

Bogie essayed a step forward and stumbled over a dog. which rose with a yelp and seized him by an ankle. As he sought to regain his feet a bitter blow implaged on his

back-a goat had butted him. And darkness was over all.

At noon the next day Steve, the night bartender, was d from his sleep by the pounding of a mes on the door of his modest bachelor apartment in the Gents' Bon-Ton Lodging House. Groping a sleep-blinded way to the door Steve was brought fully awake by a telegram thrust in on him. He signed for this, closed the door and fearsomely laid the yellow envelope on his bed. He stared at it there a moment, then gingerly lifted it and propped it against his mirror, where the handwriting of the address could be studied.

Presently it occurred to his quickening mind that this writing would probably be without the least personal significance. Thereupon he rapidly catalogued such members of his family as might have passed away during the night. There were several of these whose going he could have



voice in his sur.

Rigie a reated with rage

and pulled the trigger. The and beging ylegram tellor

m his own fect; then his wrist

was (wisted so painfully that The recoder fell to the floor.
"I'll out your heart out!"

elled Hogie, "Let me go!

was his time the semation

he bud extented. That Jell

I'm Bops O'Leary !" The amountained made read of with only a mellow regret. Still, it was a momentous business and he glowed with a pleased importance—for this was his first telegrum.

Curiously enough, of all the myriad telegrams that have been sent over and about this busy world, not one had ever before come to Steve. That this first one told of death he was now certain. His imagination was powerless to

conceive a slighter provocation. But whose death? Casting reflective glances at intervals on the sinister missive he proceeded to the making of his simple tailet. Midway of this he paused, brightened suddenly and exclaimed:

"Uncle Roderick! Poor Uncle Roderick!"

That explained it. His Uncle Roderick had dropped dead up in Napa County-his uncle Roderick, who had more than once flatly declared an intention of making Steve the sole heir to his eighty-acre vineyard.

He rapidly finished dressing and was out in the modified Sabbath calm of Pacific Street, the unopened telegram clutched tightly in one hand. He was no longer apprehensive in truth, a very definite elation filled his mind-Nevertheless he felt the need of a stimulant before he read the actual words. The Sans Souci was the first house of call on his way and Steve turned in. Momentarily he was made almost oblivious to his telegram, for the Pell Street Kid stood in lonely grandeur at the bar,

"Where's the quick guy?" demanded the Kid, not

ungraciously.

'Search me!" responded Steve. "But look here! I just got a telegram saying my Uncle Roderick's dropped dead

and left me his eighty-acre vineyard." "Say, pal, that old geezer's some nervous wit' his trigger finger," wheezed the Kid, who was not easily to be diverted with tales of legacies, "but I dunno's I want any hard feelin's as between man and man. I'm willin' t' let bygones

be bygones, if it comes down to that."
"Have something?" invited Steve. "He was over ninety and he said he'd leave the whole eighty to me. I'm goin' to start a readhouse up there elegant location for the

auto trade; right on the main road."
"Good!" said the Kid. "I'll take brandy."
"Same!" said Steve; and, with a last cautious survey of the envelope, he delicately tore open his telegram. The contents seemed to amaze him. He read at varying angles and from varying distances.

"Uncle left you a farm, did he?" inquired the Kid

"It - it don't seem to say anything about that," replied the dazed Steve. His feeling was that the telegraph com-pany had played him false. "It don't even mention a word about Uncle Roderick. It says something else. Here-you

The Pell Street Kid snapped the sheet with a masterful finger and read the simple message:

Being killed in Jail here! Help, for God's sake!

"That's the old guy last night, ain't it?" asked the Kid. "Sure -that's his name," admitted Steve; "but I den't understand it. I thought it was Uncle Roderick dead-

+ and the linest eighty acres of growing grapes you ever set eyes on-say, I better go see the head man at that telegraph office."

"Drink up!" urged the Kid. "And how do you get to this here place? I don't just make It."

"Oh, there?" said Steve. "You take the ferry and get off on the other

side. "Sure!" agreed the Kid. "I know that much about ferryboats myself.

C'mon, then! 'Can't make it out!" insisted Steve, "He's ninety if he's a day: and only last March when I was up there he told me this here eighty was as good as mine and yet, look at that telegram!"

The Kid was rushing ahead, however, and Steve followed, still muttering his perplexity. Even by his fondest admirers Steve had never been thought an intellectual giant.

On the boat they bought a Sunday per and scanned its crime news for light on Bogie's misfortune. They reasoned that Bogie had made a killing and was being tortured by the police.

"The bulls is givin' him the third degree," said the Kid knowingly; but mebbe we can get in to him. I'll take him this noozepaper and get him a hag of grapes or somethin'.

"Grapes!" muttered Steve. Eighty acres gone like that!" And he waved loose fingers in illustration.

The Pell Street Kid had made his way to the hoat's lunch counter and was buying expensive grapes, suitable for one in distress. Steve hopefully scanned the paper anew for an item concerning his uncle Roderick.

They disembarked at Tiburon and were stared at curiously by a citizen of whom they sought information.

"Police station? What do you mean-police station?" demanded the citizen. "There ain't any. There's a pound and a Swede city marshal. The pound's down to the end of this street and the Swede's likely over to the Lutheran Sunday school."

"Was they a murder here last night?" ventured the Kid. "No," said the citizen frankly. "There wasn't ever anything here.

"C'mon!" directed the Kid to Steve, and they swiftly traversed the main street of closed shops

'Maybe he's dead a'ready!" suggested Steve, reluctant to believe that any telegram could mean less than death. "Die myself," declared the Kid, "'I I had to stay over-

night here! Say, think of a civilized burg without a juil! What's a pound look like, anyway? Would that be it?" At a point where the town's commercial life waned into vacant lots stood a compact brick building, without win-

dows and with but one door, stoutly secured by a bar and pudlock. This sinister edifice was set at the corner of a high-walled inclosure, also of durable construction. They rattled the padiock without result.

Walk round!" directed the Kid, who was a bern leader, and they followed the line of the high wall. At the first corner they paused. From within came staccato hoofbeuts, followed by a muffled thump and a howl of anguish.

"It's Bogie's voice!" exclaimed Steve. "I'd know it in a million.

"Hurry round!" ordered the Kid. They turned the corner, only to find another mute expanse of board wall, a dozen feet high at least. Passing this hastily they turned the second corner of the mysterious inclosure.

Here, midway of the third wall, a ladder was erected: and at the top of this a man leaned far over, apparently engroused with whatever of action was occurring inside the walls. At the moment he was calling cheerily to some one believe blea:

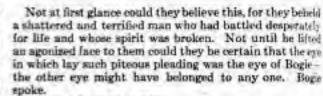
"What'd I tell ye? Ain't be th' pet new! An' - would ye believe it? - he's just turned three year - not a day older! What's that? Come now! Come now! Shame on ye! Such is no talk f'r a Sunday!"

"Hey, pul!" called the Kid.

The man on the ladder turned a gental face to the pair below him. He was a plain, simple man-a workingman of the people, one would say and enjoying his Sabhath lessure to the full. He beamed on them and beckoned

Ye'll have th' fine seats t' enj'y it," he called, and forthwith edged himself cautiously from the ladder along the top. of the wall. "Hurry, or ye'll miss th' next come-togither!"

The Kid mounted the ladder, followed by Steve. They perched precariously stop the wall beside their attentive best. Against a side of the inclosure below them was a dog kennel with a peaked roof; and astride this roof was the devastated remnant of Bogie O'Leary.



"Help!" he called feebly.

"What's it all mean anyway?" demanded Steve petulantly. "I made sure it was my Uncle Roderick up in Napa County had dropped dead—and here it's only you." Look!" hissed the Kid, pointing.

They both surveyed a creature in the far corner, until this moment undetected. It was a goat of heroic stature. superbly behorned and set with arregance. He spured the earth with a murderous forefoot and shook a contemp-

tuous beard at the craven beyond his reach on the kenzel.
""Tis him!" shouted the joyous host of the ladder. "Tis the good old Docther. I raised him meself fr'm a kid; an' will ye look at th' whishkers of 'm f'r three yearsan' th' hor-runs -an' him with th' stren'th of a lion! Hey there!" he called to the victim below. "Tell these gintlemin-ain't be got th' stren'th of a lion, now? Gwan! Tell thim! Has be not?"

"Get me out of this if you're men," pleaded the victim. "Kick his slats in," directed the Pell Street Kid.

Bogie glared at him from the one eye still in commission. "He's killin' me, I tell you!"

"Sure he manes little har-rum," put in the goat's proud owner. "Haven't I told 'm that often enough? He has th' spirit of adventure, 'tis true; but anny one'll tell ye that Kerrigan's Docther hasn't a wicked hair in his hide. Tis the play in him. Ye must 'a' done somethin' to ver him. I admit he's a divvil whin vexed, but that gintle at momints-manny's th' time I've knowed him show affection to wor-ree lookers than you, me boy.

"Call him off, then," pleaded Bogie, "just till I can get back into that little house again.

"Wha'd you come out for?" demanded Steve, still coldly critical. "And look at the state your clothes is in! Why couldn't you be a little more careful?'

"He was buttin' me in there shameful! That Sweds let me out when he come this morning and I got him to send you a telegram; and then that he-devil got out too and he butts me every chance he gets; and along comes that hyena up on the fence there and laughs his head of

"Come now! Come now!" broke in the slightly annoyed Kerrigan. "A joke's a joke; but ye should mind what ye're sayin'." He turned to the newcomers in amiable explanation. "Me house is just over a block there; an', the Doether bein' took up yistaday f'r resistin' an off cer, I come over with this ladder fir to cheer him a bit in his captivity, niver dreamin' he'd be havin' such ilegant skylarks with yer frind here!" He glanced indignantly at Begie once more, "To be sure I laughed, in measurebut 'twas imperrytive. Git down fr'm there wanst an' see if yer frinds don't laugh akeilly. Gwan now! Be a spoort! Make as if ye was goin' t' dash f'r th' door of th' little house agin an' see if they don't laugh heartily whin it happens." You you began Borie

"You-you began Bogie: but his need for words was too terribly great. His voice broke with something that, in any but a bad man, would have been called a sob, "Help!" he concluded piteously.

"I can't see what you got me all stirred up with that telegram for," put in Steve. "I can't do nothing for you. I ain't no wild-animal tamer, and you knew it well enough!"

"He ain't lookin' now," called the watchful Kid. "Quick! Make a break for the house!"

"It's just his trick," quayered the victim.

"Yer frind's right-I have t' grant him that," admitted Kerrigan gener-ously. "Th' Docther's deep; be's on'y pertindin' not t' notice.

The monster had turned an unsecing back on his prey. His head drooped; his eyes apparently closed. He seemed to doze meditatively.

"Oh, my! Oh, my! But ain't he th' cunnin' skeezics!" said the delighted Kerrigan. "Tryin' t' loor 'm onta th' ground agin, where he can have another game with 'm! Ain't be th' pet now!"

"Try, anyway!" urged the Kid in cautious tones. "Mebbe you can sneak by." The Doctor remained immobile.

"I love th' beaucheous lines of 'm. murmured the fatuous Kerrigo-"'Tis like a gazelle he is!"

Continued on Page 40



And Duraness Was Quer All

Geraldine Farrar Tells Some Truths

By Charles Bloomingdale, Jr.

GERALDINE FARRAR'S chief charm lies in her candor. A muchtraveled young woman, she has

traveled young woman, she has gone through this vale of tears with her eyes-and they are very large, dark, expressive eyes quite wide open; so she has seen much, both in the way of things and of people. Then, too, she has talked to the worth-while men and women in this many-languaged world, for she is an accomplished linguist. She has read much; and so, plus the views of those with whom she comes in personal contact, she absorbs from the printed page. It has been ber rare good fortune to have reached the topmost rung of the operatic ladder, and-rarer good fortune-to have done this as a native-born American. So, having traveled and seen much, net many people, read, sung, been applauded in every civilized country and today acclaimed among the world's greatest on the lyric stage, she has, at thirty-two, learned much more than is given to most of us to know.

From her great store of knowledge two big facts have crystallized and becsene Geraldine Farm's creed of conduct:

First-Sincerity.

Second—Live! Live every minute! And Geraldine Farrar's chief charm lies in a candor!

She sat in the study of her wonderful New York home on West Seventy-fourth Street one day hast March—that is, she sat at intervals. She would begin a sentence on the divan, carry it on while she rose to go to the piano, bring it down to its finishing touch as she restlessly glaced out the window, and put on the period as she sank into a chair at her flat-top desk, Energy, intensity, nerves, with a magnetic persentity that, via wireless, sends its message to you, the Farrar temperament fills a room and surcharges it as easily as it helps to fill an open house. You cannot escape it if you want to—and you do not want to.

As to American Girls

OF COURSE I'll wear out," she said; "I'll burn out! Since I've been a child it has beendinned into me again and again and again.

'Save yourself as much as you can!' But I can't—it isn't in me to save. When I sing a rôle I throw body and soul into it. I give all that is in me, every tiny particle of it, whether it be of singing or acting. And, having given, I want to give more—I keep nothing in reserve, for I have nothing left. I know that I'm going to give out young; but I'd rather do that than save. I'd rather be a spendthrift than a miser, and I'm a spendthrift in everything—nerves, strength, vitality. The day after a performance

I am limp, useless, worn-out, and must lie abed; but I don't rigret. I've given my all, and nothing less than that ustsiles me; for even if I did know how to save myself in this that or the other scene, I wouldn't do it. I don't want to save—I want to give!"

The American girl is one of our time-honored institution—a home-bred and home-cultivated product. We are a bit proud of her, and rightly; but listen to the candor of the Farrar as she pays her respects en passant;

"Of late the fad of repression would seem to have crept nto our life. It finds its unhappiest expression on the faces of our American girls. I think, mind you, that the Amercan girl is the best-dressed, best-booted, best-gloved, bestatted girl on the globe; but watch her any sunny afternoon on the principal streets of our big cities. From her face would seem to have been massaged any damaging mobilty of expression. There is no rapturous joy in her looks, ittle of the God-given delight at being alive and young. She is repressed; it has been drilled into her that to show motion is to be unfashionable-bad form. She permits terself to be cast in a conventional mold that admits nerely of an occasional smile, and that of a cold, brittle ort, like a white winter sun trying to warm an icefield. And she maybe will go through life missing all the warm, sesstiful touches, or else come a cropper one way or mother. Why doesn't she be alive and let her face show 1? Good form, bad form-what does it matter when one's ace can be made not only to show joy but to communirate it? Why be passive and allow to be ironed out and rubbed out of the face the beautiful things it can show?

Geraldine Ferrar as Tresa

The advancing years come all too quickly," concludes the Farrar grimly: "and these girls should remember that looks, unlike wine, won't improve with age!"

From the American girl to American music was but a step; and the nerve-taking, nerve-using Farrar had some original ideas on that subject also, ditto candor.

"What art we have here," said she, "we import; for at present art in America is a insury and you must educate people up to it, whether it he a painting, a hit of sculpture, or an opera. But then, consider how young we are as a people. American music may come eventually - but when, is rather a matter of guesswork. Just think, though, how woefully, pitifully young we are—not out of our swaddling clothes as a nation. When Greece was at the height of its glory the Teuton was little more than a caveman. Today look where Germany stands in the art of the world! Yetand stop and think of this for a moment-fourteen hundred wars after Christ was born this country didn't exist, even in the imaginations of men, much less on the map of the world. And a little over a hundred years ago the greater part of the United States was but a wilderness. We haven't had time yet to think of art; we're trying to clear up our material problems and at the same time make a living, leaving to the future generations, who will have more leisure, the task of developing artistic traits. We of the present are merely blazing the way; making the paths easier for those who follow us and will arrive quicker by reason of our ploneer work. It takes time and commingling of different bloods to make for art. When our art comes, the real American Art, it will be found that a mixed race produced it, with American soil as a background.

"I have heard it said," she mused, "that the American voice is a resultant of our climater, that it is a heard voice.

of our climate; that it is a hard voice, unmusical, metallic. But is that true? Take our Southern women, for example. Few voices are more wondrously soft, more vibrantly musical, than those of our women of the South. Our climate does play a part, but it is a temperamental and not a vocal part, to my mind. I think the American climate gets on our nerves. first, and not on our voices, except as a resultant from our nerves. It gives us a peculiarly electrical tenseness, a sort of nervous autointoxication. That makes us pitch our voices higher than is the way with most people of the world. The proof of this is often shown in the second generation of the immigrants who land here. The children born in this country of immigrants invariably have harder and higherpitched voices than their fathers and mothers. Many a time I have noted it; and the softspoken elders are in marked vocal difference from their offspring. So it must be in the air. Don't you think so?"

Two Wonderful Voices

"AND while we're on the subject of voices, one woman I know, and one man, have the most wonderful speaking voices in the world. The woman is Ada Reban; and her voice is like a rippling song, or a shaft of warm sunlight, or a shimmering spun gold. And the man? Forbes-Robertson. His voice is different from Ada Rehan's in its color and virile timbre, but wondrous in its beauty and flexibility. And these two magnificent speaking voices belong not to Americans—for Forbes-Robertson was born in England and Ada Rehan in Ireland."

A refractory slipper claimed attention at the same time that a bow of ribbon at her walat must be untangled from a knot and two hairpins shoved back into place. The three operations, calling for individual effort at feet, waist and head, were accomplished almost in one motion by the never-resting Farrar. Then the clasped hands were looped over the crossed kness and the Farrar was off again, this time concerning the slim chance the American girl with a voice gets in her own country. And again the candor:

"At present the best way the American girl can obtain her ultimate American engagement is by going abroad and profiting by a routine which we cannot give her here—make her success there so substantial as to give her a name and claim in all musical centers."

A picture above the fireplace leaned the tenth of a degree too much to port. The Farrar's quick eye had spied it, and she was up and at it in a jiffy, had altered its course south by southeast, and

was back on the divan again, stabbing another hairpin.

There is a knock at the door, and the echo of it has not ceased before the bunch of nerves on the divan has hurled

ceased before the bunch of nerves on the divan has burled itself to the door, taken the special-delivery letter, opened it, read it, thrown it on the desk and herself back to her old position.

"Reheureal tomorrow!" she says by way of explanation to the interruption. Then:

"The audiences on the other side differ from ours. The American audience is more polite. If you're not liked here they simply stay away from the opera; they may come to one performance, but politely absent themselves in the future. In that way they tell you that you bore them. But in Europe if you are not liked they tell you so plainly and unequivocally, and make no bones about it.

unequivocally, and make no bones about it.

"Oh, it's wonderful, that touch between the artist and the audience! You feel it the very instant your foot touches the stage and you come into view of each other. There's something personal and physical in the contact, like a handshake—no; it's more like a hug. And the audience seems to say to you: "We love you, and we hope you have something real and fine to show us. We're here to help you." That is why one should give the public always of the very best, and also one reason why I cannot help doing so.

"Then heart, soul and brain of you go out to them. You want to shout back as loud as you can; 'All of me—all of me—all of me—all of me you're going to have tonight! And with that help of yours I'll show you something worth while.'

(Continued on Page 61)

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

Modes of the Moment—a European Fashion Article

MONG the furbearing races the adult male of the French species easily excels. Some A fine peltries are to be seen in Italy, and there is a type of farming Englishman who wears a stiff set of burnishers projecting out round his face in a circular effect suggestive of a halo that has slipped down.

In connection with whiskers I have heard the Russians highly commended. They tell me that, from a distance, it is very hard to distinguish a muzhik from a booky dell, whereas a grand duke nearly always reminds one of something tasty and luxuriant in the line of ornamental arborwork.

The German military man specializes in mustaches, preference being given to the Texas longhorn mustacke, and the walrus and kitty-cut styles. A dehorned German officer is rarely found and a muley one is practically unknown. But the French lead all the world in whiskers - both the wildwood variety and the domesticated kind trained on a trellia. I mention this here at the outset because no Frenchman is properly dressed unless he is whiskered also; such details properly appertain to an article on European dress.

Probably every freeborn American citizen has at some time in his life cherished the dream of going to England and buying himself an outfit of English clothes-just as every woman has had hopes of visiting Paris and stocking up with Parisian gowns on the spot where they were created. and where so she assumes - they will naturally be cheaper than elsewhere. Those among us who no longer harbor these fancies are the men and women who have tried these experiments.

After she has paid the tariff on them a woman in pained to note that her Paris gowns have cost her as much as they would cost her in the United States - so I have been told by women who have invested extensively in that direction. And though a man, by the passion of the moment, may be carried away to the extent of buying

English clothes, he usually discovers on returning to his native land that they are not adapted to withstand the trying climatic conditions and the critical comments of press and public in this country. What was contemplated as a triumphal ceentrance becomes a footrace to the nearest ready-made clothing store,

English clothes are not meant for Americans, but for Englishmen to wear: that is a great cardinal truth which Americans would do well to ponder. Possibly you have heard that an Englishman's clothes fit him with an air. They do so; they fit him with a lot of air round the collar and a great deal of air through the stack of the fromers; frequently they fit him with such an air he is entirely surrounded by space, as in the case of a vacuum bottle,

Once there was a Briton whose overcoat collar hugged the back of his neck; so they knew by that he was no true

Briton, but an impostor - and they put him out of the union. In brief, the kind of English clothes best suited for an American to wear is the kind Americans make.

Shopping in London

KNEW these things in advance - or, anyway, I should have known them; nevertheless I felt our trip abroad would not be complete unless I brought back some London clothes. I took a look at the shopwindows and decided to pass up the readymade things. The coat shirt; the shaped sock; the collar that will fit the neckband of a shirt, and other common American commodities, seemed to be practically unknown in London-

The English dress shirt has such a dinky little besom on it that by rights you can-

not call it a bosom at all; it comes nearer to being what women used to call a gaimpe. Every show-window where I halted was jammed to the gunwales with thick, furzy, woolen articles and inflammatory plaid waistcouts, and articles in crash for tropical wear-even through the glass you could hear each individual crash with distinctness. The London shopkeeper adheres stendfastly to this arrangement. Into his window he puts everything he has in his shop except the customer. The customer is in the rear, with all avenues of escape expertly fenced off from him by the proprietor and the clerks; but the stock itself is in the show-window.

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. MCCUTCHEON



English Cluther are Not Mount for Americans

There are just two department stores in London where, according to the American viewpoint, the windows are attractively dressed. One of these stores is owned by an American, and the other, I believe, is managed by an American. In Paris there are many shops that are veritable jewel-boxes for beauty and taste; but these are the small specialty shops, very expensive and highly perfumed.

The Paris department stores are worse jumbles even than the English department stores. When there is a special sale under way the bargain counters are rigged up on the sidewalks. There, in the open air, buyer and seller will chaffer and bicker, and wrangle and quarrel, and kiss and make up again - for all the murld to see. One of the free nights of Paris is a fragal Frenchman, with his face extensively halred over, passing like a Skye terrier through a heap of marked-down lingerie; picking out things for the female members of his household to wear-now testing some material with his tongue; now hold. ing a most personal article up in the sunlight is examine the fabric-while the wife stands burbly, dumbly by, waiting for him to complete his selections.

So, as far as London was concerned, I declar to deny myself any extensive orgy in labedashery. From similar motives I did not inved in the lounge suit to which an Englishman is addicted. I doubted whether it would fit the lung. we have at home-though, with stretching, it might at that, My choice finally fell on an English raincoat and a pair of those baggy knee breaks such as an Englishman wears when he goes to Scotland for the moor shooting, or to the National Gallery or any other damp, misty,

rheumatic place.

I got the raincoat first. It was built to my measure; at least that was the understanding: but you give an English tailor an inch and he vil take an ell. This particular tailor seemed to labs under the impression that I was going to us my raincoat for halding large public assembles of social gatherings in nothing that I could by convinced him that I desired it for individual use so he modeled it on a generous spreading design. big at the bottom and sloping up toward the top like a pagoda. Equipped with guy ropes and a centerpole it would make a first-rate marques in a garden party in case of bad weather there freshments could be served under it; but as a raiscont I did not particularly fancy it. When I put it on I sort of reminded myself of a covered wagen

At the Sporting Tailor's

NOTHING daunted by this I looked up the address of a sporting tailor in a side street off Regent Street, whose genius was reputed to find an artistic outlet in knee breeches. Below

visiting his shop I disclosed my purpose to my traveling companion, an individual in whose judgment and goo tasts I have ordinarily every confidence, and who have way of coming directly to the meat of a subject.

"What do you want with a pair of knee breeches!"

inquired this person crisply.

"Why—er—for general sporting occasions," I replied

"For instance, what occasions?"

"For golfing," I said, "and for riding, you know. As if I should go West next fall they would come in we

handy for the shooting."

To begin with," said my companion, "you do not get The only extensive riding I have ever heard of your doll was on railroad trains. And if these knee breeche yo contemplate buying are anything like the riding breeds I have seen here in London, and if you should wear the

out West among the impulsive Wester people, there would undoubtedly be a godeal of abooting; but I doubt whether yo would enjoy it—they might hit you!"
"Look here!" I said. "Every man!

America who wears duck pants doesn't ra a poultry farm. And the presence of a sail hat in the summertime does not necessar! imply that the man under it owns a yach I cannot go back home to New York at face other and older members of the Wha I-Was-in-London Club without some surb rial credentials to show for my trip. Is firmly committed to this undertaking. not seek to dissuade me, I beg of you. M mind is set on riding breeches and I share be happy until I get them."

So saying I betook myself to the estal lishment of this sporting tailor in the sistreet off Regent Street; and there, within much difficulty, I formed the acquaintan of a salesman of suave and urbane manner With his assistance I picked out a distin tive, not to say striking, pattern in an effe of plaids. The goods, he said, were mu

of the wool of a Scotch sheep in the natural colors. Th must have some pretty fancy-looking sheep in Scotlan

This done, the salesman turned me over to a cutter, w took me to a small room where incompleted garments w hanging all about like the quartered carcasses of animi in a butcher shop. The cutter was a person who dropp his h's and then, catching himself, gathered them all !



One Bebolde

and Wanders

ful Contumes

Jame Weird

again and put them back in his speech-in the wrong places. He surveyed me extensively with a square and a measuring line, meantime taking many notes, and told me

to come back on the next day but one.

On the day named and at the hour appointed I was back. He had the garments ready for me. As, with an air of pride, he elevated them for my inspection, they seemed commodious-indeed, voluminous. I had told him, when making them, to take all the latitude he needed; but it looked now as though he had got it confused in his mind with longitude. Those breeches appeared to be constructed for cargo rather than speed.

With some internal misgivings I lowered myself into them while he held them in position, and when I had descended as far as I could go without entirely immuring myself, he buttoned the dewdahs at the knees; then be went round behind me and cinched them in abruptly, so that of a sudden they became quite snug at the waistline; the only trouble was that the waistline had moved close up under my armpits, practically eliminating about a foot and a half of me that I had always theretofore regarded as indispensable to the general effect.

Also, right in the middle of my back, up between my shoulderblades, there was a stiff, hard clump of something that bored into my spine uncomfortably. I could feel it

guite plainly lumpy and rough.
"'Ow's that, sir?" he cheerily asked me, over my shoulder; but it seemed to me there was a strained, nervous note in his voice. "A bit of all right-sh, sir?"

"Well," I said, standing on tiptoe in an effort to see over the top, "you've certainly behaved very generously toward me-I'll say that much. Midships there appears to be

about four or five yards of material I do not actually need in my business, being, as it happens, neither a harem lavorite nor a professional sackrucer. And they come up so high I'm afraid people will think the gallant coastdevice and are bringing me ashore through the aurf."

"You'll be wanting them a bit loose, sir, you know," he interjected, still snuggling close behind me, "All our gratiemen like them loose."

Futile Surgery

OH, VERY well," I said: "perhaps these things are more details. However I would be under deep obligations to you if you'd change 'em from backentine to schooner rig, and lower away this gaff-topsail which now sticks up under my chin, so that I can luff and come up in the wind without capming. And say, what is that hard hump between my shoulders?"

"Nothing at all, sir," he said hastily; and now I knew he was flurried. "I run fix that, air - in a jiffy, sir."

"Anybow, please come round here in front where I can converse more freely with you on the subject," I said. I was becoming suspicious that all was not well with me tack there where he was lingering. He came reluctantly,

still half-embracing me with one arm.

Petulantly I wrested my form free, and instantly those breeches seemed to leap outward in all directions away from me. I grabbed for them, and barely in time I got agrip on the yawning top hem. Peering down the cavelike

orince that now confronted me I saw two spectral white columns, and recognized them as my own legs. In the same instant, also, I realized what that hard clump against my spine was, because when he took his hand away the clump was gone. He had been stunding back there with some eight or nine inches of superfluous waistband bunched up in his fist.

The situation was embarrassing, and it would have been still more embarrassing had I elected to go forth wearing my breeches in their then state, because, to avoid talk, he would have had to go along too, walking immediately behind me and holding up the slack. And such a spectacle, with me filling the tonness and he hack behind on

the rumble, would have caused comment undoubtedly. That pantsmaker was up a stump! He looked reproachfully at me, chidingly at the breeches and sternly at the tapemeasure - which he wore draped round his neck like a pet snake—as though he felt convinced one of us was at fault, but could not be sure which one.

Pheasure Showing

ir the Last Word in the English Sporting Calendar

I'm afraid, sir," he said, "that your figure is changing." "I guess you're right," I replied with gentle irony. well as I can judge I'm not as tall as I was day before

/Nah

The French Lond All the World in Whitepers

yesterday by at least eighteen inches. And I've mislaid my diaphragm somewhere, haven't 17"

"Ave them off, please, sir," he said resignedly. "I'll 'ave to alter them to conform, sir. Come back tomorrow.'

I had them off and he altered them to conform, and I went back on the morrow; in fact I went back so often that after a while I became really quite attached to the place. I felt almost like a member of the firm. Between calls from me be worked on those breeches. He cut them

up and he cut them down; he sheared the back away and shingled the front, and shifted the buttons to and fro.

Still, even after all this, they were not what I should term an unqualified success. When I sat down in them they seemed to climb up on me so high, fore and aft, that I felt as shortwaisted as a crush but in a state of repose. And the only way I could get my hands into the hip pockets of those breeches was to take the breeches of first. Finally I told him to send them, just as they were, to my hotel address-and I paid the bill.

I brought them home with me. On the day after my arrival I took them to my regular tailor and laid the case before him. I tried them on for him and asked him to tell me. as man to man, whether anything could be done to make those garments habitable. He called his cutter into consultation and they went over me carefully, meantime uttering those commiserating clucking sounds one tailor always utters when examining another tailor's bandiwork.

After this my tailor took a lump of chalk and charted out a kind of Queen Resemond's maze of crossmarks on my bresches and said I might leave them, and that if surgery could save them he would operate. At any rate he guaranteed to cut them away sufficiently to admit of my

breestbone coming out into the open once more.

In a week-about -he called me on the telephone and broke the sad news to me. My English riding pants would never ride me again. In using the elears he had made a fatal slip and had irreparably damaged them in an essentini locality. However, he said I need not worry, because it might have been worse; from what he had already cut out of them he had garnered enough material to make me a nest outing coat, and by scrimping he thought he might get a waistcoat to match.

Pike's Peak or Bust

HAVE my English raincoat; it is I still in a virgin state so far as wearing it is concerned. I may yet wear it and I may not. If I wear it and you meet me on the street-and we are strangers-you should experience no great difficulty in recognizing me. Just start in at almost any spot on the outer orbit and walk round and round as though you were circling a nideshow tent looking for a chance to crawl under

the canvas and see the curiosities for nothing; and after a while, if you keep on walking as directed, you will come to a person with a plain but substantial face, and that will be me in my new English raincoat.

Then again I may wear it to a fancy-dress ball sometime. In that case I shall stencil Pike's Peak or Bust! on the sidebreadth and go as a prairie schooner. If I can surveed in training a Missouri bound-dog to trail along immediately behind me the illusion will be perfect.

After these two experiences with the English tailor I gave up. Instead of trying to wear the apparel of the foreigner I set myself to the study of it. I would avoid falling into the habit of making comparisons between European institutions and American Institutions that are forever favorable to the American side of the argument.

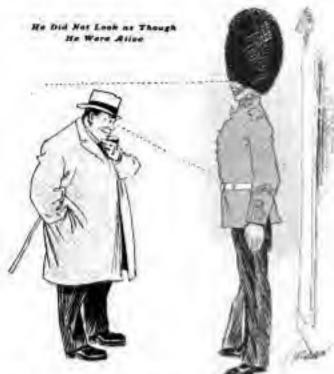
To my way of thinking there is only one class of tourist-Americans to be encountered abroad worse than the class who go into bysterical rapture over everything they see merely because it is European, and that is the class who condemn offhand everything they see and find fault with everything merely because it is not American. But I must say that in the matter of outer habilments the American man wins the decision on points nearly every whack.

In his evening early, which generally fits him, but which generally is not pressed as to trouserlegs and coatsleeves, the Englishman makes an exceedingly good appearance. The swallow-tailed coat was created for the Englishman and he for it; but on all other occasions the well-dressed American leads him-leads the world, for that matter.

When a Frenchman attires himself in his fanciest regalia he succeeds in merely looking effeminate; whereas a German, under similar circumstances, hears a wadded-in. bulged-out, stuffed-up appearance.

I never saw a German in Germany whose hat was not too small for him - just as I never saw a Japanese in Occidental garb whose hat was not too large (or him - if it was a derby hat. If a German has on a pair of trousers that





flare out at the hottom and a coat with angel sheeves —I think that is the correct technical term—and if the front of his coat is spangled over with the largest-sized horn buttons obtainable he regards himself as being dressed to the minute.

As for the women, I believe even the supercritical mantuamakers of Paris have begun to concede that, as a nation, the American women are the best-dressed women on earth. The French women have a way of arranging their hair and of wearing their hats and of draping their furs about their throats that is artistic beyond comparison. There may be a word in some felks' dictionaries fitly to describe it—there is no such word in mine; but when you have said that much you have said all there is to say. A French woman's feet are not shod well. French shoes, like all European shoes, are chimsy and awkward looking.

English children are well dressed because they are simply dressed; and the children themselves, in contrast to the overdressed, overly aggressive youngsters so frequently encountered in America, are mannerly and self-effacing, and have same, simple, childish tastes. Young English girls are fresh and natural, but frequently frampy; and the English married woman is generally dressed in poor taste and appears to have a most limited wardrobe. Apparently the husband buys all he wants, and then, if there is any money left over, the wife gets it to spend on herself.

Venturing one morning into a London chapel I saw a dowdy little woman of this type kneeling in a pew, chanting the responses to the service. Her blouse gaped open all the way down her back and she was saying with much fervor, "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done." She had too, but she didn't know it, as she knelt there unconsciously supplying a personal illustration for the spoken line.

The typical highborn English woman has pale blue eyes, a fine complexion and a clear-cut, rather expressionless face with a profile suggestive of the portraits seen on English postage stamps of the early Victorian period; but in the arranging of the hair any French shoppirl could give her lessons, and any smart American woman could teach her a lot about the knack of wearing clothes with distinction. Without setting up as an authority on dress I would like to add that the men and women of the other European countries we visited did not dress at all. They merely wore garments to cover themselves.

Foreign Clothes on Soldiers and Others

In England, that land of caste which is rigid enough to be cast iron, all men, with the exception of petty tradespeople, dress to match the vocations they follow. In America no man stays put—he either goes forward to a circle above the one into which he was born or he slips back into a lower one; and so he dresses to suit himself or his wife or his tailor. But in England the professional man advertises his calling by his clothes.

Extreme stage types are ordinary types in London. No Southern silver-tongued orator of the old-time, string-tied, slouch-hatted, long-haired variety ever clong more closely to his official makeup than the English barrister clings to his spats, his shad-belied coat and his eyegiass dangling on a cord. At a glance one knows the medical man or the journalist, the military man in undress or the gentleman farmer; also, by the same easy method, one may know the workingman and the penny postman. The workingman has a cap on his head and a neckerchief about his throat, and the legs of his cordurey trousers are tied up below the knees with strings—else he is no workingman.

When we were in London the postmen were threatening to go on strike. From the papers I gathered that the points in dispute had to do with better bours and better pay; but if they had been striking against having to wear the kind of cap the British Government makes a postman wear, their cause would have had the cordial support and intense sympathy of every American in town.

It remains for the English clerk to be the only Englishman who seeks, by the clothes he wears in his hours of ease, to appear as something more than what he really is. Off duty he fairly dotes on the high hat of commerce. Prequently be sports it in connection with an exceedingly short and bobby sackcoat, and trousers that are four or five inches too short in the legs for him.

The Parisian shopman harbors similar ambitions—
only he supresses them with more attention to detail.
The noon hour arriving, the French shophand doffs his apron and his sir of deference. He puts on a high hat and a frock coat that have been on a peg behind the door all the murning, gathers up his cane and his gloves; and, becoming on the instant a swagger and a swaggering boulevardiar, he saunters to his favorite sidewalk cafe for a cordial glassful of a pink or green or purple drink. When his little hour of glory is over and done with he returns to his counter, sheds his grandeur and is once more your homble and ingratiating servitor.

In residential London on a Sunday afternoon one technide some weird and wonderful costumes. On a Sunday afternoon in a sub-soburb of a Kensington suburb I saw, possing through a drah, sadaide street, a little Cockney man with the sketchy nose and unfinished features of his breed. He was presumably going to church, for be carried a large Testament under his arm. He wore, among other things, a pair of white apats, a long-tailed cost and a high hat. It was not a regular high hat, either, but one of those trick-performing hats which, on signal, will play dead and his dagge or else sit up and beg. And he was riding a bicycle of an ancient vintage!

The most impressively got-up civilians in England—or in the world, either, for that matter—are the assistant managers and the deputy eashiers of the hig London botels. Compared with them the lilies of the field are as lilies in the bulb. Their collars are higher, their ties are more resplendent, their frock coats more floppy as to the tail and more flappy as to the lapel, than it is possible to imagine until you have seen it all with your own wondering eyes.

They are baughty creatures, two, sustage and full of a starchy dignity; but when you come to pay your bill you find at least one of them lined up with the valet and the waiter, the manueryant and the maidservant, the ux and the ass, hand out and palm open to get his tip. Having tipped him you depurt feeling emobiled and uplifted—as though you had conferred a pure of gold on a marquis.

With us it is the dress of the women that gives life and color to the shifting show of street life. In Europe it is the soldier—and in England the private soldier particularly. The German private soldier is too still, the French private soldier is too limber, and the Italian private soldier has been away from the dry-cleaner's too long; but the British Tommy Atkins is a perfect piece of work—what with his dinky cap tilted over one eye, and his red tunic that fits him

without blemish or wrinkle, and his snappy little swagger stick flirting the air. As a picture of a first-class lighting man I know of but one to match him, and he is a khaki-clad, service-hatted Yankee regular. Long may he wave!

There may be something finer in the way of a military spectacle than the change of horseguards at Whitehall or the march of the festguards arrows the green in St. James' Park on a fine, bright morning—but I do not know what it is. One day, passing Buckingham Palace, I came on a footguard on duty in one of the little sentry boxes just outside the walls. He did not look as though he were alive. He looked as though he had been stuffed and mounted by a most expert taxidermist. From under his hearskin shake and from

over his brazen chin-strap his face stared out unwinking and solemn and barren of thought. I said to myself: "It is tak-

ing a long chance; but I shall ascertain whether this party has any human emotions." So I halted directly in front of him and began starting fixedly at his midriff as though I saw a button unfastened there or a buckle disarranged. For a space of minutes I kept my gaze on him without cessation.

Finally the situation gree painful; but it was not that British grenadier who grew embarrassed and fidgety—it was the other party to the transaction. His gaze never shifted, his eyes never wavered—but I came away feeling all wriggly.

In no outward regard whatsoever do the soldiers on the Continent compare with the soldiers of the British arcipelago. When he is not on actual duty the German private is always going somewhere in a great hurry with something belonging to his superior officer—usually a riding horse or a specially heavy valise. On duty and off he wears that woodenness of expression—or, rather, that wooden lack of expression—which is found nowhere in such flower of perfection as on the faces of German soldiers and German top.

The Germans prove they have a sense of humor by requiring their soldiers to march on parade with the good step; and the French prove they have none at all by incaing the defenseless legs of their soldiers in those foolist red-flannel pants that are manufactured in such profusion up at the Panthéon.

Fashion Notes for Soldiers

In THE event of another war between the two nations I anticipate a frightful mortality among pants—especially if the French forces should be retreating. The German soldier is not a particularly good marksman as marksman go, but he would have to be the worst shot in the world to miss a pair of French pants that were going away from him.

Still, when all is said and done, there is something exertially Frenchy about those red pants. There is something in their length that instinctively suggests Toulon, something in their breadth that makes you think of Toulous. I realize that this joke, as it stands, is weak and imperied. If there were only another French scaport called Toulouse I could round it out and improve it structurally.

If the English private soldier is the trimmest, the Austrian officer is the most beautiful to look on. As Austrian officer is gaudier than the door-opener of a London cafe or the porter of a Paris hotel. He achieves effects in gaudiness that even the Italian officer cannot equal.

The Italian officer is uddicted to cock feathers and borsetalls on his belinet—to bits of yellow and blue let into his clathes—to tufts of red and green hung on him in unexpected and unaccountable spots. Either the design of bottled Italian chianti is modeled after the Italian officer or the Italian officer is modeled after the buttled chiantiwhich, though, I am not prepared to say without further study of the subject.

The Austrian officer is the walking sunset effect of frastion. For color schemes I know of nothing in Nature to equal him except the Grand Caffon of the Colorado. Clirus parades are unknown in Austria—they are not missed either; after an Austrian officer a street parade would seen a colorless and commonplace thing. In his uniform be ruce to striking contrasts—canary yellow, with light blue facings, silvers and grays; bright greens with scarlet slashings and so on.

His collar is the very highest of all high collars and the heaviest with embroidery; his cloak is the longest and the widest; his hoots the most varnished; his sword-his the broadest and the shinlest; and the medals on his bosom are the most numerous and the most glittering. All Flingling and John Philip Sousa would take one look at

(Centinued on Page 56)



ENSON'S DAY By Mary Stewart Cutting

BENSON CLARK, hat in hand, sat in the gilded lobby of the hotel, with its pictorial pink-and-green frescoed walls, just outside the gayly musical tearoom, where dancers tangoed carefully between its tables. His lean face—still young in spite of those deep lines in it, as though he had been pulling upstream for a long time-was bent eagerly forward, and his keen eyes, under their straight brows, watched the revolving entrance doors for the first glimpse of Cecelie's light figure liting in, in that graceful way she had, with her golden head held high. It was a girl's privilege to be late, of course, though he had traveled for two days to see her and should have the following night.

He had been waiting a long time, but so had

It began to seem like a mysterious game, in which the people who were seated watched for those who did not appear, while the newcomers eagerly scanned the lines for those who were not there—only at far intervals two figures scored by matching, in joyful, subdued surprise, before hurrying off together.

Benson was not a dweller in the big cityonly coming here on rure trips, like the present, from the mining town he happened to be in. All the sights and sounds—the environment, the people - had for the moment an agreeable foreignness that produced a vague exhibiration in addition to that absorbing prospect of meeting Cecelie, but with some vaguely depressing undercurrent, because as yet she and not come.

He had forborne to sean too closely the faces of the throng near him for fear of finding some hampering acquaintance—he had

traveled enough to be apt to meet people he knew in any scene—but new a large-busted, bare-throated lady, rising from the chair beside him, revealed just beyond a stender, prettily dressed young woman with a delicate profile about which there seemed to grow something pleasingly familiar. As his eyes rested on her she dropped her mult and, reaching for it, let fall a pair of gloves and a pockethook. The next instant he was before her, stooping for them.

"Allow me, Mrs. Variey! Ferhaps you don't remember

me, Benson Clark."
"Oh, I do! I do!" cried Mrs. Varley. A presty fluids overspread her face as she reached out her hand impulsively to him. "To think that it is eight years since we met, when Ferd and I were on our wedding trip! And you were so good! How did you happen to recognize me?"

"I didn't quite until you began dropping things!" he answered with a smile, seating himself beside her, still conscious, as he talked, of every person who passed or entered the revolving doors, with that dual perception that was one of his characteristics. "That brought everything

"Wasn't itselfy!" said Mrs. Varley. Hereyesshone with delighted reminiscence as she began talking faster and faster. "And wasn't Ferd cross! I think people on their wedding trip are too funny for anything-neither one knows what the other is going to get deeply injured at. I can see his face now as he was introducing you to me on the hotel steps, and all my letters blew away, and the comb fell out of my hair, and the cologne bettle dropped from my bag and smashed!"

"You Inughed," said Benson admonishingly.

"Yes; and that only made things worse. I think Ferd was morbidly afraid that people would think me childish and awkward—and he wanted me to seem perfect!" Her eyes brimmed happily. "You were so lovely that day taking us to dinner and for the drive, and never forgetting me for a moment; and showing all the time that you knew Ferd was really fine, when he was so miserable and grumpy. and couldn't say a word-not a hit like a honeymomer! Real things turn out so different from the way you dream them, don't they? We've often laughed over that day since—but we've always loved to talk of you. I nearly called my youngest child Clark! Are you married?"

"Why not? You ought to be-a man like you!"

He offered the official masculine answer:

"I can't get anybody to have me. It's true! You have

more than one child?"

"Four!" She flashed a proud glance at him. youngest is two-so grown up! I haven't any baby any Her tone seemed to have a divine half-regret in it. She broke off: "What have you been doing all this time?"

"Working-mostly." He hesitated slightly before going on; something in her clear eyes seemed to draw him



to further speech. "You spoke of real things being different from one's dreams of them-don't you think we ever 'dream' true?"

She shook her head.

'No! Dreams turn out better, often; but, so far as the details go, always different. It's strange how clever they are in eluding us! I always thought my husband would have a tenor voice-and he's Ferd! Oh, here he is now! Ferd, who do you think this le?"

"I guess I won't have to go very far to find out," said

Mr. Varley heartily.

He had none of the graces of his wife; but in his large and slightly shabby aspect as a family man his kind smile. shining as through a dusty baze of business preoccupation, showed him to be the good fellow he was. Wealth was evidently one of the dreams that had not materialized.

They all stood talking together, both men with a little tender, chivalrous attitude toward pretty Mrs. Varley in the midst of the more jovial manuer. When the couple parted from Benson, after an eager invitation for a future meeting, he sat down once more and watched them as they went off together, with a sort of God-bless-you-my-children feeling, though Varley ranked him by half a dozen years.

It made him somehow feel lonely. Just this big, simple, commonplace happiness of theirs was what he had grown to long for more than anything else in the world, though the chances seemed less and less that he would ever have it; the mere idea of linking Cecelle with it was like tethering a will-o'-the-wisp to one's hearthstone. All through the pleasant conversation he had been conscious of a gradual sinking of the heart.

The lobby was thinning out; people had drifted off. He realized now-what he had known from the first, with a toreissding to which he had refused to give heed-that she would not-after all her promises-come to meet him. The fact struck him hard.

It was over four years since they had first met; they had spent a month in the same summer camp together. He had not really known that he had fallen in love until he had gone home-perhaps because the more fact of being with her had absorbed all power of thought. She was a veritable gleam of a girl-when you left her everything else seemed dark and you could not tell in just what her charm lay. She had that magnetic drawing power which is often independent of the will of its possessor, and which, once felt by the victim, refuses to release its hold.

She was slender and not so tall as she looked; her hair was golden; her eyes varied in color with her mood; she had a pearly skin, and a red mouth that was as lovely when it drooped as when it smiled.

They swam and fished, and had played tennis, danced and driven together. She was what is called a good sport. They had tramped in the rain, and they had read lying out under the trees in the sun; she broke her engagements with every one else for him. She had the courage of her delightfully audacious mosds-you never could tell what she might say or do!-and she had also the most irrational timidities, out of which she could not be argued. She had a physical elusiveness that partook of her quality of light.

As soon as Benson reached home he had written to her, asking her to marry him. She had replied very sweetly, pleading for time to decide. He had kissed the letter rapturously, with a fatuous vision of the happiness to be his,

It had been a stern chase ever since. She had never come to any decision - except that he had better give up caring for her, though

abe would miss him terribly if he did. They had corresponded voluminously. Heavens! What hours he had spent writing to her from his bare room in the hotel in the Far Western town! What anguished days when her replies were delayed!

He had been on once or twice a year to see her, flying visits looked forward to passionately for months—only to fall of all satisfaction but that of letting his hungry eyes rest on her in the intervals of her many engagements, and leaving her surrounded by a host of men, with the anguished thought that if he could only stay he might win her. She wrote birn candidly of all she was doing scant comfort

There was the letter in which she thought it right to tell him that she had fallen in love with a young officer, home on leave. Benson would always remember the night after he received that letter - he had walked and walked, out of the town and along the railroad track that stretched lonesomely across the prairie-walked until the gray dawn drove him back, his face drawn and his eyes burnt out as if from the heat of the fires of hell. It was two weeks before he heard from her again; then she said, thank goodness, the officer was gone: and she hated every man but Benson.

Then there was that time he would always remember by what he had missed—it was just after his last visit—when she had been too unkind, and in one of her audacious flights she had journeyed thirty-six hours by train to the town where he then fived to tell him how dreadfully sorry she was, and take the return train that left in an hour. And then, in a panie of maiden timidity when she alighted at the etation, she had taken that return train without seeing him! She had written and confessed it all. And she had been

After that had come the period when she not only hated men but Benson among them, and had left the world to work among the little children in a settlement for two or three months - and was quite happy because, for once, she was some good in the world-or would have been happy if it were not for a strange feeling at times that there was something wrong about her; she could not seem to really love any one-not even him!--and so would have to miss what luckier women had. Then she had come back to society gayer than ever.

And once-he reddened now as he remembered thathe had captured her masterfully in his arms and kissed her. She had stood quite still, with an icy disdain that took all the fire from his blood.

"Well, I never! If here isn't my little Bennie again!"

A clear voice, with a strong English accent, brought him instantly to his feet as a tall lady, passing with a largely mustached gentleman, beld out her hand. She had brilliant auburn hair, eyes of intense blue, with artificial shadows below them, and a high color so natural that it flooded her face as she spoke. Her clinging green silk gown, adorned with dabs of fur, revealed an angular yet graceful thinness; she were a small straw hat, trimmed with pink resebuds, gold braid and a mauve feather, on her vivid hair.

"Mrs. Butsford-Wring!"

"Well, we do meet, don't we? It was the Rawkies last. I haven't a moment now; but come and see us-we're visitin' friends at the Ayreslea. Do now!"

"I'd like to; but I leave tomorrow night," Benson called after her as she hurried on. Everybody was kind

but Cecelie!

Benson had hurried, on his arrival the evening before, to the big house where she lived with her father. After her last letter be had telegraphed her that he was coming. Heaven only knows with what dreams he always came! She was lovelier than ever as she lifted across the floor to greet him, with her golden head thrown back and her laughing eyes raised to his. She seemed very glad to see him.

The room was filled with a family party. He had talked to her iron-visaged banker father, to large and smiling Aunt Ida, thin and joking Uncle Henry, and fragile ald Cousin Bella, who seemed held together with such difficulty that

she might dissolve at any minute.

After his first blank dismay he had been patiently sure of a reward. It came as he was leaving-Cerelie had asked him to meet her at the Venetia at half past four the next day, and they would have their afternoon uninterrupted. And, after all, she had not come! Oh, she never kept her promises—she fooled you every time! What would have allenated in another was only a deeper allure in her; she drew like a magnet, whatever she did. Why must she always fly from him when he was near?

He had an incredibly insistent vision of following after her down a long, dark street of years, when, as fast as she fled, he gradually gained and gained until his arms closed tight round her: and imstead of standing icily still in that embrace she leaned to him, with her warm lips upraised to

his. Different, Indeed, from the reality!

In the intense bitterness that surged over him now existence seemed nameating; this state of things was capping at the very roots of life. What a spineless thing he had become! He swore to himself in an acress of cold fury that, one way or another, this time the thing should end.

There she was now-coming down the corridor, with a slight, pale girl and two men, one dark, supercillous and foreign, the other a tall boy, leaning over her entranced. As Benson jumped up she detached herself from the group and run forward to meet him, her light figure, under its long fur stole, arrayed in something blue and ahimmery that puffed out above and narrowed down close round her slender ankies, the blue feather in her little hat tilting as she stepped.

"Ah, Cecelle!"

As she stretched out both hands sheer delight filled him; her lovely face broke into an irredistible amile when her eye met his, as one who owns herself caught, and confesses and defies and pleads all at once. When she looked like that you could not help smiling too.

"You don't know how awfully attractive and gloomy you looked sitting there, with your head on your hand— I actually didn't recognize you!" She stopped short and stared at him blankly. "You don't mean to say you've been waiting for me here all the afternson?"

"Oh, I've been strolling round part of the time," he replied with a startled glance at the clock. "I'd no idea it

was so late; but everything's all right, now you've come." "Oh, but I haven't l" she mourned. "I'm with a party-It was an old engagement. When I found I couldn't meet you I telephoned you. I felt dreadfully about it."

"All right; we'll let it go at that," said Berson gayly. "Leave your friends now and come with me!"

Her eyes sparkled.

"Very well-I will! Oh, no-1 can't!" She looked genuinely distressed. There's a girl I can't leave-what a shame! I'll tell you-you come with us; it was one of the things I tried to telephone you about. We are to dine and go to the theater!" Her lips took on their coaxing smile; her eyes plunged into his. "Do! You shall sit by me all the time-I promise you."

His face changed. "No."

"Oh, dear! You make me so unhappy!" She gazed at him in tender concern, with that provocative effect of sweetly giving that meant—as he knew so well-instant withdrawal if one presumed on it. "Why do you take everything so seriously?" Her voice dropped to a pleading tone. "Why won't you be good and come with us?

Because I'm tired of only seeing you with a ruck of other people. Will you be home temorrow morning?

Her eyes grew auddenly misty.

"Why, yes!" She added hastily: "I

have to go out at eleven.

Benson smiled, a peculiar smile that gave an oddly sweet expression to his worn face and a keeper glance to his eyes. "This time I'll be there before you go out," he said significantly.

TT WAS, in fact, hardly half past ben when Cecelie came slowly lilting down

the brownstone steps of the house, dressed in sober gray. with big gray furs, and a little gray hat pulled down closely over her lovely golden head. She looked thoughtfully up and down the street-the air was cold, the pale blue sky full of white and wandering clouds that had come over from the countryside across the river. Down the block some little children were roller-skuting with gay crise, and no one else in sight, as she excually assured herself. As she gazed a limousine waiting opposite whirled round, stopped, and Benson jumped out, lifting his hat as he came toward her.

"Good morning! I told you you rouldn't escape me

this time.

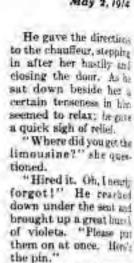
"Oh, but I was coming back-honestly! I was, indeed. was only going up to the sewing school," she protested tastily. "I left word for you to wait for me. I

She stopped abort suddenly and began to laugh, her eye resting on him with involuntary approval. He looked extremely well greemed and was dressed with particular nicely. His lavender tie harmonized with his brown suit and hig overcoat, and the soft hat was brown of a slightly lighter shade; his gloves were of the freshest. His face, usually pale, had a color in it, and his laughing eyes seemed peculiarly bright. A new exhilaration breathed from bim.

"But I'll go back to the house now. Come on in!"

No: that's not necessary. I'll take you on to your sewing school—or whatever it is. Let me help you in.





the pin. "I thought I smile! something very awar," she said gratefully, buying her flowerlike face in them. "Confess! Didn't you regret not coming with me last night?"

"Infinitely!" His bright gaze rested on ker. "I went to see some nice people I'd met in the afternoon - they're wer happy and have four this dren; you wouldn't la interested to hear of them, But I couldn't stay. Tars a man I knew found me and I didn't get rid of him. until he became intocated. I was wild for you! But I shouldn't have

fitted in with your party. I'd have knifed your dark friend and just naturally choked that slobbering youth. To-young girl wouldn't have enjoyed herself. What's to-

Fou Could

Het Tolt in Jart

Her Charm Lay

matter'

"Oh, Benson, I wish you wouldn't care for me so much!" said Cerelie. Her sym were full of tours. She put out by alim, gray-gloved hand and laid it on his contalegue lightly for an instant. "If you knew how I'd thought short you! I

"Haven't you cared sometimes too - a little?"

"Yes-oh, yes-lots! When you're away you seem to near to me; I fancy each time before I see you that it's going to he -And then it isn't! I only want to get away! I've tried and tried to make myself love you, lot there's some dreadful twist in me. I cry sometimes because you're so good to me-honest I do! I couldn't bear jor not to care for me any more?" Her golden cyclosia drooped; her breath caught. "I've thought sometime I'd get married and trust to the love coming afterwardbut I know I'd go crazy if I felt that I couldn't get frei There was something left out of my composition when the Lord made me-I just can't care for any one."

She buried her tearful face against the violets, to if lit comfort from their soft and fragrant depths.

"I wouldn't feel that way about it," said Benson. Something in his voice made her look up suddenly; her gaze took in the outer scene and her voice changed.

"Why, Benson! We've gone ever so far beyond Fifty first Street! This is One Hundred and Fourth."

"Yes: I believe it is," he answered, his eyes following her, "That's all right, though."

"All right!" What do you mean?" "Why"-he fumbled for words under her direct and indignant gaze-"why, it's this way, Cocelieheaven's sake, don't look at me like that! Don't get an foolishness into your head! I'm not running away with you. But you never will give me a chance to see you aloo! and speak for myself; so this time I've taken it. You're going to spend this day with me." He put up his land detainingly as she made a movement forward. "There's no use in your talking to the chauffeur—he's fixed. I'm got it all planned out-I'm going to take you up into the country to Paley's. I telegraphed Mrs. Paley from the hotel this morning. I hear there's almost gobody therethis time in the week. We'll have a walk in the wood afterward and there'll be the long ride home. It's my last You'll either consent to marry me this eve dear-ob, in your father's house! - and go back with me temorrow morning, or I drop out, so far as you are outcarned. There'll be no more of me ever.'

"You want me to marry you tonight?"

"That's what I said!"

She laughed.

"It does sound funny, doesn't it?" he answered with a responsive smile. "Hello!"

The car had slightly slackened its pace in avoiding a rob struction wagon that took up all the road. Swift as light ning Cecelie's hand was on the catch of the door- in another instant Benson's arms were round her, dragging her back while she fought him wildly. Then there was a moment's erer and silent struggle until he held both her hands in his apable grip, and gently forced her down on the seat.

"Don't do that again!" he ordered sternly, "You little vildeat! Do you want to kill yourself?"

"You're not behaving like a gentleman!" she flared at

im furiously. "All right; let it go at that."

"You're making me hate you-really!"

"Very well, only don't try jumping out again. It won't sork! You can't catch me off my guard." His voice langed irritably. "For-heaven's-sake! Can't I for nce have what I want-when it's so little-without all

his fuss about it? You know you'd go off for motor ride with any one else without turning

Her face contracted, she moved herself dishisfully as far away from him as possible into he blue-cushioned corner, her gray furs half ound her. Her hair tooked very golden, her kin very pearly, her lips very red-but there m a stony look in the gray eyes that gazed ast him. Benson's eyes were fixed on her.

They were whirling along now over the postold under the wintry sky, away beyond the anilnes of the city, with woods or fields or sentand houses on each side, and an occasional aleway leading into one of the big country izes. They rode on and on and on - in silence. Never had her magnetic charm been greater; et, with the quick perception of a lover, lesson was conscious that in this apparent arces of his temporary capture of her he had at something a slight instinctive leaning ward him, which he had always felt unerbrly under all her caprices, had changed, with is merest hint of compulsion, into a steely sistance that might turn at any moment to downright dislike.

He grimly foresaw only failure at the end of b day; yet his exhibaration remained. Who int says he has no hope really has none? We s shend in life by counting the milestones to to lopes we never reach! He wondered how such her pretty shows cost, with a tender sense possession; for the time being she was his

Suddenly Cocelle hid her face in her armschook from head to foot.

"What's the matter?" he asked, bending or in quick distress, "Cecelle—you're not sling so badly as that, dear? Cecelle!"

'Don't!" she said in a strangled voice, and iddenly raised her face. She was shaking with nghter. "Oh, dear!" she gasped. "It's all operfectly ridiculous! You sit looking at me, th your eyes getting higger and higger, like loui's. It's anything but se-se-ductive! Oh, ar!" Her voice rose piercingly in peal after al, with a caught breath in between.

"Stop!" said Benson peremptorily as her sice became a hysterical shriek. "Stop! up! Stop! The people in the two cars that st passed us are looking back - one is turning und! We'll have the police after us. Step,

scelle! Stop, I say!" "I can't! I can't!"

"Yes, you can. You hear me? You must!"

"I can't! I can't!"

"You must!" The contagion of a smile med to his own face, but the centrol in his ice reached her. "There, there! You're tting up a little. Lie back in the cushions id rest. Heavens! What a care you are to

"Yes; I hope you realize that!" she said fantly. "I don't see what you brought me it for if you're only going to sit and stare at

"Oh, we've got plenty of time to talk. For e thing, I was wondering how much your thes cost-I see you'll be an awful bill of pense to me! But I fancy I can stand it— re been saving up for four years." His voice

anged. "Another thing I was thinking of: You rememr that Last Ride, by Browning, you used to read to me in aine? I'm not much on poetry, you know, but I liked at. I was imagining now how we might go on like this rever-in a limousine! That's modernizing it with a ngeance, isn't it? I'm counting a lot on that ride back is evening. Suppose the world did end tonight?"

"Benson, don't!" she said plaintively. "I'm beginning feel queer." She put out her hand with an appealing tle gesture. Her red lips quivered; her lovely eyes ught his.

"Benson! Benson, I'm tired! If you love me take me ome. You don't know how nice I'll be to you; honest, I ill! Please do."

He looked at her searchingly-her eyes shifted; her eyelida fell. He smiled and slowly shook his head.

"Sorry; but I can't."

She flushed hotly and drew quickly over into her corner. "Then take the consequences!" she said, and turned her face from him.

111

PALEY'S was ninety miles from town. In summer it was a charming place-all a green latticework of dining balconies overlooking the woodland and the inlet; but in the frozen winter it had a somewhat chilly and meretricious air - like a lady in low-necked muslin standing on the ice. The small room, however-empty as Benson had hoped



"Oh! Oh. You Must Setters Me New!"

it would be was warm with crimson rugs and a leaping time. fire; the cloth on the little table set for two seemed dazalingly white, the silver and glass on the naken shelves unusually glittering. There was an atmosphere of warmth and hominess about the place; Mrs. Paley herself, rosycheeked and white-aproped, came forward to welcome them, and led Cecelie away to take off her wraps.

The little meal, when it was served, was charming, the waiter assiduous-his eyes popping out intermittently like rabbits from behind a bush. The only drawback was that Cerelie, lovelier than ever in the glow of the fire, sat with one elbow on the table, her head turned away, looking out the window at the frozen inlet and the tall lightningscarred tree in the distance - in the far top of which dangled

something that the waiter explained was a fish-hawk's deserted nest-and refused, in spite of Benson's consternation, to even taste anything.

"But don't let that make any difference to you," she

urged amiably. "Eat all you want."
"Oh, I will!" he replied coolly, yet with a chagrin it was impossible not to feel.

He had looked forward to that little meal alone with her, had been boyishly desirous that everything should be of the best, and that it should please her. He was a hungry man; but it is hard to eat enjoyingly through a bill-of-fare with a speechless vis-à-vis who will not so much as drink a glass of water with you. The waiter's assiduity became

> more and more agitated; he bent lower and lower with each dish, until he seemed almost to be proffering it on hended knee to the beautiful lady, who always refused.
>
> There were voluble, half-heard conversa-

> tions in the kitchen. Mrs. Paley herself appeared again, deeply solicitous. Was there anything the young lady would like? It could be cooked in a moment. Cecelle's golden hahes lifted; her eyes responded sweetly as well as

"Thank you so much; but I really don't

want anything."

Benson could hardly help fondly smiling at the effect she produced; but he pushed his dessert away from him untasted at last.

"I would like to shake you!" he stated

soberly.

"Well, I never!" said a clear voice, with an English accent. "Well, we do meet, don't we?" Benson turned and sprang to his feet. From

the side door the auburn-haired Mrs. Batsford-Wring was approaching. She were the furry green silk and yellow straw hat, with a motoring coat over her arm, and was followed by the gentleman of the night before, tall and robustly hony, with a big mustache slightly streaked with gray, well-cut features, and a military bearing.

"What a surprise!" said Benson, shaking

"This is my brother, Captain Hawkly, just back from Inja," announced Mrs. Batsford-Wring. "Ob, I've told him about me little Bennie! The motor broke down with us; we left it in the road with the chauffeur, and came over here for some tea before taking the train to town."

"Miss Sherwood, this is my friend, Mrs. Batsford-Wring, who nearly saved my life once-when I was ill at Baden-and earned my undying gratitude-and her brother, Captain Hawkly," said Benson formally, "Miss Sherwood is the daughter of Mr. Nevitt. Sherwood, of whom you may have heard."

"How d'ye do? Some people are so particular about whom they meet when they're travelin'-but I'm nawt," said Mrs. Batsford-Wring pleasantly, with a stare at Cecelie, who was deeply observing in her turn, while the captain's glance fell on her, with the instantly resulting gleam. "Bennie's not tellin', though, of the time he pulled me out of the snowbank by my leg-in the Dakotah blizzard. That was a night1"

"I should say so! And how is Mr. Batsford-

Wring?" asked Benson, smiling.

"He came a cropper in the huntin' field a twelvementh ago-and the best thing for every one too!" said his widow calmly. "Poor Batty! He always was a filthy brute—I never liked him. And you? Are you not married your-seif?"

"No, indeed," said Benson, with an involuntary look at Cecelie, who, slim and graceful as a willow wand, was talking to the admiring

"Shall we have some tea together?" pursued Mrs. Batsford-Wring hospitably. "You were very late finishin' your luncheon, weren't you?-but a cup of tea is refreshin' at any

don't look at your watch, Bennie: you c hurry off when we've so much to talk over. You'll have tea with us, Miss Sherwood?"

"Indeed I will!" said Cecelie gayly.

In the slight bustle that ensued in getting another table set and the preparation of the tea things, Benson found a furtive chance to press the hand by his side—a yearning, clinging touch, light as it was, that seemed to say: "Ah, understand how much I want to get off to walk with you!'

There was no response, however. Her eyes when they met his had an elfish, mocking light in them. His face reddened for an instant and then turned pale, set enigmatically in its lines of habitual patience.

(Continued on Page 33)

Government Ownership à la Française—By Will Payne

AS SOON as I was fairly settled in Paris," said my friend from Chicago, "I decided to have a telephone put in my apartment, and of course I was in a foolish American burry about it.

"I knew, of course, I should have to buy the instrument, for the French Government does not furnish that. I went to the manufacturer who had been recommended to me, picked out an instrument that seemed suitable for residence use, and paid one hundred and fifty-five francs for it. Then I went back to my office, called up Central and expressed a desire to have the instrument installed. It took Central some time to find out that I must call up a certain bureau for that purpose. I called up the certain bureau and was presently informed that I must call up another certain bureau. The second certain bureau told me it would be necessary to make a written

application on a form prescribed by the government, and the required blanks were to be had only at No. 24 Rue Bertrand.

"Rue Rertrand, I found, was on the other side of the river, some three miles from my office. I took a taxi over there and in due time was handed an official blank, which I carefully filled out; but the bureau could not receive the application until a twenty-five-centime stamp was affixed to it.

"'Very well, said I, 'there is twenty-live centimes. Stick on the stamp.'

"Then I learned that this was a government bureau for the receipt of telephone applications, not a government bureau for the sale of stamps. The nearest bureau where a stamp could be procured was the better part of a mile away. Another taxi carried me there. I climbed the stairs to a dark office that looked more like a fence for stolen goods than a government bureau and bought my stamp. I felt I had the thing as good as done then and hurried back to Rue Bertrand: but there I was informed that my application could not be accepted until I brought a written authorization, also on a prescribed form, from my landlord to have the telephone installed on his premises."

Difficulties in Getting Telephone Service

"IT IS true I need not have been in such a burry, for after
the application was completed in due form six days
elapsed before the instrument was installed. I had paid a
hundred and fifty-five frames for it. I had also paid one
hundred frames cash in advance for the first three months'
service. But then I could not use my telephone to talk
outside of Paris until I deposited with the government.

sufficient cash in advance to cover all probable toll charges for a month; nor could I transmit a telegram over the telephone without making a deposit to cover telegraph charges. I expected to use my 'phone both for long-distance talks and for transmitting telegrams to the telegraph office; so I made a deposit, explaining that I wished it to cover both telephone tolks and telegrams.

"A little later I tried to call up London. Central, after the usual investigation, said I could not talk to London over that telephone because I had made no deposit to cover tall charges. I insisted that I had made a deposit to cover both toll charges and telegrams. There was another investigation and Central replied that my deposit was entered on the record as applying only to telegrams; so I must have it changed before telephone tolls could be charged against it."

I repeated this experience to a Parisian acquaintance who assured me that my Chicago friend exaggerated the difficulties of getting and using a telephone in France; so I stepped into the telegraph and telephone bureau in the basement of the Bourse and asked what was necessary to be done in order to have a telephone installed. I was landed a sheet of instructions.

The sheet begins by stating that the abject of telephones is: 1. To furnish direct communication between persons who are subscribers to



months of the second of the

Passengers Leaving a Saborban Train

the telephone system: 2. To furnish communication between a person who is a subscriber and one who is not by notifying the latter to be at a certain telephone at a certain hour, when a message will be given to him.

Under conditions for Paris it says the charge for a telephone connected by direct wire is four hundred frames, or eighty dollars a year, payable quarterly in advance; that the administration will furnish the batteries, but the subscriber must furnish the instrument; that if it is necessary to run a special wire to your instrument the charge will be sixty centimes a meter—tweive cents for a little over a yard—if the line is underground, and half that if it is necial; that the proper blanks may be had by applying at No. 24 Rue Bertrand. At Rue Bertrand I was hunded three blanks—first, the application for the telephone service; second, an authorization by the landlard to have the telephone installed; third, an application to have the subscriber's name entered in the telephone directory.

To begin with, then, the person who wishes a telephone in Paris must buy his own instrument from a manufacturer whose output has been approved by the government. There are a number of such manufacturers; but a German newspaper correspondent who thought highly of the telephones of the Patherland brought a German instrument to Paris, only to find that the government would not install it; and an American had the same experience with an American instrument. The approved instruments cost all the way from twenty to fifty dollars, but the cheaper ones are not recommended for more than local use by anybody except the manufacturers, and not very heartily by them.

The subscriber who wishes direct service in Paris must pay twenty dollars for the first quarter's rental on filing his application and a like sum each the months thereafter. If he wishes to con a telegram over his 'phone or to talk any one in any place where there is no charge he must make a deposit with the government. There is no fixed hum about one month's charges. If a madeposits ten dollars and uses a loo distance 'phone frequently, so that assems his month's bill will run to twent dollars, he is notified to double his deposit. And whatever amount he deposits, it is charges come near exhausting it he was be notified to increase his margin.

To one who knows how a greedy at vate corporation in the United States wirestall a nicked-in-the-slot telephone is anybody anywhere, and let the siscriber telephone and telegraph all on the country before it sees a penny of a money, it is odd to find that the Fran-Government will not under any circu-

stances trust a telephone subscriber for a solitary of You must pay for everything you want some time below you get it. What with the cost of the instrument, the quiter's rental paid in advance, and the deposit for talk at telegrams, the ordinary residential telephone user must pup from fifty to sixty dollars cash in advance before he abegin telephoning—and two hundred and fifty franciquite a bit of money to the average Parisian.

Hotel Rooms Without Telephones

IT IS hardly necessary to add that, though telephones France have been in the hands of the government is more than twenty years, they are less used in that count than in any other with which it can fairly be compared in proportion to population, there are ten times as moinstruments in the United States as in France. Ches has just short of twelve telephones for each bank inhabitants; Paris has just short of three.

It is not necessary to look up statistics, however, to gethe fact. You see it everywhere. My Paris hotel or tained five hundred bedrooms. One person manual telephone switchboard and was by no means busy, eith I dissevered that he had a neat little ledger in which kept an entry of every call to a guest in the house, a biphone call being an event worthy of record. Of our there were no 'phones in the bedrooms. One was contously conducted down a long corridor, round the err and down another corridor to the booth if one wished telephone, or if one's rash American friends trusted the communications to that medium.

The portual charge in Paris is eighty dollars a ye whether for office or residence use. Incidentally the sa

scriber must agree to take and pay for the seice for at least one year. Outside of Paris a that vicinity the charge is twenty dollars the first year, sixteen dollars for the secyear, twelve dollars for the third year, and ele dollars thereafter, which is certainly chethough the government runs the wires goonly within a radius of a little over a mile for the exchange. But, however cheap it is, telephone, comparatively speaking, is not us

As to service in Paris, there is universal agreement that it has been notably improved with a year, until it is now probably about as go as the London service. Some years ago ell perated subscribers got up a league of telephousers, for offensive and defensive purposes. I league patriotically harried the government every occasion, but without producing minimpression until—about two years ago principal exchange burned down, to the ploand antisfaction of the telephoning publicating that fair opportunity the government began measurably modernizing the system.

One very new improvement is the introc. tion of exchange names. With their passion is being logical, the French designated their to phones entirely by numbers. For example, given telephone, instead of being Main & would be 321.33. It was very logical—and the numbers grew big, very awkward.



Local Travel in Warm We the

As to long-distance service, every one I inquired of said it was had southward—any, to Rome—but pretty good to Berlin. Above all other institutions, no doubt, stock exchanges demand fast communication, for two or three minutes' difference in time may mean a very large difference in money. The booths in the basement of the Bourse are, therefore, fitted up with instruments which are especially efficacious for long-distance conversations, and there the best service is to be had; in fact, it is quite common all round that neighborhood for telephone users who are really in a hurry for a long-distance talk to run over to the Bourse booths instead of trusting to their office instruments. I asked the courteous official in charge of these booths how long it would take me to get Berlin.

"Impossible to say," he replied with the utmost good mature. "It might be ten minutes or it might be two

To be sure, this was in the middle of the day; but one may sometimes want a prompt telephone connection even at a busy period, and I found that, in fact, it might be three bours before one got Berlin. It is true, also, that by paying a triple rate you can get a much more dependable service, and the brokerage business usually goes at the triple rate. The ordinary rate is a dollar and a quarter for three minutes; the triple rate is three dollars. The ordinary rate is fairly cheap; the triple rate is fairly dear.

There is little use, however, in considering telephone rates apart from the service. To a person who really wants to stephone, a had service is dear at any price. I may as well take this occasion to say that I have a bushel of statistics on telephone and telegraph rates the world over. Some of then were prepared by advocates of government ownership: others were prepared by opponents. Consequently

each set of statistics absolutely proves

the case of its sponsors. Tarabe one simple illustration: I could discover no recent authoritative statement as to whether government awaysship of indeplarates in France produced a surplus or deficit, and in set out to learn what the formal results were, No. 24. his Bertrand referred me to another broom of the ministry bull a mile away; sod, since due bequiry and explanation there. I met the official having that natur particularly in charge a very fishing and phenount person, with the luignia of the Legion of Honor on the lips of his black frock neat. I may aild Cat omitteey, frack couts and badges of the Legion of Honor seem to be traiveral in higher French officialdors.

Figures Unavailable

Hi WAS very sorry he would not salinfy my curiosity. Telephones, belscripto and mail, he explained, were all builted by one organization. Many emphysic of the Postal Department were again with work tauching all three leading of the service and there were a post many charges that had not been

eventifically allotted among the first branches. The government was event then castling up the accounts with an accommately proper allotment of these point expense. Path that work was encopleted it would be impossible to my just what the Bacal results of telephone superation were: but he could assure me that it there are any delect on

the telephones it was small. He thought, in fact, the service was self-supporting.

In all state-owned systems the same situation obtains, and often there is no exact allotment of expenses as between telephones and telegraphs, and both together and mail proper; so if you wish to prove that in a given country state-owned telephones are more efficient than those of the United States, all you need do is to leave out the joint telephone-telegraph emplayers, thereby demonstrating that each telephone employee handles a great many messages. On the other hand, if you wish to prove that state ownership is very wasteful you must include the joint telephone-telegraph employees.

In this country especially there are all kinds of telephone rates. I personally happen to pay fifteen dollars a year for a

telephone with unlimited service and no toll charges for messages within the county, which roughly means thirty miles out and west by tweety north and south. The instrument and wiring are good enough to talk with satisfaction to Chicago and Detroit—my, abundred and fifty miles in each direction. How much farther they will work satisfactorily



Passenger Asking Information of Train Guard

even a grave statistical attempt to prove that the telephone is less useful to the people of the United States than to the people of France and of other countries where the telephone is publicly owned, in spits of the undisputed fact that there are several times as many telephones to a hundred inhabitants in the United States as in France, and of the indis-

putable evidence that anybody can gather by simply using his eyes and ears for a fortnight in both countries.

Therefore I shall not deal much with statistics—not because I lack them, but because I have so many that I know how misleading they may be. And I carnestly advise the reader to be careful in accepting statistics on this whole subject of government ownership.

Government Monopoly

ONE historical fact may be mentioned here: Though state ownership of telegraphs was common in Europe when the telephone began to be commercially developed, only two governments on the continent—Germany and Switzerland—undertook to develop the new method of electrical communication.

In France, for example, telegraphing was a clate monopoly; and the law governing the monopoly was so broad that it would have been impossible to introduce the telephone except by express permission of the government. Concessions or liceuses running only five years were accordingly given to several private concerns, which proceeded to develop

to explorous, taking only the fattest territory and charging all the trator would bear, as might be expected in view of the abort term of the licenses; for they had to get back their investment within five years.

It there appeared that telephoning would become a rival of the telegraph, and the government built two or three exchange on its own account, independent of the private converse. I can competition developed between the state and the private owners. In 1889 an act was passed providing for the purchase of the private lines by the state. The private owners refused to accept the terms offered; who experiment took possession of their plant by faces. So telephoning has been a state monopoly in Prance Law a quarter of a century. And today there are less than three hundred thousand telephones in France—or not as many as in the city of Chicago.

Telegraphing has been a state monopoly there practically over more the invention of the art. The French telegraph service is good and cheap. The charge for inland the state is you pay ten cents for anything less than eleven words and a cent for each word more than ten. Both the address and signature are counted as part of the message; yet the cost of telegraphing is lower than with us and the service as good. The latest authoritative information I find, for 1976, indicates that the telegraph business was threat a ten of about a million dollars and three-quarters. What the situation now is I do not know, for reasons stated signary.

It is a common charge against our amiable trusts that they retard or suppress new inventions which, if vigorously developed, would disturb their extensive capital to return in older methods. It seems a fair inference that France and other telegraphic-owning states have

(Continued on Page 72)



Pastenger Reining Ludipe Wick Their Suggrage

I do not know, never having tried it. Trust is about as choup as rutal telephones in France, especially as I do not have to buy the restrument of pay for string.

On the other hand, in the city of New York you may two bundred and twenty eight deliges a year for unlimited service and taxoness one, and have imposting concertion.

with three hundred and nightly thousand offer talephones in Maximitian and the Broax.

Sow a telephone, broadly speading is both more useful and more costly in propertion as it connects with other instruments. It would be inspendible to giveracing country telephone at filtern dullate a year if there were three lundred thousand other telephones in the country with any me in which I might with a connection at my time; Chongarium of the smears rading without comparison of conduction, it was a connection at my time; Chongarium of the smears rading without comparison of conduction.

By statistically comparing the one and not the other you wan get any met of result you

You can take American his pure - unlimited ervire - and surgare them with ferrige inequated rates, or size reseased paratalettes that look mepotiant 2007 they are one asystem. I have moretly such



Mus Trying to Enter a Commertment Referend for Wissian

WILLIAM CARLETON Y SON

THE year that Horace Moulton went into partnership with his father was the year Dick started his dairy. During the following months each man was too intent upon his own partieular enterprise to take more than a general interest in anything else. Horace didn't find any spare time on his hands. He discovered that by applying the same thought and energy to this country grocery store that, as an ambitious young man, he would have applied to maintaining a position as an underling in some more pretentious city business he had all he could do. And here he was able to see results. He told me he doubled his business that first year.

Horace went out after new business and got it. Furthermore he saw there was just as much more to be had, and after that still more. At the end of the first six months be was no longer worrying that he would not be able to get as much business as he was big enough to handle.

The way Horace and Dick happened to get together on the new proposition grew out of the fact that Moulton's store had come to be a sort of

village clearing house. When any of the women folk had a surplus of pickles or jelly or what not they brought it to the store and traded it off. Horace was willing enough to take their produce, became he disposed of it quickly enough. Generally the woman who had too many pickles didn't have enough jelly, and so on. Now though the boy made a fair profit on the deal, he realized that he wasn't hy any means getting by selling at home what such country-made products would bring in town. The prestige attached to such goods went for nothing; it was like selling Paris gowns in Paris with a New York market next door. Then, too, Harace had a notion that if this country grocery store idea had made such a success in the country it ought to make even a

bigger success in the city where pennise count for even more.

About this time the Pioneer Products Company was feeling the need of a city distributing center. Finally along came Dick, who was getting all worked up over the cost of distributing his milk. The result of cooperation along these individual lines led to the next step, which was general cooperation. Our common market was the city. We had cooperated to sell our garden produce; we had cooperated to sell our milk: we had cooperated with Horace to sell our jellies and what not-why not combine to sell everything at once to this common market? No one of us could afford the undertaking by himself, but together it ought to be simple. It would furnish an outlet for the whole town and, as I've said before, though we don't as a town make much of a showing on the map, you take us all together as one plant and we loom up as a pretty big business. So does every country town. To realize this, just figure out how much money it would take to buy our plant at its assessed valuation. Not many business men, even in this day of millionaires, could get together enough money to do it. Only a few of the big trusts have as much money invested in their business as we have,

Horace needed a city store and wanted one more than be needed it; the Pioneer Products Company wanted a store and needed it more than they wanted it; Dick wanted a city store and needed it as much as he wanted it. It was inevitable that the three should get together. The suggestion came first from Dick. The boys were discussing problem of distribution and the big factor it plays in the

final cost to the consumer. "It looks to me dead wrong that people should pay almost as much to get their stuff to the door as they pay to have it raised. It's an injustice to the consumer and to the producer," said Dick.

'Isn't it partly the fault of the consumer?" said Horace, "Dad tells me that in the early days he didn't deliver anything-people came to the store."

'That's it exactly-people came after their goods. They did part of the work. Now they're coddled to a point where they not only require you to deliver everything, but



The Women of Stauster Had Long Seen After Sim

demand that most things man be all cooked for them. That's all right if they don't kick about the cost. They are welcome to any service they are willing to pay for. But when they aren't willing or aren't able to pay, then they ought to do part of the work. They haven't any right to shift that extra burden on the producer."

"You're talking about what ought to be. As a matter of fact, the very ones who do the most talking about high prion are the ones who demand the most service.

"I guess you're right," said Dick; "but I'd like to put this up to them once. If they want to save money I'll help them, provided they'll do some of the work. If they don't want to save money then they'll have to keep quiet and pay the bill. I object to spending my time and money getting cost down to bedrock, and then allowing the customer to take what I save and turn it back to the deliveryman for the luxury of having his milk delivered at the door. I accept a profit of half a cent a quart in order to keep evet down to four cents: I allow a cent and a half for bottling and delivery to town, which is necessary. That leaves two and a half cents. The half cent I'm willing to give to the customer, but the two cents, twenty-five per cent of the total, he hasn't as much right to as I have. If he wants to save it and help cut down the cost, that's one proposition. If he wants to spend it, then he isn't as hard up as he pretends to be and will have to pay me better for my efforts.

Horace laughed.

"You have all the best of the argument, Dick," he said; but the public is always both judge and jury."

"It len't in this case."

"How?"

"Because it can't get my milk anywhere else. If I charged nine cents a quart it would still be better milk than can be bought anywhere else for fifteen."

"Jove, you're right! You can make the public come to

"It ought to come part way. I'm willing to cooperate with the customer, but hanged if he ham't got to do some of the cooperating himself!"

The difficulty with Dick's proposition had been to find a station within reasonable access of his two classes of customers-the Little Italy rustomers and the uptown costomers. Burlington, business manager of the Pioneer Products Company, had a market stall that would do for one station, but that still left the uptown milk to be delivered.

As I've said, Horace was eager for a city store. The sort of store he proposed to run must necessarily be fairly well uptown. It must not be in a section where folks couldn't afford to pay a fair price for superior country products, nor in a section where people could afford to pay for all the trappings and service that go with the highest-priced goods. It was on just those things that Horace proposel to save. He wanted to read the fairly prosperous clus, who appreciate wholesome food and yet are forced to consider prices. It was just this uptown class willing togo a long way to get Carletas milk that Horace was after

To Burlington, as another outlet for the company, ir uptown store also appealed strongly. The women of Brewster had long been after him. They, too, wanted a chance to earn a little money and felt there ought to be a market for genuine homemade products-genuine home-made products, you understand, made of real butter, eggs and milk, not the stoff that bakers put out under that name.

So you see that as we talked about the proposition the store began to look more and more as though it must be a cooperative enterprise. It couldn't be Dick's store or Horace's store, but it must be Brewster's store. It must represent the whole town, It was a new experiment in cooperative stores. Instead of being organized to furnish as with an inlet, it was organized to furnish us an outlet.

Holt and Burlington representing the Pioneer Company. Horace and Dick representing their own interests, and myself, appointed to represent the women of the town, worked on the proposition several weeks. As a result we decided upon a stock company with fifteen hundred shares, par value ten dollars each. This was to be divided as fol-lows: Horace, five hundred shares; the Pioneer Products Company, two hundred and fifty shares; Dick, two handred and fifty shares; five bundred shares for general subscription, limited to residents of Brewster. This was taken up within ten days. It shows that we had some spare cash in town and, what is more, that we had people who were willing to use it in backing any cooperative enterprises the Pioneers might suggest. It wasn't like that ten years ago.

We gave over to Burlington and Horace full authority to work out the details, subject, however, to the find indorsement of a board of five which besides those two included Dick, Holt and myself. This was in October. Within two weeks a store had been lessed, and within another two weeks it had been fitted and stocked. Then in the daily papers the following announcement was made:

THE BREWSTER STORE

Country produce direct from Brewster. We shall carry every good thing to be found in a good country town. No frills, no credit, no deliveries. Every cent you spend here will be invested in produce and nothing else.

XVII

In the mean while Dick had sent out to his customers this announcement:

After November first no Carleton milk will be delivered at the door. It may be secured only at the following two places: The Pioneer Products Company stall, located

at —; and the Brewster store, at —.

This is done with the sole object of reducing cost both to the consumer and to the producer. If the experiment proves satisfactory the price of the milk will be reduced: if it does not prove satisfactory the price of the milk will be increased. We hope in this way to reach the people who really desire cheap, clean milk.

It will be said only to those who are our regular cus-

It will be sold only to those who are our remar cus tomers. Any milk unclaimed will be charged for. Any customer who fails to call for his milk three consecutive

days will be omitted from our list.

Now that sounded pretty arbitrary. When the boy showed it to me I shook my head in some doubt. As for Barney, he looked perplexed for a moment.

Then he said: "Hang it all, it's a fair and aboveboard challenge anyhow."

"Do you know of any one deserving the milk who can't call for it?" said Dick.

"No," said Barney, "I don't. At the same time there might be such cases."

"If you find any let me know. If the scheme works I propose to cut the price of my milk to seven cents. Do you nalize what that will save customers?"

Three hundred and sixty-five cents a year."

Which will be the price of fifty-two quarts of milk. What I say is that if there's any one who doesn't need that extra milk it ought to go to some one who does. I myself don't want any more money out of the enterprise than I'm

And to do the boy justice that statement must be understood. The boy meant it. He was sincere. The expedient had no other object than to cut down cost for the benefit of the consumer.

As a result of that circular the boy received a batch of complaints; but mark this-not one from Little Italy, Of course one explanation is that those people don't do much complaining anyway. They are apt to accept 'most everything except when stirred up from the outside. But a better explanation is also that they were quick to appreciate the possible future saving and also the value of the milk they were getting. The complaints were all from uptown, and some of them were violent.

"It's an outrage," they wrote. "It's an imposition."
"Please cancel our order at once." Dick didn't hesitate two minutes about those cancellation orders. There were people right in Brewster who were willing enough to come to the barn for that milk, and he made more on every such customer than he did on any city customer even under the new arrangement. It saved him delivery to the stations and storage. There wasn't a day, moreover, from the time the new store opened when there wasn't an inquiry for Carleton milk. The fact that it couldn't be secured and that customers had to go on a waiting list had the usual effect of making the public more enger than ever for it. It was surprising how rapidly the milk advertised itself. Barney talked it all the time in Little Italy, while uptown every family that took it advertised it to the whole neighborhood. Then, too, the family physicians discovered its worth. Many of them came down to the farm to see for themselves how it was produced. To a man they went away orging Dick as a matter of public duty to increase his

Within two months of the time the store opened Dick kept his promise and reduced the price to seven cents. He foured that the non-delivery scheme saved over one cent and a half per quart, after deducting the storage cost which rock its place. It was then that the newspapers began to look into the proposition. Soven-cont milk, if it had been nothing but ordinary milk, was news and good news. But when the papers had the milk analyzed and found that by every test it averaged as high as certified milk, which sold from twelve to fifteen cents a quart, they started a camsaign that almost brought on a milk war. The regular dealers replied that this Carleton milk was purely a philanthropic enterprise and not a business. The papers came to Dick for an explanation, but acting on my advice he refused to be drawn into a controversy. The only reply be made was this: "It isn't fair to criticize dealers for their prices, but it is fair to criticize the standard of their milk. That's the important thing. I'm producing clean milk, and it bu't costing me but a trifle more than it costs to produce impure milk. That much the public has a right to know."

"Then you aren't losing money?" they asked.

"No," said Dick. "However, I'm willing to admit that I'm satisfied with a smaller profit than would content a pure business enterprise. But that added profit ought to go to the farmer and not to the dealer. That it doesn't is partly the fault of the public."

The papers wanted Dick to open up his books and go into details, but to neither of us did that seem quite fair to the other producers just at present.

"The scheme is young yet," said Dick. "Give it another year or two and I'll talk with you."

Of course Barney was eager to give the papers all they asked.

"Both the farmers and the dealers ought to be shown up," he insisted.
"You've proved that clean milk can be produced and delivered at a profit by any dealer for less than is being done today. The public ought to know this."

'It's up to the farmer and he can't be changed in a minute," I said. "Give him a chance to learn."

"It's an earthquake and not a chance he needs," Barney. But on his own responsibility Barney did publish some of his own observations on milk, and the articles did. u lot of good. As usual, however, he was violent in them and stepped on a lot of toes. It didn't add any to his popularity in his own profession either.

HAVE told how the boy started, and the start is the HAVE told now the boy standed man can follow up a important thing. Any level-headed man can follow up a success. The most interesting feature of it to me is the fact. that Dick, an ordinary business man without experience, was able, with the help of free, expert government advice, to master the details of dairying in so short a time. In months he made himself a more genuine expert than many a farmer who has kept rows for thirty years.

To me the explanation is perfectly simple- he started without any theories or had dairy habits of his own. He used horse sense, and horse sense is the most valuable capital a man can start with on a farm. He used his head in a business where generally speaking there is less head used than in any business of its size in the world. He used his head as much in handling the experts as he did in seeking them. Many experts go as much to extremes as Barney. Money can be wasted and wasted fast in over-emphasis of parity. If Dick had put in some of the sterilizing plants that were recommended his milk would have been no better and would have cost him ten cents a quart. It was as necessary for him to remain same on the question of purity as on the question of impurity.

The basis of Dick's business at the start and the basis of it today is the efficient herd. Dick has increased the average production per cow from 2848 quarts the first year to over 3500 at present. The boy has some three-year-olds who are producing over 3000 quarts, and some two-yearolds running to over 2600. These are grade cows too.



Every such increase represents almost net profit, for the

Dick now has his own registered bull which he selected on his record. He waited a long time before he made his choice and the result promises to justify this. The unimal pays for himself outside his own stable,

The business has increased and increased rapidly, with no end in eight yet. There is no end. Every helpy hore is a new customer. As soon as people awake to the real food value of milk, its consumption will increase among adults. It's just as good man food as baby food. I don't believe within reason it is possible to over-produce milk. A man has in cream and butter a way of utilizing all surplus.

Dick has nearly doubled his herd. As far as the business is going he could increase his plant ten times over, and may before he is done. Up to now, however, he has preferred to see the business grow among the other farmers of the town. He is his own milk commission, and stands ready to accept milk and sell it as Carleton milk so long as any farmer keeps up to Carleton standards. Barney looks after that end of it. At least two hundred cows outside Dick's herd are now producing Carleton milk. It has come to be a big addition to the industry of the town,

This has led to another cooperative enterprise. Dick found that it was decidedly unprofitable to make any attempt to raise his own grain. This was because the market for garden produce offered by the Pioneer Products Company made the land too valuable to be put to this use, What was true for him was true for the others, of enurse. Not only was the land too valuable, but the dressing was too valuable. It could be converted much more profitably into the higher-priced vegetables. We were producing now a goodly quantity of manure. Where Dick first reckoned it to his dairy credit as worth \$1.50 a ton, it could under the new system be fairly said to be worth at least two dollars a ton, if not more.

But if grain had to be bought Dick didn't propose to buy it at retail. He made a canvass of the town, and found every man who kept a Carleton cow eager to cooperate with him in buying by the carload. In this way a saving of ten per cent was effected. The grain was not stored, but us fast as a shipment came in each man went to the car and took away his allotment. In this way no storage losses were suffered and the grain was ordered only as needed.

Dick built a new dairy bouse, larger and with better facilities and with one big improvement. It was connected with the barn by a covered passageway and contained a milking room. By this arrangement the cows, instead of being milked in the barn, were led to this milking room after being groomed and cleaned, and were milked there. This simplified matters a great deal and allowed more free dom in the stable. The milking floor didn't take up much space and could be washed out with a hose after each cow, if necessary. It seems to me this system could be easily used in any barn where the farmer can't afford to remodel. It doesn't cost much to erect a small shed, and if used for this purpose alone is certainly the next best thing to a clean barn. But the shed must be kept clean, and the cows must be cleaned before being admitted.

The cost is negligible when compared with the results: attained. The farmer who says he can't afford so simple an outlay as this, and who says he can't afford to keep his



(Continued on Page 69)

SEEING IS BELIEVING

The Showman's Craft Helps Business Explanations

A BROOKLYN dock and a dull winter afternoon; knots of roustabouts tug like ants at piles of boxes, barrels and crates consigned to a steam-ship bound for South American ports. Ton after ton of variegated freight is disappearing in her roomy hold.

Presently the slings are fastened round a long, narrow, heavy box. A whistle blows shrilly; a donkey engine up on the ship's deck puffs and clanks, and the bex rises slowly in the air, thirty feet above the dock. All goes well until it hange over the wide hatch and is being lowered.

Then, quick as a wink—so quickly that men working below have barely time to get out of the way—the wooden end bursts out and a long steel bolt drops like a projectile, leaving the box intact in the slings. It crushes through the cargo and pierces the ship's bottom, for it is a thirty-foot steel shaft, made for heavy mining machinery.

Was it improperly packed? Was it carelessly handled? Probably the courts will have a chance to decide those points.

Meantime water comes into the ship so fast that before she can be taken to a drydock for repairs it is necessary to beach her on a modifiat; and there she lies, with nine feet of water in her hold, with delay and loss to her owners, and many thousands of dollars' damage to her cargo of flour and applies.

About a month before this accident a large party of business men might have been seen traveling round the New York waterfront. Now a fleet of motorbusses takes them along the North River piers, where miscellaneous freight passes in and out of ocean liners. They see tropical fruit unloaded and American automobiles taken through the sides of ships. They inspect refrigerating plants for preserving perishable products; walk about docks piled with everything under the sun; go down into holds to see cargoes stowed away.

Again, a railroad tug takes them over to the Jersey terminals to see cement, flour, heavy machinery and other bulky freight put on lighters; and they follow the lighters over to the vast, obscure dock system of Brooklyn, to see the stuff put aboard ships and watch import goods being unloaded.

Whenever they are hungry there seems to be a hospitable liner right at hand to entertain them at lunch; and, while they eat, steamship and railroad officials talk to them about expert methods.

Lessons in Packing and Shipping

THESE sightseers are all connected with the export business of American concerns, and this is the first time that many of them have actually seen export-hipments in transit. From time to time their goods have been delayed or damaged and they have blamed the railroad or the steamship people. Traffic men have pointed out deficient methods too light packing; wrong routing; carelessness in making

out export papers—but there have still been hitches and mishaps, based chiefly on misanderstanding of technicalities. The shipper has suspected that the transportation man was unreasonable in his regulations, and the transportation man has felt that the shipper lacked sense.

Finally, on the principle that seeing is believing, and a much easier way of explaining technicalities than telling, an export trade-journal editor has arranged this tour of the docks. Railroad and steamship men tall in with the idea eagerly; New York's waterfront is organized with little trouble into a two-day exposition of export methods, because it is going three hundred days in the year; and export men from half a hundred inland manufacturing centers come down to the seaboard to watch what happens to goods when they are sent abroad.

At least one man in the party will thoroughly understand that accident to the ship sunk by the steel shaft when he reads about it next month. He is the man who has always visualized freight as something rolled from his shipping room on to a truck, and from the truck into a car, and rolled out again at its destination. For the first time in his life he sees freight swung fifty feet into the air in a sling, awaying drunkenly, and lowered into the hold of a ship. It gives him new conceptions of the strains that his export packing cases must stand.

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

Another man, whose export boxes containing machinery have been damaged by slipping out of the slings at half-equipped ports, discovers a way to hid for the favor of the third mate unloading a cargo and secure better handing. Instead of trusting to the mate's sling he provides a sling of his own on every export box by reenforcing it with wire rope or steel hands, which are brought together in a loop convenient for a crane book,

Other men note better ways to park goods; see devices to prevent loss and their; understand the practical value of properly drawn export documents; and learn through their eyes in five minutes things that might never have impressed them through reasoning. Seeing is believing, and the business world nowadays finds more and more use for the showman's art in making things plain.

Demonstration apparatus is devised for selling purposes; educational exhibits are arranged for fairs and expositions of all sorts; factories are built or arranged with a definite view to entertaining sightseers. In a thousand ways business seeks to set before people—through the eye, vividly and succinctly—something that people should know.

Sometimes the public to be reached is large—no less than the population of a city. It is a busy, heedless public not likely to be much interested in technicalities. Business used to argue with that sort of public, lay special pleas before it, remonstrate with it, resist it—and be either ignored or outvoted. Now it is learning to go before people with technical arguments that even a street crowd can be interested in and understand.

A street-cur company takes space at a city exposition. Its general manager has long had secret technical sorrows broading in his seul—sorrows like the increasing cost of truck and complexity of equipment; locreasing difficulty in getting the public to work with the company for better service. Figures and curves showing track and equipment costs are dry stuff; but these things themselves, laid out in a sequence showing growth, are highly interesting.

So samples of actual roadbed are placed side by side, beginning with the oldtime borse-car track with its strap-rails and cobblestones, at about eight thousand dollars a mile, and winding up with the test modern trolley track with its welded rail-joints and granite-block paving, at ninety thousand dollars a mile—a little increase of over one thousand per cent in twenty-five years! Fifteen street-car motors are shown in another sequence, showing only about half the changes in twenty-five years—fourteen other obselete types have disappeared altogether.

A moving-picture theater is set up beside these exhibits, and on special films, made for the company, little street-car dramas are given—one piece, for instance, is entitle?
A Two-Minute Delay, and shows a woman holding a car that long while she opens a grip, from which she takes a hand-bag, from which she takes a purse, from which she takes a ten-dollar bill—a line of passenger.

standing impatiently behind her until her fare is finally pair.

Again, the public to be reached may be very small, very select, very wise in all the technicalities—yet not a bit is susceptible to a skillful eye-appeal.

About ten years ago the engineers of a big electrical manufacturing concern went to the manager of a big electric-light company. They had designs for an electric-generator of five-thousand-kilowatt capacity—the largest ever proposed up to that time, but promising great economies in power production. The manager had it built and installed, and it proved to be as economical as had been expected.

Seven years later, while this generator still had years of mechanical life ahead of it, the same engineers came to the same manager with designs for a generator four times as hig showing so much greater economy that the first one could be scrapped and paid for out of a year or two of savings effected by this new giant.

The manager ordered that also; and it was so satisfactory that the engineers then took the earlier generate back to the factory and set it up at the entrance gate with a commemorative tablet—a sight for visiting electrical experts and a monument to the remote electrical past, seven years ago!

How the Business Showman Works

BUSINESS is rich in show material and is waking up to the fact that a little apparatus in connection with a humanly interesting idea has great possibilities in creating good will, good understanding on the part of the public, and good customers.

One of the underlying ideas that has humanized hupdreds of business exhibitions is that of growth. People seem never to tire of comparing today with yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that,

Some months ago, for example, there was a parade of street cars in the city of New York, arranged by one of the companies to illustrate the developments of thirty years. Old equipment was brought to light and put on the street just as it had been used in the past. First came a genoise hobtail horse car, with seating capacity for only twelve passengers. Other types of the horse car followed: single horse cars, double horse cars, then cable cars, then electric cars of different sizes and types—winding up with the modern pay-as-you-enter, the stepless, the double-deck stepless and the storage-battery cars.

This odd exhibit traveled through the streets over the cartracks in chronological order and was arranged to empha-

size one of the chief tendencies of the street-car business, which is, development of new types of cars to meet new traffic conditions.

Another striking way of depicting growth is that of a public-service corporation which has put up a big illuminated roof sign that shows how much electric light a dollar will buy today compared with the past. First, a small incandescent lamp flashes out in outline, with the date 1896. Then a little larger lamp replaces it, and another—until the old-style carbon filament bulb is replaced by the metal filament, which grows in size too; and finally the climax is reached in an outline fifty feet high and the date 1914.

Even so simple a device as a city map, with colored pins stuck in to locate each customer and new pins added daily as new customers are secured for goods or service, has an attraction for the public. There is a strong human interest in the whole idea of Watch us grow!

Another fertile field for the business showman is that of exhibiting big affairs in miniature reproductions—people like to see things in little.

A machinery concern put a new drophammer on the market—a big fellow for die-work, with a hammer, weighing a ton and a half, falling twenty feet—very effective and economical in machine shops, especially automobile plants. Any superintendent or manufacturer who saw it was



impressed with its good points; but it was not easy to impress prospective customers at a distance. The salesman could describe it to a customer, show photographs and give figures of production; but he could not make him feel this

So a miniature reproduction was made—an semirate working model, readily carried round for se in selling. Results were so good that all salesness were equipped with the model; and before sog others had to be made for use right in the sanufacturer's own plants, because it was found recisely the thing for breaking in new hummersen—they could get instruction without tying up ig hammers in the factory.

An express company ordered some new refrigertor cars for its service in transporting fish, meats, can and vegetables. The carbuilding concern ude a miniature reproduction several feet long lone of these cars.

It was perfect in every detail, with its own not, doors opening, roof lifting to show interior trangements, and so on—nearly three months

ere required to build it.

That model refrigerator car works hard for the spress company the year round. At one season will be out in the great producing regions of is West as an exhibit at fairs and expositions, tother seasons it will be in the East among the companers. Between times it can always be counted a to attract attention in one of the company's

In Europe there is a decided partiality for siniature models of big things. As fast as new ans-Atlantic steamships are put into service the

unsportation companies have beautiful reproductions ade for exhibition; and one concern in London does a arge business in the making of such models.

Not long ago an exact reproduction of a hig English autoschile works was made. It shows several square blocks of alldings, with trains loading on the adjoining railread, ads and streets, miniature trees—all worked out faithally on a scale of a sixteenth of an inch to the foot. Even be tiny windows are all glazed and can be lighted by elecficity; and this model, shown at exhibitions, gives people a impression of the magnitude of the factory almost as efinite as would be received by a visit to the place itself.



This trans-Atlantic interest in miniature things impressed the London agent for an American automobile. He had a small-scale reproduction made of the car be was selling. It was only large enough to carry two children, the raised top coming a little short of a man's waist in height; but it was a faithful copy in every detail, even to the power, for that was supplied by an electric starter like that built into the big cars at home.

Self-starters are largely an American refinement in automobiles. Makers on the other side are just beginning to take them up. This ingenious demonstration of a strong selling feature in the car made a strong impression on people who saw the haby automobile, for the starter in itself furnished enough power to take two little passengers about fifteen miles, and at a pace of ten or twelve miles an hour. After the model had been shown in England and France it was purchased by the British royal family.

At the factory of a large machinery concern in the East there is a toy railroad that would delight a boy, for it occupies several hundred square feet of floor space, and complete little engines run over a complete little railroad system of single and double track switches and blocks; and the whole affair is built on trestles, so that the engines run just about waist-high for a big boy, and he can follow them round the distance of a city block.

This system is for grown-up boys, however, because the miniature engines on their toy tracks operate full-size signal apparatus made by the company, and visibly demonstrate to railroad men how trains under different conditions are automatically safeguarded.

This exhibit cost twenty-five thousand dollars and is a fair illustration of another showman tendency in business—that of making a show place of the factory. Under this tendency the whole idea of a factory is changing. Manufacturing plants are being built of glass and tile, employees are given every facility for keeping clean and cheerful.

and the places are thrown open to the public as permanent exhibits.

There are cities in this country where a stranger registering at any hotel finds at the breakfast table an invitation to visit some local factory that has been laid out on exposition lines, and which can entertain many thousand visitors yearly.

This has been most successful in plants where products are of a popular nature. The exposition idea goes naturally with food specialties, household conveniences and the like.

Other factories develop the show idea along narrower lines. Their products are chiefly of technical interest. The trip round them may be a walk of four or five miles, with almost nothing to see that the average spectator would understand. It has been found that when the average spectator is admitted to such a plant he usually picks out some wholly irrelevant show feature—something like the

Constuded on Page 54

THE STREET OF SEVEN STARS

XXVI

IMMY was dying. Peter, fighting hard, was beaten at last. All through the night he had felt it; during the ours before the dawn there had been times

hen the small pulse wavered, flickered, almost ceased. Vith the daylight there had been a trifle of recovery, enough it a bit of hope, enough to make harder Peter's acceptance of the inevitable.

The boy was very happy, quite content and comfortable. Then he opened his eyes he smiled at Peter, and Peter, my of face, smiled back. Peter died many deaths that ight.

At daylight Jimmy fell into a sleep that was really upor. Marie, creeping to the door in the faint dawn, and the boy apparently asleep and Peter on his knees eside the bed. He raised his head at her footstep and the irl was startled at the suffering in his face. He motioned er back.

"But you must have a little sleep, Peter."

"No. I'll stay until — Go back to hed. It is very rly."

Peter had not been able after all to secure the Nurselisabet, and now it was useless. At eight o'clock he let larie take his place, then he bathed and dressed and repared to face another day, perhaps another night. For he child's release came slowly. He tried to eat breakfast,

at managed only a cup of coffee.

Many things had come to Peter in the long night, and ne was insistent—the boy's mother was in Vienna and a was dying without her. Peter might know in his heart nat be had done the best thing for the child, but like armony his early training was rising now to accuse him. In had separated mother and child. Who was he to have ecided the mother's unfitness, to have played destiny? I low lightly he had taken the lives of others in his hand, that to what end? Harmony, God knows where: the boy ying without his mother. Whatever that mother might e, her place that day was with her boy. What a wreck he ad made of things! He was humbled as well as stricken, our Peter!

In the morning he sent a note to McLean, asking him try to trace the mother and inclosing the music-ball

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

clipping and the letter. The letter, signed only "Mamma,"
was not helpful. The clipping might prove valuable.
"And for Heaven's sake be quick," wrote Peter. "This
is a matter of hours. I meant well, but I've done a terrible

is a matter of hours. I meant well, but I've done a terrible thing. Bring her, Mac, no matter what she is or where you find her."

The pertier carried the note. When he came up to get it he brought in his pocket a small rabbit and a lettuce leaf. Never before had the combination failed to arouse and amuse the boy. He carried the rabbit down again sorrowfully. "He saw it not," he reported sadly to his wife. "Be off to the church while I deliver this letter. And this rabbit we will not cook, but keep in remembrance."

At eleven e'clock Marie called Peter, who was asleep on the horsehair sofa.

"He asks for you."

Peter was instantly awake and on his feet. The boy's eyes were open and fixed on him.

"Is it another day?" he asked.
"Yes, boy; another morning."

"I am cold, Peter."

They blanketed him, although the room was warm. From where he lay he could see the mice. He watched them for a moment. Poor Peter, very humble, found himself wondering in how many ways he had been remiss. To see this small soul launched into eternity without a foreword, without a bit of light for the journey! Peter's religion had been one of life and living, not of creed.

Marie, bringing jugs of hot water, bent over Peter, "He knows, poor little one!" she whispered.

And so, indeed, it would seem. The boy, revived by a spoonful or two of broth, asked to have the two tame mice on the bed. Peter, opening the cage, found one dead, very stiff and stark. The catastrophe be kept from the boy.

"One is sick, Jimmy boy," he said, and placed the mate, forlorn and shivering, on the pillow. After a minute: "If the sick one dies will it go to Heaven?"

"Yes, honey, I think so."

The boy was silent for a time. Thinking was easier than speech. His mind too worked slowly. It was after a pause, while he lay there with closed eyes, that Peter saw

he lay there with closed eyes, that Peter saw two tears slip from under his long lashes. Peter bent over and wiped them away, a great ache in his heart.

"What is it, dear?"

"I'm afraid-it's going to die!"

"Would that be so terrible, Jimmy boy?" asked Peter gently. "To go to Heaven, where there is no more death or dying, where it is always summer and the sun always shines?"

No reply for a moment. The little mouse sat up on the pillow and rubbed its nose with a pinkish paw. The baby mice in the cage nuzzled their dead mother.

"Is there grass?"

"Yos soft green grass."

"Do-boys in Heaven-go in their bare feet?" Ah, small mind and heart, so terrified and yet so curious! "Indeed, yes." And there on his knees beside the white

"Indeed, yes." And there on his knees beside the white bed Peter painted such a Heaven as no theologue has ever had the humanity to paint—a Heaven of babbling brooks and laughing, playing children, a Heaven of dear departed pupples and resurrected birds, of friendly deer, of trees in fruit, of speckled fish in bright rivers. Painted his Heaven with smiling eyes and death in his heart, a child's Heaven of games and friendly Indians, of sunlight and rain, sweet sleep and brisk awakening.

The boy listened. He was silent when Peter had finished. Speech was increasingly an effort.

"I should—like—to go there," he whispered at last. He did not speak again during all the long afternoon,

but just at dusk he roused again.
"I would like—to see—the sentry," he said with difficulty.

And so again, and for the last time, Rosa's soldier from Salzburg with one lung.

Through all that long day, then, Harmony sat over her work, unaccustomed muscles aching, the whirring machines in her eurs. Monia, upset over the morning's excitement, was irritable and unreasonable. The gold-tissue costume

had come back from Le Grande with a complaint. Below in the courtyard all day curious groups stood gaping up the staircuse, where the morning had seen such occurrences.

At the noon hour, while the girls heated soup and carried in pails of salad from the corner restaurant, Harmony had fallen into the way of playing for them. To the musicloving Viennese girls this was the hour of the day. To sit back, soup bowl on knee, the machines silent, Monia quarreling in the kitchen with the Hungarian servant, and while the pigeons ate crusts on the window-sills, to hear this American girl play such music as was played at the opera, her slim figure swaying, her whole beautiful face and body glowing with the melody she made, the girls found the situation piquant, altogether delightful. Although she did not suspect it, many rumors were rife about Harmony in the workzoom. She was not of the people, they said—the daughter of a great American, of course, run away to escape a loveless marriage. This was borne out by the report of one of them who had glimpsed the silk petticoat. It was rumored also that she wore no chemise, but instead an infinitely coquettish series of lace and nainsook garments-of a fineness!

Harmony played for them that day, played perhaps as she had not played since the day she had moved the Master

to tears, played to Peter as she had seen him at the window, to Jimmy, to the little Georgiev as he went down the staircase. And finally with a choke in her throat to the little mother back home, so hopeful, so ignorant.

In the evening, as was her custom, she took the one real meal of the day at the corner restaurant, going early to avoid the crowd and coming back quickly through the winter night. The staircase was always a peril, to be encountered and conquered night after night and even in the daytime not to be lightly regarded. On her way up this night she heard steps ahead, heavy, measured steps that climbed steadily without pauses. For an instant Harmony thought it sounded like Peter's step and she went dizzy.

But it was not Peter. Standing in the upper hall, much as he had stood that morning over the ammunition boxes, thumbs in, heels in, toes out, chest out, was the sentry.

Harmony's first thought was of Georgiev and more searching of the building. Then shows w that the sentry's impassive face were lines of trouble. He saluted. "Please, Fraulcia."
"Yes?"

"I have not sold the Herr Doktor."

"I thank you."

"But the child dies."

"Jimmy?"

"He dies all of last night and today. Toroight it is perhaps but of moments,

Harmony clutched at the iron stair-rail for support. "You are sure? You are not telling me so that I will

"He dies, Fritulein. The Herr Doktor has not slept for many hours. My wife, Rosa, sits on the stair to see that none disturb, and her cousin, the wife of the portier, weeps. over the stove. Please, Prinlein, come with me.

"When did you leave the Siebensternstrasse?"

"But now."

"And he still lives?"

"Jo, Frankein, and usks for you."

Now suddenly fell away from the girl all pride, all fear, all that was personal and small and frightened, before the reality of death. She rose, as women by divine gift do rise, to the crisis; ceased trembling, get her hat and coat and her shaliby gloves and joined the sentry again. Another moment's delay to secure the Le Grande's address from Monia. Then out into the night, Harmony to the Siebensternstrasse, the tall soldier to find the dancer at her hotel, or failing that, at the Ronacher Music Hall,

Harmony took a taxicab nothing must be spared now-bribed the chauffeur to greater speed, arrived at the house and ran across the garden, still tearless, up the stairs, past Rosa on the upper flight, and rang the hell.

Marie admitted her with only a little gasp of surprise. There was nothing to warn Peter. One moment he sat by the bed, watch in hand, alone, drear, tragic-eyed. The next he had glanced up, saw Harmony and went white, holding to the back of his chair. Their eyes met, agony and hope in them, love and death, rapture and bitterness. In Harmony's, pleading, promise, something of doubt; in Peter's, only yearning, as of empty arms. Then Harmony dared to look at the bed and fell on her kness in a storm of grief beside it. Peter bent over and gently stroked her hair.

The Le Grande was singing; the boxes were full. In the body of the immerse theater waiters scurried back

and forward among the tables. Everywhere was the clatter of silver and steel on porcelain, the clink of glasses. Smoke was everywhere-pipes, cigars, cigarettes. Women smoked between bites at the tables, using small paper or silver mouthpieces, even a gold one shone here and there. Men walked up and down among the diners, spraying the air with chemicals to clear it. At a table just below the stage sut the red-bearded dozent with the lady of the photograph. They were drinking cheap native wines and were very happy.

From the height of his worldly wisdom he was explaining

the people to her.
"In the box—don't stare, Liebchen, he looks—is the princeling I have told you of. Roses, of course. Last night it was orchids."

Last night? Were you here?" He coughed.

"I have been told, Liebchen. Each night he sits there, and when she finishes her song he rises in the box, kisses the flowers and tosses them to her."

"Shumeless! Is she so beautiful?" "No. But you shall see. She comes."

The Le Grande was very popular. She occupied the best place on the program; and because she sang in Amer-ican, which is not exactly English and more difficult to



Then Harmony Fell on Her Kneer in a Sterm of Grief

understand, her songs were considered exceedingly risqué. As a matter of fact they were merely ragtime melodies, with a lift to them that caught the Vienness fancy, accustomed to German sentimental ditties and the artificial forms of grand opera. And there was another reason for She carried with her a chorus of a dozen her success. piccaninnies.

In Austria darkies were as rare as cats, and there were no cata! So the little chorus had made good. The Le Grande was a good advertiser. Each day she walked in the Prater, ermine from head to foot, and behind her two by two trailed twelve little Southern darkies in red-velvet coats and cape, grinning sociably. When she drove a pair sat on the boot.

Her voice was strong, not sweet, spoiled by years of singing against dishes and bettles in smuky music halls; spoiled by eigarettes and absinthe and foreign cocktails that resembled their American prototypes as the night resembles the day.

She wore the gold dress, décolleté, slashed to the knee over rhinestone-spangled stockings. And back of her trailed the twelve little darkies.

She sang Dixie, of course, and The Old Folks at Home; then a ragtime medley, with the chorus showing rows of white teeth and clogging with all their short legs. The Le Grande danced to that, a whirling, nimble dance. The little rhinestones on her stockings flashed; her opulent bosom quivered. The dornt, eyes on the dancer, squeezed his companion's band.

"I love thee!" he whispered, rather flushed.

And then she sang Doan Ye Cry, Mah Honey. Her voice, rather coarse but melodious, lent itself to the pegro rhythm, the swing and lift of the lullaby. The little darkies, eyes rolling, preternaturally solemn, linked arms and swayed rhythmically, right, left, right, left. The glasses ceased clanking; sturily citizens forgot their steak and beer for a moment and listened, knife and fork poised. Under the table the durent's hand pressed its captive affectionately, his eyes no longer on Le Grande but on

the woman across, his sweetheart, she who would be mother of his children. The words meant little to the audience; the rich, rolling Southern lullaby held them rape

> "Doan ye cry, mak honey, Doan ye weep no mo.,
>
> Mammy's gwine to hold her baby,
>
> All de udder black trash sleepin' on the fil.,
>
> Mammy only lubs her boy."

The little darkies swayed; the singer swayed, empty arms cradled.

Doan ye cry, mak honey, Doan ye weep no ma'

She picked the tiniest darky up and held him, wooly head against her breast, and crooned to him, rocking or her jeweled heels. The crowd applauded; the man in the box kissed his flowers and flung them. Glasses and dishar clinked again.

The dozest bent across the table.

Some day " he said.

The girl blushed.

Le Grande made her way into the wings, surrounce by her little troupe. A motherly colored woman took then shooed them off, rounded them up like a flock of chicken

And there in the wings, grimly impusive, stood a private soldier of the old Franz Josef, blocking the door to be dressing room. For a moment gold dress and dark blue-gray uniform fronted earl other. Then the sentry touched is

"Madam," he said, "the child is a the Siebensternstrasse and tonight h

"What child?" Her arms were id of flowers.
"The child from the hospital. Pro-

to make haste."

Jimmy died an hour after midnight quite peacefully, died with one hand it Harmony's and one between Peter's toblg ones.

Toward the last he called Fire "daddy" and asked for a drink, hi eyes, moving slowly round the men passed without notice the gray-law woman in a gold dress who stood starts down at him, rested a moment on the cage of mice, came to a stop in the don way, where stood the sentry, white at weary, but refusing rest.

It was Harmony who divined th

child's unspoken wish.
"The manual?" she whispered.
The boy nodded. And so just issi the door of the bedroom across from the old salon of Maria Theresa the sentwith sad eyes but no lack of vigor, we again through the Austrian manual of arms, and become

he had no carbine he used Peter's old walking-stick.

When it was finished the boy smiled faintly, tried salute, lay still. XXVII

DETER was going back to America and still he had n told Harmony he loved her. It was necessary that go back. His money had about given out, and there w no way to get more save by earning it. The drain Jimmy's illness, the inevitable expense of the small graand the tiny stone Peter had insisted on buying had me retreat his only course. True, the Le Grande had wish to defray all expenses, but Peter was inexorable. money earned as the dancer earned hers should purchs penceful rest for the loved little body. And after seci-Peter's eyes the dancer had not insisted.

A week had seen many changes. Marie was gone. Alt conference between Stewart and Peter that had be decided on. Stewart raised the money somehow, and Pet saw her off, palpitant and eager, with the pin he had so her to Semmering at her throat. She kissed Peter on t cheek in the station, rather to his embarrassment. Fro the lowered window, as the train pulled out, she waved moist handkerchief.

"I shall be very good," she promised him. The h words he heard above the grinding of the train were h cheery: "To America!"

Peter was living alone in the Street of Seven Stars, at ting food where he might happen to be, buying a litt now and then from the delicatessen shop across the stre For Harmony had gone back to the house in the We hadgasse. She had staved until all was over and an Marie's small preparations for departure were over. To while Peter was at the station, she slipped away ag-But this time she left her address. She wrote:

You will come to visit me, dear Peter, because was so lonely before and that is unnecessary no But you must know that I cannot stay in the Siebenster strasse. We have each our own fight to make, and ye

have been trying to fight for us all, for Marie, for dear little Jimmy, for me. You must get back to work now; you have lost so much time. And I am managing well. The Frau Professor is back and will take an evening lesson, and soon I shall have more money from Frauleia Reiff. You can see how things are looking up for me. In a few months I shall be able to renew my music lessons. And then, Peter-the career! HARMONY.

Her address was beneath.

Peter had suffered much. He was thinner, grayer, and as he stood with the letter in his hand he felt that Harmony was right. He could offer her nothing but his shabby self, his problematic future. Perhaps, surely, everything would have been settled, without reason, had he only once taken the girl in his arms, told her she was the breath of life itself to him. But adversity, while it had roused his fighting spirit in everything clae, had suppod his confidence.

He had found the letter on his dressing table, and he found himself confronting his image over it, a tall, stooping figure, a tired, lined face, a coat that bore the impress of many days with a sick child's head against its breast.

So it was over. She had come back and gone again, and this time he must let her go. Who was he to detain her? She would carry herself on to success, he felt; she had youth, hope, beauty and ability. And she had proved the thing he had not dared to believe, that she could take care of berself in the old city. Only-to go away and eave her there!

McLean would remain. No doubt he already had llarmony's address in the Wollbudgasse. Peter was not subtle, no psychologist, but he had seen during the last les days how the boy watched Harmony's every word, every gesture. And, perhaps, when loneliness and hard work began to tell on her, McLean's devotion would win its reward. McLean's devotion, with all that it meant, the lessons again, community of taste, their common youth! Peter felt old, very tired.

Nevertheless he went that night to the Wollbudgasse, He sent his gray suit to the portier's wife to be pressed, and getting out his surgical case, as he had once before in the Pession Schwarz, he sewed a button on his overesat, using the curved needle and the catgut and working with surgeon's precision. Then, still working very carefully, he trimmed the edges of graying hair over his ears, trimmed his cuffs, trimmed his best silk tie, now almost hopeless. He blacked his shoes, and the suit not coming, he donned his dressing gown and went into Jimmy's room to feed the mice. Feter stood a moment beside the smooth white bed with his face working. The wooden sentry still stood on the bedside table.

It was in Peter's mind to take the mice to Harmony, confess his defeat and approaching retreat and ask her to care for them. Then he decided against this palpable appeal for sympathy, elected to go empty-handed and discover merely how comfortable she was or was not. When the time came he would slip out of her life, sending

her a letter and leaving McLean on guard. Harmony was at home. Peter climbed the dark staircase-where Harmony had met the little Georgiev, and

where he had gone down to his death-climbed steadily, but without his usual elasticity. The place appalled himits gloom, its dinginess, its somber quiet. In the daylight, with the pigeons on the sills and the morning sunlight printing the cross of the church steeple on the whitewashed wall, it was peaceful, cloisterlike, with landings that were crypts. But at night it was almost terrifying, that staircase.

Harmony was playing. Peter heard her when he reached the upper landing, playing a sad little strain that gripped his heart. He waited outside before ringing, heard her begin something determinedly cheerful, falter, cease altogether. Peter rang.

Harmony herself admitted him. Perhaps-oh, certainly she had expected him! It would be Peter, of course, to come and see how she was getting on, how she was housed, She held out her hand and Peter took it. Still no words, only a half smile from her and no smile at all from Peter, but his heart in his eyes.

"I hoped you would come, Peter. We may have the reception room.

"You knew I would come," said Peter. "The reception room?

Where customers wait." She still carried her violin, and slipped back to be room to put it away. Peter had a glimpse of its poverty and its meagerness. He draw a long breath.

Monia was at the opera, and the Bohemian sat in the kitchen knitting a stocking. The reception room was warm from the day's fire, and in order. All the pine and scraps of the day had been swept up, and the portieres that made fitting-rooms of the corners were pushed back. Peter saw only a big room with empty corners, and that at a glance. His eyes were Harmony's.

He sat down awkwardly on a stiff chair; Harmony on a velvet settee. They were suddenly two strangers meeting for the first time. In the squalor of the Pension Schwarz, in the comfortable intimacies of the Street of Seven Stars, they had been easy, unconstrained. Now suddenly Peter was tongue-tied. Only one thing in him clamored for utterance, and that he sternly elenced.

"I-I could not stay there, Peter. You understood?"

"No. Of course I understood." "You were not angry?"

"Why should I be angry? You came, like an angel of light, when I needed you. Only of course -

"I'll not say that, I think."

"Please say it, Peter!"

Peter writhed, looked everywhere but at her.

"Please, Peter. You said I always came when you needed me, only -

"Only-1 always need you!" Peter, Peter!

"Not always, I think. Of course, when one is in trouble one needs a woman; but -

"Well, of coursebut-I'm generally in trouble, Harry dear.'

Frightfully ashamed. of himself by that time was Peter, ashamed of his weakness. He snight to give a cusual air to the speech by stooping for a neglected pin on the carpet. By the time he had stuck it is his lapel he had saved his mental forces from the rout of Harmony's eyes.

His next speech he made to the center table, and missed a most delectable look in the aforesaid eyes.

"I didn't come to be silly," he said to the

"I hate people who whine, and I've got into a damnable habit of being sorry for myself! It's to laugh, isn't it, a great, holking carcass like me, to be

"Peter," sald Harmony softly, "aren't you going to look at me?

"I'm afraid."



Re Tried to Tell Her What Jhe Was Daing

"That's cowardice. And I've fixed my hair a new way. Do you like it?

"Splendid," said Peter to the center table.

"You didn't look!"

The rout of Harmony's eyes was supplemented by the rout of Harmony's hair. Peter, goaded, got up and walked about. Harmony was half exasperated; she would have exed Peter's cars with a tender hand had she dared.

His hands thrust savagely in his pockets, Peter turned and faced her at last,

"First of all," he said, "I am going back to America, Harmony. I've got all I can get here, all I came for He stapped, seeing her face. "Well, of course that's not true, I haven't. But I'm going back anyhew. You needn't look so stricken: I haven't lost my chance. I'll come back sometime again and finish, when I've earned enough to do it."

"You will never come back, Peter. You have spent all your money on others, and now you are going back just where you were, and-you are leaving me here alone!"

"You are alone anyhow," said Peter, "making your own way and getting along. And McLean will be here."

'Are you turning me over to him?'

No reply. Peter was pacing the floor.

"Peter!"

"Yes, dear?"

"Do you remember the night in Anna's room at the Schwarz when you proposed to me?"

No reply. Peter found another pin.

'And that night in the old lodge when you proposed to me again?"

Peter turned and looked at her, at her slender, swaying oung figure, her luminous eyes, her parted, childish lips, "Peter, I want you to-to ask me again,"

"Why?"

"Now listen to me, Harmony, You're sorry for me, that's all; I don't want to be pitled. You stay here and work. You'll do big things. I had a talk with the Master while I was searching for you, and he says you can do anything. But he looked at me-and a sight I was with worry and fright-and he warned me off, Harmony. He says you must not marry."

"Old pig!" said Harmony. "I will marry if I please." Nevertheless Peter's refusal and the Master's speech had told somewhat. She was colder, less vibrant. Peter came

to her, stood close, looking down at her.

"I've said a lot I didn't mean to," he said. "There's only one thing I haven't said, I sughtn't to say it, dear. I'm not going to marry you - I won't have such a thing on my conscience. But it doesn't hart a woman to know that a man loves her. I love you, dear. You're my heaven and my earth-even my God, I'm afraid. But I will not morry

"Not even if I ask you to?"

"Not even then, dear. To share my struggle -

"I see," slowly. "It is to be a struggle?"

"A bard fight, Harmony. I'm a pauper practically."

"And what am 17"

"Two poverties don't make a wealth, even of happiness," aid Peter steadily. "In the time to come, when you would think of what you might have been, it would be a thousand deaths to me, dear."

"People have married, women have married and carried on their work, too, Peter.'

"Not your sort of women or your sort of work. And not my sort of man, Harry. I'm jealous-jealous of every one about you. It would have to be the music or me."

(Continued on Page 65)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription 36.58 the Year. Two Cents the Copy of AS Newsdeaton. To Cample - By Subscription \$1.75 the Year (Except in Tomoso, \$1.56). Single Copies, Pive Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries of the Foreit Union. Single Salmertytions, El.D. Bendinsocas to be Made by International Postal Minory Order

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 2, 1914

Our Foreign Trade

Whatever other angles and phases the case presents, the state monopoly of the oil trade in Germany is a substantial victory for the Deutsche Bank crowd in its contest with the Standard Oil Company for the German market. We may assume that the German oil crowd is spiritually superior to the American, yet the important point is that its government stood behind it with a helping hand, while our Government stood behind our oil crowd with an active boot. And, though curbing big and perhaps predacious concerns, our Government is doing less than it should to assist small and presumptively virtuous concerns in that rivalry for foreign trade which is growing keeper all the time.

We are becoming importers of raw foodstuffs, instead of exporters. Raw cotton we can continue to sell in great quantities for many years, whatever our trade policy may be, because we have the best supply; but, with that exception, in selling goods abroad we must compete more and more on equal terms, except as our skill and organization give us the advantage.

In the matter of organization the consular service ought to be the chief item; but the pains and expense the German Government takes to promote foreign trade make our efforts in that line look inadequate. We are often niggardly with the consular service. Men who should be engaged with affairs of some importance—if they are worthy of their places and salaries at all—spend much time on petty details because there is no appropriation for a fifteen-dollar-a-week clerk. That is poor economy.

A German Difference

If WE had two of the greatest steamship lines in the world, whose commercial fleets sailed every sea and which together did a great part of the country's newancarrying trade, we should, of course, forbid them to combine, pool or make joint rate agreements. All the resources of the Government would be employed to keep them from combining and to harry them into competition. And that fact is possibly one of the reasons why we have no great steamship lines.

The two great German lines had an agreement, but failed to renew it. Some months ago a rate war that would probably become worldwide was announced, and that the companies did finally reach an agreement is everywhere attributed to the personal intervention of the Kaiser.

The power of the German Government, in short, was exerted in a direction diametrically opposite to that which our Government would have taken. A rate war between these companies would have been a disaster to German business, and the German Government is not looking for opportunities to breed disaster.

Talk Not Worth Printing

IT IS true that, with our scheme of government, Congress is by no means as important an institution as Parliament in the Great Pelinin; yet observant foreigners are surprised thention this country pays to what goes

on in the national logislature. Our newspapers make no attempt to report congressional debate. Only when something extraordinary happens—a vote on a big bill or an incident of a sensational nature—do they dignify it with a headline.

For what they utter in debate, says the Constitution, senators and representatives shall not be questioned in any other place; and in the nature of the case they cannot be, because in no other place is the utterance known. Of course tens of thousands of particular speeches are mailed to constituents and mainly thrown into the wastebasket; but even though the particular speech is read, that does not constitute publicity of debate, because the reader does not get the rejoinder.

Now and then we get excited about a speech in Congress and turn expectantly to the Congressional Record in order to read it. What we usually find in the Record is this: "Mr. So-and-So addressed the Senate. His speech will appear hereafter."

The country's extensive ignorance of day-to-day proceedings of Congress seems to us rather unfortunate; but if you raise the point with a newspaper editor his prompt reply is: "The stuff is not worth printing!"—which is perhaps more unfortunate still.

Prejudiced Witnesses

YOU would have a poor opinion of a man who, as a regular occupation, harnessed half-maked women to carts and set them to crawling all day on their hands and knees through the hot, narrow passages of mines, bauling coal, and who bitterly resented every attempt to change that condition.

You would hardly care to belong to the same club with a man who was put into a towering rage by an attempt to stop him from working little children at the loom until they fainted from hunger and exhaustion. Yet good men have done these things.

There is nothing more terrible in any literature than these parliamentary reports on the condition of English labor in the fore part of the nineteenth century, from which Marx took the most important material for the first volume of Capital.

To read now of the awful abuses and of the stubborn resistance to reform gives one the impression of a cold and calculating ferocity that makes Militen's Satan look like a sentimental amateur. Yet it is perfectly certain that the British employers of that time were personally, in the main, good, kindly men—so far as they could see. A majority of the Southern slaveholders were personally good, kindly men—so far as their understanding went.

A long-standing above from which a profit is derived inevitably blinds its beneficiarios and makes them utterly untrustworthy witnesses. In child-labor legislation, the objections of employers of that labor should not be at all considered. Their position puts them out of court.

Swedish Elections

AN UNUSUALLY brisk canvass preceded the recent general election in Sweden for members of the lower house of Parliament. The Liberal party urged some constitutional reforms and the supremacy of Parliament in the government of the country—matters whose discussion obviously requires some study and thought; but the Conservatives were happily spared the bother of discussing them seriously, making the campaign practically on the sole issue of national defense, which means an army as large as the country can conveniently support. And one wing of the Liberals joined the Conservatives in treating defense as the most important question. Naturally it was rather expected that the Conservatives would win.

There are many urgent modern social and political problems that the conservative mind invariably finds confusing or irritating; but in several countries nowadays it is spared the bother of considering them by meeting all demands for reform with loud shouts for more regiments and battleships. So long as politics can be reduced to the simple matter of waving a flag and blowing a trumpet, the conservative can compete in it on rather more than equal terms. Militarism, the world over, is conservatism's most important and only dependable asset.

Getting the Habit

IT IS practically just as easy to form one habit as another. To one man the notion of a highball at three P. M. is very obnexious, because it would interfere with his play at golf or tennis. Another man detests the notion of golf or tennis at three P. M. because it would interfere with his highball.

Physically, mentally and spiritually the two men are much alike. They have merely formed different habits, and with a little shifting of the respective scenes one might just as readily have formed the habit of the other.

One man is plumped into gloomy minery by the prospect of spending an evening away from his books and slippers. Another is unhappy unless he has an engagement that will

take him out of the house after dark, or company is coning in. Both men crave a strong reaction from the day; the office. One has formed the habit of finding it in liveture—the other in lights, motion, company. By pressing different button, with a little persistence, each could be acquired the other's habit.

Hardly any other habit will stand a young man in bett stead than a reading habit, both for what it includes at what it excludes. Of all habits it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most dependable. You can indulge regardless of weather, seasons and location.

For almost any intelligent young man it is an eahabit to form. That and a habit of physical exercise a make nearly any man fireproof against chronic dissipate.

Great Naval Strategists

THE finest thing about your great naval strategist is to he always ends by blowing himself up. His proposition that the three sides of a triangle must always be equal only one side must always be longer than the others.

The world will lapse into chaos unless each one of the office combinations exceeds all others. If it is the Moterranean which engages his attention he will demonstrate that England must predominate there or lose India the colonies—while Germany, Austria and Italy must be wise predominate; and in any event England can predominate in the Mediterranean without losing conformation of her home coasts and territory. Here is the devil, to the deep sea; you muy choose between them, but you into other choice.

Now if all this paper naval strategy were only a sor weird game, played with building blocks in some home the aged in order to while away a winter evening, it makes much merit—because you may play it forever a out coming to any termination. The astounding this that intelligent men, holding positions of great reach bility, take it with deadly seriousness, and that vast a of actual, hard-exceed money are equandered to keep it

We are amazed at huge follies of the past—a To Years' War; a pre-revolutionary France; a Stuart rig a Mississippi Bubble. Our children will be equally an at the great naval strategy of our day.

One Abused Railroad

Do You happen to remember that when the St. I & San Francisco Railroad went into hankrupter. May its chief counsel rose in rightcome indignate declare that the innocent corporation was a victim of rageous interference and oppression by state legisla and the Federal Government, and society in general.

Well, the Interstate Commerce Commission trisdiscover the real reasons for insolvency and ran acrositems as a profit of seven million dellars to syndica parily composed of insiders—which unloaded vebranches and feeders on the parent system, and profthirty million dellars to other syndicates and bankers underwrote and marketed the road's securities.

Obviously the real trouble with the St. Louis & Francisco was not too much interference, but too lit

The Rate Decision

WE HOPE the railroads will be permitted to freight rates five per cent—but it is a hope varing to it. As Commissioner Prouty has pointed o are trying in this country a completely novel exper By far the greatest business in the country, except culture, is entirely owned by private capital; but we taken away from the owners all power to fix the provided their product—transportation—shall be sold

Imagine that situation in your own business. You ish the capital and the management, but somebor has absolute power to fix the price at which your good be sold. That is the novel experiment this country is in regard to railroads.

The net revenues of the railroads in the last thre have not increased at all commensurately with the incapital investment, and we believe the Government the novel conditions we have created—can far better to give the roads an inch too much than to give thinch too little. So we hope an increase in freight more granted.

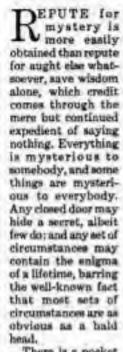
However, when we look over certain scandalous of railroad credit that have come to light of late yetie a string to the hope. We believe that a great roads are capably and honestly managed. We also that there has been and probably still is a shocking to graft in the railroad world as a whole.

When we see great, flourishing transportation prises, which ought to be highly prosperous, dragge to a bankrupt or crippled condition, we want more ing explanations of the reasons than have yet beer coming; and we decidedly do not want any railroad another nickel for the management to gamble with

As to somewhat higher freight rates, yes. As to comprehensive and rigid public regulation, yes also

Who's who-and why

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



There is a pocket in the mind of every human being that contains the mental ingredients for belief in the inscrutable. And as every crank is cryptic, and most of us are cranks, it is plain to be seen why, on the slightest excuse - on more

Tom Discretion, of Fradence. Circumspeet County

say-so-we accept as mysterious what on examination will prove to be palpable; for it usually happens we are too. iny to examine, and thus many things pass as hidden that in reality are self-evident instead of secret.

Of course secreey is one phase and mystery another; for though a mystery is not always a secret, a secret is usually mysterious; but when you hold a secret mysteriously then you have done what is easy to do, and thus you create your atmosphere of obfuscation.

Hence we who have to do with such matters speak of executive sessions of the United States Senate as both secret and mysterious. Those sessions have been held in that regard for many years. When one is imminent there is an ominous pause in the Senate. Some grave and digni-

fied statesman rises and moves that the Senate proceed to resolve itself into executive session. There is a great jungling of bells and the doortenders hurry out the dawdlers in the galleries. All clerks, reporters and attachés ienve. The doors are swung to. Tom Dawson enters. Momentous affairs are to be discussed and may hap decided.

Tom Dawson enters, than whom there is no more officially mysterious person alive and no franker one unofficially. Tom is the executive clerk of the Senate, the one man outside the accredited membership allowed to hear those deliberations. The doors remain closed for such time as is necessary; then they open to show a few senators in their seats, to disclose some tobacco smoke drifting against the stained-glass cellings, and to exhibit an atmosphere of mystery and Pittsburgh stogies.

To be sure, since Senator Tillman made his impassioned plea to his colleagues to refrain from smoking in executive session because of his highly sensitized olfactory nerves, the tobacco smoke is absent on occasions when the senator is present; but usually

the smoke is there.

Now then, that is a mysterious preceeding. What is said and done there is supposed to be inviolable-supposed to be. Mystery surrounds executive sessions-not because they are mysterious, but because it is the custom, and has been for many years, to say they are. This reputation, easily obtained decades ago, continues traditionally; but the only difference between regular and open sessions of the Senate and executive sessions is that when the executive sessions are important more is printed about them in the newspapers than about the regular sessions.

Taking themselves seriously, the senators take their executive sessions seriously, so far as the word goes, and weigh down Tom Dawson with the clerical responsibility that attends. They trust no other outsider. That, as it happens, shows much senatorial acumen, for if there is one citizen of this Republic eminently fitted by character, by temperament and by training to keep executive-session secrets secret, that person is Tom Dawson.

Leaks in Executive Sessions

THEY can burden that quiet, efficient man with any con-fidential information they have, from a contemplated forny on Mexico to the character of a candidate for a second-class postmastership, and Tom will never peep. Tom's other name is Discretion, and his place of birth was Prudence, Circumspect County, State of Wariness.

You see, the senators knew Torn-as well they might, for he had been among them a long time. Oddly enough, part of his business was to secure for the public press information concerning the very executive sessions he now guards so closely. Tom was a newspaper man stationed in the Senate Chamber, and he was stationed there for years. In common with a few other correspondents he had the privilege of the floor, but not when there were executive malons. Then he had to go out and keep off the grass. However, after the executive sessions were over it was his duty to discover what happened, and he always so discovered.

No senator ever told him. Perish the thought! No enator ever tells any correspondent anything that happens in executive musious-that is, no menator ever admits he tells. Some do. Very good reports are often obtained. I remember a time when a sepator rose in his seat during the morning hour and denounced his colleagues for leaking about executive sessions. He was quite bitter about it,

He said it was a crying shame and he himself almost cried. He read the report of a session on the previous afternoon

which he said was outrageous in that it correctly told what happened at a gathering concerning which no senator could talk, by right. It was very affecting to me, because I wrote the article this senator read and condemned-and he himself gave me the information!

For many years-twenty, probably-Tom Dawson wrote reports not only of executive sessions but of other Senate sessions as well. He supplied his reports to a press association and what he wrote went into most of the newspaper offices of the country. Naturally he had to be necurate, nonpartisan, unbiased-absolutely-and he was, Tom Dawson never wrote a prejudiced line in his life. He never telegraphed a word he did not think was absolutely in accordance with the facts.

Think what that means! He was no special man, writing for one paper or two or three directed by an editorial policy or by an editorial whim or by a partisan bias. He wrote for hundreds of papers. His part of the report was used as the hasis of much editorial comment. In many instances Tom Dawson's stories were all the readers of papers saw, and on them they based their knowledge of what was happening in Washington.

A great trust, I should say! And Tom Dawson never violated it. A quiet, sincere, honest man, he exerted a greater influence than most people understand or appreclate; and there never was a minute in his writing life when he was actuated by any other impulse than to get the news, get it right, and send it along, regardless of whom he might help or hurt.

The senators liked him-all the long procession of senators who served during Tom's work as a correspondent; and when they needed an executive clerk they selected him, because they knew that whatever secrets they might have were safe with him.

Therefore when the bells clang and the doors close Tom is the only person not a senator who is inside; and whatever happens, now that he is out of the newspaper business, is as sure to stay unrecorded, because of him, as in the old days whatever happened was sure to be recorded because of him. In no other way could they keep him from printing

He has been in Washington for a long time, has Torn Dawson; and for some years he was secretary to the late Senator Henry M. Teller, of Colorado. He owns a ranch in Colorado and raises hay and other crops there, but confines his agriculture at the Capital to the expert cultivation of some highly prized whiskers.

Hundreds of newspaper correspondents have passed through the press gallery on the Senate side since Tom

Dawson went there. and there is not one of them but has profited by the wisdom and experience of Dawson, for he is as kindly as he is efficient, and always. ready with counsel and information.

Tom Dawson knows more about the Senate than any man in it, and when he was writing about it he did his work with less fuss and with more ability than most of his colleagues.

The influence men like Tom Dawson exert on the opinions the people hold on governmental affairs in this country is incalculable; and there never was a man in his position who had better motives, a stronger sense of responsibility, a more sincere purpose and a more honest execution than this modest, quiet, capable man who guards the executive secrets of the Senate now as faithfully as he diligently set them forth in the old





Styleplus #17

The same price the world over:

When you buy your clothes do you just pick out what "looks good" and take a long. chance on the wear?

There is a simple way to avoid paying too much for your clothes or getting a suit of inferior quality-look for the Stylepics Label on the builds of the coat collar, The Styleplus Label is more than a tag, it is a promise. It means that the clothes are under bond to give you satisfaction or new ones will be furnished.

So when you see the Stylephas Label in a cost you know that the Merchant is back of it and the Manufactures in Inck of it. They stake their business reputations on its genuine quality.

Style + all-wool fabrics. Style + perfect fit. Style + expert workmanship. Style + guaranteed west.

One leading clothors in crocks every twen and city. sello Stylephy Chalar. If there should not be a Stylephus more to your town, phone more any and me will refer you to see moths.

You can tell a genuine Strippin by the Label in the cent, the Treast on the stores, and the Guarantee in the pucket.

Send for our book, "As I this - 5, a law "

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO.

Founded 1849

Baltimore, Md.

I mile the state date; in the part



THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Byetander

WASHINGTON, D. C. DEAR JIM: You may recall that I have made casual reference in this correspondence to the fact that nothing is done in Washington which is not political. Though we carry side lines of amelioration of the woes of the people, anxiety for the general good, reverence for the Constitu-tion, economy in public expenditure, and conservation of our resources, as well as conversation concerning constructive legis-lation and the uplift, our main stock is polities. We handle that almost exclusively; and when we do put out a sample of our other goods we always tie a medicum of politics in with it, that being our business - politics

I am moved to further reference to this subject by a contemplation of the cities selected by Mr. McAdon, Mr. Houston and Mr. Williams as regional bank centers. If you hark back a little you will remember that Mesers. McAdoo and Houston made a rather comprehensive and leisurely swing round the circle when they had the estab-iishment of these banks in prospect; and it now appears that they went largely for the air. They needed rest and a change; for if that trip had any effect on the final deter-

mination of the cities selected it is not apparent, now that they have been selected. They had a nice trip, and when they came home they speake admiringly of the size of this country and its wealth and resources. They were quite impressed with all those

features.
"It really is most interesting," they said one to another, "to discover that there are so many centers of population in this broad domain of ours where regional banks rould well be established most interesting.

Now would you believe it?—there are

Baltimore and New Orleans; Louisville

and Cincinnati; Pittsburgh and Denver;

Portland, Oregon; and Seattle—all busy

marts of trade and quite populous; excel
lent cities, all of them—most communicable lent cities, all of them—mest commendable cities. We approve of them all. Public-spirited people in them too, and excellent hests! We had a most enjoyable trip and met many fine people; but

A Session of the Buts

But! Sure, Jim-but! One but, two buts, three buts, four buts, five buts—a noble array of buts and a powerful. And the buts butted in, Jim; they butted in with a home-sweet-home effect. Let me

classify them.

But Number One: William G. McAdoo, born in Georgia.

But Number Two: John Skelton Wil-

liams, of Richmond, Virginia. But Number Three: David F. Houston, erstwhile of St. Louis and ersterwhile of

Texas But Number Four: Albert S. Burleson,

of Texas

But Number Five: Colonel Edward House, also of Texas.

Of these buts the first three make up the committee that selected the cities, and the remaining two make up the advisory board as pertaining to Texas. You see how it

worked out.
"I move," said Mr. McAdeo, "that a regional bank be established at Atlanta, the proud capital of my native state."
"Aye!" voted Williams and Houston.
"I move," said Mr. Williams, "that a regional bank be established at Richmond, the necod capital of my native state."

the proud capital of my native state."
"Aye!" voted McAdeo and Houston.
"I move," said Mr. Houston, who up to

this time had been discreetly silent, save when voting, "that a bank be established at St. Louis and another at Kansas City, both imperial cities of the imperial common wealth that claims my residence."
"Aye!" voted Williams and McAdon.
"Further," continued Mr. Houston,

now move that a hank be established at Dallas, a flourishing municipality in the state of my affections, Texas.

"Aye!" yelled Albert Sidney Burleson and Colonel Edward House; and it was all unanimous and pleasant, and devoid of misunderstanding and acrimony.



DEAVER BOARD is religible out on purity with harmon and made religious given to every ever

Easy to Build If You Follow Instruction

That's one of the 41 advantages of BEAVER BOARD walls and relings over fath, placter and wall-paper. It also makes the house warmer in winter, cooler in summer, reside the passage of sound and never cracks.

A complete conspiration arriver here every REAVER BOARD met. The the processes of a special arriver here to a consider a constant and a constant are well as employed on the special arriver as well as employed on the special arriver Department gives related in the reasons to the time who derive to the reasons to the time who derive to the part of the special constant are always giand to show MEAVER BOARD disports and photographs of across infection.

Georgie pairmind BEAVER BEAKEI has the trailment on back of epi-panel and light resus color alternational hald by E. Official dens' supply. Luxue: and hardware dealers in stees to meet all your smeda,

Write for free illustrand backer

The Beaver Board Companies

Consider there 250 Braves Road, Buttale S. Consider 480 Wall St., Beaversteb, Co-ferent Britain & Searthauguen Ross, Levelet, V. American. 49 Queen St., Methodisc.

BOARD WALLS AND





House of Harry Male, Buffalo. This made BEWick in tARTA cellulation of the whole tamely, as well as the clinical who dollars work.



N the comprehensive line of GMC Gasoline and Electric Trucks there is the right truck for your business.

GMC trocks are high-grade. There are no better trucks than those going from our factory every day.

Get that fact fixed in your mind.

And then this one. We do not build cheap trucks.

Our prices are low because of big volume production and right business methods.

	Capacity	Price
Gaspline	150 Tune	\$1500
Chumin	2 Tons	Make.
	My Tons	2250
	315 Tuna	2500
	5 Tome	2770
	5 Tons	3.00
Electric	IIW Iba.	\$1200
Chassia	groot line.	1300
(Less Battery)	arox 10-a.	1450
	Accest These:	1.5601
	goon this.	< 1900
	4000 Ibu.	2 2100
	30000 flvs.	2350
	22000 Hos.	CHAIL

GMC trucks are the product of General Motors Truck Company, one of the units of General Moties Company, the strongest orworld.

Your business needs a truck with the SERVICE BUILT IN IT. If you choose a GMCthat's the kind of a truck you

Correspondence invited with dealers of financial responsibility.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK CO.

31 General Motore Bldg.

Pontiac.

Michigan

Branches and Distributors New York, Boston, Philadelphia, De-troit, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Louis, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Lou Angeles, Pittsburg, Minnespolis, Salt Laze, Galveston, New Orleans, Bir-mingham.



There was no politics in it, Jim. Of course not! It was all based on friendship and loyalty to and affection for the old homes. State pride, James; and a lovely sentiment it is and patriotic! Who can wonder that the thoughts of William Gibbs McAdoo turned fondly toward dear old Georgia and the metropolis thereof when he had this boon to grant? And who is there to cavil at the loyal affection of John Skelton Williams for Richmond? And David F. Houston is a stern man, it seems, but sentimental—excessively sentimental and powerfully so, for he secured three banks for his share, aided, of course, by those employed Tevans House and Burney, the secured states and services and Burney, and Burney those emotional Texans, House and Burleson, whose eyes ever dim with tears when the beauties of dear, dear Dallas are re-called to them by ward or deed—Burieson, who made his mysterious visit to the White House when the cities were under consid-eration, his mysterious visit now being mysterious no longer; and House, the silent, mysterious to longer; and riouse, the sucoi, self-effacing House, who spends so much of his time in the Treasury advising, out of the fund of his vast experience, with Secretary McAdoo—House, of whom to say he is gumshod and rubber-tired were as scanty an appreciation of his noiseless methods of oper-

ation as to compare him with a brass band!
"But me no buts!" New Orleans and
Portland and Denver and Louisville and
Pittsburgh might well have exclaimed had they been apprised of what was politically in the wind; but they were not. And they were butted a few buts, Jim; butted a few as herein set down.

So starts the Currency Hill that is to assuage all our financial woes—so starts

it in the manner aforesaid; and now we it in the manner aforesaid; and now we await the appointment of the board. Before you read this, that may have come to pass; but there is no inkling as yet of its possible or probable membership. Still, writing before the event, let it be said that if there is a similar exhibition of the home-sweet-home thing in the make-up of that hoard the Currency Bill, which began with such fair prospects, will be but a withered flower of legislation, instead of a proud bouquet of law.

The Terrible Meek

However, the President still maintains his grip on the Congressional lever and is still in full control. It is amazing, Jim, how that man runs things; how he gets what he wants in the face of any and all opposition! Every time I watch him in operation I am again of the opinion that operation I am again of the opinion that the hest descriptive phrase for him is the title of Kennedy's play. The Terrible Mevis. He is a meek man, Jim, and we have his word for it, as note in his speech to the Press Club; but, hevings! how terribly meek he is! In all my experience I never knew a man who was softer-spoken, more deferential to the wishes and opinions of others, more affable and agreeable; and in all my experience I never knew a man who,

once having set out to do a thing, so unrelentingly proceeded to do that thing! They tried to defeat his man Daniels, of New Jersey, named for a vacancy on the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Senate refused confirmation for a long time. Then suddenly the Wilson forces took up the matter and after it was all over Duniels was confirmed. So it goes with everything. He hasn't missed a trick yet. Prophecy is selling away below par in the present market; but it might be worth while to take a flyer at a prognostication at that. Hence, in a guarded manner, I am here to say that eventually he will get his tollarepeal bill through the Senate. It will take time, and manuscrept and time, and maneuvering, and pressure and the thumbscrews for some, and the rack for others; but, unless all signs fail, he will got the bill through finally. That sort of thing seems to be his fixed habit of procedure. Meantime the Democrats of the House

continue along their well-known econom-

The House was proceeding with the legislative, judicial and executive appro-priation bills. There had been a proposition to cut down mileage allowances to actual cost instead of allowing them to remain at the present rate of twenty cents a mile. This would have saved a hundred thousand dollars a year; but the formerly economical Democrats fell on the item with loud cries and tore it limb from limb. Also they tore it out of the bill. Then came a proposition to increase the salaries of ongressional clerks to eighteen hundred dollars a year. Not to have done this would have saved one hundred thirty-two thousand dollars more a year; but they did it.



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

THE WILL SEE THE SEE SEE



lerce-

A light car and a speedy one

THE thought that went into Pierce-Arrows, to make them durable, also prescribed materials that were strong without being too heavy, and saw to it that these materials were secured and utilized at whatever cost. Today Pierce-Arrow Cars not only possess unequalled durability but are also lighter than any other cars that are compared with them.

The purchaser of a new Pierce-Arrow secures a car in which weight is present only in degree necessitated by requirements of safety and strength and in which even that weight is leavened by the genius of design. He secures a car of life-long durability at a cost which, when spread over years of service, over continents of travel, is insignificant.

The man who purchases such a car from its original owner, before that owner has begun to exhaust its built-in worth, secures the best procurable bargain in motor cars.

> Pierce-Arrow cars are built in three chassis sizes, 38, 48 and 66 horse-power. These chassis are equipped with many types of open and enclosed bodies, including a runabout, with interchangeable Victoria and

The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company, Buffalo, New York

a hundred thirty-two thousand dollars for their clerks, they looked about for some place where they might be really economical. They found it, Jim-found it in the barber shop; and they virtuously and economically fixed it so that the barbers must buy their own talcum powder and toilet water and such, instead of getting it free as heretofore. This saved five hundred

Wouldn't that make you proud of your legislators? Wouldn't that cause you to rise up and give three hearty chaurs for the statesmen who are spending a billion dollars and more of your money and my money? Doesn't that show the caliber of those parriots? They hold fast to their miles of the parriots of the calibration those patriots? They hold fast to their mileage grab of twenty cents a mile going to and coming from each session, and they give their own cierts three hundred dollars more a year, which means nothing in the way of increased efficiency of service, but does mean a little more purk for the boys; and they say sternly to the barbers that they must buy their own talcam powder and their own witch-hazel,

Menntime again, Thomas Riley Marshall, Vice-President and official guest, has bur-geoned in a fancy vest. It isn't a waistcoat. It is a vest, and it is fancy. One of the members of the Persian Legation gave the vest to him that is, the Persian gave the Vice-President the cloth, or tapestry, or prayer rug, or whatever it is, and Thomas Riley had it fashioned into a vest. The way it came about was this: The Vice-Presi-dent, it seems, has always had a longing for a fancy vest.

Mr. Marshall's Persian Waistcoat

Out in Indiana they do not wear fancy vents much, at lear not in Columbia City. When he came to Washington the only fly in his ornate amber was the lack of a colored in his cernate amber was the lack of a colored vest. He had everything else his heart craved. He was Vice-President, a nice easy job, and he never had to buy a meal except his breakfasts, which did not tax him much as he belongs to the no-breakfast cult. He had ample opportunity to get off his quips and funny sayings, and he presided over the Senate whenever he felt the next of employment.

He was having a bully time; but there was a drawback he had no fancy vest. So one night when he was dining with the Persians be happened to remark to Mirza Ali Kuli Khan that a certain bit of gayly-

All Kull Khan that a certain bit of gaylycolored stuff he saw there was some clath!

"Will his excellency allow me to present
it to him?" asked Mirza Ali Kuli Khan.

Instantly the Vice-President felt a warm
glow stealing o'er him. This filled his cup
of happiness to overflowing. He could
make a vest of the cloth!

"If it pleases you I shall be glad to accept." Mr. Marshall replied; and the cloth
was waiting for him at his hotel when he
arrived, so prompt are the Persians in these

arrived, so prompt are the Persians in these little matters.

The pattern is two hundred years old and there is a separate shade of color for each decade. The tailor handled the cloth lovingly and cut it so skillfully that he lost

lovingly and cut it so skillfully that he lost not a single gandy splash.

Isn't it strang: how these presiding officers run to lancy vests? There was poor Tim Wondraff, who never got beyond being a presiding officer, and one of the reasons was a fancy vest; and here is T. R. Mar-shall, a presiding officer, who blossoms out in one! Probably he has no further ambi-tions; and, when you come to think of it, he has received a pretty fair political he has received a pretty fair political dividend considering the capital invested. In conclusion I note that former Presi-dent Taft has put out his plan for reducing

and that President Wilson has had the temerity to edit some gens of English prose submitted by Doctor Eliot for label-ing the new Washington Post Office. Mr. Taft's words should carry weight. As a reducer he is second to none. Look at what he did to the Republican party! And as an editor Mr. Wilson seems to have the courage of his blue pencil, for he sticks to his revisions of the sentiments so happily expressed by Doctor Eliot; albeit, after the papers printed the statement that he had edited those phrases, it was given out officially that President Wilson, when he was editing the stuff, did not know Doctor Eliot wrote it. I suppose the President thought that Jimmie Sloan dashed it off or mayban Tom Brahany.

Yours for revision.

Thus, having secured a hundred thou-sand dollars for themselves in mileage and dollars a year and was considered a notable achievement along the lines of economy.

Made to Measure

For Men and Women

Write Today For Our "How To Shop By Mail" Catalog

nd SILK Shirts and SILK Palamus, SILK Night Shirts and SILK Ath-lets: Underwear for Men.

All Garments Made To Individual Measurement.

Sold Direct From Weater In Winter.

Copyling company, both associations, contrast obtains. There is a support of the contrast opening presents and contrast opening and discount opening and discount opening of the contrast of t

THREE convenients by press of the fallings of Monte of Wisser of James and the hard religions design the fall of the participation of the participation of the fall of the participation of the participa

the this bookiet, and units your ways







Piulist in hop of man redar - Opalis Ini - on rite, physic or payte.

to please as I an in this matter dgars, I believed Private "J. R. W. delight you. For many your bave had these on

made to conter) a a full 5-lack gametals, or new own monogram band. The leat con-from a monotational district in Cuba. It copyrights allowed in the type man what takes there is a second-sour in tallaces.

See If You Agree

I am alad to share my discovery with its who want something exceptional - a tale and translational banks and strong that the chart have been really Havens in just be true have been realling. They it. My of tale of easy. Write me today to be a

Five Cigars Free

The product of the state of the territaria you menting year posture

J. ROGERS WARNER 915 Lockwood Building, BUFFALO, N. V.

Benson's Day

Continued from Page 17

The tea-table episode, however—if it on the tea-table episode, however—if it of the tea-table episode, however—if it on the tea-table episode, however—if it is the te sex out for that restless knowledge of how may precious moments he was losingwant in itself unpleasing. Mrs. Batsford-king had the English woman's soothing about attitude toward that superior being. Tan After ordering for her brother the social accessories he liked, and sending tack his toast to be done over, and jumping m to pull down the blind a trifle to shade to 1500, she had solicitously placed a screen steen Benson and the fire, and then sat with her graceful lankiness drooping toward im, and her enormous violet eyes waiting that she offered up autobiography, an-

Remon was to call her by her pet name, inche, as he used to do. She defly cast a straight omfort round him. Once or twice, sized, he shot a glance at Cecelie, which ad dominantly: "This game is not over wait until my time comes!" while she and beneath her golden lashes at the captor handsome face, her light figure, with progression of withdrawal, her head tilted is such leaned forward, proving as every is a she leaned forward, proving, as ever, magnet.

sie seemed to murmur only provocative acceptables to his persuasive eloquence, and was punctuated by the loud hawhaws is delighted enjoyment. Once Benson

les a silly asa! If you'll only tell me

And her answer:

I'l tell you later if I get a chance."

And his again: Os, if that's all you'll get it!"

The remarks served to cut short the inter: Benson stood up suddenly and, strong himself, went to settle with the sensely talkative Mrs. Paley, and to inware the chauffour. There was time yet to that planned walk with Cecelle before irream; but when he came back into the no Mrs. Bateford-Wring was there alone, as lead out indolently in a big chair by

four young friend was tellin' us that to and she are only by way of hein' enery," she stated. "She says it's quite the higher — you go off for the day with-well home — so simple, isn't it? My — live is all for making what you call a the alt pat? — with her."

And where is she now?" asked Benson, how yourd.

overg round.

the's gone out walkin' with him-no'm so interested in the fish-hawk's out said Mrs. Bataford-Wring. "Ah, but is this? Are they coming back

Certainly:

Certain Hawkiy towering over her.

That ran back for an instant," she assumed sweetly, "to ask you to return the rar with us, Mrs. Batsford-Wring—se and your brother—instead of going by the We can take them as well as not—se rone faltered unexpectedly over the seria as she looked at him. There was sold pause in which some strange tinding electrical disturbance made itself felt. Then he answered:

Certainly; that's a fine idea!"

Certainly; that's a fine idea!"

Then was a note in his voice she had have heard before. His face seemed to be changed to a coldness—a sternness—a noifference—so that he was no longer the same person. He began to haugh sud-

Tou come and see the fish-hawk's nest whice. Chickie!" He waved his hand to bestiers. "Go on! We'll follow."

HE path down which they walked slowly a el over roots, briers, rocks, slippery wat of winter, on which Mrs. Batsford-larg's gown left little dabs of fur in spite I Benson's assiduous efforts in her

Taxae's coloring did not seem so har-14 out-of-doors amid the general brownand russet, the white gleam of the on lalet, and the brilliance of the sunt dinson ball before its setting. She rerand a pice way with one. She wanted te kind-to please him. It gave him a warm sense of gratitude; he veered the impatience from any thought of the to have been his. What was it that

point the other two were there, sitting on a big, jutting stone in the midst of the dead leaves and the brown and beaten sedge-Cecelie with a downcust face and the cap-tain murmuring in her ear.

The tree stretched bare and gaunt far, far upward; above swung the deserted nest, from here a small rough black-and-white mass, to which the fish-hawk in his days of wild and flerce living, aix feet of him from strong wing-tip to wing-tip, had triumphantly brought his gleaming prey. Same sort of existence that—to swoop and strike and take and soar again, one's object accomplished, up, up into the wide kingdom of the sky and the safety of the winds and the recking branches! and the rocking branches!

"And what is that hanging from the nest?" asked Mrs. Batsford-Wring idly.
"It must be a feather," said Benson, bending over her. "Would you like it as a souvener?"

"Very much—but you couldn't possibly get it, dear boy."
"Oh, couldn't I!" He laughed and stood up, beginning to take off his coat. "Just. watch me!

watch me!"
"Benson! Don't!" said Cecelis sharply.
He turned in surprise, as though he had forgotten that she was there.
"Why not?"
"Mrs. Paley told me that lots of boys have tried to get the nest and couldn't. You can see where the lightning struck those jaryed branches may not hold you!"

those jagged branches may not hold you!"
"Oh, the tree's all right!"
"But, Benson! Please!" Her color flickered. "I ask you not to. It's idiotic! I
hate to see people in high places—it makes
me diany."

me dizzy."
"But Mrs. Hatsford-Wring wants the feather," he argued seriously. "And if she wunts it she must have it."

wunts it she must have it."

"Well, you are rather a dear, aren't you?"
said Mrs. Batsford-Wring caressingly.

"Oh, he's sporty!" agreed the captain.

"If he fails I'll bring it down for you, Miss Sherwood."

"I won't fail!" said Benson.

He gave a slight run and threw himself at the trunk of the true, his feet grappling for a footbold; his wiry form swarmed up until he reached the first branch and stood out on it erect, his fewer black against the out on it erect, his figure black against the crimson light beyond before he turned and swung himself agilely upward, testing with eye and hand each jagged branch or stump before bearing his weight on it—up and up and up, with a clean, pulse-filling joy in the keen usage of his powers, until he reached the awaying nest and triumphantly waved the feather to the watching group

He rested a moment before attempting the descent, looking out over this brave new world—there was an invigorating tang in the air, the silver of the inlet reflected a rony glow, the hourse caw-caw of a swiltly

flying crow broke against a wide, rarefied

"Well, he con climb, ean't he!" said Mrs. Bataford-Wring. "Really he's quite an ex-traor n'ry man, you know, Miss Sherwood he does everything so well. The tales they tell of him out in Dakotah! My word, but those women at the ranch were mad over. him! I thought he'd be married by now to the little Dalgarnie girl; but it seems he's nawt. Well. Bennie, you're back to earth again, aren't you?" Her violet eyes welcomed him.

Cerelie's face had flushed unaccountably.
Was this the Benson she knew?
"And here's your feather, Chickie," be said, touching Mrs. Batsford-Wring gently on the check with it before handing it to her.

It was already dusk when the party at last started on the way buck. Cecelie, looking stealthily at Berson from time to time felt strangely removed from him as she sat alim and straight by Mrs. Batsford-Wring. with the two men opposite. Something seemed to have gone from him-it was as if, though he was conventionally polite, he no longer had any sense of her presence. It gave her a frightened feeling, and Cocelie

was not used to feeling frightened. His keen, bright eyes met hers with no suggestion of interest in them - his lips had a line she had never seen before; he looked both cold and hard.

This New Invention will increase your regard for Self-Filling Fountain Pens

> The perfectly smooth barrel of the new Parker Self-Filling Fountain Pen is an advance step in self-filler construction which you will be quick to appreciate. Not a hump, bump or outside projection of any kind to interfere with your grip or writing. From all outward appearances it looks jost like any standard fountain pen-

but it's a real self-filler. I am sure its ease of filling and convenience in writing will win your instant approval.

Press the Button-Pen fills in 2 seconds

Simply take off the shield cap at the end of the barrel, drop the pen point into any ink-well, press the button and the pen fills itself

A LUCKY CURVE ? ? Self-Filling Fountain Pen

Any Parker dealer will gladly explain the ingenious jayention that makes the Parker Self-Filler such a source of comfort and satisfaction to its users. This new pen is thoroughly practical, simple, sure and a marvel of efficiency.

Watch how the "Lucky Curve" prevents ink-stained fingers

The new Transparent Hakelite Pen gives you an oppor-

Transparent Bakelite Fountain Pen

Foundain Pen
The harri of this
yes is made of a
new tannequent
marcial ands is raarity resembles
river ander. Bemiss stant for the
Laste Carse in
their and tan been
made by their just
to their is
in the heart and
when are tan been
made by their and
their and their
miss heart and
their and their
their

tunity to real Nature's law of capillary attraction, as demonstrated by the Locky Core. When you have finished writing with an ordinary fountain pen some of the ink is held lack in the ink channel. Then, when the pen is returned to your packet, expanding all caused by the heat of the body pushes the ick out into the nozzle, where it is liable to onear your hogers and soil through its scientifically arranged con-tact with the wall of the barrel, drains the risk out of the rured intend by capillary attraction. With no ink in the channel, no ink can be forced into the cap to leak out and stain your fingers. Hold the Transparent Bakelite Pen up to the light as shown in illestration and you can see exactly how and uby lealing is prevented.

Their air new than 100 et. In ad Partie Ivie - Namelari Sen Hilling and John Empley - Namelari Sen Hilling and John of Senty Sacrey - 15,000 depths will their at \$2,50. \$6. \$4. \$2 and ingre- Versa again grain at the Senty and Ingred where you note. The rates - 11 annuals or broads a dealer where manifely we sell by glad to senty you dissolve where manifely we sell by glad to senty you dissolve where manifely we sell by glad to senty you dissolve where manifely we sell by glad to senty you dissolve where we have the planty of the senty you dissolve the planty of the senty of the senty

Parker Pen Company 90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wisconsin

Fine the condition besides to sent our New York Relaid Street in the fig if wemanth Business and my overy tyle of Poster Fin we weathful are.

Invest \$500 In A \$2000 Selden Truck

Its Earnings Will Pay The Balance

THE Selden Sales Plan enables any reliable firm to start using the Selden Truck upon the payment of \$500, and pay the balance of the cost in monthly payments. Experience of Selden Users proves that the earnings of the truck itself meet these monthly payments.

This plan conforms with the credit requirements of modern business and enables every business house, large or small, to profit by truck delivery without drawing \$2000 from working capital.

The Selden Truck

is guaranteed to carry 3000 lbs. Embodies the general principles of successful truck construction and is built of the best materials. Parts that bear the handest strains are heat treated and in addition are larger and aronger than the best engineering practice requires.

Actual comparison with any truck of the same rated capacity will show that the Seldon Frame, Akles, Springs, Wheels, Bearings, Bults and Rivets are of larger dimenmore than those of any other muck in an class

Owners of Seldens and that this large factor of safety in the construction of the youl parts of the helden Track, by puring the service may the truck uself, saves in mototopance and repair and in the best guarantee of continuous economical performance.

Specifications in Brief

Unit Power Plant Breith frottion Wheel Bose 125 inches ur I 45 inches optional

4-cylinder Motor Selective Transmission Sunled Motor Governor 36 toch Wheels

Write roday for Selden breasure and a leater on laremy and operating Musor trucks, written by an expert on track medicina

> We want dealers in strangered perintary with know how to sell commore all cars and who appreciate the happens proposition affects to the sides Truck plus the Selden Sales



She had whispered, with sudden compunction, before they entered the car: "I'm sorry - I'm sorry we are not to have our Last Ride together!"

Our Last Ride together?"

And he had answered aloud, casually:
"Oh, it makes no difference at all, really!" It was strange to look at her and feel that what he said was true.

Mrs. Batsford-Wring trankly composed herself for sleep, in which she had a brilliant cubist effect. Beason and the captain kept up an interested conversation on the sports in Inja and how they differed from those in the States, while the former kept up that double tide of thought which was not ex-actly thought, but a sensation through everything of being free. It was us though he had been wounded so deeply that there was no more feeling left—something had been killed in him. He might wake some day to worse pain than ever; but just now

it was entirely gone. Cecelle sat with her golden head against the cushions, her red lips slightly parted, her eyes flashing out under their guiden lashes; that soft, bright pearliness of hers and her

magnetic charm were never more apparent.
Captain Hawkly's continually staring
eyes took note of her. Benson, for the first
time in years, could gaze and feel no thrill or any desire for her—the girl he had loved so wildly! Why had he ever loved her? Why had he thought she would care some day—as he had always persistently, in spite of everything, felt in his heart she would? That was what had made him constant, had given him hope, had made him respectfully take this last stand. It was all masterfully take this last stand. It was all over now—and the beauty of it was that he did not care!

It was a long, long ride back—that ride to which he had so looked forward. Cecelie bent over upon-astemibly to pick up her handkerchief as the car whizzed over a bridge, the lights above reflected in the black water that stretched out beyond on

each side.
"Don't look at me like that?" she whispered fercely between her little white teath.
"I beg your pardon!" he responded quickly in the same low tone. "I wasn't comerous that I was looking at you at all,

truly!"
"I didn't ask you to bring me out!" she said, as though in answer to some voiced

"No, no: of rourse you didn't," he replied at once, "It was all foolishness on my part, at once, "It was all foolishness on my part. The whole thing is done with. Suppose we just let the subject drop."
"Very well," she assented, trying to keep back the unexpected tears.
Mrs. Batsford-Wring emerged from her

"How you do fidget!" she said smishly

It was a long, long ride—perhaps Cecelle was feeling that she had lost something, too,

though she talked gayly to the captain.

They were speeding along the amount postroud at last, rapidly nearing the town.

Now the lights of the city came into view, the houses growing closer and closer to-

the houses growing closer and closer to-gether—more lights, and noise and clatter. "And here we are!" said Benson as the lienousine stopped before the Sherwood roansion. He beined Cecelle up the steps after her adieus to the other guests, while the machine still stood waiting. "I'll begin to say good night to you now, so as not in local your atauting here."

say good night to you now, so as not to keep you standing here."

She looked up in blank surprise.
"Why, aren't you roming in?"
"No; I think not, if you'll excuse me."
"But, Benson! There are ever so many things I've been counting on saying to you—all the way home. I expected you to

come to dinner, of course-I "I'm sorry; but I promised Mrs. Bateford-Wring to go back with them to the Ayreslea—they've some sort of party on hand tonight. And, by the way, I am afraid this will have to be good-by, too, for some years. It's not likely that I'll see you again. I heave tomorrow." again-I leave tomorrow.

The door wa as wide open now: the warmth streamed out from the brightly lighted interior as they still stood there, her lovely face raised perplexedly to his,

"Not see me again! But I don't understand. Why do you talk that way? Benson, you're not like yourself—your eyes are so dark—you look so proud." He smiled involuntarily.

"Hon't let my looks bother you," he re-sponded gently, adding, with a deeper note: "I shall always thank you for many kind-nesses in the past—believe that, Coolie! You'd really better go in-you'll take rold standing here. Good-by!"

Where Is the Pipe Smoker Who Won't Take a Chance?

Every man who smokes a pipe is forever engaged in a more or less happy quest for a better brand of smoking tobacco.

That's one reason why there are so many different brands—so many different forms
of "cut" and "slice" and "cube" and "twast
and "granulated" and "shredded" tobacco
—and most of these mixtures and blend
are mighty good.

You recursely probably think a let of the

You yourself probably think a lot of some fellow who amokes a brand that you can learn to like at all, and he wonders why you buy the kind of tobacco that's in your can

we don't think for a minute, and nen have thought that Edgeworth Ready-Rubbe would please every pipe taste in the country but the fact that of the many who try Edge worth the majority cling to it makes us in pretty good.

Edgeworth is Burley, the best Burley in

in raised, and it comes in two forms—Siles Plug, which is the critical Edgeworth, as Raady-Rubhed, white means all rendy to particular course of the course

into your pipe.
Ready-Rubbed is a
new that we are at
introducing it—give

introducing it—givin away decent-sized pact ages of it and investment to send for them.

It is gratifying to to find that most pin amokers are willing give Edgeworth a rhan—to try it out at a risk and indge it on its keep to smaling Edgeworth is aureprising until you be amoked a few pipefuls yourself and found a how satisfying it is.

Most any old smoker you know will tell a that Edgeworth is a very high-grade tobars will you write us, give your address and you dealer's name and lot us reciprocate by sording out a sample, free?

The retail price of Edgeworth Ready Rubt is 10e for porket size tin, 50c for large to a \$1.00 for burnider tin. Edgeworth Steed? It is 15c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold practice everywhere, but mailed prepaid if your decented to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 2

werywhere, but mailed prepaid if your des-cannot supply.

Write to Larus & Brother Co., I South Z Street, Richmond, Va., This furn was est-lished in 1877, and besides Edgeworth nul-several other brands of smoking tobaco, cluding the well known Qboid-grands plug-a great favorite with smokers for mi-years.

TO RETAIL TORACCO MERCHANTS: If plother sennot supply Edge-worth, Layer & Bro. will gladly send you a one or two desen (10 c size) carton by prepaid parcel post at easy prou would pay jobber.

I am the pencil that All show you He smiled again, took off his hat, ran down the steps like one very glad to go away, and disappeared in the limousine, which went whirring down the street.

THAT was a fine night! Benson did not know when he had enjoyed himself so much, with a strangely unthinking pleasure that seemed to have no connection with either past or future, but to be just the outcome of the gay moment.

After the little dinner with Chickie and

the handsome captain, augmented by the

the handsome captain, augmented by the presence of a sprightly young English artist and his pretty wife and young sister, the party had gone forth to take in the more conventional Bohemian shows.

They had danced experimentally, with much laughter, until after midnight, and supped after that. Mrs. Bataford-Wring, frankly solicitous for the pleasure of all the men, may be perveding atmosphere of the men, gave her pervading atmosphere of comfort to the evening, with a special little undercurrent of real warmth for Benson,

which touched him deeply.

"You'll not be wantin' me for a partner long," she warned him at the beginning of the revel. "My brother says I dahnce like a barse!"

"Yes—and a spayined one at that, you know," put in the captain.
"My word! But that was a nasty one, wan't it?" said his sister agreeably.
"Oh, you can't scare me off that way!" said Benson. "You'll certainly dance as well as I do," well as I do.

"You're lookin' a let more fit than you were; it's a pity I cann't take you in hand altener, isn't it?" she murmured once as, his arms round her, her graceful lankiness dipped and reared wildly to the rhythm of

Benson's "Yes" gave quick assent; his hand pressed hers warmly. "You're the kindest woman I ever knew,

Chickie. "Well, I've had some rawtten times my-self, you know!" she answered simply, pressing his hand in return.

Though it was so late when he got to bed Though it was so late when he got to near in the small hotel where he always stopped, he rose early to a day that from his high window was all a blue winter sky and a gilding sun on the housetops, and smoke-wreaths mingling with the light. He was shaving, and whistling during the process, when the telephone on his stand rang; and

he put down the razor to answer it.
"Helio!—Yes, this is Mr. Clark. Who

"Benson -it's Cecelie."

His face underwent a hardening change.

"Yes.—Cecelie."

"Benson, I.—I called you up so early because I was afraid you might go out. You forgot to leave me your address."

"I really don't know yet where I'm going to be."

"Oh! Benson -He curbed a rising irritation.

Yes; I'm waiting

Her voice reached him sweetly:
"I want you to come and see me this morning, Benson."
"I'm afraid it's impossible. I can't get so far uptown again before I go. I have business appointments."

The thought of going to that house spain of walking up those brownstone steps as he had too many times before-

was suddenly repugnant to him beyond words. He could not do it.

"But, Benson"—the lightness of her tone had changed to one of appeal—"I must see you before you go—honest, I must!" The lamiliar accents seemed to set some chord change the second to set some chord. vibrating that he desired above all things not to feel. She went on: "If you can meet me at the Venetia—that's on your way—at ten o'clock, or before—any hour you say—it ten o'clock, or before—any hour you say—I'll only keep you for a few moments. Bensen, please!"

There was a pause,

"Very well," he answered at last reluctantly. "Make it three o'clock, then—I'll

be there if I can on my way to the train.
I've got to ring off now."
Why had she called him up? It shadowed

the day for him; it tethered him still to all that bitter past which he wanted to be done with. He finished his shaving, but he no longer whistled at it.

It was long after the appointed hour when he entered the revolving entrance doors he had watched all that other memorable afternoon for the sight of Cecelie. She was sitting now—as a quick glance showed him—almost where he had sat, the lobby and the corridors filled as before, her slender figure slightly drooping forward over the big gray mulf, and her golden head leaning on one hand.

Her face, as she raised it smilingly to his, gave him a start - her eyes looked very large; there was a strange translucence in the unusual pallor of her cheeks, but she had still that drawing quality which a person might curiously observe even without feeling it. She rose eagerly and went for-

ward to great him.

"Ob, I'm so glad you've come! I've been waiting a long while."

"Yes; I was afraid I shouldn't be able to get here at all," Benson said formally. "I haven't much time now."

"Shall we go where we can talk?" she

asked him.

Just as you say She lilted across the empty space of a big drawing room, her head thrown back as usual, to a windowed alcove half concealed by heavy red curtains that shut in the immense cushioned armchairs in which they scated themselves. He could not help thinking cynically that she seemed to know the place very well, as he sat facing her, with that new look in his eyes, one hand lying on his knee, waiting for her to begin, while she leaned forward.

"Benson, I'm so sorry about yesterday!
I"—she went on with hurried lightness in

spite of the slight stiffness that came over spite of the slight stiffness that came over him.—"I didn't know it was going to be like that to you—honest! I only thought.—" Her agitation grew; she twisted her slender hands together. "No! You must let me speak. I only meant—I thought it would be just something to laugh over afterward; I—Beason.—" She faltered; the great tears suddenly brimmed in her lovely eyes, but she smiled through them. "I know I've been such a horrid girl! But last slight been such a horrid girl! But last night-I found out what it was to care—at last! I

didn't know it enold burt so much; but — but — I do care for you! It's—It's dreadfully funny, isn't it—that I do?"

He had put up his hand at first as though to stop her, listening afterward with a forced patience; but now his face reddened viceoity—a strange tremor secreed to shake him. He looked round desperately as one secretary to make the contractions of the secretary to the strange tremor accounts of the strange tremor accounts of the strange tremor accounts to the strange tremor accounts to the strange tremor accounts to the strange tremore accounts to the stra

him. He looked round desperately as one seeking to escape from something dread and mastering. His eyes searched her face and a bitter smile overspread his.

"Oh, I don't believe you care—as much as you think now," he said. "It's very good of you—but it wouldn't last, you know; you'll feel quite differently tomorrow. I'd better go now, Cecclie."

"But Berson.—"

"But, Bermon-

She had risen to her seet now-as had drawing farther back into the chelter of the curtain, her eyes hanging on his. He stood irresolute. The words came as if in spite of himself:

Would you marry me now-and go back with me?

She shrank instinctively, with drooping

He raised his eyebrows, spreading out his

hands as he spoke.
"You see! That's what it all amounts to. There's no use of my staying.
"You don't believe me?"

"No, I don't!

"But you shall!"

She itushed and paled, looking wildly round her; and then, like one who suddenly hurls berself from all hampering bonds, her arms-trembling-reached up round his neck and clung there; her lips - trembling too - reached upward for his; her exquisite magnetic charm stole through every sense. "Oh! Oh, you must believe me now! Never never for any man but

you, Henson! I want to sit by your hearth; I want to be in your home—always; I want to be your wife—now—this minute to be your wo

any time you say!"
Was that a sob be gave as his strong arms closed round her, and oh, that mighty tide of love rushed back over him!

Hisday? Oh, Mrs. Varley was right; bet-ter than any dreams of it—far, far better!





HINK of every element that could harm your automobile top. NEVERLEEK Top. Material is specially built to resist each of them,

It stands folding and unfolding for years without blistering or cracking.

It can't shrink or stretch or sag out of shape.

It can't fade, and dust and mud are easily washed off, leaving no stains.

It is not affected by blazing sun or arctic cold by hail or snow or soaking rain.



Top Material Is Guaranteed Without Limit

Read this remarkable guarantee—the strongest that can be

NEVERLEEK Motor Top Covering is guaranteed absolutely waterproof, without time limit, in any climate, under all circumstances.

Any automobile dealer, anywhere, can, by writing us, arrange for recovering of any NEVERLEEK TOP, without expense to himself or his customerprovided such top leaks through the labric.

NEVERLEEK is waterproof all through. You could out away the outer waterproof coating with a knife and still you bouldn't force water through it. One automobile manufacturer tested NEVERLEEK by letting a top stand with melting snow on it. He uses NEVERLEEK TOPS on all his cars.

A NEVERLEEK Top is transforme - a credit to any car, even after years of service,

Specify a NEVERLEEK TOP On Your New Car

Many of the best care include NEVERLEER TOP as reguler equipment. Others will supply it in request. Ask your desten. Write to your manufacturer. If your old top needs representing hearact your usp maker to one NEVERLEEK.

Let Us Send You Samples

Fill on and mail the attached Coupon and we'll send you samples of the new semi-builth and dell finishes, with full information. Write roday,

F. S. CARR COMPANY

31 Beach Street

Boston, Massachusetts

Factories at 50 Framingham, Mass., and Tilbury, Ontoria, Canada

P.S. Carr 31 Beach St., Boston, Mana.

Please and less in-please of NEVER LEER and less in-commution.

DUC, WEISE BARNE BY YOU

The hoped my present our new day repositing. Yes. No.

Norma



Industrial Efficiency and Westinghouse Electric

THE effect of the revised tariff on the profits of many American industries is a matter of great moment to manufacturer and public alike.

Meeting foreign competition on a new basis calls for every improvement possible in methods of production. Volume of output must be increased. Quality must not only be maintained, but bettered. Cost of manufacture must be reduced.

A careful study of operations affecting manufacturing processes has brought many industrial plants to consider electric drive. Westing-house Electric has helped manufacturers in many different lines successfully compete for trade against the world.

Westinghouse Electric is known all over the world as being pioneer and leader in electrical engineering design and practice. Westinghouse Electric was the first to employ a corps of application engineers to study the manufacturing processes of various industries with a view to increasing the output, bettering the quality of the goods and reducing the cost of manufacture.

Consequently, we are able to furnish motors and appliances to meet the specific requirements of your business.

Let us consult with your Engineer and General Manager in order to bring about some or all of these improvements in your own business.

Westinghouse Electric Ware and other electrical household devices in your home will lighten labor and lessen the cost of labor for housekeeping.

The name" Westinghouse Electric" is a guarantee.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co. East Pittsburgh, Penna.

Sales Offices in 45 American Cities

Representatives all over the World



Sense and Nonsense

Dry Wit

BECAUSE of a wreck, a fast train com-ing North from the southern coast country was laid out all night on a siding in Florida. When two Easterners abourd woke in the morning they looked from the window of the car on a waste of sand and scrub pines and bushy-headed paimettos, with no human habitations in sight except a dinky flag station and a one-room log shack. Over the door of the shack was a rudely lettered sign reading as follows: New York Bar—All Fancy Drinks Served Here!

Being minded to have some fun, the two travelers descended from their halted train and entered the shack. For furniture it contained a shelf, with three dark bottles contained a shelf, with three dark bottles and half a dozen smeary glass tumblers ranged on it, a rude counter, one chair and a nisty stove. The proprietor, a lanky Cracker, sat in the chair, with his bare feet on the stove base—for it was a chilly morning—intently reading a Jacksonville paper three days old.

The jokers lined up, at the makeshift

The jokers lined up at the makeshift bar and one of them bammered with his knuckles on the wood.

"I'll have a pousse-café," he stated, ad-

dressing space.
"I'll take a dry Martini, made with French vermuth." stated his companion. The owner of the establishment did not

raise his eyes from the paper as he drawled:
"I kin lick any dam' Yankee in the house—and I ain't looked yit!"

An Uneasy Witness

IN TENNESSEE a railroad was being found for a grade-crossing disaster, a freight train having hit a furmer's wagon

freight train having hit a furmer's wagon and mussed up its occupants considerably. The accident occurred late at night. The principal witness for the defendant company was the crossing watchman, an elderly agre with a wooden leg.

Taking the stand he swore positively that, being aware of the approach of the train, he had left his flag shanty and had waved ha red lantern in warning; but in spite of this the farm wagon had tried to cross the tracks. On cross-examination he stuck to his story so firmly, and insisted so earnestly that he had swung the red lantern back and forth almost under the noses of the advancorth almost under the noses of the advancog team, that the jury gave a verdict for

the company.

Next day the division superintendent sent for the old man. Uncle Sam stumped

sent for the old man. Uncle Sam stumped in cap in hand.

"Sam," said the official, "your testimony period y undoubtedly saved us from laving to pay out heavy damages. I want to thank you for your behavior while on the stand and to congratulate you."

"I didn't tell nothin' but de cold truth, boss," said Uncle Sam.
"I'm sure of that," said the division superintendent; "but weren't you the less bit nervous when that white gentleman tegan to ask you all those questions?"

"Yas, suh," confessed the watchman;
"I wuz."

"What made you unesse?"

"What made you uneasy?"
"Well, sub, I wux wonderin' what I wux gwine to say ef dat man ax me wux de antern lit!"

Unquestionably

THE pop-eyed darky on the witness stand had been content during his examination in chief to answer Yes or No to all questions, but a controversy now arose between his lawyer and the lawyer for the other side. Wide-eared, he listened while they hurled long, jawhrenking words and impressive-sonding Latin phrases back and forth between them.

The opposing counsel turned on him

suddenly:

"Gabe," he demanded, "you have follewed carefully this intricate discussion touching on the various aspects of medical urisprudence involved in the issue we have here before us for adjudication; and in view of that I now desire to know whether you do or do not find that your evidence still coincides with the theory advanced by my learned brother?"

The witness east a triumphant side glance at his own attorney. Then he puffed out his lips and his chest.

"Most doubtless!" he answered.

The Odorless English

A YOUNG Englishman went to a hunting lodge in South Carolina last fall to spend a week as the guest of some American friends. On the second day in camp they had a deer drive.

The Britisher was given the best station, with a negro guide to keep him company. Presently, as the baying of the hounds grew louder, a noble buck came bounding down the runway, suddenly halted and, as the Englishman aimed his gun, turned about and darred off. and darted off.

"Now why do you suppose the beast behaved in that fashion?" inquired the dis-

appointed hunter of the darky.
"Didn't you see his nose stiffin', boss?"
said the negro, "I reckin he must 'a' said the negro.

"Oh, but that's quite impossible!" said the Englishman. "I had a burth only this morning!"

A Full Day

AT A RECENT dinner given to the Giants and the White Sox after their world-circling tour one of the speakers said that

a friend of his, named Casaidy, went to mass and heard the priest preach on the Judg-ment Day. After the services he waylaid the clergyman.

"Father," inquired Cassidy, "I want to ask you something. You say that when the trumpet blows on Judgment Day every-body who ever lived in this world will come before the Judgment Sent to be judged for before the Judgment Seat to be judged for their sins on earth?"
"I so stated."

"Will Adam and Eve be there?"
"Undoubtedly."

"And Cain and Abel?"

"To be sure."
"And Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries?"

"I assume so."

"And Han Johnson and Charley Murphy?"

"They will."

"And the A. O. H.'s and the A. P. A.'s?"

"I told you exprehedy would be there."

"I told you everybody would be there."
"One thing more: Will Hogan that sund me in the magistrate's court last week and me both be there!"
"I tell you, Yes."

"Then there'll be dam' little judging done the first day!" said Cassidy.

Too Cheap

A HUSKY-LOOKING person in a flannel A shirt, who had evidently strayed some distance off his accustomed best, walked up to the Waldorf bar, flipped a dime down on the mahogany and said:

"Gimme a drink of rye."

"We don't sell ten-cent drinks here," said the man in the white jacket.

The stranger reached for his dime,
"I can't drink that nickel stuff!" he said,

and passed out.

A Platonic Token

WHEN Mabally, who did the family washing, came on Monday morning to get the bundle of soiled garments, she was wearing a black eye, which stood out

vividly against the brown background of her broad and comely face.
"Dear me," said her sympathetic em-ployer, "what has happened to your eye?" "A nigger man hit me," said Mahally

briefly.
"Oh, that's too bad!" said the lady.
"Was it your husband that hit you,
Mahally?"

"No, ma'm," said Mahally, with em-phasis. "George, he den't never hit me. He treats me mo' lak a friend than a husband."

Optimistic Partners

A FIRM of notion dealers on the East Side had gone out of husiness via the bank-ruptcy court, and the attorney for the principal creditors was going through the accounts of the concern.

In the back of the safe he came on a partnership agreement, drawn up by the two bankrupts when they engaged in commerce and jointly signed by them. The second clause read as follows: "In the event of failure the profits are

to be divided equally."



19th and Liberty Sta.

Erie, Pa.

Largest Single Maker of

Birgelt, sail Metarcy Tera in the World Free-

Cross

Section



Economy-Efficiency-Quality

T is impossible to judge an automobile by price comparison or its appearance. The best time to judge is after six months' or a year's use. It is then, and then only, that its real merits or defects are apparent.

The material in the Overland, its design and its manufacture, throughout, are such as to fully justify its undoubted and unparalleled reputation for economy, dependability and durability.

We are able to make the estremely law price of \$950 because of the murmose quantities which we produce. The picture on the left shows one piece of machinery which brings down the original cost to the buyer. It is known as a toggle press - the only one of its nise and capacity in the world. It was especially designed and constructed for etemping out Overland bodies and lenders. It is the largest and most effective cost reducing apparatus in the automobile industry. This reachine turns out two complete fenders every minute. In two minutes it furnishes the four lenders necessary for each car. This machine produces in one minute als times as many fendors as any other press now in existence. The average manufacturer doesn't produce enough cars to use even the most smaller similar mathins. So the method be must employ takes lifty minutes to do what this machine can do for us in one

minute. This is merely one item to above you the economy of producing cars in lots of fifty thousand, as we do. The material in the Overland is of the

highest standard. The workmanship is no better in any car, no matter what the price, and it cannot be better. The Overland price is simply and solely the result of enormous production. It is secondary in Overland quality.

Friction is what causes wear and one sumes power in muchiners of any kind, whatlier it be a watch or a threshing muchine. Therefore, every device known to mechanics is brought to bear to eliminate friction in the Overland cer. To that end, every part that su-ordinates with another part-such as piatons, licarings, shults, gours, etc.,-ia machined and ground to one unthousandth part of an inch, has a mirme finish, is tested, inspected and retested, until it is as perfect as husain ingresuity and the finest machinery can make it.

In precision, fineness in fit and thoroughness in testing and inspecting, no car selling at or near our price exceeds the Overland. That accounts for the

long life and economy of the Overland. That is precisely why, while cars may appear on the surface to look as good and may in a decempnatration seem to act as good, they do not and cannot com-pure with the Overland after, say, a

When you buy an Overland you not only make a very material naving on the first cost, but, what is far more worth considering, my the second cost - that is to say, the cost of operation and

It is a fact, of which any Overland dealer can turnish you ample proof, that this car, because of its design, the materials in it, and our care and procession in manufacture, these "stand and is absolutely economical and officient.

Please address Dapt. 26.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Manufacturers of the famous Overland Delivery Wagons, Carford and Willia-Unity Tracks. Full information on request.



Electric head, side, tail and dash lights Storage battery 35 horsepower nuttur 33 a 4 Q. D. tires 114-inch whoellows

Stawart speedometer Mahair top, curtains and boot Clear-vision, rain pialon windshield Electric born

\$950 Completely

Equipped 1. o. b. Teledo \$1075

With electric starter and generator f. e. b. Taleda

Cunadian Prices: \$1250 Completely equipped t.o.b. TOLEDO, OHIO \$1425 With electric starter and generator



Efficient, Economical Delivery For Furniture, Piano and Department Stores

Department stores in large centers or serving large territory, have found that their haulage divides itself naturally into two parts—the delivery of purchases in bulk to one or more distributing centers; and the distribution of the purchases from those centers to the individual customer.

For the first of these services motor trucks are almost a necessity today. They afford greater speed, greater efficiency and a considerable economy in actual cost as well. We would welcome an opportunity to analyze the particular conditions in your case and demonstrate these facts to you. And we can cite to you the successful experience with Federals of many of the leading department stores of the country.

In the piano business, where the tonnage per delivery unit is heavy, Federal trucks stand the strain of load and road with remarkable facility.

Furniture dealers - wholesale and retail who have Federalized their delivery service, report to us some wonderfully successful results which every merchant in this line

We have prepared some especially interesting literature on delivery problems as related to department stores, furniture and piano houses, which we shall be glad to send on

Federal Motor Truck Company

IIII Leavitt Avenue

Detroit, Michigan

THE TWO BAD MEN

(Continued from Page 10)

"Do something!" urged Steve. "We ran't hang round here all day. I got to get back and see if another telegram ain't come

With a muffled groan Bogie O'Leary eased one fact cautiously to the ground. With neck strained to watch the enemy over his shoulder he noiselessly moved the other to join its mate. A second later he had leaped again to his isle of safety. His scream of fright coincided nicely with the resonant impact of the Doctor's hardy brow against the side of the kennel. There

had been but a gray flash across the arena.
"Wha'd I tell you?" came the sob-riven about of the victim. His enemy stood off

shout of the victim. His enemy stood off and pawed the ground.

"Yer frind there's quick on his feet," said Kerrigan, with grudging praise; "but it vexes th' Docther t' have his fun shpoiled. Oh, ain't he th' fyous elf!" He rocked perilously on his narrow seat and beat his thighs in ecstasy. "It's th' brish young lad y' are, Docther! Watch him there, now! Good old Docther!" The Doctor ignored his sware. "It's like 'm," continued Kerrigan to his seatmates. "He'll pay me no heed whim he's a game on. Ye'd think I was no more to 'm than army total stranger. There he gors agin—pertiodin' he's wearry!" The Doctor slouched to his corner and turned a deceitful back once more on the game.

"Gois' to see me murdered, are you?"

demanded Bogie.
"Tut! Tut!" admonished Kerrigan.
"Murder's a crime! Don't be talkin' wild like that whin ye're among frinds!"
"Mebbe he'd let you crawl over to the

use," suggested the resourceful Kid,
"I tried that—the devil jumped on me with his pointed feet. He's a killer, I tell

you!"

"An' t' look at th' innocent airs of 'm new!" puried Kerrigan, "An' d'ye note th' beauty of his quarthers? Oh, min! If on y ye'd thought i' bring yer ramaries! Ah, but 'tis worth th' two-dollars' fine I'll be made t' pay."

"I thought I had a friend in you, Steve," pleaded Borie.

pleaded Bogie

pleaded Bogie.

"Well, ain't I thinkin' about what ought to be done?" demanded Steve representable." Just remember Rome wasn't built in a day—and after the way you fooled me with that telegram this morning?"

"Ain't be th' stage-acthor!' insisted. Kerrigan. "Watch him makin' out he wouldn't har-rum a baby—an' him in there this minute f'r resistin' an off'err!'

"What officer," asked Steve, with mild interest.

"Th' Swede cop hereabout. Man, 'twas "Th' Swede cop hereabout. Man, Twas an ingratiatin' epectacle t' see thim come togither—I was goin' along on me truck. But th' Swede's a reward—he wouldn't fight fair. He roped th' Docther. Else he'd mver got'm. Th' Docther mistrusta Swedes. Would yer frind be a Swede, mebbe?"

"An't there any justice in this land?—for the love of heaven!" mouned the victim.

for the love of heaven!" mouned the victim.

"Keep your heart up, pal—I'll save you."
Thus the Pell Street Kid.

"You?" gasped Bogie. "Say, pal, I'm sorry if I done anything—"

"Fergit it! We got to stand tagether."
The Kid studied the field with a fine strategiceye. "We can draw up this ladder and put it down inside—" he began.

"Not my ladder!" put in Kerrigan firmly.
"I'll be fined twu dallars now I'r maintainin' a dishorderly nuisance. An' d'ye think I

a dishorderly nuisance. An' d'ye think I want t' be arristed f'r helpin' a jail delivery? Besides, 'twouldn't be fair t' th' Doether." The Kid studied him roldly. Kerrigan at once became cold himself. Under a frivo-

ous exterior it became apparent to the Kid that the goat's owner earried convictions of weight, in behalf of which he would perish if need be. He also expresed a certain fluency of shoulder that the Kid liked less and less as he surveyed it.

"Well, what can we do, then?" be demanded amicaldy. "My friend there's got the pull, all right. If your goat kills him —

"It's a shameful dest'o!" mouned Bogie.
"Where's this cop, then!" demanded the

"Hi! You fallers non there!" hailed a voice from below. They turned. "As I live, 'tip Officer Peterson himsilf!"

said Kerrigan delightedly.
"You batter esom down; that han
"gainst the law," warned the newcomer.



All Studebakers Leave Their Factory With This Spark Plag

The makers of your car have only one reason for selecting a certain spark plug,

Perfect ignition is a vital question for them, and for you. They take no cleaners—and you shouldn't.

75 of all American made cars Studelinker, Ford, Overland, Maxwell. Metzandar ady 60 others—cary specially designed "Champion."

Their makers don't think any other spark plage are "just as good."

Studebaker and Overland Plugi sellat\$1 everywhere. The Ford--the Champion X - coats 75c.

You dealer knows which "Champion" will pre ann Mose Co., Motor Frack, Motor Und, Mosespelo in Egitoriary nodes the greatest offerency. Consult him.

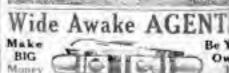
Champion Spark Plug Company 112 Avandale Ave., Toledo, O.

Laport Correspondations: Airmorbile Sim-



A LORD copies is made remarkably invested uportly and explaining at by integral a Bank Magnetic to replace the red content regularly used. He means of the Dank Find Americant the Dank Magnetic same to the day to be been to any Peril Correspondent as the find it is been been to any Peril Correspondent as the mean and an integral areas and the according to a world's mean around content of the peril of the mean and the peril of the mean and the peril of the p FORD onne is suide remarkably

BOSCII MAGNETO COMPANY 233 West 45th Street, New York, N.Y.



COLDIN MUCI, CUTLERY CO., SET W. LORS S., Dec. 140.





The new treatment for tender skins

Man people with tender skim have less mided by the imperatition that unlong the face with may and water

or all for the complexion.

In Power in his book on the care as de dain says, "The layer of dirt and to that out it persons accommistic me dein is a poor weletitute for a have alear thin and is a constant inchina to various disorders.

The following recatment with Woodbory's Facial Scop is just what and rake a kin medic to keep it attento my retication.

he what a difference it will make in your skin

Jacobson restricting, may a not a make trade to write a proposed which is not the face. The state research is a summer of trade where waters partie in the proposed with the partie of the state of the

a spin's with only applicate with limity of a spin's with only after joiner. Becoming an observation of the property of the spin of the property of the spin of the property of the spin o

Woodbury's Facial Soap

Write today for sumples

LISTERINE

THE rollet of the plete without rinsing with a mouth-wash. Laterine is the most agreeable and efficient antiseptic mouth-wash that can be prepared.



"You'll have a dead man in there-you'll be arrested for murder," said the Kid and slid nimbly to the ground to confront

the Tiburan police force.

"He said he ban bad faller—mabbe that goat ban good deal more bad," retorted the officer, with a strenuous try for the retort

epigrammatic.
"He'll sue your county for fifty thousand

dollars' damages — "Yah! I ban bear all about them lawsuits before.

"And you'll lose your job if you don't get him out of that yard," Officer Peterson surrendered himself to a moment of serious reflection. "I'll have you broke—just like that!" threatened the Kid with a confidence

he was far from feeling.

"Give him some of these grapes," suggested Stave, who had been moodily consuming the Pell Street Kid's offering to Hogie, that husy sufferer having heatedly declined to trifle with them.

"He dislikes fruit," advised Kerrigan; "but ye might try th' little felly with some of them any nitchers from yer names. At

o' them gay pitchers fr'm yer paper. At times I've known him right fond o' one or two if th' printin' tastes right."

"Try him with this here funny page." suggested the Kid.

"I han all in my new coat and panta-yust out from Sunday school," faltered the

"I'll do it myself," volunteered the Kid intrepidly. "I used to know goats. C'mon! Unlock the door."

Kerrigan grew tense again. Even the list-less Steve betrayed a languid interest in what might ensue.

what might ensue.

"Ain't be ever comin'?" wailed Bogie.

"It's goin' t' be good—it's goin' t' be good!" sung Kerrigan, and bugged himself.

"I don't see what you thought I could do," called Steve, "telegraphing me all over the country that way. I'd as list handle a rattlesnake as one o' them goats. You might have known that, if you'd just stopped to think!" stopped to think!

"Have a care, Doether! Don't let them do ye a mischief!" called Kerrigan softly. The Doctor remained a gray statue. Only the keenest eye could have detected his oc-casional sidelong giance at his prey. Bogie

O'Leary was the only observer present who

felt sure of it.

The low door opposite the watchers opened softly on the Pell Street Kid. Behind him cowered the officer of the law. In one hand the Kid flaunted the bedizenesi. comic supplement from his paper. He held it well from his side against the wall and hurled a pithy insult at Kerrigan's pet. The pet ignored this. He was still the semblance

ignored this. He was still the semblance of a graven goat.

Emboldened by this indifference the Kid stepped bravely into the arena and waved his gaudy emblem where the Doctor could no longer pretend to ignore it. The Kid wove from side to side with a tigerish swiftness, showering on the Doctor such epitheta as caused Kerrigan to hope he might be destroyed utterly. Something in the Kid's stealthy, crouching progress stung the bared Steve to reminiscence.

"Hooray! He's a builtighter!" yelled Steve. "Look at him, will you? A regular builtighter!" And, being a patron of the opera, he burst into fitting song: "Tow-ray-a-dor!"

And then, to Kerrigan's accompanying

And then, to Kerrigan's accompanying cheer, the Doctor charged. Straight as the lightning's boit he shut for the Pell Street Kid, who now dashingly wore the gay sheet athwart his breast; but the Kid, in the quickness of his moving, was also like unto the lightning's bolt. When the Doctor very accorately hit his mark it shielded only the solid boarding of his prison.
"Shame!" screamed Kerrigan, who saw

his pet crumple against the wall much in the manner of a squeezed accordion.

The Kid stood safely to one side, panting but collected. Already Bogic O'Leary crept tremulously toward the door where stood his Swedish guardian. The Doctor, after a few seconds' prone quivering, leaped nimbly to his feet. He toesed his head lightly and neemed to shrug his capable shoulders in mild annoyance. Then forthwith he fell daintily to the comic supplement. The mild annoyance. Then forthwith he fell daintily to the comic supplement. The Kid tiptoed softly to the crouching Bogie O'Leary and tenderly helped him over the hast dozen feet to safety.

"Twas unfair!" yelled Kerrigan. "Ye hur-ried m. I dare ye t' wait there till he's et his paper! Gwan! I dare ye, now! Be

a spoort!"
"That's the stuff!" urged Steve, "Try it again. Maybe we can have some fun here this afternoon."



42



"THE JOSH CITIES OF AMERICA"

-such is the heading of a magazine article.

Oshkosh, Kalamazoo, Kokomo-let's make fun of them. We don't live there.

The somnolence of Brooklyn, the dilatoriousness of Philadelphia-these are the last resort of the uninspired humorist.

The slowness of Philadelphia is the slowness of the tortoise in its well-known race with Brer Hare. It is the slowness that wins.

Philadelphia is the richest city of the richest State in the Union.

Her bank clearings are the third largest in the United States.

Her bank resources are the second largest in the United States.

Her stock exchange stands second in the amount of business done.

Her wealth is more evenly distributed than in any other large city,

in Philadelphia the newspaper that reaches the homes with the greatest wealth, the greatest influence and the greatest buying power-that newspaper is the

PUBLIC LEDGER



But as no response came to this they regretfully descended. It seemed to them that nothing of an entertaining character

could now be hoped for.

In the little brick house Bogie O'Leary, with many grouns, straightened to his full

with many growns, straightened to his full height.

"You saved my life, pal!" he cried warmly to the Kid.

"Fergit it!" begged the rescuer.

"Never!" responded Bogie fervently.

"And look where he put a white man!" he continued bitterly, pointing to the narrow quarters in which he had passed a night of horror. "And he had a bloodhound or something in here that nearly tore me limb from limb: then he turned me out with that then he turned me out with that mankiller.

mankiller."

The law's servant was, it seemed, not sensitive to criticism. He lolled in the doorway interestedly observing the last wisp of the comic supplement on which the Doctor chewed blissfully.

"Wall," Officer Peterson remarked quietly without turning, "you said you ban bad faller. I think you should han with bad goat."

He was plainly fond of this mot. His be-

He was plainly fond of this mot. His belief had been too apparent, the first time he
achieved it, that he was being witty. He
continued to observe the Doctor, his huge
frame all but shutting the light from the
doorway into the yard.

From the eyes of the Pell Street Kid there
flashed one look of deep meaning to the
capable eye of Bogie O'Leary. Bogie paused
only to regard behind him the open door
into the street. Then he crouched, a shoulder forward—even as the Kid crouched. der forward—even as the Kid crouched. Officer Peterson clucked friendlines to the now-observant Doctor and again became sententious.

"Ay guess he bun good gost with good faller—but with bad faller he ban—" "Three!" shouted the Pell Street Kid; and Officer Peterson, lifted by the force of a mighty and heaven-born inspiration, de-

scribed an approximate parabola that ended in his own shambles.

"Quick with the bar!" cried the Kid; and they did well to be quick, for scarcely was the door secured ere a great weight fell

"Out!" said the Rid; and he and his companion stood once more in the benign

"Out!" said the Kid; and he and his companion stood once more in the benign free spaces of earth.

Bogie O'Leary started feebly to run.
"Slow down, pal!" hissed the Kid.
"You'll put some one wise." Calmly he closed the outer door and methodically snapped the waiting padiock. Then he paused expectantly. "Listen!"

From within the inclosure came a staccato passage of hoofbeats ending in a gloriously softened thud. There followed a heartfelt peal of imprecation couched evidently in the speaker's native tongue. Bogie O'Leary shook a petulant fist.

"Why doo't he talk English?" he bitterly complained. "You can't understand a word he's sayin'!"

"Look out for them two!" warned the Kid. "C'mon! Walk slow."

From round the corner came Steve and Kerrigan, the latter hearing his ladder.
"Where's the Swede?" asked Kerrigan of Bogie O'Leary and the Kid.
"He went back to play with your goat," explained the Kid brightly.
"Did he, new? Well! Well! He's a busky lad; but I think he's takin' a chance. However!"

"Bringin' me all the way out here for

However!"

"Bringin' me all the way out here for nothing!" grumbled Steve.

Bogic O'Leary and the Pell Street Kid followed slowly.

"Brace up, pal!" soothed the Kid. "We'll be on the boat and all right in a second. You get a shave and a shine and a drink—and it'll be happy days come again."

"I don't feel's if I could ever make it up to you," began Bogic weakly.

"Fergit it!" answered the Kid. "And here—you're limpin' bad!" He slipped an arm helpfully under one of Bogic's.

"There's a boat waitin'," he remarked a little later. "And the only thing I hope—I hope that squarehead Scandahoovian gets.

hope that squarehead Scandahoovian gets. his nice new clothes all dusty before be starves to death!"









SEND NO MONEY has write being in the property of the property

PLANT THE

175 THE SCIENTIFIC WAY Make Vegetable Gardening Easy

maint American Seed Topo from case to a mount Selected wide, properly a being a law and forward works pin from a law and points became the point and a law and points of the con-mitted of the control of the con-trol of the con-Send ON! (10) LAR for St. R. and ad When and the Ration, Boston and Carlo Latines, Design and Carlo Latines, Design in the Carlo Latines, Standard Carlo Latines, Standard Latines, Standard Latines, Standard Latines, Standard Latines, Standard Latines, Standard Latines, NO AGENTS

AMERICAN SEED TAPE CO.





The Swoboda System can make you unusually well and vigorous and your body what it should be. I guarantee it.

™ SWOBODA SYSTEM

with the Least Expenditure of Time, Energy and Money and with no Inconvenience, Builds vigorous brains, superb, energetic bashes,

develops great reserve force, strong mus-cles, creates a perfect directation, by vital-izing and developing the body, brain, and nerves to their highest power. When I say that I give something different, something

give senerating different, sometimal, new, more scientific, more rational, effective, and introcurably superior to anything ever before devised for the uplifting of the human body to a higher plane of efficiency and action, I am only repeating what thousands of prominent men and women of every country on the face of the earth, who have profited by my system, are saying for me voluntarily.

of personal mail insteading of the openion that government in the continue of physical labor can give you the results which my system positions take costs of the fact that my most enthusiantic pupils are those who have previously carriedd in some of the best gymnasiums of the world. I have populs in all the leading colleges of the United States. They have access to the gymnasiums and atthetic training which is a part of the implication. Moreover, I have populs in New York City who have spent from ten to fifty thousand denium in building private symnasiums in their wave them. I have also populs in the most of america and Europe, and I have hischemetts, machinists, formers and laborers who are very entitionatic over my system. All these populs prefer my system because a which no other exercise can displaced. You should profit by the expenses of the above a direct

The Swoboda System is not only a means of restoring health but it is also a direct vidual and compalling them to grow. It is the most condensed form of sacreties; it strengthens the heart instead of overtaxing it.

The coults are permanent; correless need not be kept up indefinitely when the leady is once theroughly energized and the table of greater cell activity is established.

The Swoboda System requires an drugs, no appliances, no dicting, an study, no less gives good health without inconvenience. It is as you want it — Mad "in overy you; it is not the amount of exercise one takes which denotes the benefit to be derived, but, on the contrary. It is the amount of exercise from which, physiologically, such human organism can react, which will govern the character of results. If mente half, up the body, and humans organism can react, which is most people even to think in the case, instead of though secondary and territory less thousand the energies thereby, as most people even to think in the case, instead of though secondary and territory less thousand the reaction of contrary to be true that the amount of contrary in the south govern the benefit of must always up to subspect to be benefit all reacting to before. Exercise to be benefit all must always be subspected to me a transmiss in full accordance in the physicalogue flims and range of adaptation. This is necessary what I accomplish through my present mad instructions. It is out of the secrets of the accordance from the factories.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY

WHAT OTHERS

"The bestery of your reliable advertisement is that recept word of it is also treatly. Your legislation is the facility associated as the source of the polynoment. It was the source of the polynoment of the source of the source

"Cys"s factorize the attention to find."
"Worth stoom bloom a theremost defines to pay to increment question and other and theremost desirate to pay the increment question of a place to pay the social of many attentions processed or expression for the "The very first forces began to a series possible to the pay the force I may be found to proceed to be a possible to be a possible of a say before the processing processed forces I may be found to proceed to be a possible of a pay before the pay to be a possible t

From the first process of the proces

I have at least 50,000 similar testimonials.

If I could meet you face to face I know that I rould not you meet you meet be to really and you styr promet to be a sound as you meet be to realize the keys of fiving in full, and that you are only half as well as you should be, half as vigorants at you can be, half as arbitraries as you are very half as well as you should be, half as vigorants at you can be, half as arbitraries as you are to say half as well as you may appeal as you need to be. The best is that, no matter who you need, to an prove to you pentitively, by demonstration, that you are beeling an inferior life, and I want to show you the only way to which you may, speedly and maily, without inconvenience or has of time, come lady surgets which you may, speedly and maily, without inconvenience or has of time, come lady parties of real meath. Vigor, energy, development, and a implier realization of life, success, and yourself.

The Swoboda System is no Experiment, I am giving it successfully to pupils all over because, congression, members of callend, and another of women. It is pupils all over mechanics, and taharets and altitude an equal number of women.

Join lie System is made a deally stored an equal number of women.

Join lie System and altitude and possing for overs also I offer my system on a last which makes the makes it impossible for you to have a utual process. My guarantee is startling, specific and positive.

"I make your success with my System absolutely certain; you take no risk in giving it a trial."

My ary coop "Evolutionary Exercise" shows how the Swobode System has revolutionized ex-ercise and simplified the methods of developing and energizing the basty and making it unusually well My book is free. It tells all about the rells of the body, and how to increase their vitality; it explains the evolution of the body and how to augment its development; It shows how you may become fully alive; it explains how the Swoboda System is making vigorous and strong men and women out of week individuals; it tells of the Dangers of Euro circulated Extractor They Breathons.
The facts concerning the Swoboda System

will interest you liveage they contem your welfare. My least will be an education and reveistion to you. Write for it and my complete guarantee today before it align your mind.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA

1225 Acolian Hall

New York City, N. Y.

ANYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 7)

Then again, the bulk of all this lawmaking was done in hot baste in the last few days of the session and not infrequently bills were rushed through under omnibus rollcalls.

A great many legislative sins are com-mitted by the omnibus method. Measures that sometimes meet the positive disap-proval of a majority of the House or Senate are omnibused, though if considered separately in either body their passage would be impossible. I know of enactments on the statute books of Kansas that, after passing one branch of the legislature, were objected out of an omnibus reading and rollcall, and were never voted on in the Senate at all, but were shown afterward by the Journal as having passed the Senate in the usual legal way. The omnibus method would be impossible with a single-house legislature of few members.

Notwithstanding the fact that my executive clerk and the attorney-general did their best in the brief time allowed to scrutinize all the bills, Chapters 177 and 178 and Chapters 174 and 175, respectively, are duplicates. Chapter 75 of the laws of 1911 was repealed three times—first by section three of Chapter 75 of the laws of 1913; by section two of Chapter 123 of the laws of 1913; and then by section seven Chapter 124 of the laws of 1913. Chapter 318 of the laws of 1913 was immediately amended by Chapter 319 of the laws of 1913. Chapter 82 of the laws of 1911 was repealed by Section seven of Chapter 80 of the laws of 1913, and after being repealed was then amended and repealed by Chapter 108 of the laws of 1913. Pifteen bills were returned for the correction of serious mistakes.

The last session of the Kansas legislature appropriated about sine million dellars of public funds; and though these appropriation bills passed through the hands of the proper committees, yet a vast majority of the members voted for them without even having the most casual knowledge of what the bills contained. This vast amount of money was appropriated in less than three hours after the bills reached the House and

No big business would spend even a thou-sand dollars without first requiring a scientific report from men who have the matters in charge, and then giving the matter a thorough consideration—but the public's business is everybody's business; and that has prompted the off-repeated statement that if a private enterprise conducted its business as most states do, it would become

bankrupt in a very short time.
With all that, the Kanus legislature of 1913 was as efficient, as capable, as upright and bonest as any legislature that ever sat: it passed many wholesome laws. There was not a single suspicion of corruption. It was as good a legislature as can be gotten together under the bicameral system; but it requires much more than bonesty to make laws for a state. Effective work in a legislature can only be done by men of experience, irrespective of intentions.

Legislation by Spasms

The Illinois legislature was in session twenty-three weeks. Three-quarters of the laws passed by it were passed in the last two weeks of the session. Commenting on this, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, under date of August 9, 1913, said editorially:

"That is the inevitable legislative program-two or three months of preliminaries appointing committees, playing polities, squabbling over points of party advantage; then two or three weeks of earnest effort to get the machinery really started; then about ten days of frenzied haste, during which a large part of the important legisla-

tion is artually accomplished.

"A body constituted as our legislatures are cannot possibly work any other way. There would be exactly the same result with a bank or a railroad if once in two years the stockholders elected a large body of directors who mostly knew nothing in particular about banking or transportation, who were sharply divided by opposing profeesianal interests, and who were to remain in session only three months; but the bank or railroad would not last long under the guidance of such a board.

"We legislate in convulsions when we legislate at all. The organism is so constitated that it must have a fit or lie dormant. "It is not a representative system. The people of Illinois do not conduct their per-sonal affairs in rare bursts of frenetic energy divided by long periods of torpidity. No farmer hires thirty men to debute about small grain from July fourth to July thirtieth and then harvest the outs on the tirty. first. Why should he regard a legislature which operates that way as representing

Describing another legislature a well-known writer in a magazine article that appeared in December, 1904, said:

"One-half these measures-eight butdred and thirty-eight - were passed the last fifteen days. On the last day there were passed seventy general laws, sevence, local laws, and six joint resolutions. On the next to the last day were passed filtynine general laws, twenty local laws, and one joint resolution. A total of one hundred and seventy-three enactments, or one-fith the work of the session in two days. I will grant that some of this grist had been ground out in committee, but how fre could even a committee grind so much grist? There are twenty-four hours in onday; in forty-eight hours one hundred and seventy-three laws were passed, or one has every sixteen minutes. But as the legalture sat only twelve hours a day these rules of human conduct were created at the rate of one every eight minutes."

If it was the intention of our Countytion makers that the bicameral system of legislation, which now prevails, should be a system both representative and deliberative, they have utterly failed to secure that result under the present system. The aveage member of the legislature, and especial) of the House of Representatives, does not even represent the people of his own little district. As a matter of fact, unless be happens to be one of the very few leading spirits who run the legislature, about al the new member is good for is to vote as he

Law Making at Albany

This is well illustrated by the following somewhat burnerous account, written by a member of the New York Assembly, in he New York Evening Telegram of February 25, 1908:

"Before I came up here I had an ide that a legislator, after a profound study of the subject, would introduce a bill with a few words that would at once attract the attention of the press and through then to public. Presently, by some manier, which I never clearly understood, the bill would be taken up in its turn and slow grave and serious argument would either be passed or defeated.

"But what really happens is this You speak up back of the desk and drop into a slot your bill, which half the time you he not know anything about yourself, because either your boss or your senator, or some organization in your district, gave it to you By bothering the clork next day you are find out what committee it has been refered to. If you are a member of that committee there is a good chance to get it reported, rause the other members of the committee want your vote to get their own bills on If not, you are a hundred-to-one shot wies your senator comes over and sees Walls worth, the speaker of the assembly, or Mer ritt, the floor leader of the majority, about &

"The next thing you do is to ask for hearing on the bill. You find out who is to chairman and hunt him up. When he we you are only a first-year man he invists it mistaking you for a doorkeeper or mesen ger, just to let you know your place. After you get that straightened out and tell he what you want, he pulls a long face at talks about the flood of bills they have consider.

"That's all you can do. If the committee or, rather, if two or three men on the com mittee are willing to give your bill a chanyou may get it out after begging like college president. Once on the calendar instead of the chairman of the committee you have one man.—Merritt, the Repullican floor leader—to convince before you can get a vote on the bill at all. All a processembly man is good for is to vote as bri told. If he does not do that, never a bill " his will see daylight. The committee hold the power of life and death over a bill."



The Great Safeguard

in the disportant relies, such as how, Lynd is mad by nearly all hopitals, physicians and nurses. B. the good many lives by preventing

Look is aspeally necessary for proand and Remisshold me every divflow on writtely cuter a binut agaic, Garmirule and Disinferture.

Loud is free bloom stronger and order majoritalis arily, further or every way no helderfolk of meteory. Other

Type provides the lifed authorities for some and entry the constant most for personal frequency the best solution and development

Three Sizes, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 Sold by Divigain's Everyorhera.

MINORTANT IN our viol are the of Bermin of a Affaithe with a positive of being & Play on the late or is said and well affaith and has accorded and mean tentary.

Total Bookles, "Home Hygiene" Sant Free

to your valuable allyle, by progress with our month property of the constant o

LEIN & FINK, Manufacturing Chronics William Street New York





chica hi Mera Vinnin a ed Children i cuty laberte dingui di la 11114 Missaire. Vin chera es hi brest opera latter con 121 la laberte di con conserva-cione di la conserva-re della conserva-Will but till, Dept. A. 630 Broadway, New York City

Those of us who have had legislative experience know that this is true in varying degrees of almost every state legislature If a body of crude and ill-digested legisla-tion has resulted, it is the natural product of the system. Even though a bill is originally written so clearly that any intelligent citizen may grasp unmistakably its purpose, some ambitious legislator who has given the subject matter no study or consideration will nsist on amending it until it becomes in its

final shape a piece of surpassing obscurity.
In spite of all the remedies which have been applied, the fact is unquestionable and undeniable that the bicameral legislature remains a heavy and complicated mechanism, yielding quickly enough to the opera-tion of the political expert, but blocking at every turn the attempts of the people to work it honestly and efficiently. And it is true, as has been said, that by a strange perversity of fate the fear of democracy and the passion for democracy have contributed equally to this result. And so it has come about that the people have been unable to maintain control over their own Govern-ment: and it has fallen more and more completely into the hands of the profes-sional politician, uptly described as "one who knows more about the voter's political business than he does himself."

So, though we set out on our political adventures as a nation firm of purpose to put the control of the Government in the hands of the people, we are just discover-ing, after one hundred and thirty-old years of experience, that we have neither efficiency nor control. This is so largely because, in our attempt to set up a new order of things, we adopted the legislative machinery that was the product of the sid order with which we were trying to break; and so we find our-selves at the beginning again, face to face with our original problem of finding means to make our Government representative, efficient, and at all times responsive to the

public will and weal.

A Cartoon and Its Lesson

What President Wilson has said of city government is equally true of state govern-

"I take it that the problem we have set "I take it that the problem we have set for ourselves is the problem of responsibility. We want a Government which responds to public opinion and we have not been able to get it. The explanation you can hang on your wall if you choose, if you would only take the pains to buy a copy of that eld cartoon by Tum Nast, which represents the Tweed Ring in New York as a circle of men, each with his thumb to his neighbor, the title of the picture being. neighbor, the title of the picture being, 'Twas him.' We have invented or atumblod on a "Twun't-me system of government and what we are in search of is a "Tis-you system of government."

If the sovereign voter is ever to reach the goal of representative, responsible and effi-cient government, it must be through such a simplification of our legislative machinery as will permit the electorate to bring steady and persistent pressure on this great organ of government in the broad daylight of intergovernment in the broad daylight of interested public discussion, and to fix the responsibility for any failure on the part of any member of the legislative body to respond to the will of the majority of the people.

Under the bicameral system, when a desirable measure fails to pass or an undesirable measure passes there is no way whereby

the public can single out a particular member of the legislature and say: "You personally are principally to blame in this matter." Not only is it almost impossible to locate the man who as to blame, but often when he has been located it is very probable that voters of his district are not particularly concerned about what he has done though his action may be of great importance to the state, as a wh while he is responsible to nobody except his own local constituents.

One county in our state has no publicly or privately owned utilities. Its representative received one hundred and eighty-eight. votes; and though his party declared for a Utilities Commission law, he voted against. his party pledge because it raised the taxes. Another member of the same party received four thousand votes; his county recognized the necessity of the enactment and he supported the measure. It takes a decided stretch of imagination to recognize a truly representative body wherein the power of one hundred and eighty-eight votes in one county equals that of four thousand in another.

This system of scattered responsibility puts the very smallest incentive on the



Now Heaviest with Juice!

This is the season when California oranges are heaviest with juice, sweetest and most beneficial.

Right now these sweet, juicy, California Sunkist Oranges should be used in every home as a food and Spring Tonic. Can you afford to be without them?

Over ten million Sunkist Oranges are being shipped every day from California and are now offered by dealers everywhere.

Because sixty-five hundred expert growers grow, pick, pack and market their fruit together they are able to bring the quality up to the very highest standard.

Every Sunkist Orange is glove picked and tissue wrapped-shipped on picking day, therefore always fresh.

Thin-skinned, highly flavored, firm, tender-meated and seedless - the finest oranges that ever grew.

And prices were never so low as now.

Nature's Own Spring Tonic

Sunkist Oranges are the world's most delicious fruit -- fruit that is both good and good for you. Eat them at every meal, between meals and at bed-time. Try this for Spring Fever.

Give the children this juice-this drink of natural purity. Any fruit dealer can supply you with genuine Sunkist Oranges.

Ask for Senkist

California Fruit PLOMELI Exchange, Eastern Office, Dept. C-139, North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Mail us this coupon and we will send you our complimentary 40-page recipe book, showing over 100 ways of using Suchaet oranges and lemons. You also receive our illustrated list of 27 Wm. Rogers & Shareware Premiuma for your table, with instructions ow to trade Sunkist wisperss for beautiful silver. Send

Name



Rich, mellow, fragrant Velvet, all the sun that kissed you ripe,

You have sto'ed up in your bein' to release it in my pipe.

An' to ca'm my troubled sperit, you have saved the mawnin' dew

An' the soft, shy summer breezes that have whispered peace to you.

An' you've learned me how to gather all the good things that I can

To turn 'em into kindness an' good will to'ds fellow man.

JOE, like every "dyed-in-the-wool" pipe smoker, knows that there's a lot more than "just smoke" in good tobacco. He knows that Nature has stored up genial philosophy, sunny kindliness and real goodfellowship in the "blessed weed."

VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, is made of the choicest Kentucky Burley, the tobacco which Nature outdid herself to make all that pipe tobacco ought to be. VELVET is Burley de Luxe, perfected by slow and careful cur-



individual to accomplish effective results. Not only can be divide the blame with all the rest of the majority but he can offset it entirely by bringing forward some local excuse or justification. He can point to something else he has done that was of particular interest to his constituents and thereby avertany embarrassing consequences for a mistake or misdeed of profound importance to the state, as a whole—if, indeed, under the present system he is capable of accomplishing anything.

The second house, as Franklin pointed

The second house, as Franklin pointed out, more often prevents the passage of good laws than hinders the passage of bad ones. In Kansas last year among the good laws of the utmost importance that failed because of the opposition of the second chamber were the Compulsory Grain Inspection Act, the Kincaid Bridge Act, a collateral-inheritance tax, a recording-mortgage tax, and an act probibiliting the foreclosure of mortgages until the owner or holder should either pay or show that he had paid all taxes which might lawfully have been assessed against it from its date. I do not recall any really had piece of legislation the second house killed. Much time, however, was taken up in passing worthless laws, like the Chiropractor Law and the Pure Shee Law.

Generally speaking, the two houses do a lot of trading; the first house, in order to get anything, accepts the amendments of the second, and vice versa. In actual practice the two houses seldom seek a middle ground, at least not by formal methods. Two considerations do not necessarily mean a double consideration and two hosty considerations may not be as good as one thorough one. There is a tendency to assume that a subject has been considered in the other house when the consideration there has been very inadequate, or sometimes one house hastily passes a bill with the expectation that the other house will deal with it more carefully; and so there is frequently a shifting of responsibility from hastily to chamber to

rhamber to chamber.

In 1905 the Equal Suffrage Resolution was submitted to the Kansas legislature for its adoption. The resolution passed the House of Representatives with practically no opposition. The members of the House were so positive it would not pass the Senate that they gave it their almost unanimous support. Even before the resolution reached the Senate sixty-five per cent of the House members were importuning their senators to vote against the resolution; and the senators, as though in duty bound and by reason of an expected reciprocity, smothered the legislation instantly. About the only real use of a second legislative body is to act as a scapegoat for the

other.

It is customary for amendments of the second house to be accepted without question on matters of minor importance. It is also customary to advance bills advocated by the party leaders, and on these the second chamber has little additional usefulness in furnishing consideration.

The Conference Committee

Then there is the Conference Committee, the excises of all the points of attack—and the least open to public gaze—when the interests want to defeat a measure the public is demanding.

It is easy to get a bill of vital importance

It is easy to get a bill of vital importance amended in one house or the other; then, by a failure to concur in the amendments, the bill goes to a conference committee, usually composed of two members from the Senate and three from the House. The interests see to it that they have a reliable friend on that committee, who delays, argues, wheedles and cajoles; and in the end the committee fails to agree. So Conference Committee saccessis Conference Committee the diagram of the committee that the com

reaches the adjournment day.

Two of the most important bills before
the last Kansas legislature went to the
legislative junkheap by the Conference
Committee route. Such a thing would be
impossible in a single-body legislature of a

dozen members.

Then there is the argument that it is more difficult to corrupt or wrongfully influence two bodies than one. The test of legislative efficiency is the ability to effect positive enactments. A good measure opposed by special or produtory interests may as easily be defeated under the bicameral system as under a one-house system, because all that is necessary is for the opponents of the measure to control one house,

and in cases of that kind the special marrist has two chances with the bicameral system to one with the other. Indeed, the lobinist and the representative of corporations first attempt to defeat a measure objectionable to them in the committee; and if they fall there they concentrate their assault on the members of whichever house appears to offer the best chance of success in blocking the proposed legislation.

A single-house legislature of large penhership, elected from numerous and widely separated districts, would be almost as objectionable as the two-house system. God results can be obtained only from a saga house of small membership of trained men. Membership in such a body would rule not far below the governorship itself; soil this, together with an adequate salar, would be more attractive to first-distalent than membership in the Congress.

This plan would bring the legislature nearer to the people. That statement ambradicts the first impression, but it is the nevertheless. The legislature of today is a remote from the people as possible. The people may rage and storm over some bill that has been passed or turned down but that has been passed or turned down but the individual members of the legislature are shielded from blame by the simple lar, that each member is safely lost in the shulb. In a legislative body with sixteen member, the newspapers would publish the robotion all important bills, and the people would have a clear picture of the kind of man who was representing them.

A Sixteen-Member Legislature

A small one-house legislature would be more responsive and obedient to public opinion and at the same time more efficient and less expensive than the large and conbersome system now in vogue. It would be easy and inexpensive to call together in emergencies like those that existed in Kansas last year. Such a legislature would have enabled us to handle the gas situation; it would have enabled us to handle the situation with reference to the inspection of grain; it would have enabled us to handle without trouble the difficulties arising best the destruction of our twine plant at the Kansas Penitentiary; it would have mabled us to provide aid to those counts that have been sorely afflicted by he drought. And so every year such a beginable to meet without large expense whenever necessity required, would be a good business proposition for the people of the state. As it is, one endrdinate branch of the state government is absolutely abandond for a whole biennium unless the legislatur is enswoked in an expensive, extraording session by the governor. It is as thoughts head of an important department of some other big business should give only lifty days every two years to its management.

every two years to its management.

In such a legislature there would be represently for haste. Being paid adequate salaries, the members would devote the whole time to legislation as a business prosition. They would doubtless take the to study the bills presented, both as to substance and form, and give the people law written in plain and direct English the would mean one and the same thing to every intelligent citizen.

A sixteen-member legislature would be harder to corrupt. This also contraint first impressions. There are many who believe that the more people there are because on a measure, the harder it is to pass on a measure, the harder it is to pass a bill by bribery. Just the reverse is true. The more conspicuous a man is before the public and the more clearly his responsibility is appreciated by the people, the harder it is for him to go wrong. Turn the strong limelight on a man and make his feel that he is performing before a large important audience, and he will be hard to corrupt. Light is as salutary in politics a in hygiene.

Finally, it is a matter of common knowledge that every legislature is controlled by a little group of leaders who exerct authority without commensurate responsibility to the people. The late "Blind Bose Brayton, of Rhode Island, long Aldrich righthand man in controlling that state legislature, stated the situation in a lowerds of comment on the commission plant.

for states:

"We've got it now, only folks don know it. Rid out the regiment of member who do nothing but vote as ordered; the fetch your little governing group out in the spotlight and make 'en responsible and they'il feel the fear of God in the bearts as they never do now."

CHEAP AT A MILLION

(Continued from Page 5)

Tom shook hands with the fat little man, whose wonderfully shaped head had on it no hair worth speaking of, and handed him the pearl he had picked out from the dozen the man in 777 Blank Avenue had placed before him. Doctor Lentz looked at it, weighed it in his hand and, without waiting to be asked any questions, answered what

nearly everybody always asked him:
"Persian Gulf. About fifteen grains—
perhaps a little more. We sell some like it
for about thirty-five hundred dollars."
"Thanks," said Tom, and put the pearl

in his pocket.

Hit was a joke it was expensive. If not, the other peurla the man had shown, nearly all of which were larger, must have been worth from fifty thousand to a hundred thousand dollars. Such is the power of money that this young man, destined to be mereover, one who did not particularly think shout money, was nevertheless impressed by the stranger's careless handling of the valuable pearls. He concluded subcon-scously that the talisman was even more valuable. He took the package from his

wat pocket and give it to Doctor Lentz.

"Raw silk — Syrian," murmured the gem expert, and undid the covering.

"Ha! Italo-Byzantine. The Raising of Tabitha. No! No!" He giared at young Merriwether, who retreated a step. "Very rare! It's the Raising of Jairus' Daughter. Same workmamship in the Lipeanoteca, Museo Civico, Breecia. If so, not later than fourth century. Very rare! H'm!" "Is it?" said Tom. "I don't know much

shout Ivories.

"No? Read Molinier! Græven!"
"Thank you. I will, Doctor Lentz."
Doctor Lentz opened the little ivory box

mi pulled out the silver case.

"Ha! H'm! Not so rare! Asia Minor. Probably eighth century.

B. C.T.

"Certainly not. Key? H'm!"
"Haven't got it here," evaded Tom.
The little savant turned to his secretary कार्व स्त्रविष्

"Bring drawer marked forty-four, inner

tring drawer marked lorty-tour, inner compartment, antique-gem safe."
He was examining the little box, nodding his head and muttering: "H'm! H'm! Tom felt the ground slipping away from ander the feet of his suspicions even while his perplexity waxed monumental. And with it came the satisfaction of a man contains the property of the safe has been property. vioring himself that he is neither wasting

to time nor making himself ridiculous.

The clerk returned with a little drawer in which Tom naw about a hundred and fifty

small keyw.

"Replicas! Originals in museums of world!" explained Lentz. "H'm!" He turned the keys over with a selective fore-inger. "It's that one or this one." And he picked out two. "Probably this! Damas-

picked out two. "Probably this! Damas-cus! Eighth century. Byzantine influence this strong. See that? And that? And that? And that? H'm!" He inserted the little key and opened the tasket. He saw the gold box within. "Ha! H'm! Thracian! How did you get this? H'm!" He raised his head, boked at Tom hercely and then said coldly: "Mr. Merriwether, this has been stolen "Mr. Merriwether, this has been stolen from the British Museum!"

It beautifully complicated matters. Tom's heart beat faster with interest. Are you sure?" he asked, being a

"Are you sure?" he asked, being a Merriwether.

"Wait! H'm!" He lifted it out and exmined the back. "No! No!! Thracian! Of the Bisaltæ! Time of Lysimachus! But — Weil! Aryan symbolism! Possibly taken to India by one of Alexander's captains—perhaps by Lysimachus himself! And — Oh! Oh, early Christians! Oh, early Philistines! See that? Smoothed away to put that — Oh, beasts! Hereties in art! Curious! Do you know the incantation to use before opening?"

use before opening "It was in Greek, and "Of course!"

"Yes. He said this had belonged to Apellonius of Tyana." "How much does he ask?"

"It is not for sale."

Inside is a pentagram?" "No; a cross, with seven emeralds as big as that, all flawless."

"There are only two such emeralds in the world without flaws and we have one of them. The other is owned by the Arch-bishop of Bogotá, Colombia."

"He said these were flawless and that he has proofs. He says Eligius studied

"Mr. Merriwether, you have on your hands either a very dangerous imposter or else — H'm! He must be an impostor! How much does he want?"

"It is not for sale."

"H'm! Worse and worse! If I can be of use let me know! They'll fool us all! All! Good day!" And Doctor Lentz walked away, leaving Tom more puzzled than ever, but now determined to go to 777 East Seventy-seventh Street at eight o'clock that

He went home and wrote an account of what had happened, placed it is an enve-lope, sealed the envelope and gave it to his

"If you don't hear from me by ten o'clock tonight give this to my father; but don't give it to him one minute before ten. And you stay in until you hear from me.' "Very good, sir."

He then went to the club, ordered an early dinner for two, and invited his friend Huntington Andrews to go with him. He did not go into details.

Shortly before eight he stationed Andrews across the way from 777 East Seventy-seventh Street and told him;

"If I am not back here at eight-fifteen come in after me. If you don't find me go to my house and wait until ten. My roan has instructions. See my father."

Tom was Merriwether enough to have in readiness not only an extra revolver to give to his friend but also a heavy case and an electric torch. Also he drave Huntington to within a hair's-breadth of death by unsatisfied curiosity.

At one minute before eight Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether went into the bouse of mystery, realizing for the first time how often the mystic number seven recurred. The Bible teemed with allusions to the seven stars, the seven seals, the seven-branched candiestick, the seven mortal size. The Greeks had Seven Wise Men and Seven Sleepers, and the Pythagoreans saw magic in all the heptamerides. And there were seven notes of music and seven primary col-ors and seven hills in the Eternal City. Also, it had never before occurred to him that he was born on the seventh day of the

seventh month. And now it had its effect, He tried the door. It opened when he turned the knob. The hall was dark, but he could descry the staircase. He grasped his

revolver firmly and entered.

There was a smell of undusted floors and unaired walls. The darkness thickened with each step as he dimbed, compelling him to grope. And because he groped there came to him the fear that always comes with uncertainty. It permeated his soul and was intensified, without becoming more concrete, by reason of the ghostly emptiness peculiar to all unoccupied houses. The absence of furniture served merely to fill the corners with shadows that bred uneasiness. People had been there; people no longer were! The house was empty of humanity, but full of other beings - impalpable suspects that made the flesh creep! It was like death—unseen, but felt with the senses of the soul.

There was no place, decided Tom, so fit to murder people in as an empty house. His adventure now took on an aspect of reckless folly. But though be felt in this ghostly house what might be called the ghost of fear, he also felt the impelling force of an intelligent curiosity. In this young man's soul was a love of adventure, a gambler's phi-losophy, a reserve force of cold intelligence and warm imagination such as is found in the great explorers, the great chemists and the great buccaneers of dollars.

That was why in the year of grace 1913 Tom Merriwether stood in the middle of the second-story front room of a house situfrom Fifth Avenue, with his left hand outstretched, and on the open palm of it a cross with a Greek name that meant Dispeller of Darkness—in a darkness that could not be dispelled. His right hand grasped the butt of an automatic 45 loaded with elephant-stopping bullets—but of what avail was that against a knock in the head from behind?

Listening for soft footsteps, he seemed to hear them time and again and time and again not to hear them! People nowadays, he finally decided, do not want to take

CENTS Macmillan Standard Library CENTS

The Best New Books on Questions of the Day

In the MACMILLAN STANDARD LIBRARY, at 50 cents per volume, the most important works of many of the greatest writers of the day are found. It is strictly a library of up-to-date knowledge in which almost every great human interest is represented - politics, economics, history, literature, biography, religion, art, outdoor life, etc. Every work is by a recognized authority. Handsomely bound. Decorated cloth covers,

Each Volume 50 Cents

A FEW OF THE MANY GREAT WORKS IN THIS SERIES

For the General Reader, Traveler, Man of Affairs

INCREASING HUMAN EFFICIENCY IN BUSI-NESS. By Walter Dill Scott. "An important MONOPOLIES AND TRUSTS. By Richard T. Ely.

THE TARIFF AND THE TRUSTS. By Franklin Force. "As resident campaigness, and the second of competition and the magnetisment of the team, remarkable

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA. By Henry Van Dykn.

THE UNITED STATES AS A WORLD POWER.

By Archibald Cary Cooling. "A work of man THE PROMISE OF AMERICAN LIFE. By Herbert

THE NEW DEMOCRACY. By Walter E. Weyl. "The feat and most competituding survey of the gen-tral survey and positional status and prospects of count THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN. By Jarob

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE By Nurman Happood, "A lite of Lite

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, THE CITIZEN. By DAVID LIVINGSTONE. By Sylender C. Hurne.

ZAPAN: AN ATTEMPT AT INTERPRETATION.
By Lafeadie Hears. "One of the month personal residence of the month personal residence of the second personal residence of the

HOME LIFE IN COLONIAL DAYS. By Alice Murse Earls. "A book which throws new light on HOME LIFE IN GERMANY, By A. Sidewick.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: POET, DRAMA-TIST, AND MAN, By Hamilton W. Mabin. WHAT IS SHAKESPEARE! By L. A. Shamen

IN THE VANGUARD, By Katrina Track. "In

RENAISSANCE AND MODERN ART, By W. H. HISTORY OF GREEK ART, By F. B. Tarbell.

THE MYSTERY OF GOLF. By Arnold Haultain.

Gardening and Country Life

THE COUNTRY LIFE MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES. By L. H. Balley. "Adminstration THE PRACTICAL GARDEN BOOK. By L. H. Balley and C. E. Ham. "Premis durin only that have been purely and which are required anothering." THE CARE OF A HOUSE By T. M. Clark.

HOW TO GROW VEGETABLES. By Allen the "Given out party a convenient and estable og same, but particular attention to the minior of

HOW TO KEEP BEES FOR PROFIT, By D. Everett Lyon. "Giver the Me Meany of the been barrier, and not be in the last of the last o A MANUAL OF PRACTICAL FARMING. By John McLeman. "These Sphare the reader in the AcLeeman. "Places fedure the reader

A SELF-SUPPORTING HOME By Kate V. St. every legacity of bestemby to be not with on the

HOW TO KEEP HENS FOR PROFIT. By C. S.

For the Student of Social Problems

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH AND THE CITY STREETS. By Jane Addens. "Sanity, breadth, and fellenters of solid, stoke it a look which we see can

A NEW CONSCIENCE AND AN ANCIENT EVIL By Jaco Addams. "A care and frank consideration of the most taming question in dvillerd series."

HOW TO HELP: A MANUAL OF PRACTICAL CHARITY. By Mary Conyactes. "A comprehensive work on the care of recely families."

POVERTY, By Robert Hunter, "Evengathesis and accounts." A start of practical experience gathered in

MISERY AND ITS CAUSES. By Edward T.

SOCIALISM IN THEORY AND PRACTICE.

By Marrie Hilligalt. "An interesting historical detects

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH. By William SOCIALISTS AT WORK, By Rahert Hunter,

THE WAR OF THE CLASSES, By Jack Landon.

REVOLUTION, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Jack WAGES IN THE UNITED STATES. By Scott

THE SOCIAL BASIS OF RELIGION. By Simon

N. Paties. A cort of reteriardial valor.

A LIVING WAGE: ITS ETHICAL AND ECONOMIC ASPECTS. By Rev. J. A. Ryan, "The

SOCIAL FORCES IN AMERICAN HISTORY, By A. M., Simona. "A forgetal interpretation of events in the light of name of the special of the special

THE THEORY OF THE LEISURE CLASS, By Thorstein B. Vehlen, "The most valuatile reveal material to the subset."

NEW WORLDS FOR OLD, By H. G. Wells. "The most indication and industries and

THE APPROACH TO THE SOCIAL QUESTION,
By Francis Greenwood Pesbody. "The must
complete, personners, and approve contribution to the

Helpful Works on Religion

THE NEW THEOLOGY, By Rev. R. J. Campbell, A discount discrine to the better thought of our times. THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS. By Rev. Newell Dwight Hills. "Its winds tone and mich are of a same, health a section."

EVERYMAN'S RELIGION. By Dr. George Hodges, "Religing progrationally ethical and month. Hodges. "Retigion prescrinently ethical and mobile and attributed of the thick." HE BUILDING OF THE CHURCH. By Charles E. Jefferson. "A best that should be read by every

THE ETHICS OF JESUS. By Henry Cherchill

CHRISTIANITY AND THE SOCIAL CRISIS.

By Walter Reunchembusch. "A back to like, or THE GOSPEL FOR A WORLD OF SIN. By Harry Van Dyke. "One of the bank broke of the bank

SOCIALISM AND THE ETHICS OF JESUS. By Henry C. Vedder. A limity discission of a popular

THE CHURCH AND THE CHANGING ORDER,
By Shaller Mathews. "A madde look that every
Christian way read with pentil."
THE GOSPEL AND THE MODERN MAN. By
Shaller Mathews. "A support statement of the

Shaller Mathews, "A suction statement of the sessingle of the New Testament."

RATIONAL LIVING. By Henry Churchill King.
An allo compact to of purchological inventigation, from

THE LAWS OF PRIENDSHIP-HUMAN AND DIVINE. By Henry Churchill King. "Full of

Complete lists of these books will be mailed to any address for the asking.

The books are well printed, on good paper, strongly and beautifully bound in cloth with decorated covers.

They are not cheap books, but the best books at a very low price. You know the names of these authors and what they stand for.

These books are for sale at 50 cents each wherever good books are sold. If there is no bookseller near you, send 50 cents (stamps or money-order) to the publisher, and the book you want will be forwarded at once, postpaid.

There is a similar series of great Modern Novels, and one of the Best Books for Boys and Girls, at the same price, 50 cents each. Send for descriptive folder.

Published at 64.66 5th Ave. New York

The Macmillan Company



Exposition Chief Buys Haynes Car

Chas. C. Moore, President of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, has purchased a Haynes four-cylinder car equipped with the Vulcan Electric Gear Shift.

Worthy of noce is the fact that this car is the twenty-sevensh owned by Mr. Moore. It is in constant use-much more so than were any of its twenty-six predecessors, and, due largely to its simplicity of control, Mr. Moore frankly admies that only now is he deriving the real pleasures of motoring. No doubt about it-the hand shift method suffers by comparison.

Before you buy, look over other cars at the price you want to pay, compare the specifications, part for part, with those of the Haynes. Here are a few facts regarding the



The Haynes motor has a bore of 41/4 m. and stroke of 555 in.; cylinders cast in pairs; I,-head design; valves enclosed; with a dynameter rating of 65 and 48 horsepower on the "six" and "four," respectively. Ignition is provided by the American Simms Dual High Tension Magnetos carburgion, by the Stromberg device; electric lighting and starting, by the Leece-Neville uparate unit system; and comling by cemrifugal pump, pressed seed fan and cellular radiator.

Other Haynes specifications are the splash and gravity lubrication system; contracting band clutch; Timben and McCue hill floating rear axles; twenty-me gallon gas tank on rear of chassis; motor-driven are pump; extra demountable rim; and Collins currains. Shock absorbers on the "ax."

> The Haynes "Four" . \$1785 and \$1985

The Haynes "Six"

130 inch wheelhaar . 2500 and 2700

The Hayens "Sin"

136 inch wheelbase . . 2585 and 2785

"The Complete Materia" to Fiscout theraps, Father of the Assarican Automobile Industry, tuby december the Volume Electric treat side, will be relieful upon recent of ten center to conque. Write to:

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

40 Main Street Kakumo, Ind. Builder of America's Blod Car.

Desires The Herman with could be supposed in a section of the case. You wanted to usually a section and the supposed in a supposed in the supposed in a supposed in a supposed in the suppos







other people's lives—only their money. Whereupon he once more grew calm—and intensely curious! He had not one cent of money on his person. He had left it at home intentionally.

Presently he thought he heard soundsfaint musical murmurings in the air about him, low wallings of violins, scarcely more than Æolian harpings, and pipings as of tiny flutes—almost indistinguishable. Then a delicate swish-swish, as of silken gar-ments. Also, there came to him a subtle fragrance that turned into an odorous sigh changing into a summer breath of sweet peas; and he imagined—he must have imagined—hearing "I do love you!" ah, so softly!

He smelled now the odor of sweet peas, which stirred alceping memories without fully awakening them, as all flower odors do by what the psychologists call associ-ation. He heard "I do love you!"—and then the Dispeller of Darkness was taken from his outstretched hand.

He stood there, his muscles tense, braced for a shock, ready for a life struggle, per-haps half a minute before the sound of foot-steps retreating in the hall outside recalled to him his instructions. He vehemently desired to follow and see who it was that had taken the Dispeller of Darkness; but he had pledged his word not to. He

The odor of sweet pens was flooding him as with waves. And he heard "I do love you!"—heard it again and again with the inner ear of his soul, the listener of delights. He thrilled at the thought of being loved. It made him intredibly happy. He felt make him intredibly happy.

unbelievably young!
Suddenly it occurred to him that he had
not counted a hundred as he had promised, though he must have spent more than a minute woolgathering. He counted a hundred as fast as he could and then hastened from the room. It was plain that Tom Merriwether was already doing in-credible things or, at least, failing to do the obvious. Great is the power of suggestion on an imaginative mind!

He flashed his electric torch. He was in a bare rosen with a dusty hardwood floor, ivory-tinted waimscoting and a Colonial mantel. The hall was empty. He walked down the stairs, his steps raising disquisting echoes and creepy creakings.

Mindful of his waiting friend outside he

quickly walked out of the gloom into which he had carried the Dispeller of Durkness of Apollenius of Tyana, the cross of the seven emeralds. Huntington Andrews saw him

emeralds. Huntington Andrews saw him coming and crossed over to meet him.
"How did you make out, Tom?"
"I'm a fool, Huntington; and so are you! And so is everybody!"
"Right-o!" agreed Andrews, who was inveterately smiable and loved Tom.
"It's the mest diabolica!—" Tom

paused.
"Yes, it is," agreed Huntington Andrews, so obviously anxious to dispel his friend's ill temper that Tom laughed and said cheerfully:

"Come on, me brave bucke!" And to-

gether they walked to the corner and headed for 777 Blank Avenue.

"Huntington, you wait here; and if I am not back by nine-forty-five go to my house. At ten o'clock have my valet deliver the letter I gave him for my father. You can be of help to the governor if you will."

And Huntington Andrews asked no

Tom rang the bell of 777. The door opened. One of the four over-intelligent-booking footmen stepped to one side respectfully.

"Is your "I have "

"Is your --- " began Tom.
"Yes, Mr. Merriwether," answered the man with a deference such as only royalty

He then delivered Tom to footman Number Two, who in turn escorted him as far as Number Three: then Number Four led him to the door of the master's library. The footman knocked, opened the door as announced, with a curious solemnity:

"Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether,

The strange man was there in his armchair, his back to the window. The room was lit by candles. The man rose and said respectfully:

I thank you, Mr. Merriwether." "Don't mention it," said Tom smiably. The man bowed his head and looked at Tom meditatively. Tom was the first to break the silence.

(Continued on Page 53)



Last week that foot had corns. But the owner read of Blue-jay.

She applied it one night and the pain was instantly relieved. In the hours all the corns came nut. And these corns will never come back.

That's the story follor have the about sory million corns. And ten of thousands tell it every day:

Some of them used to pare rome, morely to relieve. Some of them tool treatments until they gave up in di-

Now never again will they other from corns. When one appears, Blusjoy good on it.

There is no move pain. The cere is iongosten. In two days they like is unit. No annuyance, no paie, so

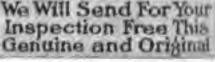
That woulds too good to be trie. But remember, please, that above our willian curve a worth are ented in this Blue-jay way.

Why don't you let it put an oul to

Blue-jay For Corns

15 and 25 cents-at Druggins

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York Makers of Physicians' Standier



WACKINAW SEGBE

Patrick-Duloth Woolen Mill Commerce Street Duloth Mil

Clark who ha Come Ballie PARINA BARRY Sinulve Ray Ford Kelm Chany Ray Camp Bankers find Element Durriagy Badie breids withhest

With for Proc. Buch as owing anthorne and only



"May I ask what ——" Tom began, but was checked by the other, who held up his right hand with the gesture of a traffic

policeman and said slowly:

"A message in the dark! You carried one to another soul, who waited for it. And that other soul is taking one to you. Some day you will meet her. You will marry her. There is no doubt whatever of that. None! Ask me no questions. Mr. Merriwether. I ask nothing of you no money, no time, no services, no work, no favors-nothing! Your fate is not in my hands. It never was! You will follow your destiny. It will take you by the hand and lead you to her!"

That is very nice of destiny."

"My young friend, you are very rich, very powerful. You can do everything. You fear nothing. This is the year 1913. But I tell you this: The woman who will he your wife in this world and throughout eternity has received your message. It was ordained from the beginning. You have ordained from the beginning. You have not seen her; you have not heard her; you have not teached her. And yet you will know her when you see her and when you bear her and when you feel her. Into the darkness you went. Out of the darkness she will come. Nothing you can do can change it. Improve your hours by thinking of her. Think of the love you have to give her! Think of it constantly! Of your love! Yours! Of hers you cannot guess. The Yours! Of hers you cannot guess. The love you will give will make her your mate! Your love! And so, Thomas Thorse Merriwether, think of the One Woman!"

"I think——"

"I knew! Amusement, sneers, skeptinothing, expect nothing, desire nothing and fear nothing from you, young sir. A queer expertence this—eh? An unexplained and apparently unconcluded little game! A plot? A joke? A piere of lunscy? Call it anything you wish. Again I thank you. Good evening, Mr. Merriwether."

And Tom was politicly ushered from the good, by the strange man and from the

room by the strange man and from the house by the four overintelligent footmen.

NEXT day Tom Merriwether found himself unable to think of anything but the mystery of the fateful Tuesday. He felt haffled. His curiosity had been repulsed at every step. In their deficite incomprehensibility all the incidents that he so vividly recalled took on an irritating nuality that made him a morrows and uncornquality that made him a morose and uncom-fortable companion. Huntington Andrews noticed it at luncheon; and so admirable was the quality of his amiability that after

was the quality of his amiability that after the coffee be said:

"Torn. I've got important business to attend to today, and if you don't mind I'll be off now. Of course if you think I can help you in any way all you have to do is to tell me what to do."

"Huntington, you are the best following.

"Huntington, you are the best friend in the world. I've been thinking—" Tom paused and stared into vacancy. He was trying to recall whether the man at 777 Blank Avenue had a criminal look about the eyes. Huntington Andrews rose very quietly and walked away. He knew his friend wished to think-alone.

Lost in his exasperating speculations. Tom finally ceased thinking of the man and began to think of the girl. Was the game to rouse his interest in an unknown, later to be introduced to him? Was the scheme one that involved an adventuress? Why all the claptrap? And why had his thoughts, in spite of himself, dwelt so persistently on love and somebody to love? sistently on love and somebody to lover Why had the springtime—since the night before—come to mean a time for loving? Why had he begun to see, in flashes, tantalizing glimpess of rosy cheeks and hright eyes? Why had he permitted his own mind to be influenced by the strange man's remarks, so that Tom Merriwether was indeed thinking—if he would be honest with indeed thinking—if he would be honest with himself—of marriage? Was his affinity on her way to him at this very moment, as the man said? He began to hope she was.

He dined at home and was so preoccupied at the table that even his father noticed it,
"What's up, Tom?"
"What? Oh! Nothing, dad! I was

just thinking.

"Terrible thing, my boy - thinking at mealtime," said E. H. Merriwether with a

self-conscious look of badinage.
"Yes, it is. I'll quit."
"Is it snything about which you need advice—or help, my boy?" said the great little railroad dynast very carelessly.

His eyes never left his son's face; but when Tom raised his gaze to meet his father's the elder Merriwether showed no interest. Tom knew his father and felt the saternal love that insisted on concealing

itself as though it were a weakness.

"No, indeed. There is nothing the matter—really. I was thinking I'd like to do a man's work. I guess you'd better let me go

with you on your next tour of inspection."

The face of the czar of the Southwestern

& Pacific lighted up.
"Will you?" he said, with an eugernese
that made his voice almost tremble.

And that evening E. H. Merriwether delivered a long lecture on railroad strategy and railroad financing to his son, which

brought them very close to each other.
On the next day, however, all thoughts of being his great father's successor were subordinated to the feeling that, if Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether had to be the Thomas Thome Merriwether had to be the successor of a railroad man, he should himself take atees to provide his own auccessors. Feeling that he was his father's son made him think of paternity. And that made him think of the message he had delivered in the dark and of the message the man had said would some day come to Tom Merriwether. He drew a deep breath and thought he man had said would some day come to and thought he smelled sweet peas. And that somehow made him think of the girl he should marry. Try as he might he could not quite see her face. He thought he kissed her, and he inhaled the fragrance of sweet peas. Her complexion was beautiful. No more!

On the afternoon of the third day Tom decided that he was wanting too much time in thinking of the possible meaning of his queer experience, and also that it was of little use trying not to think about it. Therefore he would try to put an end to the perplexity.

He went to 777 Blank Avenue and rang the bell. A footman opened the door and stared at him icily. Tom perceived he was not one of the men whose faces looked

too intelligent for footmen.
"I wish to see Mr. or your master."
"Does he expect you, sir?" The tone
was not so respectful as footmen in Blank Avenue houses used in speaking to the heir

of the Merriwether millions.
"No; but he knows me."
"Who knows you, sir?"

"Your master. "Could you tell me his name, sir?"

"No; but I can tell you mine.

"He's not at home, sir."
"I'm Mr. Merriwether. Say I wish to speak to him a moment.

"I'm sorry, sir. He's not in."
The footman was so unimpressed by the name of Merriwother that Tom experienced a new sensation, one which made him less sure of his own powers. He took out a card and a banknote and held them out toward

"I am anxious to see him."
"I'm sorry. I can't take it, sir," said
the footman, with such melancholy sincerity that Tom smiled at the torture of the

Then he ceased to smile. The master of this mysterious house had compelled even the footmen to obey him!
"But if you will call again in an hour, sir,

I think perhaps, sir
"Thank you. Take it anyhow!"
He again held out the banknote. The
man saw it was for twenty dellars and almost turned green.

"I-I d-daresent, sir!" he whimpered. and closed his eyes with the expression of an anchoret resolved not to see the beautiful

Tom left him, walked over to the park and sat down on a bench. He settled down to think calmly over the mysterious affair and looked about him.

The grass in the turf places had taken on a definite green, as though it were May. The trees were not yet in leaf, making the grass-greenness seem a trifle premature, but Tom noticed that the buds on the trees and shrubs were bursting; there were little feathery tips of tender red and pale green tiny wings about to flutter upward because the sun and the sky beckoned to them to go where it was bright and warm. The sky was of a spotless turquoise, as though the spring cleaning up there had been thorough. The clouds were of silver freshly burnished for the occasion. The air was alive, laden with subtle thrills: it throbbed invisibly, as though the light were life, and life were love. He saw hundreds of sparrows, and they all twittered; and all the twitterings





An actual necessity to every well-equipped private garage— a woodeful convenience that soon pays for itself in naving of time, exertion and tires. The pressure gauge moures the keeping of your tres at the right inflation eventual to long life.

Well completely inflate a 372 5 for to 90 fbc, topsoon in less than three minutes. The most power-bal equipment of its rain on the market—12 miles bath. 10-inch have, 9 inches in with.

Most be set on face or mounted on would shell—
the livery of poor air, absorbedly free born oil, and
making of the way—but always mady for worker.

The control of a two cylinder poors
working qualities. With ordinary case the notifit en by a small electric restor and associated on mall form, 20 lest of best reclaimed rulines Pinus of special and carefully hardward and pound to exact size. No robber to leather pack-

should be at least ten years.

Reached grow used to consert mater to pump. Outs is thus made practically nondess.

No insulfation expense. Nevertary only in coming agreement and a mine construction. The moute Principles consist in a study of our foreign and

10 DAYS TRIAL OFFER AND GUARANTEE

We will refined purchase price on return of pump after 10 days trial, if an requisited. We quarter-tee Master Catago Pumps for one your against defects of material and workmanding. Price Com-plete with alternating current mater, \$60.00. Price Complete with direct current rooter, \$65.00. Colored means not be 170 our direct person and 110 out, fingle glass 60 cycle afternoon promote, but observed means or 200 out, first names. 110 out, 25 or 40 outer abrought correct in 200 out 20, 40 at 00 out of abrought correct in 200 out 20, 40 at 00 out of abrought correct. Sind pure order today. Because to date covered cond/00 out.

HARTFORD MACHINE SCREW CO.

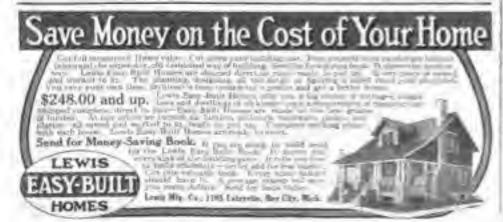
47G CAPITOL AVENUE

(Established (HT3)

HARTFORD, CONN.

San Francisco





An Independent Company with an independent reling policy

were very, very shrill, and yet very, very musical. And, also, they twittered in couples that hopped and darted and serially zigzagged-always together and always twittering!

A policeman stopped and said something to a nursemaid. The nursemaid said some thing to the policeman. He was young and she was pretty. Then the policeman said nothing to the nursemaid, and the nursemaid said nothing to the policeman. Then two faces turned red. Then one face nodded Then the other face walked away, swinging a club; and-by all that was marvelous!- swinging the club in time to the tune the sparrows were twittering-in exuples—the same tane, as though the clubswinger's soul were whistling it! Tom smiled uncertainly—he wanted to give maney, lots of it, to the policeman and

to the nursemaid; and he knew it was impossible—it was too obviously the intelligest thing to do! So, instead, he drew a deep breath

Instantly there came to him not the odor of spring and of green things growing, but of sweet peas and summer winds, and changing, evanescent faces pink-and-white as flowers, with flower-odor associations and even full of glints and brightnesses that recalled deadrops and sunlight and stars. And these glittering points shifted in tune to the twittering of birds and the swinging

of park policemen's clubs!
Love was in the air! Love was making
Tom Merriwether impacient, as that love
which is the love of loving always makes the mateless man.

He could no longer sit calmly. He could not sit at all. He craved to do something. to do anything, so long as it was motion.
Therefore he walked briskly northward. At
Nisetieth Street he halted abruptly. He
had begun to walk mechanically and he
could think of what he did not wish to think. So he shook himself free from the spell and walked back.

An hour had passed. He again rang the bell of 777. The same footman opened the

door. "Is he in?" asked Tom impatiently "Yes, sir - he is, sir. I told him the moment he came in, sir." He looked as uncomfortable as a lifelong habit of impas-

uncomfortable as a lifelong habit of impassivity permitted.

"What did he say?" asked Tom.

"He said: 'How much did he offer to give you when you said I wasn't at home?' Yes, sir. That's what he asked me."

"And you said?"

"I said it was a yellowhack, sir. That's all I could see. I said I wouldn't take it, and he said I might just as well have taken it. Thank you, sir! This way, sir."

The footman led the way to the door in the rest, rapped, and in the sonorous, tri-

the rear, rapped, and in the sonorous, triumphant voice that a twenty-dollar tip will give to any menial be announced:
"Mr. Merriwether!"

The same man was in the same chair in the same room, with his back to the stained-class window. Tom recalled all the incidents of his previous visits-recalled every detail. Also the old question: What is the game? Also the new question: Where

The man rose and bowed. It was the

bow of a social equal, Tom saw.
"Good morning, Mr. Merriwether.
Won't you be seated, sir!" And he motioned him to a chair.

"Thank you."
"How can I serve you?"

"Who is the woman?" said Tom abruptly,
"Your fate!" answered the man.
"Her name!"

I extraot tell you." Her address?

I don't know it." What is your game?"

"I have money enough for my whims and time enough to gratify my dealer to help you. Eugenics is my hobby. I recog-nize that I cannot fight against the decree of destiny."

"I am tired of all this humbug,"
"I ask nothing of you now. You can
ge or you can come. You can go to India or to Patagonia-or even farther. You may send detectives and lawyers, or even thugs, to me. You may cease your search for her -if you can!"

"You have roused my curiosity -"That is a sign of intelligence.

"I tell you now that I don't believe a word of what you say."

"Free country, young man."
"I've had enough of this nonsense— "Though I am always glad to see you. young sir, and would not wound your led-ings for worlds"—the man's voice was very polite but also very cold—"I might be for given for observing that I did not ask you

"I'll give you a thousand dollars ---- " The man stopped him with a deprecatory ave of the hand.

"One of the pearls I offered you, Mr. Merriwether, is valued at ten thousand dollars. You did not select that one; but I'll exchange the one you took for it—nos

you wish."
"That's all very well; but ----" Ton paused and the man cut in:

"Do you wish to see her from a sale distance? Or do you wish to talk to her without seeing her? Or ____" "To see her and talk to her!" "Wait!"

The man intently regarded the tip of Tom's left shoe for fully five minutes. Thes he raised his head and clapped his hands twice. The black manservant with the leg appeared.

The man said something in Arabic—at least it sounded so to Tom. The black answered. The man spoke again. The black replied.

"Ay adad."
The man said what sounded to Tom like:
"Ay adad."
The negro answered: "Al-sabil Al-sabi

wal Saboun.

The man waved his hand dismissingly and the negro salaamed and left the room After a mement the man turned to Tom-and said with obvious perplexity: "I am not sure it is wise for me to meddle.

but perbays it is written that I am to help you three times. Who known?" He stared into Tom's eyes as though he

would read a word there—either yes or no. But Tom said, a trifle impatiently: "Well, sir?"

"Go to the opera tonight. Take seat H 77. No other seat will do." "H 77—tonight," repeated Thomas

Thorne Merriwether. "The opera is Madama Butterfly."
"Thanks," said Tom and started for the

deer. He halted when the man spoke:
"It is the seat back of G77. None other will do.

Good day, sir," said Tom, and left the (TO BE CONTINUED)

A Combination Cure

SUCH a combination of the most modern surgical and medical methods and de-vices was used recently in London to save the life of a boy avistor who had been badly injured in the fall of his monoplane that the case is attracting the attention of medical men in all countries.

The aviator's left leg was badly broken and was treated by one of the new practices. The broken bunes were spliced by metal plates called Lane's Plates. It had been feared that lockjuw might develop from the tear in his leg caused by the broken bones at the time of the fall; and broken bones at the time of the fall; and after the bones had been spliced the dreaded lockjaw appeared. Tetanus or lockjaw autitoxin was then injected into his back. This helped, but did not entirely stop the progress of the dreaded infection; so his leg had to be amputated.

For various reasons it was inadvisable and decreased transfers in the state of the state of

and dangerous to give him ether in the ordinary way to produce unconsciousness during the operation; so he was unesthetized by injections direct into the blood. From then on for many days it was a battle to save him from death as a result of the shock of the operation, his other injuries and his weakness

Antispasmodies and other drugs were given by injection, and at times he was kept alive by having him breathe oxygen bub-bling through alcohol. Altogether, six of the most recent medical and surgical methods were used in addition to many ordinary ones, and in two months he was discharged from the hospital cured.









\$5,000 for Photographs of America's Fifty Loveliest Women

Anaco Company will present to the world at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915, photographs of America's 50 loveliest women. Camera users of the United States and Canada, whether amateur or professional, are invited to make these photographs. Anaco Company will pay the sum of \$5,000.00 for the 50 chosen pictures.

IN little villages and great cities of America live women whose grace and beauty and personal charm would easily place them among the most fascinating in the world. You of the little village and you of the great cities know these women. And you can present their beauty before the world. Does that interest you? Will you help?

Poets, artists and historians have perpetuated the glories of Helen of Troy, of Cleopatra, of Salome; Poppera Sabina, Francesca da Rimini, Marie Antoinette, Mary of Scotland, Josephine, and many other beauties of ancient days; but what of the lady of your own home-place whose loveliness excels them all?

Will you help Ansco Company perpetuate her glories?

Women whose charms have made and unmade kings are unquestionably fascinating, but in America—in the smallest villages and largest cities—one sees hundreds of feminine faces that for genuine loveliness eclipse the renowned beauties of olden times.

Somewhere in this land your "loveliest woman" lives—a wife, a mother, a sister, or a sweetheart or friend, but surely some one somewhere. It should be your pride and your effort that places your "loveliest woman" among the fifty whose fascination excels those of whom the poets sang. Her picture should be among "America's 50 loveliest women."

Will you place your faith in your "loveliest woman"? Will you make this Exhibition the most notable presentation of womanly beauty the world has ever gazed upon?

Conditions of this \$5,000.00 contest are very simple. The Ansco dealer in your town will present you with full information and instructions with our compliments, or we will gladly mail you copies of the contest folder, if you will write



ANSCO COMPANY, Dept. D, Binghamton, New York

ANSCO COMPANY

produces the Ansco, the amateur camera of professional quality; Ansco colonculus film; Cyko, the paper that gives prints of rick, soft quality that never fade, and Ansco phato chemicals. Their value in producing superior results has been procen many years by amateurs and professionals. The Ne. 3A Asset Spender takes I've a 51'y one partners and is conspend with a high-grade Annes Annes, and less and Options distinct with a maximum good of 1 300th of a second. The price is \$95.00.



The shock of your daily steps

The jolt of your entire weight coming down on your heels in a two-mile walk gives you a total shock as great as if you stepped off a 16-story building.

If you waar beals of hard leather, this cremendous shock, smoonting to hum-druds of torus is carried directly through your spine and nervous system every day.

Protect yourself with O'Sollivan's Hools of new, live rubber. Have them not on the shoes you work in, walk in, play in or dance in. They will take up the slanck and save you from the testalt-ing beigne, nerve fag and esbaustion.

They will increase your comfort and plannire; make you more active and marginic and give you a brisk youthful

> O'Saillrean's Heels and but 53 tents a pair attached. All skill makers and that dealers will attach them to your short when you buy
> them, or at any other time. If you
> profer, and no 35c and a fracting of
> your host, and no will mail your pure.
> If Sullivan Kulder Ca., 131 Hudson Street, New York



HEELS THE RUNDER

Attached Ready-to-Wear to the Hazzard Shoe

Ask your dealer for HAZZARD SHOES made with O'SULLIVAN'S HEELS right on

there. If he does not every them, soul as his more and get our entalligue. If shows and describes severage means tryles all combutable, actionable signs in stack. back No. 914A (so illumined) - Main of Gen Ment, with a off Mat Kid on, on one own periods but broad now. Mediant Miles IPSFILLIVAN'S ITEEL (Price \$3.00)

R. P. HAZZARD COMPANY GARDINER, MAINE

THE



\$3.00

\$3.50

\$4.00

is usually his mother's care and the neighbors aversion. His mischief, by now; are generally the result of having nothing particular to do.

hew buys can be rought undustry by the willow-tick method. You most substitute some incentive to his volumtary gettan in conformance with your winker. You mine get the boy in hour dimorif.

How you can solve your hos grobben is gold in "What Shall I His With My Box ?" an inceressing, northe-point broadlet written for purents. About 10,000 purents and but a few "heighbors" have uniten hards. If you request the Will send you'd copy, from of charge. Write to

m= 1011 = 5-0 -

THE CURTER PURISHED COMPREY, PRILL, 24.

an american vandal

(Continued from Page 14)

him-and then, mutually filled with an envious despair, they would go apart and hold a grand lodge of sorrow together.

Also, he constantly wears his spure and his sword; he wears them even when he is in a café in the evening listening to the orchestra, drinking beer and allowing an admiring civilian to pay the check—and that apparently is every evening.

There was one Austrian colonel who came one night into a café in Vienna where we were and sat down at the table next to us; and he put our eyes right out and made all the lights dim and flickery. His epaulets were two hairbrushes of augmented size, gold-mounted; his Plimsoll marks were outlined in bullion, and along his gurboard strake run lines of gold braid; but strangest of all to observe was the locality where he wore what appeared to be his service stripes. Instead of being on his sleeves they were at the extreme southern exposure of his conttails; I presume an Austrian officer acquires

tails; I presume an Austrian officer acquires merit by sitting down.

This particular officer's saber kept jingling, and so did his spurs, and so did his hracelet. I almost lorget the bracelet. It was an ornate affair of gold links lastened on his left wrist with a big gold locket, and it kept slipping down over his hand and ratifing against his cuff. The chain bracelet locked on the left wrist is very common among Austrian officers; it adds just the final needed touch. I did not see any of them carrying lorgnettes of shower bouthem carrying lorgnettes or shower bouquets.

One opportunity is afforded the European who is neither a soldier nor a hotel cashier to dress himself up in comic-opera clothesand that is when he a-hunting goes. An American going hunting puts on his oldest and must service able clothes—a European bis giddiest, gayest, gladdest regalia. We were so favored by gracious circumstances as to behold several Englishmen suitably attired for the chase.

The conventional morning costume of an English gentleman expecting to call informally on a pheasant or something during the course of the ferencon consisted, in the the course of the ferencon consisted, in the main, of a perfect dear of a Norfolk jacket, all over plaits and pockets, with large feather buttons like oak-galls adhering thickly to it, with a belt high up under the arms and a saucy tall sticking out behind; knee-breeches; a high stock collar; shin-high leggings of buff or white, and a special hat—a truly adorable confection by the world's leading be-milliner.

The Sports of a King

If you dared to wear such an outfit afield in America the very dickeybirds would fall into fits as you passed—the very chipmunks would lean not of the trees and just outurally lough you to death! But in a land where the woodlands are well-kept groves, and the undergrowth, instead of being weedy and briery, is sweet-mented fern and gone and bracken, I suppose it is all emipently correct.

Thus appareled the Englishman goes to Scotland to shoot the grouse, the gille, the heather cock, the niblick, the haggis and other Scotch game

Thus appareled he ranges the preserves of his own fat, fair shires in ardent pursuit of the English rabbit, which pretty nearly corresponds to the guines pig, but is not so ferocious; and the English hare, which is first cousin to our molly cuttontail; and the English pheasant but particularly the

There was great excitement while we were in England concerning the pheasants. Either the pheasants were preying on the mangel-wurzels or the mangel-wurzels were preying on the pheasants. At any rate it had something to do with the Land Bill practically everything that happens in England has something to do with the Land Bill - and Lloyd George was in a free state of perspiration over it; and the papers were full of it and there was generally a great pother over it.

We saw pheasants by the score. We saw there first from the windows of our railroad carriage big, beautiful birds nearly as large as barnyard fowls and as tame, feeding in the bare cabbinge patches, regardless of the train changing by not thirty yards away; and later we saw them again at still closer range as we strolled along the haw-and-holly-lined roads of the wonderful southern counties. They would scattle on ahead of us, weaving in and out of the hedgerows; and finally, when we insign on it and flung pebbles at them to emphasize our desires, they would get up, with a great drumming of wings and a fine consilter display of flowing tailfeathers on the part of the cock birds, and go bosning away to what passes in Sussex and Kentler dense cover—meaning by that this loss. dense cover—meaning by that thickes such as you may find in the upper end a Central Park.

They say King George is one of the ber pheasant-shots in England. He also collects postage stamps when not engaged it is regular regal duties, such as laying correstones for new workhouses and receiving presentation addresses from charity children. I have never shot pheasants: but having seen them in their free ests a above described, and having in my yout collected postage stamps internationly I should say, speaking offhand, that of the two pursuits postage-stamp collecting is infinitely the more exciting and dangerous.

Exciting Sport in October

Through the closed season the keeper into the phessants, protecting then free poachers and feeding them on selected grain; but a day comes in Octobe who the hunters go forth and take their stude at spaced intervals along a cleared sale flanking the woods; then the beaters dive into the woods from the opposite ade, and when the tame and trusting creature coninto the woods from the opposite side, and when the tame and trusting creatures consclustering about their feet expecting provender the beaters scare them up, by waving their umbrellas at them. I think, and the pheasants go rocketing into the airrocketing is the correct sporting term go rocketing into the airrocketing into the airlike a flock of Sanday supplements; and the gallant gunner down them in great multitudes, always taken due care to avoid mussing his clothes. For after all the main question is not "What did he kill?" but "How does he look!" At that, I hold no brief for the pheasant except when served with breadcrumb dresserved when served with breadcrumb dresserved.

except when served with breadcrumb dres-

except when served with breadcrumb draing and currant jelly he is no friend of mice
it ill becomes Americans, with our verrecord behind us, to chide other people
for the senseless murder of wild thingand besides, speaking personally, I have a
reasonably open mind on the subject of
wild-game shooting.

Myhelf, I shot a wild duck once He
was not flying at the time. He was, as the
stockword goes, setting. I had no selfrepresentes afterward bowever. As letween that duck and myself I regards it
as an even break—as fair for one as for the
other—because at the moment I myself
was, as we say, setting too. But if, in the
interests of true sportsmanship, they must
have those annual massacres I certainly
should admire to see what execution a should admire to see what execution a picked half dozen of American quali have ers, used to snap-shooting in the case jun-gles and brier patches of Georgia and Arkansas, could accomplish among English pheasants, until such time as their con-sciences mastered them and they desisted from alaughter! from slaughter!

Be that as it may, pheasant shooting is the last word in the English sporting calen-dar. It is a sport strictly for the genty-Except in the capacity of innocent by-standers the lower orders do not share in it. It is much too good for them; besides, they could not maintain the correct wardrote

The classes derive one substantial benefit from the institution however. The spor-ing instinct of the landed Englishman beled to the enactment of laws under which an ordinary person goes smack to jall a he is caught sequestrating a clandestine pheasant bird; but it does not militare against the landowner's peddling of he game after he has destroyed it. British thrift comes in here. And so in carload loss it is sold to the marketmen. The result a that in the fall of the year pheasants and cheaper than chickens; and any person wie can afford poultry on his dinner table on

afford pheasants.

The Continental hunter makes an ever-more spectacular appearance than hi British brother. No self-respecting German or French sportsman would think of going forth after the incurnate brown hare or the ferocious wood pigeon unless he had on green hat with a feather in it; and a gree suit to match the hat; and swung about he neck by a cord a natty fur muff to keep in hands in between shots; and a swivel chair

to sit in while waiting for the wild boar to come along and be howled over. Being hunted with a swivel chair is what makes the German wild boar wild. On occasion, also, the hunter wears, suspended from his belt, a cute little hanger like a sawed-off saber, with which to cut the throats of his spoil. Then, when it has spoiled some more, they will serve it at a French restaurant.

It was our fortune to be in France on the famous and ever-memorable occasion last November when the official stag of the French Republic met a tragic and untimely end, under circumstances acutely distress-ing to all who believe in the divinely bestowed prerogatives of the nobility. The Paris edition of the Herald printed the inmentable tale on its front page and I dipped the account. I offer it here in exact reproduction, including the headline:

"HUNTING INCIDENT SAID TO BE DUE TO CONSPIRACY

"Further details are given in this morning's Figaro of the incident between Prince Murat and M. Dauchis, the mayor of Saint-Félix, near Clermont, which was briefly reported in yesterday's Herald.

"A regular conspiracy was organized by M. Dauchis, it is alleged, in order to secure the stag Prince Murat and Comte de Valon.

the stag Prince Murat and Comte de Valon-were bunting in the forest of La Neuville-er-Hetz. Already, at the outnet of the hunt, M. Dauchis, according to Le Figaro, charged at a huntsman with a little auto-mobile in which he was driving and threat-ened to fire. Then, when the stag ran into the wood, near the Trye River, one of his keepers shot it. In great haste the animal was loaded on another automobile; and before either the prince or Comte de Valon could interfere it was driven away. could interfere it was driven away.
"While Comte de Valon spurred his horse

"While Comte de Valonspurred his horse in pursuit Prince Murat disarmed the man who had abot the stag, for he was leveling his gan at another huntsman; but before the gun was wrenched from his hands he had struck Prince d'Essling, Prince Murat's uncle, across the face with the butt. "Meantime Comte de Valon had overtaken the automobile and, though threat-

taken the automobile and, though threatcod with revolvers by its occupants, would
have recaptured the stag if the men in
charge of it had not taken it into the house
of M. Dauchis' father.

"The only course left for Prince Murat
and Comte de Valon was to lodge a complaint with the police for assault and for
filling the stag, which M. Dauchis refused
to give back."

Few Bargains Abroad

From this you may see how very much more exciting stag funting is in France than in America. Comparing the two systems we find but one point of resemblance—tamely, the attempted shooting of a huntsman. In the North Woods we do a good deal of that sort of thing: however, with us it is not yet customary to charge the prospective victim in a little automobile—that may come in time. Our best bags are made by the stalking or still-hunting method. Our city-raised sportsman slips up on the guide and pote him from a rest.

But consider the rest of the description

But consider the rest of the description graphically set forth by Le Figaro - the intriguing of the mayor; the opposing groups rampaging round, some on horseback and some in automobile runabouts; the intense disappointment of the highborn Prince Murat and his uncle, the Prince d'Essling, and his friend, the Comte de Valon; the implied grief of the stag at being stricken down by other than noble hands; the action of the compagner, who shot the star in of the commoner, who shot the stag, in striking the Prince d'Essling across his pained and aristocratic face with the butt exact type of butt and name of owner not being given. Only in its failure to clear up this important point, and in the omission of a description of the costumes of the two princes and the comite, is Le Figuro's story
lacking. They must have been wearing the articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The sixth will appear very latest creations too!

This last brings us back again to the subect of clothes and serves to remind me that, contrary to a belief prevalent on this side of the water, good clothes rost as much abroad as they cost here. In England a man may buy gloves and certain substantial articles of haberdushery in silk and linen and wool at a much lower figure than in America; and in Italy he will find crocheted handbage and bead necklares are to be had cheaper than at bome-provided, of course, he cares for such things as crocheted hand-

bags and head necklaces.

Handmade laces and embroideries, and sundry other feminine fripperies, so women tell me, are moderately priced on the Continent, if so be the tourist-purchaser steers clear of the more fashionable shops and chases the elusive bargain down a back. street; but, quality considered, other things

cost as much in Europe as they cost here-and frequently they cost more.

In Paris or Rome you may get a five-course dinner, with wine, for forty cents-so you may in certain quarters of New York; but in either place the man who can afford to pay more for his dinner will find it to his ultimate well-being to do so. Simply because a boarding house in France or Italy is known as a pension does not keep it from being a boarding house—and a pretty average bad one, as I have been informed by misguided Americans who tried living at a pension, and afterward put in a good of their spure time regretting the experiment.

A Big Lira's Worth

Altogether, looking back on my own ex-periences, I can at this time of writing think of but two common sommodities that, when grade is taken into the equation, are found to be radically cheaper in Europe than in America—these two things being taxicahs and counts. For their cleanliness and smartness of aspect, and their reason-ablenous of meter-fare, taxicabs all over Europe are a constant joy to the traveling American. And, though in the United States counts are so costly that only the marriageable daughters of the very wealthy may afford to buy them—and even then, as the court calendars attest, have the utmost difficulty in keeping them after they are bought—in Continental Europe anywhere one may for a moderate price hire a true-born count to do almost any small job, from guiding one through an art gallery to waiting on one at the table. Counts make indifferent guides, but are middling fair

Outside of the counts and the taxicaba and the food in Germany, I found in all Europe just one real overpowering bargain und that was in Naples, where, as a general thing, bargains are not what they seem. For the exceedingly moderate out-lay of one lira—Italian—or twenty cents— American—I secured this combination

American—I secured this combination package—to wit, as follows:

In the background old Vecuvius, like a wicked, fallen angel, wearing his plumy, tumy halo of sulphurous hell-smoke; in the middle distance the Bay of Naples, each larcenous wave-crest is it triple-plated with silvero glory pillered from a splendid full moon; on the left the riding lights of a visiting soundron of American warships: moon; on the left the riding lights of a visiting squadron of American warships; on the right the myriad slanted sails of the coral-fishers' boats, beating out toward. Capri, with the curlew-calls of the fishermen floating back in shrill snatches to meet a jangle of bell and bugle from the fleet; in the immediate foreground a competent and accomplished family troupe of six Neapolitan troubadours—men, wereast and chiltan troubadours—men, women and chil-dren—some of them playing guitars and all six of them, with fine mellow voices and tremendous dramatic effect, singing, the words being Italian but the air good American— John Brown's Body Lies a-Moldering in the Grave!

I defy you to get more than that for twenty cents anywhere in the world!

in an early leaue.





Step out of the hot, mitggy, son-baked street. Snap the button — whire-re! The fittle Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" breeze-maker starts going at top speed—and then you lean back and just soak in coolness and comfort. Why not see the local "STANDARD" dealer in your virinity today?



Robbins & Myers



Fan as low as \$9.00. That's a small price to pay for health and energy all aucroner long and many summers to come. It uses less than half the current of an ordinary electric light. Made for either alternating or direct current. All maders improvements. For desk, ording, bracket, oscillating or exhaust. Write for few Chatrated backlet. It will give you some lan pointers you ought to know.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio.

RELECTED Sew York, Chrisgi, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Banton, Chrysland, Christiani, Sew Orieste. Agricles to AD Principal Cities,



istactory. Right? Genuine Gilbert & Beanett PEARL will so far outlast the painted screen you have been using that there is positively no comparison.

Painted screens are ugly-PEARL is handsome. And the same metallic coating which gives it leasty makes it practically rait-proof, consequently almost user-proof. If our claims for PEARL Wire Cloth are just, it is the screen you used. Investigate before you buy screens.

For Screening Doors

Architects

Specify Gilbert & Bennest Prant West Cloth-

Good Carpenters

and Contractors use "PEARL"

WIRE CLOTH

For Screening Windows and Porches

Two swelghas — Regular Grade and Entra Heavy — Entra Strong, both suitable for door, win-flow and perchase. The handstoor appearance and rust-proof qualifies of "PEARL" rome from the perchase suitable mathematical part of the wire bard. The matter is reclaimed the Gilbert. Conscientious

wire likell. The matein astallic reading, part of the wire likell. The mating is racingly, part of the Bennett—no other manufacturer has it. So—if you would avoid maintained and disappointment, make sure of the presents arricle by looking for two Copper Wiers in the Schuly and the Round Tag learning our name on every roll. The best hardware dealer in your city wills fallers & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth and will gladly supply you.

Or serite neurost office for samples. In add the Action

the supply you.

Or settle neurost office for samples, literature and the dealer's name.

The Gilbert & Bennett Mfg. Co. (Estublished 1818)

Comprises, Com.

A 104, 777 Brandscay Dept. A 109, 38 Se. Dearborn St. New York Chicago Ennac Car, No.



層-村.



Get out in the open with

A PREMO

The beauties of the great outdoors and all the pleasures which the summer has in store for you offer countless opportunities for pictures that are full of the never ending charm of your happiest personal experiences.

A Premo camera will make such pictures for you with practi-

cally no effort on your part.

Premos are the easiest to load and operate of all cameras, and they are so light and compact that you can carry one with you anywhere, without any trouble at all. There are some that will even go into a boy's pocket or a lady's hand-bug.

Premos are fitted with tested lenses and shorters, they use film from the same stock as the Eastman N. C. and in every way are

perfectly reliable and efficient cameras.

Prices range from \$1.50 to \$150.00.

Get the new Prems catalogue to-day from your dealer, or write in direct. It's five.

ROCHESTER OPTICAL DIVISION

Eastman Kodak Company

ROCHESTER, N. Y.





SEEING *IS BELIEVING*

(Concluded from Page 23)

flash and flare of electric welding, for instance, which is interesting as fireworks, but probably has no vital bearing on the product.

That is not so much an argument against admitting spectators, however, as an illustration that the showman's skill is needed to indicate what to see and how to see it. Factories of this sort are often famous showplaces for experts and executives from all over the world, and the show values are just as definite though the appeal is to a smaller sudience.

One large machinery concern in the Mid-ille West makes apparatus of little popular interest, and at the same time is constantly turning out new things of technical interest for shipment to distant places. Whenever a new machine has been designed, built and is ready to be sent away the management invites newspaper men, engineers, business men and others prominent in its home town to see the new thing. Its use is explained if it cannot be actually demonstrated by working; and, though three-lourths of the visitors may never again lay eyes on such a piece of apparatus, the results of these little schibitions are very definite, for they make the concern known in its own commu-nity and create local good will for it as an industry to be proud of.

The abowman can sometimes go too far

The showman can sometrone go too to for sound business purposes. Our automobile industry is a case in point. In the early days it was built largely on the spectacular interest created by racing. That was eventually overdone and had to be corrected by manufacturers. Then followed a period of automobile shows, which offered a quieter means of demonstration to the solid, want-to-know, buying section of the public; but shows grew in number and costliness, and had to be restricted by trade messurve

Few industries ever grew so fast or so oundly as the American outo business, however, and few have ever lived down their inherent evils so well. The elements of unpopularity that have risen in it from time to time have been as potent for harm as any that exist in the best-bated publicservice industries.

There have been automobile arridents, automobile extravagance and, in the early years, the doubtful quality of the care them-selves; but the shortcomings of the indus-try as well as its longcomings have always been out in the open, under the calcium light, with the music of a brass land. It is a business thoroughly explained and under-stood; and in this day of general expla-nation, when a question mark confronts all business, it is a fine model for other industries to follow.

Editor's Note. This is the third and last of a series of articles by James H. Collins.

The Dead Past

WHERE was the old sixphoster spoke
The copper's billy swings;
The planear of the past is trake
By laws an rules an things.
What once was rearin' dancin'-halls A deadly silence wraps— Since punchers look to overalls Indead of spurs an chaps.

The click of chips ain't heard no more; The routelle wheel don't whir; The gamblin' joint's now a store, An' things ain't what they were The games is done; the curtain falls
On fare, stud an craps—
Since punchers took to overalls
Instead of spurs an chaps.

There ain't no gang comes whospin' down
The middle of the trail, shootin' up the little town. An' driein' steangers pule We're done with all them oldtime brawle An' crazy shootin' scrape Since punchers took to werulls

Instead of spure an chape. I s'page the hull thing's fer the best;

An' yet somehow I sigh Fer that old rough-an'-ready West I knew in days goor by. It recess to me that life just crucks An' all its joys collapse Since puncture took to overalls Instead of opers an chaps. -Berton Braley.



CHOCOLATES

KING OF BITTER SWEETS 35c, 60k and \$1 the Box lady CHOCOLATES

50x,85x,91,32,310x8iii MALTED MILLS EHOOD ATES 500 and \$I the Box

CHOCOLATE AND CREAM DIPITE DEAZILNUTS 50s and \$1 die Ben

At your dealer to love on yourse of good



ALEXANDERS DOVE BRANK NEW ORLEANS MOLASSE

Aliander's Tour Cone Song Se Golds Ob mounts wanted for process beals

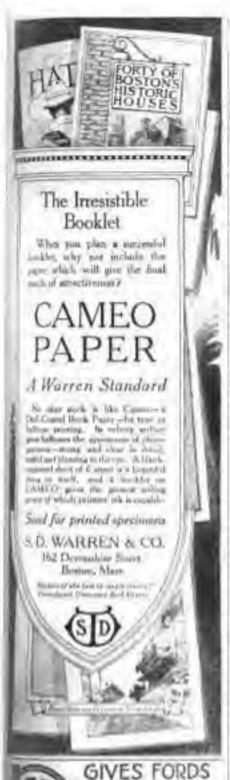


Save Work-Gain Ha The Fulding Tray Way

DI DOMFTELD MIC



MOTORCYCLE MANUAL 33-04 Chambers St. No.





THEOSOPHY"

THEFED EMPHIE OF THROUGHAINTS

DATENTS That Protect and Pag Send Stend - Model - Such 1000, ADVICE and SEARCHES FREE E Columna, Potent Longer, Washington

OTDOOL SAFECTED Acres Policing Convene Books, Co., Mileselatory, Divis

Geraldine Farrar Tells Some Truths

Cantinued from Page 11

"And then you don't hold back an ounce And then you don't need back an dense of yourself—just because they've given you their all and are helping you. Then something deep, deep inside of you takes hold and tells you what and how to do; and you obey and do. You're yourself, you better than yourself ever could be! An antointoxication of one's artistic soul which you

possibly don't recognize upon reflection.

"When it's all over, and you've taken
your last bow before them, then a great
wave of utter exhaustion comes over you wave of utter exhaustion comes over you and you feel that the spark that was is you is going out—just us the audience is. They generated it and they're taking it with them. And they have left you very, very happy—and very, very tired."

Geraldine Farrar sat quite still. She looked over white.

very white and weary, as though she had actually lived for a few minutes through the scene she had pictured. It was an inter-esting psychological study to watch her ac-that moment—the tired look in her eyes the drawn expression round her mouth; the absolute lessitude of her whole body. Then a galvanic hattery was touched of

somewhere, the dead became very much alive—and she was over at the piane, taking a rose from a vase, pinning it to her coreage and back again on the divan, breathlessly talking of American artists and American productions.

Opera Without Acting

"Our American operatic singers often lack in dramatic ability. They do not measure up to the acting standards of their foreign comrades. Standards in Europe are higher and their men and women are very much hetter operatic actors than ours. It seems to me that our artists are content merely to suggest emotions, are afraid to act for fear they may mise a vocal effect here and there, and that too much freedom in their acting might damage the lyrical ex-pression in their singing. Again, they have been taught repression; and they move through an opera automatically, singing their roles with both eyes gloss on the con-ductor. They haven't time to think of the role they are singing and the histrionic side rôle they are singing and the histrionic side of it, the dramatic that should go hand in band with the musical. Bless you, no! All thoughts are centered on seeing to it that the notes come from the throat just right and that they catch the conductor's batec at the proper instant, 'Asting? What's acting to do with opera?' they'll ack. 'Acting's one thing and singing's another.'

"They forget," says the Farrar very softly, "that opera is both!"

"One thing we do here quite as nicely if not better than Europe does," she continued, "and that is our production of opera. I do not think it is possible to put on an opera better than it is pressure to pictor an opera better than it is produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in the city of New York. Judged from all the different angles—the managing of lights, scenery costumes, orchestra, conductors, chorus and principals—old Europe must doff its and principals—old Europe must don its hat to young America. There's a thorough-ness, a regard to detail, an artistic touch that have gradually crept into our produc-tion of opera in this country, until today the famous opera houses of the old country cannot surpass us. I have seen many beautiful productions abroad and have purticipated in them; have seen and been part of many, many ragged ones; but, taking them all in all and weighing them with productions in America, there is no question but that today grand opera is produced as beautifully here in America as in any big metropolis of the Old World."

played with the ribbon at her walst made three hows, untied them, then plaited them, loosened them again, and then, hav-

ingrid herself of a lot of surplus energy, said.
"I've always thought of what one great tragic moment of my life would be, and I've come to the conclusion it will be when I stop-that is, stop singing. I know I'll do so before people with I would: I'll have sense enough for that, because I know of no more pity-evoking spectacle under the sun than a singer trying to sing when she can't sing. And it may be hard to stop; but the hard part will be in realizing that I must stop that will be the real tragedy, for my



SAFETY

AND SERVICE

or year car, because it produces the best results from your musor and preserves its life and serviceability,

AVOLINE Oil is refined from one uniform have, the lubricating fraction of which is admittedly superior to that of other crude oils. This assures you the same high quality and perfect lubricating value regardless of where or when you purchose - the standard being thus basically protected.

Our "special process" of manufacture exempts HAVOLINE entirely, from the detrimental effects of destructive distillation. The putricy of the oil is retained, giving you the highest labricating value yet the Teast carbon deposits

Therefore MASOLINE presents lifeefficiency.

Rose only the sail is the fittee Care. Two 5 gut: water to the cont.

Till in your miles and are it into you you grade.

SAFOLON ----------

INDIAN REFINING CO., Dept. A. New York





Feet 24 (Annual State of Board Ingel 1974 of

Lighten and brighten your day's work

Rule - Pape Manager is to and from your work. You will not their remote and are often work to been a section, an enting per exhibitating to bein forward to be to ded a fed walk or a deprecion pulse of the entity street into the following the work per a resistant with a section of per a few fields of the following the entity street and lettless treet or a Pape Manual Late. Note or a personal content of the entity of the desire of the entity of the

Many Lote Services 12.5% p., a though only sent of Tongo, delivered at the year start Power Memory, is marked World's Diet Track Revords, flatter field, Power Start, and the Company of codes, 45 or feet March, 1918. The conditional, and invares steads, forward system.

Other Pape Models \$150; \$200, \$215 and \$285.

Winefur catalog

The last of the four first and the second of the second of



Hos Never Bren Questioned Pape Memoripales and Discours into recovered and experiences an orthogonal and tor relader. A governor of value.

THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO. 14 Cycle St., Westfield, Mass., U. S. A.



True Blue SAXON Makes Good Everywhere

Nearly 2000 Saxons are now in use in all parts of the country. They are being driven on all kinds of mads, under all sorts of conditions. And svery-where they are making good. Owners are proving every day the wonderful power and stamine of these Sexon cars.

Ample Power for Heavy Going

Proto Tex is collect the report of a long areas country trip, leading crease, glogging through mod for notice and remains away from bigger care. I McNear Ealy, shocker of Care, Mich.—a private connected to be absorn from Detroit to Care, this miles through modely Musch roads in the hearts.

A structurus trip over heavy Wisconsin reads made H. S. Wilsonweste us that "the fixed takes long grades and hills bester than most care conting five times the comes."

From Pittsburgh to Unincipus, Pa, three liseans made the trip over remarking reads to full of rule and holes that a log our couldn't have gotten through at all.

Gallops Up the Hills

On the hills the sturds Bason is uncon-querable. In Beston it gallings in Com-monwealth Avenue on high slangends my hig are at 25 miles per hour."

In Purtland, Mr., the Basser will climb-on high sup-full that any our can obselv. On the steep Broadway Hill in Paterson, N.J. this our started in at the button at 31 miles att hour and had glossed up to Zi of the lop.

The rough Gilbert Avenue Hill in Cir-circuit, 4,000 bet long is ever for the Survey with 2 generators at 20 cultures on hour. If you miles per hour at the bet-tom, 20 miles at the top of Ninth 2t. Hill.

in the report from Labyrette, but. And

A Car for All Classes

A Car for All Classes

Become are making good with all classes, of people-the pleasance and Boothore's; the saving time; for keeping health. Recent purchasers include: Corporation officials and valuement; these brusters and physicians; contractors and real sekate many norm of medicate meant specified the most questic and form who can afferd the most questic and form who can afferd the most questic car.

For the raying most over the puring cougle—the fiscen in part the thing, for the man with beinings to a country during the samulat, the Basiss is an ideal convenience.

And the Seam is appropriated inc. Do first cost in loss then a good horse and league. Its wort of operation for less. An efficial test, recently made in Deliant, gave a second of secrether is obtained at the gallon on overage reads. If you count the time savet, it a change to drive a Saxon then to the control of the time.

Buy Your Seson Now

So hay a Saron how - and get the use of it of amount. If you order at constour drafter one amore you early delicary.

Dealers allutments, we find are small in proportion to the demand. More territories will not have enough discount for all who want there. So the wise thing is to coder more—below. Dutning on request,

SAXON Motor Company, Detroit.



"Then—then I will play! I haven't had time to play yet, for I'm not living for myself now, but for the public. I know that sounds like a pretty pose—like the usual 'Dear public,' and 'Art for art's sake' drivel; but I don't mean it that way at all, and I'm rather fond of folling the truth and I'm rather fond of telling the truth.
What I mean is that the operatic artiste
must do one of two things, because she
can't do both—she must live either for her public or for herself. And if she would public or for herself. And if she would preserve her art she must live for her public and practice self-denials innumerable. She must eat and sleep and mold her waking hours to a certain set of rigorous rules. After each opera she must prepare for the next, and in her vacation time she must study new rôles. You must live for your public and not for yourself. When you make your last how, then you can play at other things.

at other things.

"This is what keeps me a slave"—and her kunda went up to her firm, white throat—"this is my master. I can't do this or I mustn't do that—all on account of my throat. Is there a draft somewhere." Quiek, quick; semething to throw over my threat! Is some one smoking? We must get out quickly! Is a fine rain falling? Bundle up, and a well for protection! Are the street-sweepers at work? Down with the windows, though spring be in the air; for a tiny particle of dust may get into the throat! Eternal vigilance is the price of song no less than of liberty; and we must coddle and make much of, bow to and humor the throat, for the throat is the master and we

are the slaves.
"Maybe I'll play soon—I'll burn out! And then to roam and see things, and live for myself! Neither marriage nor a nunmery would be my choice; but playing just as enthusiastically as I have worked. Pray the Lord I'll have enough of my energy left to play hard!"
We shook hands in the fourth-floor hall.

As she waved adieu over the balustrade the

As she waved adieu over the bulustrade the phone hell in her study rang.

"Escuse me!" she called out, and sent to the phone on a dead run.

And as the maid let me out I wondered whether that nerveless, tireloss, dynamic young woman named Geraldine Parrar ever really rested at sight—or whether she walked in her sleep! Somnambulist she may be, but I will wager she would not walk!

The School for Art

WE DEVELOP a large number of ex-traordinary artists in basefull. The reason, saide from an almost universal interreason, aside from an almost universal inter-sat in the game, is that anybody with a talent for playing ball can always get a chance to exercise it. If the first baseman of the Lone Ellum High School Nine shows real speed he will presently be invited to play center field in the semi-professional Hig Bend Team. There the scoot of the Tall Grass Lengue finds him. If he has major-league form there is a broad and over-open road for him from his native village to the Giants. Culss or Tigers.

Opera singers mostly come from Europe, and their biographies, even when edited by the press agent, show the most picture-que variety of ante-esdents. Some come from the village emithy; some from the city cab stand. There are European regions where anybody with a voice gets about the same chance to sing opera that anybody in this country with a cunning left hand gets to play baseball.

The barber's ambitious apprentice rolls

up his apron, hurries down the alley to the stage door of a barn and takes a fall out of a leading Verdi rôle before a more or less ap-preciative audience that has paid ten cents a head to hear him. If he scores, some opera scout will presently hear of him. A singer now well on the way to fame confesses that he got his most valuable experi-ence singing leading roles at six france a week. The pay was meager, but the chance to sang before a real audience—albeit largely in blouses was valuable.

We do not believe anything can make the drama a great expression of national life in this country without vastly freet, more diffused opportunity to get plays be-fure an audience. We could not have our major hall leagues without a thousand and one hambler teams in which talent may develop and disclose itself. Small city assoriations giving original plays in lefts, warebouses and livery stables would probably quicken the drama much more than any two-million-dollar project facing Central Park.



Ironing Problem Solved

in the past right coars, thousands of homes baye installed the Simples Iroany because it does the irming farner, quicker, ander and with far few reposes than any other method. It will be: 4 targe table cloth in I minutes that would regular 20 minutes to do by hand Only pieces round with some properclimate saving.



residence a sinflamenty for sitted finish only pro-sent on the goods beauty. The circ forgonesis, consider will do no according condition only in-tend polymers produced. However, these intends polymers to action on the strings of the William for the string of the strings of the particle systems of our large strings or sup-partition systems in the contraction.









The hardest wear given Rubber Soles and Heels is on tenuis shoes. The quality of rubber must be exact, the class of workman-ship flawless, the manner of attaching per-fect. All of these requirements are completely met in Easex Rubber Soles and Fleels. And in the shoes which carry them-naturally-

Essex Rubber Soles and Heals Give Greatest Wear

They are produced in every shape, thickness and style of rubber sale or heel required for Tennis, Yachting, Colling or other

purposes at a range of prices sul-ficient to meet the amount you wish to pay.

First class Shoe Stores, Department Stores and Repair Shops bandle show equipped with Energ Rubber Soles as more than 75% of the rubber soles wore in the United States are stamped with the Eases trademark.

If you are looking for tennis slees that give the greates went, specify Easts Scies and Heels.

ESSEX RUBBER CO.

Manufacturen af Seft Spot Heel and Arch Cushians and Essex Rubber Heels

TRENTON, N. J.

ESSEX TENNIS

\$1,000,000 for FREE SPRINKLER

Do You Want Some Of It?

SYSTEMS

WE install Automatic Sprinkler Systems in other people's buildings free. We pay for the Sprinklers and make our profit from a few years insurance savings.

Sprinklers always get a large premium reduction, but not always as large as they should get. We know the insurance game. We can get sprinkler rates that are right - rates squared with the absolute protection afforded by this apparatus.

FIRE PROTECTION

You get the protection at once. Later we'll give you the Sprinkler System and you'll benefit directly from the low rates we will get for you out of the rate makers,

Geo. H. Holt & Co.,

929 Manhattan Bldg., Chicago, III.

Approximate area of bldg.	sq. ft.
Amount of insurance	-
Rate paid for insurance	
Name	
Address	

The Street of seven stars

(Continued from Page 25)

"And you make the chaice!" said Harmony proudly. "Very well, Peter, I shall do as you say. But I think it is a very curious sort of love."
"I wonder," Peter cried, "if you realize what love it is that loves you enough to give you up."
"You have not asked me if I care, Peter."
Peter looked at her. She was very near

Peter looked at her. She was very near to tears, very sad, very beautiful. "I'm afraid to ask," said Peter, and pick-ing up his hat he made for the door. There

he turned, looked back, was lost.
"My sweetest heart!" he cried, and took her in his hungry arms. But even then, with ber arms about his neck at last, with her slender body held to him, her head on his shoulder, his lips to her soft throat, Peter put her from him as a starving man

might put away food.

He held her off and lookest at her.

"I'm a fool and a weakling," he said gravely. "I love you so much that I would

gravely. "I love you so much that I would sacrifice you. You are very lovely, my girl, my girl! As long as I live I shall carry your image in my heart."

Ah, what the little Georgiev had said on his way to the death that waited down the staircase. Peter, not daring to look at her again, put away her detaining hand, squared his aboulders, went to the door. "Good-by, Harmony," he said steadily. "Always in my heart!"

Very near the end now: the little Marie on the way to America, with the recording angel opening a new page in life's ledger for her and a red-ink line erasing the other; with Jimmy and his daddy wandering through the heaven of friendly adventure and green fields, hand in hand; with the carrier resting after its labors in the pigeon house by the ruse fields of Sofia; with the sentry casting martial shadows through the harred windows of the hospital; and the little Georgiev, about to die, dividing his heart, as a heritage, between his country and a young girl.

Very near the end, with the morning light of the next day shining into the salon

light of the next day shiring into the salon of Maria Theresa and on to Peter's open truck and shabby wardrabe spread over chairs. An end of trunks and departure, as was the beginning.

Early morning at the Golfesucier, or God's acre, whence little Jimmy had started on his comfortable journey. Early morning on the frost-covered grass, the frozen roads, the snap and sparkle of the Donau. Harmony had taken her problem there, in the early hour before Monin would summon her to labor—took her problem and found her answer. answer.

The great cemetery was still and deserted. Harmony, none too warmly clad, walked briskly, a bunch of flowers in oiled paper against the cold. Already the air carried a hint of spring; there was a feeling of resurrection and promise. The dead earth felt alive underfeet.

Harmony knelt by the grave and said the little prayer the child had repeated at night and morning. And, because he had loved it, with some vague feeling of giving him comfort, she recited the little verse:

Ah, scell! For us all more sweet hope lies Deeply buried from human runs And in the hereafter, angels may Roll the stone from its grase away."

When she looked up the Le Grande was standing beside her.

There was no scene, hardly any tears. She had brought out a great bunch of roses that bore only too clearly the stamp of whence they came. One of the piccaninnies had carried the box and stood impassively by, gazing at Harmony.

The Le Grande placed her flowers on

the grave. They almost covered it, quite

eclipsed Harmony's.
"I come here every morning," she said

simply.

She had a cab waiting, and offered to drive Harmony back to the city. Her quiet almost irritated Harmony, until she had looked once into the woman's eyes. After that she knew. It was on the drive back, with the little darky on the box beside the driver, that Harmony got her unswer.

Le Grande put a hand over Harmony's.
"I tried to tell you before how good I know you were to him."
"We loved him."



Your Chance to Win

Yesterday you said, "Give me The transfer of the state of th

Experience Unnecessary

OLIVER NO Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

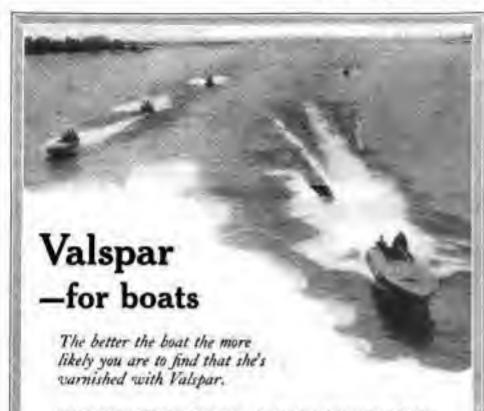
The Silent Seven

Prospects Furnished

Apply Today

The Oliver Type writer Company 1107 Oliver Typewrotes Building, Chicago, Ill.





In the free-for-all hydroplane race at Toledo last summer the win-ner - Kitty Hawk V - which showed a speed better than 47 miles an hour, was a Valsparred boat. So were the winners of second and third place - Kitty Hawk, Jr., and Peter Pan V. And nearly all the other entries were Valsparred.

The Specjacks — the fastest gaso-line cruiser in the world — which won a 31-mile race with the Shadow at Put-in-Bay last August, averag-ing over 29 miles an hour for the course, is also a Valsparred beat.

At the last International Motor Beat Race at Huntington, Long Jeland, every bout entered, whether American or British, was varnished with Valspar.

Valapar is the leading marine to water will not turn it white.

Use Valapar on your bout this your to insure a season of satisfaction.

A 4-oz, sample will be sent on receipt of 10 cents in stamps to cover. mailing and package.

Nearest dealer's name on request.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

458 Fourth Avenue New York City

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Varmishes in the World Buddinsed 1832 Toronto Parte



W. P. FULLER & CO.

Agents for Pucific Stage TRADE VARNISHES THE

When you go camping



-when you pack up your fishing kit, stuff your knapsack with blankets and cooking utensils and set out for the wild places, you'll need a good waterproof tent. Then it will make no difference to you whether the stars are winking through the branches overhead or a thunderstorm is drenching the woods around you. You'll be sale and sound-and dry. When you have a good tent for protection, why! camping is the greatest sport in the world-no matter what the weather.

You now can get the tent free of charge-a fine 7x7-foot wall-tent, complete with stakes, ropes and poles. This is one of the splendid prizes we award to our boys in exchange for their Rebate Vouchers.

How do they get Rebate Vouchers? By selling

The Saturday Evening Post

The Ladies' Home Journal

The Country Gentleman

Thousands of boys are earning from fifty cents to five dollars a week and in addition are receiving splendid prizes which they choose from our Book of Rebates.

This catalogue is one of the most interesting books you ever A copy will be sent to you upon request. Don't miss it. Address your letter to

Sales Division, Box 288

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"And I resented it. But Doctor Byrne was right-I was not a fit person to-to have him."

"It was not that - not only that -"Did he ever ask for me? But of course

"No, he had no remembrance."

Silence for a moment. The loose windows

of the cab clattered.

"I loved him very much when he came," said the Le Grande, "although I did not want him. I had been told I could have a career on the stage. Ah, my dear, I chose the career—and look at me! What have 17 A grave in the cemetery back there, and on it roses sent me by a man I loathe! If I could live it over again!"

The answer was very close now:

"Would you stay at home?"
"Who knows, I being I? And my hus-hand did not love me. It was the bey always. There is only one thing worth while—the love of a good man. I have lived, lived hard. And I know."

"But supposing that one has real ability-I mean some achievement already, and a

The Le Grande turned and looked at Harmony shrewdly.
"I see. You are a musician, I believe?"

"Yes.

"And - it is Doctor Byrne?"

The Le Grande bent forward earnestly.

"My child," she said, "if one man in all the world lenked at me as your doctor looks at you, I—I would be a better woman."

"And my music?"

"Play for your children, as you played for my little boy."

Peter was packing: wrapping medical books in old coats, putting clean collars next to boots, folding pajamus and suchlike negli-gible garments with great care and putting in his dress coat in a roll. His pipes took time, and the wooden sentry be packed with great care and a bit of healthy emotion. Once or twice he came across trifles of Har-Once or twice he came across tries of har-mony's, and he put them carefully aside— the sweater coat, a folded handkerchief, a how she had warn at her threat. The how brought back the night before and that reck-less kiss on her white throat. Well for Peter to get away if he is to keep his resulution, when the sight of a ribbon bow can bring

that look of suffering into bis eyes.

The portier below was polishing fluors, right foot, left foot, any foot at all. And as

lie polished he sang in a throaty tener.

"Kennel du da- Land wo die Citronen blühen," he sang at the top of his voice, and coughed, a bit of floor wax having got into the sir. The antiers of the deer from the wild-game shop bung now in his bedroom.

When the wild-game seller came over for
roffee there would be a discussion probably. But were not the antiers of all deer similar?

But were not the antiers of all deer similar?

The perfier's wife came to the doorway with a cooking fork in her hand.

"A cab," she announced, "with a devil's imp on the box. Perhaps it is that American dancer. Run and pretty thyself?"

It was too late for more than an upward twist of a mustache. Harmony was at the door, but not the sad-eyed Harmony of a week before or the undecided and troubled girl of before that. A radiant Harmony. girl of before that. A radiant Harmony, this, who stood in the doorway, who wished them goed morning, and ran up the old staircase with glowing eyes and a heart that leaped and throbbed. A woman now, this Harmony, one who had looked on life and learned; one who had chosen her fate and was running to meet it; one who feared only death, not life or anything that life

could offer.

The door was not locked. Perhaps Peter was not up—not dressed. What did that matter? What did anything matter but Peter himself?

Peter, sorting out lectures an McBurney's point, had come across a bit of paper that did not belong there, and was sitting by his open trunk, staring blindly at it: "You are very kind to me. Yes, indeed.

H. W."

Quite the end now, with Harmony running across the room and dropping down on her knees among a riot of garments-down on her kness, with one arm round Peter's neck drawing his tired head lower until she could

kiss him.
"Oh, Peter, Peter dear!" she cried. "I'll love you all my life if only you'll love me,

and never, never let me go."

Peter was dazed at first. He put his arms about her rather unsteadily, because he had given her up and had experted to go through the rest of life empty of arm and

heart. And when one has one's arros set, as one may say, for loneliness and rellinquishment it is rather difficult — Ab, land Peter got the way of it swiftly.

"Always," he said incoherently: "foreverthe two of us. Whatever comes, Harmony!"

"Whatever comes."

"Whatever comes." "And you'll not be sorry?"
"Not if you love me."

Peter kissed her on the eyes very solemnly.
"God helping me, I'll be good to you always. And I'll always love you."
He tried to hold her away from him for a moment after that, to tell her what she was

doing, what she was giving up. She would

doing, what she was giving up. She would not be reasoned with.

"I love you," was her answer to every line. And it was no divided allegiance she promised him. "Career? I shall have a career. Yours!"

"And your reusic?"

She colored, held him closer.

"Some day," she whispered, "I shall tell you about that."

Late winter morning in Vienna, with the school-children burrying home, the Alerstrasse alive with humanity—soldiers and chimney-sweeps, housewives and beggars. Before the hospital the crowd lines up along the curb; the head waiter from the coffee house across comes to the doorway and looks out. The sentry is front of the hospital ceases pacing and stands at attention.

In the street a small procession comes at the double quick—a handful of troopers, a black van with tiny, high-barred windows. more troopers.

Imide the van a Bolgarian spy going out to death—a swarthy little man with black syes and short, thick hunds, going out like a gentleman and a soldier to meet the God

of patriots and lovers.

The sentry, who was only a soldier from Salzburg with one lung, was also a gentleman and a patriot. He uncovered his bend

(THE END)

Wireless Wonders

IT IS now possible to send photographs
by wireless. Short distances would be
most auccessful, of course; but it is entirely
possible to send photographs by wireless as
far as it is possible to telephone by wireless.
Wireless telephony across the Atlantic is
nearly a mechanical success now; so it is not
a real residucion to say that he fore conrearry a mechanical success now; so it is not a rash prediction to say that in a few years, or perhaps even in a few months, a pho-tograph will actually be sent across the Atlantic by wireless.

Sending photographs by telegraph wires is no longer a wonder, either in the United States or abroad.

It has been done by a dozen methods and done well by more than one, with constant improvement. Of course the demand for such an expensive procedure is not great, and about the only use made of it anywhere so far, is for sample demonstrations by newspapers

A complicated apparatus at the sending end divides the photograph up into dots of various shades, like a half tone; and these dots are sent one by one to the other end, where they are reproduced in the correct order, with a half-tone picture as a result. It has been found recently that electric impulses not unlike those used in telephony

are sufficient for the transmission of pictures by wire, and that the distance affects the process to no greater degree than it the process to no greater degree than it affects distinct hearing in a telephone. With this as a start, it has been found possible to send the pictures by wireless, using much the same forces and methods as are used in wireless thephony.

Another wireless wonder is the automatic recording of a talk by wireless telephone, or the dots and dashes of a wireless telephone and the picture of the contract message, with the ultimate idea of

graph message, with the ultimate idea of having a wireless instrument that will receive messages when there is no attendant to look after it and recite the messages later as desired. This is simply a combination of existing devices depending upon a utilization of residual magnetism.

One of these devices is simply a form of talking machine that records sounds by the magnetic influencing of a wire, instead of by the common method of impressions in wax; so that in this combination the wireless message is recorded by a form of talking machine. The combination has been made and tried out with success, though there is still the problem of adding to the combination some other device to start and stop the apparatus from a distance by wireless.

Absorbent Cotton In a Patent Package

Won't Infect

The vital thing is to use Absorbest which will surely not infect.

Most Cotton is aseptic when it earn the laboratory. But the probin a to keep it aseptic. Every wech contaminates.

B&B Cotton comes in a patent pickage. In using the Cotton you never take out the roll.

What you don't use remains srapped and untouched, just as it cane from our laboratory. Safety lemands such a package.

Our experts have specialized 25 years on this Cotton. It is ideal Absorbent. But the great fact in that B & B stays clean. Don't lorget this vital fact when you buy seat time.

10c up -at Druggists Bouer & Black, Chicago and New York Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Home Uses for Absorbent

for dressing wounds. Absorbing discharges. Coming salves and poulicies. Applying unopies. Bathing eyes. Absorbing empiration. Applying face powder. Being baby's milk. Corking milk buttles. ng liquids, etc.



comfortable way - the dressy way and the economical fitting them out with



Less quarry that a child's abor should have to be a double they are easily best double. It is shown as the green mails to quaid the best con's slips no mails to quaid the best and uppers that give the images service. Brown finiting their soft plability when sixted our after wetting.

If the green was a service to be a suppers, unlined, that retain their soft plability when sixted our after wetting.

For men, wamen

For men, women and children All styles repular or high cut, tan or when.

hiby-Crawford Co., Dept. B, Mariborough, Mass.

if well all



Only conset of this kind made for its own purpose. Worn it any time. Absolute combat. Does no mail. Normal appearance preserved. Prices \$5 and upwards orders filled with complete satisfac-Corstal for ordinary was at some book. I for Beaklet \$2.45, with they made reproduce.

BERTHE MAY, 10 East 46th St., New York

Do It For Baby's Sake

MY SON

(Continued from Page 21)

cows clean, ought not to be allowed to raise milk at all. The public can't afford to puy for the damage caused by such a farmer's lack of time and money. The public can't afford it any more than they can afford to pay for imparity in other kinds of food. Most states have passed certain laws with this in mind, but all a man has to do is to go into any country barn to realize how short a distance these laws reach.

The farmer isn't getting enough for his milk-or his other produce for that mat-ter. But that is another question. It oughtn't to give him the privilege of raising typhold, tuberculosis and other things,

Dick figures that now he is producing milk at a cost of round three cents a quart. But he hasn't lowered his price be-low seven cents. He believes that clean milk is worth this, and that the extra profit ought to go back into the plant for the benefit of others. I think he is right. But he has made one change—he now has With the larger herd and two prices. wider distribution he found that in many cases it was impossible for customers to reach either one of the two stations. A delivery service became necessary. So he bought a horse and a milk wagon and put the price of delivered milk up to nine cents. This gave customers a choice of going after their milk and saving the price of one hundred and four quarts of milk a year, or of spending that amount for delivery. Even then deliveries had to be limited to a Dick route which the horse could reach. couldn't have done it at this figure if the Brewster store hadn't been able to use the team and man a few hours each day. Incidentally I may say that this store

does more business every year. It was rather a joke among the retail grosses at the start, but it isn't now. But that is

another matter.

In telling about the boy's business suc-cess I've neglected to tell about the boy himself, which after all is the important thing. But I haven't felt as free to do that as though it were myself I was talking about. Speaking in a general way, how-ever, and lining his life up against the lives of such of his business associates of his own age as I have met, he looks to me to have nude even a higger success of his life than
of his business. I try to view him impersonally. The boy was competent and
had both intelligence and energy, although I don't think much beyond the average. believe that he had it in him to do most anything he wanted.

I haven't any doubt but what he could have amassed a considerable fortune if he had confined himself to the contracting business. I think he could have risen pretty high if politics had been his ambition. If he hadn't married he might have found health. When he had a had a few health when he had a few health when he was health when he had a few health whealth when he had a few health when he had a few health when he h done both. Why he chose the career he did choose seems to me to lie in the fact that he accepted life as a responsibility. I think sometimes a good many Americans don't see any other clause in the Declaration except that which voices their right to "the pursuit of happiness." They forget that the Declaration wasn't framed at Newport, but by certain earnest men in Phila-delphia who had entirely different ideals.

There isn't any doubt in my mind but what the boy acquired his viewpoint un-comeiously from the new pioneers with whom he was thrown in contact in Little Italy. It's rare when you find among those people any other unit but the family, and when in the family you don't find a con-sciousness of the larger unit making them members of the state and the nation. The family and then the nation are vital factors in their lives. You don't see many struggling for themselves alone down there

That is counting for a lot today. It is going to count for a lot more in the future. individual perishes, but the family does not. A hundred years from now this nation will be controlled, not by the individuals of today but by the families of today. Your one-man life, your one-man business is snuffed out like a single candle in the dark.

Dick has three children and wants more. Jane wants more. The children have meant increasing care for them both. Jane looks after them herself, with the help of a woman who comes in by the day. It keeps her pretty busy. She doesn't have much time for anything else. She can't travel; she can't do much in a social way; she can't go in town to the theater any more. She still

A New Way to Profits For Retail Merchants!

This machine automatically makes "Butter-Kist" popped corn—crisp, crackling, melt-in-your-mouth, pure creamery-buttered corn—the kind people walk blocks to buy. In scores of stores and shops it is making profits of \$25 to \$60 weekly.

Here, for the first time, is a pop-corn machine built expressly for high-class stores. A machine as handsome as the finest soda fountain or beautiful show-case. A machine that operates automatically.

A machine that turns the freely-spent pop-corn nickels of your community into your store. A machine that in many places is not only paying handsome profits itself, but has increased general store sales as high as 15 per cent!

Department States From States Control States Control States Matter Perint Theaters From States Executes St. Railway Dista-ter Stationa Attornacest Parks Edw., Ele., Etc.

"Butter-Kist" Corn Popper

Different from any pop-corn machine you ever saw, Different in appearance. Indicated to operation. A machine you will be proud to have in your score. Superity 6001; order of plate plate, moral parts of pointed abstrainum and mickel, cultimit of mahagener, out at overy-white onesied. Other plate four five square feet of four space. Standa six fort high.

Does Everything But Make Change

The operation is and matic throughout. Imply his the feed-hor. Ight the run and store the motion. The Busineskin Proper dues the most is proper quantity paper a sequenter superpost grains, carries the first and despite more paper grants. See feed that product is a businesting device, bettern it and despite shows mady to be brieged, prints but, into the lage. Capacity can be requisited as desired. No later, his watching, so time watch?

Advertises Your Store

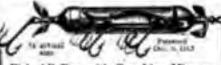
The "flutter-Kist" Popper makes your place the most takended store on the street. Everybody mystified by the fundament of the fundaments must be seen before in the fundaments. But crosses into mustic. He fore in your section, with the spate-unit money-maker? Were tester?

Illustrated Book Free

Full of facts, figures and photogreate that explain everything. Read how askey mere haves are circuists up to profits every stock. Said on easy terms. Best against new opening. Write new and get had information by return mail.

HOLCOMB & HOKE MFG. CO. 1551 Van BurenSt., Indianapolis, Ind.





Fish All Day with One Live Minnow in . "Nifty Minne"

A practical, psymanous five fish built for solt or moth uniter fishing. Expert and amatour fishermen for two wasons embodismic over it. Minneys we look in transfersability, firstling temperate case. Intel and outled being along water to flow through shortly, krepting minneys along the first through shortly, krepting minneys along the first through the U.S. \$1.00; in Canada \$1.55.

Jos. M. Ness Co., Mfrs., Minneapolis, Micro.



American fine Machine Co., 415 Clarke St., Albert Lee, Minn.



Detachable Rowboat Long Stroke 4 Horse Power

Fitt any beat. Bull-bearing Engine. 10% inch Woodlers Propellin.
Liming Patters, same as in Pachkard rat. Copper
Water Jackhot, same as in Pachkard rat.
Copper
water Carlometer, same or use in photo prace
parts and pursuan empions. Scient Under
water Calmant, same as in highest praced launchen.
Steen how any part of the lout. Perfect conmiled from readings to package. Serials bit does beat 8
to builded perfects. Uses grandless and orders are
from readings to package. Serials the two beat 8
to builded perfects. Uses grandless and or neared
No relinations. No account. Runs and heavy or
measuring der alter day. Gaussassed too life.
Masser back without appeared if too satisfied.
Write for these consists and openial 10 day poses.

SWEET MFG. CO. 83 Geinwald St. Days in M.

Drink More Pure Water

SWEET MFG. CO., 83 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

It is a Present flort that very few of an drink etwenti-mater. Place a USEELT Couldr in your house or office and you will define motion water and character income your lengths. USEELT Couldre been talk water part an at the last them is used, and service in in the Aph way the measure backer for motion floridation on their couldress on how the last time trackle to the course places of the CONSUMERS COOLER CO., 24 Carroll Ave., Michigas Co., Inc.

ATENTS STORED OF OUR PER RETURNED PALENT S and should be for the search of flower of the state of the st Main Differs, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D.C.

The new book by the recognized authority on dancing

By Mr. and Mrs. VERNON CASTLE

At last here is the new book in which the Castles themselves teach as all the New Danies. Lessome that in words above but in Moving Picture Illustrations (of the Castles) which show as step by step how to dance the Tango, Masiae, etc. More than 100 Pictures. All best sellers, or send \$1.35 direct to Harper & Brothers. Franklin Square, New York, and get the hook by return most









To be sure of absolute caristication -no matter what kind of tool you need specify the Atrademanied heard.

stelland it stands a manufacturing

Insist on your dealer showing sou A trasfemark tools

time

The Billings & Spencer Co. Hartford, Conn.



manages to do most of her housework with Dick's help. If the day has been strenuous Dick gets the dinner. He doesn't mind. He brings home a steak or some chops and it is done in no time.

Neither of them has much time for anything else outside the home now while the children are young. But the remarkable fact is that neither wants anything more. When Jane's unburdened town friends come to see her she doesn't envy them. Most of them drive away in their automobiles envying her, hard work and all. I've seen envying her, hard work and all. I've seen it in their eyes when I've happened to be there. Dick's partner drove down one Sunday afternoon, as a matter of duty, to see the children. He's been down every Sunday since. He looks to me like a man who is groping round in the dark for an

However, there are some women-child-

less ones who have expressed to Ruth opposite views.

They have said they think it a great pity for a woman of Jane's intelligence to waste ber life as a drudge.

"There are plenty of women," they say, "who are not fitted for anything else but to mak and scrub.

Of course there is a lot Ruth could say.
There's a lot she would like to say. But she
never replies. The women who make such
statements are the women who aren't doing unything at all.

They neither cook nor scrub nor bear children. It's the women who cook and scrub who also bear. The childless ones are like the eight-hour men who are kicking for a six-hour day while misusing the time

they already have.
As the children grow older both Jane and Dick will have more time, and then they will know how to use it. I heard Jane say one day to a young friend who was going to Europe:

"I'm going myself a little later on."
"You are? But how can you leave the

"I can't. I'm going to take them with me as soon as they are out of college."

me sa soon as they are out of college."

The friend gave a gasp.

"But that is years and years away."

"Only a few years," said Jane.

That's the way she felt. Days flew by for her like seconds while they flew by for the other like months. I have a notion that at forty-five or fifty Jane will be younger than that woman is today, in spite of the cooking and scrubbing.

Dick will be younger at that age, too, than most of his associates. He's bound to be.

most of his associates. He's bound to be. A man with an outside interest like the production of clean milk can't help it. A new customer is born every day, so that his business is always with the young. Then there are his own. A man can't grow old when be begins to grow all over again with

Ruth and I began life fresh when the boy married. Now we are beginning again with our grandchildren. It's the only way. When a tree gets past the bearing period it

when a tree gets past the bearing period it goes in decay unless new shauts are grafted on. With the new life it goes on forever. I'm proud of the boy. I'm proud of his home and his family and his tousiness. Alone in the dark Buth and I talk over these things. She is trying to make the others just like our eldest son. And she'll do it. Then she'll begin with the grandchildren.

(THE END)

Show-Window Lampe

SHOW-WINDOW lamps that can be ad-justed to bring out to the best advantage goods of any particular color, such as green silks one day, for instance, and cotton goods with orange designs the next day, have now been perfected and are just getting to the paint of going on the market.

Glass strips of various colors take the light rays from an electric lamp, make a mosair pattern of the rays, and then gather them all together again, blending the light into a daylight effect.

By adjusting the glass strips the out-coming light can be modified so that it will intensify red or any other color, as de-sired. Such lights have been suggested for art-gallery use.



EVERY step a pleasure. Perfect-fitting extends give your feet a cool, restful feeling that adds to the enjoyment of a Summer stroll. There's a Floraheim correct for business, sport and dress. Priced at \$5 and up to \$7.

The Floribeim dealer will show you the sensor's correct styles.

- FIRE SIGN OF CORRECT STYLES

The Florsbeim Shoe Co.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES







LEARN THE NEW STEPS AT HO the design of the street of th

ADAMS PUB. CO., Time St., Forters

If a Better Education

would be af benefit to you, if you was like to obtain a course in any coller business college, agricultural school musical conservatory, we'd like to t you have obtained courses without one of of expense to themselves and how your do the same thing and enter next E Bax 285, Educational Division

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPAI PHILADELPHIA, PLNISYLVANIA

"Well That's Fine!!"



IN shaving yourself is your real difficulty dull blades-or possibly a hadly adjusted frame? Both of these bad leatures are overcome in the present day perfect Gem. Damaskeene Razor-the result of years of experiment and study-insert a Gem Damaskeene Blade in a Gem Damaskeene frame and shave-that's all there is to it.

> GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR mint complime with 7 Gen Danustrone Blades, in genuine re-roun leather case, \$1.00. At all up-to-date dealers



did your disdo to after pay the Economic residence of arthology you'll have the Good

> One Dollar Outfit

Im Cutlery Co., 210-218 Eleventh Ave., New York



Any Highway Should Outlive Its Guarantee

Good roads spell increased business activity for a community, convenience and salety for the individual and an awakened civic pride.

As an estical or a trapages yet about contrastly advecate the building of good toods and take a general interest in the materials and And highway should notice as a market, from larged sector in the firm ones and the lower possible uplies property.

EHIGH CEMENT

Write us for turn ulmenting document and commend of Linux Comments and a We will send you some further turn.

LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT CO.

733 Young Bide, Allentiewn, Pa. 117 Consumers Bide., Chicare, Il.

II Willias Over I January Common Survey Survey

Comprete's the Thing-Laborh's the Coment



GOOD YEAR Motorcycle Tires Built Just Like

When you're away out in the country with miles of roughest going between you and home, then, of all times, is when good tires count. Then is the time when tire confidence asserts itself, especially when your tires are Goodyears-"little brothers to the big Anti-Skid Auto Tires."

That Is Why

That is why three of every four 1914 motorcycles are Goodyear-equipped.

That is why all motorcycle manufacturers are Condycars. That is why motorcyclists, in referring to quick, clean, comfortable trips, often my "real Goodyear going."

Stand the Strain and Grind

Armong receive over imply mode, "norms been and selling to receive any places that the north could reach a second temps that has breads and debress of ordinary time.

"In the continues as stand up under the all. A special interpolation follows in over a stand up under the public of thread or reach the major sequential of the public of the major and content to their charmage a my read rubber to make the of on sequentials.

Livery when in the Constitute process is mathematically the following a major of the content of the public of the content o

Hold All Records

Goodynar Motors y de Tirre bahl every ment a record in appeal and distributely train—annelses grasses they outled all

There is a Govely-ser dealer in your toyen. Ask him to those you fee how and any of those tires. Also territors for booklet who is true all in print, (1997)

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio or and Agracius in 182 Principal Cities Deathern Everynishern. Write its on Angeling Von West in Robber



Home Book Bustoles, Detruce Mich.

The Free-Wessell and Art of replaced Olive.

There is no Book Winter and I am portrotty metalled with poster of the first of the same size from the form of the first op Feed

Why Underfeeds Cut Coal Bills in Two

the first of profitnes being and restricted by the Theorem of the first of the firs Fresh for the Control and Jr Sed Stone Advanced

You Need This Book Ed-Od Yee of

The Williamore Huster Co.

To be a William to THE ROLL CHOMAS, Charleson, Ohio met steld to your yabidy—who have by re-persions 1550 from even, expressing boat to consignate with the Uniterland?

Our Startling Guarantee

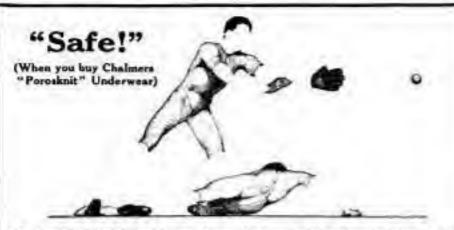
We quartifie a using over your present coal fells of at tends or whall by more in the Valerheed, when properly installed and specials. Every Vinderhead more that a surranter, which is because by a \$1,000,000 or many? So you take so with The harden of proof is on the Valerhead. If has extissed the many of will arising you.

This Bring's The Free Book

The Williamson Heater Co., 196 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio I would then he has point my real time to the form of help or two that note my tradeproofs Shour or Hair Water Baltime Europe None.

an in this is suit if car is old a sour is still in gos

My One I



To be "SAFE," insist on the genuine Chalmers "Porosknit." Please read this and learn why you should avoid imitations.

Underwear may be made to first some-thing like Chalmers "Porosknit." But more can match the genoine in "Porosknit." comfort, durability, quality of yarn, elasticity, lightness, confirm. Some, now our ever.

Protect yourself. Buy right. Look for the label.

Union Suit Comfort

Examine my genuine Chal-ners "Poroskuit" Union Suit. Turn it inside out. Notice how strongly the seams are rein-forced -- double-seamed by cover seaming.

No combersome flaps gape open. Stretch the fabric. See the carea titches arrounding each ventilating hole. These, with the lock-stitch, prevent unrayeling.

The "stretch" in knit goods runs one way. But in Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Sont

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles FOR BOYS

FOR MEN Any Style 50c FOR MEN

\$1.00

DAL BRANCHE

Unique Suits Any Style

25c FOR BOYS 50c

the stretch of the triangular piece in the back runs appealie to the rest. This means full classicity in seat. It geter—at every turn or bend, with no pull, no bulge.

There can be no "duser mainted" feeling -

The Closed Crotch is conductable and n. It stays put. "Puroskuit" is made in all styles—for

This Label on Every Garment



Read This No-Limit Guarantee

If any parment bearing the pension Chal-mers Pyroskell' label, and not stamped 'Secunda' or Imperfect' across the label, fath to give you its dest value in under-war satisfaction, return it direct to as and we will replace it or refund your manny, including postage."

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY 2 Bridge Street Ameterslam, N. Y.

Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Nasalie Hibbed Union Suite, Full and Winter Weight

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS

DUTT THAT TO BUT HER CYLHOLUS WICH TOUR OLD ONES SECONS, WORN OUT OF TOURD RENO THEM TO JIS, WE MILL DEBOTE THEM FURNISH AND FIT NEW PUTTING AND

H B UNDERWOODECO

Level & Acomos

AZ3 Bourbon St. NEW ORLEANS, LA



YOUR RAINY-DAY **FUND**

WERY man and woman who plays safe, sets aside a fund for unexpected expenses. Worry about tomorrow is not one of his trials. He looks the future confidently in the eye; there is no trouble in store for him. He has a rainyday fund set aside for emergencies.

Establish year rainy-day fund. If your living costs keep pace with your income, increase your income and deposit the increase in bank. Thousands are doing it, by selling their spare time to us. We will pay cash for the odd minutes you can give us.

Earn at one and the same time, the extra money you need, the insurance it offers against debt and trouble, and the peace of mind it makes possible. Let us explain our offer.

Address your inquiry to



The Agency Distracts, Bux 290 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelpina, Pa.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP à la française

Continued from Page 19:

developed telegraphs at the expense of the newer and, on the whole, better method of electrical communication. At any rate, after more than twenty years of state ownership, it was only very recently that France seri-ously took up the matter of improving a

very bad telephone service.

That she is still far behind our private corporations in the matter of developing telephony is shown not only by the figures as to the number of instruments in use but by the quite onerous conditions she imposes on the telephone user - as by requiring him to purchase an instrument, to pay rental quarterly in advance, and to make a deposit covering all toll charges. Certainly no institution, public or private, which was anxious to sell the greatest possible amount of telephone service would impose such conditions.

France is in the railroad business also, owning and operating over five thousand miles of road, or a little more than one-sixth of the country's total milesge.

The finest suburban train I ever naw runs over the state railroad from Paris to Versailies. It is propelled, lighted and heated by electricity. The cars are of atest, and so big and money that they immediately re-mind the American of bense after some acquaintance with the diminutive equipment on the other side of the water. The aisles run through the center of the cars in the American fashion. More important still, the compartments are not boxed in after the all-but-universal European custom. The partition that divides one compartment from the next extends only a foot or so above the top of the sent. Thus the whole upper space is open, allowing cir-culation of light and air simost as in an American dayersch. Or, rather, because the seats are in pairs, face to face and back to back, the arrangement closely resembles that in our standard Pullman sleeping cars.

The windows, however, are larger than in our Pullmans; in fact, the sides of the cars are nearly all glass. They are finished in white or a very light color, and there are no mistaken attempts at decoration. fine, they are beautifully bright, airy and spaclous, so that you cummit see one without wishing to travel a long way in it.

The Best Cars and the Worst

I fully sympathized with the enthusiasm of the obliging station master who showed me over the train, and was able to tell him, with perfect cander, that there was not a suburban train in the United States to match it. When he incidentally explained that the sides had been made wide so that passengers for whom there were on seats could stand, I realized that the state had gone a little farther than I first supposed in borrowing American ideas

I was permitted to stand beside the driver of the first car in order to see the track. The train ran forty miles an hour between stope and there were many curves, yet it ran so smoothly that my footing was never disturbed.

These fine cars and the road over which they run are a matter of the last aix months however. The run to Versailles is twelve miles and includes the gilt-edge suburban travel, the sort of influential traffic for which railroads everywhere put their best foot forward. With the excep-tion of that twelve miles, there is nothing whatever to admire in France's management of railroads.

I rode in another suburban train on the same state railroad. You may get an ap-proximate idea of the first ride by imagin-ing a lighter and brighter standard Pullman car. You may get an approximate idea of the second one by imagining a dingy ca-boose of a way-freight train on a third-class American line. In a general way the cars look not unlike our box freight ears, only they are cut down, say, two feet in height and a dozen feet in length.

The car is divided into five compartments, each containing two plain wooden beaches running along the sides of the compartments and facing each other. The sides of the compartments are of plain wood, painted a sad brown and leaving some doubt as to their cleanliness. There is no communication whatever between one compartment and another. One enters

the compartment at the end through a door in the side of the car. When these door are shut each compartment is a scaled but. No aisle or corridor runs through the rat-Of course there is no toilet room in the car and there would be no way to get to it if there was. There is no communication between one car and another, the carhaving no end platforms such as all our passenger cars have, but ending in a blank wall, like our freight cars.

Each of these hermetically sealed com-partments is supposed to hold ten people, with such luggage as they may have. I rode only a dozen miles in one containing only eight people and there was not an enough in it for a mole.

They tell you these oldest style third-

class cars are now used only for suburban travel, but I found suburban to be a somewhat elastic word; in fact such cars are run for journeys requiring several hours.

There is a first-class car on the state road. It is seven paces long or approxi-mately twenty feet. The compartments are a little wider than in the third-class car. The seats are upholstered and no doubt the upholstery was once rather smart. It is soiled now.

There is no aisle or corridor through the car; consequently there is no way of getting from one part of it to any other part when the train is in motion. Naturally there is no toilet room.

The Scarcity of Fresh Air

These old cars, twenty feet long or there-These old cars, twenty feet long or thereabout, have only two axies, or four wheels.
Running at high speed over light rails, not
ballasted for heavy trains, they are decidedly roughriders; but the greatest affliction of all these cars is lack of fresh air.
Riding only a dozon or twenty miles in
newer types of cars that had corridors
down the sides, I have been half stifled,
and in this respect it seems to make no
great difference whether you ride lirst, second or third class. People smoke and so
in their compartments and invariably keep in their compartments and invariably keep the windows closed. After a train has been running an hour or two the only advantage of the corridor is that you get a sort of average of the bad air in all compartments instead of being confined to that in your own particular box.

I do not know whether you have ever ridden in the caboose of a way freight on a third-class railroad in the United States when there were as many passengers as the vehicle could well hold, most of them addicted to pipes and the sort of tobacco that comes in large, loose brown-paper packages. There was a time when it was my privilege to enjoy that experience rather frequently; and, except for the free and-easy sociability of the caboose, that comes much nearer to conditions of travel on some state trains in France than any thing eise I have ever seen in the United States.

Between that and the Versailles train you have the worst and the best. It is only fair to say that the best is very new and there is little of it. Between the two extremes are various grades of various dates: but one thing that immediately strikes you is that there is no uniformity, no standard.

It is obvious at a glance that whatever improvements there are have come in small and more or less haphazard patches.

For example, you go into the Pennsylvania or Grand Central station at New

York, or the Northwestern at Chicago, and you see a whole and great transportation slant, practically span-new and all up to

the mark.

It looks as though somebody had said: "Throw the old stuff away and start fresh." But in every railroad station in Paris you will see, along with whatever they have of newest and best equipment, strings of sorry old antediluvian vehicles. unsightly, uncomfortable and unsanitary You will even see the most unequal equipment in the same train bound for the same destination—1912, figuratively speaking, nose to nose with 1219.

Of course a great deal is true of the privately owned roads as well as of the state owned; yet there is an overwhelming mass of testimony to show that the stateowned road has given the poorest service and been the slowest to make improvements. It is hardly more than a year, in fact, since the government made the first serious attempt to bring its railroad up to date. Prior to that time poor equipment and late trains were fairly the rule. A few years ago patient patrons raised an incipient riot because a train was two hours late in running fifteen miles; and that was only a somewhat exaggerated instance of their daily experience.

If you look it up you will find that France is almost exactly the size of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin combined. It is in good part an open, undulating country, offering hardly greater physical obstacles to the construction and operation of railroads than are to be found in those four American commonwealths. Its total railroad mileage is less than that of the states named by about ten per cent, and it contains about three times their population.

Now I imagine that if you were to show a Harriman or a Hill a territory the size of the four states named, with a somewhat smaller railroad mileage and three times their population, he would immediately begin to rub his hands in anticipation of fat dividends and large melons; but, in fact, railroading in France, broadly speaking, has never been profitable. From the beginning it has been heavily under the hand of the state. Whether it would have been profitable if private enterprise had been given as free rein as with us is another question. Transportation conditions in Europe are so different from those in the United States that assumptions as to what Americans would do in Europe, or Europeans in America, are very dangerous.

The Period of Speculation

Back in the thirties a railroad was built from Paris to Versailles. Then followed a long discussion as to whether the railroads of France should be built by the government or by private concerns. One result of this protracted debate was that, though the United States had four thousand miles of railroad in 1842, France had only three bundred and lifty. The more important result was a compromise between the policy of state ownership and that of private ownership.

To put it briefly, the government is 1542 granted concessions for nine lines, the state is construct the roadbed, the localities through which the lines passed to pay iwo-thirds of the cost of right of way, and the concessionary companies to lay the track, provide the rolling stock and operate the roads. Thus there was a mixture of state ownership, municipal ownership and private ownership. The localities, however, soon objected so strenuously to the cost thrust on them that the state relieved them of their share in the nature state.

of their share in the partnership.

As was the case both in England and the United States, the beginning of railread construction on an important scale was marked by a period of rampant speculation. Securities issued by the concessionary companies were eagerly bought and, as is also usual, promoters saw to it that the supply equaled the demand. By 1847 it was evident that a collapse in railroad securities was impending. In England or the United states the government, of course, would have allowed the collapse to take place. There would have been reorganizations, overoptimistic investors would have pocketed their losses, and the policy of private ownership would have continued.

The French Government, however, was a partner in the enterprise. Moreover, it regarded railroads primarily as public concerns and it did not wish investors to become discouraged from assisting in their construction. Therefore it granted various aids to the concessionary companies, sometimes advancing them capital outright, and in one case taking over the whole road and reimbursing investors. Thus aided, the concessionary companies undertook extensions. In ten years the conditions of 1847 were repeated on a larger scale and there was a panic in railroad securities. To reassure investors and to enable the companies to raise the capital needed to complete their lines, the government then adopted the policy of guaranteeing the interest on railroad bonds. This guaranty of interest by the government still underlies the whole railroad situation in France.

The private concerns had resolved themselves by that time into six great companies—the West, the North and the East occupying respectively the territory westerly northerly and easterly from Paris; and the Orléans, the Midi, and the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean, which, roughly speaking, take in the southern part of France. All of them except the Midi run to Paris; yet, with few exceptions, each has its own separate territory and there is little direct competition among them.

There was, of course, a demand for railroads by communities not yet reached, and
the government, as a partner in the railroad
business, could no more ignore those demands than our government can ignore the
collective demands of a hundred communities for post-office buildings. Moreover
the state wished certain lines constructed
for military rather than commercial reasons,
so government partnership in the railroad
business was further extended, the treasury
subscribing part of the capital for certain
lines and in some cases building them
outright. One set of unattached branch
lines, which the Orléans Company refused
to take into its system, was purchased by
the state in 1877. Thus more than a
generation ago the French Government
owned outright nearly two thousand miles
of railroad in the southwestern part of the
country, an aggregation of poor lines so
incoherent that it could hardly be called a
system, yet known ever since as the Old
State Railroad.

A Story of Deficits

This Old State Railroad has always been operated at a loss. The poor results obtained from that road and the extent to which the government had been obliged to aid other roads did not strengthen sentiment in favor of state ownership of relroads in general; but the Western Railroad began getting beavily into debt to the government, which was obliged year after year to advance sums to pay bond interest under its guaranty. These advances were charged to the road and were to bear interest.

The territory served by the Western Railroad does not produce a great amount of profitable tonnage or attract a heavy passenger traffic. In 1998 its deficit rose to five million four hundred thousand dollars that is, it failed by that much in earn the guaranteed interest and dividends.

that is, it failed by that much in earn the guaranteed interest and dividends.

M. Clemenceau, a radical, was then prime minister. He proposed that the government purchase the Western Railroad, and by threatening to resign forced the bill through the Senate. The argument was that the road was a perpetual drain on the treasury anyway, and that it would in any event cost the state no more to own it than to make up the yearly deficits in guaranteed interest.

Thus the state came into presention of a fairly compact and enterent railroad system embracing some thirty-seven hundred miles. Together with the Old State read, it now owns and operates about fifty-five hundred miles, or slightly over one-sixth the total mileage of the country.

It is important, however, to remember how that situation came about. Practi-

It is important, however, to remember how that situation came about. Practically from the beginning the government was a partner in the railroad business. It regarded railroads primarily as state instrumentalities rather than as more instruments of commerce, often intervening to require the construction of lines for political or military rather than for strictly commercial reasons. In Eastern France you may see stretches of track with grass growing over the rails. They were built, not for business, but for war.

I do not pretend to intimate that this was not the best possible railroad policy for France, but it arese from conditions that have no parallel in the United States. Heaven knows we can learn a million things from France; but that we can learn anything about railroad management from her I deny.

And in northwestern France private enterprise in railreading distinctly broke
down. Whether this was due to irremediable conditions, to faults of management or
to the hand of the state, I do not know, and
the point is of no importance anyway. The
privately owned railroad system in that
part of the country decidedly failed. For
years on end it could not earn the interest
on its bonds or the dividends on its shares.
Under a like condition in the United States
bondholders and stockholders, of course,
would have gone without interest and dividends; the road would have been reorganized and Its fixed charges cut down to a
sum it could earn. The French Government, however, for reasons it considered
sound, had guaranteed a return to investors
in the road's securities.





Waterman PORTO Does It Makes say bast a motor bast. 1914 Model, 3 ft. P. Weight 50 Br. Sold direct from Factory to you, freight paid.



DEMAND these estantials is an authorized enter, or you won't get your maney's worth.

To be Traine to Free Factor South

Waterston Marine Motor Co., 22th Mr. Edited Ave., Detroit Mark.

The United Mills Offer Great Bargains, Direct to You, in Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Furniture, Blankets Land Land Land Bound Bound Bound Boom Comment Bound B





Food-Drink

for All Ages

Nourishing

Delicious

Digestible

Others are

Imitations







tion have a born and the law Ward has

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED, Marie

Thus the situation was a good deal as though the railroads in Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire and Northern New York could not earn their fixed charges, which our Federal Government had guaranteed; so that the continuation of transportation by rail in that region depended on the treas ury at Washington making good a yearly deficit. Under such conditions there would undoubtedly be a demand that the Federal Government take over the roads, and I think I should be in favor of it; but between that and a deliberate government purchase of roads that are prospering under private management there is a very obvious difference.

If our government, under such imaginary conditions, did take over the New England roads I should hope it would do much better with them than the French Government has done with the Western Railroad. In 1908, the last year of private management, the deficit was something over five million dollars. After three years of state manage-ment it had about tripled. In those three years gross receipts increased by about three million dellars, but operating ex-penses increased by nearly twelve millions. This increase was largely in the payroll, During the three years the state added over four thousand to the number of employees. Operating expenses rose to ninety per cent of the gross receipts.

A parliamentary commission then ob-

"It can hardly be called in question that the number of officials and employees is far greater in relation to traffic on the state railroads than on the other systems. It has been attempted to explain these facts by the special character of the traffic on the Western Railroad. Especially has it been claimed that at the time of the fruit harvests the lines in Normandy and Brittany are subjected to demands that require the employment of a very large force. This argument does not seem tenable, for it would apply to all systems serving regions the pro-duction of which is somewhat specialized."

The Snart of Red Tape

"The truth seems to be as follows: In Octuber, 1910, there was drawn up a theo-retical list of positions for the whole system. Unfortunately in response to outside pressure the chiefs of the service have often increased the number of their subordinates up to the limits theoretically assigned to them, with the result that at certain points there has been a veritable plethors, manifest in the budgetary estimates and in the confusion itself."

Incidental to this report, here is an interesting little sidelight:

"All correspondence under the old com-pany was made with one copy. Under the state it must be made in triplicate, and one can appreciate the useless labor thus imposed when it is stated that for the arron-dimensent of Caen the payment of the personnel, which under the old company occupied nine men three days, under the State administration demands the time of twelve men for six days. The station mas-ters are bound up by an almost unbelievable amount of red tape. I have seen chiefs of petty stations sometimes obliged to sit up until two o'clock in the morning in order to

clarify their accounts."

The increased payroll appears to have been due in considerable part to the appointment of additional clerks and petty officials rather than of what we call wage-earners or rather than of what we call wage-earners or workmen. The pay of these non-unionized underlings is of course very meager from the American standpoint. It is significant that one action of the state was to raise the minimum yearly wage to twelve hundred france, or two hundred and forty dollars.

The state's generosity in providing jobs did nothing to ameliorate the relations be-tween employers and employees. On the contrary, in the memorable railroad strike of 1910 the employees of the state-own Western Railroad were the first to folic the lead of the Northern Railroad for and vote to strike.

It is true the Western Railroad was alwa poverty-stricken concern, with comps atively low earning capacity, poorly may tained and poorly equipped. It was in rundown condition when the state to over and no brilliant results could rem ably have been expected from state in agement. It may even be questiwhether any argument, either favorante adverse to government ownership of roads in the United States, can be defrom it; but if there is any argument certainly is not on the favorable size State management to date has been in efficient than private management was

Last year it was pointed out that the most fatal railroad accidents which a occurred in France were all on state-out lines, three on the Western and three on t Old State. I do not know that this is an gument against the state, but certainly the is no argument in favor of state ownersh

An Unblased View

It cannot be said that state ownership railroads is the policy of the Prench Gernment. It was in a manner forced in the ownership of fifty-five hundred mile but about five-sixths of the total miless still privately owned and privately in aged, though under strict government pervision. This group embraces what unquestionably the best two roads in country—the Northern and the Pa Lyons-Mediterranean. In short, if were going to pick a railroad in France would certainly be a privately owned of Just at this writing a report of stale.

Just at this writing a report of stale r road operation in France has been me whereupon M. Thomas, Socialist dep and budget committeeman, delivers him

and budget committeeman, delivers him in print as follows:

"They run! They run punctually, trains from the West—the trains that merly were ridiculed by all the calc singers of Montmartre and by the Ma Travelers, manufacturers and merchi-all praise the state service. Some weeks the apple dealers from Morbihan and Co du-Nord offered to give M. Claveille, excellent director of the system, a base

to show their gratitude.
"Well-deserved gratitude! Time when it seemed absolutely impossible forward quickly the rich crops of Brita This year the crop was wonderful and e dealer received the goods in time. All

dealer received the goods in time. All proves that the service has improved. "Everybody says, All right! Very that the bill, if you please! Here the point come in. The system works; has what price? In 1908, the last business of private management, the deficit amout to thirty-one millions and in 1912 sevent; millions. Parliament could have fore that the deficit in 1913 would amout eighty-four millions, and only by mastrong efforts to economize will they reit in 1914 to eighty millions.

"True, they spend a lot of money;

"True, they spend a lot of money: do they spend it wisely? They st thirty-four millions a year to raise the arise and wages of their employees. I you criticize that? Did not the rail force hope for this when they dema that the state should buy the line?

"Enormous sums are spent for v Double tracks have been laid; stations been renovated; the suburban trains been changed to run by electricity. Have proved that any of this work was unneary? Just wait a bit! The millions have been spent for electricity and new do not bring any profit as yet, but in to three years you will see the benefit, deficit will become smaller."

This is perhaps a fair view of the ca



THE SATURDAY EVENIG POST



The Floating Laborer-By Will Irwin vin

NATIONAL MAZ

QUALITY LAMP

Free Light with **Every NATIONAL** MAZDA Lamp

Your light bills are figured in watts.

A carbon lamp uses three watts to make one candlepower of light.

Any NATIONAL MAZDA lamp will give you three candlepower for the same current-two candlepower absolutely free.

And there's a range of sizes that you can't get in carbon lamps - thirteen sizes-from 10 to 1000 watts.

Every lamp as rugged as a carbon lamp, fits any socket, burns in any position and makes better, whiter light for homes, offices, stores, factories and all purposes where quality and high efficiency count.

Lowest Prices ever listed on NATIONAL MAZDA Lamps

Be your own judge of lamp efficiencies and don't how lamps by candlepower alone. Buy them by cost of current per candlepower—by watts per candlepower—and you'll be able to tell what your light costs. Study this table and buy NATIONAL MAZDA lamps for quality, efficiency and economy.

New Low Prices

10 watt-for all-night light 15 watt-for purches and hallways 20 watt-for side and table lamps

25 watt-for clusters 40 watt-for average lighting . 60 watt-for all general purposes

100 watt-for large rooms , Made also in larger sizes and in round and tubular

bulbs-a NATIONAL MAZDA lamp for every socket. Ask for information on the proper lighting of homes—the agent for NATIONAL MAZINA lamps in your vicinity will help you and give you valuable booklets on scientific lighting, or we will mail them free on request.

Get lamps in the Blue Convenience-Carton. Look for the display in the windows this week.

> Any of these labels is a guaranty of National Quality







Housecleaning Starts with NATIONAL MAZDA Lamps

Junk the obsolete carbon lamps. It pays. Don't hesitate to break the wasteful relics-it will save you breaking many a dollar for wasted current.

Among all your household necessities, you can find no improvement so great, so far reaching, so profitable in money and convenience, as NATIONAL MAZDA lamps.

Junk the carbon lamps and get two candlepower free from NATIONAL MAZDAS. Put one in every socket from cellar to attic and have more light, better light, and pleasanter rooms without paying more for cur-

You owe yourself the thrift, the eye-case, the convenience and the hospitality of NATIONAL MAZDA lamps,

NATIONAL MAZDA Lamps for Automobiles - all makes

Ninety-three per cent of the automobile maker-specify Mazda lamps for their product. They are the rugged lamps that made it possible to light automobiles by electricity. They stay bright, stand the shocks of rough travel and are made for all cars - gasoline or electric.

The great merit of NATIONAL MAZDA lamps is their uniformity. They are from 30 to 70 per cent better than most other makes. They are standardized in voltage and construction. The National Mazza dealer will give you lamps exactly right for your car. Name your car and get a single lamp that you can depend on, or get a full set of six lamps in the National Carrying Chest, ready for any emergency.

Look for the Blue Convenience-Carton like the one in which you buy lamps for the house.

Member of the Society for Electrical Development "DO IT ELECTRICALLY



Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company Independence Square Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietts Street Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded APD 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914, by The Curtin Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawn, Canada

Volume 186

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 9, 1914

Number 45

THE FLOATING LABORER

The Case of John Smith-By Will Irwin



A Stationed Corner



Kiding on the Hell

A THE people of the East remember, it seewed has February in the thy of New York snowed with a volume and violence unknown in those ports since the historic bligantd of 1988. For two weeks a new and harmost Commissioner of Street Cleaning tried to dig the city out. Hampered though he was by want to, he found a surplue of men. This had been a winter of ammuloyments. Assumal,

becareelings of industry had crowded into the city, where the are saloons, public buildings and gratings to keep a to sarm, bread lines and charity soup kitchens to fill his formed in the last pinch. Before the snow abated, the socialized had thousands of men heaping up the snow beauti the slow pleasure of such carts as Tammany entractors would grant him.

I matisfactory workers they proved in bulk. I myself set to watch them picking at the hard ice cakes, thrusting but shovels into the drifts; and it seemed to me that I wild perish from nervous exhaustion if any one forced to be work at that languid, dabby pace. At that, they saways resting when the boss looked away. By two lays more the snow army was described in squads and sequales.

You see, they don't want work," said a mercetive bed who operates in Wall Street. "You see, they're tendy the degenerate fringe of humanity," said another, a "Demore enlightened. "They couldn't get on under any segmentances."

The next day, as it chanced, I interviewed a deserter to that army. He had just asked me for a dime. There beggars in New York, and again other beggars. One to know the professional whine of the expert panadist. Somehow I perceived in this case one of genuine and I so be got my dime and I a little of his conversation.

The hard, boss," he said. "I tried it two days an' me

He shuffled away then, as though he wanted no more sectioning. I watched him bumping down Third Avenue. It was five feet nine or ten inches tall; his shoulders were read in symmetrical proportion; he was probably less forty years old. Yet he shambled; and it was not the shambling of the city bum, the gait that betrays all self-respect. More was it the manifestation of timer weakness. What was it? Drink? Perhaps.

A week later a section of the L. W. W., blind rebels



Hirting the Grit

their new faceous raid on the charties. I saw a round of these ristore, and they also had that gait and movement, as of a man very tog some hidden storage of receipt prices of the accomplayed. American German Irishman, Italian, Bungarian, Slav, Teuton, Saxon, Jew and Cell.—that out ward and viable sign of an inter weakeous formed the one common factor.

Again, what was it? Were these, as my first conservative friend implied, merely the fated failures of humanity, the men born with defective minds and souls? Or were they, as the other conservative friend implied, the physical degenerates, the numbin apples on the tree—half brothers to cretins, dwarfs and cripples? If so, what a margin of degenerates we have on the fringe of humanity!

Lombruse, yellow scientist that he was, drove sociology stark end for a time with his theories of degeneracy. Since true science turned its cold eye on his theories we have known that crime, vagrancy and such phenomena cannot be accounted for, even in major part, by the easy word, degeneracy. Still less can this theory be stretched to cover the army of the unemployed in New York. There must be some better reason—in fact there is a better reason—to account for that nerveless movement at work; that weak, uncertain gait. And to make that reason clear, let me be concrete; let me tell the story of the working life of John Smith, American. It is not fiction, that story, as I shall show at the end; or if so it is that kind of fiction which is more true than fact.

John Smith is an American of old stock; the blood Anglo-Saxon, with a touch of Celtic. You must think of him as an average man, born with no exceptional powers, no exceptional weaknesses, no exceptional vices. The capacity for great heroism, great performance or great crime was not born in John Smith. Nature and the sturdy stock from which he sprang gave him a good, usable body capable of a satisfactory day's labor under direction. It gave him, also, a passably clear and active mind. Such as he are born to be the sport of circumstance and environment; but most of us are such as he. Had he sprung from the lap of affluence, had he received a college education, he might have made a fairly successful lawyer's clerk or staff doctor. Had he inherited property and acquired a business training, he might have become a fairly successful merchant's clerk. Had he sprung from the depths of the slums he might have made a fairly successful pickpocket.

Fate and social forces, together with that cumulative series of small circumstances by which Fate and social forces produce their larger effects, would always be the determining factors in the life of John Smith-not that he lacked will power; of that, also, he had the average quota. I repeat: four-fifths of the people for whom the Pilgrims pioneered and the Revolutionary forefathers bled are like John Smith.

His forbears on both sides had tended to follow frontiers, until, with the disappearance of a frontier, James Smith, John's father, found himself stranded as a tenant farmer in the Middle West. Most of us remember the time when the political orator boasted that the American farmer was a king, holding his own broad acres without let or hindrance from any other man alive.

We remember, also, the pity we used to feel for the tenant farmers of Ireland. That period has gently drifted behind us; it was a shock to many when the last census revealed that a quarter of our American farmers are out-and-out renters. To this class belonged James Smith. Half of his earnings from his hundred-acre farm went to the landed proprietor, an old gentleman who had retired from active life and lived in town on his income.

With the rest of the proceeds James Smith and his wife managed somehow to clothe the four children after a lashion, to feed them well enough so that they came to maturity with normal constitutions, and to keep them in country school until they were thirtsen or fourteen. From some such beginnings many of our heroes of American romance sprang - Lincoln on the one side, Racksfeller an the other. Of course John Smith, the eldest son, to whom I am inviting your attention, was neither a Lincoln not yet a Rockefeller, but an average man.

John left school in the seventh grade and went to work as a farm hand on the paternal acres. His father used to say in his pessimistic moments that this was a dog's life. As John grew up and became strong enough to do a man's work at plowing or pitching hay, he indorsed these sentiments. Life, except for the brief respite of winter, was just work, eat-work, eat-work, eat, sleep. Some of the other boys we knew, sons of proprietary farmers, had begun to go to the country dances—one or two of them got a few days in town; but John had no clothes for dances and no money for town visiting.

Little Nudges From Fate

IN THE winter when he was seventeen years old Fategave him two of those little, impulpable nudges that guide a man on the road of destiny. There was skating over on the pond. John had outgrown the pair of skates he got from the Christmas tree years before. He wanted a new pair and he boldly asked his father for them. In John's mind had been growing for some time the feeling that he had been doing a farm hand's work for his mere board, and he made his application with some confidence. It was a bad day to ask. The bill collector for the general store had called that morning to remind James Smith that the last payment on the mowing machine was long overdue.

'No!" said James Smith, concealing his real feelings by a show of brutality. "You wear out enough boots without skates. Skates! And me at the door of the poorhouse!"

Still smarting from this rebuff, John sat down that evening to pore over the weekly newspaper the Smith family managed to afford, and which gave them their one contact with the larger world. The Weekly Argus was printing a serial entitled: Farmer Bill; or, From the Plow to Wall Street. This was such a story as delighted us Americans twentyfive years ago; from the title you may guess the trend of the tale. John had read the earlier chapters with no great interest-they were all about the things he knew; but this one held him. The hero, by rescuing the beautiful daughter of the millionaire broker from the clutches of the broken-down French count, had won a raise in pay to fifty dollars a week, and had been invited to supper at the broker's house. The chapter, before it swung into action again and left the reader breathless for the next installment, described the rich broker's house.

One detail stuck in John's mind; there were gold plates on the table! He lay awake that night, dreaming of the city, that paradise where they are from gold plates. When, next morning, his father woke him with the announcement that



The Semy of Unemployed, Shout Three Thinsend, Leave Jan Francisco on the March to Washington

it was time to be about the chores; he was still dreaming in the back of his head, contrasting the home where you could not have skates, because they were out your boots, with the home where they are from gold plates.

The thing that was stirring in John Smith, had he only known it, was his pioneer blood. It was imagination in action. It was the call across the waste spaces, which made his great-great-grandfather leave a loom by the Clyde for a clearing by the Delaware; his great-grandfather leave a settlement by the Delaware for a log house by the Ohio; his grandinther leave a town by the Ohio for a ranch by the Missouri. Unly the frontier is gone; and that young, adventurous blood sings through new channels. The great. udventure, to John Smith's generation, is the city.

All winter, all spring, the next summer, he kept that dream to himself; but he worked, with the good, young will power he had, toward the one end. When spring plowing and planting were done he found a chance to cut wood by the cord for a neighbor. When he proposed to his father that he himself keep the receipts there was a short, sharp domestic argument, in which justice prevailed. The special advorate of justice to this matter was John's mother, to where he had confided his ambitions and who sympathized with him. By this device or that John added to the hoard, which he kept in a little chink back of the chimney. When autumn came he had twenty-live dollars - enough for his fare to Chicago and a few weeks' board to spare.

And just when the work of harvesting was over for the season Fate gave him another nudge along the road he must travel. A city newspaper fell into his hands. Running halfway down a column of the help-wanted advertisements was a call for laborers-railroad construction - a dellar and seventy-five cents a day; cheap board; transportation furnished from Chicago. By another day, John Smith, an urmeasoned boy of eighteen, but capable already of doing a man's work with any crude implement, had taken his pilgrim gown and scrip and gone to seek his fortune. So far it reads like any remance of youth on the quest of destiny.

world had changed. The older world was a world of mighty rough labors and of rule-of-thumb methods. On every hand lay untarned Nature, untapped resources. A man broke into the treasures of the earth. He found a working method of his own and according as he had luck and adaptability he won a fortune, a competence, or at least a living; but the frontier had shrunk. The undeveloped resources were all preempted. The age of specialists had arrived. To get along in any occupation an average man must have some special training. John's education had ac-

quainted him with the three R's and nothing more. He could not write will

enough or cipher well enough to enter

business. The only trade he understood.

Now, though John Smith was, as I

have said, an average man, he was also

an average American. Being such he

had ambition, bred in him from those

generations that had pushed ever westward that they might better themselves.

He did not know that since his fathers used to seek the frontiers the whole

even dimly, was farming. And it was old-fashioned farming, of the kind we used to practice on a virgin soil, which had been gathering richness an age long that man might rifle that richness in a generation.

Concerning any of the methods by which a farmer coase! land that has lost its virgin richness, he knew nothing. He entertained a general idea that fertilizer meant barnyard manure, when you had it to use. His father, no better instructed, had at least a kind of instinct born of long experience. John Smith, barely eighteen years old, had, of course, not developed that instinct; yet here he was, an average man, taking his unskilled powers into a new world of specialists, and dreaming as he went of the rich house and gold supper service he expected to win when he had made his fortune, like the hero of Farmer Bill.

Farmer Bill in Real Life

HIS first night in Chicago he spent in a fifteen-cent lodg-ing house, to which he had been directed by a policiman. The bed, after all, was little worse than his own bed at home, though he did lie packed healde twenty others, who nored and tossed and kept him awake. Even had they lain quiet, he could hardly have slept. That evening he had been walking the streets, marveling at the new wonders of the city, with its crowds of rickly dressed people-for so the pedestrians on Dearborn Street looked to him- its luxuriant carriages opening at the doors of the opera - that was the interpretation he put on hired backs and a cheap stock theater—its restaurant windows, with their glimpses of white linen, beautiful strange dishes, colored glassies and pretty women. A little terrifled, but more exalted, be thought of these things as something in which he himself might some day share.

There was another thought in the back of his head, which he, with the soul shyness of a young boy, seldom permitted to come forward. Some day, like Farmet Bill, he would meet the broker's daughter and do valiant deeds for her hand. On the dream of this amorphic romance he fell asleep.

Next morning he learned from the clerk at the lifteen-cent lodging house how to find the employment agency; and he arrived before the doors opened. It dismayed him a little to find forty others in line before him. This was the beginning of the slack season, when from farms, grading camps, lumber mills and quarries the unemployed crowd into Chicago for the winter. At this very time a new party had arisen in railroad polities, a new alignment of forces. It became necessary to the larger policies of Wall Street that a certain railroad. long surveyed and laid out, should be graded and tracked before the snow flex. The employment agencies, greedy to pad their seasonal receipts, had spread the news through their own channels of publicity. When John took his place in line there were forty men ahead of him. When the doors opened the line behind him stretched to the corner of the block. As man after man stepped up to the

desk and held a brief interview with the little ferret-eyed clerk, John craned his neck across the line and watched. At the close of the conversation some of the men received cards. John perceived by their satisfied expression, and by the jovial remarks they dropped as they



Waiting Outside Manicipal Lodging House for Admission.

passed along the line, that these men had secured joks. over the scraper and what he could not understand was the others, those who turned away with their shoulders bent to drop a curse or two pour mules. Out came about pull or fixed jobs as they passed back down the line.

These hints terrified John. He had not thought before that pull had anything to do with the matter; yet it seemed to him as he looked that there must be some truth in this rharge. He noticed small men, flabby men, men whom his (ather would never have taken as farm hands, carrying away cards. He noticed big, stalwart fellows, whom he marked as likely workers, turned away. When he himself reached the window he was dumb with apprehension. The derk looked him over.

"Any experience in grading work?" he asked.

"No!" said John. He had intended to lie, feeling himself justified; but his pervousness stripped him to the truth.

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen," said John, recovering himself to add a year.

"Huh!" said the clerk. Then suddenly, as though he had
made his decision, he reached for a card, scribbled a line on
it, stamped it, and passed it over. "Two dollars. Report
at the address here at twelve. Here's our card. Come to
as when you want work again. Next!"

Before he had recovered himself John was outside, clutching his card. It was not true about pull after all! That clerk was a slick fellow; he knew a worker when he saw him. There must have been something wrong about

the big fellows.

So behold John Smith crawling out at daybreak next morning to the correls of the grading camp, that he might harness the team of mules the boss had assigned to him. He had come up the day before in a box car with a string of laborers from the employment office. As they bowled

up the line to the camp his fellows ast on the floor, sucking their pipes and talking of this and that.

John had liked them but little. Their whole ambition, so far as he rould see, was to accumulate a few weeks' wages, get back to "Chi," and spend their money on beer and the girls—always the girls. That afternoon John learned things about the evil of this world he had never known before. There had been more talk of this character in the bunk tents before the men rolled up in their blankets and went to sleep.

A Short Stay

However, now it was morning and he was going to work - the beginning of his career! He harresed Jenny and Judy, the mules, to his scraper and joined a long line of men and teams making for the grade. The boss, a big, two-fisted man, with direct eyes and a lined face, stopped him.

"Don't know anything about grading, buh?" he inquired. "Then

what the holl did they send you for? Well, you sink your scraper here and drop the snatch; you follow the line up to there and raise the snatch. Don't let me see you tying up the line—and keep your scraper full."

Presently John was following a line which moved with the regularity of a machine. You reached the pile. You seized the handles and, with one effort of your back, you turned

over the scraper and sink it deep. You lashed your mules. Out came the scraper, loaded. You reached the long mound, which was the railroad embankment just taking form. At the apex you released the snatch; over went the tray, dumping the earth. You followed the line round until you reached the saft dirt again and continued the motion.

Being a farmer's boy and accustomed to teams John had learned the trick by the third time round. And all that morning exultation grew in him. He was a man, he could do a man's work! This was the beginning of his fortunes. It all depended

now on his own diligence. He kept the proper distance from the next team; he studied the exact spot to release the snatch. By such diligence Farmer Bill and his other heroes of rumance had founded their fortunes. As he ate his beans and salt pork from a tin plate in the chuck tent; as he rolled into his blankets that night, very tired, but still capable of a day's work—the dream followed him.



The boss turned on him his steady gaze and raised slightly one of those big, hard fists. "What did you say about this camp, kid?" he asked. The little man shrank back into the crowd and all complaint was over.

Next morning at dawn John received from the timekeeper a dollar and a half—two days' pay, less a dollar a day for board—and took the box car back to Chicago in a

state of otter juvenile depression. Somewhere within him rankled a sense of hard injustice. He knew he had kept up, knew he could do the work as well as any grown man on the job.

John really never knew the whole truth about this little transaction in labor.

Construction on that road was proceeding under the old rules of the game, whereby every one along the line took out his hit. The directors were also directors in companies that undertook contracts or furnished material.

Easy Money

BY KNOWING what contracts to stretch, the engineer got on and pleased his masters, who permitted him to have his own little graft in commissions. The grading boss knew about the constructing engineer's graft; so he was permitted a graft of his own. The employment agency that sent out John Smith collected two dollars apiece

from the laborers and gave fifty cents of that two dollars to the boss for throwing the business its way—a very simple arrangement.

One job for one man in one year means only two dollars.

Twenty jobs for one man in one year means forty dollars.

The proprietors of this agency, working with the grading bow, had reduced the matter of rotation in jobs to an exact science.

They picked for him a due proportion of men who could not keep up with the work, or of youths like John, whom a boss has a good excuse for discharging. Every few days the boss weeded out the undestrables and replaced them with new undestrables from the Chicago agency. He fired thirty men that night in camp and took on thirty others. His clean profit on the transaction was therefore fifteen dollars.

John Smith went back to the lodging house where he had passed his first night in the city, and the next day he visited the employment agency again. He had better nerve this time; he tried to tell the clerk he had really kept up—that it was unjust to discharge him.

"Tell your troubles to the police! You'll learn, kid," said the clerk. "That ain't the only job. Give me your address and come to see us every day or two. You get a job by sticking round."

For two days John, unaccustomed to city ways and with no definite trade, training or guidance, tramped the streets of Chicago, asking at alley doors for any kind of common work. He failed, as any one accustomed to city ways would have expected him to fail. It was autumn, when common labor is a drug on the market. Meantime he met in the lodging house that same red-headed man who had protested when the boss discharged the graders. The red-headed man Charlie Crawford was his name—paid special attention to John.

(Continued on Page 41)



Coffee and Jandwicker at the Municipal Ladging House, New York

It was late the next afternoon when a box car drew up on the distant siding to discharge a new gang of men currying blankets. John thought vaguely, as he watched them detrain, that the company must be doing a lot of work to have so many men; but, just as the grading gang stood waiting by the curral to unbarness, he saw a sub-bose marching down the line, speaking to man after man. He

reached John. "Bose wants to see you in the main tent after supper," he said.

Hardly imagining what this might mean, John reported at the main tent. He found thirty other men, many of whom had come up with him from Chicago. His heart sank a little when herecognized them as the scrubs and riffraff of the camp. The boss entered.

"Box car's going back to Chi in the morning," he said. "You fellows get your time. You're fired!"

The thirty took it dumbly, all but one little man with a seamed face and fiery red hair.

"To hell with this camp! It's a graft!" be yelled, and shook his fist.



Waiti

Waiting for Semothing to Happen

AL By Grace Ellery Chamming THE REG

TRS. HADLEY looked up from the accounts she was auditing for the local literary club just as Ellen came up the path. Pierre was strolling at her right hand and Henry Kilvert on her left—a usual arrangement; and Henry and Ellen were doing the talking while Pierre listened also a usual arrangement, and responsible for the calmly pleased smile Mrs. Hadley turned on her daughter when she presently entered the room

The Hadley place and the Kilverts' ran together - and thence on to the next neighbor's and the next in unbroken sweeps of greenness, dotted, but not interrupted, here and there by a purple beech, a clump of maples or a conifer, which served as a kind of communal decoration, without placing anything between house and house to cut off a view or intercept the wandering eye or foot.

This was obedient to the sectional ideal of neighborliness and the brotherhood of man-the same ideal which conscientiously practiced leaving some of the windowshades up at night, that the homeless wanderer might be cheered by the sight of what he was missing. Just why the idea had not been carried to a logical conclusion and a common neighborhood house set in the common park of their open grounds is not known-probably they simply had never thought of it. But so far as they had carried the idea it had worked out to an inevitable result-you did not shut out your neighbor in and ergo you were not yourself shut in.

Followed as a corollary, the grounds being everybody's—yet not quite—nobody lived in them. A little youthful tennis, a few timid vine-screened and sowing sitters on porches—this comprised the ul-fresco life of M-. There were no careless groups on lawns, no seats and tables under spreading trees - and, of course, no afternoon teapobs on those non-existent tables.

Once in a while some one had the painful idea of giving a lawn party-a thing that had to be made before it could be given, made at a great amount of fuss and trouble, and to which every one came uncomfortably in best clothes. These were the few occasions when the ornate arbors and pergolas came into use; otherwise the community lived chastely within doors—going out with defi-nite decision to take air and exercise, chiefly in the shape of sport.

An athletic age had its grip on M- ps well as on all America besides; everybody in M- was constantly in a state of going out of set purpose-

or, at least, for motoring; but of any conception of outdoors as a state of being instead of a state of going it was

innocent, together with most of America.

Except, of course, the Garnetts. One was always excepting the Garnetta; and this exception was variously attributed to them - by the uncharitable for pride and perversity; by the charitable as the inevitable taint contracted in years of European living.

But then, nobody ever argued from the Garnetta to anything-nothing but Professor Garnett's eminent standing and a certain frank charm in the entire family exempted them from criticism; they were usually spoken of in an

indulgently apologetic tone,

When the Garnetts came to M- their initial art had been to put up a tall wire screen of vines round their entire place, and behind this they had planted the swiftest-growing thing in hedges known to that climate. Tall trees, too, and thick, they had imported with a recklemness of cost; and, once having got themselves fully shut in and everybody else shut out, they had proceeded to treat the inclosed space as an extension of their house; indeed, they lived in it much more than in the house itself.

There was a ten-table - a used ten-table - under the large cherry tree; there was a shadowed pergola, with both a table and chairs, where the professor, hatless and even coatless, wrote his most eminent books, and his gifted wife illustrated them.

They had a little stone terrace built-with a complete disregard of architectural conventions to overlook the sunsets; and they are out, sat out, worked out, rested out, and only did not sleep out, it was held, because that would have been being too much like their neighbors. Just when all M -- took to its outdoor sleeping rooms and screened porches, the Garnett household retired to its stronghold of a house.

""Foxes have holes; birds of the air have nests," the professor had been heard to quote. "Every living thing seeks a shelter for repose. It was even accounted a hardship that the Son of Man had not where to lay His head but. that was before the present-iny fresh-air mania broke out."



Buth for His Joy and His Seines He Hall to Take Befage in This Gift of His

"And hesides," added Pierre cheerfully, "what's a house good for anyway-except privacy, and to keep warm and dry, and to stay in when you can't see anything pretty outside?"

All up and down and over this pagan domain the flute notes, or the violin notes, or the piano notes of Pierre floated eternally. Pierre owed his name, as well as his lustrous eyes and something oddly un-American in his whole carriage and manner, to his mother, whose half-frenchness seemed only in her to accentuate the other and larger American half of her.

The foreign strain was held to have come out in her boy. He was the Garnetts' only child. Also, he was lame from birth. This single bitter drop had Fate distilled into a copof happiness otherwise inordinately sweet. One leg was shorter than the other and Pierre walked through life with a limp.

He might have been much as other boys but for this; the limp colored his whole life, excluding him from the games and contests of his fellows and throwing him back perforce on the other side of his nature. From his father he inherited scholarship, from his mother music; the combination had made of him a musician who composed, and the handicap had made of him a concentrated student of his art from his early years. Both for his joy and his solace he had to take refuge in this gift of his.

When other boys were playing ball he was playing Buch fugues, and by the time they were off to climb mountains and row matches he was off to Germany, to England, to Bayreuth, Munich, Vienna or Italy, for hulidays of music-until the time came when he went off for study in earnest. All this and his birth made him foreign enough to be regarded as a little dangerous by prudent mammus, even though quite charming and—as the son of Doctor Garnett-wholly unimpeschable.

As if desirous to point a moral and mark a contrast, destiny had set, on the other side of this exotic household, the most authentically native of homes. It was not possible to be more lineally descended of local traditions than were the Hadleys.

My. Hadley was of a fine old Colonial and Unitarius family; having been born near Botton in the sixties this was inevitable.

Back of him were the bluest of Colenial trail. thous; and what was true of Mr. Hadley wa? possible a little truer of Mrs. Hadley.

The marriage of these two had been predestined. determinate, from the moment their respective ancestors set their simultaneous feet on Plymous Rock; and it had received its ultimate andion in one of those paragraphs of announcement the press accords only to the elect, beginning viz. "There took place ——" and concluding with a good part of the contents of the telephone book surfed something after this manner:

"The bride's grandfather on her mother's side was the distinguished Admiral Wigglesby, whose sons were the eminent Dr. Walter Wigglesby and the Ronoruble Samuel Wigglesby, late chief intice. On her father's side she is descended from hve of our most distinguished Colonial families. Her mother was the beautiful Mary Allyn, whose younger sister married the nephew of the late forerner Endersty, The bride's sister is Mrs. Janes

Walcott, whose husband is a descendant of the funcia historian, Stephen Holg-son; while on his mothers

I am sorry I have not space to give it all. However 2, may be said that the listed collaterals included the Bendey Massés, "whose," and as on; the Mason-Tomlas, "whose," and so on; and sook well-known actions of the Filgrim stock as the Braying-Addams and Gerrit-Fritte. I hope I need say no more to prove that the Hadleys were respectable.

Either on account of, or is spite of, this they were very fine people—finely educated too, in the national sense, and in the cult of one of the few American cities that does really mean education when it says so, and not merely instruction. From their cradles up they had been reared

on bedrock principles, to which they had been taught to sacrifice everything-except another principle.

Social service, the higher thought, the new morality, all the modern forms of those abstractions for which their Revolutionary and Abolitionary ancestry had fought and bled and died, they had received in their turn, handed down-as the devout communicant receives the Eucharist -with faith, with conviction, with an innerconsecration They possessed and were possessed by every good and say ing thing on earth, except the saving sense of humor; not having which, they lacked, of course, also a saving sense of proportion.

The outward and visible sign of this was the stress laid on the unimportant, the immense seriousness of little things. They knew no way to differentiate unerringly between the major and the minor. They were socialists of course; liberals by necessity; suffragists by birth; eugenists inevitably; and they were also Fletcherites. Ibsenites, and savers of matches and pieces of string, just as hard and thoroughly as they were any of the other things.

They were, in short, the very kind of people it is least permissible to laugh at or hold up to scorn; and they were the people, of all the world, whom it was impossible for any person of imagination, philosophy or sane homor to look on without an immediate desire to smile, albeit tenderly.

The Hadleys had four children-no more, no less. This was neither luck nor blind destiny; it was the number to which they had conscientiously decided they could is justice. They had not arrived at this decision lightly. Had they been their own forefathers, they would have taken it to the Lord in prayer; and Mrs. Hadley would have borne at least thirteen-one of them very likely a genius, by

Being what they were, they did the modern equivalenttook it to the family doctor and lawyer; that is, they ascertained that they were, humanly speaking, sound physically, mentally and financially; of their morals there was never any question. Four, it was decided was the number to which she could reasonably hope to promise an equipment of vital force, and he competently to gratuate

their dues of school, dancing school, college and postgraduate training, not forgetting the dentist and the loctor; not, of course, that they expressed it thus, even to themselves -it went lumped under the generic term of the advantages to which as human beings they were entitled.

The children were born according to schedule, decently and in order, and not too near together; this made them always just a little too far apart to be interesting to one mother. Mrs. Hadley herself, in thoughtfully reviewing her life, felt that if she had it to live over she would have thosen to produce them, as it were, by pairs. For what use, in fact, has an active child of three for a bahy-a mettlesome lad of six for a toddler of three-or an ambitious nine-and-going-on-ten-year-older for a little fellow of six. thort of leg and vision?

This remoteness, with its lack of the kindling attrition of mind on mind, may have had something to do with their being what they were; for, broadly speaking, a more animaginative, stolid, unexceptionable and-except to their parents - uninteresting flock of four never was. They were perfectly well and perfectly, almost too perfectly. well bred. There were no limpers among her children-Mrs. Hadley, watching little Pierre at play among them, gave silent thanks for it; a child like that she would have

accounted a personal diagrace. True, Pierre shone starrily in their midst, for the Hadley mildren were not beautiful; even their parents did not think them so. They were just solid, straight, clean, honest and sturdy-all good, all well, all sufficiently inteligent, and one just as good, well and intelligent as the other, so far as could be discerned. They quietly absorbed

and digested the family traditions just us they absorbed and digested the family oatmeal, their minds giving them no more trouble than their stomachs.

Ellen, as the eldest, was the compendium of the family teachingthe protagonist, so to speak, of the family idea. She was a calm, faxen-haired girl, with imperturbable eyes under a broad brow, and a very straight back, which looked tapable of carrying things without bending. The only doubtful thing shout Ellen was her smile—as if she were a little uncertain about milling, as indeed she was. This was family again. Life being the tremendously serious affair it was, a certain pervasive gravity became revitably its dominant note.

Those quips, quirks and conceits-often a mere matter between the eye and lip-which permented the family atmosphere of the Garnetts like benignant sammer lightning relieving superhested conditions, were unknown and unthinkable in the mild, constant climate of the Hadley home. Conscious rectitude, sacrifice, use's duty to society-those were the things that weighed; and they aften weighed heavily.

From the day of their birtheven from the day on which it was decided they should be permitted a day of birth - Mrs. Hadley had. planned her children's lives until bey should be grown up. And he program had been carried out with rigid exactness. Twice a year the dentist, once a year to the lector; two pieces of candy after finner; the best school, the best dancing school, the best playmates; sold baths - taken with a thermometer: Nature study, hygiene, La early introduction to the serious aspects of life; so many duties a lay, so many pleasures a week; so many hours of study, of sleep, of exercise, of free play; a touch of the higher thought and a touch of the Montessori method: light applications of mental therapeuiles and Fletcherism; simplicity of fare, of clothing and speech; a line courtesy of manner and life; the loftiest ideals-in short, the sacred New England altar fire kindled on the ancient rock. Onlywhich made all the difference-it was a modern and scientifically fed flame, an altar fire de luze, stattical, non-combustible, and automatically time-buttoned.

In their impregnable ancestral conscience of parenthood there were no lengths the Hadleys were not prepared to go; they did actually go the learful length of guessing at their offspring's brain processes. Mrs. Hadley did not blench from choosing their reading for them. The mysterious workings of their awful minds held nothing awful for her; she made up hers and dealt out a regimen accordinglytwo scientific, historic or biographic volumes to every one of fiction, and the fiction chosen. The former they called, the Searcher of the dark and inscrutable mysteries of the human heart alone knows why, serious reading, as opposed to the mere drama of life and the passions of the human soul; though, to be sure, they did look out as to what passions the children got hold of, assorting them as Omnipotence has never yet been able to do.

They did not stop at books, however. To teach them to think for the less fortunate, Mrs. Hadley denied herself the pleasure of making gifts to her own children on hirthdays and at Christmas. Others, she knew, would give to them in ahundance; they should remember her as giving

to the motherless and the poor.

To teach them self-denial, she dressed them with an all but conspicuous plainness. And all and everything she did seemed good in their eyes.

At eleven years Ellen was a convinced suffragist, passing the hat at conventions and perfectly happy to pass it. If now and again she wished Fate had elected she might pass it in a prettier hat of her own—that was the first sign that Ellen was growing up. Not that she desired to deck herself in the spoils of shricking mother birds—not she; of conscience she had renounced both fur and feathers; but

one permitted curling plume of that vain hird, the ostrich, would, she felt, have given a fantastic value to life. Pierre, in particular, admired plumes.

By fourteen she was a staunch and active partisan of all ond causes.

By eighteen she was a quiet power in the youthful part of the community and Mrs. Hadley began to draw the breath of relief. The dear woman deserved to. She had piloted her flock safely past the perils of adenoids-inscrutably just as prone to lie in wait for the scientific as the unscientific-and now had her conscientious eye on their appendixes. These, too, were sent alike on the just and imjust; and her three eldest already knew as much about sex and the dangers of it, in theory, as Mrs. Hadleyor, for that matter, anybody else-knew or could tell

In all this there was nothing of morbidity; the Hadleys ere profoundly sane and healthy. Merely they desired to play fair and to give their children every advantage, just as they had planned to do, and just as at present these happened to be the things that differentiated the wellcared-for child from the neglected. The thought of their day centered about these things.

Conscientious parents knew a regular progression, beginning with disinfecting the baby, up through vaccination, antitoxining on the faintest suspicion, straightening the jaw, and so on, up to the removal of adenoids and any other loose-lying portions of anatomy, appendixes included. It aged Mrs. Hadley, and other mothers, with anxiety, and grayed Mr. Hadley's, and other fathers', hair prematurely, paying the bills; but both would rather have fallen

in their tracks than below the level of the standardized parent of their circle.

That all these things were advantages had been drilled into the children; I am afraid there were moments when Mrs. Hadley could not help feeling that a Divine Providence had selected her neighbors for her, setting them on each hand—the one for an example, the other for a warning.

Nothing known to science had been left undone to Henry Kilvert to improve him; and nothing whatever had been done to Pierre. He had not undergone so much as one little operation; it is doubtful whether his parents had even thought of such a thing. Well, you could look at Henry Kilvert and you could look at Pierre!

Ellen looked at both; if she looked oftener at Pierre it was doubtiess because there was more that was novel to look at. Henry Kilvert might have been born a Hadley; but the Garnett household, from her childhood, had presented to Ellen enthralling dreams of the impossible. Her glimpses of Pierre's home and home life were equally capturing and terrifying. The gay elders, working as others played; the starry child, with his pervasive music, which seemed to be somehow the collective family voice; even the family hedge encircling that house of mystery, fascinated her gradual mind.

On venturing one day to wish for such a hedge of her own, it had been gently pointed out to her how much kinder was the neighborhood way; how selfish, by implicationthe Hadleys were far too well-bred to use, even to their children, such a phrase as applied to an esteemed neighbor-it must be to shut in trees and flowers and green grass, Ellen accepted the statement, not being subtle enough to retort that if she found the nodding tops of trees and glimpsed beauty prettier than plain lawns and naked shrubs so might others; but she remained unconvinced.

Nothing but the highest courtesies passed between the two households, which yet were never intimate. The children alone achieved that footing. If the vague objection that formed a barrier between the elders could have been put into a phrase it would probably have taken the form-on the Hadleys' side of the Garnetts not



"What - or - Door Henry Rilport Think of 217"

taking life seriously enough, oddly incompatible as that seemed with the professor's extremely serious studies and

his wife's diligent collaboration.

When it came to Pierre the matter was simpler. Music in this suburb of the modern Athens could hardly be accepted in good faith as a gentleman's profession. One expected to pay great sums to foreigners to make it for one, and to take it very seriously when made, score in hand; but nobody would willingly have seen his son following it as a profession. It was a thing for geniuses, but hardly for gentlemen.

Not that any one found fault with Pierre himself; to see Pierre, indeed, was to be fond of him, and his infirmity curiously softened hearts, though it awoke condescension. Pierre was privileged to sit on front steps, to lie in hammocks; he had even been known to smoke there-which was anathema-unrebuked, though unapproved. Pierre took licenses as gently as he gathered flowers.

By one of those perverse attractions of opposites Henry Kilvert and Pierre were close friends, and they united in considering Ellen nearly as good a fellow as themselves. The three were of an age and inseparable. Mrs. Hadley, watchful but wise, silently approved this she had always held that sex could be held in abeyance by free association; here was the beautiful evidence. Ellen and Henry did

their lessons together, played tennis and skated together,

while Pierre sketched them both or played on his violin. Just at the moment when the theory might have been more sharply tested, the two young men went off to college, and then to Europe for their graduation summer. Henry came back in the fall, bringing with him a splendid set of carbon photographs for Ellen; but Pierre stayed on to study languages and music. Thus the trip became a due; and in her heart Mrs. Hadley thought this another evidence

By the time Ellen was quite grown up, out of college herself, specializing in social service, and Henry Klivert was paying her serious attentions, Pierre came home

of nice feeling on the part of Providence.

And thus it was that the trio were once more walking up the front path; and Mrs. Hadley, sying them, was mentally giving thanks for Henry Kilvert's and Ellen's upbringing. For Pierre was outrageously handsome-and the limp more pronounced than ever. He looked, decided Mrs. Hadley vaguely, like a poet or a foreigner; and again she gave thanks for Henry Kilvert. Henry was what the disrespectful called a highbrow; graduated with

honors, he was already an instructor in chemistry. with a professorship in full view. Also, he was public-spirited and high-minded; and he looked

what he was - a gentleman.

One could not imagine Pierre as anything but a gentleman, yet you would never have thought of describing him as one -- he was visibly so much else besiden; and who was to know what that else meant? Whether it was genius, or that foreign strain which came out in him, there was a suggestion of ancienne mollesse about Pierre and these are not ancienze-noblesse days. Altogether thanks once more for Henry Kilvert.

When Ellen came into the room she was alone, and she carried a moderate, square package in her hand. Her cheeks wore the healthful rose a girl's checks should when she has walked home between two delightful companions.

Mrs. Hadley suspended her computations

to welcome her daughter with a smile.
"They didn't come in?" she inquired, following the mane human habit of asking what one already knows.

"No," said Ellen, "Pierre carried Henry off to supper; they are coming over to spend the evening with us, afterwards.

Mentally Mrs. Hadley remarked that this was just like Pierre the Gurnetts were alone in - in that odd fashion of haling people in at a moment's notice to whatever fare might happen to be waiting. Others who practiced the virtue of hospitality invited a guest with the formality due the exercise of a serious duty, and spent a hard afternoon preparing for him.

Ellen unwrapped her package, disclosing a small, vivid painting in a chased and inlaid frame, like the richly dull setting of a gem. She placed it triumphantly on the table.

"It's Pierre's. Isn't it beautifut?"

Really!

Mrs. Hadley adjusted her glasses for a better

view. "How very odd! Isn't it?"

She dropped her glasses and looked at her daughter. Ellen was no more beautiful now than she had been as a child, but she had kept that early uprightness which now meant distinction. She had the same straight, capable back, and the same honest gray eyes and clear skin and beautifully smooth hair-all as serenely finished as a gravely modeled cameo, cut by some unerring hand, which had attempted little, but that little admirable of its kind. She was still a girl in a woman-culm, sensible, good. She held her head up and the rose of her cheek deepened easily, as now with pleasure. "I think it's beautiful!" she repeated defiantly.

"What-er-does Henry Kilvert think of it?" asked Mr. Hadley, who had just come into the room and now adjusted his glasses.

"He says it's a corker!" replied Ellen promptly.

"Well"-Mr. Hadley smiled: it was Henry's term, and so might pass-"be knows more than we do about such matters; I'll take his word for it. To me it looks-unfinished." He let his glasses fall.

"Yes," assented Ellen; "Henry knows a whole lot. Pierre himself says so," she udded as she walked from the

"He is a young man of very varied culture," Mr. Hadley cheerfully subscribed as a purting sentiment-

Then he turned to his wife, who was looking doubtfully from the picture to him.

"The question is," said she, "whether Ellen should accept it.

Mr. Hadley bent nearer the picture to give un air of judicial procedure and coughed to hide an indecision; he really knew very little about frames.

"I should say it cannot have cost a great deal."

"It is antique"-Mrs. Hadley's tone was firm-"and metimes those things do, you know."

"H'm!" said Mr. Hadley. "It's s bit swkward; but, after

all, he could hardly have given it to her quite unframed, I suppose; and it would be a pity to make too much of it." 'Oh! That would be worst of all!'

Mrs. Hadley considered the picture gravely-both of them would have sat there cheerfully all night to arrive at a just decision - and she thought of the carbon photographs and how they had presented no problem at all, they had heen so exactly the thing to offer a young girl. She had a momentary impulse to desert Divine Providence and thank God-just plain God-outright for Henry Kilvert.

"I suppose"—she dismissed the subject instead—"it is

best to let the matter slide."

"So it seems to me," said Mr. Hadley,

Once you begin letting things slide, however, there is no end to the sliding. Mrs. Hadley realized this as soon as Pierre appeared after dinner. He had brought over armfuls of gifts for everybody they overflowed to Henry Kilvert's arms-quaint, lovely things; chosen, even Mrs. Hadley

admitted, with an uncanny aptness. And, just whenever one was saying so, he produced an extraordinarily and extravagantly barbaric but beautiful jacket, embroided in gold and rainbows, for Elien.
"My dear Pierre!" remonstrated Mrs. Hadley, agus

"Ellen could never wear it!"

"Do you think so? Now I think it's just Ellen's style" said Pierre, with half-shut eyes of consideration.

Ellen's style! Her mother looked at the calm Colonia maiden and at Pierre.

"My dear Pierre!" was all she could say again in again. "She could never possibly wear it!"

"But," said Pierre, opening his eyes widely enough.
"I want her to wear it! That's what I got it for; Ellenha such a perfect figure."

"My dear Pierre!" exclaimed Mrs. Hadley for the titel time, this time with such an acute note of displeasure tiz: Pierre woke up.

He looked at her, and a disarming smile, starting in his eyes, overflowed his lips; he seemed to smile all over.

"Ah!" said be. "Excuse me!"

Mrs. Hadley with a swift glance had assured benefit that Ellen was out of hearing-she was wrong, but my mind-but she remained secretly displeased. She had an inherited distaste for people who thought in terms of figures-not arithmetical; she did not think any nice young man-Henry Kilvert, for instance-would be avorof a nice girl as having a figure at all—she was wrong agds: and again she reverently acknowledged a debt for the existence of Henry.

It was, therefore, a shock when Ellen, coming into he room the next morning with the loveliest roses yet with

to her quite simply:

"Mamma, I think I ought to tell you that I am going to marry Pierre.

The book Mrs. Hadley was holding dropped from ler fingers. Ellen stooped to pick it up, dutifully smoothing the crampled pages before she handed it to her mother By that time Mrs. Hadley had herself in hand.

"Thank you!" she said gravely. "Marry Pierre! My dear Ellen, I don't think you can have considered! I don't think you can realize what you are doing -or saying." dis wound up with a return of helpless dismay.

The strange flush in Ellen's cheek deepened; she was

remarkably near being beautiful.

"I certainly do realize it," she said: "and as for considering, mamma don't need to; I have always loved Pierre. "Always!" repeated her mother.

"He has been away for years and you have hardly corresponded!" "But he has written to Henry every

day," said Ellen serenely.
"Henry!" The emphasis was slo-

quent of many things.

Yes, Henry," repeated Ellen; she looked at her mother, "Why, what on earth did you suppose Henry and I found to talk about all the time except Pierre?"

It was a question Mrs. Hadley did not care to answer. Nor was it for her to suggest to her own daughter that Henry - well, never mind. She called on every ancestor she had and was able to reply in her usual gentle, even tom-

"Sit down, my dear child," Eller did so obediently. "Of course." began her mother, "you must love the man you

marry: but " inquired Ellen firmly.

"You have been brought up to know that love is not all - to realize the seriousness of marriage. Ellen assented with a nod. "There are so many things to think of. My dear!" She broke of Fillen more than volumes. "You cannot! It-"Hot I am going to!" There was a spark in

Ellen's eye.

'And have crippled children?"

The spark blazed out; Ellen stood up. No. she was altogether beautiful.

"They won't be! And even if they were Million 10

"Well, I was only going to say they'd better be seignled that way than some others. Have you mer thought, mother"-she looked keenly a that we are crippled too-that all of u are arippled some way? Pierre"- how her volo obserged with that name!—"gets more out of life than all of us put together!"

"It wo't what you get out of life ---"And he puts more into it too," finished Eller indigmently. "There's nothing disgraceful of

durated about his lameness; he's just - lame Continued on Page 89



VANILLA BY HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

O'Excursion?" askedthe man inside the window. "What do you mean—excursion?" she wanted to know.

"Round trip?" he asked.
"Comin' back tenight?"
"Uh-huh!" she said; and

she added after she had shifted her gum to the other side of her jaw: "Surest thing you know!"

He peered at her a bit curiously through the grille. "All right, kiddo," he said

"All right, kiddo," he said as he handed her the change. "There you are!"

It seemed as though she brightened up a little at kiddo—looked for an instant distinctly pleased. Then, as an afterthought, she turned haughty and adjured him as she left the window, not to get fresh with a lady.

The man inside, without turning his head, addressed his colleague out of the corner of his mouth.

"Did you lamp that?" he wanted to know.

"The Floss with the red hat?" questioned the other. "Sure!"

"Where'd she come from?"

"Kokomo," said the other;

"all dressed up for the big
dty."

But the first ticket seller looked dubious.

"Some make-up!" he observed, closing the subject.

Some make-up was right. The girl began at the top with a turban of crimson straw. Under that, puffed out in an cholescent pempadour, was her own red hair. Divorced from the hat you might have found some less uncompromising adjective for the hair. Titian, or Venetian, or golden amount; but underneath that hat and above the traces of rouge—which did not altogether match her natural complexion—you called it red, and let it go at that.

Her next theme in the symphony was an orange-andwhite blazer. And her finale—a spirited coda, as a musical critic would say—was furnished by a pair of red suede pumps from which a pair of silk stockings to match disappeared at some distance into a white crash skirt, which represented economy—at least of materials.

The total effect of her as she came out into the smoky sunlight of the upper deck was simply blinding. One color swam into another and reflected itself on something else, and you turned away after a moment's scrutiny a little giddy. You would want a pair of smoked glasses for a close study of details.

She glanced about her brightly—a little adventurously—as she emerged from the deckhouse. Here she was! the look seemed to say. Now things could begin to happen. You might have gathered from the look that if some bulletheaded youth in heavily cuffed trousers, a striped sweater and a diamond pin had halled her breezily with "Hello, Jane! What'd you say?" she would have been ready with an answer that matched her clothes.

No such roving, roaring blade was visible in the offing, however, and nothing happened—except a few furtive stares from the rigid, prearranged little groups that sputted the deck.

For an excursion steamer to St. Joe, on which rattleheaded young couples ran off to get married, sometimes becoming engaged from a standing start on the way over if one believes all one hears, it looked distinctly tame.

With the first sign of self-consciousness she had shown, a little flush under the rouge, she made her way to a stack of folding chairs, selected one, opened it up and sat downnot at the rail, where, looking over, you could command a view of new arrivals coming across the gangplank, but out in the m'idle of things, where you could survey your fellow travelers.

She looked about cautiously from group to group. They all seemed very self-contained, somehow—family parties with a good deal of impedimenta in the way of boxes full of lunch; paper bags of bananas; occasionally a straw suitcase—fortified apparently for a stay in that particular spot until the wayage was done. There were little girls arrayed in their very best clothes and their starchiest manners;



"Art Has it All Goor Rature When You Come Right Down In Cases, Rasn's Is?"

little boys charing each other round the capstan and colliding heavily with laden voyagers who had just arrived. There was a group of balf-grown youths, self-consciously making themselves at home, with loud jokes and violent nudges and very estentations rigarettes.

They, indeed, were more actively aware of her than were the rest. But, as they showed it by walking in front of her every now and then and engaging in an impromptu roughhouse, laughing rather emptily and pushing each other, apparently with the idea of toppling somebody into her lap, telling each other "Aw, go on!" and then withdrawing in violent confusion when somebody did almost stumble over her—well, it was not the sort of adventure she had paid her money for.

There was still a quarter of an hour before sailing time, however, and perhaps some of those who were catching the boat by a narrower margin might look more promising. She hunched her chair over to the rail, leaned her elbows on it, remembered her gum, and began chewing vigorously. Certainly it was much too soon to give up hope.

I have made it clear that she was an adventurest, have I not? And none of the casual impulsive sort, either! The excursion, the day, the costume—all had been chosen as the result of a carefully matured plan. She had spent hours buying that hat and almost as long experimenting on her hair to get a "do" that suited her. Every detail, down to the chewing gum, had been thoughtfully attended to.

And she had a name that fitted in perfectly with the rest of the outfit. She had been a little disappointed that they did not ask her for it when she bought her ticket. She had had an idea that they did on steamers. Her name was Mise Vanilla Jerome.

I fancy I hear you protest at that - exclaim that I have crowded credulity too hard; that nobody, not even a chorus girl, ever had such a name.

Well, you are right about it—right, that is, about everything except the fact. There actually was a Miss Vanilla Jerome once, and there was a story about her too; but I am not going to tell it here. It was not the real name of the young lady who sat conscientiously chewing her gum by the rail of the excursion steamer. That young lady, having heard of her incredible original, had appropriated it; it was, in fact, a part of her make-up. And, like all the other items I have listed between her two crimson extremities, it was phony.

The hat was not her real but or the pompadour her real way of doing her hair; and the rouge, the blazer and the red shoes and stockings were hers only in the fortuitous sense that she had bought them and put them on. They did not belong to her by habit any more than the chewing gum did. As for her real name, it was Eunice Leaventritt, and she was — But I find it embarrassing to tell you what she was, because if I say it right out you will be as badly misled about her as the ticket seller was. Words are treacherous, refractory things to deal with. Sometimes they convey more than you mean them to and sometimes less, and there is seldom a better way to deceive than to state plain facts haldly.

For irestance, if you are told that a certain person is a professor's daughter, what do you see?—especially if one adds that she herself is a Master of Arta. Why, you see some one with a bulgy forehead and wispy hair; a thin, forward-thrusting neck, and spectacles—somebody who was born thirty years old.

And yet, even without her make-up and her phony name, and her chewing gum, even in her proper person and her proper sphere of life, Eunice Leaventritt did not look like that at all.

There! I have managed to break it to you gently. She was Eunice Leaventritt, M.A., and she was the daughter of Karl Leaventritt, the great empirical psychologist. Also she was a day less than twenty-one years old, she was quite extravagantly pretty,

and, though it might be hard to believe that she was a Master of some Arts, no one after talking to her ten minutes could doubt that she was the mistress of many.

Still, I am afraid you have gone off on the wrong tack.

"Ob," you say. "we see it all now. She is the one ray of artless sunshine that penetrates into the musty library where her father lives his musty life. We have read stories about gitle like that, whose only associations were with old, old men and older knowledge. She prattled childishly in Greek and did not know there was anything queer about it; and the roar of the great world never penetrated at all into the cloistral silences where she helped her old father with his magraem opus. And then one day a stranger—Oh, yes: we know how that sort of story comes out."

But I protest it is not like that at all. To begin with, her father was not heary and musty and pathetic—not so you would notice it. He was forty-five years old and did not look it. He was witty, he was gregarious, he had been a widower for tweety years, and he was uncannily wary. When you landed him for a dinner party you patted yourself on the back, and you gave him to the most attractive woman in the company, unless you were stingy and kept him for yourself. And they told of him that, when the president of the university jocularly threatened him once with an eight-o'clock-in-the-morning lecture, he had exclaimed in horror:

"Good gracious! I don't stay up so late as that!"

His daughter was rather more serious in her amusements, to be sure, as hefitted her greater immaturity. There was a Tuesday Club, which she went to on first and third Tuesdays, and there was a Thursday Club up on the North Side, which she went to on second and fourth Thursdays. And, of course, there were the concerts every Friday afternoon. Then there were multitudes of dinners, luncheons and teas, and a pretty fair sprinkling of dances, at which latter form of entertainment Eunice Leaventritt, M. A., was distinctly adept. She not only knew all the regular steps but dozens of those queer, fancy, complicated ones you have to get off into a corner to do.

She ought, of course, to have considered herself a very lucky girl, with such an interesting life to lead, such lots of interesting people to know. She had hardly known anybody in her whole life who was not interesting or might not be supposed to be. Her father had brought her up by hand, with the result that at fourteen she regarded the average university undergraduate as somebody too callow and immature for her to feel at home with.

By the time she was twenty the people she played about with were, the youngest of them, half again as old. They knew how to play fast enough—ever so much better really than the kids who were her actual coevals. They could talk and dance and flirt; they could play tennis: they could be properly amusing at dinner and properly appreciative at the opera; and when they wanted to marry her, as two or three times a season some one of them did, she was always, in her own mind, a little at a loss to account for her refusal.

She got a clew one night, pretty late, as she was coming home on the elevated from a party. It had been a very gay little party, at which everybody had set out to be as foolish and irresponsible as possible; and the result had been very pleasant, indeed, because there was no denying they had done it well. And they had enjoyed doing it so much that they had stayed until nearly one o'clock.

Now, as I say, she was going home on the elevated, and the man who was taking her home was going to be, she suspected, the next person to ask her to marry him.

He was an accomplished Doctor of Philosophy—young, from an academic point of view—five whole years younger than her own father, who was regarded as the enfant terrible of the faculty; one of the strong men, too, in the department of biology—which was saying something when you considered who the others were. And in the larking and clowning at the party he had perfectly well held his own.

Now that the party was over, however, and they were safely seated on the elevated, his mind relaxed into its more natural attitude, and he began telling her of a new system of blood diagnosis that had just been discovered in Germany. Rather complicated for an urdinary young lady of twenty-one—all about enzymes and albuminous collaids; but perfectly intelligible—oh, yes, and interesting, too, to Eunice.

However, they could not talk very well, because the car was invaded right in the midst of things by a group of young rowdies—male and female—going bome from one of the big public dance-halls. There were half a degen couples of them, and as they could not all sit together they shouled their heavy pleasantries back and forth at each other up and down the car. Those that felt spoony spooned despite the fact that this inclination made them the target for those who felt merely mischievous or jocular. One of the favorite jokes was to knock somebody's hat down over his eyes, or to let something cold, like a keyring at the end of a chain, down a girl's back.

Eunice let her interest in blood diagnosis wander as she watched them, and her Doctor of Philosophy soon became aware of the fact.

"Art has it all over Nature when you come right down to cases, hasn't it?" he observed. "That's the sort of thing essentially that we've been doing all the evening, and see how much better we did it! It's Nature with there. We've made an art of it."

The girl looked round at him with a little frown of surprise.

"It's odd you should have said just that just then," she told him; but she refused to explain—wanted to think something out, she said.

As a matter of fact that remark of his had given her the clew. She had been watching the antice of the invaders and wondering why she liked it. Preposterously, she did. Telling herself it was cheap and vulgar and primitive did not do any good. It was that, of course; but there was something

about it she had consciously missed in the well-bred fooling at their own party.

party.
Now, thanks to her Doctor of Philosophy, she knew whatit was. All the evening they had played being young; but here were some people who were young and never bothered their heads about it.

well, and she was young too! That was her discovery. She had forgotten that. She would not be twenty-one until the nineteenth of next June. And why, for once, couldn't she

That is where it

Some day—some one day—she did not think she should care about it for longer than that she was going to cut loose; was going to run out and play with people who could not have told why they liked it and did not care to try-people who did not greet a juvenile impulse with the joy of discoverers and slice it up thin, and mount it on a slide for microscopic examination. Back to Nature! That was the idea. Just for once!

The spring was just flushing up through the trees and the thickets in the park. Perhaps that had something to do with it.

The project unfortunately needed some thinking over. It could not be put into execution all in a minute, as such projects should be. To go out and play involved finding somebody to play with.

There were plenty of light-hearted young animals, of course, among the undergraduates in the university, but they would not play with her. They knew who she was and they would fight shy. No, she would have to get clean outside her own world—and that was not so easy to do, especially for

a girl. And it must be done circumspectly too because her father must never, never know about it. One more condition—it must be done before the nineteenth of Jum, because on that day she would be twenty-one years old and the law would no longer back her up in the assertion that she was still a child.

And then, one day, as she was crossing the Rush Street Bridge in a friend's automobile, on her way to a meeting of the Thursday Club, where a particularly dull young woman was going to read a frantically stupid paper on Pro-Raphaelite Principles of Art—as she was crossing the Rush Street Bridge, I say—she heard the wild acreams of a steam callione and now a big white excursion steamer getting ready to start on one of the earliest of the summer's voyages.

The first of spring went racing through her veins. If she had been alone in the car she would have stopped it then and there, and bought her ticket and gone to St. Joe test as she was

The girl who owned the car, however, was busily telling her all about the paper she was going to read next time. The Inner Sense of Nonsense was the title of it and it was going to be full of quotations from Alice in Wonderland, and to show what profound criticisms of life they really were. And, though Eunice might turn and twist her neck to see the last there was to be seen of the excursion steamer, she had to stay and listen.

She was in a state of active rebellion by the time that day's paper began. The young lady in the taups-colored frack, with black satin roses on it, was perfectly accurate about the Pre-Raphaelites—as accurate as an encyclopedia; and for a while Eunice could think of nothing better than to mutter Mr. Gilbert to herself:

I am not fund of dirty greens by any means.

I am not fond of uttering platitudes in stained-plane attitudes.

When this amusement palled she took to dressing up the young lady in the taupe-colored frock. A red hat, an orange-and-white blazer — The costume swam up complete before her mind's eye. And then, with a rapturous

little wriggle, she realized

that it was hers. Now on the morning of the eighteenth of June, as she sat not in the bright sunshine and looked about the deck, she realized that under the influence of Mr. D. G. Rossetti she had gone rather too far. She was dressed the way St. Joe excursionists ought to dress, to be sure, if they were going to express in their clothes the feelings they ought to have on such an occasion, but either it seemed their feelings were wrong or else they had never cultivated outward expression.

Surely there must be some body-one would do perfectly well if it came to that -somebody who was out for a day's play and had nobody to play with, who had adventured forth that merning with a roving eye and an ear alert for the rustle of the wings of Chance somebody who did not carry the impedimenta of a louded lunch basket and five or six female relatives with him on his holiday. But the minutes were getting few, and she leaned over the rail and watched the gangplank.



The Total Effect of Her Was Jimply Bilinding

Well, the captain went up on the bridge and out to the end of it, where he looked down over the side; and then be pulled a bell handle that looked like a bicycle pump and made a remark that caused a couple of roustabouts on the wharf to grab hold of the gangplank railing.

At that extreme instant they hesitated, however, and Vanilla Jerome, hanging breathless over the rail, looked up and saw why. Seene one was coming—not at all in a hurry, though the seconds were getting few—his hands in its trousers pockets; his shaggy green hat pulled forward over his eyes so that all she could see from up on deck was the round, good-natured lower end of his face. His suit of clothes was of a sort of pastel blue—dark enough, but curiously bright. She could not be sure there was not as invisible stripe of green in it.

His tie, anyway, was green enough for St. Patrick's Day, and she thought—though she could not be sure she raught a glimpse of a green sock. Of course it was his lemon-colored shoes that really made you jump, but the effect of the rest was bright and—well—vernal enough to satisfy even Vanilla.

Oh, if he would only hurry! They were tugging at the plank already! What if he missed it after all? But he did not. She saw him safely aboard, then settled back contented by a same and the same and th

ententedly to await his appearance on deck.

He did not appear, bowever; and after making a laise start or two she got up and went to look for him. It was a little disconcerting; the thing would have worked out to nicely—if he had only come up! He would certainly have seen her sitting there—and certainly she looked more inviting than any one else on the deck; and probably he would have come across and begged her pardon for something and she would have asked him what time the boat got to St. Joe, and things would have started on a proper bails at once. Now that she had to hunt him out it was harder to tell what would happen.

She made a tour of the saloon. There seemed to be nobody there but infants being fed out of bottles or otherwise, and fat men in their shirtsleeves, usleep; but when she had completed the circuit and passed at the head of the main companionway the sounds coming up from below gave promise that something was happening at last.

Two separate and distinct raffles had been started simultaneously by two vociferous young men—one of whom was selling tickets that gave you a practical certainty of getting a sixty-cent box of candy for ten cents, while the other urged you to invest a quarter with the bright hope of getting a two-dollar teddy bear—scrawny, malformed beast made up in colors appropriate to the way one should feel if the voyage happened to be rough.

A third young man, equally energetic, was playing let us hope, at least, that it was play, not malice—the piano. The oder that came up the companionway was not quite so inviting as the sounds—a mixture of coffee, seent and bananas, on a foundation of plain crowd.

Still, you could not afford to be squeamish about a little point like that. Eunice Leaventritt might, but Miss Vanilla Jerome could not. And it was the latter young lady who started down the stairs, with a dauntless tread, to meet her adventure, and with a bright eye for the young man in the green hat.

However, it was ber ear rather than her eye that led her to him. Halfway down the stairs she heard a woman's voice say in a high-pitched drawl: "O-o-oh, girculs!"



"Secure Me. But Isn't This Yours?"

every one of the extra vowels that went into it.

Vanilla turned round to see where it came from. Over there, by the teddy-bear wheel, stood her young manglerious, infinitely desirable in his green hat, his blue suit and his yellow shoes. And beside him stood a young woman-not really young, of course-a faded, retouched, false-demure Vampire, one of those who provoke other women to wonder-I do not know how sincerely-whatever in the world it is that men see in such creatures and who will make almost any pair of men exchange glances.

There she stood beside the desirable young man in the green hat, watching Vanilla come down the stairs; and the look in her face exactly matched the hardened derision of the voice that had said "O-o-oh, gir-ruls!" There were no girls about for the remark to be addressed to; it was simply a bucket to hold about two gallons of cold contempt that were poured over Miss Vanilla Jerome.

Her own dress affected the warmer end of the spectrumwint Vanilla could see of it being a corise satin blouse, with a lot of machine lace on it and a number of gilt buttons not

quite so large as doorknobs.

Vanilla's soul-and you will do well to think of it as Vunilla's rather than as Eunice's-glowed incandescent with the fires of a very primitive emotion indeed. If she had done exactly what the impulse of that moment prompted she would have marched straight over to that

ease-hardened Vampire and slapped er pulled out some of her hairteaten her up with one of her own lense doorknobe; but this sudden fame of wrath contracted and hardeved into an adamantine resolution. That nice, verdant young manshould le matched from the gorgan's brazen riutches and the gorgon might tear her own hair in humiliation.

She met the gorgon's gaze full. It was enough to stop a clock, but it had no effect on Vanilla. She knew the nice boy was looking at her, but she did not look back at him-

She would wait a little. There was lots of time.

The man at the plane had begun playing Too Much Mustard and expectantly the crowd cleared a space in the middle of the floor. Then, for a while, everybody waited for somebody else to begin to dance. By and by two young girls in white blouses and black skirts ventured out - blushing but resolute - and began dancing a demure little tweaten to the tune.

Presently out of the corner of her eye Vanilla saw that the nice young man was asking the Vampire to dance with him.

Vanilla watched the preliminaries agerly; when they were over she gave a little sigh of satisfaction.

The Varopire had no more sense of rhythm than a sheep. Evidently she had put in more or less time in learning to dance, but all dancing meant to her was going woodenly through a prearranged repertory of steps. Vanilla observed with delight that that was not the nice young man's notion of dancing at all. The Vampire bumped and stumbled as he lugged her about.

And Vanilla, fascinated, edged hearer and nearer, never missing a detail and yet never taking a direct look-at least, not at the boy. She knew he looked at her once or twice is he went dancing by, but her gaze was always fixed somewhere else.

Is it, after all, the feathers that make the bird? Eunice Leaventritt had never looked sidelong at any one in her life. The stolen glance and the false preoccupation with something entirely different from what she was interested in were part of a technic

about which she knew nothing. And yet here was Vanilla, one day old, doing the whole thing as a matter of instinct!

Pretty soon the Vampire wanted to stop dancing. Probably she realized that it was not her best method of capti-

vating her prospective prey.

As it happened - perhaps there was a little management in it - the place where the couple stopped was just next to where Vanilla was standing, and this did not seem to please the Vampire. She looked Vanilla up and down as though following out the instructions of a moving-picture director to register contempt; then, with a magnificent sweep of her cerise shoulder, turned her back and began an unnaturally

It was an affected drawl, and venom simply dripped from vivacious conversation with her partner. It was not the best of tactics, because it brought the boy round where he could quite plainly see Vanilla over the Vampire's shoulder.

As for Vanilla, she concentrated the gaze of a very demure face on one of the decorative doorknobs on the cerise blouse, and when she was sure she felt his eyes on her she raised her own and met them-for only about a quarter of a second; but in that brief period of time she allowed just a flicker of a smile to show at one corner of her mouth, and equally slightly she moved her very expressive eyebrows, indicating by these simple means a good-humored derision of the Vampire and a sympathetic commissration for her partner.
"Isn't she funny?" the look seemed to say, and "Isn't

it a pity she's got hold of you?"

Rather a large order for one brief glance, are you thinking? I assure you it was nothing for Vanilla. Then she hit down her smile, flattened her eyebrows, and walked straight across the clear space toward the water cooler.

"Excuse me," she heard him say as he came up behind her, "but isn't this yours?"

She turned round. He was holding out a handkerchief. "Gee! I guess it is," she said, searching herself to make sure. "Has it got a ward of gum in it? I'd chewed all the taste out of it and I didn't have any place to put it."

"Feels like gum, all right," he said experimentally. "Say, do you want a drink?"

Vanilla allowed herself a glance in the direction of the

"I'm kind of seared," she said.

"Aw, quit yer kiddin'!" sald the young man. "Come on and dance.

"Of course," said Vanilla, "we gin't been introduced."

"My name," he said, "is Mike McKeough." "And mine," she said, trying not to do it proudly,

'mine is Mise Vanilla Jerome.' He did gasp at that—she saw him—but he managed to

recover his self-possession almost instantly. "P-pleased to mee'cha," he stammered; then he held

out his arms to her and they began to dance.

In a minute everybody on that deck knew that something worth seeing was going on. The two little girls abandoned their twostep and withdrew in awe to the sidelines; the two young men who were running the raffles forgot to sell their tickets. The crowd pressed closer in a tight ring, while Mike and Vanilla danced-just the regular old stuff at first the lame-duck turn, the lost-a-quarter, the spin, the rocking-horse, the double twinkle, and a nifty little dip on the reverse as he straightened her out after a

"Gee, but you're some dancer, kiddo!" he observed.
"Same to you, and then some!" she replied graciously.

And, to prove that they were right about each other, they went on and pulled some stuff that was really funcy.

When they brought up breathless there was a burst of applause. "Gee, kid," said Mike McKeough,

"you certainly are the class-reg'lar little old cabaret canary!"

Secure now in her triumph, Vanilla led her captive straight past the Vampire on her way to the water cooler.

"Did you know," she said to her partner, with a fleeting glance at the big buttons on the cerise blouse, "did you know they was wearin' bruss doorknobs now? Sure! Sewed on in rows. What are you laughin' at?"

Well, it was a wonderful day! Up to a quarter past five in the afternoon so exactly the sort of day Eunice Leaventritt had dreamed about and planned for the last one of her childhood that, if her speculative faculties had not been partially anesthetized, the very completeness and perfectness of it up, as I say, to a quarter past five in the afternoon-would have awakened misgivings. She would have caught a glimper of the pursuing Nemesis, intent on compensating the balance of things again, at least as early as five-ten. As it was, the fatal moment I refer to took little Vanilla Jerome completely and disastrously by surprise.

She had found Mike McKeough satisfactory beyond any of Eunice's dreams; and he, it seemed, had reciprocated this feeling utterly. It was pleasant to Eunice, in the background, that he discovered nothing phony about her-took her confidently and entirely for granted. Evidently an extensive course of stories about chorus girls in the current magazines made a better preparation for this sort of masquerade than she had feared it would.

They danced themselves breathless, consumed soft drinks at the luncheon bar-Eunice herself would have preferred beer, but was afraid of its seeming a little out of character for Vanilla; they wandered about the decks, found a couple of chairs quite up in the bow, and watched the sanddunes and cliffs of Michigan come up over the horizon. It was at that time that Vanilla told him the story of her life—a story to which he listened with absorbed attention.

If Mike McKeough had been a practiced sociologist this story would have given him grounds for suspicion. Just as a skillful diagnostician lifts his eyebrows a little over a tale of symptoms too perfectly normal and characteristic of a given disease and whispers "Hysteria" under his breath, so Mike would have discerned in Vanilla's story something so typical, so redolent of the reports of Commissions of Inquiry into the Status of the Working Girl, as to waken doubts; but Mike was not a calloused sociologist, and he swallowed all she told him and sympathetically enticed her to tell him more.

(Centinued on Page 77)



"Help yourself," said Vanilla. "I should think you'd need it. I'm not thirsty. I ain't been dancing!"

Their eyes met again over that-his, questioning; hers, at first quite innocently demure. Pretty soon a smile began coming up through it and kept on coming until it had expanded into a grin. Apparently he was trying to avoid understanding the commentary the grin carried on his former partner - he was a nice boy, sure enough - but this was beyond his powers and rather guiltily he grinned back.

"You do dance, don't you?" he asked. "Sure!" said Vanilla.

"Come on, then!" said the young man.

STAGING THE STYLES





Presentation of Greek Fachtone. Loring of 1914

Presentation of Directoire Fashians. Spring of 1918

Louis-Quinze and Oriental influence.

events emerge from a purely local interest into the position

of a drama. As against our former content with the exhibition of Paris styles on Bying models, we now spice up the

occasion with music, appropriate settings and incidental features. Above all, we string the beads of fashion so the period or country from which we conceive them to be derived, and virtually dramatize Athenian, Director.

In such romantic merchandising America has no per-

That, indeed, there is no such claborate christening of a ye

in the land from which one might justly expect it is longil

out by conversations with all those who have attended by

of women's clothes back from his first visit to the l'arise.

ateliers. "No palms; no twittering dickey birds; no book

no stage setting! Everything as quiet as a Sunday in Edic

burgh. Actually the only decorations I saw were someon faded artificial flowers, which M. W —— had stuck up to

"Such a disappointment as they were!" said one bayer

formal openings of the great Parisian dressmakers.

BUT the pantalets don't show!" grieved the buyer of gowns and wraps to the store decorator, as together they inspected a short girl trying out an 1830 model of blue taffets, the flaring bell skirt of which disclosed a glimpae of clapperlike white unkles. "Let's get a taller model: we can't miss the loud pedal on those pantalets!" "All right," replied the store decorator. "How about

"All right," replied the store decorator. "How about Benita? Nobody but an aviator ever saw the top of her head." Beckoning then to a beautiful Olympian in the row of waiting mannequins who sat just beyond the open door he cried jocosely: "Hey, there, Benita! We want you to see what you can do at showing off the great-great-aunty stuff. To your dressing room and into it!"

It was three days before the great spring fashion play of a certain New York department store; and here in a room on the eighth floor, to which a very definite professional thrill was communicated by twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of imported models hanging there in a row, by a Directoire bonnet perched on a peg, by a tableful of nosegays, walking sticks and other properties, the store decorator, the woman advertisement writer and the buyer of women's wear worsengaged in the difficult task of casting the parts. Beyond this area, seated before a row of improvised dressing rooms, were about sixty mannequins, who had been selected from two hundred original applicants for the job of showing off the new spring gowns just brought from Paris.

They were mostly pretty, these models, each with a coaxing little curi appliqued to her rosy cheek, and a further
challenge of eyes or lips or figure. Prettipess is not, however, the final test of the actresses in the department-store
fashion play, and you might borrow in vain all the graces
of the Cyprian goddess. In order to be an accepted candidate for the fashion opening your style must be adapted
to some certain gowns. Above all, however, you must know
how to show off a model; how to walk, and—when all is
said and done—how to act.

Trying Out the Mannequins

PRICKLY, indeed, was the path of the sixty would-be mannequins who presented themselves behind the scenes that day; and before the final thirty had been selected the feelings of the other thirty had been lacerated and then treated with vinegar and a Turkish towel.

treated with vinegar and a Turkish towel.

"Figure like a birdeage!" whispered loudly the store decorator as, immediately after the tall girl had gone to try her fortune with the 1830 pantalets, there emerged from one of the dressing rooms a many-faceted mannequin in a Poiret evening gown. "Face's pretty enough, but for pity's sake warm her up in a basque and a high collar. Why not have her try out that Premet coat model?"

Not a whit discomfited, the girl with the bony neck disappeared for a more discreet revelation and was immediately succeeded by an even less prosperous applicant.

"Well, this is amateur night for certain!" cried the harried buyer of women's wear as he glanced at this new candidate in her Callot gown of ruffled taffeta. "Looks like something the cat brought in. I just wish you had seen the girl who wore that in Paris—a perfect peacherino! She could walk. This girl slumps along like a country doctor's buggy. Won't do! Can her, I say!"

By Corimne Lowe

This painstaking selection of models is only one of the many details that go to make the success of the semi-annual fashion opening of the great department store. These details are carried out in the establishment where this scene was laid at an expense quoted by the advertising department as not less than twenty-five thousand dollars. They resulted in a spectacle that during its two weeks' run was witnessed by eighty thousand people, and which has set a hot puce for future pageantry of merchandise.

Of all the spectacular features of the modern department store, which have made us liken it to crafty old Lorenzo de' Medici handing out festas and papeants to please his fickle Florentiess, the semi-annual fashion show is certainly the most assertive. In the last ten years we have seen these

his mantel. Take it from me, the French may underplate how to make a style, but we Americans are kep to the gentle art of breaking it."

A Persian Garden in a Shop

The passion for a feature, for some sensational per of which to hang the fabric of news so closely identified with our national life, is doubtless responsible for much of the dramatic flavor of the department-store opening. It order to have a fine, bouncing fashion show we must include our style in classic Athens or in Directoire Parasi in Persian Bagdad. Almost as soon, therefore, as the American buyer gets his first peep at the latest mode he is on the wire with some such message home as: "Giveing influence felt!" or: "The play So-and-So dominates spring

decides on the character of its show.

Last autumn things were very simple for the buyer. All styles sat meekly under the shadow of M. Poiret's minutunic, and the American fashion seeker had no more chair for speculation than the man who takes in tickets at a Nibway station.

styles." And immediately thereupon the management

Logically enough, therefore, the producers of the department-store plays were responsible for as many Oriettal plays as have recently appeared on Broadway.

In spite, however, of the fact that all the style drams of last fall were devoted to this theme, we shall probably next ore effective than the merican stiring of M. Poiret's Oriental fashions. One great New York store in particular gave a presentation that may well be considered a supreme example in merchandise dynamics. The stage of its big auditorium was set as a Persian garden and against the darkness of the mosque's key-like door there glided, one after another, figures wakened from the Arabian Nights. Headdresses fit for Shabs, trembling with brilliants; wide tunics flaring gorgeously above since silken skirts; the play of Eastern light and color apart the background of Eastern gloom. Here was a special that took away all the belittling aspects of dress and 3977 you with the sense that costuming is one of the world's great arts.



In Order to be an Ainspied Candidate Four Style
Must be Adapted to Jame Certain Games

Digitized by Google

Contrary to the usual habit of regarding music as a mere garnish, this part of the program entered very intimately into the interpretation of the mode. Instead of the casual one-step and the sentimental walts, the music here was Lehmann's In a Persian Garden, sung by four voices and accompanied by the gigantic organ of the auditorium.

Ah, that Love should perish with the rase— That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!

As these words rang out above the deep thrilling chords of the organ, the dark-eyed Eastern girl threw out her arms and stood there like some beautiful butterfly halted for a moment by a strange sense of its ephemeral life. It was all so poignant that the beholder got a little trembly feeling down in her knees.

She forgot, indeed, that this was a presentation of that frivolous thing, the mode; and for a little while, with the key of mere modern fashion, she unlocked the door of great

human truths.

Remember, if you please, that M. Poiret himself gave no such presentation of his Persian styles. On the contrary these garments were displayed in his own Persian atelier in a comparatively haphazard way. For this inartistic land it remained to give these Eastern gowns a setting worthy of their conception, to kindle style into remands, and to invest

riothes with a real human interest.

Far different from the clearly defined modes of last fall is the distributed interest of this present spring's creatizes. To the Roland of 1830 hoops and flaring skirts, we have the Oliver of Directoire lines; and against the panniers and hats of Louis Quinze are played the classical draperies of Pericles' Athens. Which one of these modes formed the deep underlying influence? Which period should we stage? It was in an attempt to answer these questions that gloom touched the brow of the buyer with as many wrinkles as are found in an up-to-date evening skirt. And it was due to his individual solution of the problem that in one week during this spring the women of New York witnessed at three different department stores a Greek and a Directoire and an 1830 fashion play.

Getting Up a Directoire Show

THE buyer of the department store, behind whose scenes we have already peeped, decided that the prevailing influence of this spring was Directoire. As soon as he had finished his round of the Parisian openings he cabled back to his organization: "Operetta Les Merveilleuses influenced the modes. Sound Directoire note."

Ten days after this the advertising department was in receipt of a lengthy description of the Directoire gowns and suits the buyer had bought, together with various French magazines showing scenes from the stage success, Les Merveilleuses.



There is Jome Trick of Manner, Gesture, Zeen Pacial Expression, Secessary to "Putting Over" a Gown

"Fine!" cried the advertising manager as he looked over one of these imported magazines. "We'll give a Directoire show. And, say, why not just take for our setting the third act of this Mervie House show?"

The person of whom he asked this was the decorator, in these days a very important member of the departmentstore organization.

"H'm!" murmured this gentleman, scanning the photograph with a practical eye. "Garden of the Palais Royal! Sure! We can put that up, all right."

But what if some other store should decide on a Directoire setting?

Apprehensive of any diminished novelty of their particular show, the manager and his assistant prepared an advance notice of their play; and on March second, just two weeks before the date assigned for the opening, there appeared a big newspaper announcement of the coming Directoire play.

The publicity campaign of the fashion show costs the department store, according to one advertising manager, at least five thousand dollars. This expense, including extra newspaper space, drawings, programs and photographs, commences very properly at the big colored poster which announces the opening. Like his rival, the professional producer, the advertising manager lays great stress on this



The Pathing-Play Server Who Showed Off

item and allows that a lady with three lisping fingers and a drench of mauve-colored draperies will get the attention of the most detached patron of subway and elevator.

At present it is the existem of several of the hig stores to have these posters done in Paris. Immediately, therefore, on the decision to give a Directoire fashion show, the head of the Paris office of the organization ordered from a well-known artist the figure of a girl of this period. This poke-bonneted and dashing young lady was drawn at a cost of one bundred and fifty dollars and appeared in America on the next six-day steamer. Here the charming immigrant was at once placed in the hands of the lithographer, who made several hundred copies of her at a charge of over two hundred dollars. This sum, expanded by the necessity for renting space, brought the cost of the poster alone to five hundred dollars.

In the production of the fashiou show the Paris office works hand in hand with the home organization, and on it devolves the arrangement of many of the spectacular details. Just as soon, for instance, as the department store decided on giving a setting from the operetta Les Merveilleuses, the foreign office ordered from one of the most famous milliners in Paris six Directoire bonnets that were exact duplicates of the high-feathered pokes worn in the operetta. These accessories alone cost the store two hundred and fifty dollars.

The main object of every American fashion show is to give the original source of a mode side by side with the



The Super of the Separtment Store Decided That the

modern adaptation; to correlate modern with ancient by means of contumes absolutely authentic in detail. In order to do this for the Directoire play the Paris office ordered from a famous French artist and designer six contumes of the period of 1789. These historic garments were equally divided between the slashed, narrow skirts and lace headdresses of les serveillesses and the striped coats and high-rolling collars of their masculine complements.

The Palais Royal Reproduced

MEANTIME the home organization was engaged on as stiff a course of research work as is generally undertaken by a professional producer. In order to write its advertisements, instruct its artists, and produce a truly atmospheric clothes play, the advertising department had to be familiar with the fact that he merwillenses were the women of the Directoire period whose scanty attire shocked all Europe, and that he increpables were the men of the same age whose dandified coats and lisping speech, with its inevitable me po'cle d'houseur, c'est inc'opable, have given them a very definite niche in history. On the trail of these butterflies of a former age the woman advertisement writer burrowed deep into books on historical costumes, into old prints, and even into volumes on Directoire furniture.

As a result of the reflection of this knowledge in advertisements, programs, and the play itself, the American fashion opening has an undoubted educational value. By the end of the two weeks' fashion play this spring, for instance, men and women who had never heard of les incroyables and les merreilleuses were organizing in groups for the successful pronunciation of these names.

About four or five days before the date of the opening the store decorator began work on the setting. Guided by the photograph of the third act of Les Merveilleuses, he took his carpenters in hand, and in a few days there sprang from the vast spaces of the eighth floor a platform nearly a city block in length. Arched with green and pressed on each side by real boxwood bedges, carpeted with a design that imitated a pavement, interpolated by several fountains bidden there by electricity, and showing at its far end a scenic painting of the grim old Prench palace, this setting was surrounded by two thousand chairs and roped off from the rest of the floor.

Nor did the carpenters' work rest at this juncture. In order to put on a fashion play there must, of course, he dressing rooms; and thirty of these temporary retreats, each curtained off with white muslin and fitted up with cosmetics and mirrors, were set up immediately in the rear of the garden of the Palais Royal. When, indeed, one considers this item, together with the additional expense incurred by decorating the whole floor with potted plants, it is easy to believe the management's assertion that its scenic display costs close in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars.

(Continued on Page 69)

A STUDY IN CREDITORS

Strange Contradictions Shown by Bankruptcy Courts

SEEN through the trained eyes of the professional receiver in bankruptey, the typical creditor is as perverse, whimsical and coy a creature as the most capricious and inconstant village belle who ever played

the game of hearts. As an exponent of reliable inconsistency the average creditor is ranked as a jewel by those officers of the court who are charged with the responsibility of standing between the creditors and the bankrupt for protection of the interests of both.

This opinion may appear a bit pessimistic to the uninitiated layman who has never made a first-hand study of the curiosities of bankruptcy proceedings; but the men who are making a lifework of handling the grist that is ground in the bankruptcy mill stoutly insist that the ways of creditors are more unstable than Illinois weather, and that the mind of womankind is a fixed and unalterable thing by comparison.

These specialists, however, freely admit that there is often a large element of method in the seeming madness of the average commercial creditor. Prequently the creditor who appears as coy and self-depreciating as the accomplished flirt is the one who will hear the most watching.

To the inexperienced outsider it would seem inevitable that, when once a debtor has

been thrown into the bankruptcy mill, the desire of all creditors would be to get as much out of the assets of the ecrapped enterprise as possible.

There are two devices in bankruptcy practice, however, that often provoke strange contradictions to this apparently plain and simple principle. The composition and the waiver are elements in bankruptcy that cover a multitude of subtleties. The very atmosphere of the bankruptcy composition seems to be prolific of contradictions. It often appears to turn creditors who would naturally be contending for their full share of the assets into benign philanthropists bent on leaving as much of the wreckage as possible in the hands of the unfertunate bankrupt. And the way of the waiver is even more mysterious to the uninitiated.

First, the composition. In bankruptcy a composition is an agreement on the part of creditors to accept a certain percentage of their claims as a full settlement. When a composition is effected and ratified by the court, and the bankrupt makes a settlement in accordance with its terms, he is discharged and is free to begin business life again with a clean slate.

An Unusual Case

WHERE the terms of the composition represent all that rould be reasonably expected as a net return for the aggregate assets, or even approximately this, the composition serves its legitimate purpose; but when creditors are eager to settle for a fraction of what a responsible bidder, backed by an adequate bond, binds himself to realize from the assets, one of the curious contradictions of common bankruptcy experience is ushered into court.

Some two years ago a retail merchandizing concern in Chicago was thrown into involuntary bankruptcy through a petition. The young men behind this enterprise were hustlers; but they had more push than capital and they were abler salesmen than financiers. As a consequence their trade expanded far faster than their resources. They were believers in big volume and small profit.

In their eagerness to keep the stock turning over nimbly, like a trick dog, they overlooked the most important part of the performance in providing that each turn should yield them a real net profit—no matter how small—instead of a guesswork profit that failed to take into account every element of cost.

The receiver who was appointed to take charge of their affairs was an expert in his line—ambitious, experienced

By Forrest Crissey

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULE



The Composition and the Water are Stements in Sankraptcy That Cover a Multitude of Jubileties

and jealous of his reputation for making the assets that came into his care yield to the creditors every possible dollar. He knew the tricks of the trade, and was alert and watchful to see that neither creditors nor bankrupt secured an undue advantage.

The list of liabilities showed that the burden of indebtedness was centered in a few large manufacturing and jobbing concerns, and the remainder rather widely scattered among comparatively small claimants. It was also apparent to this keen-eyed receiver that the business was in far better shape—as to convertible assets—than most of the business wrecks that were thrown into his hands.

Here was a chance to make a record that would, he thought, come so near to one hundred per cent that he was inspired to give it unstinted energy and attention. If he could make the wrecked business pay out dollar for dollar that would certainly make a hit with the court which had appointed him.

In one of the early hearings, however, this ambition was given a decided setback in the shape of a petition for a composition, the acceptance of which was practically unanimous on the part of the creditors. And the figure at which the creditors were willing to settle made the receiver gasp—twenty-five per cent! The chief creditor solemnly declared that he did not believe more than this could be realized from the assets after deducting all expenses, and that he and the other creditors represented in the petition would be well satisfied to get that preventage.

Then the receiver presented to the court a terse review of the assets, and concluded with the intimation that the proceedings had very much the look of an attempt to treat the assets as a booky prize by letting them go to the lowest instead of the highest hidder.

Apparently the court took somewhat the same view of the case, for the receiver was ordered to continue the business as a going concern—at least temporarily. Some four months later the creditors again appeared in court and once more urged their assent to a composition—this time at fifty per cent.

Under pressure the spokesman for the creditors was forced to admit that the first estimate of what the assets would yield was perhaps a little too low.

At this stage of the proceedings an important figure in bankruptcy matters made his appearance. This was the hankruptcy auctioneer—in some Federal districts, but not in this, an official appointed by the court. This specialist in scrapped enterprises often makes the ordinary speculator appear like a piker. He teams the same relation to the merchant that the Wall Street plunger bears to the timid buyer of baby bonds. He bids on the entire assets to the bankrupt concern. This bid is in the form of a guaranty to realize a certain minimum amount. It is a

stiff gambling game, played under hard handicaps.

If the subsequent nuction sale does not realize the amount of his guaranty be must make up the deficit; if it brings more than ten per cont above his guaranty he must forfeit the surplus margin. In other words he is permitted to lose without limit, but his profits are not allowed to excoed ten per cent of his sales. And his guaranty must be covered by a bond as good a gold. The big bankrupter auctioneer is looked on by the conscientious receiver as his one best het and as the relible specific for the bankruptry disease known as the soft composition.

When the auctioneer entered the courtroom where the spokesman for the creditors committee was making a second attempt to secure the auceptance of a soft composition, the bidding suddenly becamlively. To the evident astoishment of the court the autioneer led the way from oufigure to another until the composition offer closed a eighty-five per cent and watopped by a raise that guarateed ninety per cent. The sun-

involved was close to one hundred thousand dollars. After all the assets had passed under the hammer the plucky receiver was able to disburse a dividend that paid the creditors a trifle more than ninety per cent.

The Motives of the Creditors

WHY had these creditors been so eager to sacrifice their proceeds from this failure? Why had they fought so hard to secure permission from the court to receive twentyfive per cent in full settlement of their claims instead of ninety per cent? Here was the situation as the receive saw it after careful investigation:

There were three creditors whose claims were much larger than those of any other house or individual. One of these, a big manufacturing and jobbing concern, had found the bankrupt house a peculiarly desirable customer. The insolvent retail concern had happened to build up a growing trade for certain lines of goods that this manufacturing concern was in position to furnish to peculiar advantage it might almost be said to the exclusion of competition. Not only this, but these goods were not especially easy to market in large volume. Again, these articles yielded a high percentage of profit to the manufacturer.

The shrewd credit man who represented this manufacturing concern in the negotiations of the bankrupt for a composition settlement saw his opportunity neatly to serve the future interests of his house by letting the bankrupt down easy. He knew that, if he played the leading role is securing the acceptance of a soft composition for the bankrupt, his good offices could carefully be explained later with an effective diagram, if necessary, and that this would cement the trade of the bankrupt establishment to his own bouse for all time to come—for it was inevitable that nealife would be taken on by the insolvent retail concern a soon as it received a discharge in bankruptcy.

As the receiver put it: "For all practical purposes here is an organization of hustlers that has been working without profit on the job of selling a big volume of stuff for the

manufacturing concern at a fancy margin.

"Very likely, if the entire claim of the manufacturing house against this bankrupt estate had been charged off, it would still have had a profit on the total business already done in the course of their relationship. Anyhow the necest to the manufacturing company of building up this big and dependable outlet for the large volume of goods on which they made a wide margin of profit was little or nothing. Probably it had paid them handsomely."

No wonder the keen credit man saw the advantage of letting that bankrupt concern down easy and getting the credit for engineering so soft a settlement. He needed that output in his business for years to come; and it would be easy for him to dominate the organization of the downand-out concern so that an able man of his own choosing would be in charge of its finances and steer it safely. Again, no man passes through bankruptcy without learning some mighty valuable lessons that are bound to stick with him for the rest of his, business life.

Of course it does not render him immune from financial disaster; but if he is thoroughly honest it is sure to make him more careful and conservative and to give him a knowledge and a wholesome dread of certain traps and pitfalls into which he is not likely again to tumble. Bankruptcy is something like mumps or measles—a light case early in life is not such a bad thing to have; there are hundreds of men in business today who would be far abler and sounder administrators of their affairs if they could have had a reasonably light touch of bankruptcy at the beginning of their careers.

The point in this experience that should not be lost sight of for a moment, however, is the fact that this particular creditor who played such a generous, not to say philanthropic, rôle was practically using the hands of the other creditors as a means of pulling his own chestnuts out of the fire. Perhaps be did not think of it in this way—give him the benefit of the doubt and say that he did not—but the receiver had to look at it in that light, for it was up to him to protect the interests of all creditors alike. That is his job—or, at least, part of it.

The Bellwether of the Creditor Flock

In THIS particular case it is true that two and perhaps three other large creditors were in about the same situation; the concern that went into bankruptcy was a large and profitable distributer of their goods—goods on which they made a hig margin of profit. But how about the rest of the creditors—the little fellows?

The conscientious receiver must never forget that the loss of a hundred dollars on a claim means more to some men than the loss of ten thousand dollars to a big concernspecially if that concern is in position to take the amount of the loss back again, and much more with it, provided the bankrupt can be let down easy. The smaller the claim, as a rule, the less interest has its holder in the future of the bankrupt.

Of course the concerns which held the big claims in this case would naturally argue that they would sacrifice the largest amount of money if the bankrupt were let down easy. True! But that would be small especiation to the really poor man, who had a claim of a hundred dollars and had no reasonable expectation of ever getting another cent beyond what that claim netted him.



"The Gay That Showed You the Way Made a Mistake"

This experience, like thousands of others in the bankruptcy courts, teaches the lesson that creditors are very much like sheep, and that there is generally a shrewd and resourceful believe ther which leads the flock at will; the little fellows follow the big ones, and there is always a master mind among the big ones. Every experienced receiver and trustee recognizes this principle and plays his hand accordingly.

One receiver who has been long in the game declares that almost any creditor with a little initiative can prepare the way for a soft composition, so far as its preliminary stages are concerned, before the other claimants have any realization of what is being done.

Many commercial houses, according to this authority, follow the practice of refusing to waste time in filing or pressing any claims against a bankrupt estate unless they are reasonably large ones. More generally, however, this indifference to the possibilities of realizing on such claims takes the form of giving a power of attorney to the first person who happens to ask for it in signing or assenting to any petition for composition or settlement a leading creditor chances to favor.

Broadly speaking, when the private individual receives notice that a debtor has been thrown into bankruptcy he promptly despairs of realizing anything on the claim and mentally at least—charges it off to the profit-and-loss account. Unless he happens to be a business man of experience and affairs he feels that

recovery is hopeless.

If the amount involved is large enough to make its loss vital to him he becomes confused, perhaps terror stricken, and ready to grasp at the first straw that floats his way. Almost invariably this straw is an appeal, either from a creditors' committee or a lawyer representing some or all of the creditors, asking for his cooperation and power of attorney, to the end of prosecuting "the plan that has been agreed on by the leading

creditors to protect their interests."

Of course it must be recognized that this sometimes, perhaps often, proves to be the wisest course the individual creditor, wholly inexperienced in bankruptcy affairs, could pursue; but, by the same token, it is invariably the principle on which the designing believether among the creditors plays to manipulate affairs to suit his own purposes. And it is also the means by which the professional bankruptcy attorney increases, by the easy correspondence method, his volume of business.

If the attorney to whom the credulous creditor so readily intrusts his claim happens to be able and honest, well and good—there are many attorneys of the highest standing who have a large bankruptcy practice; but the fact remains that the almost universal attitude of helplessness, hapelessness, indifference and confusion of creditors, in respect to the possibilities and methods of getting their money from a bankrupt estate, renders them an easy prey

to a certain undesirable class of attorneys in bankruptcy practice—especially in the larger cities.

In large commercial bouses having a legal staff in connection with their collection department, hankruptcy claims are supposed to be as carefully and as systematically looked after as is the selling of the goods in the first place; but even here the policy of not wasting time on small bankruptcy claims prevails to an assunishing extent. Some really large houses actually follow the practice of letting bankruptcy claims slide unless they amount to several hundred dollars.

"There seems to be something," declares one receiver, "in the very word bankruptcy that sprouts the wool over the eyes of the ordinary creditor and sends his wits and common sense scattering for the time being. I can hardly account for this attitude except on the score that most men feel a sort of squamishness in this connection—an instinctive aversion to having anything to do with a business post-mortem. Perhaps this gives them credit for too much temperament; anyhow very many creditors seem in lose their perspective and their natural self-interest when called on to deal with a bankruptcy claim."

Creditors, however, are not dependably indifferent, even in the matter of small claims. According to most receivers they are not dependable in any particular; and the man who makes up his mind that he knows just what the creditors in a certain case are going to do has a choice line of jolts in store for himself.

"Looking over a professional experience of several years," says one receiver who often acts as trustee, "I have come to feel that when I get a really good estate the creditors are more than likely to make every attempt to fritter it away. On the other



"I'll hat He Polis Down a Jainry Equal to That of the Third Vice-President of Our Bonk"

hand experience has taught me that when I am handed an estate which from the creditors' viewpoint is little more than a dry bone the creditors are likely to take an uncommonly keen interest in it, to mag and pester the receiver at every turn, and finally to blame him and the auctioneer for not getting a good, fat series of dividends out of it.

"I am never surprised when a bunch of creditors are inclined to let a crooked bankrupt down easy or when they subject an honest bankrupt to suspicion and hardship. I know this sounds extreme and pessimistic, but you cannot find an experienced receiver who will not say Amen! to this statement. The perversity of creditors is the standing miracle of bankruptcy practice. A large proportion of them—particularly the holders of smaller claims—are mere Babes in the Wood—and I can assure you that the Bankruptcy Wood is no place for small children!

"There are lots of creditors, of course, who are by no means innocents at large, but are fully able to take care of themselves and all the strays they happen to meet. These are the experts in compositions and the wizards in waivers.

"Then there are the creditors who know their way about, have no fish to fry, no pet schemes to put over on the bankrupt or on other creditors, and who are neither confused nor unscrupulous. These creditors look after their bankruptcy claims as sanely, as systematically and as intelligently as they look after any other features of their business. They want all that the estate will pay on their claims, without any advantage over any other creditor."

Responsibility for Bankruptcles

"THEY are very likely to be represented by able lawyers of their own choosing; and if they enter into any composition it is because they have first been shown that it is the best thing for all creditors concerned. These creditors generally get a fairly close line on the personality of everybody involved in the case, from the lawyers up to the court itself.

"Every honest receiver or trustee wishes to see this class of creditors greatly increased; but it will only increase as the credit men of business houses generally—and particularly of the smaller houses—come to have a more familiar understanding of bankruptcy matters and practice."

A referee in bankruptcy, whose knowledge of the subject is keen and far reaching, recently expressed the rather astonishing opinion that in very many cases—perhaps in most—the responsibility for the bankruptcy of a debtor lies to a very large extent with the creditors. According to a group of professional receivers who were engaged in a discussion of this opinion, the bankruptcy courts abound in cases that clearly support this view. Here is one that is fairly typical:

A large trust company was appointed receiver for a closk company doing business in a cheap section of Chicago; in fact the rooms occupied by the bankrupt concern were over a saloon in a street the name of which should promptly identify in the mind of any wideawake credit man the cheap character of the location.

The young man sent by the trust company to take charge of the stock was a live wire. Sitting beside a rusty stove was a man in seedy clothes. On the dilapidated desk he found four letters from Eastern manufacturers urging the bankrupts to send in their orders at once. One of the most fervent appeals for orders was from a house to which the bankrupts owed more than twelve thousand dollarsan account that had been dragging by the ears for months.

"The sales manager of that concern," commented the young man, "is a high-priced ginger artist who believes in delivering the goods-into the other fellow's hands! I'll bet he pulls down a salary equal to that of the third vicepresident of our bank; but if he and the head credit man of his establishment could just walk in this door and take a look at this rat's nest of a joint, they would begin to revise their methods of dumping goods in a hurry. Why, if I can scrape up two thousand dollars' worth of junk here I'll

He thought he was expressing his poor opinion of sales managers and credit men to the shriveled little man who was sitting by the stove when he had entered; but as he put down his letters and glanced about the room he saw that his audience had vanished. A hurried survey of the stock showed him that it would invoice not more than a few hundred dollars. And this concern had failed for about thirty-five thousand dollars- and here was a letter from each of the four principal creditors urging another order by return mail from the advance style sheets!

"I'd like to send the head of each one of those houses a photograph of this dump, just as it looks when I am taking sion. I wonder whether they'd still keep on whooping it up for further orders after seeing a picture of this old

shell! Probably

His grumblings were suddenly interrupted by the fact that he noticed a large quantity of heavy express paper lying on the floor. Evidently it had just been removed from a large bundle of goods. He picked it up, turned it over, and grinned as he saw that the sticker on the face of it bore the name of the New York house which the bankrupts had stuck for twelve thousand dollars, and which was still appealing for more orders.

On the floor of the next room he found quantities more of the same heavy paper, its creases showing that it had lately been removed from packages of goods. His practiced eye told him that the goods which had arrived in those wrappings were evidently not then is the place.

Steuthing Down Vanished Assets

FOR a moment he sat on the corner of the desk, swuog his feet, stared at the express paper and did a little lively thinking. Then his face lighted up suddenly. Hurriedly he looked at the dates penciled on the express labels. There was no doubt about it-every package which had arrived in those wrappings had been received that very day! He dashed down the stairs and then crossed the street to where three express wagons and their drivers were waiting for business.

"Which one of you boys hauled that stuff for us this morning?" he inquired. And then added: "I am with the suit company up there, you know."

"I did," promptly responded the oldest driver,

"Got another load, sir?"

"Nope," responded the young custodian; "but the guy that showed you the way made a mistake. Those goods were to go to another place, and we've got to go and get them right away.

With this he handed the driver a cigar, lighted one himself, and climbed to the reat of the wagon. The expressman asked no questions, but drove to the place where he had delivered the goods in the morning. Their trip ended at a vacant store building with whitened windows some three miles away.

During that ride the receiver's agent had been busy figuring on how he could gain an entrance to the building after they reached it. Finally he reached the shrewd conclusion that the best way was to "Let George do it"; consequently he took a chance on the remark: "You know where the key is; I'll wait here in the wagon."

"Sure!" answered the expressman as he disappeared In the corner saloon; and a few minutes later he came

out with the key, remarking:

"I had some job to get that Polack bartender to give it up; but I finally got it into his head that as I had brought the key there myself this morning, and as the boss was waiting outside for it, he wasn't taking any purticular chances in giving it up."

They hustled the goods into the wagon, returned the key and drove back to the headquarters of the cloak company, over the corner salcon. Then the custodian took a careful invoice of the recovered goods. His clever and prompt action netted the creditors a little more than eleven hundred dollars.

"What sticks in my crop," he meditated, "is the fact that, though I'm sharp enough to turn this kind of trick, I'm probably drawing about one-fifth the salary of the sales manager and the credit man who shoved these goods on to crooked bankrupts and followed the shipment up with a pressing invitation to be allowed to hand them more.

"It's a wonder some of those jumbo general managers don't get wise to themselves and pick a couple of receiver's agents to help out a little! I'll bet that if they tried the experiment the sales department wouldn't be shoving goods on to a man already in the bankruptcy court a day or two after the credit department received notice of the appointment of a receiver."

Only a few months later this same receiver's agent found himself assigned to the handling of the affairs of four hankrupt retail drygoods stores located a little outside the central part of the city. They were separate concerns, having no connection with each other so far as their ownership was concerned; but they handled about the same class of goods. In these cases the trust company was acting as trustee instead of receiver.

One morning, as he opened the mail, he found four letters from the same wholesale house in New York—one for each of the bankrupt drygoods stores. Each letter was from the head of the sales department, pressing his valued customer to favor him with further and immediate orders. He promptly sent for the liability schedules of the four bankrupts and was not greatly surprised to find that the big wholesale house with the energetic sales manager and correspondence force was a creditor in each case, and had filed its claims in due form.

He was hot; and for once he forgot he was an employee of a conservative and dignified trust company that always conducted its correspondence according to the most formal code. Before he cooled off he wrote a letter to the president of the big wholesale house in the East; and after calling his attention to the fact that these four bankruptcy entates had already passed through the receivership stage and had become trusteeships, he called attention to the inclosed copies of claims filed and to the letters just received from the sales manager. He ended his letter with the tart remark:

"If I wanted to go into the goldbrick business I should

certainly bunt up your house

A little later he received an answer to his letter. It was not only grateful but humble in tone. After indicating that in the future there would be a much closer coordination between the credit and the sales departments of his house, the president closed his letter with the words:

"Your cut across my face will continue to sting for a

long time to come.

Start a receiver talking on the subject of compositions and he will not suffer himself to be shaken loose from it. Next to the waiver, the composition appears to be the screet feature of bankruptcy practice so far as the feelings of the professional receiver are concerned.

If the receiver is honest and conscientious-and it can scarcely be assumed that the judge of the United States court would repeatedly place such responsibility in the



They Could Sot Understand How They Had Made Juck Figure

hands of a person not possessing those qualifications- he is as much interested in preventing the proceeds of the estate from being eaten up by lawyers' costs and other expenses as he is in preventing one creditor from obtaining an advantage over another. His standing with the court depends on his shility to get the most money out of the assets intrusted to his administration.

The composition in bankruptcy is not only a handy tool for the creditor who wishes to play the bankrupt as a personal favorite and let him down easy, but it is perhaps quite as frequently employed by the unscrupulous attorney. as a means of obtaining delay, increasing his appearance in court and in conference, and piling up fees. The lawyer or bankrupt who wishes to delay settlement and multiply contentions finds the composition quite as convenient a

does the designing creditor.

Shrewdly handled, the negotiations for a composition may be made quite helpful and nourishing to the lawyer who is looking for an enlargement of his fees. Of course the reputable attorney who has the interests of his clients at heart scorns any subterfuge of this kind; but unfortenately bankruptcy practice appears to have an attraction for a certain contingent of lawyers of instincts, who are mainly interested in doing a neat and tidy job of bonepicking-not that this order of legal talent finds its only activity in the bankruptcy courts, or that it is not in a decided minority there; but it is undeniable that the palpable presence of a business corpse makes a most tantalizing appeal to its predatory instincts.

How to Avoid Soft Compositions

PHE indifference and comparative helplessness of the A average creditor emphasize the appeal of bankruptry practice to attorneys of this type. It is perhaps atracge that they are not more numerous instead of fewer. Certainly their presence should not be construed as a reflection on the many reputable attorneys who make a specialty of hankruptcy practice.

The principal point of this consideration, so far as the creditor or the bankrupt is concerned, is that he should pick his lawyer with uncommon care and with particular reference to his integrity and personal character. And it is scarcely straining the courtesies to suggest that the bankruptcy lawyer who gives evidence of having acquired the composition habit will bear at least a little watching

A passion for compositions is not generally regarded by the courts, referees or receivers as a wholesome symptom-This is not because many-perhaps most-composition are not wholly justifiable, but because the composition lends itself too pliantly to manipulation and abuse.

A professional receiver who has a high standing with the courts has this to say on the score of the composition:

"Generally speaking I am against compositions There are many cases in which the composition is the best thing for all concerned; but it is so highly suceptible of abuse that it should be used as little as possible. There are ways, however, by which the soft composition may be discouraged. For instance:

"I follow the practice of sending to all creditorsas soon as I have thoroughly examined the assets statement that the estate, properly administered, should pay a certain amount or a certain percentage of the liabilities. I fully realize that in one way this is a dangerous thing for a receiver to do; but I am willing to take this responsibility on myself for the reason that it is a very effective means of forewarning the creditors against having a soft composition put over

"When this is done at the start and before the creditors-particularly the smaller and individual ones - have been whipped into line by scheming lawyers or led through the gaps by some big creditor acting as a beliwether, it carries weight with the majurity of creditors, who recognize that the receiver is an officer appointed by the court and responsible to the court.

"I believe that if receivers generally could see their way to follow this practice, the soft composition and the composition negotiation brought for the purpose of fattening lawyers' fees would become fewer.

Another indictment brought against the composition by conscientious receivers, trustees and other officials connected with bankruptcy proceedings is that it has a tendency to produce repeaters in bankruptcy. Undoubtedly the majority of first bankrupts are honestly insolvent and have not caused their enterprises to be thrown on the business scrapheap for the purpose of defrauding creditors; but after one finding that their fall has been broken by the cushion of a soft composition, providentially interposed by the hands of the very men supposed to be the heavissi losers by the failure, it is impossible for them again to feel the same fear of bankruptcy that gripped them when they took the first plunge.

If the bankrupt is a man of strong moral fiber his future business course will not be changed by the nec-

(Continued on Page 73)

By RING W. LARDNER MY ROOMY

O-I AIN'T signed for next year; but there won't be no trouble about that. The dough part of it is all fixed up. John and me talked it over and I'll sign as soon as they send me a contract. All I told him was that he'd have to let me pick my own roommate after this and not sick no wild man on to me.

You know I didn't hit much the last two months o' the season. Some o' the boys, I notice, wrote some stuff about me gettin' old and losin' my battin' eye. That's all bunk! The reason I didn't hit was because I wasn't gettin' enough sleep. And the reason for that was Mr. Elliott.

He wasn't with us after the last part o' May, but I roomed with him long enough to get the insomny. I was the only guy in the club game enough to stand for him; but I was sorry afterward that I done it, because it sure did put a crimp in my little old average.

And do you know where he is now? I got a letter today and I'll read it to you. No-I guess I better tell you somethin' about him first. You fellers never got acquainted with him and you ought to hear the dope to understand the letter. I'll make it as short as I can,

He didn't play in no league last year. He was with some semi-pros over in Michigan and somebody writes John about him. So John sends Needham over to look at him. Tom stayed there Saturday and Sunday, and seen him work twice. He was playin' the outfield, but as luck would have it they wasn't a fly ball hit in his direction in both games. A base hit was made out his way and he booted it, and that's the only report Tom could get on his feldin'. But he wallops two over the wall in one day and they catch two line drives off him. The next day he gets four blows and two o' them is triples.

So Tom comes back and tells John the guy is whale of a hitter and fast as Cobb, but he don't know nothin' about his fieldin'. Then John signs him to a contract-tweive hundred

or somethin' like that. We'd been in Tampa a week before be showed up. Then he comes to the hotel and just sits round all day, without tellin' nebody who he was. Finally the bellhops was going to chase him out and he says he's one o' the ballplayers. Then the clerk gets John to go over and talk to him. He tells John his name and says he hasn't had nothin' to eat for three days, because he was broke. John told me afterward that he'd drew about three hundred. in advance - last winter sometime. Well, they took him in the dinin' room and they tell me he inhaled about four meals at once. That night they roomed him with Heine.

Next mornin' Heine and me walks out to the grounds together and Heine tells me about him. He says:

"Don't never call me a bug again. They got me roomin" with the champion o' the world."

"Who is he?" I says.

"I don't know and I don't want to know," says Heine; "but if they stick him in there with me again I'll jump to the Federals. To start with, he ain't got no haggage. I ast him where his trunk was and he says he didn't have none. Then I ast him if he didn't have no suitcase, and he says: 'No. What do you care?' I was goin' to lend him some pajamas, but he put on the shirt o' the uniform John give him last night and slept in that. He was asleep when I got up this mornin'. I seen his collar layin' on the dresser and it looked like he had wore it in Pittsburgh every day for a year. So I throwed it out the window and he comes down to breakfast with no collar. I ast him what size collar he wore and he says he didn't want none, because he wasn't. goin' out nowheres. After breakfast he beat it up to the room again and put on his uniform. When I got up there he was lookin' in the glass at himself, and he done it all the

time I was dressin'. When we got out to the park I got my first look at him. Pretty good-lookin' guy, too, in his unie-blg shoulders and well put together; built somethin' like Heine himself. He was talkin' to John when I come up.

"What position do you play?" John was askin' him.
"I play anywheres," says Elliott.

"You're the kind I'm lookin' for," says John. Then he says: "You was an outfielder up there in Michigan, wasn't you?"

"I don't care where I play," says Elliott.

John sends him to the outfield and forgets all about him for a while. Pretty soon Miller comes in and says: "I ain't goin' to shag for no bush outfielder!"

John ast him what was the matter, and Miller tells him that Elliott ain't doin' nothin' but just standin' out there:



I Knowed Inmethin' Was Coin' to Mappen Before No Finished - and Jemethin' Did

that he sin't makin' no attemp' to catch the fungoes and that he won't even chase 'em. Then John starts watchin' him, and it was just like Miller said. Larry hit one pretty near in his tap and he stepped out o' the way. John calls him in and ast him:

"Why don't you go after them fly balls?"

"Herause I don't want 'em," says Elliott.

John gets sarcastic and says:

What do you want? Of course we'll see that you get anythin' you want!"

"Give me a ticket back home," says Elliott.

"Don't you want to stick with the club?" says John, and the busher tells him, No, he certainly did not. Then John tells him he'll have to pay his own fare home and Elliott don't get sore at all. He just says:

"Well, I'll have to stick, then - because I'm broke."

We was havin' battin' practice and John tells him to go up and hit a few. And you ought to of seen him bust 'em! Lavender was in there workin' and he'd been pitchin' a little all winter, so he was in pretty good shape. He lobbed one up to Elliott, and he hit it 'way up in some tress outside the fence—about a mile, I guess. Then John tells Jimmy to put somethin' on the ball. Jim comes through with one of his fast ones and the kid slams it agin the

rightfield wall on a line. Give him your spitter!" yells John, and Jim handed him one. He pulled it over first base so fast that Bert, who was standin' down there, couldn't hardly duck in time. If it'd hit him it'd killed him.

Well, he kep' on hittin' everythin' Jim give him-and Jim had somethin' too. Finally John gets Pierce warmed up and sends him out to pitch, tellin' him to hand Elliott a flock o' curve balls. He wanted to see if lefthanders was goin' to bother him. But he slammed 'em right along, and don't b'lieve he hit more'n two the whole m wouldn't of been base hits in a game.

They sent him out to the outfield again in the afternoon, and after a lot o' couxin' Leach got him to go after fly balls; but that's all he did do-just go after 'em. One hit him on the bean and another on the shoulder. He run buck after the short ones and 'way in after the ones that went over his head. He catched just one-a line drive that he couldn't get out o' the way of; and then be acted like it hurt his hands.

I come back to the hotel with John. He ast me what I thought of Elliott.

"Well," I says, "he'd be the greatest bullplayer in the world if he could just play ball. He sure can bust 'em."

John says he was afraid he couldn't never make an outfielder out o' him. He says:

"I'll try him on the infield tomorrow. They must be some place he can play. I never seen a lefthand hitter that looked so good agin lefthand pitchin'-and he's got a great arm; but he acts like he'd never saw a fly ball."

Well, he was just as bad on the infield. They put him at short and he was like a sieve. You could of drove a hearse between him and second base without him gettin' near it. He'd stoop over for a ground ball about the time it was bouncin' up agin the fence; and when he'd try to cover the bag on a peg he'd trip over it.

They tried him at first base and sometimes he'd run 'way over in the coachers' box and sometimes out in right field lookin' for the bag. Once Heine shot one acrost at him on a line and he never touched it with his hands. It went bum! right in the pit of his stomach-and the lunch he'd ate didn't do him no good.

Finally John just give up and says he'd have to keep him on the bench and let him earn his pay by bustin' 'em a couple o' times a week or so. We all agreed with John that this bird would he a whale of a pinch hitter—and we was right too. He was hittin' 'way over five hundred when the blowoff come, along about the last. o' May.

BEFORE the trainin' trip was over, Elliott bad roomed with pretty near everybody in the club. Heine raised an awful holler after the second night down there and John put the bug in with Needham. Tom stood him for three nights. Then he doubled up with Archer, and Schulte, and Miller, and Leach, and Salerand the whole bunch in turn, averagin' about two nights with each one before they put up a kick. Then John tried him with some o' the youngsters, but they wouldn't stand for him no more'n the others. They all said he was crazy and they was afraid he'd get violent some night and stick a knife in 'em.

He always insisted on havin' the water run in the bathtub all night, because he said it reminded him of the sound of the dam near his home. The fellers might get up four or five times a night and shut off the faucet, but he'd get right up after 'em and turn it on again. Carter, a big bush pitcher from Georgia, started a fight with him about it one night, and Elliott pretty near killed him. So the rest o' the bunch, when they'd saw Carter's map next mornin', didn't have the nerve to do nothin' when it come their turn.

Another o' his habits was the thing that scared 'em though. He'd brought a rasar with him- in his pocket, I guess - and he used to do his shavin' in the middle o' the night. Instead o' doin' it in the bathroom he'd lather his face and then came out and stand in front o' the lookin'glass on the dresser. Of course he'd have all the lights turned on, and that was bud enough when a feller wanted to sleep; but the worst of it was that he'd stop shavin' every little while and turn round and stare at the guy who was makin' a failure o' tryin' to sleep. Then he'd wave his ranor round in the air and laugh, and begin shavin' agin. You can imagine how comf'table his roomies felt!

John had bought him a sultruse and some clothes and things, and charged 'em up to him. He'd drew so much dough in advance that he didn't have nothin' comin' till about June. He never thanked John and he'd wear one shirt and one collar till some one throwed 'em away.

Well, we finally gets to Indianapolis, and we was goin' from there to Cincy to open. The last day in Indianapolis John come and ast me how I'd like to change roomies. I says I was perfectly satisfied with Larry. Then John says:

"I wisht you'd try Elliott. The other boys all kicks on him, but he seems to being round you a lot and I b'lieve you could get along all right."

"Why don't you room him alone?" I ast.

"The boss or the hotels won't stand for us roomin' alone," says John. "You go ahead and try it, and see how you make out. If he's too much for you let me know; but he likes you and I think he'll be diff rent with a guy who can talk to him like you can."

So I says I'd tackle it, because I didn't want to throw John down. When we got to Cincy they stuck Elliott and me in one room, and we was together till be quit us.

III

WENT to the room early that night, because we was goin' to open next day and I wanted to feel like somethin'. First thing I done when I got undressed was turn on both faucets in the bathtub. They was makin' an awful

racket when Elliott finally come in about midnight. I was layin' awake and I opened right up on him. I says:

'Don't shut off that water, because I like to hear it run." Then I turned over and pretended to be asleep. The bug got his clothes off, and then what did he do but go in the bathroom and shut off the water! Then he come back in the room and says:

"I guess no one's goin' to tell me what to do in here."

But I kep' right on pretendin' to sleep and didn't pay no attention. When he'd got into his bed I jumped out o' mine and turned on all the lights and begun stroppin' my razor. He says:

"What's comin' off?"

"Some o' my whiskers," I says. "I always shave along about this time."

"No, you don't!" he says. "I was in your room one mornin' down in Louisville and I seen you shavin' then.'

"Well," I says, "the boys tell me you shave in the middle o' the night; and I thought if I done all the things you do mebbe I'd get so's I could hit like you."

"You must be superstitious!" hesays. And I told him I was. "I'm a good hitter," he says, "and I'd be a good hitter if I never shaved at all. That don't make no diff'rence."

"Yes, it does," I says. "You prob'ly hit good because you shave at night; but you'd he a better fielder if you shaved in the mornin'.

You see, I was tryin' to be just as crazy as him-

though that wasn't hardly possible.

"If that's right," says he, "I'll do my shavin' in the mornin'-because I seen in the papers where the boys says that if I could play the outfield like I can hit I'd be as good as Cobb. They tell me Cobb gets twenty thousand a year."

"No," I says; "he don't get that much - but he geta about ten times as much as you do."

"Well," he says, "I'm goin' to be as good as him, because I need the money.

What do you want with money?" I says.

He just laughed and didn't say nothin'; but from that time on the water didn't run in the bathtob nights and he done his shavin' after breakfast. I didn't notice, though, that he looked any better in fieldin' practice,

I'T RAINED one day in Cincy and they trimmed us two out o' the other three; but it wasn't Elliott's fault.

They had Larry bent four to one in the ninth innin' o' the first game. Archer gets on with two out, and John sends my roomy up to hit—though Benton, a lefthander, is workin' for them. The first thing Benton serves up there Elliott cracks it a mile over Hobby's head. It would of been good for three easy-only Archer-playin' safe, o' mursepulls up at third base. Tommy couldn't do nothin' and we was licked.

The next day he hits one out o' the park off the Indian; but we was 'way behind and they was nobody on at the time. We copped the last one without usin' no pinch hitters.

I didn't have no trouble with him nights durin' the whole series. He come to bed pretty late while we was there and I told him he'd better not let John eatch him at it.

"What would he do?" he says.

"Fine you fifty," I says.

"He can't fine me a dime," he says, "because I sin't

Then I told him he'd be fined all he had comin' if he didn't get in the hotel before midnight; but he just laughed and says he didn't think John had a kick comin' so long as he kep' bustin' the ball.

"Some day you'll go up there and you won't bust it," I savs.

"That'll be an accident," he says.

That stopped me and I didn't say nothin'. What could

you say to a guy who hated himself like that?

The "accident" happened in St. Louis the first day. We needed two runs in the eighth and Saler and Brid was on. with two out. John tells Elliott to go up in Pierce's place. The bug goes up and Griner gives him two had ballsway outside. I thought they was goin' to walk him-and It looked like good judgment, because they'd heard what he done in Cincy. But no! Griner comes back with a fast one right over and Elliott pulls it down the right foul line, about two foot foul. He hit it so hard you'd of thought they'd sure walk him then; but Gricer gives him another fast one. He slammed it again just as hard, but foul. Then Griner gives hin one 'way outside and it's two and three, John says, on the bench:

"If they don't walk him now be'll bust that fence down." I thought the same and I was sure Griner wouldn't give

him nothin' to hit; but he come with a curve and Rigler calls Elliott out. From where we sat the last one looked low, and I thought Elliott'd make a kick. He come back to the bench smilin'.

John starts for his position, but stopped and ast the bug what was the matter with that one. Any busher I ever knowed would of said, "It was too low," or "It was outside," or "It was inside." Elliott says:

"Nothin' at all. It was right over the middle." Why didn't you bust it, then?" says John.

"I was afraid I'd kill somebody," says Elliott, and laughed like a big boob.

John was pretty near chokin'.

"What are you laughin' at?" he says.

"I was thinkin' of a nickel show I seen in Cincinnati," says the bug.

Well," says John, so mad be couldn't hardly see, "that show and that laugh'll cost you fifty."

We got beat, and I wouldn't of blamed John if he'd fined him his whole season's pay.

Up 'n the room that night I told him he'd better cut out that laughin' stuff when we was gettin' trimmed or he never would have no payday. Then he got confidential.

"Payday wouldn't do me no good," he says. "When I'm all squared up with the club and begin to have a



Dan's Never Ask Me How Many Timer We West Up and Down:

payday I'll only get a hundred bucks at a time, and I'll own that to some o' you fellers. I wisht we could win the pennant and get in on that World's Series dough. Then I'd get a bunch at once."

"What would you do with a bunch o' dough?" I ast him.
"Don't tell nobody, spart," he says; "but if I ever get five hundred at once I'm goin' to get married."

"Oh!" I says. "And who's the lucky girl?"
"She's a girl up in Musicegon," says Elliott; "and you're right when you call her lucky,"

"You don't like yourself much, do you?" I says.

"I got reason to like myself," says he. "You'd like yourself, too, if you could hit 'en. like me."

"Well," I says, "you didn't show me no hittin' today."
"I couldn't hit because I was laughin' too hard," says

"What was it you was laughin' at?" I says.

"I was laughin' at that pitcher," he says. "He thought he had somethin' and be didn't have nothin'.

"He had enough to whiff you with," I says.

"He didn't have nothin'!" says he again. "I was afraid
if I busted one off him they'd can him, and then I couldn't never hit agin him no more

Naturally I didn't have no comeback to that. I just sort o' gasped and got ready to go to sleep; but he wasn't through.

"I wisht you could see this hird!" he says.

"What bird?" I says.

"This dame that's nots about me," he says.

"Good-looker?" I ast.

"No," he says; "she ain't no bear for looks. They ain't nothin' about her for a guy to rave over till you hear her sing. She sure can holler some."

What kind o' yoire has she got?" I ast.

"A bear," says he.

"No," I says; "I mean is she a barytone or an air?"

"I don't know," he says; "but she's got the loudes; voice I ever hear on a woman. She's pretty near got me beat.

"Can you sing?" I says; and I was sorry right after-

ward that I ast him that question.

I guess it must of been bad enough to have the water runnin' night after night and to have him wavin' that razor round; but that couldn't of been nothin' to his singin'. Just as soon as I'd pulled that boner he says, "Listen to me!" and starts in on Silver Threads Among the Gold. Mind you, it was after midnight and they was guests all round us tryin' to sleep!

They used to be noise enough in our coun which the Hofman and Sheckard and Richie harmonizin'; but the Hofman and Sheckard and Richie harmonizin'; but the bug's voice was louder'n all o' theirn combined. had a pitcher named Martin Walsh-brother o' Big Ed'sand I thought he could drownd out the Subway; but this guy made a boller factory sound like Dummy Taylor. If the whole hotel wasn't awake when he'd howled the first

line it's a pipe they was when he cut loose, which he done when he come to "Always young and fair to me." Them words could of been heard easy in East

St. Louis.

He didn't get no encore from me, but he goes right through it again-or starts to. I knowed somethin was goin' to happen before he finished - and somethin' did. The night clerk and the house detective come hangin' at the door. I let 'em in and they had plenty to say. If we made another sound the whole club'd be canned out o' the hotel. I tried to salve 'em, and I says:

"He won't sing no more."

But Elliott swelled up like a poisoned pup. "Won't 1?" he says. "I'll sing all I want to."

"You won't sing in here," says the clerk.

"They ain't room for my voice in here anyways," he says. "I'll go outdoors and sing."

And he puts his clothes on and ducks out. I didn't make no attemp' to stop him. I heard him bellowin' Silver Threads down the corridor and down the stairs, with the clerk and the dick chasin' him di the way and tellin' him to shut up.

Well, the guests make a holler the next mornin'; and the hotel people tells Charlie Williams that he'll either have to let Elliott stay somewheres else at the whole club'll have to move. Charlie tells John, and John was thinkin' o' settlin' the question by

releasin' Elliott. I guess he'd about made up his mind to do it; but that afternoon they had us three to one in the pinth, and we got the bases full, with two down and Larry's turn to hit. Elliott had been sittin' on the bench sayin' nothin'.

"Do you think you can hit one today?" says

John.

"I can hit one any day," says Elliott.
"Go up and hit that lefthander, then," says John. "and remember there's nothin' to laugh at.

Sallee was workin'-and workin' good; but that didn't bother the bug. He cut into one, and it went between Oakes and Whitted like a shot. He come into third standin' up and we was a run to the

good. Sallee was so sore he kind o' forgot himself and took pretty near his full wind-up pitchin' to Tommy. And what did Elliott do but steal home and get away with it clean!

Well, you couldn't can him after that, could you! Charlie gets him a room somewheres and I was relieved of his company that night. The next evenin' we beat it for Chi to play about two weeks at home. He didn't tell nobody where he roomed there and I didn't see nothin' of him, 'cep' out to the park. I ast him what he did with himself nights and he says:

"Same as I do on the road-borrow some dough some place and go to the nickel shows."

"You must be stuck on 'em," I says.

"Yes," he says; "I like the ones where they kill peoplebecause I want to learn how to do it. I may have that job some day."

"Don't pick on me," I says.

"Oh." says the bug, "you never can tell who I'll pick on." It seemed as if he just couldn't learn nothin' about fieldin', and finally John told him to keep out o' the practice. "A ball might hit him in the temple and croak him,"

says John. But he busted up a couple o' games for us at home,

heatin' Pittsburgh once and Cincy once.

THEY give me a great big room at the hotel in Pittsburgh; so the fellers picked it out for the poker game. We was playin' along about ten o'clock one night when in come Elliott - the earliest he'd showed up since we'd been roomin' together. They was only five of us playin' and Tom ast him to sit in.

"I'm husted," he says.

"Can you play poker?" I ast him.
"They's nothin' I can't do!" he says. "Slip me a couple o' bucks and I'll show you."

So I slipped him a couple o' bucks and honestly hoped ho'd win, because I knowed he never had no dough. Well, Tom dealt him a hand and he picks it up and says:

"I only got five cards."

"How many do you want?" I says.

"Oh," he says, "if that's all I get I'll try to make 'em do."
The pot was cracked and raised, and he stood the raise.
I says to myself: "There goes my two bucks!" But no—
be comes out with three queens and won the dough. It was
only about seven bucks; but you'd of thought it was a
million to see him grab it. He laughed like a kid.

"Guess I can't play this game!" he says; and he had me looled for a minute—I thought he must of been kiddin'

when he complained of only havin' five cards.

He copped another pot right afterward and was sittin' there with about eleven bucks in front of him when Jim opens a roodle pot for a buck. I stays and so does Elliott. Him and Jim both drawed one card and I took three. I had kings or queens—I forget which. I didn't help 'em none; so when Jim bets a buck I throws my hand away.

"How much can I bet?" says the bug.

"You can raise Jim a buck if you want to," I says.

So he hets two dollars. Jim comes back at him. He comes right back at Jim. Jim raises him again and he tilts Jim right back. Well, when he'd boosted Jim with the last tack he had, Jim says:

"I'm ready to call. I guess you got me beat. What

have you got?"

"I know what I've got, all right," says Elliott. "I've got a straight." And he throws his hand down. Sure enough, it was a straight, eight high. Jim pretty near fainted and so did I.

The bug had started pullin' in the dough when Jim stops him.

"Here! Wait a minute!" says Jim. "I thought you had smethin'. I filled up." Then Jim lays down his nine full. "You beat me, I guess," says Elliott, and he looked like he'd lost his last friend.

"Best you?" says Jim. "Of course I best you! What

"Well," says the bug, "I thought you might have a small dush or somethin"."

When I regained consciousness he was beggin' for two nore bucks.

"What for?" I says. "To play poker with? You're

"Well," he says, "if I can't play no more I want to go to

seep, and you fellers will have to get out o' this room."

Did you ever hear o' nerve like that? This was the first sight be'd came in before twelve and he orders the bunch out so's he can sleep! We politely suggested to him to go

o Brooklyn.

Without sayin' a word he starts in on his Silver Threads;
and it wasn't two minutes till the game was busted up and
he bunch—all but me—was out o' there. I'd of beat it

se, only he stopped yellin' as soon as they'd went.
"You're some buster!" I says, "You bust up ball games

the afternoon and poker games at night."

he window-through the glass and all.

"Yes," he says; "that's my business—bustin' things."

And before I knowed what he was about he picked up the
stoke of ice-water that was on the floor and throwed it out

Right then I give him a plain talkin' to. I tells him how near be come to gettin' canned down in St. Louis because he raised so much Cain singin' in the hotel.

"But I had to keep my voice in shape," he says. "If I ever get dough enough to get married the girl and me'll go out singin' together."

"Out where?" I ust.

"Out on the vaudeville circuit," says Elliott.

"Well," I says, "if her voice is like yours you'll be wastin' money if you travel round. Just stay up in Muskegon and we'll hear you, all right!"

I told him he wouldn't never get no dough if he didn't behave himself. That, even if we got in the World's Series, he wouldn't be with us unless he cut out the foolishness.

"We ain't goin' to get in no World's Series," he says, "and I won't never get a bunch o' money at once; so it looks like I couldn't get married this full."

Then I told him we played a city series every fall. He'd never thought o' that and it tickled him to death. I told him the losers always got about five hundred apiece and that we were about due to win it and get about eight hundred. "But," I says, "we still got a good chance for the old pennant; and

if I was you I wouldn't give up hope o' that yet—not where John can hear you anyway."

"No," he says, "we won't win no pennant, because he won't let me play reg'lar; but I don't care so long as we're

sure o' that city-series dough."
"You ain't sure of it if you don't behave," I says.

"Well," says he, very serious, "I guess I'll behave."
And he did—till we made our first Eastern trip.

97

WE WENT to Boston first, and that crazy bunch goes out and piles up a three-run lead on us in seven innin's the first day. It was the pitcher's turn to lead off in the eighth, so up goes Elliott to but for him. He kines the first thing they hands him for three bases; and we says, on the bench: "Now we'll get 'em!"—because, you know, a three-run lead wasn't nothin' in Boston.

"Stay right on that bag!" John bollers to Elliott.

Mebbe if John hadn't said nothin' to him everythin' would of been all right; but when Perdue starts to pitch the first ball to Tommy, Elliott starts to stead home. He's out as far as from here to Seattle.

If I'd been carryin' a gun I'd of shot him right through the heart. As it was, I thought John'd kill him with a bat, because he was standin' there with a couple of 'em, waitin' for his turn; but I guess John was too stunned to move. He didn't even seem to see Elliott when he went to the

bench. After I'd cooled off a little I says:

"Heat it and get into your clothes before John comes in.

Then go to the botel and keep out o' sight,"

When I am up in the recommittee and there are Plicate.

When I get up in the room afterward, there was Elliott, lookin' as innocent and happy as though be'd won fifty bucks with a pair o' treys.

"I thought you might of killed yourself." I says.

"What for?" he says.

You Can Imagina

Hir Resmite Pair!

Hem ComPtable

"For that swell play you made," says I.

"What was the matter with the play?" ast Elliott, surprised. "It was all right when I done it in St. Leuis." "Yes," I says; "but

"Yes," I says; "but they was two out in St. Louis and we wasn't no three runs behind," "Well," he says, "if

it was all right in St. Louis I don't see why it was wrong here."

"It's a diff rent climate here," I says, too disgusted to argue with him.

"I wonder if they'd let me sing in this climate!" says Elliott.

"No," I says. "Don't sing in this hotel, because we don't want to get fired out o' here—the eats is too good."

"All right," be says.
"I won't sing." But
when I starts down to
supper he says: "I'm
li'ble to do somethin'
worse'n sing."

He didn't show up in the dinin' room and John went to the boxin' show after supper; so it looked like him and Elliott wouldn't run into each other till the murder had left John's heart. I was glad o' that—because a Mass'chusetts jury might



not consider it justifiable hommercide if one guy croaked another for givin' the Boston club a game.

I went down to the corner and had a couple o' beers; and then I come straight back, intendin' to hit the hay. The elevator boy had went for a drink or somethin', and they was two old ladies already waitin' in the car when I stepped in. Right along after me comes Elliott.

"Where's the hoy that's supposed to run this car?" he says. I told him the boy'd be right back; but he says: "I can't wait. I'm much too sleepy."

And before I could stop him he'd slammed the door and him and I and the poor old ladies was shootin' up.

"Let us off at the third floor, please!" says one o' the ladies, her voice kind o' shakin'.

"Sorry, madam," says the bug; "but this is a express and we don't stop at no third floor."

I grabbed his arm and tried to get him away from the machinery; but he was as strong as a ox and he throwed me agin the side o' the car like I was a haby. We went to the top faster'n I ever rode in an elevator before. And then we shot down to the bottom, hittin' the bumper down there so hard I thought we'd be smashed to splinters.

The ladies was too scared to make a sound durin' the first trip; but while we was goin' up and down the second time even faster's the first—they begun to scream. I was hollerin' my head off at him to quit and he was makin' more noise than the three of us—pretendin' he was the locomotive and the whole crew o' the train.

Don't never ask me how many times we went up and down! The women fainted on the third trip and I guess I was about as near it as I'll ever get. The elevator boy and the bellhops and the waiters and the night clerk and everybody was jumpin' round the lobby screumin'; but no one seemed to know how to stop its.

Finally—on about the tenth trip, I guess—he slowed down and stopped at the fifth floor, where we was roomin'. He opened the door and beat it for the room, while I, though I was tremblin' like a leaf, run the car down to the bottom.

The night clerk knowed me pretty well and knowed I wouldn't do nothin' like that; so him and I didn't argue, but just got to work tagether to bring the old women to. While we was doin' that Elliott must of run down the stairs and elipped out o' the hotel, because when they sent the officers up to the room after him he'd blowed.

They was goin' to fire the club out; but Charlie had a good stand-in with Amos, the proprietor, and he fixed it up to let us stay—providin' Elliott kep' away. The bug didn't show up at the hall park next day and we didn't see no more of him till we got on the rattler for New York. Charlie and John both hawled him, but they give him a berth—an upper—and we pulled into the Grand Central Station without him havin' made no effort to wreck the train.

VII

I'D STUDIED the thing pretty careful, but hadn't come to no conclusion. I was sure he wasn't no stew, because none o' the boys had ever saw him even take a glass o' beer, and I couldn't never detect the odor o' booze on him. And if he'd been a dope I'd of knew about it—roomin' with him.

There wouldn't of been no mystery about it if he'd been a lefthand pitcher—but he wasn't. He wasn't nothin' but a whale of a hitter and he throwed with his right arm. He hit lefthanded, a' course; but so did Saier and Brid and Schulte and me, and John himself; and none of us was violent. I guessed he must of been just a plain nut and li'hle to break out any time.

They was a letter waitin' for him at New York, and I took it, intendin' to give it to him at the park, because I didn't think they'd let him room at the hotel; but after breakfast he come up to the room, with his suitcase. It seems he'd promised John and Charlie to be good, and made it so strong they b'lieved him.

I give him his letter, which was addressed in a girl's writin' and come from Muskegon.

"From the girl?" I says.

(Continued on Page 61)



now for same folks, but

at this moment a certain madness which

does not at all it is with the true Gemus

temperament descerás on the crowd. Son-

go upstairs to another

part of the building

where there is a dincehall called the Admi-

ralskasino; but, to be

truly swagger, one

should hasten to the

Palais du Danse en

the second floor of the

big Metropolpalast in

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

Night Life, With the Life Part Missing—By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. MCCUTCREON IN OUR consideration of this topic we come first to the night life of the English. They have none. Passing along to the next subject under the same heating, which is the night. life of Paris, we find here so much night. life, of such a delightfully transparent and counterfeit character; so much of made-to-measure devfltry; so many members of the Madcaps' Union engaged on piece-work: so much of delicious, hoydenish derring-do, all carefully stage-managed and expertly timed for the benefit of North and South American

> Enlaying Himself is When Hy is Fullnuing His Own Soul

tion as the spenders quit spending—in short, so much of what is typically Parisian that really Paris, on its merits in this regard, is entitled to a chapter of its own.

spenders, to the end

that the deliriousness

shall abate automati-

cally in exact propor-

All of which naturally brings us to the two remaining great cities of Mid-Europe—Berlin and Vienna—and leads us to the inevitable conclusion that the Europeans, in common with all other peoples on the earth, only succeed when they try to be desperately wicked—in being desperately dull; whereas when they are seeking their pleasures in a natural manner they begin to present racial slants and angles that are very interesting to observe and very pleasant to have a hand in.

Take the Germans now: No less astute a world traveler than Sam Hlythe is sponsor for the assertion that the Berliners follow the night-life route because the Kaiser found his capital did not attract the tourist types to the extent he had hoped, and so decreed that his faithful and devoted subjects, leaving their every hearths and ingle-moks, should go forth at the hour when graveyards yawn—and who could blame them?—to spend the drugging time until dawn in being merry and bright. So saying His Majesty went to bed, leaving them to work while he slept.

After viewing the situation at first hand the present writer is of the opinion that Mr. Blythe is right in his statements. Certainly nothing is more southing to the eye of the onlooker, nothing more restful to his soul, than to behold a group of Germans enjoying themselves in a normal manner. And absolutely nothing is quite so ghastly sad as the sight of those same well-flushed, wellfleshed Germans cavorting about between the hours of two and four-thirty A. M., trying, with all the parity-lermic

ponderosity of Barnam's Elephant Quadrille, to be professionally gay and cutuppish. These Prussians must love their Kaiser dearly. We sit up with our friends when they are dead; they stay up for him until they are ready to die of sleepingss themselves.

Vaudeville on Skates

AS IS well known Berlin abounds in pleasure palaces, so called. Enormous places these are, where under one widespreading roof are three or four separate restaurants of augmented size, not to mention winecellars and beer-caves below-stairs, and a dancehall or so, and a Turkish bath, and a bar, and a skating rink, and a concert hall—and any number of private dining rooms. The German mind invariably associates size with enjoyment.

To these establishments, after his regular dinner, the Berliner repairs with his family, his friend or his guest. There is one especially popular resort, a combination of restaurant and vaudeville theater, at which one eats an excellent dinner excellently served, and between courses witnesses the turns of a first-rate variety hill, always with the inevitable team of American coon abouters, either in fast colors or of the burntcork variety, sandwiched into the program somewhere.

In the Friedrichstrasse there is another place, called the Admiralspalast, which is even more attractive. Here, inclosing a big, oval-shaped ice arens, balcony after balcony rises circling to the root. On one of these balconies you sit, and while you dine and after you have dired you look down on a most marvelous series of skating stunts. In rapid and bewildering succession there are ballets on skates, solo skating numbers, skating carnivals and skating races.

Finally scenery is slid in on runners and the whole company, in costumes grotesque and beautiful, go through a burlesque that keeps you laughing when you are not applauding, and admiring when you are doing neither; while alternating lightwaves from overhead electric devices flood the picture with shifting, shimmering tides of color. It is like seeing a Christmas pantomime under an aurora borealis. In America we could not do these things—at least we never have done them. Either the performance would be poor or the provender would be highly expensive, or both. But here the show is wonderful, and the victuals are good and not extravagantly priced, and everybody has a bully time.

At eleven-thirty or thereabout the show at the ice palace is over—concluding with a pushball match between teams of busky maidens who were apparently born on skates and raised on skates, and would not feel natural unless they were surveting about on skates. Their skates seem as much a part of there as tails to mermaids. It is bedtime

This place opens promptly at midnight and closes promptly at two o'clock in the marning.

Insumach as the Palais du Danse is an institution berrowed outright from the French they have adopted the French custom there.

As the visitor enters—if he be a stranger—a flunky in gorgeous livery intercepts him and demands an entrancfee amounting to about a dollar and a quarter in our money, as I recall. This twiff the American or the Englishman pays, but the practiced Berliner merely suggests to the doorkeeper the expediency of his taking a long running start and jumping off into space, and stalks defaulty in without forking over a single plennig to any person whatspayer.

A Learned Lecture on the Tango

THE Palais du Danse is incomparably the most beautiful ballroom in the world—so people who have been all over the world agree—and it is spotlessly clean and free tren brackish smells, which is more than can be said of any French establishment of similar character I have sen. At the Palais du Danse the patron sits at a table—a table with essnething on it besides a cloth being an essential adjunct to complete enjoyment of an evening of German revelry; and as he sits and drinks he listens to the playing of a splendid band and looks on the dancing.

Nothing is drunk except wine- and by wine I mainly mean champagne of the most sweetish and sickish braid abtainable. Elsewhere, for one-twentieth the cost, the German could have the best and purest beer that is made; but he is out now for the big night. Accordingly he saturates he tissues with the sugary bubble-water of France. He doe not join in the dancing himself. The men dancers at nearly all paid dancers. I think, and the beautifully claim women who dance are either professionals, too, or disbelong to a profession that is older even than dancing in They all dance with a profound German gravity and precision. Here is music to set a wooden leg a-jugging

but these couples circle and glid and dip with an incomprehensial decorum and slowness.

Of course they are dancing the tango or one of its manifold variations. All Europe, like all America is at the moment tango mad. I was so when we were there and i one may judge by the cable dis patches it is still so. While we were in Paris, M. Jean Richepin lecture before the Forty Immortals of the Five Academies assembled solemn conclave at the Institutes France. They are called the Form Immertals because nobody on remember the names of more than five of them. He took for his sub eef the tango his motto, in short being one borrowed from the conductors in the New York subway "Mind your step!" While he spoke, which was for

While he spoke, which was to an hour or more, the behadged as beribboned bosoms of his illustrice compatriots heaved with emotion their faces—or such parts of the faces as were visible above in whiskerline—flushed with enthsiasm, and most vociferously the applicated his masterly phrasin-



and his tracing-out of the evolution of the tango, all the way from its Genesis, as it were, to its Revelation. I judge the revelation particularly appealed to them-that part of it appeals to so many.

After that the tango seemed literally to trail us. We could not escape it. While we were in Berlin the emperor saw fit officially to forbid the dancing of the tango by officers of his navy and army; and when we reached England the vogue for tango teas had started.

Naturally we went to one of these affairs. It took place at a theater. Such is the English way of interpreting the poetry of motion-to hire some one else to do it for you, and in order to get the worth of your money-sit and swizzle tea while the paid performer is doing it. At the tango ten we patronized the ten was up to standard, but the dancing of the box-ankled professionals was a disappointment. Beforehand I had been told that the scene on the stage would be a veritable picture. And so it was-Rasa Bonheur's Horse Fair.

As a matter of fact the best dancer I saw in Europe was a performing trick pony in a winter circus in Berlin. I also remember with distinctness of detail a chorusman who took part in a new Lehar opera, there in Berlin. I do not nmember him for his dancing, because he was no clumster of foot than his compatriots in the chorus rank and file; or for his singing, since I could not pick his voice out from the combined voices of the others. I remember him because he wore spectacles—not a monocle nor yet a pair of noseglasses, but heavy-rimmed, double-lensed German spectacks with gold hows extending up behind his ears like the roots of an old-fashioned wisdom tooth.

Come to think about it I know of no reason why a chorusman should not wear spectacles if he needs them in his business or if he thinks they will add to his native beauty; but the spectacle of that bolster-built youth, dressed new as a Spanish cavalier and now as a Venetian gendolier, prancing about, with his spectacles goggling owlishly

out at the audience, and once in a while, when a gleam from the footlights caught on them, turning to two red-bot disks set in the middle of his face, was a thing that is going to linger in my memory when a lot of more important matters are entirely forgotten.

Not even in Paris did the tango experts compare with the tango experts one sees in America. At this juncture I pause a moment, giving opportunity for some carping critic to rise and call my attention to the fact that perhaps the most distinguished of the early school of turkey-trotters bears a French name and came to us from Paris.

New York to New York Via Montmartre

TO WHICH I reply that so he does and so he did; but I add then the counter-argument that he came to us by way of Paris, at the conclusion of a round trip that started in the old Fourth Ward of the Borough of Manhattan, city of Greater New York; for he was born and bred on the East Side-and, moreover, was born bearing the name of a race of kings famous in the south of Ireland and along the Bowery. And he learned his art—not only the rudiments of it but the final finished polish of it - in the dancehalls of

Third Avenue, where the best slow-time dancers on earth some from. It was after he had acquired a French accent and had Gallicized his name, thereby causing a general turning-over of old settlers in the graveyards of the County Clare, that he returned to us, a conspicuous figure in the world of art and fashion, and was able to get twenty-five dollars an hour for teaching the sons and daughters of our richest families to trip the light tanfastic go.

At the same time, be it understood, I am not here to muckrake the past of one so prominent and affluent in the most honored and lucrative of modern professions; but facts are facts, and these particular facts are quoted here to bind and buttress my claim that the best dancers are the American dancers.

After this digression let us hurry right back to that loyal Berliner whom we left seated in the Palais du Danse on the Behrenstrasso, waiting for the hour of two in the morning to come. The hour of two in the morning does come; the lights die down; the dancers pick up their heavy feet-it takes an effort to pick up those Continental feet-and quit the warm floor; the Oberhellner comes round with his gold chain of office dangling on his broast and welfacts for the ware, and our German.

friend, politely inhaling his yawns, gets up and goes elsewhere to finish his good time. And, goldarn it, how he dom dread it! Yet he goes, faithful soul that he is

He goes, let us say, to the Pavillon Mascotte-no dancing, but plenty of drinking and music and foodwhich opens at two and stays open until four, when it shuls up shop in order that another place in the nature of a calturet may open. And so, between five and six o'clock



in the morning of the new day, when the lady garbagemen and the gentlemen chambermaids of the German capital are abroad on their several duties, he journeys homeward, and so, as Mr. Pepys says, to bed, with nothing disagreeable to look forward to except repeating the same dose all over again the coming night. This sort of thing would kill anyhody except a Prussian -for, mark you, between intervals of drinking he has been eating all night; but then a

Prussian has no digestion. He merely has a capacity in the place where his digestive apparetus ought to be.

The time to see a German enjoying bimself is when he is following his own bent and not obeying the implied edict of his gracious sovereign. I had a most excellent opportunity of observing him while engaged in his own private pursults of pleasure when by chance one evening, in the course of a solitary proud. I bumped into a sort of Berlinesque version of Coney Island, with the island part missing. It was not out in the suburbs where one would naturally expert to find such a resort. It was in the very middle of the city, just round the corner from the café district, not more than half a mile, as the Blutwurst flies, from Unter den Linden, that I happened on this little, noisy park.



Must Love Their Kalser; They Stay Up for Him Until They are Rendy to Die of Steepiness

Even at this distance and after a considerable lapse of time I can still appreciate that place, though I cannot pronounce it; for it had a name consisting of one of those ong German compound words that run all the way round a fellow's face and lap over at the back, like a clergyman's collar, and it had also a subname that no living person sould hope to utter unless he had a thorough German education and throat trouble. You meet such nouns frequently

in Germany. They are not meant to be spoken;

you gargie them.

To speak the full name of this park would require two able-bodied persons -one to start it off and carry it along until his larynx gave out, and the other to take it up at that point and finish it.

Sunday at the Zoo

FOR all the nine-jointed impressiveness of its title this purk was a live, brisk little park full of sideshow tents sheltering mildly amusing, faked-up attractions, with painted banners flapping in the air and barkers spieling before the entrances and all the ballyhoos going at full blast-altogether a creditable imitation of a street fair as witnessed in any American town that has a good live Elks' Lodge in it.

Plainly the place was popular. Germans of all conditions and all ages and all sizes-but mainly the broader lasts-were winding about in thick streams in the narrow, crooked alleys formed by the various tents. They packed themselves in front of each booth where a free exhibition was going on, and when the free part was over and the regular performance began each struggled good-naturedly to be the first to pay the admission fee and enter in at the door.

And, for a price, there were freaks to be seen who properly belonged on our side of the water, it seemed to me. I had always supposed them to be exclusively domestic articles until I encountered them here. There was a regular Boscoe a genuine Herr He Alive Them Eatssitting in his canyas den entirely surrounded by a choice and tasty selection of eating snakes. The orthodox tattoosed man was there, too, first standing up to display the text and accompanying illustrations on his front cover, and then turning round so the crowd might read what he said on the other side. And there was many another familiar freak introduced to our fathers by Old Dan Rice and to us, their children, through the good offices of Daniel's long and noble line of successors.

A sessonable Sunday is a fine time; and the big Zoological Garden, which is a favorite outdoor resort in fair weather, is a fine place for studying the Berlin populace at the diversions they prefer when left to their own devices. At one table will be a cluster of students, with their queer little pill-box caps of all colors, their close-cropped heads and well-shaved necks, and their saber-scarred faces.

At the next table half a dozen spectacled, long-coated en, who look as though they might be university to fessors, are confabbing earnestly. And at the next table and the next and the next- and so on, until the aggregate runs into big figures-are family groups-grandsires, fathers, mothers, sunts, uncles and children, on down to the babies in arms.

By the uncountable thousands they spend the afternoon here, munching sausages and sipping lager, and enjoying the excellent music that is invariably provided. At each plate there is a beer mug, for everybody is forever drinking and nobody is ever drunk.

You see a lot of this sort of thing, not only in the parks and gardens so numerous in and near any German city but everywhere on the Continent. Seeing it helps an American



to understand a main difference between the American Sabbath and the European Sunday. We keep it and they

I am given to understand that Vienna night life is the most alluring, the most abandoned, the most wicked and the wildest of all night life. Probably this is so-certainly it is the most cloistered and the most inaccessible. The Viennese does not deliberately exploit his night life to prove to all the world that he is a gay dog and will not go home until morning though it kill him-as the German does. Neither does be maintain it for the sake of the min to be extracted from the pockets of the tourist, as do the Parisians. With him his night life is a thing he has created and which he supports for his own enjoyment.

And so it goes on-not out in the open; not pres agented; not advertised; but behind closed doors. He does not care for the stranger's presence, nor does he suffer it either-unless the stranger is properly vouched for. The best theaters in Vienna are small, exclusive affairs, privately supported, and with seating capacity for a few

chosen patrons.

Once he has quit the public café with its fine music and its bad waiters the uninitiated traveler has a pretty lonesome time of it in Vienna. Until all hours he may roam. the principal streets seeking that fillip of wickedness which will give zest to life and provide him with something to brag about when he gets back among the homefolks again. He does not find it. Charades would provide a much more exciting means of spending the long winter evening; and, in comparison with the sights he witnesses, anagrams and acrestics are positively thrilling.

He is tantalized by the knowledge that all about him there are big doings, but, so far as he is concerned, he might just as well be attending a Sunday-school cantata. Unless he be suitably introduced he will have never a chance to shake a foot with anybody or buy a drink for somebody in the inner circles of Viennese night life. He is emphatically on the outside, denied even the poor satisfaction of looking in. At that I have a suspicion, born of ensual observation among other races, that the Viennese really has a better time when he is not trying than when he is trying.

No taste of the night life in Pure is regarded as complete without a visit to an Apache resort at the fag-end of it. For orderly and law-abiding people the disorderly and lawbreaking people always have an immense fascination anyhow. The average person, though inclined to blink at whatever prevalence of the criminal classes may exist in his own community, desires above all things to know at firsthand about the criminals of other communities. In these matters charity begins at home.

In the Cave of the Innocenty

EVERY New Yorker who journeys to the West wants to see a few readagents; conversely the Westersersojourning in New York pesters his New York friends to lead him to the haunts of the gangsters. It makes no difference that in a Western town the prize hold-up man is more apt than not to be a real-estate dealer; that in New York the average run of citizens know no more of the gange than they know of the Metropolitan Museum of Art - which is to say, nothing at all. Human nature comes to the surface just the same,

In Paris they order this thing differently; they exhibit the same spirit of enterprise that in a lesser degree characterized certain promoters of rubberneck tours who some years ago fitted up make-believe oplum dens in New York's Chinatown for the awed delectation of out-of-town spectators. Knowing from experience that every other American who lands in Paris will crave to observe the Apache while the Apache is in the act of Apaching round rogardless, the canny Parisians have provided a line of up-to-date Apache dens within easy walking distance of Montmartre; and thither the guides lead the round-eyed tourist and there introduce him to well-drilled, carefully made-up Apaches and Apachesses engaged in their customary sports and pastimes as long as he is willing to pay out money for the privilege.

Being forewarned of this I naturally desired to see the genuine article, I took steps to achieve that end. Suitably chaperoned by a trio of transplanted Americans who knew a ut the Paris underworld over miles of humpy cobblestones until, along about four o'clock in the morning, our taxicab turned into a dim back street opening off one of the big public markets and drew up in front of a grimy establishment rejoicing in the happy and well-chosen name of the Cave of the Innocents.

Alighting we passed through a small booking ken, where a frowzy woman presided over a har, serving drinks to smucked marketmen, and at the rear descended a steep flight of stone steps. At the foot of the stairs we came on two gendarmes who sat side by side on a wooden bench, having apparently nothing else to do except to cares their goates and finger their swords. Whether the gendarmes were stationed here to keep the Apaches from preying on the marketmen or the marketmen from preying on the Apaches I know not; but having subsequently purchased some fresh fruit in that selfsame market I should say now that if anybody about the premises needed. police protection it was the Apaches. My money would be on the marketmen every time.

Beyond the couchant gendarmes we traversed a low, winding passage cut out of stone and so came at length to what seemingly had originally been a winevault, hollowed out far down beneath the foundations of the building. The criling was so low that a tall man must stoop to avoid knocking his head off. The place was full of smells that had crawled in a couple of hundred years before and had died without benefit of clergy-and had remained there ever since. For its chief item of furniture the cavern had a wirked old piano, with its lid missing, so that its yellowed teeth showed in a perpetual snart. I judged some of its most important vital organs were missing too-after I heard it played.

On the walls were scared such words as naughty little. boys write on schoolhouse fences in this country, and more examples of this pleasing brand of literature were curved on the whittled oak benches and the rickety wooden

stools. So much for the physical furbishings.

By rights-by all the hallowed rules and precedents of the American vaudeville stage!—the denizens of this cozy retreat in the howels of the earth should have been wearing high-waisted, baggy velvet trousers and drinking abdothe out of large flagons, and stabbing one another between the shoulderblades, and ever and anon, in the mystic mazes of the dance, playing crack-the-whip with the necks and heels of their adoring lady friends; but such was not found to be the case. In all these essential and traditional regards the assembled Innocents were as poignantly disappointing as the costers of London had proved themselves.

According to all the printed information on the subject the London coster should have been wearing clothes covered up with pearl buttons and swapping ready repartee with his Donah or his Dinah. The costers I saw were barren of pearl buttons and silent of speech; and almost invariably they had left their Donahs at home. Similarly these gentlemen habitues of the Cave of the Innocenta wore few or no velvet punts, and guzzled little or none of the alsonths. Their favorite tipple appeared to be beer; and their female companions souggled closely buide them. We stayed among them fully twenty minutes, but not a single person was stabbed while we were there. It must have been an off-night for stabbings.

Still, I judged them to have been genuine exhibits because here, for the first, last and only time in Paris, I found a shop where a stranger ready to spend a little money was not welcomed with voriferous enthusiasm. The paired-off cavedwellers merely scowled on us as we scrouged past them to a vacant beach in a for corner. The waiter, though, bowed before m-a shockbeaded personage in the raise of a dress suit, he was -at the same time mying words which I took to be complimentary until one of my friends explained that he had called us something that might be freely translated

as a vertain kind of female lobster. BAR BLIC



Circumscribed by our own inflexible and unyielding lasguage we in America must content ourselves with calling a man a plain lobster; but the limber-tongued Gaul gos further than that-he calls you a female lobster, which seems somehow or other to make it more binding.

However, I do not really think the waiter meant to be deliberately offensive; for presently, having first served as with beer which for obvious reasons we did not drink, he stationed himself alongside the infirm piano and rendered a little ballad to the effect that all men were spiders and all women were snakes, and all the world was a green poison; so, right off, I knew what his trouble was, for I had seen many persons just as morbidly affected as himself down in the malaria belt of the United States, where everybody has liver for breakfast every morning. The waiter was bilious - that was what ailed him.

For the sake of the conventions I tried to feel apprehensive of grave peril. It was no go. I felt safe-not exactly comfortable, but perfectly safe. I could not even muster up a spasm of the spine when a member of our party leaned over and whispered in my ear that any one of these gentry roundabout us would cheerfully cut a man's thrus

for twenty-five cents.

I was surprised, though, at the moderation of the cost: this was the only cheap thing I had struck in Paris. It was cheaper even than the same job is supposed to be in the district round Chatham Square, on the East Side of New York, where the credulous stranger is so frequently told that he can have a plain murder done for five dollars-or a fancy murder, with trimmings, for ten; rate card covering other jobs on application.

In America, however, it has ever been my misfortune that I did not have the right amount handy; and here is Paris I was handicapped by my inability to make change correctly. By now I would not have trusted any one in Paris to make change for me—not even an Apache. I was sorry for this, for at a quarter a head I should have been very glad to engage Apaches to kill me about two dellars' worth of calsdrivers and waiters. For one of the waiters at our hotel I would have been willing to pay as much as tifty cents, provided they killed him very slowly. Because of the reasons named, however, I had to come away without making any deal-and I have always regretted it.

Evening Sport in European Capitals

AT THE outset of this article I said the English had no night life. This was a slight but a partionable misstatement of the actual facts. The Englishman has not so much night life as the Parisian, the Berliner, the Viennese or the Buda Pest; but he has more night life in his town of London than the Roman has in his town of Rome.

In Rome night life for the foreigner consists of going indoors at eventide and until bedtime figuring up how much money he has been skinned out of during the course of the day just done-and for the native in going indoors and counting up how much money he has skinned the foreigner out of during the day aforesaid. London has its night life, but it ends early-in the very shank of the evening, so to speak.

This is due in a measure to the operation of the earlyclosing law, which, however, does not apply if you are a

bona-fide traveler stopping at your own inn. There the ancient tavern law protects you. You may sit at ease and, if so minded, may drink and eat until daylight doth appear or doth not appear, as is generally the case in the foggy season. There is another law, of newer origin, to prohibit the taking of children under a certain age into a public bouse,

On the passage of this act there at once sprang up a congenial and lucrative employment for those horrible old-women drunkards who are so distressingly numerous in the poorer quarters of the town. Regardless of the weather one of these bedrabbled creatures stations herself just outside the door of a pub. Along comes a mother with a thirst and a child. Surrendering her offspring to the temporary care of the hag the mother goes within and has her refreshment at the bar. When, wiping her mouth on the back of her hand, she comes forth to reclaim the youngster she gives the other woman a ha'penny for her trouble, and eventually the other woman harvests enough ha'penny bits to buy a dram of gin for berself. On a rainy day I have seen a draggled, Sairey-Gamp-looking female earing for as many as four damp infants under the drippy portico of an East End groggery. It is to the cafés that the early-closing law

chiefly applies. The calés are due to close for business within half an hour after midnight. When the time for shutting up draws nigh the managers do not put their lingering patrons out physically. The individual's body is a sacred thing, personal liberty being most dear to

(Continued on Page 65)

By Edwin Lefèvre CHEAP AT A MILLION LLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFE

THE telephone operator in E. H. Merriwether's office manipulated the plugs in the switchboard and answered in advance:

"Mr. Merriwether's office!**

From the other end of the wire came:

"This is the Rivulet. Club. Mr. Waters wishes to speak to Mr. E. H. Merriwether. Personal matter.'

"He's engaged just now. Will any one else

"No. Say it is Mr. Waters-about Mr. Tom Merriwether."

People resorted to all manner of tricks and subterfuges to speak to Mr. E. H. Merriwether deluded people who thought they could get what they wished if only they could speak to Mr. Merriwether himself.

They never succeeded. He was too well guarded by highly paid experts who prevented the waste of his precious time. But the telephone operator knew her business. She switched the would-be conversationalist on to the private secretary's line, saying:

"Mr. Waters, Rivulet Club, wishes to speak to Mr. E. H.

in regard to Mr. Tom Merriwether."

"I'll talk to him," hostily said the private secretary. "Hello, Mr. Waters! This is McWayne, Mr. Merriwether's private secretary. Has anything happened to Tom that - Oh! Yes-of course! At once, Mr. Watere."

McWayne then had the operator put Mr. Waters on

Mr. E. H.'s wire.

Who?" said the czar of the Pacific & Southwestern. "Waters? Oh, yes. Go ahead!" And Mr. E. H. Merri-

aether heard, in a young man's voice: "Say, Mr. Merriwether, some of the fellows here thought

I'd better speak to you about Tom. He's been acting kind of queer; of course I don't mean crazy or er alarming: but-don't you know?-unusual. . . Yes, sir! A little unusual for him, Mr. Merriwether. Today it was about the opera. Says he's got to get a certain seat, no matter what it costs. Of course it isn't our business.

Oh, no; he never drinks too much. No; never! We don't think we are called on to follow him to the Metropolitan, where he has just gone; but we thought you ought to know it. Please don't bring us into any You know we are very fond of Tom; and we were a little worried, he's been so unlike himself lately. We tensed him about being in love, and he -er - he seemed to get quite angry. . Yes, Mr. Merriwether; we'll keep you posted; and

please don't give me away. It was a very delicate matter and—— Don't mention it, Mr. Merriwether. We'd all do anything for Tom, sir. Good by.

E. H. Merriwether, the greatest little cuss in the world, as his admirers called him, hung up the telephone. His face, that impassive gambler's face which never told anything, now showed as plainly as could be that he was sounded in a vital spot.

His son Tom was all this great millionaire had! His railroad became so much junk and his vast plans just so much waste paper as he thought of Tom. Was the boy going insane? Was it drugs? Was it one of those mysterious maladies that break millionaires' hearts by buffling the greatest physicians of the entire world and being beyond the reach of gold? Or was it a joke? Young Evert Waters was a friend of Tom's; but might not he exaggerate? He rang the bell for his private secretary.

"McWayne, send somebody with brains to the Metropolitan Opera House to find out whether my son Tom has been up there—box office—and what he is up to. I want to know how he acts. I want to know where the boy goes and what he does, whom he sees and where. Get some specialist on-er"-he could not bring himself to say mental diseases-"on nervous troubles, and make an appointment with him to come to my house tomorrow morning. He will have breakfast with us-say, at eightthirty. I don't want Tom to know.

"Be ready to notify the papers to suppress any and all stories about Tom. I fear nothing and expect nothing,



because I know nothing. Drop everything else and attend to these matters at once. I have heard that Tom is acting a little queer. It may be a lie or a joke—or a trick. I want to find not—that's all."

He would learn before he acted decisively. He stared at a pigeonhole in his deak marked T. T. M. There he kept all letters Tom had written him from boarding school and from college. Presently he raised his head and drew a deep breath. There was no need to worry until he knew. It would be a waste of energy and of time; and, for all his millions, he could not afford the waste. He rang a bell; and when a clerk appeared he said in his calm voice:

"I'll see Governor Bulton the moment he comes in."

There was a big battle on between capital and labor. He was in the thick of it. He put Tom out of his mind for the time being. He could do that at will; but he could not put Tom out of his heart-this little chap that people called ruthless.

TOM MERRIWETHER went to the box office at the Metropolitan and said pleasantly, as men do when they ask for what they know will be given to them:

"I want the seat just back of G 77-orchestra-for tonight. I suppose it will be H 77.

The clerk, who knew the helr of the Merriwether millions, said:

"I'll see whether we have it, Mr. Merrjeether." He saw. Then he said, with sincere regret: "I'm very sorry.

"I must have it," said Tom determinedly.

"I don't quite see how I can help you, Mr. Merriwether. I can give you another just as -

"I don't want any other sent. Who bought it?"

"I don't know. It may be a subscription seat, sold months ago. "It's the double seven on the seventh row that I am

concerned about. I want the sent just back of it." "I'll call up the ticket agencies. There's a bare chance they may have it." After a few minutes he said: "I'm

very sorry, Mr. Merriwether, but they haven't it."
"I'm willing to pay any price for H 77. I'll give you a hundred dollars if you -

"Mr. Merriwether, I couldn't do it if you offered me a thousand! If I could do it at all I'd be only too glad to do it for you -for nothing," the clerk said, and blushed. Everybody liked Ton.

The sincerity in the clerk's voice impressed young Mr. Merriwether, who thanked him warmly and withdrew The buffled feeling that he took away with him from the ticket window grew in intensity until he was ready to fight.

It was a natural-enough impulse that led him back to 777 Blank Avenue; but he was not quite sure whether he was angry at the man for telling him to do what was oliviously impossible or at himself for determining to find her!

He rang the bell of the bouse of mystery. The footman that answered was one of the intelligent four; but his face was impossive, as though he had never before seen Tom. "Your master?" asked Tom abruptly,

"Your card, please," said the footman impassively. Tom gave it to him. The man disa speared, presently to return. "This way, sir." And at the door in the rear he paused and announced: Mr. Merriwether!"

The master of the house was in his usual place. He bowed his head gravely and waited.

"I couldn't get the seat," said Tom with a frown.

"It is written: Vain are man's efforts!"

"That's all very well. my friend. But the next time-

"Fate deals with time-not with next time! There is no curtainty of any time but one. If you can do nothing I can do nothing. I still say: The seat back of G 77 tonight."

Tom Merriwether looked searchingly into the calm eyes before him. The baffled feeling

returned; also, a great curiosity. What would the end he? At length he said: "Good day, sir." He half hoped the man would volunteer some helpful remark. "Good day, sir," said the man with cold politeness.

Tom went back to the opera house and asked for somebody in authority to whom he might talk. They ushered him into Mr. Kirsch's presence. Mr. Kirsch, amiable by birth, temperament and training, listened to him with much gravity; also, with a concern he tried to conceal, for it was too sad- a bright, clean-living, intensely likable chap like Tom, only heir to the Merriwether millions!

Feuring a scene he told Tom that he would speak to the ticket-takers in the lobby to be on the lookout for ticket H 77. Then he conferred with the emissary McWayne had sent, who thereupon was able to send in a most alarming

The private secretary softened it as much as he could and even dared to suggest to the chief that it might be a bet; but the little czar of the Pacific & Southwestern, who had never flinched under any strain or stress, grew visibly older as he heard that his son was offering thousands for an opera seat-for the seut back of the double seven, seventh row. It could mean but one thing!

Tom was so fortunate as to be standing beside the ticketcollector at the middle dear of the main entrance when the owner of H 77 appeared. He was a fat man with a pink and shiny face, a close-cropped mustache and huge pearl studs. The fat man was fortunately alone.

"Sir," said Tom, "I should like to speak with you."

The man looked apprehensive. Then he said: "What is it about?"

"For very strong personal reasons I should like to exchange tickets with you. I can give you G 120 every bit as good—on the other side of the alsle."

"Why should I change?" queried the shiny-faced man suspiciously.

"To oblige a very nice young lady and myself. Of course if you prefer to be paid -

"I don't need money."

"Well, I'll pay you a hundred dollars for your ticket," said Tom coldly.

The man shook his head from force of habit, in order that Tom might see he was offering too little. Then he said recklessly:

"It's yours, my friend. I have a pet charity. I'll give your money to it. Where's the hundred?"

Tom took out a small roll of yellow bills, pulled off one and handed it to the man with the pet charity, who took it, looked at it, nodded, put it in his pocket, gave the coupen to Tom, and then held out his right hand.

"Where is the ticket for G 120 that you'll give me in place of mine?"

Tom gave it to him and walked into the house, not knowing that McWayne's emissary had listened and reported. He sat in H 77 and tried to laugh at his own absurd behavior; but somewhere within him - away in, very deepsomething was thrillingly alert, tantalizingly expectant.

The seat before him was empty. It remained empty during the first set. It angered Tom that the climax should be so long in coming. The three seats in front of him remained vacant until just before the curtain went up on the last act. Somebody came in just as the lights were lowered and occupied seat G 77.

Tom sat up and braced himself. He leaned over, vaguely desiring to be near her. Unconscious that he was under a

strain, he nevertheless drew a deep breath.



Nothing Had Happened - Recept That He Again Had Made an Aux of Himself!

Instantly there came to him the odor of sweet peas, and with it thoughts of summer, of a beautiful girl, of a soul mute, of a wife. Love filled his being. He wished to love and be loved. He wished to be sumebody's husband, so that he might begin to live the life he was to live until the day of his death!

He leaned back in his chair and again inhaled the fragrance of sweet peas-the odor that must mean klasse in the open: the inarticulate lovemaking of breezes and blossoms; the multitudinous whispers of midsummer nights heard by love-hungry ears. And then the music! There came the breaking of a heart about to cease beating and the sobbing crash of the brames in the finale. It was almost more than Tom could hear,

Then the curtain fell and light flooded the house. People streamed out. Tom twisted and turned to see the face of the lady who made him think of the sweet peas, which made him think of love and marriage and children but she was wrapped to the checks in a fur-edged opera cloak and her head was covered with a black lace wrap. He could not see her face; and after rivulets of people reached the main stream in the middle aide he found himself hopelessly separated from her. He tried to justle his way through. McWayne, his father's private secretary, suddenly happened to be there.

"Helio, Tom!" he said: "What's your rush?"
Tom saw that it was useless to pursue the phantem of sweet peas and dreams of love unless he vaulted over the stalls. McWayne's presence made him realize how his friends would be shocked by such actions.

"No hurry at all," said Tom, who, after all, was a Merriwether. "Just wanted to see whether I knew that girl."

"I'll but she's a pippin!" said McWayne with a friendly smile. It irritated Toen-

'I don't know any of your friends," said Tom coldly; "lady friends and pippins, fellows like you call them, I

That was what convinced McWayne that the worst was to be feared about poor Tom, who was so considerate and amiable when normal. Poor Toro! McWayne telephoned to the waiting E. H. Merriwether, whose only reply was to ask the private secretary to arrange to have Doctor Francothal, the great specialist, at breakfast in the Merriwether house the next morning, without fall.

It was quite a common occurrence for Doctor Francesthal to meet under false pretenses, as it were persons whose sanity was suspected by fond relatives who dared not openly acknowledge their suspicions. He was a man whose eyes had been compared to psychic corkscrews, with which he brought the patient's secret thoughts to the light. of day. Some one said of him that, by inducing a feeling of guilt and detection among the predatory rich, he was able to exact colossal fees from them. He was the man who had made Ordway Blake give up making six millions a year in Wall Street by quitting. Mr. Blake was still alive.

Frauenthal was introduced to Tom as a gentleman whose advice "E. H." desired. The men conversed on various topies apparently haphazard; but in reality Tom, without knowing it, was answering test questions. The answers could not conclusively prove insanity, but they would certainly show whether a more thorough examination was necessary.

Mr. Merriwether and Frauenthal left the house together, They entered the waiting brougham. The great little railroad magnate gave the address of the doctor's office to the footman; then turned to Frauenthal and said calmly: "Well, what do you think of him?"

His voice was steady and cold, his face imperturbable; his eyes were fixed with intelligent scrutiny on the specialist's, but his fingers tightly clutched a rolled morning

Frauenthal turned his clinical stare on E. H. Merriwether, as though the financier were really the patient. He swept the little man's face-the eyes, the mouth and the poise and then let his eyes linger on the clenched fingers about the newspaper.

The iron-nerved, glacial-blooded, flint-hearted Merriwether could not control himself after forty-five seconds of this. He flung the newspaper on the floor violently.

"Go ahead!" he said harshly.

The doctor did not smile outwardly; but you felt that within himself he had found an answer to one of his own unspoken questions about the father of the suspect.

There are, Mr. E. H. Merriwether," he began in the measured tones and overcureful enunciation of a lecturer at a clinic, "various forms of let us say madness; and your son Tom, a fine young man of twenty-eight, is quite unmistakably suffering from -

He paused to give the fine young man's emotionless father an opportunity to show human feelings. Frauenthal was always interested in the struggle between the emotional and the physical in his millionaire patients.

"Go on!" mid E. H. Merriwether, so very coldly as to

His eyes never left the alienist's own secret-draggers; but he was drumming on his thigh with the tips of his uncontrollable fingers. Ordinarily his desk would have screened from sight this betrayal of human feeling.

"Your son, sir, is suffering, beyond any question, from the oldest madness of all-Love!"

"What?

"Your son Tom is in love. That is what alls him."

"Are you serious?" Mr. Merriwether was frowning fiercely new.

"You'll think so," retorted Frauenthal coldly, "when you get my bill."

"My hoy Tom in love?" repeated the exar blankly. "Yes.

"With whom?"

"I don't know. I'm a neurologist-not a soothsayer."

"Well, suppose he is in love - what of it?"

"Nothing to me."
"Then what is serious about it?"

"I can't tell you, for its seriousness to you depends on rour point of view toward society at large. There are, of course, the obvious disquieting circumstances."

"For instance?"

"He is a fine chap-healthy, bright, houset. What is the reason he has said nothing to you? Is he ashamed or

afraid? If he is ashamed it is very serious to both of you. If he is afraid-well, then the seriourness depends on how intelligent a father you have been to him.

"Don't talk like a fool! I've been a good father to him; of colarse

"Wait! Wait! First tell me why you do what you ask me not to do?" In the specialist's eyes

was a professional curiosity.
"What do you mean?" said E. H. Merriwether Impatiently. It exasperated him to be puzzled.

Why do you talk like a fool?"

mid Frauenthal.

Nobody ever talked that way to Mr. E. H. Merriwether, overlord of the greatest railroad empire in history. He flushed and was about to retort angrily, but controlled himself in time. The brougham had reached

Frauenthal's office. Mr. Merriwether spoke too. calmly-you could feel the tense restrain;

"Doctor Frauenthal, I've heard a great deal your wonderful ability."

He paused. It came hard to him to be angratiating. This difficulty is the revenge which Nature takes on people who acquire the habit of paying money for everything in this world. Such men cannot talk except with a checkbook, and the checkbook loses the power of speech before happiness - and before death.

What very difficult thing is it you wish me to do for you?" asked Frauenthal coldly. You are sure Tom is not - " He hesitated.

"Crazy?" prompted the specialist.

"Yes."

"Yes; I'm sure he is not. Therefore he is saner than you."

Mr. Merriwether let this remark pass. He was armious to save Tom. This man was uncannily sharp. He said:

"And can't you do something, so that Tom will not

"I am not God!" interrupted Frauenthal.

"Then, what can I do? What do you suggest might be

'As a neurologist?"

"Yes."

"Nothing."

"Then as a man of the world - as one who knows human nature. You see, this-this-er-sort of thing is not in my line. What shall I do?" It was a terrible thing for the great Merriwether to confess inefficiency in anything. "Pray!"

The little magnate flushed.

"Ductor Frauenthal," he began with chilling dignity,

And I answered. Have your millions deafened you! Pray! Pray to whatever other God you may have that the lady prove to be neither a prima donna nor a novelist. A temperamental daughter-in-law is really worse than you deserve, for all the money they say you have made. There are checkbook gods and stock-ticker gods; and there is also God. Td pray to Him if I were you. Good day, sir!"

The footman had opened the door, and the great specialist, without mother look at the railroad man, got out and

walked into his house.

"Where to, sir?" seked the footman.

Mr. Merriwether, however, was vexed to think that in relieving his anxiety over Tom's sanity Frauenthal had replaced it with a dread question-Why had not Tom told his father about her? The boy must be either crazy or in love. If he was not crazy, who in blazes was she? What was she? Why was she? All this angered him. He muttered aloud:

"Hell!"

"Yes, sir-very good, sir," said the footman from force of habit. Then be trembled; but his master had not heard him. The footman breathed deeply and said tremulously: "B-beg p-pardon, sir?"

"Nearest Subway station!" said E. H. Merriwether.

He was in a hurry to reach his office, not because he had important business to transact there, but because somehow he always thought best in his own chair before his own desk in his own office. There he was an autocrat, and there he could think autocratically and issue commands that were abeyed. He had much thinking to do-Tom was concerned, his son Tom; and Tom's future. And it was now clear that T. T. Merriwether's future was also the future of E. H. Merriwether!

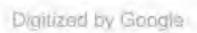
Why had this thing come on him? Talk about your thunderbolts out of a clear sky-this love affair was a million times worse! It was mysterious and it is well known in Wall Street that a mystery is worse than

nitroglycerin - infinitely more dangerous. Ignorance is always fatal.

What was this love affair? How far had it gone? Just where was the dynamite stored? Whowasshe? Why did not Tom say something? Why could not Tom have fallen in love cafely? Why could be not have married a good girl who would belo him and help E. H. Merriwether; help both by minding her own business-to wit, a few little male Merriwethers?

It was time Tom became his father's successor-to-be. E. H. Merriwether had loved to do his own work his own way all his life. It was his pleasure. But the work suddenly took on an aspect of far greater importance than the worker. The work was the work of the Merriwethers-pot of one Merriwether: not even of the great E. H., but of all the Merriwethers, living and to be. Tom must be

trained to be not only the son of #



"Mr. Merriwether, I Couldn't Do it if You

Offered Me a Thousand!"

Merriwether, but to be himself a Merriwether. And therefore E. H. must cease to be a railroad expert toward Tom; he must become Tom's father, the trainer of a successor fiesh and blood the same: the fortune the same.

And, as a sense of impending loss always heightens values, E. H. Merriwether suddenly realized how important to him and to his happiness Tom was. He loved Tom, who was not only his only son but the only Merriwether. That told everything: He loved Tom.

AFTER his father and Doctor Frauenthal left the house Tom tried to feel that he had finished his breakfast that is to say, he attempted to read the newspapers. But the printed letters failed to combine themselves into intelligible forms, and even when he read a word here and there his mind did not record it. Obeying an unexplained impulse

Then he sat down merely because he had been standing. Then he tried to reason why he was sitting and what sitting there thinking of himself in that particular position meant. But the sky was too blue! It called to him in an

azure voice that made him long for the sunshine and the open air, and the rooflessness of outdoors that permits ten million fancies to soar unchecked.

Also, he longed for something; and, though he know that he longed, he did not know exactly what it was he longed for, because it was not his mind that desired it, but all of him; and all of him did not think with precision. Young men are apt to feel like that in the springtime-also young women. Also, widowers and canaries and beifers and burros-and even bankers!

Therefore Tom swore at that nothing which is always something and gave up trying to make himself think that he wanted to read the morning papers. His nervous system roined a proverb for him: "When in doubt, walk out!" So he walked out of the house and crossed the avenue.

He found himself in Central Park-the remedy which the very rich do not and the very poor cannot use to cure the spring in the blood. And as he walked the soul-fidgets left him, so that after a mile or two be quite cold-bloodedly began to think of his

most pressing duties. He went about them systematically. The first thing he had to do was some shopping: shopping on Blank Avenue - on Blank Avenue where the jewelry shops were; in the jewelry shops where the wedding presents were. There! He was off again. Everybody was getting married! What business had people to make people think of wives; yes, wives-plural; lots of wives; all beautiful, all desirable and worthy; all lovely and loving and lovable; and all fit to be rolled into one-Tom's?

It was not polygamy. It was merely composite photography. The one he desired had a little of each of the girls he admired. She was the amorous crazy-quilt that youth is so apt to dazzle itself with in the springtimea nose from a friend; two lips from a stranger; a complexion from a distant relative; a pair of eyes from the sky; a heart from the heart of the sun-and lo | the wife-to-be |

And so the wedding presents—a silver service, to be used by two sitting on opposite sides of a table, looking into each other's eyes; a glittering string, to be admired on a wonderful throat—were heavy enough to keep Tom's soul from soaring. And because his feet were on the pavement he soon found himself-of course!-before 777 Blank Avenue.

Why should he not go to that house? And why should he not ring the bell? Why not?

His intentions were above suspicion, though marriage is a serious thing; but, really, now was the time for the adventure to appear-even if the adventure turned out to be merely the adventuress.

Therefore, with the inexorable logic of the most illogical state of mind known, he rang the bell and waited with an eagerness-half hope, half curiosity-most unusual among people who, like Tom, early acquire the habit of asking, checkbook in hand, for whatever they wish.

The footman who answered was one of the men with the over-intelligent faces.

"I am Mr. Merriwether. I wish to see your master." Tom's voice rang a trifle more commandingly than the occasion appeared to call for. There was a physiological reason for it. The man hesitated so that Tom wondered; but presently all expression vanished from the nonmental face and the footman said:

"This way, if you please, sir."

He pressded Tom to the door of his master's library. He rapped twice smartly and waited in an attitude of listening. Tom also listened intently; he could not have told why he did it though it was, of course, inevitable

Not a sound was heard. The over-intelligent footman's lips moved for all the world as though he were counting, and presently he opened the door and announced: "Mr. Thomas Thorne Merriwether -7-7-77."

"Do Fou Fool That You Mart Most Her Jose or Die!"

Tom entered. The master of this strange house was ested at the over-elaborate library table, writing. He looked up; but before Tom could speak the man said

"I cannot do anything for you, sir."

It was so much like a refusal to give alms to a beggar that Tom flushed angrily. He managed to check a sharp retort on the very brink and, instead, began in a mildly ironical tone:

"Of course you know what I ---

"Of course!" interrupted the man rudely; and he began impatiently to drum on the edge of the table with his penholder. "Do you imagine for a minute that you are the only mateless male in New York looking for his destined bride? And do you really think that the fruit--until now-of your search is a world-tragedy? Because your name happens to be Thomas-which is a descriptive title when applied to marriageable felines of your own sex-do you fancy I am concerned with your affairs? Young man, you are the only son and beir of a very rich man; but there are some things that money cannot buy. Love is one of them."

He frowned at Tom, but something in the young millionaire's face made him relent. He went on, more kindly, more encouragingly:

"My boy, she is seeking you, even as you are seeking her. She is very beautiful! You will meet her at the appointed hour-have no doubt of it. After your perfectly stupid

failure at the opera - Wait!" He held up a hand as Tom was about to speak in self-defense, futility of your maneuvers shows that youth, brains, money, persistence and desire are all powerless to hurry fate. As you, who have never seen her, love her, she loves you though she has never seen you. She will know you as you will know her; but she is gone!"
"Where?" Tom spoke before he knew it.

"Be patient! After you meet her you will live with her

until death parts you."

He said this, without theatrical emphasis, in a most matter-of-fact way. Tom's suspicions, always present in this house of mystification rather than of mystery, were not made livelier by the man's words; but neither were they allayed by the tone of his voice. He hesitated and then, adventure whispering, he said:

"To be perfectly frank, I am interested in this -

"Young man, I told you before that I ask nothing of you - no favor, no money, no service; not even your interest. When I asked you to do a certain thing you did it. I am not particularly grateful. You could not have refused! Possibly you can explain to your own satisfaction your own

inexplicable acquiescence; you doubtless have evolved a dozen most ingenious theories to account for your doings and mine. The shortest and ensiest explanation is the true one-fate. After you marry you will compare notes with her-and yet you will not understand why I concerned myself with your lives. You will perplex yourselvenso unnecessarily; all because of your unwillingness to say: fate!

"Men hate fate as a hypothesis. It is not flattering to admit that we are but puppetsthe strongest of us no stronger than an autumn leaf in the wind. And because you do not see fate you do not believe in it. And, for fear of being considered an ass by a lot of assess who also do not believe in fate, you will never tell any one your romanticatory. And yet, of the scores you call friends, there are only seven men who are happily married. And those seven I helped, as I have helped you and as I shall help those I am ordered to help. Even now the Dispeller of Darkness is out, making one heart send a message in the dark to another heart waiting for it!"

"Do you mean to say you cannot or will not arrange for my meeting the mysterious person you tell me I am going to marry?"

"I mean to say that your coming to this house with such a hope merely means a waste of your time, young sir, and of mine. You will meet your love, but you cannot find her. No man finds happiness by means of a systematic search. It comes or it does not come-as God wills,"

The man rose. Tom also rose and said:

"But at least tell me where this-this alleged fate of mine is."

The man shook his head with a smile that was in the nature of a mild sneer.

"Doubting Thomas! He won't admit it, but he can't deny it! Ah, so wise! So elever in his suspicions! So intelligently skeptical! Ah, yes!"

Still nedding in ironical admiration he approached the

filing cabinet.

"Let me see-you are 7-7-77." He pulled out Drawer Seven in Section Seven and took out an envelope from which he drew a lot of papers. He read a typewritten sheet. He replaced the papers, turned and stared doubtfully at Tom, muttering half to himself: "I don't know! I don't know!"

"What?" asked Tom.

"Do you really want ber? Do you feel that you must meet her soon or die?"

(Continued on Page 56)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription 3: M the Year. First Cents the Copp of All Newsdo To Canada –By Subscription \$1.75 the Year (Except in Toronio,) hingle Center, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries to the Postal Union. Stugie Subscriptions, \$1,25. Hamiltone's to be Made by international Fortal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 9, 1914

Dimming a Bright Record

TPHE Interstate Commerce Commission should have decided the application for higher freight rates some months ago, and the decision should have been in favor of the rallroads.

Time out of mind the unconscionable dilatoriness of our courts has been condemned by the legal profession, as well as by laymen, on the sound ground that justice delayed is often justice denied. Any judicial body that cannot act with reasonable promptness is quite likely to do as much harm as good, however pure its intentions and righteous its tardy judgments may be.

Remonable dispatch is pseuliarly important in a body like the Interstate Commerce Commission, the jurisdiction of which over common carriers is constantly increasing. Submitting all future issues of railroad securities, for example, to a tribunal constitutionally unable to make up its mind, except by a sort of glacial movement, would be rather appalling.

Heretofore the commission, on the whole, has acted with reasonable promptness. Its unreasonable delay in this case is all the more regrettable because it gives ground for suspicion that the commission is afraid to act. The commission is perhaps our best governmental agency. Its responsibilities are great and it has discharged them with high credit, which is precisely why we protest against its comparative failure in this case.

The Mexican Problem

PROBABLY a majority of the inhabitants of Mexico are of pure, or mixed, Indian blood. An English traveler reports that in going over the country some years ago he frequently remarked on the poor estate and had treatment of the Indian or near-Indian natives; and his remark often brought the half-impatient response: "They are animals, señor; they are not people."

That is the real problem in Mexico. That the United States, by intervention or otherwise, can solve it or contribute very materially to its solution seems improbable. A large part of the population of Cuba is still pretty frankly treated on the animalistic theory.

The Banner Dependency

ENGLAND'S rule in India is often pointed to as the world's most successful example of the government of people of inferior culture by an alien race far advanced in civilization. From an article on the state of India in a most respectable and responsible British journal-The Statist - we condense the following:

In size the dependency is about equal to Europe outside of Russin. Its population is between one-sixth and onefifth that of the entire globe. It is so dependent on agriculture that its twenty-seven largest cities contain only two per cent of the country's inhabitants. The state of agriculture is so low that going wages are only eight cents a day. The monsoon rains, on which crops depend, are so uncertain that there is an extensive crop failure every few years, while interior transportation is so imperfectly

developed - the railway mileage being little over one-tenth that of the United States, though India has three times that country's population - that crop failure in one district means hunger there, though there may be grain to spare in another district. The ignorance and superstition of the people are so extreme that the chief difficulty of British officers in fighting plague arises from the opposition of the natives, who think the foreigners are trying to poison them.

Undoubtedly England has done much in India; but the state of the great mass of the people of that country is still probably somewhat inferior to the state of the inhabitants of France when the first Capet was crowned. The white man's burden contains very few Christmas presents for the colored brother.

Poor Business

THE nine largest American cities contain over twelve and a half million people, or one out of eight of the entire population. The small land area which they occupy, together with the buildings on it, is assessed for taxation at nearly fourteen billion dollars, which is probably somewhere from seventy-five to ninety per cent of its market value. More than half of this value attaches to the land alone.

The gross revenue receipts of these cities amount to four hundred and forty millions, two-thirds of which is derived from the general property tax, mostly a tax on real estate. They undertake the education of all children of school age within their borders, and a little more than a million and a half children daily attend their public schools. Ninetenths of these children are in the elementary schools, and on the education of each elementary pupil the cities spend forty-two and a half dollars a year. All these cities taken together have only one hundred thousand pupils in the aecondary public schools.

We do not consider that a creditable showing. That the nine largest communities in the country, containing an nighth of the population and actually much more than an eighth of the total wealth, spend only seventy million dallars a year on public education strikes us, on the whole, as

They are undoubtedly creating land values at the rate of three or four hundred million dollars a year. They grant many special and munupolistic privileges from which they ought to get more revenue. They are capacious mines of wealth for certain individuals. We should like to see them mine some of the wealth for the public schools,

Government and Business

ENGLAND and Germany are the commercial rivals with whom this country has seriously to recken. Both those nations have adopted many so-called radical policies. In both the government is constantly intervening in private business affairs, by way of exacting rather stiff taxes, of requiring safeguards to life and limb in factories and sanitary conditions generally wherever a large number of people are employed. England fixes a minimum wage for certain trades and makes employers contribute to a fund for old-age persions. Both nations enforce a system of compensation to employees who are hurt in industrial accidents.

In this country, however, we have something quite different from all that. We have a Government at war with business, not merely taxing and regulating but enforcing its own ideas as to how business should be organized. These ideas are mostly mere theory and are diametrically opposed to the tendency to business organization that springs from experience. The records of the Department of Justice abow the extent of the Government's war on business during the last six years and the antitrust bills new before Congress will provide new and sharper weapons,

True, the Government says the business it is tighting is had business; but when two great German steamship lines proposed to set up competitive rates the German Government said that was bad business and stopped it. In fine, it has never been proved that restraint of competition is necessarily had in any other sense than that it enflirts with our Government's theory; and the records above referred to show how considerable a part of the actual business organization of the country comes under the Government's ban.

Every civilized government taxes and regulates; but the attempt to rhange the very structure of business is practically confined to the United States.

Under the new antitrest laws the attempt promises to be more far-reaching and drastic than ever. The fact strikes us as of considerable importance.

First Aid for Anarchy

PHE police in the United States perform the same bene-L ticial function for anarchy that the press agent performs for musical comedy, and they do it gratis. Without the extensive advertising and the implication of importance that the police so generously supply, anarchy in this country would be in the position of a variety show without a poster,

an electric sign or a line of reading matter. Whatever harm it did would be done merely to itself, and no one else would know of it.

If the police wished to discourage anarchy and acted with the intelligence that ought to characterize a corner peanut stand, they would exert themselves to get the largest possible growd at every anarchist meeting and see that the acoustic arrangements were perfect.

For complete insurance against the spread of anarchy nothing could be better than a copious dose of anarchist eratory; in fact nothing else could be so good. Every suppression of an anarchist speaker amounts to an official and monstrously false statement that the speakers had something important to say. Every police raid is worth more to the cause than all its literature.

The right way to deal with anarchy is to get it out in the open and let it have its say. An almost universal sense of humor will do the rest. Any man who ever listened for an hour to anarchistic rhetoric, and thereafter took anarchy seriously, ought to be appointed a police censor of speaking for life, on the ground that he is a hopeless blockhead.

Easy Arguing

N THE pages of the Congressional Record we find thisand, with some variation of details, much the same stuff repeated there several times:

The railroads of the United States are capitalized at twenty billion dollars, on which they earn five per cent a year; but they are capitalized at twice their true value. The Government can buy them at their true value, borrowing the money for that purpose at three per cent, and make a sure, immediate profit of the difference between twenty billions at five per cent and ten billions at three per cent, which would come to seven hundred million dollars a year, or nearly enough to pay its running expenses.

Except that the railroads do not earn five per cent on twenty billions, are not capitalized at twice their value, and the United States could not borrow ten billions, or anything like that sum, at three per cent interest, this argument is unanswerable.

What Washington Can Do

SAID President Wilsen a little while ago: "When I think of the number of men who are looking to me, as the representative of a party, with hopes for all varieties of salvation from the things in the midst of which they are struggling, it makes me tremble."

A conscientious man in the President's position can hardly avoid that feeling, yet it is partly mistaken. The capital is always aswarm with men who think or pretend that the fate of the nation hangs on the particular project. in which they are interested. The editorial office of every big publication is showered with appeals to benefit mankind by commending or condemning this or that bill; but of only about one measure out of a hundred can it be said, with anything like certainty, that in terms of concret) human experience it would do any particular good or any particular harm.

Even of so great a measure as the Tariff Act a candid man might well besitate to affirm that any human life would be freer or happier or more open to opportunity on account of it. He thinks it will help, but his eye cannot follow the curve of its benefits,

To protect a man from dangerous machinery, to give him a dwelling free from tubercular germs, to tax him only ten dollars instead of twenty - in some humble matters of that kind, we can say positively: This makes life easier.

That is why the Mexican affair is probably the most important with which this Administration will have to deal-Getting men shot in that connection positively does not make people freer or happier, or more open to opportunity.

Our Lily Robed Martyr

WHEN Walter Bugehot was editor of the leading financiul journal of England he wrote a rather famous book called Lombard Street, the chief purpose of which was to demonstrate that the banking situation in London, from the Bank of England down, was tolerably rotten. To this day the sharpest criticisms of British finance are foundwhere they ought to be in the leading financial journals.

We need more of that over here. With few exceptions our financial fournals devote their editorial energies to utterly futile attacks on the Government: a sheer wasted white paper and black ink, since the criticisms are never read outside a limited circle that is already of the editor's opinion. More free, pointed, intelligent criticism from the inside would be the best thing that could happen to Wall

There is no lark of outside criticism, usually prejudied and often grossly misinformed. It carries no weight among people who know, because it is prejudiced and misinformed Criticism by a man who knows is what counts. Financial journals ought to supply it, but seldom do. With the very few exceptions referred to, they regard American finance as a lily-robed and meek-eyed martyr at the stake.

WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



A Janearsful Specialist in

Being Hared

I SUPPOSE," said Henry Clay Hall when he retired as mayor of Colorado Springs, "that I have left office the worsthated mayor who ever lived."

Probably Henry Clay Hall was too egotistic about it. One of the inevitable little drawbacks about being mayor anywhere is the retirement accompanied by a large consignment of bate delivered f. o. b. by former admiring constituents for whom nothing was done or to whom something was done. When Henry Clay Hall said he quit in closer personal conjunction with more hatred. detestation, abborrence, not to say. aversion and dislike, it was quite likely he. was pinning a bigger medal on himself than he really deserved.

I do not mean, of course, that Henry Clay Hall was not exceedingly well supplied with the autipathy of his neigh-

bors when he returned to the more peaceful paths of private ble, for my advices are to that general effect; but a great many mayors have retired, one way and another, since we began to have those adjuncts to our boasted civilization.

Henry Clay was bounting a bit. He was too personal, too much impressed with the ego of his execration. Well hated we admit; but worst hated—
oh, fie! fie! Did he ever hear of—but why call the roll of mayors when discussing the latest addition to the Interstate Commerce Commission?

Mr. Hall has been placed on the Interstate Commerce Commission. The President picked him and he meandered past those stern censors in the Senste. So now he is sitting in on the rate cases and by this time has undoubtedly come to the conclusion that the only thing of importance in this universe is "per ton per mile." On the one hand, there are the railroads. On the other hand, there are the railroads. Also, on the neck, the midriff, the chest, the feet and the diaphragm. In short, there are the railroads.

But where are they? That, dear children, is what the railroads, the railroaders and the railroaded would like to know. So, along with the other gentlemen who are endeavoring to discover this, Mr. Hall has begun

his explorations. Life being short and time being fleeting, they impose limitations; but it may be predicted safely that by the time he has finished his term Mr. Hall will be adequately seized of the information concerning the difference between a preferential and a differential—and that will help some.

To return to the distressed period when he considered himself hated to such an extreme degree. They rather put that mayoralty over on Hall. He was away somewhere on a trip. Colorado Springs was in need of a mayor. The Henry Clay Hall set decided that, inasmuch as Colorado Springs felt it necessary to have a mayor, Henry Clay Hall would be the exact sort of a mayor Colorado Springs felt it necessary to have. They did not go to the trouble of asking Hall anything about his desires in the matter. Instead they elseited him to the job and wired him: "Come back and begin mayoring immediately!"

He came back and began. The first thing that happened to him was the usual first thing that happens to mayors everywhere. He had a row over the chief of police. It is a well-known fact, proved by tons of trunicipal research and investigation, that almost any man could be successful as mayor if it were not for the police question, and that very few mayors are successful because of the questionable police. Eliminate the police problem and mayoring would be one grand, sweet song.

A Roundabout Route to the I. C. C.

As THEY tell the story in Colorado Springs, a powerful person who was a client of Hall's law firm was interested in the chief of police then pertaining to Colorado Springs. As powerful persons who are clients will, he considered the new mayor an asset of his; so he strolled round one day and demanded—not requested, but demanded—that the new mayor reappoint the old chief of police. To make it good he brought along Hall's law partner, who proffered the same demand.

"Now, Hank," they chanted in close harmony, "get busy and reappoint our man."

Whereupon Honry Clay Hall, rising, said:

"When Pike's Peak, towering majestical yonder, becomes a bole in the ground, then, and not until then, shall I do this thing."

"You refuse us?"

began to have those adjuncts to our boasted civilization. "I refuse you, I confuse you, I diffuse you, I suffuse you!

And, looking at the matter judicially, it must be said that There is positively nothing doing along those lines."

Well, that was where Henry Clay Hall began to get the idea he would leave office rather well hated, as such things go; for the chief of police he did appoint was not much of a success, and H. C. Hall woke up to the fact that it takes more than a straight mayor to run a straight city—as, indeed, it takes less than a crooked one to run a crooked city. Hall had his hands abundantly full.

He is a serene person. Aside from his tidy accumulation of hute he has a large assortment of aplomb. Few persons exist who can fuss H. Clay Hall. He is an exact, painstaking and currect citizen. He is neat and particular and precise. When he makes a statement he makes said statement with a full supply of reënforcements in the way of authority, with abutments of references, pergolas of fact and cupoins of information. He has a habit of knowing what he is talking about. Moreover he is a good speaker, an orater, a fine campaigner. He is as fastidious with his attire as he is with his facts; and it can be said without fear of successful contradiction that he is the best dresser on the commission, and somewhat exclusive.

He was born in the city of New York and was graduated from Araberst and the Columbia Law School. He practiced in the metropolis for a time and then went to Paris, where he remained from 1885 to 1892, acting as counsel to the American legation part of the time and engaging in the law in that gay capital also. His health failed and he returned to this country. His idea was to go to California, but he dropped off at Colorado Springs to see a brother who lived there and decided to remain. This was late in 1892.

Likewise he announced himself as a Democrat. Now in those days Democrats were not good form among the social leaders in Colorado Springs, but Henry Clay Hall got away with it. He and Representative Seldomridge were about the only members of the select circles who had the temerity to stand by the varying principles of the Democracy, and both have their rewards. Hall did not become a politician. He was not so insensible to his social obligations as all that; but he preserved his Democracy, and was of party service as an orator and an advisor.

So there came vacancies on the Interstate Commerce Commission and the name of Hall was presented to the President by the Colorado contingent at Washington, including Senator Thomas. Naturally and immediately there was epposition. No person can be presented for office to the president without opposition arising from some point. If there was an office for every man in the United States, and every man were presented for office, you would

see a lot of folks scooting in from Porto Rico and Guam to oppose them.

"He's a dude!" said one.
"Well." replied the
President glancing admiringly at a new gray suit,
"I've a rather advanced
taste in dress myself."

And so it went until an opponent came to the White House, eager with the news, and exclaimed: "Why, Mr. President,

this man is a theorist!"
"How about that, senator?" said the President

to Senator Thomas, "They tell me Mr. Hall is a theorist."

"No more than you are, Mr. President," replied

the ever-ready Thomas.
And, as I have remarked, Henry Clay Hall is now a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, which may give preponents of other candidates for other offices a line of procedure—or may not.

Suffice it to say, however, that Commissioner Hall's mustache is always in proper alignment, his language ever precise, and his manner always punctilious. If those railroad lawyers try any of their rough stuff on him he will rebuke them fittingly.



THE CONTRACT By Josephine Daskam Bacon

N ABOUT two minutes," said Dicky Varnham resolutely, "there'll be one more dead dago; this concrete's setting already."

"For heaven's sake!" Peter replied helpfully, "can't we yell at 'em or some-

"You can yell," his host agreed, with some bitterness;" but unless you can yell in Sicilian there's nothing doing. Hi, there, Angelo! Get busy, can't you? This damned stuff's gettin' hard!"

A swarthy group midway down the hill waved, bowed and smiled; their teeth flashed in the sun-Dicky beckoned furiously.

"Come on! Come on!" he called.

The laborers smiled again and bent to their mysterious mixing: they appeared to be stirring and flavoring a huge witches' brew.

"There! What'd I tall you?" Dick enorted. "It would take Caruso to budge

'em! By George, I believe I'll hire some of that opera squad for the summer! Nancy, for the love of Mike, hop down and kick 'em up here, will you?" Nancy Varsham unfolded her long legs amenally and

dropped her book.

"If my hair was down I would kick them, pater," she said seriously; "but you don't kick men with your hair done up. In songs you say: "O steni! Vieni!"

"Well, try it on, then-only hurry! What's burry in

"Allegretto, I suppose," she answered thoughtfully, "Oh, Andy! Andy! "Hello!" came back in a rich barytone, and all the

laborers lifted their caps politely. "View! View!"

They laughed delightedly.
"Si! si!" they called, and started up the hill.

"And do it allegrello, please!" she shrilled excitedly, dropping the singing voice of a young lady for the frank yell of a sixteen-year-old tomboy. "Allegretto! Allegretto!"
"That's the stuff! Allegretto! Allegretto!" her father

bellowed; and Peter joined in happily, with a bass that had made his college glee club famous: "Allegreffo!

"Sounds like some kind of candy to me," said Dick, mopping his dripping forehead, "but it seems to do the job. Know any more, Nance? You'll pay for your board yet."

The Italians fell on a pile of great cobbleatones and began to fit them deftly into the stiffening concrete. Dick regarded them critically, fanning himself with a linen

"It's a queer thing," he observed, "but when they slam those rocks in they look as if they'd grown there; when I try it you'd think it was a German aquarium! I wonder why?

'Used to it, I s'pose," said Perer, lighting his pipe and stretching himself lazily under a big box clump.

'Romans always had baths," Nancy suggested instrucdy: "so I suppose Italians know how t pools. Shall you really make it deep enough for a dive,

"Twelve feet," said Dick. "You can dive in that if you can dive in anything."

'This'll be bigger than the Girards', won't it, Dick?"

Peter inquired idly.

"Gracious, yes! Won't it, father? Theirs is only forty feet-ours is sixty. But theirs is more even and square. and they have a sort of marble wall all round it and buy trees for every corner. Can't we have bay trees, father?

"Oh, Lord, no! This is a different style altogether more rustic. It's a full third bigger and I'll bet you it costs



The Wavered, Dared Set Believe What She Read There

a third less. That's a regular molded edge of theirs. Betty offered me the molds, but I refused 'em

"Aren't they spending a lot this season? Girard said something about a shower—off the tennis court."
"She's spending a lot," Dick corrected.

"Aunt Bet made that pool," said Nancy promptly. "Lucia Stanchen says it's her alimney pool."

"For heaven's sake, what do you-are you crazy, Pussy? Don't talk that way!"

"I am only repeating what Lucis remarked," said

"Well don't, then," her father returned very shortly. "Hop along to the house and ask when is lunch-time-I want a bath before. Clear out, now!"

"I was going anyway," she assured him, "and luncheon is always at baif-past one, as you know. "What does the child mean - alimony pool?"

"I tell you what, Peter Forsythe," his host returned, with some heat, "if you expect me to explain to you what a filly of that age means every time she opens her silly mouth

you'll have to raise my salary!"
"I suppose so," Peter grunted; "ours is only nine, you see. Lord, how the time goes! To think she was only six when Mat and I had her in the cave! That was a great old summer, Dicky!"

"It certainly worked out all right for you; but you couldn't do it with all of 'em-Betty Girard, for instance.

"I didn't marry Betty," said Peter simply.
"She's a elever woman, all right—Betty."
"None cleverer, I imagine," Peter agreed promptly.

And, of course, you have to give 'em their head."

Peter stuffed his pipe busily. 'Hang it all, Peter, you never liked Betty; but you must admit that you can't treat a woman like that as if she were the ordinary sort - you simply can't!'

"I don't see why you have decided suddenly that I don't like her-don't be an ass, Dicky!"

"Oh, well, all right; but alimony pool, you know, unds like a game, don't it? Like coon-can. Say, Forsythe, that's one thing Betty can do well: she certainly

"She does everything well," said Peter Forsythe placidly—"that I ever saw ber do, anyhow. Among other things she's brought up her son well." and he glanced significantly at his host's boy, who was just then engaged in teasing the Italian workmen by kicking out the stones from the farther end of the swimming pool as fast as they could put them in.

Dicky grinned.

"Hi, there, Stafford! Get out of that!" he called. "Go up for your luncheon. His mother spoils him, you know,

in vacations," he added. "You can't be as strict as Celestine is and not fall down somewhere."

Dicky whistled cheerily under his shower; but Peter, waiting patiently in his third-floor bath for a sufficient head of water, pursed his lips

as he mused.
"Alimony pool!" he pondered, testing the water with his toe. "Now what does Lucia Stanchon mean by

The trickle of stream collapsed, gurgled, blew a few bubbles and suspended operations entirely.

"I always told Dicky that reservoir was three feet too low!"

Dicky's blithe ragtime melody censed abruptly and a stream of cold water struck his guest's tub.

"Thank the Lord! There's the luncheon gong now." Peter Forsythe

dashed at his toilet, he his hostess had paid the penalty that lurks

for every worshiper of efficiency; and though the guests might delay in her house, the entrées never did. "Oh! Glad to see you, Betty!" Peter steered his course

to her side. "Walter with you? Hello! It's the doctor. How are you, Stanckon?"

"Timeclock's on the wall by the door," Dirky bailed him genially. "Punch your time, old man! You're docked your grapefruit anyhow."

They chattered through the Varnhams' broilers and praised the Varnhams' incubator; they laughed through the Varnhams' coldframe lettuce hearts and tensed Colsstine for failing to grow the salad oil; they devoured the Varahams' rhubarb tart, dripping in Varaham cream, ic. appreciative silence.

Nancy, her braids bound demurely about her sleek head, whispered momentous confidences to Cynthia Girard, who had signally failed to inherit her gifted mother's brains or good looks, but presented at fifteen a very charming reflection of her father's quiet tact and good nature.

Betty's eyes, unlike her hostess', scarcely rested on her daughter. Celestine's quick, nervous glance fluttered from the clock to Nancy's table manners - to the service of the luncheon—to the gardener, eternally mowing the rich green outside—to the silver tablets by her plate; but Betty Girard, though she had personally administered a country estate from the day when Celestine lay under the heel of a tyrannous superintendent, listened to her friend's economic pronouncements with the polite detachment of a Washington Square cockney.

Though her daughter's training had been the pattern for many a mother with less excuse than a busy artist might claim for neglecting such domestic ties, she seemed as far from Celestine's adolescent problems as any slightly bored maiden aunt. Perfectly dressed, in the latest mode of French Revolution collars, Turkish seraglio skirts, a hat that subtly hinted at the latest European war shadow, and buckled aboes of marquise flavor, her charm of personality and ripe physical beauty actually made of this sartorial mixture an esthetic whole.

criste almost do strange things with their hair," said Marie Fitch, of the sharp tongue and kindly deed; "but Betty pays her constiture more than I will!"

She was forty-one: but only in his chisel, as he softened and dulled the padding surfaces of her cheeks, had the remorseless sculptor, Time, betrayed a fellow artist. The long line from cheekbone to chin had blurred and sunken here and there; and from her fine nostrils to the upturning corners of her flexible mouth a fold of flesh that had once been intermittent had come perilously near to settling. But her throat was the envy of her friends; and in a season of bizarre jewels and imitation pearls the melting curves of

her shoulder and upper arm, hare as any débutante's and incalculably more alluring, turned her neighbors' gems to

"Betty makes a bank president's wife look as if she had strings of coupons round her neck," said Marie.

And the bank president to whom the mol had been repeated had bitten his lips and replied:

"And little Fitch is right - dash it!"

Her eyes, which were large and heavy-lidded, were always expected-because her hair and skin were richly brown-to follow their natural type; and her husband has been quoted as admitting that he supposed them to be brown when he married her. But as a matter of fact they were grayish hazel, with a golden-flecked iris, though most of her sitters will deny this and assure you that they stared straight at her for hours, while she was painting them.

Her extraordinary detachment from people and things that might be supposed to hold her interest was the continual marvel of her friends, who had become convinced, after many years of skepticism, that it was not a pose

"If Betty poses at all," said Marie Fitch, "which I'm beginning to doubt, it's when she practices the ordinary

relationships - not when she forgets them!"

Today she seemed to have forgotten most of them. Even for her favorite, Doctor Stanchon, she had only a perfunctory smile; and the flippant replies she vouchsafed to the adoring young art student by her side, who had been awake half the right with the excitement of meeting her today, reduced the poor young man to dumb confusion.

"And she did the Girl With the Green Parrot," thought Bobby Du Long in amazement, "and the Portrait of Little

Miss Abercrombie!"

"Mrs. Girard doesn't look well today," said Peter to Doctor Stanchon.

"You've noticed it? I doubt if the rest do. She's working too hard, I'm afraid."

"Oh women!" said Peter-

"That's it. Still, she has a magnificent physique." "Nice-looking girl she has -growing up, aren't they?"

"Wait until you marry 'em off, my young friend," returned the doctor ruefully; "then you begin to get some idea! Ym, Cynthia's a nice child. She's no more like her mother than as if they'd picked each other up on the street. though."

He walked over to Betty, coffee cup in hand. She stood by the plane, one chow on a blue Chinese robe that covered it, her eyes drifting over its lovely surface, lifting occasionally to meet the tall boy's, which never left her mobile face.

"How could I have thought her flippant? She's wonderful!" shone in his adoring glance; and her own face lighted as she basked in him.

"Now go and play with the children!" she told him as Stanchon approached. With a little shrug, he obeyed her, and she faced her physician defiantly. "Well?" she said.

"Not very well, I'm afraid, my dear-

'Only tired-that's all."

"You haven't been to see me of late,

"No time-and, anyway, there must be a limit to even your patience!"

"None, my dear child, where you are concerned." "You're sweet," she said gratefully,

but she did not meet his eyes. "You've been working hard?" he

usked. "On the contrary, I haven't touched

a canvas for two months." Any plans for the summer?"

"Oh, no; we'll stay in this country, suppose. Walter has the whole Leydendecker estate to settle and expects to work all summer at it, I believe."

Ah - he's very busy these days, isn't he?" She shrugged one shoulder -a curious

little foreign gesture that became wonderfully.

"That's the Law, isn't it? Either you're worried because you haven't enough to do or because you have too

"It's any profession, my dear girl. As a young man, I used to shudder if my office bell didn't ring, and now I shudder if it does."

"I suppose so." Her voice dropped wearily. "But then, Doctor Stanchon, bow very much all over it will all be in a hundred years, won't it? I wonder what one would most want to do then!"

"Do it now!" he said promptly.

She started violently. "What a thing to say!"

"I repeat it: Do it now!" he said gravely.

"You're like those mottoes they frame in mission oak and hang over desks," she began, a little unsteadily; but he refused to smile.

"Look at me, Betty!" said he, and she raised her syes simply to his and met them through a bright film of tears. "Take a year, my dear, and then come back!" he said

quietly. "I'll see you through."

"Are you mad, Dick Stanchon?" She spoke through closed teeth and laid one hand on his arm. With him, as with the boy just now, the years between them faded out and they were of one age, though he was nearly sixty. "What are you advising me to do, exactly?" she naked, waving her hand lightly to Nancy, who adored her.

"I am advising you to go abroad," he replied. France and paint; go to Italy for the summer, after the tourists have left; go to-oh, wherever you went ten years ago; it doesn't matter."

"Alone?"

"Not unless you wish. Take the children and drop them in Switzerland for languages. Send the boy with Max Fettager: he'll put him with his father in Neustadt, and Lutis will bring him home when they come. It's a wedding trip, to show Lucia to his father and all the other German in-laws, you know."

"Lucia's very daring, isn't she?"

"To marry a foreigner, you mean? I don't know; as a matter of fact the international marriages that I know about personally have all turned out very well. About duchesses -I don't pretend to say; but Mas is of my own trade, and Lutie hasn't enough to tempt a fortune hunter."

"I know. Still

"You think she's daring? For that matter-"Yes, of course. Any marriage is during, Dick,"

Why it was that she, of all the women of her age and social circle, called him-when alone with him-by his first name, neither of them knew; it was one of the many things that set her spart from others.

"You're making it daring, Betty-you self-supporting ladies!

"Do you think that's it? Really, Dick?" Her light voice and her troubled eyes touched him strangely.

"I'm beginning to think so," he said slowly. "The old rules are breaking up and we haven't the new ones formulated yet.'

"And yet there have always been self-supporting ladies." "Yes, my dear; but with a difference - with a difference. There have always been actresses and dancers and opera singers, for instance. If they are at all successful it has always paid their husbands to become their business managers or is it that their business managers always become their husbands? They are frankly meteoric. They go out to dinner these days more than they used to; but that's not because they've changed so much-the change is in their hosts and hostesses!

"I believe that's so," she agreed.

"Then there are the ladies whose husbands are ill or lazy or vicious or absent; they've always been self-supporting-they've always had to be."

"Of course.

"Then there is the working wife of the laboring class; she's always worked and her children have always workedthere's nothing new about her. And she's always-or almost always-the actual head of the house. So is the lady with the sickly or neglectful husband I mentioned before; but does either of them admit it? Never! Their dearest fiction is that he is the real lord of the manor, though temporarily obscured by circumstances—that is to say, their attitude would autisfy the caveman himself and there's no trouble.

"As to the opera singer, either her agent-husband is proud of her temperament and follows meekly in her wake, or he has a temperament of his own and it becomes a

simple endurance test. The working woman and the stage woman have existed practically since the Floodand probably before. And neither of them is of the class that makes history, though one underlies it and the other shoots across it."

"She certainly shoots across," said Betty. "You've heard about Ranny Fitch, I suppose?"

"He's an ase!" returned the doctor briefly. "And yet, my dear, Ranny as you call him-is a perfectly typical male to this extent: If you should say to him, 'Look! There goes the woman that dug the Panama Canal!' he'd only grunt. But if you said, 'Look! There's Sarah Bernhardt!' he'd turn round on the Subway steps to see her!'

"Oh, dear!" she cried, half laughing, half angry. "How can you all be so silly?—for I suppose you'd turn round

too.

"I suppose I should," he admitted, "But why? In heaven's name, why?" "The glamour, my dear," he said;

"only the glamour of the footlights. So long as man has a foot and the stage has lights, you will find us gaping at them as birds beat against a lighthouse

"But you don't feel so about the other arts."

"Not at all. They are gulfs apart. A writing woman or a painting woman is no more like an acting woman than she is like a school-teacher or a housekeeper. That is the mistake most people make. The actress has no more influence now than she ever had: in fact Melba and Caruse together will probably bulk lighter than Patti fifty years from now. But you professional women-who have gained a public without becoming public property, who are at once independent and domestic. who can send your works to represent you-you come nearer to eating your cake and having it, too, than any class of women has ever come. And you are growing every day-you are growing more conscious of it every day; but"he paused and looked meaningly at her-"no one in this world, my dear-or in any other, I believe—ever quite ate his cake and had it too!"

"Or her cake, either?"

"Or her cake, most assuredly. More assuredly, if that were possible!"



For Your Child's Sake Get This Book

MOST of the suffiring in not knowing how in take care of one's soil.

oRam Bones Make Francis Fret" is a book let that wills how to present your eldlidren from laying four millering. Tells linw rus may get rulini or freedom from your sensu, bunious, legrowing rails, flin feet, tired feet. Talls how the U. S. Army discovered that shows entransité enlant à man contres.

Two New York arringership surposes familial the informathe bartha brack, and it is written in kimple, untertaining language.

For your child's sake and for your own send for a free copy milar.

Cigt your family not of the scionmaking punted doors, and get them into the court; gual deslarg Education Solve \$1.45 to \$5.45

See that y OLO: A TOR is benefited with self. The roots y souther you the overstand openin stops had had times long few paragraps of referre in resided. Strate the store-correlator will Known M. you have you troubfinding them, were as

Rice & Hutchins

LDUCATOR



RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.

Wantle Streether to the White French TA FLIGH STREET, BOSTON MASS. Males of the Transaction Admires and Stone Stone Law Mart, and Mayone Stone Law A. "So it seems," said Betty Girard slowly:

"so it seems, philosopher and friend!" They looked at each other and then away. To the curious roomful, watching them more or less covertly, their relationship was

"Is Betty consulting him or enchanting him?" said Celestine Varnham imperti-nently. "I wonder!"

"Beth, maybe," suggested her husband terestedly; "she's up to anythinginterestedly;

Betty."
"Doctor Stanchon's crazy about Betty,"
remarked Nancy; "always was."
"Hush your nansense, Nance!" Dicky
cried impatiently. "You talk like a phonograph!"
"We're going for a tramp," said Betty

"We're going for a tramp," said Betty shortly; "you stare at us so it makes us nervous. Wait for me, Doctor Stanchon, until I change these things." Stanchon smiled good-humnredly at them and punched Dicky as he passed by

them and punched Dicky as no pussed by him.

"How does it feel when they begin to grow up, Dicky? Wait until ahe begins to march in parades, and writes to the papers, and tells you she's a Socialist!"

"Yes, I'll wait, all right," Dicky assured him grimly. "You watch me!"

"Or it may be worse yet," the doctor pursued instructively. "The daughter of one of my patients insisted on doing barefoot dances all last winter for charity in all the dances all last winter for charity in all the hotel hallrooms of New York; and just as her father decided that he'd lock her in her room if she did it any more, she took to Anglican Cutholic lectures and early services—masses, she called 'em—and founded a sisterhood where they all promised never to marry!

"For the lave of Mike!" Dick gasped, glancing involuntarily and fearfully at his grancing involuntarily and learfully at his daughter, pacing, entwined and giggling, with the sedate Cynthia along the tiled verands. "Aren't there any asylums you can put 'em in while they're growing?"

"There are," Doctor Stanchon answered promptly: "there are, indeed, Dicky, my boy; plenty of them."

"Could you give a page deed the at

"Could you give a poor devil the ad-

"With pleasure. But one will do your job pretty thoroughly; write it down." Dicky stared at him quite seriously. "It's called Hawkfield, situated on a line,

healthful ridge in the heart of Westshester County," Doctor Stanchon went on easily: "the country residence of Richard D. Varn-ham, Esquire. I recommend it heartily for your daughter, Mr. Varnham, and I assure you that there are as many asylums for the rising generation today as there are homes. Precisely."

With this last sentence his eyes met Betty Girard's, who stood silently in the door,

staring at him fixedly.
"Got you there, Dicky! Old Doctor
Stanchon got you there!" cried Peter
Forsythe, who admired the dector beyond words

They all laughed, but fletty still stood taring. She looked even younger than be-fore in her trim tailored skirt, high-laced boots and jaunty open-throated blouse, with a flowing scarlet scarf, knotted loosely. A little rough cloth hat, with a scarlet quill thrust through the side, framed her dark hair with a charmingly school-girlish effert; a hig collie thrust his heavy jowl under her hand, where the sapphire-and-emerald ring

shot peaceck flames.

She addressed him across the room, utterly unconscious of the others.

"My dear man, that's a beautiful idea, but will it really bear analysis? I get a hundred day-old chicks-incubator-bred of course-last month; and from the day they came to us they've outclassed those we raise ourselves - born the same day - in weight, height and strength! And as for cleverness-there's no comparison. After a week of training they tumble into their boxes and cuddle down among the old newspapers and burlan, and are off to eleep before the old mother ben in the corner of the chicken yard has got ber dozen together under the maternal wing!"

"There you are! Go it, Betty!" Dieky eried delightedly. "Hand him another! What've you got to say to that, Stanchon?"
"Merely that it's very interesting and I don't doubt it for a mirester. I don't know anything about chickens," said the doctor.
"Ab. that's a promise!"

"Ah, that's a scientist!" Betty com-plained scornfully. "Every time! Tell them anything about yourself and they begin to explain that it can't be so, because they did something to a guinea-pig! But take a leaf out of their book, and confide to

them your own discoveries in the chicken

yard, and they tell you scornfully that they're not interested in animals! Pooh!"
"That's it." Dicky agreed, rubbing his hands; "that's it exactly. Pooh! That's just what I say: pooh!"
"You're an idiot," said Stanchon, laughing, "if there ever was one! Don't let me keep you, Madam Betty." And he joined her at the door.

her at the door.

"To think that she's forty years old!"

Nancy breathed adoringly. She had followed her divinity across the broad hall, eying her scarlet tie in ecstasies that Betty putiently endured.

"By George! She certainly gets away with it!" Dirky agreed. "Come back here. Nance, will you? You're not asked to that party, you little monkey!"

"Father! She said I might walk to the cottage with them; truly she did!"

"Well, you won't, that's all. Now trot along."

along."
"She told me herself she was forty-one."
Hobby Du Long murmured. "It doesn't

"Oh, nobody looks forty-one nowadays," said Celestine carelessly. "It isn't done. And dark women always look well in sport-Are you driving down for Martha, Peter, or shall I send? It's the three-forty-six."
"I'll drive, thanks. Is Girard to be on

"Walter? I doubt if he's coming at all. Betty hardly expects him. He says if he's to go into the country at all he'd rather be on his own place. You know what Walter in! You can't do a thing with him; he just wants to tus round by himself nowadays. It's terribly hard for Betty. Ho'll walk out if he decides to come."

if he decides to come."
"I see." And Peter tank out his watch. "I thought we were going to get in some golf. Peter," said Dicky a little discon-tentedly. "Couldn't somebody else go for your missis?"

"They could, but they won't, thanks, Dicky," Peter replied placidly. "I'll get over to the club later, all right. I told her I'd meet her.

"I know: but
"You're worse than Stafford Varnham,
Dicky," Celestine interposed, turning disgusted eyes on her husband. "Let Peter
alone, can't you? You'd better get after
these Italians and then go over to the club
together. There'll be plenty of time—we
won't dine until eight."
Dicky retired, sourmoring something in-I know: but -

Dicky retired, murmuring something in-distinguishable about honeymoons and tin wordings, and Peter strolled imperturbably to the stable. His hostess, relieved at once of her guests and family, bustled into the famous office of Hawkfield Farm, and appired herself to a mysterious system of spindles and vouchers, understood by nubody but herself—but reverentially ad-mired by all. Nancy Varaham and Cynthia Girard started a desultory game of tennis with young Du Long, which soon relapsed into a comfortable pretense of activity in training a collie puppy to retrieve tennis

Later, the puppy having pursued his course of instruction not wisely but too well, which method led him through some very undesirable heaps of fertilizing material, his young mistress decided it was high time all the dogs had a good wash and that they had better get at it directly. An unsuspecting and correspondingly indig-nant young stable hand was routed out of the harness room, a tin of strong-smelling soap procured, the unbappy animal tied to a tree and lathered violently.

After Cynthia and Bobby Du Long had been more or less thoroughly smused with riming water and the stable bey well smeared with the liquid soap, the harassed beast, smarting from the thorough washing of his eyes, earnestly recommended by Mise Varnham, slipped his glistening head out of the collar and, with a convulsive shudder that sprayed her from head to foot, dashed furiously for the woods, dripping like a seal. They pursued him, shricking, for a mo-

They pursued him, shricking, for a mo-ment, but, on the advice of the soapy stable buy, returned and lay penting in the sun to

"He's gone after his mother, I'll bet you," said the boy sulkily. "You'd never ketch him in a week! She went off over that way with the lady and gen I'man."

And he was quite right; for the insulted suppy, damp and determined, cannoned ato Betty and the doctor, and all but knocked them over, to his mother's polite regret, as she paced gravely at the lady's





JEARLY every dish prepared for your table can be improved by the clever use of Cox's Gelatine. It enriches soups, is almost indispensable in gravies, sauces, savories and mayonnaise. It helps you to make up all sorts of left-over foods into delightful and appetizing dishes.

Recipes which make these uses of gelatine easy will be found in

Cox's New Manual of Gelatine Cookery

compiled by Marion Harris Neil. It also contains recipes for many tempting desserts. Write for it.

Cox's Gelatine is obtainable at all groces'-10c for the small, and 15c for the large size. Always in the red, white and blue checkerboard box.

THE COX GELATINE CO. Dept. E. 100 Hudson Street, New York City Sale Agents in U.S.A. for J. & G. Car, Ltd., Edinburgh, Sentland





THE Gift for Graduation Day

Add to the joy of the young graduate or of the 8th grade boy or girl by giving a fine ring to mark the important occasion. In this way your congratulations will mean something. Your little gift will always serve as a happy reminder of the glad day and of your pride in the wearer's success.

Every young person loves a fine ring. To own such a ring has always been the greatest desire of most young people. So your gift will be doubly welcome.

Give a

Guaranteed Ring

-a ring which will really last a lifetime-because made no well that our guarantee ways: If at any time a stone comes and or is cracked, we will reset it free. This covers all stones but diamonds



All Solid Gold

W-W-W Rings are made only in solid gold. Each, regardless of price, has the same "lifetime" guarantee. See them at your jeweler's. Try them on. Note the splendid settings of precious and semi-precious atones, including all birthsames. Then learn the remarkably low prices—

\$3 Up

As much or as little as you wish to pay, A hundred styles to choose from for buys, girls, women and men. Beautiful single and cluster it well settings. Splendid emblem settings



Two Unusual Rings

Ask to see the "\$5 Special"-a most unusual

" Mother's. Ring"-designed by us et in various sizes of heautiful hand-engraved coral cameo. Plain or fancy mounting, as desired. All can share in this gift for mother.

Send for free book on rings, which you will find most interesting.

WHITE, WILE & WARNER



"Ugh! You're wet! Get out!" Betty cried, laughing. "See, doctor, they've been washing him and he escaped! Fricks, teach

your son better manners, why don't you?"
"That's odd," said Stanchon reflectively.
"Do you know, I was just thinking of dog washing, child?"

washing, child?"

"Thought transference," she returned lightly. "Why were you? What dog?"

"Yours," he said. "The first time I ever saw you, Betty, you were washing your dogs; do you remember?"

"No. Really! How amusing!"

"When was it?" he went on thoughtfully, "Fifteen years ago? About that, I imagine. You were Miss Naldreth then. You were just engaged. Peter Forsythe was just married, and he and Mattie had dropped in to take me off in their motor—metors were new toys then, you know, and it was a treat to get off in one.

"Let's go up to Miss Naldreth's farm—wouldn't you like to meet her, doctor?" Mattie said. 'She's the most interesting girl I ever met. You know who she is, don't

girl I ever met. You know who she is, don't

"The girl who does those clever double-page things in Life?' said I. 'Yes, I'd like to. She has tremendous talent. Draws like a man. Cleverer than Gibson, I think.'
"She's engaged to Walter Girard, you

"'She's engaged to Walter Girard, you know, says Mattie, a sort of second cousin of mine; though what she sees in him I don't know, I'm sure. He's the last person I should suppose a girl like that would

marry."

"I know. Everybody thought that," said Betty quietly.

They walked on a soft, pine-needled path, close and friendly, and all alone in the world but for the two dogs.

"And so we got to that little farmbouse up among the Connecticut hills," he went an musica. "I fell in love with it on sight on, musing. "I fell in love with it on sight.
I can see it now—long and low and lattired;
all rag rugs and quaint old furniture, and
blue china and currel's-hair shawls. And

blue china and cumel's-hair shawls. And your garden—sweet peus and cubbages all jumbled together! You used to say that you thought pink and purple was the most beautiful esembination in Nature. Do you remember?"

"Yes," she said briefly. "I remember, Dick."

"I thought you'd have been more what we call artistic," he said, smiling—"queer clothes, you know, and lanky. A "greenery-yallery Grosvenor Gallery" young woman, And when we saw you—I wish I'd had a camera with me, Betty. I shall never forget you as you were that day—never!"

She laughed now.

"Oh, yes; I remember," she said, "how you all roared at me!"

"And why shouldn't we?" he demanded.
"If you saw a handsome gypsy of a girl, with

Paris street songs to the guitar, and showed us your prize-competition sketches—and were very elever and amusing generally. When we went away dear little Mattie said she'd rather be you than any woman she knew—and Peter and I looked at each other."

"Oh! Peter and you looked at each other, did you? Meaning "
"Meaning that we were glad she wasn't you, my dear," he said quietly.
"I should think so!"

"Peter meaning that you struck him as a rather dangerous young woman to marry, and I meaning that I had encountered your type of woman before and thought you a little too clever to be happy. Whereas a little too clever to be happy. Martha -

Was a little too happy to be clever, eh?" "Just so," he answered thoughtfully. "Just so, my dear. And if you're fond of a woman you want her to be happy-

"Naturally," she repeated. "And you want me to be happy, don't you, Dick?"

10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is now put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



That Quaker Oats Aroma

The very aroma of Quaker Oats tells its exquisite flavor. You know before you taste it that there's choiceness in this dish.

Only the big grains yield that aroma. And, without the Quaker process, it could never be kept intact.

That's why Quaker Oats is distinctive.

We get that flavor and we preserve it. We discard all the grains which lack it, so the flavor is never diluted.

If you enjoy it, you can always get it by simply saying "Quaker." And without any extra price,

Juaker Oats

Rolled from the Largest Grains

We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel, because of this solvetion. But those are the luscious flakes. The others are good enough for borses, but not for boys and girls.

We started to do that 25 years ago, and the fame of this flavor spread. Now a hundred nations send here to get And million of every clime enjoy it every morning.

Quaker Onts, as an energy load, excels anything else you know. It abounds in the elements needed for brains and nerves. It is known as "the food of foods."

But, without that taste which makes it inviting, few children would eat hall enough.

That's why we supply that flavor, and why you ought to get it. And to get it is always easy. Quaker is sold in half a million stores.

Serve Quaker Outs in large dishes. Small servings are not sufficient to show in full its vim-producing power.

10c and 25c per Package Except in far West and South

The large 25-cent package gives ten per cent more for the money

The Quaker Oats Company



Gives Night Driving Daylight Safety

This lens renders the most powerful headlight. NON-BLINDING and at no sacrifice of lighting efficiency.

J-M LENS (Non-Blinding)

Makes a perfect headlight. It illuminates the madway clearly in front of the car, yet done not throw a blinding glare into the eyes of motorists or pedestrians. This is produced by a front glass of pronumeted curvature, fesseed over its entire surface with the exception of a clear space alightly below the center about I s I inches. Through this clear area a powerful searching beam is projected, Insward and dewroward, concentrated on the road instead of being diffused through an arc of 160 degrees as in the case of the old-style flat glasses.

The nost above from the fracted parties of the Louis show even with the managers of side lights, for it can only administrability of side lights, for it can only administrability artes of the trend but streetings the variation, funder and schools

Requires no special stortments and is easily fixed to our force to place of the old-expla tropt glasses. Mule in view to to all annulard house

PRICE-\$5.00 per puir



EVERY automobile in connection with this emblem is a proven product, bucked by the guarnotes of a \$5,000,000 corporation and sold plus the assurance of a reliable Service now in actual operation in every important city of North America.

OTHER JOHNS-MANVILLE AUTOMOBILE ACCESSOWIKS

Jones Speedometer Long Hurn Cartar Carburator Johns-Manville Shock Absorber

J-M (Meager) Soot-Proof Spark Plus J-M Mobilite Electric Lamps J-M Dry Batterisa Arnold Electric Vaporizer

Arnold Electric Heating Plays G-P Mulller Cut-Out "Nearle" Enclosed Fuses

J.M Fire Estinguisher

Write neurosi Branch for bushlets



Quality in the LINING means Safety in the BRAKE

You can be sure of Quality when you specify

J-M Non-Burn Brake Lining

Consume perlying into pure long libered Consulties Ashestes intermuses with high hest-resisting by man with and then improgramed with a chemical that sendeta it unpervious to wrote, oil or geen-Ime. It parameters manifesters brokens to meet and in should tely treatly cred by internative free lines.

Wuven by a process that maures perfect incl by of thinkness and jecture it extens equal bookins force gver the water audice of the framworks exech at all times and with mount affert in case of emergency. It outsides the orderer forms many tours and return to high tooking efficiency throughout life.

local spor J-M NOV BURN what you have your brukes relined. It courses more than other makes. Put up is ariginal mediates of princibrough and the know his of makes of proceedings

SERVICE BRANCHES.

Album Atlenta Baltimore Birmingham Bestell Bullish Clarlette Chirago Cincippati Cleveland Dullina Dayloo Desire Distruit Dulistik Galvanioni Hergalities (Einstein والموددة المثال Kemma City Low Assorber Legisville Merculia Milwedon Novadi, N. J. Note Orleans New York Ownhe Philadelphia Pittdery Panised Ore; Recharder St. Linns St. Pand Salt Lake City San Francisco Seattle Syracous Telesla Washington William Black

> THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS MANUFAC CEMPANY LIM

Managerial Winnipppy Vaccasini

"So much so, dear Betty," he said, "that I would do anything in my power to bring it about.

The sun struck through the great flat masses of the pines, and the balsam odor sent out puffs and clouds of incense round them

"Why, Dick Stanchon, I believe you're in love with me?" she cried softly. "Are you, by any chance?"

"I think I am, my dear, in a harmless, friendly way," he said. "Didn't you know it?"

"Sometimes I thought sometimes of the said."

"Sometimes I thought so—and then I decided it was nonsense," ahe answered, breathing quicker. "Oh, Dick, why weren't you when you came out to the furm that

day?"

"Perhaps I was," he said, "and didn't quite realize it. You interested me enormously: but I thought it was because you looked like the first woman I over loved, and because your voice was like hers. We fall victims to the same type, you know-we men. Blondes, for example, always look like dolls to me."

She stopped and, facing him, put her hand on his arm.

"Why didn't you, Dick? Why didn't

you?" she repeated.
"Because I was twenty years older than
you, my dear," he answered; "because you
were a restless, brilliant young woman, and
I was a settled, middle-aged man; because you were engaged to be married to a hand-some, successful inwyer, of your own artistic tastes and interests, and hardly likely to be attracted to a widower with a daughter ten years younger than yourself."

years younger than yourself."

"You always seemed young to me," she said thoughtfully. "I always liked older men, you know. You are younger today than Walter essentially."

"My dear girl!"

"I mean," she explained, "your mind is younger—more flexible. Walter hasn't changed since we were married, and—"Then he's fifteen years younger than the average man of his age, you silly Betty!"

"No—you don't see what I mean. You've changed, I've changed, Mattle's changed—why, even poor old Dicky Varnham's changed; but Walter, never!"

"He looks younger than Dicky by five years," said Stanchon.

"I should hope so," she returned quickly."

"He's a temperate, sensible man, who has

"He's a temperate, sensible man, who has always had a steady income; Dicky Varn-ham's a reformed drunkard and was a plunging stockbroker for years." Stanchon winced slightly.

"You don't minor your words, do you, Betty?" he asked.
"Why should I?" she said indifferently.
"You know all about all of us. What's the

"Your sex 'speaks out in meeting' more plainly than formerly, I know," he went

on reflectively.

"Bosh, Dick!" she said rudely. "All bosh! My set has always spoken out—when it has an income of its own! Take your actress, or take that poor working woman you were telling me about: haven't they always spaken out-from Dickens to

D'Anounale?"
"Why, yes, I believe they have," he admitted.

"More of them speak out now because more of them can afford to," she added, that's all.

"You mean women never were really shy?"
"Sky?" she repeated, and stopped and stared at him. "Shy! Heavens alsove, stared at him. "Shy! Heavens above, Dick Stanchon! You see as humped firsthand into every reality of life, from birth to death inclusive, and you ask me if we're shy! Disgusted, as we must be; reserved, if we can afford to be; timid, when you want

us to be - but sky! And you a doctor!" He took her hand. "You're very clever, child," he said sadly. "What is it you want to do? Can I belp you?"
"I believe you could have held me," said

Betty Girard, "in spite of those twenty years. I believe you could have, Dick, if

"Ah, that's it," he caught her up quickly:
"if any one could! Don't you see that's
the difficulty, child?"
"I know. I know-that's why I've kept
quiet so long," she said safity. "I suppose
if I wait a few years more it'll be all over
snyway, and I'll be sorry to have made
the fusa?"
She searched his form.

She searched his face pathetically, "Betty, dear child," he replied after a long moment, "I wish I dared tell you so!



WOLF'S-HEAD OIL STREET, CYLINDER MEDSHAR WINDSHIP LUBBICARTS COMPANY

Which Oil? Wolf's-Head Oil -Read Why

If anymouldie and motor limit manu-tacturers have decided Wulff's Head Oil is the best for their mators awaren. safely follow their comple.

More summabile and mustur bear associatives love tested studentioned Wolf's Head Oil than any other motor of on the nurker.

When a maintainner decides upon an of for his motor there is no higher followed. The manufacturer tests in his laboratory, in the Gurp and made could every sid, then selects the body expended of poice—the coil that gets the most efficiency out of the moon.

Nore corrfully the list of manufacturers: stor love result and militared

WOLF'S-HEAD OIL

minimum black (a) insurery of minimum ba-ness of Assacian Ba-sacian Marian Sa-day Berry Marian Sa-days Marian Calendary of the Samuel Calendary of the Samuel Calendary of

Send for Literature-Free

compared letters of endorsement from there leading miniator threes. Almost a sential are vening driving and see will title you the light weight oil to une

Wolverine Lubricants Co.

78 Broad Street, New York

Brariches: Chinas, Philodelphia, Boston, Dilas Pitchengh, Denoit, Washington, Jackson offic

Distributura

I I I I I A C L SA CHARACTE

Committee of the Commit

HNS-MANVILLE CO.

Digitized by Google



"Whip" Will Perpetuate the Name of Patterson

My father introduced the mellow Burley Leaf as a pipe tobacco. He was the first man to produce a pipe tobacco with-out "the bite." His entire life was spent in improving smoking tobaccus and he originated many of the leading beneds now on the market.

His improvements in smoking tobaccus have increased pipe smokers by the mil-linso. We feel that the comfort and pleasure men derive from his accomplish-ments give his life's work a value of the greatest magnitude.

We later Pattersons - my brother James and myself -- continuing our father's work, originated the popular ready-rolled ttyles of tobaccos.

And now, after 30 years, we have bleuded "Whip" - a new tobacco which brings ready-rolled tobacco to its highest state of perfection.

This new tobacen we dedicate to our tasher who did more than any man or group of men to improve smoking



Formerely state that "Whip" is blended of Burley, might suggest that it is similar to other Burley blends. If "Whip" were not distinctively different, and better than any tobacco you ever smoked, we would not consider it worthy to perpen-uate the reputation of the Patterson

"Whip" is the most aromatic and satistying of all pipe smoking tobaccos—yet it is the mildest tolaccu ever blemied. You can smoke it all day, pipeful after pipeful, without ill effects.

I blend "Whip" myself—not to goard the secret of its blend, but because I can't teach anyone to blend it to my liking.

Oscar of the Waldorf is generally con-ceded to be one of the world's best chefs, yet I'll find a thousand mammies down here in the vicinity of Richmond who can beat him making com pones or waffles.

These natural cooks could show Oscar how they make their "Co'n pones" or their waffles a hundred times, and yet he could never quite duplicate them.

FIVE-CENT CAN FREE

But let me send you a 5c. one-ounce can of "Whip" to prove its own good-ness. I can only tell you the qualities of "Whip" and in doing so I must use words that you have read scores of times in the amouncements of other tobacco manu-

After all, your pipe is the real test-and we rest "Whip's" case with your pipe. Just drop me a postcard, naming your dealer, and I will send you an ounce can of charge by return nuil.

"Whip" is sold in one-ownce tim at 5c., 2-ounce tins at 10c, and in pound hu-midors. Ask your drafer.

Pres't.

Patterson Bros. Tobacco Co., Inc. Richmond, Va.

Also makers of "Queed" - the hig 215 or toc. tin-a little stronger than "WhipIt's a simple remedy and you have many resources; it isn't woman's whole exist-

ence' any more, you see—is it?"

She smiled with the scorn of forty years; but her eyes had no age at all and he shook

his head.
"You see you're the sort of woman that never grows old," he said slowly. "The real constructive artist doesn't, in my experience. You're good for any amount of life

yet."

"Then, is any amount of life good for me?" She laughed at her mot, but he harely spared her a smile.

"Now you've hit it!" he cried. "Now we're at the core of the thing, Betty. Good for you how? In what capacity? As an artist—as a woman—or as a member of civilized society?"
"Do you mean——" ahe began, but he interrupted her eagerly.

"Because -I'll tell you," he said: "As a productive artist you cannot have too much of life. That seems certain. As a woman it is doubtful whether you can have too much of life, but I think you can. That's modern psychology. As a member of civilized society we all know you can have too much. of life. That's history and art and religion and horse-sense, and the Law and the Prophets. Now make up your mind."

"You mean which I'll be?"

"You mean which I'll be?"

"I mean which you'll be," he said firraly. "And make it up thoroughly, my girl, for your art and your sex and the society you live in will take it out of you if you wabble! Take sither of those lines—and Art will support you, or Nature will support you, or Society will support you. We all understand; we're not so stupid as you think. A price for everything and everything at its price. But slip between the three—and it's thumbs down all round, Berty!"

"I know," she said bitterly. "I know."

"I know," she said bitterly. "I know."
"You've get just so much vitality, my
dear: where will you put it? Which is your
best investment? Pick out your bank and
deposit—that's all."

"Ab, yes; George Effor! What has that to do with you, pray? Are you prepared to pay her price? Whenever a woman becomes the property of the public, if she has sufficient genius the public pays her well and gladly; she gives herself to it; it gives her pienty of sugarplums. But the public owns her, you know; and nothing will ever persuade it that it doesn't. It never has owned Straum or Sargent or Mervslith, and never pretended to. There's where you win—and there's where you lose, my dear!"
"You know I can't work any more," she said abroptly.

"Then don't try."
"But I must try!"
"Why?"

"Because I'm restless and nervous if I go too long without it—and because I need

"But surely, Betty —"
"Oh, that's all very well," she broke in bluntly: "but if I take Walter's money I must do as Walter wants!"
"Dear me," he said, "you business women are astonishing! You really feel that?"

"I really feel that—yes."

"Then why doesn't the fact that you practically support yourself leave you free to do as you want?"

She stopped abruptly and met his eyes.

"That's just what I don't know, Dick." she said frankly; "but it doesn't. If it did I'd be in Italy today."

"You wouldn't miss him?"

She smiled gyntly and shook her head.

She smiled gently and shook her head. "You miss what you depend on and what depends on you," she said. "I never de-pended on Walter and I could never have cared for a man who depended on me. So when I ceased to care

"The average bushand, you know," said Stanchon, "is his wife's oldest child. That

keeps her going when the springs slacken."
I know. One reads about it," she
answered indifferently. "It always seemed
rather grotesque to me." "That's because you never grow up," he said quickly.

And yet I shall grow old." Ah, yes, that's different, dear." A sort of old baby, in short?"

An artist, Betty "See here, Dick, do you really believe that they oughtn't to marry - that sort - and all the rest of the old stuff?"

"I didn't use to. Betty, so long as you kept above water," he said slowly. "I always said you'd driven a nail into that



Get the Personal Touch!

Sixes or fours—the Mitchell-Lewis Motor Company makes both. Our idea is to suit the public taste. We are not trying to cram either down your throat. We want you to try them both, sit in the driver's seat, get "the feel of the car," note carefully the action of the engine, the brakes and the steering apparatus. You can get the pulse of any car by doing the driving yourself. And you can't get it any other way.

You ought to know your own car even if you hire a driver. You ought to know it before you buy it. That definite process of acquiring information will often save you a lot of money and worlds of trouble. It eliminates all element of risk. You buy with your eyes open, and you don't buy through the eyes of somebody else who might happen to be prejudiced. We believe that anything which costs as much as an automobile ought to be bought that way-and no other way.

We are asking prospective cus-tomers to buy Mitchells that way. We are asking them to drive the car themselves and get what is known as "the feel of the car." It can't be gotten by sitting in the tonneau or even alongside the driver. The only way to reach the pulse of a car is through the steering wheel. The matter of detail may be learned afterwards if the car behaves well enough to arouse your interest. We think the Mitchell car whether Six or Four is the buy of the year. Try it yourself and see how close we have come to the truth.

Here is the Equipment for all the Mitchell Models Which is Included in the List Prices:

Electric self-starter and generator—electric lights—electric horn—electric magnetic exploring lamp—mohair top and dust cover—Tungsten valves—Jiffy quick-action side currains—quick-action two-piece rain vision wind-shield—demountable rims with one extra—speedometer—double extra fire carriers—Bair bow holders—license plate heather—pump, jack and complete set of first-class tools.

Specifications of the Three Great Mitchell Models:

The Mitchell Little Six-fifty horse-power-132-inch wheel base- \$1,895 16 a 416 inch tires-two or five-passenger . . . The Mitchell Big Six-sixty home-power-146-inch wheel base-\$2,350 37 x 5 inch tires — seven-pussenger The Mitchell Four-forty horse-power-four cylinders-120-inch \$1,595 wheel base - 35 x 4% inch tires - two or five-passenger All Prices F. O. B. Racine.



Eighty Years of Faithful Service to the American Public

This young lady belongs here

Dictating letters is your work. Putting those letters into typewriting is your stenographer's work.

Why take her time for your work when you can dictate alone to far better advantage? You and the

DICTATING

can turn out all of your dictation without delays, interruptions or regard for anyone's convenience but your own. Your stenographer and an Edison can put that dictation into typewriting without errors, without assistance and without wasting a minute of time. You talk and the Edison gets it. The Edison talks and the stenographer gets

it. Not a hitch--nodest teck on every minute productive. That's efficiency.

The Edison Dietating Ma-three Inst bein developed to in person diveloped to in person of amount rates the personal arger ylamid Theman A. Edison for approprial and labeled by the estimated his improving authorities marking experien-with an Auto Indeed for ear-vering conventions, and in-versing conventions, and inwith an Auto Index for com-vering connections, and in-strumous or the manuscher for many mentionical and document laborationship, which plantical strengthen before particularly and before in-contigating



Service everywhere, including the principal Canadian cities

Thomas a Edison Orange, N. J. 234 Lakeside Avenue

SEND IN THIS COUPON

Thomas A. Edison, Inc. 234 Laboride Avenue, Orange, N. J.

Please send me your broklet, "The Time Business Man," describing how the Edison Dictating Machine may be adopted to my work, and your broklet on an mechanical and electrical advantages.

Firm

Address

theory: but if you haven't—why, it's only one more, that's all."
"Only one more!" she echoed listlessly.

"Let's sit down—will you, Dick?"
She dropped lightly down on a flat, warm ruck; he sat crosslegged, like a college boy, beside her.

"You sit like a girl," he said, "and you look like one for the matter of that. Do you really know what you want, my poor Betty? Of course I know; but do you?"

She met his eyes unfinchingly,
"Of course I do," she said.
"Oh, well, if you know," and his eyes
narrowed thoughtfully, "then that's all."
"I want the old thrill, Dick," she began

"I want the old thrill, Dick," she began suddenly, her voice quite soft and colorless.
"I know —I know," he murmured.
"I don't want to hart anybody," she went on monotonously. "I don't want to make any great row; but I don't believe it would hart anybody, Dick. "I despise a bolting woman," she concluded abruptly.

He madded.

He nudded. Of course you would," he agreed

"I never could see why the whole fabric of a family—an establishment, land, a posi-tion, children, the whole roots of the future generation—should be torn up and scat-

that led us into it has died away.

"The trouble is," he corrected gently,
"it doesn't die away: it only dies away in
one direction!"

"Then, when the corrected gently,
"The corrected gently,"
"The corrected gently,
"The corrected gently,
"The corrected gently,
"The corrected gently,"
"The corrected gently,
"The corrected gently,
"The corrected gently,"
"The corrected

Then why doesn't the capacity die,

"Aha! That's the question. A lot of trouble would be saved in this old world if it did, my dear!"
"Then it's badly managed!"
"Very badly, my child, for the individual; but Nature has never been interested in the individual. He emerges almost in spite of her. What she has terribly on her incrorable old mind is the type, the human in the individual. He emerges almost in spite of her. What she has terribly on her inexorable old mind is the type, the human species—and, sooner than less that, she practically overdoes the business. She is the first of the anarchists, that old ludy; and if she overcharges every bomb, and you complain that less dynamits would have answered her purpose in any specific case, she will only tell you that in her laboratory dynamite is cheap, and that she can't afford to take any chances."

"But that's using a steam hamoser to

"But that's using a steam hammer to crush an eggshell."
"Precisely; but the old lady works in greatest common denominators, Betty. She is too large to potter about with details, though it is a favorite fiction of ecientists that she is always hosy with them. She knows that her own big hammer will crush everything; her own big card will win every game; her own big language will pass every frontier; her own big currency will cancel every account. And, with that great tool-the desire to live and create life—she has shaped the race out of the primeval slime and loosed a force so terrible that the great-est work of civilization has been to harness and standardize it."

"But I can't work harnemed, Dick!" Her lower lip pouted unreasonably, like a child's: her eyes, almost black with re-sentment and troubled as he had never seen them, met his full and melted into his as

only Betty's could.
"My dear," he said unsteadily, "when you married I said that no man on earth could hold you for ten years. Waiter has done so much better than that that I began to believe in miracles. You know, of murse, that I'm always your friend. If you are one of those who must beat the open sea in order to appreciate the harbor-well! But, Betty, whatever you do, remember the price! You're a grown woman and you know that everything in the world is listed—it's all written down in the book."

"If you mean the children - " ahe began stormily; but he patted her against

his shoulder firmly.
"I don't mean the children, stupid," he "As a matter of fact, there's no connection. I believe you to be quite capable of carrying on your excellent development of your little family, however widely you might diverge from the conventional domestic code—just as I believe you would allow no such divergence to interfere for a moment with your relations to your childress or your art or your establishment in life generally - if you could help it! Am I right?"

"Quite right," she said briefly.

"Just so. Your life is one of many sections, Madam Betry, and no one emotion can flood them all, I believe. Artists and ocean steamers are equipped with watertight compartments, and

"And they don't always work in either se?" she interrupted maliciously.

He laughed in spite of himself. "But this is what I mean, my child," he said, "and be sure you understand it: The cleverer the juggler, the greater the number of balls be can keep in the air at once, and the greater the crash when his eye relaxes and his wrist slips, and they all come down. He down down. He defies gravity and you may dely conventionality—in either case the world watches the feat with interest; but when he falls his audience is more or less induigent. It is only a matter of picking up the balls and trying again. When you fail ——" "Ob. I know—I know," she finished

"You see, dear," he went on, "you made "But, great heavens and earth! how did I know? How could I judge? How

"Lie still, child; lie still. I don't speak of your contract with your husband. That seems to have been the best sailing chart

we have at present, and insures the least number of obvious shipwrecks in humanity's queer vuyage arrows space and time." Betty leaned back on his arm and watched his face closely. He had always interested her intensely: wherever she thought, he

her intensely: wherever she thought, he had gone before.

"And here's another thing that's true," he said, looking keenly at her: "You made a certain contract with society, with rivilization at its present stage. You agreed to become one of the body that holds it up—that strengthens the stockade between it and the howling wilderness outside. You were one of the inside coral-workers to enlarge the reef—not one of the waves that heat against it and not it away from without. And for that the reef protected you and your children.

and your children.

"Does the reef—society—care tuppence whom you married? Not a bit of it: that's romance, fate, a sacred bond, a sentimental bait—whichever your special temperament and nationality and generation incline you to. It only cares that you marry. And it cares for stable courts of justice and good roads and advantage sentiation and stand. roads and adequate sanitation and stand-ardized education for youth. These things have always gone with at least a theoret-ical monogamy. There are many exceptions to every rule; but when the exceptions out-number the rule, then the rule changes.

"And you think it won't change—ever?"
"Well, this special rule has never changed yet. Though some of the greatest natures in the world have broken it, the world has consistently declared that they were great in spite of their defections, not because of them. And, with women, society has been necessarily superstrict. The race supply, like the water supply, must be beyond sus-picion. It isn't what you promised Walter that we care about, my dear; it's what you promised us!"

"But you made me promise too much!"
"Well, well—we did the best we could,
my dear. You were a sort of necessary
luxury—one of those of which Doctor
Holmes said that if we could have enough
we could dispense with the necessities—
and we protected you and paid for you;
and without us where and what would you
have been any learn to be the could have been? Now you are beginning to deal directly with the world and not necessarily with the world through us; and it is prob-able that we shan't be able to make you promise quite so much or hold you quite so

stiffly to it." Ah!" she "Ah!" she murmured. "I believe you!"
"But, Betty"—be caught her wrists firmly—"mind that you stand ready to pay! You're a proud woman and you've always met conventional people equarely, though contemptuously. I can play your silly Philistine game, and better than most of you!' you've always boasted; so that you've roused jealousy on every side. Don't expect any grace from either camp, my

She winced.
"I know-I know!" she whispered.
"You are one of the frankest women I

ever knew; you can't keep your pride and your frankness both—and both are very dear to you, ray child!"

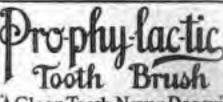
"I know," she repeated.

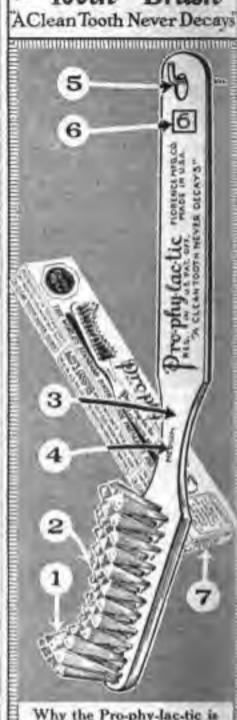
"Intrigue in itself is far from appealing to you; but such standards as you have set to far yours to your.

up for yourself extraot be upheld without subterfuge somewhere.

"I know," and this time her voice was barely audible. "I am not speaking sentimentally, my

child. God knows I'm not throwing old Concluded on Page 37





Why the Pro-phy-lac-tic is Known as the World's Standard Tooth Brush

Because the neven features Illino rated above were originated by the Perceptor Standing And the attempt of unitators to copy them proves that no touth brook can claim really in clean the teeth unless it appears to be made like the Pro-phy-lac-tic.

1 The tig and tail—that area where a people has being a tail as possible in the back of the back trails.
2 to single at the back arranged in the tail alongs of the back score as the Prophy has the bape. The big step in a lyange in teach bridge manufacture.

3 (in need need beach brooks and opened and opened and other makes the brooks and the brooks are brooks as the brooks are brooks and the brooks are brooks.

5 In the or the brooks are brooks.

6 To use of symbols to mark believed and broadeness or that much better may be a real part of the own broaden.
7 To somethy principles that help may be that being

7 It content priors has that felter your land better the form, unlanded to see that our sentence the re- This ray step in advisor. The re- there are originated by the Practical Section, the sentence of the prior of the Practical Section of the Pr hend in Free Beaklet un the Care of the Teeth

FLURENCE MFG. COMPANY Diffus St., Forence (Barthampian) Man., U.S.A.,



Not This Way



(Concluded from Page 34) maxims at you. You're too big a woman to settle with a few copybook phrases. It's very easy to tell other people what not to do; and it's infinitely simpler to keep the social order balanced with a few ironcised rules than to try to trace out the real system of weights and counterweights between the single soul and society.

"Saint Theresa's case was simple com-pared to her modern sisters"; but, utterly uside from conventional prejudices, re-member that even in the widest interpretation of individualism there is no such thing as a bargain on life's counter! My sex has had free hands much longer than yours, and we've nearly learned that lesson-I sometimes think it's the last illusion you'll consent to lose!"

"I didn't want so very much," she whis-pered childishly, clinging to his arm. He bit his bp, hardening himself to the

"Are you sure," he asked quietly:
"quite sure, Betty child?" She shook her
head ebstinately. "Is there any one you're
in love with?" he shot at her suddenly.
"No."

Prompt and frank, she satisfied him with

her very careless aimplicity.

"But you want to be a free lance again; that's all?"

"Every bit, Dick. I shouldn't have married."

married.

"Perhaps not," he agreed; "but you would have!"

She gasped at this simple sentence, laughed uncertainly; then signed.

"Really?" she breathed.

"Really," he assured her. "You're the kind that does. Anyway, you did. And so doing you built up that extraordinary thing, a family, which is not merely you, plus your children, but a definite entity, a something beyond its parts, with a foundation and a personality all its own. And you built

personality all its own. And you half yourself with it. And now you can't get away from it."

He felt her solibing in his arms.

"Why, my dear," he went on evenly, as though her shaken body had not moved him. "that is the one thing which convinces me of the emential necessity of the familyme of the essential necessity of the family—
it is the one thing men make, besides their
laws and their religions, that they can't get
away from! They invest in all these for
comfort and security—and they find themselves in a trap!" She stared at him, her
head thrown back on his arm. "And yet."
he mused, "within this triangular trap of religion, law and the family, civilization green, and history watches, and art is boen!

She watched him wonderingly.
"You say you don't want much," he said truptly. "What do you want? To love abruptly. "What do you want? To love again? Have you any guarantee that it will last? If not, then do you really wish to pay such a price as friedom entails for a flash in the pan?. Or to repeat the experiment indefinitely?"

"Very well, then to trust yourself again to realize the same disillusionment, the same trap?"

She shook her head.
"Whatever happens, child, will be a definite thing - with you, very definite. I can't let you deceive yourself with the idea that all this is a vague theory, a series of eternal possibilities. Freedom with you merely means freedom to do what you want. What are you going to want?"
"Nothing-for a while," she added, low

but honestly.

"Ah! For a while!" he repeated, forcing
her to meet his eyes. "And then, Betty!
And then?"

She flushed, but braved those piercing

"At any rate ___" she began definitely. "At any rate," he interrupted shortly, you will begin again to build up precisely the fabric you are now loosening. Remem-ber, you are not a Bohemian, Betty. You will begin to build up again!"

She rose lightly and brushed the pineneedles from her skirt, slipped a tiny powderpuff from its looking-glass case and carefully dusted her hot cheeks - her whole soul apparently in the process.

"Of course you know," she remarked, "that you've disturbed me a hundred times more than by being properly shocked. If I could possibly be more miserable than I

"Some day you'll begin to believe that we weren't entirely selfish - we men - when we tried so hard to keep you from the Arts!" he said, smiling to meet her change

of mood and watching her deft movements as she smoothed her hair and shook her skirts. "It's hard enough, Betty dear, in he a successful woman and a successful member of society; to combine these achievements with those of a successful artist is more than one has a right to expect of any of you-not that you don't manage it now and then, of course,"

You think I could?" "I think you could do anything on God's earth, Betty-if you wanted to

She held out her hands to him.
"Get up," she said, "and come back!
As there's no one here to make me think otherwise, of course I see you're right. If

"Here they are! Here, Fricka! Here, Fricka!

Up from the ground, apparently, rose Nancy Varnham and Bobby Du Long, the girl's face all frank pleasure at this successful game of hide-and-seek — the young man's half audacious, half timid, as they met Betty's.

"I—we couldn't get along without you, so we came." he said.
"How perfectly jolly!" A quick flush brightened her eyes and her teeth flushed white. She had a dimple like a girl's. "Take me home. Bubby—the doctor"s here. "Take me home, Bubby—the doctor's been scolding me," she said gayly. "Let's lose

He had seized her offered hand, they were all but away, when a quick glance at Richard Stanchon's strong, convulsed face caught and held Betty. She wavered, dared not believe what she read there—then dared not dauht.

Run along, children! Run along!" she said gently; and at the sound of her voice scampered off like two frightened they so

She took his denched hands in her own and forced them gently to her shoulders, so that she stood like a boy before him. "Dick!" she said softly. "Dear Dick!

"God knows I do!" he groaned. "I-I'm jezious, Retty! II-iI you're really going to do it-iI you're really going to make Walter set you free-oh, Betty, take me! Take me!" You don't mean

Her face grew stradily crimson, until it seemed that the delicate skin could contain

no more of that quick, shamed blood.
"You think I'm too old no man any
younger could manage you, Hetty! Do
you suppose that boy — I've under-

younger could manage you, Hetty! Do you suppose that boy —— I've understood you for fifteen years! Don't you suppose I've always known that no man of Girard's type ——
"Hush! she said quietly. "Hush, dear Dick my dear friend, Dick! You make me so asharned—and so proud! What is that boy to me? And if he were anything, do you think I would spoil his life! He's just beginning—I've had my first love! And do you think I would confuse your life! You have made it so fine and simple! I should only excite and complicate it. It is quite true that you could manage me: is quite true that you could manage me; but, Dick, I must manage myself-mustn't

He could not speak. His hands gripped

her shoulders until she winced.
"How strange it is," she went on, still in that quiet, even voice, her cheeks suddenly cool again; "how strange it is, Dick, that all those wise things you said left me so so unreconciled and the one foolish

thing made me see how it must be!"
"Do you see?" he asked thickly.
"Oh, yes; I see," she said. "I see now.
Dick. Nothing would succeed that was based on such selfishness, would it?" He sighed heavily. His bands relaxed. "But it was only when you were selfish that I saw!" she marveled. "Tell me, Dick, how can a man be so wise—and at the same time so foolish?"

"God knows!" he said hitterly. "You

must lorget ___"
"Never!" she cried, and smiled through her quick tears. "Never while I live! When I'm holding the fort in my triangle-trap. Dick, I shall always remember that the man I admire most in the world would have stood between me and that world if I had run away out of that triangle-trap!"
"Always! Always!" he said deeply;

Construction

Company

302 Aladdin

Avenue

Bay City.

Mich.

and then: "So you are going to hold the fort, Betty."

"You said I could do anything on God's earth!" she reminded him. "Didn't you mean it?" He looked at her - his old whimsical look.

"I thought it then-I know it now," he "Let me take you home, my dear." Their path lay clear through the sunset.



Ask

Our

Almut

Dollar

A Knot

Guarantee



SENSE AND Nonsense

A Rising Temperature

DOWN on the Forked Deer River, in Western Tennessee, the trustees installed a hot-air plant in a small Baptim church. On the Sunday when the new appliance was first used a widow and her yellow-skinned, ague-stricken son came from their home, several miles away, to attend the evening environ.

from their home, several miles away, to attend the evening services.

As luck would have it, the usher escorted this pair to a pew that was directly over a register in the floor. Presently, as the janitor fed the furnace in the basement below, the son began to wriggle and twist.

"Ma," he whispered, "I got to go! I sin't feelin' well."

"What's the matter?" inquired his per-

"What's the matter?" inquired his parent. "Air you fixin' to have another spell?"
"Yessum; must be," said the sufferer.
"I kin feel the fever comin' up my laigs."

Fanning Cool Air

SIMPLE attachment to an ordinary electric fan, so that the air it blows will be cool, has been worked out by the en-gineers of an East Indian railroad and installed in the new sleeping cars of the line. It utilizes the old principle of cooling by evaporation of water.

A cloth-curtain arrangement is placed back of the fan and the cloth is kept wet by a small tank. The fan draws the air over the curtain in such a way that the cooling effect of the evaporation of water from the cloth is used to full advantage.

Sharing Honors

INTO a blind tiger in the North Carolina

INTO a blind tiger in the North Carolina I mountains stalked a tall and truculent-looking stranger. Halting in the middle of the floor, be addressed the assembled company in threatening tones:

"I kin lick any man in this place!"

A man stepped forward instantly and accepted the rhallenge by knocking the challenger about fifteen feet. The new-comer dropped on his back in a corner. As he endeavored to rise, the local champion bowled him over flat again. Three times this happened. Then, lying on the floor, the new-comer spoke.

the newcomer spoke.

"Partner," he said, through his battered lips, "you and me both kin lick any man in this place!"

Bars and Bars

MR. JUSTICE LETTON, of the Ne-braska Supreme Court, went East one summer and left his house in care of friends. One morning the telephone bell in the Letton house rang and a woman asked for Mr. Letton. She was told the justice was not in town. She refused to believe that and asked where Mr. Letton was.

"He's on his way home now," the lady at the Letton house replied; "but he stopped off at Milwaukee to attend the meeting of the American Bur Association." "Evidently," said the woman at the other end of the wire supercitiously, "there is some mistake. The Mr. Letton I know and want is not a subcon larger. He runs

and want is not a soloon keeper. He runs a grocery store.

Safety Motor Signals

AUTOMATIC flashlight warning signals for bad curves or dangerous crossings on country roads have been suggested as an aid to safe touring in automobiles, and such a light is now being tried in England as an experiment. Such a light needs attention only once in three months, being allowed to burn night and day.

Activisms from a tank at the tour of a

Acetylene from a tank at the top of a post by the readside near the danger spot furnishes the light. Gas is fed to the flame every second or so and at each flow of gus the light flashes.

By regulating the length of the periods when the flame is low, and so making the flash once every second and a half or every two seconds, the lamp could be made to run without attention for a longer time than three months.

An improvement suggested is to attach a device similar to that now used generally for light buoys, which turns the flame down during the daytime and up at night, con-trolled by daylight.



When you go to buy a trunk, keep this one fact before you: that you are buying for now and for the future.

A trunk is the poorest thing in the world on which to try and save money. No trunk can be too good for you-too strong-too serviceable.

Pay enough for your trunk to get rea value, sure service, but see that you go what you pay for. That means, remem ber the Indestructo name.

Compare the Indestructo with any other trunk made. See it side by side with other trunks in the stores.

You will find that not one of them ha the distinctive features of the Indestructo-that not one of them give you the same solid assurance of rea worth and service-not one of them so well able to care for itself in the crast and crush of hard baggage handling.

One proving bit of evidence as to the standing of Indestructo Trunks in the business world is the way leading mer chants-the best and wisest merchant have accepted the Indestructo.

Remember that no other trunk can give you the service, satisfaction, the beaut and lasting value, and the special Fir-Years insurance and Registry feature that are all yours with the Indestruct Trunk. It is worth your while to bu right and be satisfied.

Say to yourself, "The next trunk I buy will an Indestructo"—then make good on the promise.

ther health exciteres that fully-and for the

National Veneer Products Compan 1 Beiger Street Minhawaka, In-



ther Book About Dogs will be sent free office sample of America w. Dog Breech, whose acceptable on the property of the propert al an amount talls

Winter Red by Fast Proc Superships that the gover during some

AUSTIN DOG BREAD & ANIMAL FOOD CO. 234 Harpini St., Clober, Marc.





THE FLOATING LABORER

(Continued from Page 5)

The boy needed some attention; he was tired and lonely and homesick. When after supper at the ten-cent restaurant under the lodging house Charlie proposed that they should visit Carney's, John accepted. He would have refused probably had he known that Carney's place was a saloon. His early training had taught him that a demon lurks in the glass. His father had warned him — the last thing — to shun strong drink. And Farmer Bill and the other heroes of modern remance always owest half their of modern remance always owed half their success to the fact that they avoided liquor

and evil companions.

It was only the fear of making himself ridiculous that prevented John from pulling back when he entered the swinging doors and found himself face to face with a bar—a bar fringed with workingmen like himself and Charlie, all talking and laugh-ing. He and Charlie found a seat at a table. where Charlie called over two or three men-like himself and ordered beer. This pro-ceeding astonished John. Charlie had told him on the way down from the grading camp that he owned in all the world only his blankets and the dollar and a half he had received from the timekeeper; and he must have spent some of that for food in the twenty-four hours since. John said that he would not have anything.

"Aw, come on! It'll make you forget your troubles," said Charile.
"No; the kid's right. It never done anybody any good," said another man; but he himself ordered whisky.

After Charlie had his first beer, some one else paid; and on this round Charile changed else paid; and on this round Charile changed to whaky. Now Charlie, who had been talking all the evening about his troubles, his wrongs and his black future, brightened up; so did the rest as drink followed drink. They talked for a time as the men had talked in the box car on the way up to the grading camp. John listened to this with lose repugnance now. Then they bushed on politics. And finally they talked over their business in an interval before the their business in an interval before the fourth drink; after which the conversation became mainly foolishness,

After a New Job

John learned, rather to his surprise, that these men had ambitions just like himself. Charlie wanted to make enough money to get to the Klondike, that golden hand the name of which was then a fetish in the West. He said he expected to get a steady job that winter and break North in the spring. The mun who advised Charlie not to drink whisky expected to take up a farm in Montana - there was lots of unoccupied land in Montana if you knew where to look for it—and he intended to save the money for implements and tools as soon as he get the steady job he had been promised in the spring.

Then some one at another table began to sing in a rough voice a home-and-mother song, which affected John so much, what with his homesickness, that he had to turn his head away. This started the men at John's table to singing. They sang off the tune, relling out the cherus louder and louder, until Charlie began thumping the table with his glass and the bartender stopped the noise. Charlie wanted to argue the question with the hartender. The man who did not believe in drink—for John—told John he ought to take his friend home; he had had enough. Presently John found himself outside guiding Charlie, with what tact he could muster, toward their lodging to sing in a rough voice a home-and-mother tact he could muster, toward their lodging house. The inexorable clerk demanded his fifteen cents in advance. Charlie turned his trousers pockets inside out. He had just fifteen cents.

"Never mind, kid-steady job in the morning. You stick to me, kid, and we'll get rich in Klondike!" muttered Charlie, and he crawled into bed.

The next morning, of course, John drew on the little hoard in his inside waistcoat packet for Charlie's breakfast. Charlie was flabby and pessimistic again; but through all his pessimism shone a ray of hope. There was unloading on the docks. A friend of his had given him the tip. He knew a lot of bartenders there. If John would put up for a drink now and then maybe they could get on as extra men.
"You stake me, kid, and I'll fix you right," said Charlie.





Will you re-finish a chair if we give you the Kyanize?

You haven't usy the how easy is is to "the over?" things with Kyanise. It makes farolture, thoops and wood work look lite new, and gives there a transled, tough, looking fields, which hard knocks wor't enek.

Kyaona from endly, dries quickly, abus in "Calorectorach market and hever gutsticky. If want't seems h white, prefer thep. You can easily keep it clean and outdray with want water. Boost popmar culture afrary and white manual

We want to armi you some Kyassan to My, if our expense, full is the rempore below, real it to no with Jones a mitable brook to apply the Kvatoro, and we will and you a full the can larry rolon), month to do a shall are bender on a rotal room, absolutely free,

Note this -- If you are not removed. pleased with the resell, substitute on time dense was chair, were on and me mill immediately sense the 10 years paid for the braid. Here is the coupus - tent to in tuber. Same offer applies or como se.



All the morning they ranged the dorks, interviewing barunders. It cost John forty sents for drinks. Charlie drank beer; and with every drink the prospect for work looked brighter. John drank sods; and with every interview the prospect looked duller. In the fourth saloon, however, the hartender, who seemed to be an old friend of Charlie's, told them he might be able to returned to say that if they would report at the Mamie G in the morning Burke would take them on. Crurile ordered another drink and included the bartender. John, of course, paid. He had a feeling that he was being weindled, but at any rate he had a job. Hefore they left, Charlle waited until the barrender was havy at the other end of the sulcon and then jerked his thumb over his shoulder and whispered; "There's your dinner, kid."

They are rapidly, their eyes on the bar-tunder. Then Charles pocketed two sand-wiches, which they finished outside. That kept them until supper-time, when John

paid for both.

"I'll pay you back, idd, as soon as my envelope comes, sure!" said Charlie.

After supper Charlie borrowed a quarter and went to the saloon again. He wanted John to go along, but this time John re-town. He was thinking of Farmer Bill, and remembering that if he was going to do a good day's work and get ahead he must have sleep. He found himself declining the invitation with regret. In two short days met pretty good fellows there; they made you feel grown up. After all, you must have a good time once in a while. If you did go to salonus you did not have to drink. Nevertheless be usufe no mention of saloons in the brief buyish letter he wrote home that night. He but that there were some things country people did not understand about the city.

The oast morning John bought Charle's breaking, the quarter having gone for leer.
"The the lear!" and John,
"Oh, sure!" and Chartie, "I've got a
job now, kid."

The work at the docks was harder than eruging, but still out iropossibly hard for a yeath with a strong, farm-trained back like John's. What with a fine automa morning and real work to do, John's spiritaress. He had changed his views a little on his own falars. Wall Street or State Street attracted him has now that the prespect of working up on the durks to be a great french countracter and result owner. freight contracte and ressel owner.

Only one thing disturbed bladreums. He was working next to Charlie, and as the norming wore away I harlie became encounting of a Furden. When they lifted a box together Charlie's and always sagged. When they rolled their loaded trucks from the pile on the whart to the box cars there war always a break in the line between Charlie and the rest men shead; and that andicapped and amoved John, who was rying to show the bose what a good work-man he could be. The bess overlooked John, but he did notice Charlie. Twice he ordered him to get a move on; after which Charile logue representing John.

The Last of Chartle

"You aim't workin' on a bet, kid," be would matter as then poked up a best; or, "You'll kill yourself of you keep this up!" John fell back on a woytsh, sallen silence

and made no answer: but as the morning new ald he really begon to pity Charlie. It's was trying to be apparently; but he entition to been up. It was a relief when, just as the twelve-d'visci, whistle blew, the om stopped over, topped Charlie on the shoulder, and said; "Here you? You're holding back the

Greget your time!

Charlie was such a much of depression as they left the dock that John relaxed his cossive of the morning and gave him ten Coursed began half-day's pay antil mucht. Charlie spent the can cents for been and dired on the free lauch. As the winters blew they parted, Charlis promising to pay what he owed John when he got a strady job.
"I grees that fellow's no good," said lake to blanch, as he laid his hand once

more to his truck-" so ambition. I don't now any fellow with any ambition could thus way." He sever saw Charlee

I work on the docus lasted three days. a said Charlis would the job in the beginto a lamporery righ of late-season

traffic. That was over now; the extra men and most of the regulars, if there are regulars on the docks, were laid off.

From his beadquarters at the lodging house John started anew on the hopeless quest for work. This search lasted a week. At night, after a dreary and discouraging day, leg-weary, soul-weary, and oppresse burden of the wealth he saw all about him, homesickness and the longing for companionship would come over him. He went consequently to the only place be knew where he could find companions—the saloon. It was warm and cheerful there. He liked to listen to the talk. He drank no liquer and bought none; though to refrain gave him a slight feeling of asking something for nothing.

However, he was still remembering Farmer Bill and the maxim that thrift is the road to wealth. Besides, another fact was bearing in on him. Day after day he met more and more men in that salson, all talking of the one problem—how to get through the winter. Day after day he found more appli-cants waiting in line for the few jobs that fitted his potentialities.

At the end of the week he had a stroke of luck. The same employment office that sent him to the grading camp gave him a chance on a rush job with a telephone line forty miles out of town. Here they set him to-digging past holes. It was back-breaking work, but he stayed with it. As he delved and dug he still dreamed, but the tenor of his dreams had changed again. There was a future in the telephone business. He had read in a paper that the telephone was going to supplient the telegraph.

He saw himself gang bass, head of construction separal manager, president: then

struction, general manager, president; then a house with gold dishes and—the broker's

A New Acquaintance

Some of the men who came with him from Chicago dropped out. The work was too hard on the buck, they said. They continually tried to persuade him not to set so hard a pace; but, though he found himself unpopular in the grub tent, he shut his lips and steeled his heart.

"They can't have any ambition!" he

At the end of a week a premature blinzard blew up, covering and freezing the ground.
The gang waited for two days; then the brand discharged them all. John went with the rest back to Chicago. When he alighted at the La Salle Street Station he was only four dollars and ten cents ahead on the week's week

Pass over the three weeks that followed, during which he went through the same dreary old round of alley doors and em-ployment agencies. Direc by dime he saw the little heard he had brought to the city dwindling away. In the evenings he loafed in the saloous. At night he slept, packed twenty in a room, in the rheap lodg-ing house. Though he never knew it, those cramped quariers, with the roar of the Leop making sleep only half sleep after all, took tell of his vitality. Though he never knew it, the second-hand, sapless food at the ten-cent restaurant was no nourishment

for such muscles as his.

In the third week came another of the tiny incidents that guided him on his way, One evening he went into Carney's, his heart bursting. He had received a letter from home that morning and realized that he dare not write home any more until he could send good news. Carney's had grown more crowded, more dingy and less cheerful during the month in which be had known it. A mouth before the workmen had been coming in from the logging camps

with money in their pockets.

Now it was late fall and the shoe was beginning to pinch. The human contacts of the place served no more to cheer him. up. As he sat alone at the table a liny of his own age came over and scraped acaintance. His name ar Milos just come in from a lake vessel and he

offered John a drink. It was not the fear of ridicule that made John Smith take his first drink; his Sundayschool training had put him on guard against that. It was a longing, deep and indefinable, for something to break this hideous routine of depression—for a new atmosphere. It was a need, just as deep and just as indefinable, for a spur to nerves exhausted by sleep that was not sleep, depleted by food that was not food. He drank his beer; he paid for another and

(Continued on Page 44)



smoothly and freely and steadily just as long as there's ink in the pen.

For when you close a Moore, the pen itself goes down into the inkkeeps the point moist and the feed free from clogging-so that when you push the point up, it's ready to write at once and keep on writing. A Moore not only

Makes the ink behave

while you're writing, but it keeps the like wings a beingse-inside. Fur the inkertamber court up testiestight when the rap acrews down. And it simply can't beak in may position. It is kind of pen year can rely on to do its work without broading. And it's worth the time it takes to dropp into a resident wide. Or if there's on dealer handly, write for catalog stowing 121 trying and sizes from \$2.50 try. AMERICAN FOUNTAIN PEN CO.

Adams, Cooking and Faster, Selling Agents 201 Devenahira Street, Boston, Mass. Movies mont leak



Look for the Mark of Qualityprinted on the back of the thield

THE name is there for your protection-insist that you see it-it's your "garter insurance policy."

PARIS are the standard the world 'round, 25c-50c

A. STEIN & CO., Makers CHICAGO NEW YORK







Cantinued from Page 42)

drank that also. He did not care much for the taste, but he did feel the effect. In spits of a queer feeling of confusion in his head, the world became brighter. Militals head, the world became brighter. Millions takes appealed to him as the funniest things be over heard. From that time forth he was Millor's friend. In the norming they started together on the search for work.

Two days later they fell into luck. The Circutmus rush had begun. In the cellar of a department store they found a base who had been a contribute had been found.

who had teen a country boy himself and therefore favored country boys in giving out work. He took them on. The job lasted a month, clear through the holidays. John had now established a connection with that great mysterium reservoir of wealth known as busines. His early struggles, he felt, were over. He would rise from parter to clerk, from clerk to the office, to the management, to finance.

He had only our dollars when he wont to work in the store. On Mike's advice he invested this money, after he received his invested this money, after he received his country work in a second-hand solt of clothes. Show, white god other "chicken fixings" sock the rest of his savings. During this period he vesited the saloon only once who had feen a country boy himself and

ing this period be visited the salcon only once or twee. In the evenings beyond And once one of the core girls, country-bred like himself, soled him out to her home, where the girls tried to feach him to dance. When the worst of the Christman rush was over this most girl took him to a social at her church.

spots in his memory.
The end of that t bristmus rush and the stock-taking period though, brought slack times again. John had foreseen that and had surked like a beaver to make himself a had worked like a beaver to make himself a permanent place. However, the regulars were working hard to bold their places. On the second paturday right in January the tion iell. John, Mike and all the other extra people were laid off.

"I'm serry tou," said the collar boss, "and I'll home you is mind when we need

Over and shows obligations, John had at this moreout just night deliars in the world.

I have given so far the detailed incidenta in the average like of John Smith. To enu-merate the rest of the pile he held in his exper would be monotonize. I must skim, touching a high spot here and there.

Seven Lean Weeks

In the seven weeks that followed his disthorgo from the department along he worled an alone. On her of them he shoveled anow day he cheared up a lack yard. These jobs brought him pine dellars and he had eight dollars when he started. How he lived for collars when he married to he were were wells on more pretend to say! There were while days when he do not eat at all until right; then, driven by his ravenous young hunger, he accepted the charity of broad line or soup kitcher or rescue house. He are at the bark doops of recognizants; he are on the bounty of a get of the streets, who penetrated his eret and fed him, with all the decent charity in the world, a good support he stale free langues at Carney's.

He never allowed himself to go quite

broker for then the lodging house might throe him out and he must have some place to seep. He dreamed no more in this period of Farmer Bill. His mind was too hour woodering how he could fill that void in his stoomath.

In March the department store prepared the the spring opening; that gave him a wark of steady were. The first day he rearly fell out from weakcome; but he stuck it out and ste well that night, and by the next day elastic, resilient youth hore nim out of his weakcome. On the Saturday night when he got his discharge and his pay ha

visited Corney's again.
There was Mike, very much reduced in thesh from a hard experience to the Northern woods; and after the second beer he thrust forth an idea. There was work in Culifornia all the year round. He produced a Chumber of Commerce cerular to prove it. Mike had six delians and John almost five. With that they could make it on the underground Pulman. John was learning by new the trade of casual labove, with its tricks and traditions. He knew about brake beaus and surreptitions rides in box cars.

Her they got to Calliornia would make a story in mad. By loris more than by any cleverness of their own, they reached the batis of the Sagramento without sering the



ASSORTED NUTS IN CREAM

CHOCOLATE DIPPED

Now another new creation by Johnston's — Brazila Almonda, Walnuta, Filherta and Persons welled in by delicious thick ream, cleaked in smoothest chorolder. Tempting thoronte. Yet only one of the 10 distinct puzz. ages do love prepared by this for many caudy confiamen.

The ladies request the gentle-ment to specify Johnston's in or-dering thocalates—80c, \$1.00 to \$3,00 a box. If your dealer cancer supply you, remit the amount and trust us in larward a generous publisge postpaid.





Reduce the Cost of Living

by equipping your home with a scientifical constructed sanitary refrigerator, which p yents waste of food through spoilage, tains

McCray Sanitary Refrigerator

has a perfect circulation of pure, cold, dry air il keeps loods fresh, healthful, and free from tainle a entile insulation exponenties two. Sanitary, we removed linings of oral glass—percelain, white every or oderless white wood. A great variety of suck a reasty for immediate shipment. Also built to urder any purpose. Send for the Catalog

No. pt - Regular Sizes for No. A. H. - Builthy Residence. No. 50 - For Built, Clafe No. 69 - For Course and Institutions. No. 50 - For Man Markets

McCray Refrigerator Co. 706 Lake Street, Kendallville, Iod. Gings, 158 ft. Walnuk Jon., New York, McGray Bidg, 7-9 W. 200 For Branch Salesmonns in Your City See Your Teleph Directory

PATENTSWANTE and brought for Manufacturers, send 6 cents possage targe little trained caper Vanille Results and Terry So E. S. e. A. Lacry, Dept T. Washington, D. C. Ertal D.



poorly made raincost

The average raincoat looks good at first, but a Kenreign raincout or weatherproof must wear as well as it looks.

Ranger coass ere guaranteed to retain their pliency, develop no unpleasant office and remain Showar-prind.

The start pictures in made of dark ten-double teature main-rial and on he had of most Danher for hit. Show the picture, and venember the colide can be in-stantly concessed up-to a standing mile-tary culture when memory. Watch for the

Kenreign

Later -Renyementing and motor coats, cath-mote and opercoats, in all wrights and fairce, but for mon and women, can be m. 10.00 to 241.00

C. Kenyon Co. Whelesale Salarona

untilin



Make Vegetable Gardening casy in mend American Seri Cape from equal and an at three of the february and and an at three of the first of the series and for the first of the fi

AMERICAN SEED TAPE CO.
MI Webut Avenue CLEVELAND, OHIO



TATEUR CO. 240 Arch street, Pullacion in Pro-

inside of a jail-though once, out in Nebraska, a constable took a shot at them. There was a brief period in Utah when they begged at farmhouse doors. I should like, had I space, to tell you how John felt when he first asked for a meal, how he fought down the memory of those burns on whom

down the memory of those curse on whom his father used to set the dogs.

Their pilgrimage landed them at length at a hobo camp on the banks of the Sacramento. I am using the word hobo in the California sense. The technical term elsewhere is, I believe, blanket stiff. They are the laborers who float from farm to farm, compute camp, following the shifts of induscamp to camp, following the shifts of indus-try. John and Mike had not a cent when they joined the camp by the Sacramento; but the laborers were maintaining a community table with what they had and what

they could get from neighboring farmers.

It looked as though Mike were right.

Planting was afoot; the pruning season was coming in the fruit belt. By the next week Mike and John were pruning at a dollar a day and board. Another hike when that was finished—and the hay harvest had bewas nnahed—and the hay harvest had co-gun. Two weeks of that; then they walked to San José, near which place they found easy work picking apricots. This was a pleasant interval. A lot of factory girls had come down from the city to cut fruit. At night Mike and John used to join them about their camp fire. On Saturday nights the cutters had a dance in the town hall of the settlement. the settlement.

Then Mike and John walked into the San Joaquin country, where they piled sacks hack of a harvester. When the San Joaquin country needed them no more, two weeks country needed them no more, two weeks more of trudging the roads, of camping be-side creeks, with other blanket stiffs, and the prune crop was on. They picked prunes for a fortnight, when the harvest was done. All summer John had received good pay at intervals. In the periods between jobs he lived, of course, from his reserve. When,

at the end of the prune season, he drifted with the rest into San Francisco he had a

little more than forty dollars.

In San Francisco John and the gang with which he had come up from San José spent a day or so playing, after their ewn fashion, about the Barbary Coast. Then he saw in a newspaper the advertisement of an employment bureau for miners in Nevada. He had never tried mining: the association of min-ing with gold revived in him his half-forgotten ambition to duplicate the curser of Farmer Bill.

Wintering in California

"Transportation furnished," said the advertisement. John reported at the employment bureau and got his working card with suspicious case. His train reached the camp at night. A squad of men met them; John noticed that they carried arms. The guards escorted the gang to a shed, where the men rolled up in their blankets for the night. The situation began to dawn on him.

This ain't a strike-breaking job, is it?" he asked the man next him. "Sure, or how'd we get the job so essy?"

replied the other.

That settled it for John. Member of an unorganized trade though he was, he had absorbed the ethics of labor. Next morning, while the guards were assembling the men for breakfast, he slipped away, wan-dered round town until he found the strike headquarters and joined the strikers. They made much of him and effered him a share in the strike-benefit fund; but he had nearly forty dollars, and young as he was be had kindness enough not to take the bread not of their mouths. They promised to take him into the union when the strike collapsed; but the companies, after a vain attempt to work with non-union laborers, closed mine after mine.

John saw the signs in the beavens. One night he found a freight car, gave the brake-man a dollar to let him crawl in among a load of sacks and got to Sacramento. There the new brakeman ran him out with a coupling pin. He bought his fare to San Francisco, arriving there with less than twenty-five dollars.

That winter, allowing for differences in climate and environment, was a repetition of his first winter in Chicago. There had been a dry year—those were the days when Northern California stood at the mercy of the rain-and times were a little hard. At the very time when he was tramping the streets looking for any job the orange har-vest was on in the South, giving work to

(Continued on Page 48)



Holphoint Week May 11~16

This is the fourth annual International Holpoint Sale—the fourth year that Lighting Companies, Dealers and Factory have co-operated to show why it is to your advantage to use electrical household appliances.

Several thousand distributers are prepared to demonstrate all the Hoffwint "El" appliances (Look for the checkerboard signs.) and to explain how to make electricity your servant.

But why do they sell El Glostovo at half price next week?

Because we want you to use one in your home—we want you to see that now you can afford to cook with electricity. El Glostovo uses one-third less current than former types and you use your regular utensils. Think what this means to you.

Your dealer will gladly show you how this electric stove works. You'll like it—and you can buy it at half—Hotpoint Week only.

In El Glostovo for the first time the reflector principle is applied to electric cooking. This conserves the heat and concentrates it on the cooking surface. It takes less current to

do the work.

It is like removing the lid and doing the cooking directly over the glowing fire instead of on top of the stove.

Use your regular cooking vessels directly over the glowing coils. That means quick results and economy. Note cost of doing operations shown at bottom of page.

El Glostovo is instantly available anywhere there is an electric light socket. You can use it on the dining table or sideboard. But it is so efficient for all cooking operations that it is entitled to a place in your kitchen. It reaches full cooking temperature 15 seconds after curren is on. Former types require as many minutes.

Vessels 7 inches in diameter (granite or metal) just fit E. Glostovo but smaller or larger vessels can be used. The top can be easily removed for cleaning.

El Glostovo is made in a pleasing design, heavily nickeled with mirror-like finish and ebonite handle. Equipped with cool grip switch plug and cord which fits other **Holpoint** appliance

The heating element is guaranteed for 5 years. If it burn out within that period a new one will be sent free.

Regular price \$5.00 (Canada \$6.50). Special price Hotpoir Week \$2.50 (Canada \$3.25). Monday, May 18th, the special price will be withdrawn and the regular price will prevail.



own direct from our nearest office in prepay charges.

Thousands of Distributers
Both Lighting Companies of
Dealers well Hotpoint applicate
Look for the checkerboard with
the and Hotpoint sign.

If you do not find it, we will sh



Let electricity transform the drudgery of ironing into a light, interesting operation for you.

Let a Holpoint iron save you all the time and most of the fatigue that follows older methods-and do it cheaper. Yes, you can iron in comfort.

The Hollioint iron possesses many distinct advantages.

The point of any iron cools below working temperature inless extra heat is provided. We do this with the Hotpoint me and the point is always hot enough to iron with.

Hothern construction also insures a cool handle no wher needed. The heat is held in the working face of the Hence its high economy.



New instead of lifting a Hopaint

es onto a separate stand every few seconds.

uply up it onto the attached stand. There it stands, ready to your and When on the stand it will not scorch the most delicate labric.

On ordinary ironing the switch plug will be removed about half time, while you use the stored heat. So at ordinary rates you use pily three or four cents' worth of current to do an hour's ironing.

Attach it to any electric light socket—use it on the porch if you mat to. Eight feet of flexible cord is provided. The heart plug interchangeable on nearly all of the "El" appliances.

Heating element is guaranteed for ten years. If it burns out in that the we supply a new one free. Anyone can put it in place.

The six pound weight is most used for general household use - \$3.50. Grads \$4.50. We also furnish a five pound from at the same price.

Hotpoint Electric Heating Company

Canadian Hotpoint Electric Heating Co., Limited

VANCOUVER, 365 Cordove Street TORONTO, 25 Brant Street

argest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electrically Heated Household Appliances in the World.



lator which brews perfect coffee quickly and economically.

Made entirely of aluminum and German silver, which metals do not affect

the flavor of the coffee. It is light, with a never-wear-off finish.

Aluminum El Perco commences percolation in less than 30 seconds - simply put the ground coffee in the basket and cold water in the pot and slip in the switch plug.

The hot water drips thru the ground coffee, making a clear amber infusion with all aroma and flavor of the coffee. And it costs one cent or less to brew six cups of coffee.

The heating element is on the inside of the pot, which conserves the heat and makes it quick and economical. There are no floats, valves, or traps. It is guaranteed for five years.

Attaches to any lamp socket. Six cup size, price including eight foot flexible cord and interchangeable switch plug. \$7.50. Canada, \$9.75. HOME BOOK

A few other Mother Appliances

If your dealer can not supply, we will ship prepoid from our neurest office. Give voltage.

Utility—traveler's iron and stove, \$5.00. Can. \$6.50. Cooking Set—changes l'ot point into stove, \$2. C. \$2.50. El Grillo—boils, brails, fries, roasts, \$5.00. Can. \$6.50. El Tosto—tosse two slices at once, \$4.00. Can. \$5.00. El Tostovo—tasse sed cooks, \$5.50. Can. \$4.50.

El Stovo-6' with 3-heat control, \$7,00. Can. \$9,25. El Stovo-4' for travelers, \$3.50. Can. \$4.50. El Chafo-disher for El Stovo, \$5.00. Can. \$6.50. El Chafo-No. 5 with element, \$12.00. Can. \$15.75.

El Cooks-electric cooker, \$30.00. Can. \$40.00. El Bako-lamp socket oven, \$12.00. Can. \$15.50. El Teballo-7 cup pot, \$6.00. Can. \$10.50. El Bollo-for kitchen, \$4.00. Can. \$5.00. El Bollo-small, \$3.00. Can. \$4.00.

32 pages clouck full of useful electric information-How to read your meles -How to fig-

Free to You

ure cost, etc. Use this

Hotpoint Electric Heating Co. (Address nearest office)

Please send me a free Electricity.

for which send

Note: If you don't know rollings ask your Lighting Con



ACCORDING TO GIRARD

This side-light upon the size of some of Philadelphia's industries is from Girard's entertaining daily column in the Public Ledger:

"What Philadelphia has done or could do if it wanted to:

"Weave in a year a nice strip of carpet a yard wide to encircle the globe,

"If all the regular soldiers of the world were to march to Philadelphia on that carpet, one factory here could during the year make a hat for every soldier,

"Our mills could knit stockings for every soldier to have a pair on his feet and another in his knapsack.

"Between 6 o'clock p. m. and midnight, all these soldiers could bathe in Philadelphia bathtubs, each taking half an hour for his ablutions,

"On their way over the ocean on that strip of carpet the world's armies would see that 70 out of every 100 ships bearing the American flag had been built in Philadelphia.

"After they landed here these same fighters would learn that over half of all the locomotives used in America had been built at a Philadelphia plant.

"But if Philadelphia didn't wish this stupendous conglomerate army to stop here, it is the only American city that could fire upon it from a home-made, fully-equipped battleship."

A city which can and does do this is a city of considerable moment to the national advertiser. It answers the question,"Why Philadelphia?" The medium in Philadelphia which includes the best of all this possible market is called the



(Continued from Page 45)

all applicants. He did not know that. Once he got a fortnight's work in a lumber mill up in the Northern woods. He lost that job because the mill shut down. Times were hard and people were not ordering lumber. But the farming season opened and by

But the farming season opened and by March he was at work again.

He had now been an industrial factor for a year and a half. He was settled for life in his trade. He was an average man, as I have said before; he had comparatively little initiative and no power to originate. The moment when the average boy leaves school or home, and goes out to look for a job, is the great moment of his life.

And at that moment the average man is a pawn of chance. He sees in a newspaper

And at that moment the average man is a pawn of chance. He sees in a newspaper an advertisement for laborers in a box factory; a friend of his father tells him of an opening with a bricklayer; his teacher knows a merchant who wants an office boy. So the boy becomes a boxworker, a bricklayer or a clerk for life. Because at the moment when he was ready to enter industry John Smith saw in a newspaper an adver-John Smith saw in a newspaper an adver-tisement for common laborers of the casual class, he had become a common casual la-horer for life. Only an uncommon run of luck would ever change the current of his life. That luck might have taken the form

That steady job was now the web and woof of his dreams. The vision of Farmer Bill had grown dim and remote. Like most of us when we encounter cold actuality, he had taken the materials of his castle in the air and started to build a cottage with them; but when the season opened he en-listed with two hundred other laborers to work on an irrigating ditch. That job lasted three weeks. And the rest of his second summer in California was a repetition of his first—work, tramp, camp, work, tramp, work—stampeding with his fellows from one job to another at the summons of a rumor. Only, just before work closed in the fall, the one greater than himself touched his life and nearly changed his fats. On the prune ranch where he finished the season he met the girl, a factory worker in the city of winter, a prune dipper at the drier in the had taken the materials of his castle in the

winter, a pruce dipper at the drier in the summer and fall. They fell in love as young people do; he adored dumbly, as young men of his kind do; she egged him on to a declaration, as young women of all kinds do. Before they parted his flagging ambi-tion had revived in him.

From Romance to Jail

I must not linger on their romance: this is a business story. When they took stock together he decided not to stay in California. The one dry year had been succeeded by another, a combination that Californians will remember for a generation. The city was very dull; abready it was filling up with the unemployed. He did not know that the rains would come again the next winter; that for a few years building in California would provide, both summer and winter, work for all.

John and Hattie decided that he had better make his trial in the East. He followed her to San Francisco; he spent most

better make his trial in the East. He fol-lowed her to San Francisco; he spent most of his summer's savings for clothes to make himself presentable before her. When he was nearly broke he packed his blankets and started East. She saw him off at the station. He did not show her his ticket. She did not know that it read: "San Fran-cisco to Sacramento." At Sacramento he left the train; a day later he was stealing a ride in a freight car.

At Ogden a railroad detective caught him

ride in a freight car.

At Ogden a railroad detective caught him red-handed stealing a ride from the railroad company. Fresh from his romance, he spent five days in jail.

Two years more in the life of John Smith. He has not found that steady job. He had worked by snatches at many things. His longest job and his hardest lasted him three months. It was lumbering in the North Woods; but the lumber market fell off and the mill shut down. He has due trenches the mill shut down. He has dug trenches, plowed, pitched hay, sunk telegraph poles, laid ties, piled scantlings; in the intervals between steady employment he has done such small work as washing windows, clean-

ing up back yards, shoveling snow.

There were steady jobs in his world if he had only found them; but remember al-ways that he was an average man and, as such, a prey to environment. He heard of work through his associates, all casual laborers, or through the employment agencies, which were mainly interested in their turn-over, and which got little profit from placing one man in one job for life.

Let Us Send You These

FREE - an onusual recipe book, "The Household Helper," Con-tains quite "different" cooking and menu suggestions. Free for a postal. Also, a Ter Stow, 16c (stamps). Harm-less, not to be lighted, but a dandy plaything. Gives an idea, too, of Florence Oil Stove appear-Wan't you write for both to-

No Wicks-No Valves-Clean-Safe

Here's the right oil stove at last. Absolute safety and reliability as well as economy and simplicity.

FLORENCE Oil Cook Stoves

"Look for the Lever"

"The Turning Point in Oil Stone History"

Breatise of a new idea - patented - these off stores there no wires to bother - so waives to bother - so waives to leak. Their first is repulated by a simple, little ipatented lever device. On appets is automatic. You can have a the first on one barror and a quick one on abother - by setting the levers. The model stores here retails at \$25. Others as too no \$5.



plve visites had not believe that the condition of the co

Florence Glass

Door Overs

Want being for "The Househald Helper".

Note: - Toy Broad Interpret - to high.

Life Jacop and Jacop Being Bank.

CENTRAL OIL & GAS STOVE CO.



The J. R. Torrey Razor Company Worcester, Mass.

The Torrey Housing Strop has no equal

Genuine "Edwards," Ready-made, fire-proof garages, Quickly set up any place. Direct-fromfactory prices \$49.50 and up, Postalbringsilius-

The Edwards Mig. Co., 361-391 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnet, O.



TRAURDINARY OFFER

WHITE TODAY Well E TODAY has our hig counting showing our born and garls at privary sever before equalist for his is a evolutioned as between symmetre and a contentation. By the structure of the structure

HAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. N-55, CHICAGO, ILL.

PATENTS Staty-fire years' experience. Send sketch and short description of your invention. All patents several fee before in the Scientific American. UNA CO. 365 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

He and Hattie, out in California, corresponded, she assuring him of enduring faith, he assuring her that the steady job was still in sight; but that romance rubbed against the hard realities of life until it were pretty thin.

There was another thing that dimmed romance. A man must go with a woman. In every normal man dwells the craving for association, on some terms or other, with women. The best times of our lives, if we look at the thing honestly, are not our stag parties, or our man talks across bars, or our college reunions, but those occasions where

men and women meet.

Where could John Smith meet women?
In the back rooms of those saloons that were his places of social contact, or in the worse places loosely attached to those saloons. loons. He met such women—came to know them and imagine that he liked them. And every such meeting made him a poorer lover for little Hattle out in California. It was late autumn, and he had crowded

into Chicago with the rest, when he got a letter from Hattie, which hinted that she was tired of waiting. It was midwinter, and he had twice undergone periods of eating in soup kitchens, when she took the excuse of something he had written in one of his letters to break with him. It was spring and he was reciding off to a construction and he was packing off to a construction camp, when she let the az fall.

A Job Thrown Away

She wrote that she wished him well, but that she was going to marry a clerk in the factory. When, at the end of the week, he got his pay envelope he went on the first debauch nis life—and lost his job. At that, it was more injured pride and the memory of un-fulfilled ambition that ailed him than the pangs of despised love.

Three years more, which differed only in detail from the years I have electrical be-fore, and the casual, thoughtless observer of John Smith would have said that liquor was his curse, or soon would be. Often the close of a job was for him the beginning of a debauch of greater or less intensity. Yet the real physical craving, that hot demon which demands stimulant and yet more stimulant, did not as yet trouble him. Had he been a human clod, a man with a

hoe, drink would not have tempted him at all. His trouble was the defect of his good qualities. Being an American, he was am-bitious; and at times the old dream of Farmer Bill rose up to reproach him. The one thing that get him back to an atmos-phere of hope—the false light of hope which alcohol throws on the world—was bear and more beer, and finally whisky.

Three years more in the working life of John Smith. To detail the story of these years would again be a useless repetition. In them he traveled, by means of brake beams, surreptitious rides on freight cars and the bounty of railroad companies, from Albany in the East to Omaha in the West; from Michigan in the North to Kentucky in the South. Then, had he only known it, he got the stendy job for which he went looking when he parted with Hattie at San Francisco.

They were starting a new steel mill in Minnesota. Steelwork, with its automatic processes, comes more and more to demand common labor, less and less skilled labor. This company was destined to grow; and from the first it adopted the policy of retaining its old capable men. Some of the younger laborers who went to work with John Smith are there yet. He worked and drew pay for two months. At the end of that time he developed a ferce, sarly dis-satisfaction with the job. He quarreled with his mates; he growled at the foreman. And one day, when the shoveling was espe-cially hard, he suddenly threw down his shovel and quit.

The foreman attributed it to bad temper. self by this act naturally incompetent. Not at all. He was an average man-average in character and disposition and in everything else. This would not have happened in the first year of his industrial life or even the fifth; but habit gripped him now. Since he left his father's farm he had scarcely ever worked in one stretch so long as two months. The successive periods of work and loading had become the rhythm of his life. So he three away the luck for which he had been looking and passed on down the highroad.

It was late summer; and another blanket stiff, whom he met on the highway, told him a marvelous story. New automobile



AT LARGE! \$500.00 Cash REWARD

A nameless blond young man, always smiling, likely to be seen anywhere. He will arrest you with his pleasant smile and invite you to have a drink. Once you see his face you will never forget it. His picture can be seen in the windows and on the sods fountains

of drug stores and confectioners, and at grocers', fruit stands, etc., everywhere,

The Charles E. Hires Co., makers of "Hires" for Thirst, will pay \$500 in cash for a snappy name for this young man.

In case the name selected is submitted by more than one person preference will not be given to the first one received, but, in the event of a tie, \$500 will be paid to each of the persons who may submit the

Look for his picture and ask the man inside the store for details. No letters answered unless accompanied with stamped, self-addressed envelope. This \$500 is going to be pretty soft for someone. Why not you?

To All Soft Drink Dispensers:

There is something big for YOU in this year's Hires' proposition. Hires' salesmen are now out placing this before as many dealers as possible. Some of the smaller towns are not on their routes. Any dealer in soft drinks who is not a Hires dealer now can have the details of this contest and facts about Hires 1914 special deals that mean big profits by sending us the attached coupon properly filled in.

THE CHARLES E. HIRES CO., Philadelphia

THE CHAS. E. HIRES CO., Philadelp Please send one details of price of	name contest and special 1914 deals.
I do (do not) sell Hires.	I sall fountain soft drinks.
Name	
	80.7

Street Number or Post Office

"Oh! I always use plenty of oil!" Does that insure correct lubrication?

A low-quality or wrong-hadied oil, no matter how freely it is used, can never do the work of the correct lubricant.

"Plenty" of too-light oil often leads to loss of compression and esrape of explosion. This means loss of power and unnecessary consumption of gasoline.

"Plenty" of too-houry oil will often fail to distribute properly through your feed system. Excessive friction, burnt bearings and carbon trouble will result.

"Plenty" of low-quality oil simply means plenty of imperfect protection for the moving parts.

The absolute necessity for oil whose "body" is correct for his motor and whose quality will show maximum lubricating efficiency is entirely overlooked by the motorist who says:

"Oh! I always use plenty of oil."

By guess-work and luck you may sometimes get oil for your motor which is correct in "hody," and effi-cient in "quality." You should be using such oil continuously.

You can be sure of it by using the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car in the Lubricating Chart on the right.

Make a note of the grade specified for your ear. Then make sure that you get it. If your car is not mentioned, send for our complete Lubricating Chart.

This standard guide to correct lubrication was prepared after a careful analysis of every make and model of car. It represents the professional advice of the world-leaders in scientific Inbrication - the Vacuum Oil Companys

On recover my will reall a promotive on the Conservation, Operation and 100 mass in a Automobile Practice. It messales are detail the common encourse troubles and gives that CAMPS And Removings.

The various grades of Corposis Metallica you melter with remain or featured

> Cargon le Maria a V Caracte Money B Cargorie Mornal Arrise"

They can be soccred immerely be garages. are miles and home building com

FROM WHITE SUPPLY TO THE PERSON to be subject to the for the first the refs. All ahanne and with the art was more to

minimature, ware Developer. - Brilly all best toy be

Se Thill all the



Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter appears the car institutes the grade of Gargonyle Madakar that smooth be used. For example: "A" merger "Listrary is Mechanic A. "Ato, means "Groupple Madakar Arytic, but all electric writers use Gargonyle Madakar A." The processor adultion cover of madakar of born pleasures and assumed-rial yelds as unless attentions and assumed-rial yelds as unless attentions and assumed-

DIF DIF

CARS	American	Manage.	in freeze	WOME	1	Miles.	Second .	Wiston	Sections	-
Allow Denser	A	Air.	K	Aut l	A	Art	4	M	ún.	Nic.
Allow American	9	Sec.	7	Air	1	Ac.	4	Art I	X	442
Autorian Co. (1) have	Ã.	100	8	Sec.		an.	X.	Mr.	A	Air
Market Co.	Ż.	臣	2	10	2	4	A	W.	a	A
Box Collins	2	-	W.	×	2		8		160	die
The state of the same of	6	42		Se.	A.	in.	Ä	Ani,	2	Art.
Cuttie			LE.	1	A	Sic.	is.	Art.	G.	No.
Con L	2	Œ	4	E.	A	fr.	ŝ	Mr.	*	Ar.
Contract of the Contract of th	2		Įĕ.		Á	Ab.	A	Ani	٨	A
If the said the said the said to the said		8	18		B	1			1	20
Call Control	10	1	×	No.	15	No.	ie.	-	K:	MAL.
Detected Belleville	Œ	A	B		2	I.S.		A		4
Frequent	m	(27)	18	Milita	A	Sec.	Æ	A	u.	Gr.
Timpline	12	12	lä	12	2	12	Įħ.	La.	12	A
Fref.	12	65	ŀũ	W	١ĸ	'n	1	1	10	42"
Con Free	18	76	Ιā	200	ŧΧ	641	1.7	den.	Ä	A
S. M. C. Town	2	1,4	l.	-5	0	100	I AL	Jan.	16	No.
Married Co.	И.	8-1	A	jkn	1.0	-	×	An	14	4
Brown.	ű.	16	1.0	15	2	1	1	2	12	22
District Co.	C.	6	12	-	10	Œ	C	50	1"	
Section and	1	1	1	1	1	1	N.	U.	١.	1.
Marks W.	и	Œ	r		1	ţ:	10	1	12	100
1,807,007	ш	10	и	W	ıo	Œ	ŀĀ	18	1 is	A
Exceptional Section	NA.	12	1.5	4	12	10	I A	36	1	
	13	LA	1 %	92	1 K	N.	1×	-	hi	
THE PARTY NAMED IN	10		15	E	15	Œ	F	6	15	A
Page 1	L	п	U	t	N.	نوا	W.	6	Ita	No.
ATT .	1		15	78	1%	16	1%	ïR	12	12
Name and Address of the Owner, where	и,		12	ı.	JA	10	17	4	to	An-
	1.	v	Æ	ű,		6	16	÷	15	TA.
Simbo	ĸ	1	34	N	16	5	10	34	13	Mill
4.4	12	12	12	12		12	12	改	13	18
Total Control	16	-	- 14	-4	10	100	θE	25	ΗĘ	1
Maria	17			18	Di	7.8	VΈ	18	13	X
Marin	1 A	28	18	14	Ð,	100	13	2	Air	- Bank
Berger and	12	41	12	15	13	72	10	4	40	-
- 53	49	78	10	W			45	25	壮	-
Married	D	Ç.	13		40	30	13	.87	45	C Klini
F 100	14	33	13		42	12	43	20	40	1
the de borger -	18	1		1	16	Jo	to	à.	IJζ	1
10.40	al S		15		14		Б	7	15	No.
America	33	25.38		-34	i Ja	, III)	ų,	76		1, 4 m.
-	13		110		10	3	85	-	1	
RET-	25	JA.	15	82	35	18	13		02.A	
Part of the contract	-1		м.	-0.0	20	4	13	100		
Frank Street	15		45	13	T		-	36	-10	0.75
Prior trimbal	36	- 61	J۲		48	1.0	111	:20	i (C	.20
E 0	1	EA.	33	12	Ŋ	St	10	10	3.5	-
W 81	10			1.1	-450		99		48	2.85
No.		1	13	12		1.5	33	3	43	146
200	м		rti		21	16	J.		113	
5.00	16	10		6.0			35	-	R	5 15
THE PERSON NAMED IN	-1	-	4	N A			1		798	16
Sec.	16			V =			-11	-	- 8	10
No.	1					50	5	- 1	130	
21-	-1	1		1		4	417		1	
7.45						4	1	1		
8-0	1		- 1		e la	1	1	3	-4	. 4
100			101		Th.	4,16	1			la la
75.76		6	0.8	. 5	-	5.3	13	-	-23	
750	7	- 5		2.2	- 1	15	4			4,5
			-							



M OIL CO., Rochester, U.S. A.

is in the manufacture of high-grade intercents for on of machinery. Obtainable everywhere is the world. 546

factories were starting over in Michigan. The company needed workmen short hours and big money not mechanics, but workmen. They joined forces; being in funds they paid their fare to Michigan. They found the town crowded with workmen who besieged the doors of the new factories. At those doors hung the sign: No belp wanted!

Ten thousand idle men poured into town before the Chamber of Commerce, which had started the rumor, grew frightened and sent out the news that the labor market was swamped. John moved over to De-trest; there he settled down to a winter of

charity and odd jobs.

Five years more. Now any one could say with truth and certainty that liquor had John Smith. No longer was it a vicari-ous satisfaction of his ambitions, a means to revive the ambitions of his youth; it was a revive the ambitions of his youth; it was a real need. After a week of his desultory work he felt depleted; he needed a jolt to give him the atrength to feel like a man again. Back of this was the life he had led. All through there had been periods of star-vation and half starvation. The resiliency of youth for years gave him the strength to rally from these periods; but when the first flush of youth was gone that reservoir ran dry. The liquor, with its overstimula-tion, drew still further on his strength the more so because it was drugged

the more so because it was drugged.

In the summer of 1913, having flopped down on the East and lacking the enterprise to travel far, he held and lost more than twenty jabs. He did not have to wait now for the work to run out. He was nearly always discharged, or at least he was in the first gang to be laid off. When the late autumn departed he made for New York. Times were dull. The unemployed filled the city. By means of the Municipal Lodging House, the Salvation Army Home. ing House, the Salvation Army Home. Charity Woodyards, occasional odd jobs and out-and-out begging, he filled in the time until the blizzard gave work to all.

He lasted until the afternoon of the second day. Soon shoulding is bounded.

second day. Snow shoveling is hard work; he had done so hard work since November and he had no reserve power. From the industrial point of view he was an old,

worn-out must.

The Army of Casual Workers

And yet the years of his life were only thirty-four. At that age the professional man has but begun to build his career: at that age the well-nourished workman may look forward to nearly twenty years of increasing powers. But John Smith had finished his course! Six months or a year of good food, of light, steady work with hope at the end, would bring him back. And he might as well have wished for a million dollars as for that!

And one comercutive said of all those cases parallel to John Smith's: "You see, they don't want work!" And another said: "They're merely the degenerate fringe of harmanity!" John Smith said nothing. He was inarticulate: and besides, none of his critics took the trouble to ask him.

This depressing story of John Smith would not be worth telling if his case were not typical or if the type were not common. But it is typical: in fact, I have here only constructed a composite story from hun-dreds of life histories gathered for the new Bureau of Industrial Relations by one Peter Alexander Speek. Of Speek and his work I shall have more to say another time.

And the type is common. The investiso study the casual, floating laborers stand appalled at their number. The census is scient on this point; no one can do more than guess. "Two millions," says the most conservative guesser. "It's according to what you mean by casual," says Speek. "I say five millions." Heaven knows but says Commissioner Walsh of the 5/960 Server of Industrial Related

Not all of them turn out se badly as John Smith. Though his is not exactly an ex-commense, it is another and the extreme: but the tendency of them all is down a and then amp tion to potenseems; from the eminent man to use unemployed man. by enemotypable man. Years before the account of the in regular life pegins to and his powers happing, the average case a What you my do given John Smith both

for the same after for our own?

Enter's Note: This is the first of a sense of about 9 is the sense of about 9 is the result with appeal to 40 carry sense.



You Can't Dodge the Income Tax-The Decay Tax, Yes!

The decay tax is high. A worn out paint coat results. in rot, repair bills, run-down, hard-to-sell houses and a bad neighborhood spirit. That's a heavy tax, but you candodzeit. Paint in time and paint right.

Dutch Boy White Lead

and Dutch Boy linseed oil preserve and beautify houses enduringly. Lead and oil make a waterproof elastic cout which expands with the wood and won't crack. Datch Boy made-to-order paint saves dollars. Your painter will mix it to your house's needs and tint it any color.

Write for Paint Adviser No. 67 A Group of Practical FREE!

Tells many useful things for home perfect how different word vertices would different point combinations; have to allower attractive over that go together and wear but how to estimate amount unlook nous to test point be punity. Who come while book is yours for the

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

Total Shorter Carbonie Corp.

Chings San Propriet Selection of Selection Co. Manual Co.



add extra money

The common Sweeper Co., 6311 Seeth State N.



A Talk to 40-year-old Youngsters

It's a funny thing-how at the very time in life when we should be most careful of our looks, we sem to care the least about them.

When the prancing fervor of youth tangoes in our veins, and we are handsome devils anywaywe are precious particular to keep perked-up in toppiest regalia.

But as we near the forties and begin to widen at the front, we likewise begin to bag at the knees, wear tobacco cologne on our coat fronts and carry over last winter's overcoat until it's as thread-bare as an ancient meal-sack.

We treat our looks, in fact, a good deal as a man treats an automobile; when it's new and fresh, every brass screw-top on it must shine like a Tifany setting. But when it's old, he doesn't care how it looks so long as the "old boat" keeps going.

Now the queer part of it is that we middle-aged fellows who dress passé are the very ones most sensitive about being considered passé. We expect the world to regard us as up-to-date even though we don't dress the part. Can you beat that for shrewd, masculine logic?

Many a man who bewails the fact that he's considered a back-number has nothing in the world to blame but his back-number clothes. His looks are advertising and emphasizing the very impression he doesn't want to give.

So let's look at the facts, fellows! We're just as live and young in our ideas today at 40 as we were at 20. But the point is - if we want to get credit for the youth that is in us still - we must look it.

"Prime of Life" Week May 16, inclusive

A Special Week for 40-year-old Youngsters, to be held in 10,000 Royal Dealers' Stores

MLLOW youths have held the onter of the stage in clothes irrosements long enough.

Wen you men of age and discernet out to do it, you can give se fashion-plate infants cards and any day at showing off good the to advantage. Not one of them compete with good old middle-aged to Drew.

And so, beginning May 9th, ten wand Royal dealers-most of them middle agers themselves-will it a special week in honor of you menf-life boys-

week to demonstrate again the duvenating wonders of custom Birtis-

A week to show once more the u'h of the world's oldest axiomlich is, that a man is just as old as tolk and dresses-and not one 包 older.

Il l'once de Leon had wanted a practical fountain of youth, he should have looked up a good tailor.

Hard to Fit? Nonsense!

Perhaps you feel that your figure no longer lends itself to the clothes vogues of the hour-to trim, erectmodeled garments? Nonsense! That's what custom tailoring is forto harmonize correct style to any



HE ROYAL TAILORS NEW YORK CHICAGO -

When a man has reached the meridian of wisdom, he is not content to take pot luck in his clothes buying.

And through Royal Tailored-to-Measure Service, you can secure the utmost in built to measure clothes at sane and economical prices - \$16, \$17, \$20, \$25, \$30, \$35.

Corpulent Clothes-Our Hobby

We especially court the custom of the robust-for Royal Tailoring makes

tweeds or a rich imported serge, and fet us tailor it up for you into a young man's English cut suit.

Oh, yes!-it's just your style; that slim and trim English sack style-with the narrow shoulders and the syelte fit. It will take 10 or 15 years off your back.

men. A 52 inch waist line does not dis-

courage us. A Royal corpulent coat

has the youthsome drape of the

best custom garment made for

The Prime Time For Style

Don't be alraid of being undignified if

you wear smart clothes. That kind of

dignity belongs to the old gentlemen's

bonse-not to prime men in whom the

good red blood of activity still runs bright.

this special week, and see his display of

sprightly Spring and Summer woolens;

pick out one of those blithesome English

Call on the local Royal dealer during

any figure.

Get that Royal Tailored Look! It's the only look worthy your activity!

> Joseph Nel President

VOUR practical office man is using Stafford's Commercial in his fountain pen.

Stafford's Commercial was his choice for steel pens, and his shrewd commonsense tells him that this old reliable writing fluid is equal to any "special" fountain pen ink you can buy and costs 30% to 50% less.

For desk or traveling use, you

want one of those new filler sinke of Stafford's Comparcial comand compact. Easy to reall from your

The coupon below is good for a trial built, with a twenty-five centrum classe of any goods at your visioner's.

Go to your entloner roday.

One Trial Bottle of STAFFORD'S COMMERCIAL

Kame	_	
City		
Disher's Store		_





THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C. DEAR JIM: Did you ever stop to think D how sacred a thing may become when its sanctity, newly acquired or newly al-leged—to put it straight—helps you to maintain your own high honor in the conse-crated circumstances? Oftentimes we go

crated circumstances? Ottentimes we go along for years, taking no heed of the intimate relation a common and familiar article may have to the very highest motives, impulses and convictions of our lives, suddenly to be brought to a realizing sense of the direct bearing, not only on our morals but on our moralities, that object exerts. Then we find that this intimate, unconsidered and habituated object really is of the

rent we and that this intimate, unconsidered and habituated object really is of the most inviolable and hallowed character, because we personally need the newly discovered sanctity for purposes of our own.

This line of thought was developed by a consideration of the wast and vociferous howl of a certain set of congressional and other patriots concerning the violation of other patriots concerning the violation of the Democratic platform of 1912, as pro-posed by the President's plan to repeal the Panama Canal free-tolls law. To listen to them one would think that the repeal of this law, which was indersed in that platthis law, which was indersed in that plat-form—the law, not the repeal—not only stultifies a document on which are based all the hopes of the Democracy for continued approval by the people, but is party dis-loyalty and treason, and many other politi-cal high crimes and misdemeanors.

Shocked and indignant these patriots

protest against the repeal of the tolls law and shudderingly point to the fact that there is a plank in that platform advocating free tolls for American coastwise ships. "Is it possible," they sak, "that any man or any body of men can be sunk so far in

or any body of men can be sunt so far in party dishonor as to say that one plank of this hely pronouncement shall be disregarded? Can it be that any legislator owing allegiance to the Democratic party—much more a president elected by the same—can so far forget obligations to this Magna Charta of the Democracy as to say that even a word of it shall not have the force of law?

force of law?
"What is the country coming to, and what especially is the Democracy coming to, when it is proposed to lay violent hands on this sainted language, to consider it as unsaid, to ignore it, to pay so heed to it? Oh, the shame and the sorrow of it; the deg-radation and the profamition of it; the unutterable treason and treachery of it! We are amazed and we protest, and we shall fight to the last ditch to preserve the immisculateness of this bill of party particulars, this sacred platform, this grand and historic document!"

The Worst Excuse of All

And, knowing a few things about plat-forms, wouldn't that make you burst into laughter? Wouldn't that cause you to rise up and say: "Prunes, prisons and piffle; guff, gargoyles and gumboile; rigma-rule, rubhish and rut, rot, rot."? It would, Jim, if you have a sense of humor. It would if you haven't a sense of humor. It

would if you haven't a seese of humor. It would if you are any person other than a member of this band of howlers who are howling: "Woodrow, spare that platform! Touch not a single plank!"

To think that in the spring of the year, with the crocuses all up and the hodges may with Forsythia, and the magnolias in block, and the trees newly green, and the blackbirds on the White House lawn, and the hyacinthe fragrantly adding color to the hyacinths fragrantly adding color to the circles, and the shad coming up the Potomac, and the dome of the library glean-ing in the sunlight, a set of persons who have attained the right to sit in either branch of the Congress of the United States would deliberately spout that sort of stuff as an excuse and a justification for opposing the repeal of a law-no matter what lawany law at any time-or for any other reason whatsoever!

The gentleman who originally enunci-ated the doctrine that a poor excuse is better than none never heard of so poor an excuse as this, or he would have put on a footnote to the effect that when he designated poor excuses as being better than none he drew the line at violation-of-theplatform excuses, because they are entirely too meager to excuse anything. Furthermore, no person whatsoever knows this better than the very persons who are making so great a point of the sacredness of the Haltimore platform.

Laying aside the merits of the contention, and making no argument as to whether tion, and making no argument as to whether tolls for a certain class of American ships should be free or not free, what do you think of a bunch who, actuated in their opposition to a repeal of the law by per-sonal and political considerations, seek to clock their opposition with protestations that this thing must not be done because

it is a violation of a party platform?

The two most insurer things in this world, Jim, are the politics that dictate party platforms and the platforms that are the outcome of that dictation. For some reason there has grown up in this country a custom that demands, purely for advertising purposes, a declaration of political

tising purposes, a declaration of political principles by a party that seeks to have its candidates put into office.

Now the truth is that party principles change with popular demand. The truth also is that each party, seeking to win its election, adopts all the principles it can find lying about loose and makes up a few new ones if it hasn't enough to complete a resounding declaration. It never is a question of what principles shall be adopted. It is always a question of what principles will be popular.

Who Wrote the Platform?

A platform has no binding power on any-body. It is a recital of what seems expe-dient at the moment for political purposes. It is a compendium of the political fade of the day, thrown together because the cus-

tom is to have such a pronouncement as an adjunct to a political campaign.

The only time a politician takes a plat-form seriously is when he needs it as a bogie to scarce a timid candidate or a timid official into doing something he wants done; or when an officebolder falls back on it as reason or a justification for some action

of his own.

Otherwise platforms are glass together and considered as part of the ephemera of the campaign, except, as in the present instance, when it becomes necessary to drag them out and wave them in the air as hallowed harbingers, potential precursors, plous promises and sacred sentiments, on which victory was won because the people believed what was said and the candidates bound themselves to obey the provisions

A presidential platform is a joke player on the people once in four years, dictated by expediency and supposed to be demanded by custom. It is always written so as to have the largest popular appeal, and therefore touches on all subjects, and straddles on most. It must offend nobody and please everybody. It must be fish, flesh, good red herring and vegetarian besides—and always is. and always is.

Have a look at the platforms for the past stateen years, say. Who wrote them? In every instance save one the candidate wrote them or the men who made the candidate. Forgetting various vainglorious claims that are as bogue as they are vain, who put the gold standard into the Republican platform of 1896? Hanna. Who visited the platform of 1990 for McKinley? Hanna. Who wrote the Republican platform of 1994? Roosewelt for Taft. Who fixed up the Republican platform of 1992? Taft.

platform of 1912? Taft. Similarly, with the Democrats Mr. Bryan forced his free-silver declaration into the platform of 1896, and he put it back and made imperialism the paramount issue besides in 1900. Parker and his managera fixed the platform of 1904, and Mr. Bryan

dictated it again in 1908.

Now then, what happened in 1912 to the Democrats? Mr. Wilson didn't write the platform, because Mr. Wilson wasn't sure he would be reminsted. Champ Clark didn't write the platform, because he was Who did write it? A comin the same case. bination of politicians who were not at all certain who would be nominated, and who constructed a platform on which any person selected-Wilson, Clark, Underwood,





Made for steel or fibre needles; will produce your records better than you have ever heard be-face.

It clarifies, articulates, amplifica saves your records.

> Prices for steel needles, \$1,00; for Fibre Needles, \$1.50; with 100 Victor Fibre Needles, \$2.00

One thousand dealers now sell it. It is diese not, let us send you one by retarn increes back if not satisfactory. Sale I Victor "Exhibitor" or "Concest" Repost of Columbia. No. 6 or smaller size.

THE MASTERPHONE CORPORATE 187 Broadway Dept. X New York



Is this service?

Can you feel satisfied with tires that puncture at the critical moment?

Can you afford to waste your time; to spend money constantly replacing inner tubes which punctures have rumed?

Play safe! Be satisfied with nothing short of uninterrupted service. It is yours—guarantreat-on all



You get back every one paid for insurance against punctures if the tire falls to prove its claim.

You can't lose. You have everything to gain.

Write coday for Paniphlet No. 10. explaining immeraction, and containing that guarantee in detail.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO. CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.



Smiles at Miles

Tired of Buying "Cheap" Plugs?

Titte plug is made he the man who is tired of buying supposedly "cheap" plugs and fimiling them systemely espensive in the long run - to say nothing of the constant bother and trouble that such pluga tame.

It is a quality ploy all through-and is gnaranteed to give quality service.

SPARK PLUG

Not built to compute with arthresty plugate price but to eclipse them in efficiency and durability.

Only the onesi mereviate used, regardless of must. Skilled workmen perform araction

Extremely heavy iomiating core with

Wite, wall cushioned seat or insulator allows upple secondar contraction as accepted.
That is a secondar contraction as a secondar contraction and secondaries.
The Alterburky gas light.
If your dealer cannot supply you send the or act of four prepaid.

Guarentine area using Master Space I was been been as missened and are not described with the reduction of the process of the reduction of the process of the proclamatical process of the proclamatical process of the proclamatical process of the proclamatical process of the proclamatical proclamatical proclamatical proclamatical process of the p

HARTFORD MACHINE SCREWCO Ot Capital Are, Hartford Com. Fit. 18.1 Bryan, or anybody else who might be named—could stand. To meet this de-mand, they went a bit further than the definite platform-makers of former years, and they put in about everything they could think of and some things they didn't think about.

It was a broad and comprehensive plat-form, fitted for a radical candidate, a con-servative candidate, a middle-of-the-road candidate, and for about any other kind of candidate except a female one. It was a catch-all platform and a carry-all platform. And now these outraged patriots of the Democracy stand up and wall over treason to party precepts, because they have rea-sons of their own for demanding that the tells provision shall not be repealed, using as their wall-inciter the plank somebody stuck in that Baltimore platform, which

stuck in that haltimore piatform, which and free tolls are the right thing.

A person might respect a politician who would cite for his opposition to the repeal of the tolls provision any one of half a dozen reasons; but no respect is due to those injured souls who insist that there shall be no repeal because the Raltimore platform says tolls ought to be free. That shout is as hogus as a basketful of china

eggs.

Let us not despair, however. Right in the middle of the tells row came a ray of hope for the salvation of the Republic and ray of hope that was elegantly attired and had its whiskers curled to a tomorial tri-umph. I refer to Colonel James Hamilton Lewis, who, after a period of inculsation alightly more than a year in duration, hatched out and presented to a gratified world three several solutions of all the problems now pressing us down to disaster and discountion.

and disruption.

Aside from daily visits to the White House, where he kept things in order for the President, and his arduous labors as whip on the Democratic side, which, of course, on the Democratic side, which, of course, demanded that he keep things in order for the majority, and his oratorical efforts whereby he kept his polysyllables in order for himself, the colonel was not in evidence more than sixteen hours a day. We wondered what he was doing: and suddenly and effulgently he emerged from this seclusion—for him—and laid before us the fruits of his sequestration, his study and his spats.

A Panacea With Whiskers

Briefly, the colonel, referring to his prod-uct as "the trinity of my labors while in the Senate," proposed three hills that, in his opinion, will cure all ills, industrial, economic and otherwise, from which we suffer at the present moment. These hills pro-vide, in the first instance, that the Govern-ment shall build a large fleet of merchant vessels, to be leased to individuals in order vessels, to be leased to individuals in order to promote the shipping trade. The second bill is for "A national commission of commerce and industry, to consolidate the regulation and supervision in a single body of transportation, banking, finance and manufacturing"—and, of course, for the abolishment of all other hodies in conflict therewith. The third contemplates the absorption by the Government of all common carriers and the highways over which they run, and the leasing of these by the Government to private sperators, under strict ment to private operators, under strict regulations

Apparently the colonel felt the need of a little publicity. Things were getting dull with him. Acutely conscious of the well-known law of physics that the higger the rock, the greater the splash when it falls into the water, he thought that while he had it in mind to regulate things he might as well regulate them. He knew an ordi-nary little Government-control bill would create only a ripple; so he pushed in a rock. He decided he would have not only Government ownership but Government construction of what it owns, and, to control these properties, a commission of twenty-one members — which in effect, of course, means commission government as well.

The colonel, if he were running a news-

paper, would have no beadline in it less than seven columns in width. He believes in hig display. When he sets out to cure ills he offers no palliative. His is a panacea.

No remedy of such scopes as these bills has been proposed since the days of the late Senator Peffer. Peffer was long on stuff of this kind, just as he was long on whiskers. J. Ham's whiskers are not so ample as were Peffer's; but it would seem that they have

the same general effect.
Yours for a commission to regulate whiskerandoed legislation.
BILL



I WANT SOME OF

THE BLACK SHELLS

A lightning primer and a double-size flash passage in The Black Shells are what do the business.

There are two reasons why The Black Shells primer is not made of heavy fulminate of mercury and light ground glass. Heavy and light are hard to combine in a perfectly uniform mixture. Also, glass absorbs heat and cools the flame. Our priming materials, being combustible, actually increase the heat.

The Black Shells primer flame has a doubly wide flash passage through which to reach the main charge. All of its terrific heat is applied to the powder, which, under such ignition, develops much more power than with slow ignition.

The shot drive out in a close pattern and sweep the air in front of the sights with a killing velocity and astonishing penetration. There's no need to "lead" your bird to any extent, because The Black Shells pop quick.

The solid brass head of The Black Shells gives the gases of explosion no chance to leak back through "battery-cup" crevices. Again, as mercury eats brass, all mercury primers use a copper cap. We use caps of the stronger metal, brass - which assures against the danger from a punctured cap.

The Black Shells are really waterproof. Days of exposure in wet, muggy, murky, foggy weather won't affect them. They will load and eject without a hitch-never swelling-never sticking in the barrel.

The uniformity of The Black Shells, the smoothness with which they "feed" in a pump or automatic-these are texts for interesting talks in a free book you will enjoy reading. Just ask for it on a post card.

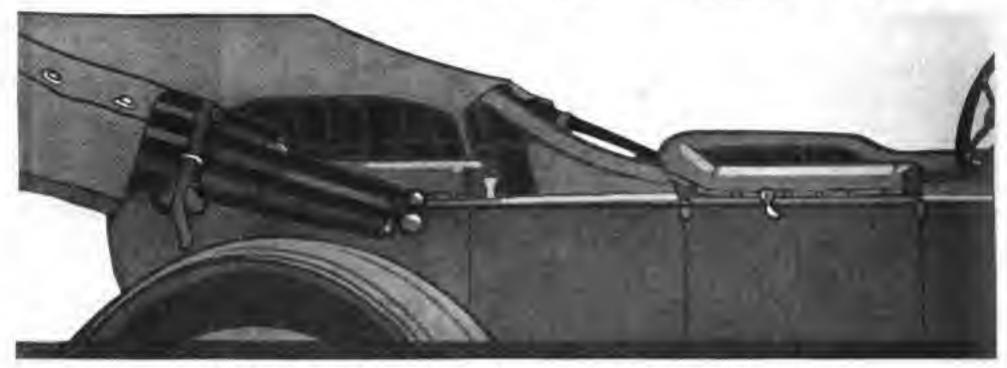


There are three Black Shells: Romax for black powder, Climax and Ajax for smokeless powder.

UNITED STATES CARTRIDGE COMPANY Dept. S Lowell, Mass.

Makers of U. S. Cartridges

HUP



U. S. Prices — Touring Car or Roadstet, with regular equipment, \$1050. With electric starting and lighting, demountable rims, over-size tires and tire certier, \$1200. Six-passenger Touring Car, with over-size tires, demountable rims and tire carrier, \$1200. With electric starting and lighting, \$1300. Prices I. o. b. Detroit.

Mark This:

It is a matter of common knowledge that a Hupmobile sold at "second hand" commands a price above the market average.

It always has commanded a higher price-ever since the first Hupmobiles were built.

Why do you suppose this is?

The best measure of value for any product is what a second man is willing to pay for it, after the first man has used it.

What the second man pays for the Hupmobile represents what he and thousands of others think about the value of the car.

"Used" Hups 25% to 40% More

Every extra dollar he is willing to pay testifies that he thinks the Hupmobile is just that much better than some other car.

Now, American buyers don't go on fooling themselves, year after year.

If thousands of people think the Hupmobile is worth more, you can bank upon it—it is worth more, first hand and second hand.

It's worth more at second hand because it hasn't deteriorated.

And it hasn't deteriorated because of what's in it and the way it is built.

And the stuff that's in it "stands up" because it's the best money can buy - the best steel, the best aluminum, the best bearings, the best rear axle, and so on.

When you buy this new Hupmobile you're not indulging in an extravagance, but making an investment.

After you've had a world of pleasure and service out of it, the value will still be there - a real, monetary, cashable value.

And, incidentally, while you're enjoying the Hupmobile - it will cost you less to run.

Go to your Hupmobile dealer and let him tell you a host of things we can only hint at here.

Hupp Motor Car Company Canadian Plant

The car of The



Canadian Prices — Touring Cas or Roadster, with regular equipment, \$1700. With electric starting and lighting, demountable rims, over-size tires and tire carrier, \$1300. Six-passenger Touring Car, with over-size tires, demountable rims and tire carrier, \$1400. With electric starting and lighting, \$1630. Prices I.e. b. Wimlson, Out.

And This:

Once a Hupmobilist, always a Hupmobilist.

10% of Hupmobile sales are repeat sales, or-they result from owners' recommendations.

thousands of people who do not own Hups shift from car to car.

Pealers-everywhere-will tell you that Hupmobile owners "stay put."

Sop and think a moment-consult your own personal experience.

Hup Owners "Repeat" Year After Year

It a lact that your next-door neighbor has had two or three or four Hups?

Bey change at all—and scores of them drive the same Hup year after year—isn't it a fact that they simply change to another Hup?

my are so many owners of other cars merely negative in their loyalty to these cars—while Hupmobile owners are uniformly enthusiastic?

My does the Hupmobile owner go out of his way to expatiate about the joys of his ownership?

by does he take it upon himself to urge others to buy the Hupmobile?

ou must know why it is, without being told.

cen't be anything else but supreme satisfaction and continuous service at a lesser cost.

you think we are overly-enthusiastic - put it to the test.

to your Hupmobile dealer and ask him to give you facts and figures!

1229 Milwaukee Avenue, Detroit

Windsor, Ontario

American Family



GENTS WANTED Shines All Metals

Toe Silver, tank Brown, Nichel et al. The patch of the foot of the Auburn Specialties Co., 27 Clark St., Auburn. N.Y.





Increase Your Sales With SNUG-SEATS

W. B. MCLEAN MFG. CO. or and Factory, 1040-IN II PYTTSBURGEL PESCH

CHEAP AT A MILLION

(Continued from Page 25)

Tum knew he would not die if he did not meet her soon: but as for wanting her, he certainly did. Every cell in his body was on the alert, waiting for her, hoping to see her; and adventure, through a megaphane, was veciferating in the middle of his soul; "Come! Came!" Therefore Tom looked the man straight in the eyes and answered:
"Yes, I do!"

The man hesitated. Then he said:
"Listed! It is for the last time. Do you hear? For the last time! Do you agree?"
He looked sternly at Tom, who thereupon answered impatiently:

"Yes! Yes!"
"Beston! Hotel Lerraine! Secure Room 17, seventh floor. On Thursday at exactly own P. M. be in the southeast evenue of the library or reading room, which is on the left of the hall as you go to the main dining room. Green arrachair. Hold your hat between your knees—bettom side upward. Close your eyes. A letter will be dropped into the hat. Then do as you please. Personally I don't think it will help or hinder. But you are young; and perhaps if you wish leard enough it may happen according to your desire. Good day!"

The man nursed his back equarely on Tom, leaving to the beir of the Merriwether millions no alternative but to go out dislibrary or reading room, which is on the left

millions no alternative but to go out dis-satisfied, excited, skeptical, hopeful, and determined to go to Boston-danger, swindle or as swindle. danger or no

The mysterious man, too mysterious to to mysterious man, too mysterious to be anything but a charlatan, who said he did not wish Tom's money and, for that reason, probably did—this man promised Tom he should must a girl; a beautiful girl, the girl he would marry. If there was to be no composition about it; if they—the man and his accomplices—counted on her charms to capture Tem's heari and hand, why, the sooner she began the attack the Institut.

Also, it was one of those things that only an ass would talk about since the telling would put an end to all doubts as to the

Ledier wassining

Therefore, without saying a word to sny-body. Teen went to Baston, but knowing that McWayne's detectives had arriers to

that McWayne's detectives had arriers to follow Tom wherever he went and to report my detail what he was seen to do and what he was heard to say and to whom.

Tom arroyed in Bindon, went to the Horst Lerraine regimered, and assembly positio room clerk for floom 77 on the seventh floor. The clerk smiled pleasantly, to be always did whenever a guest-to-be assed for rooms that did not end in thirteen, described to look at the index and disappeared to look at the index and "I'm sorry, sir: but that coun is taken.

Test give you "Taken!" said Toro, in such a disappearated toro that the clork deigned to exclude a menthalically. Engaged by triegrams. "Who conjuged it?"

Test assed the so percuptorily that the clork holiced at him felly with raised eyesterns, turned his lack in the New Yorker, make a contract an increase poor looking at the mode a pretrum of once pure looking at the make a of recommend rules, and said in him with a cold determination in his voice: "I made a menale. I thought so had a variant reserve on the nighth floor. I that we

have so to can room anywhere. I'm surry, ser. Nothing left."

He murrord comething after Tom's rume on the re-int and tarned law y. He evidently considered the involunt closed.

Tons was ton surpressed to be augry.
Then he recovered burnells. His business in
Historic was to get a curtain room in this lunch.
He was a sense of his father; so be said. with a quiet determination that disturbed

"I must have Boom 77 on the seventh there! The price is of no consequence.) am Mr. Merrowether."

rold was it was engaged

"And I told you I must have it I lim's you materature English!"
"Den't you?" said the derk, trying to

the same arrang areasine with a The made from culm. He said paintly:

will you be good stough to end my rand to Me Starrett, the owner of their hard. He knows what I am and who my forces a but if he should have largel an test be a to all up Major Williamson, a Wilkinson & Company, the busices of the Majority with

. Mr. Blandy, of the Mountquier

National Bank, or anybody who know-where New York is on the map. Gost beavens, there must be somebody in Boston who hasn't been asleep for the last twenty

The clerk decided to be polite. The name Merriwether had a familiar sound, but he could not associate it. He said more

"I am sorry, Mr. Merriwether, but the room you want—and three others with it-have been engaged."
"By whom?"

"You are asking me to break one of our

"Well, can you tell me whether it ha-been engaged since yesterday?"
"Oh, longer than that!" He disap-peared, consulted a book and came back with the triumphant expression buman beings put on when they do not wish to asy I told you so! aloud. "Engaged and just for since the eighth, Mr. Merriwether. That's nine days ago. So, you see, we can't do what you ask us to. Sorry!"

Wherever he went, Tom thought, he was

confronted by crude attempts at mystery. To send him to this particular room, 77 on the seventh floor, was merely the same as an effort to impress children by using the

magical number seven.
Who had engaged the room! Was it as

Who had engaged the room? Was it is accomplice or some stranger guilties of participation in the rather juvenile joke?

Still, Torn was in Boston to do a particular thing; and, though much of the spring restlessness had gone from his veins, then remained the desire to see the affair through to the end, whether the end should be smalle or a mild oath. Therefore, after a pause, Torn said to the clerk:

"Can you give me the room exaction opposite 71 on the seventh floor?"

The clerk hesitated, then said:

"Just a minute, please,"

"Just a minute, please."

He consulted one of the bookkeeper rom whom he must have learned whose ser Tom was. And, though Boston is not New York, mobey is money, even in Mass chusetts; and the heir of fifty or a hundre million dollars is something, whether or re-

million dollars is something, whether or retice is correctly," said the clerk, and hands
the key to a young man called in New Yor
a bellhoy. The young man new precele
Tom to the seventh floor and usbered to
New Yorker into Room 78.

Tom gave the studious youth a dellared never entired that the bey regards
the bill with a mixture of suspicion an
alarm, put it gingerly into his pocket as
left the room, closing the door. To
opened the door. The boy thought it be
opened itself and returned to class it. To
waved him away. The boy hastily rewaved him away. The boy hastily released. He did not, however, throw away the dellar. He had discovered it was no

phony. The ballboy found the room clerk engage in conversation with two men. He, diving that the talk concerned the generolunatic, flung at the room clerk that los of exaggerated perplexity which will essany normal human being inevitably to as "What is 12" What is it?"

The room clerk saw the look and st kept on talking with the man; whereup the hellboy walked up to the desk, frown

"He is in his room!"

"What's that, boy!"

"I said," retorted the studious you glacially, "he was in his room—is. I gave one a dollar and left the door open. tried to close it, but he opened it again after he gave me the dollar."

The clerk, awe in his face, turned to the clerk, awe in his face, turned to the men and nedded confirmatively.

"Your man!" he said. "Of course don't want any fuse.

"We'll telephone Mr. McWayne, the private secretary. The young fellow windows, you know."

The hotel clerk said the inevitable this

"Yes. Over a hundred million dolls I've over a hundred million dolls I've heard." The detective, induced then by the invitation in the clerk's voice.

"Too buil!" murmured the clerk, this ing of the hundred millions and Tom. "I sawned load!" he almost whimpered, this ing of the hundred millions and hims To show that he was unimpressed by y wealth he added sternly: "No trushle,) understand?"



Your Great-Grandfather's Ink

was an inconstant mixture, thickened or hmed as it required. Since those days Cases has made the making of writing fluids

as exact a science as the grinding of a lens. Carter's lnx are for writer

folks who are particular about writing results. And now comes Carter's most recent ink discovery-

Carter's Pencraft

Office and Fountain Pen

lnk

one isk equally adapted to either foundate personal use. It has the famous Caster amouthness as inflancy. It game less than others, counder to, water a deep blue and thies a time-delying black. Postati lek is at all the best stationers' in various son a priere from \$1,00 (qr.) to 15 cents per bottle.

inh like Carter's. THE CARTER'S INT. COMPANY Boston, Mass.







mx Thornes Ware Co., 16 Warren la, Den. P. Nov link

One of the men whom McWayne had instructed to shadow Tom sat in the lobby just in front of the elevator. The other, with the clerk's permission, went up to the seventh floor and sat down by the floor telephone operator. From there he could keep a ten-dollar-a-day eye on Room 78.

Meantime Tom's impatience had reached such a point that he could not sit still. Through his open door he could see the closed door of Room 77. The thought cares to him to see who was in that room. Then it struck him that perhaps the mysterious man in New York had reckoned precisely on rousing the Merriwether curiosity. Perhaps an unpleasant surprise awaited the man who should enter Room 77. Perhaps the room was occupied by some one who had nothing to do with her - and therefore noth-ing to do with him. Perhaps he should put self in a ridiculous predicament. Perhaps a million disagreeable things might happen, making it obviously the unwise thing to

do to go into Room 77.

All these reflections, however, weighed no more than a shadow with him. The more than a stadew with aim. The more he thought of why he should not go into Room 77 the more difficult it became to resist the call of adventure. He walked across the hall and knocked sharply on the door. No answer came. He knocked again. A hotel maid approached him.

"I beg your pardon, sir—are you in the party!"

"What party?"
"In Room 77." No. I am in 78."

"I am very sorry—but it is against the rules of the house, sir."

Tom had nothing to say to the maid: so he closed the door of his own room, conscious that his actions must appear erratic, but not much concerned over it. Presently he went out for a walk and did not go to either of his Boston ciules. This omis-sion was duly noted by the clever Mr. McWayne's star sleuths. Tem returned to the hotel feeling almost cured. He realized that he had come on a

fool's errand; and yet there was something that told him it was not a fool's errand. It was too elaborate for a practical joke. So long as no motive was apparent the mystery remained a mystery; and no mystery is laughable.

So he decided for the tenth time to go through with his part, abourd or not. He walked about the lobby utterly unconscious that he was a marked man. He could not see that the clerks and the beliboys and the two men from the New York agency. followed his movements, not only with the liveliest curiosity but with deep pity.

All he was doing was to wait more or less impatiently for seven o'clock; but im-patience is so natural a feeling, and comes patience is so natural a feeting, and comes so easily to most human beings, that it always rouses suspicion. Tom did not act-right to the watchers. Any perfectly same and intelligent man, accused of being mad, will confirm the accusation if he is watched for five minutes. Feople who never think and never imagine are never taken for lunaties. That nowadays is about the only compensation for being an ass.

At siz-fifty-siz P. M. he walked into the hotel library and found that the green plush armehair in the corner by the window was occupied by an elderly woman. It annoyed him because he desired to sit in that chair at exactly seven o'clock. Abourd or not, the problem became how to get rid of the old woman quickly and without disturbing the peace or alarming the office. His mind worked logically enough for a

man under observation for insunity, and his sense of humor acted as a safety valve for his inventiveness. He merely drew his chair very close to the startled old lady and opened a magazine. He found a poem and began to read it in the exasperating undertone used by the demons who have the next seats to yours at the opera.

Presently be began to drum on his thigh ith the tips of his fingers, and at regular intervals of ten seconds he thumped it with his elenched fist bassdrumwise. Every twenty-five seconds he pulled out his watch looked at it, exclaimed: "Gracious!"-and

blew his nose loudly and determinedly.

Within two and three-quarter minutes
the old lady glared at him, rose, looked at
the clock, glared again at him to make
sure and left the room. In the hall she stopped and spoke to the young lady who checked hats and couts near the entrance of the main dining room:

"I had to leave the reading room. A perfectly horrible person came in! He simply drove me out."

and the

Talks about MAZDA No. 4

Not the nam of a thing but the merk of a Smerken."

BOUT seven million A years ago, more or here, a stupid, slow-moving leard known to science as frontesseems reased the earth. He must thirty feet high on his kind feet and

was seventy feet long. He weighed over thirty time. As he hambered along, each of his pun-derout feet left a track that incorpied one square yard. No one knows why he became extinct. Perhaps the earth shrugged her thoulders one day, as it were; in other words, a ratarississ occurred. Dry land became warre and oceans became dry land. Economics could not adopt himself to the change. Nature serapend him.

This process ad scrapping is what Darwin meant by "evolution", "natural refereitss", and the "survival of the fatest". It is a procen that finds its counterpart in the savap beap on fluman imbustry. There are mechanical families as well as famil fameds. Limb in the scrap beap of any industry and you will find them. The bigger that scrap heap is, the more marked has been the evolution which

it represents, the more perfect in the product of the industry. If an industry has no scrap brap it is standing still; it is not evolving.

Next to agriculture and architecture the oldest of human industries is the art of lighting. Hence the scrap beap of light producers night to be large. And it is. Think of the hairy, lowbrowed savage who nabled two sticks to-gether, built a for and thus made the first artiforial light thomasade and

thousands of years ago. Then think of the meandescent electric lamp. What an evolution! What a scrap heup has been piled up of bracem, rush lights, randles and til lamps, each with a little subsidiary scrap heap of its own, representing the evolution of its particplan type of light-producer?

When the incondescent electric lamp was avented the height of the scrap beap was more than doubled. In a few years lamps which represented the illuminating methods of cen-turies were discarded. And the end is not yet. The bright of the scrap heap is growing more rapidly tion ever.

All the science of our time is epitemized the moundement lamp of today-the MAZDA lamp. If you knew its bistory you

mould know the history of modern wiener. Study its scrap bean and you learn how far the art of lighting has evolved, even in your own time.

At the very listion of the heap you will find a homp with a strip of graphite in a post eacuum. Farther up are hundreds of lamps with platinum filaments; still farther up lamp-with filaments composed of the oxides of dreunium and bitanium; and very near the present top, lamps with filaments of carbon, enium, silicon compounds and tantalum. Then come many types of the metal filament lamp, including types of tungsten lamps.

All of them are as extinct as become aurus,

Let it not be supposed that the lamps of today marked MAZDA are the last word in incandescent electric lighting. Some day there will be other lamps, more efficient but mill marked MAZDA.

They will be so marked because they evulved from the same unceasing systematic study and selection that gave us the MAZDA of today - a study and selection centered in

the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company at Schenectady and sup-plemented by learning from the leading experimental lamp laboratories of the world what progress they have made in the same direction.

The results thus obtained are communicated to the General Electric Company's manufacturing centers at Cleveland and Harrison, and also to the other lamp manufacturing companies entitled to recrive them. This scientific investigation and the communication of the results obtained or

stitute MAZDA Service. All the lamps. made by the companies in accordance with this service are marked MAZDA.

lighte MAZDA

to evide letter latege. The ein is that MAZDA shall always be the mark of the furthest advance in

A lamp marked MAZDA is always the readuct of a scientific evolution; whether you buy it today, tomorrow, or at any future time, it is selected from types devised after months and even years of research; it is the one that has survived all tests, because it has been proved the fittest; it is a lamp that represents the litest commercial advance in illumination of its time.





Motorists Who Drove Haynes Cars in the Early Days Still Drive the Haynes

Twenty-one years ago, Elwood Haynes built the "horseless carriage"-the little machine that gave birth to the American automobile industry. Ever since then, Haynes cars have been built, year in, year out, without interruption.

And during these twenty-one years, Haynes owners have been demonstrating in "road races," "reliability runs," in "hill climbs" of every description, under all conditions, in this country and abroad with themselves the only "competitors," that the



is a good car, and that given ordinary care and attention, the Haynes remains a good car, a mighty good car -- indefinitely.

That's why these owners, after years of service, again purchase a Haynes. That's why such a large percentage of the Haynes. annual production is sold every season to incorers of ald Haynescurs. That's why you should investigate the Haynes before you buy any car.

Elwood Haynes was ahead of the times when he built the first Haynes, back in '93. He is ahead of the times now in adopting the greatest automobile refinement in recent years—the Vulcan Electric Gear Shift. This device eliminates the hand-shift lever entirely, and so simplifies the control of the Haynes that anyone may readily drive it. With it, the Haynes is electrically controlled throughout, inasmuch as gear-shifting, starting, lighting and ignition are accomplished by electricity.

The Haynes "Four"—118 inch wheelbase . \$1785 and \$1985 The Haynes "Six"—130 inch wheelbase . 2500 and 2700 The Haynes "Six"—136 inch wheelbase . 2585 and 2785

"The Complete Motorist" by Elwood Haynes, Father of the American Automobile Industry, fully describing the Vulcan Electric Gear Shift, will be mailed upon receipt of ten cents in stamps. Write to

THE HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

40 Main Street Builders of America's First Car.

Dealers: The Hayare sells readily because of its mechanical features. You may be in open nerthern—and he valuing and four pages of detailed specificalisms, giving over 500 items which compare the Hayare. Write as right new!



YOUR BOY'S FUTURE

Is your present concern.

Prepare him now for his business career. Teach him courage,

confidence, courtesy and thrift.

How thousands of parents are doing it is told in an interesting booklet, entitled "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" Upon request we will send you a copy, without charge. Write to

THE SALES DEVISION, MOX 294

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

"Yes, madam. The young gentleman is insane. It is a very sad case." "Goodness! What a narrow...."

"Ob, you needn't fear; he is quite harm-

z, madam." "It's a wonder a first-class hotel, such as

this claims to be, allows ——"
"You are right!" agreed the wise young woman, whose business it was to encourage

generosity.
The old lady went away muttering. Thomas Thorne Merriwether sat down in the vacated chair, put his hat between his knees and waited. The mahogany clock on the mantel presently began to chime the hour and Tom felt a pang of angry dis-appointment. Nothing had happened-except that he again had made an ass of

A tall, strongly built man at that moment entered the room, looked at Tom, saw the hat held between the knees, and turned away as if the last person in the world be wished to see was young Mr. Merriwether.

Tom saw him stretch his hand toward a panel in the wall. Instantly the room was in darkness. It occurred to Tom that this would be a good way to attack him; but there instantly followed the reflection that it

was not a good place in which to do any robbing or murdering.

Therefore young Merriwether sat on quietly. He left something drop into his hat. A faint odor of sweet peas came to his nostrile—the odor he had associated with his youth until he began to associate it with her, and therefore with love.

This evantscent perfume that made vague memories stir within him; that made him desire to see the woman who was to be his wife; that made him thrill obedi-ently at the call of adventure—made him feel that the mysterious man of 777 Blank

Avenue was not a cheap charlatan. Suddenly the light was turned on again. Tom saw a slip of paper within his hat, fished it out, and, without stopping to see what it was or what it said, rushed from the room into the corridor.

He saw men and women coming and going. He could not tell whether she was smong them or whether the man who had entered the library—who probably was the man that put out the light—was among the crowd. But the sleuths and the bellisoy and the costgirl watched him. What doubt could remain? In their minds there was

Tom abandoned the chase. The key to the mystery sluded him, as usual. He was not clever enough to catch the mystery-manipulator in the act, as it were. He looked at the paper. It was an envelope. On it was written in a woman's hand;

For T. M.

He opened the envelope and pulled out a sheet of the hotel notepaper, on which he read, in the same handwriting:

He walked to the desk and spoke to the room clerk. "I must

" he began, but stopped. "Yes, sir, Mr. Merriwether!" The clerk used the voice and manner of a man saying nice things to a child in order to propitiate its mother

About Room 77 on the seventh floor," said Tom.

"We can give it to you now, if you wish.

What? Has she -- is it vacant?" "Given up this very minute. If you'll

He wished to see whether there was any

clew left by the previous occupants.
"Certainly, Front!"

Tom followed the bellbay. The room was empty and undisturbed. He thought he amelied sweet peas, and sat down in an armrhair to think; but the odor, which made her recognizable in his dreams of her, prerented him from thinking as you would expect a healthy young man to think There was no sharpness of outline in the visious of her seen through the mist of dreams and longings.

He knew there was a girl somewhere whom he would marry. Indeed he often had wondered what his wife would be like. Every man, when he endeavors to look ahead, thinks that some day he shall have a wife-the mother of his children-the woman whose mere existence will influence his life more than anything else in the

world; whose love will make him a different man; whose necessities will give to him an utterly different point of view.

Our lives depend on our point of view; and Tom knew that his point of view would be utterly changed by this girl be had never seen. Would she be the girl the man in 777 Blank Avenue said she would be? Was she the mysterious person with whom, of course, he was not in love, but with whom he might fall in love—adventuress or not? His love of love had not yet changed into love of somebody; but he was keen to enter into a definite love affair with a concrete being, and he rather suspected that this affair was being stage-managed for his benefit.

He would forgive everything so long as in the end something happened—something in which there was a girl, whether or not she was the girl. What most irritated him was the indefiniteness of the mystery so far-The spice of danger; the tragical possibilities; the lure of adventure; the call of the unusual; the attraction of the unknown and therefore of the interesting—were no longer quite enough. The glimpse of a face—of a living face—and a hand to shake, a waist to clasp and lips to kiss: these things he now desired.

His irritability over his failure to develop an adventure in Boston grew keener until t became anger. He would have it out it became anger. once for all with the mysterious man at 777 Hlank Avenue.

He went downstairs, paid his bill and took the midnight train for New York.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Cold Comfort

THERE is a certain hotel up in British I Columbia that has a reputation for being reasonably cold. It is a frame structure and the walls are thin and shaky. One morning during a blizzard two guests who had been there the night before came out of their rooms, on opposite sides of the hall. The first man said:

hall. The first man said:
"Whew! I'm nearly frozen! I perve was so cold in my life. I slept with all my clothes on and everything else piled on me, and I'm frosted through!"
"Same here," said the other. "I was on the windward side of this but. I put on my buffalo cost over my clothes, and I den't think I'll ever get warm!"

think I'll ever get warm!"

They went down to the hotel office.
There, huddled over the stove, was a stage driver who had lost his way and been out all night. His hair and whiskers were lumps of ice. His fur hat was frozen to his head. He shivered and shook with the cold, though he was practically sitting on the stove. The two guests looked at him for a minute.

Then one of them asked:
"Which room did you have, partner?"

Where the Money Was

THE Reverend J. Asbby Jones, of Augusta, the best after-dinner speaker in Georgia—always barring Colonel John Temple Graves, who does not live in Georgia any more—says that a negro woman in his town was a bride of only two weeks when a

witch engine ran over her husband as he leafed about the railroad yards.

With the desire—so characteristic of some of the legal profession—to do justice speedily, the claim agent rounded up the widow before any other lawyer could get at her, towed her to his office, and there spread before her dazzled vision five hundred dollars in new shiny bills. dred dollars in new shiny bills,

The sorrowing one took one look at all that wealth, then grabbed for it with her left hand while with her right she signed on the dotted line A of the quitclaim. This done, she plucked a fragrant yellow twenty off the top of the pile of currency and after inhaling its aroma fanned herself daintily with it.

Clarissa. said a woman friend who had accompanied her, "what you reckle you goin' do now sence you come into all do money?"

The widow exhaled a long and happy

well," she said, "havin' dis yere streak," Well, " she said, "havin' dis yere streak, of luck comin' on me so sudden. I sin't hardly made up man mind yit jes' what I will do. Course, when time is healed up my wounds I mout look round and tek noti-I mout marry agin; and then agin I mout not. But ef ever I does marry agin man secon husband is suttinly goin be a railroad



men fabric on the market and this combines real elasticity with the open-limit principle. It has Be stretch and the give and the permanent elasticity that doesn't perior in the tub. It will ensure days of mid-summer.



has long wear, finest quality and funt entransmit back of every garment It is made for men who care and who leave. Instit on saving the name Employed on every garment. Men's separate garments, 500 cach men's mion suite, \$1,00; beyn' terretain partners, 25c such; boys' unline mittahis any style, white or fern colorwill supply you upon receipt of prices.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO. Albany, N. Y.



A bright, clean, clear, sale Pactric ight for your home, store or thereh-ad for book which tells sile story.

UNIVERSAL BATTERY CO. 305 M. Pooris St. Chicago We make all kinds of storage but-teries for the trade

MY ROOMY

(Continued from Page 19)

"Yes," he says: and, without openin' it,

he tore it up and throwed it out the window.

"Had a quarrel?" I ast.

"No, no," he says; "but she can't tell me nothin' I don't know already. Girls always writes the same junk. I got one from her in Pittaburgh, but I didn't read it." "I guess you ain't so stuck on her,"

says.

He swells up and says:

"Of course I'm stuck on her! If I wasn't, do you think I'd be goin' round with this bunch and gettin' insulted all the time? I'm stickin' here because o' that series dough, so's I can get hooked."

"Do you think you'd settle down if you was married?" I ast him.

"Settle down?" be says. "Sure. I'd settle down. I'd be so happy that I wouldn't have to look for no excitement."

have to look for no excitement."

Nothin' special happened that night 'cep' that he come in the room about one o'clock and woke me up by pickin' up the foot o' the bed and droppin' it on the floor, sudden-like.

"Give me a key to the room," he says.
"You must of had a key," I says. "or
you couldn't of got in."
"That's right!" he says, and heat it to

One o' the reporters must of told Elliott that John had ast for waivers on him and New York had refused to waive, because

New York had refused to waive, because next morain' he come to me with that dependent moral." New York's goin' to win this pennant!" he says.

"Well," I says, "they will if some one else don't. But what of it?"

"I'm goin' to play with New York," he says, "so's I can get the World's Series dough."

"How you goin' to get away from this club?" I sat:

"Uset watch mo!" he says, "I'll he

"Just watch me!" he mays. "I'll he with New York hefore this series is over." Well, the way he goes after the job was original anyway. Itube'd had one of his good days the day before and we'd got a trimmin'; but this second day the seure was tied up at two runs spiece in the tenth, and Hig Jeff'd been waublin' for two or three innin's.

Well, he walks Saier and me, with one out, and Mac sends for Matty, who was warmed up and ready. John sticks Elliott in in Brid's place and the bug pulls one into the rightfield stand.

It's a cinch McGraw thinks well of him then, and might of went after him if he hadn't went crazy the next afternoon. We're tied up in the ninth and Matty's workin'. John sends Elliott up with the bases choked; but he doesn't go right up to the plate. He walks over to their bench and calls McGraw out. Mac tells us about it afterward.

I can bust up this game right here!"

says Elliott.
"Go ahead," says Mac; "but be careful
he don't whid you."

Then the bug pulls it.
"If I whill," he says, "will you get me on your club?"
"Sure!" says Mac, just as anybody

By this time Bill Klem was bollerin' about the delay: so up goes Elliott and gives the worst burlesque on tryin' to hit that you ever see. Matty throws one a mile outside and high, and the hug ewings like it was right over the heart. Then Matty throws one at him and he ducks out o' the way-but awings just the same. Matty must of been wise by this time, for he pitches one so far outside that the Chief almost has to go to the coachers box after it. Elliott takes his third healthy and runs through the field down to the clubhouse.

We got beat in the eleventh; and when we went in to dress be has his street clothes on. Soon as he seen John comin' he says: I got to see McGraw! And he beat it

John was goin' to the lights that night; but before he leaves the hotel he had waivers on Elliott from everybody and had sold him to Atlanta.

"And," says John, "I don't care if they pay for him or not." My roomy blows in about nine and got the letter from John out of his box. He was goin' to tear it up, but I told him they was news in it. He opens it and reads where he's sold. I was still sore at him; so

I says:
"Thought you was goin' to get on the New York club!"

Why you should be interested in Roofing



FREQUENTLY the build-ing of a roof on a factory or warehouse, or any building, is regarded as merely incidental to the whole proposition.

Great care and thought are spent in deciding whether to use stone or concrete for the foundation. Even the choice of materials for the fence about the place gets its share of attention.

But with many owners of buildings the roof is only a roof, and they take it as a matter of course that they must repair leaks every now and then.

Do you realize that this is the wrong viewpoint?

The roof is a most important part of the structure. If properly specified, you will be free from leaks and trouble and expense.

The Barrett Specification is the scientific standardization of an old established theory of roofing-one that has stood for years as the best in roofs-namely, a combination of coal tar pitch. tarred felt and gravel or slag.

If you want a really waterproof, fire-retardant roof covering that will last 20 years or more, see that you get a Barrett Specification Root.

> The Yarke Beat Building Provintion, R. L. Verhilderte, Hallotte & Atonio Validiere, Thompson State et L. A. (No. York Book Speckering Red

Special Note

We obvior incorporating by plans the Juli-morting of The Barrell Specification, or order to a read any manufers anding.

If any abliceviated toms is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOM INC.—Shall be a Barrett Specification. Roof, but as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subsets to the re-SHOULDNY, THE REPORT OF LAND.

Cour of The Borres Smithaum in full uni Por pe Pryself. Every moner, bullify and ingrown result forced.

DARRETT MANY FACTURING COMPANY

Sime Vine

Los 5. B All and the same of





N outing trips or social spins; when good looks are at premium; when dress is on show and taste is on trial, there's extra comfort in a MICHAELS-STERN suit.

The substantial air of MICHAELS-STERN clothes gives ease, assurance and gentlemanly standing everywhere.

> We'd like to send you our portfolio, Illustrating Michaels-Stern Clothes by means of color photography from life. Ask for it.

Michaels, Stern & Co.

Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing

Your spare time washing Compart Particular Facilities of the Compart Particular Facil



"No," he says. "I got turned down cold, McGraw says he wouldn't have me in his club. He says he'd had Charlie Faust— and that was enough for him." He had a kind o' crazy look in his eyes; so when he starts up to the room I follows him.

"What are you gain' to do now?" I says,
"I'm goin' to sell this ticket to Atlanta,"
says, "and go back to Muskegon, where he says.

I belong."
"I'll help you pack," I says.
"No," says the bug. "I come into this league with this suit o clothes and a collet. They can have the rest of it." Then he sits down on the bed and begins to cry like a haby. "No series dough for me," he blubbers, "and no weddin' bells! My girl'll die when she hears about it!"

Of course that made me feel kind o' rotten, and I says:
"Brace up, boy! The best thing you can do is go to Atlanta and try hard. You'll be up here again next year.

"You can't tell me where to go!" he says, and he wasn't cryin' no more. "I'll go where I please—and I'm li'ble to take you

I didn't want no argument, so I kep' still. Fretty soon he goes up to the lookin'-glass and stares at himself for five minutes. Then,

and stares at himself for five minutes. Then, all of a sodden, he hauls off and taken a wallop at his reflection in the glass. Naturally he emashed the glass all to pieces and he cut his hand somethin' awful.

Without lookin' at it he come over to me and says: "Well, good-by, sport!"—and helds out his other hand to shake. When I starts to shake with him he smears his bloody hand all over my map. Then he laughed like a wild man and run out o' the ruom and out o' the hotel. room and out o' the hotel.

WELL, boys, my sleep was broke up for the rest of the season. It might of been because I was used to sleepin' in all kinds o'racket and excitement, and couldn't stand for the quiet after he'd went—or it might of been because I kep' thinkin' about

him and feelin' sorry for him.

I of en wondered if he'd settle down and be somethin' if he could get married; and finally I got to b'lievin' he would. So when we was dividin' the city-series dough I was thinkin' of him and the girl. Our share o' the money—the losers', as usual— was twelve thousand seven bundred sixty bucks or somethin' like that. They was twenty-one of us and that meant six hundred seven bucks spiece. We was just goin' to cut it up that way when I says:
"Why not give a divvy to poor old Elliott?"

About lifteen of 'ern at once told me that I was crazy. You see, when he got canned he owed everybody in the club. I guess he'd stuck me for the most—about seventy-bucks—but I didn't care nothin' about that. I knowed he hadn't never reported to Atlanta, and I thought he was prob'ly busted and a bunch o' money might make things all right for him and the other swngbird.

I made quite a speech to the fellers, tellin' 'em how he'd cried when he left us and how his heart'd been set on gettin' married on the series dough. I made it so strong that they finally fell for it. Our shares was cut to five hundred eighty apiece, and John sent him a check for a fell share. full share.

For a while I was kind o' worried about what I'd did. I didn't know if I was dojn' right by the girl to give him the chance to marry her.

He'd told me she was stuck on him, and that's the only excuse I had for tryin' to fix it up between 'em; but, b'lieve me, if she was my sister or a friend o' mine I'd just as soon of had her manage the Cincinnati Club as marry that bird. I thought to

myself:
"If she's all right she'll take acid in a month—and it'll be my fault; but if she's really stuck on him they must be somethin wrong with her too, so what's the

Then along comes this letter that I told you about. It's from some friend of hisn up there and they's a note from him. I'll read 'em to you and then I got to beat it for the station;

"Dear Sir: They have got poor Elliott locked up and they are goin to take him to the system at Kalamazoo. He thanks you for the check, and we will use the money to see that he is made comf'table,

(Concluded on Page 65)



Necco Wafers

Hub Wafers

me made of the parent togetherate in Associate largest, cleanest, brightest, siriest casely factory. Music in nine tasty flavors and protected from dust and dist by the familiar savitary tempora-

Link for the "Noone Soul" we same park-an -le species of confection perfection



Far Play

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO. Boston, Mass.

Mohers of "Newson Sweets"



As the lim of "going barefront" without to

Eastwood Sandals after the fort

(c) Explored by the second by promiting many and the second between the second by the

Made over the collaborated Extwood Lasts

A State Line (\$1.85 miles) and the state of the state of

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. Busharles, #



Concluded from Page 62)

When the poor boy come back here he has that his girl was married to Joe popp, who runs a soda fountain. She had write to him about it, but he did not read be letters. The news drove him crazypor bay—and he went to the place where they was livin' with a baseball hat and very real killed 'em both. Then he marched have the street singin' Silver Threads knong the Gold at the top of his voice. They was goin' to send him to prison for moded he was crazy.
"He wants to thank you again for the

notey. "Yours truly, JIM ---"

I can't make out his last name-but it don't make no diff'rence. Now I'll read you his note:

"Old Roomy: I was at bat twice and made two hits; but I guess I did not meet 'em square. They teil me they are both alive yet, which I did not mean 'em to be. I hope they got good curve-bull pitchers where I am goin'. I sure can bust them curves—can't I, sport?

"P. S.—The B stands for Buster."

"P. S .- The B stands for Buster."

That's all of it, fellers; and you can see had some excuse for not hittin'. You can also see why I ain't never goin' to room with no bug again—not for John or nobody else!

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

(Cantinued from Page 22)

a Englishman. It will be made most dear to or too in the law courts - if you infringe outby violence or otherwise. No; they have center system than that—one free from eac excitement and all musey work.

Along toward twelve-thirty o'clock the

Along toward twelve-thirty o clock the sulers begin going about, turning out the hats. The average London restaurant is nest too brightly illuminated to start with, bing a dim and dingy ill-kept place commend with the glary, shiny lobater palues hat we know; so instantly you are made is at of a thickening of the prevalent

The waiters start in at the far end of the tom and turn out a few lights. Drawing ware and nearer to you they turn out more cha: and finally, by way of strengthening to hist, they turn out the lights immediately above your head, which leaves you the stilly dark with no means of seeing pur food even; unless you have taken the re-aution to spread phosphorus on your and wich instead of mustard—which, howest, is seldom done. A better method is order a portion of one of the more

It is order a portion of one of the more uninous varieties of imported cheese. The best thing of all, however, is to take you hat and stick and go away from there. And then, unless you belong to a regular the or carry a card of admission to one its chartered all-night clubs that have soing up so abundantly in London, and which are uniformly stuffy, stupid places where the members take their roistering emosity—or as a last resort, unless you care to it for a tiresome hour or two in the grill spour hotel—you might as well be taddling ton to bed; that is to say, you might as so, so to bed unless you find the seemes in the tirest as worth while as I found them. At this hour London's droping voice has

At this hour London's draping voice has stated to a deep, hourse snore; London has tenere a great, broody giant taking rest out is troubled by snatches of wakefulness. London's grimy, fined face shows he wrinkles of shadow; and new and properted clumping of colors in monotone at halftone appear. From the massed-up with of things small detached bits stand midly out; a flower girl whose flowers and whose girlhood are alike in the sere cityellow leaf; a soldier swaggering by, his red coat lighting up the grayish mass about his like a livecoal in an ashheap; a policemin excerting a drunk to quarters for the light not, mind you, escorting him in a clanging, rushing patrol wagon, which emid serve to attract public attention to the distressing state of the overcome one, are conveying him quietly, unostentato conveying him quietly, unostenta-ously, surreptitiously almost, in a small-rested vehicle partaking somewhat of the isture of a baby carriage and somewhat of de nature of a pushcart.

Tenderness to Drunkards

The policeman shoves this along the had jailward and the drunk lies at rest in it stretched out full length, with a neat pedspread drawn uver

Drankards are treated with the tenderest resideration in London; for, as you know, Britons never will be slaves—though some of them in the presence of a title give such mutations of being slaves as might fool even a superceed a judge as the late Simon better; and—as perchance you may also not heard—an Englishman's souse is his wie. So in due state they ride him and birreted souse to the station house in a

from midnight to daylight the taxicabs

about in every direction-charging, more over, at the rate of eight pence a mile. Think that over, ye taxitaxed wretches of New York, and rend your garments, with lamentations loud! There is this also to be said of the London taxi service - and to he said of the London taxi service—and to an American it is one of the abising mar-vels of the place—that, no matter where you go, no matter how late the hour or how outlying and obscure the district, there is always a trim taxicab just round the next corner waiting to come instantly at your whistle, and with it a beggar, with a bloak, hopeless face, to open the cab door for you and stand, hat in hand, for the pency you tess him.

penny you toss him.
In the main centers, such as Oxford Circus and Piccadilly Circus and Charing Cross, and along the Embankment, the Strand and Pall Mail, they are thick as fleas on the Missouri houn' dawg famous in song and story-the taxis. I mean, though the laggars are reasonably thick also and they hop like fleas, bearing you swiftly and surely and cheaply on your way. The meters are honest, openfaced meters; and the drivers ask no openfaced freters; and the drivers ask no more than their legal fares and are satisfied with tips within reason. Here in America we have the kindred arts of taxidermy and taxicabbury; one of these is the art of skin-ning animals and the other is the art of skinning people. The ruthless taxirobber of New York would not last an hour in London; for him the jail doors would yawn.

The Rules of the Road

Oldtime Londoners deplered the coming of the taxicab and the motorbus, for their coming meant the entire extinction of the driver of the horse-drawn bus, who was an institution, and the practical extinction of the bausom cabby, who was a type and very frequently a humorist too. But an American finds no fault with the present

arrangement; he is amply satisfied with it.

Personally I can think of no more exciting phase of the night life of the two greatest cities of Europe than the stunt of dodging taxicals. In Landon the peril that lurks for you at every turning is not the result of carelesaness on the part of the drivers: it is due to the rules of the road.

Afoot an Englishman meeting you on the sidewalk turns, as we do, to the right hand; but mounted he turns to the left. The foot passenger's prerogative of turning to the right was one of the priceless beritages wrested from King John by the barons at Runnymede; but when William the Conqueror rode into the Battle of Hastings he rode a left-handed borse-and so, very naturally and very properly, everything on hoof or wheel in England has consistently turned to the left ever since. I took some pains to look up the original precedents for these facts and to establish them historically.

The system suits the English mind, but it

is highly confusing to an American who gets into the swirl of traffic at a crossing ondon sting B traffic most of the time-and looks left when he should look right, and looks right when he should be looking left until the very best he can expect, if he survive at all, cross-eyes and nervous prostration.

I lost count of the number of close calls from utter and musey destruction I had while in London. Sometimes a policeman took pity on me and saved me, and again, by quick and freezied leaping, I saved myself; but then the London cabmen were poor marksmen at best.

In front of the Savoy one night the same cabman in rapid succession had two beauti-ful shots at me and each time missed the





mor Place had be Marco, Rolling Montol on D. Acertock & Sino, Gardy Michell, Prev York.

Here's A Concrete Floor That Won't Wear Out

You can have one like it - a concrete floor that won't grind and cromble away - that will need no pointing or patching - that will stand the heavier (rucking without stanger - and that will keep your plant and product free from graty concrete died.



The Day of Ordinary Concrete Fluora is Past

Master Builders Conserve Hardner is a fimile-divided, classically regard material, harder than either and or conveil. It is mixed with the send and ement for the topping. It prevents porosity. It binds, hardens and strongthess the floor - makes it dense, dustproof, direction. It is used according to exact specifications known to architects and contentions in Makey Builders Method, [parested in United States, Canada and Jorean Method, [parested in United States, Canada and Jorean Constitutions.] Millions of source fact of better constitutions. countries). Millions of square fort of better concrete Score land by Master Builders Method are giving satisfactory wereas.

During Samply Dealers in This partials conveying Master Builders Concrete Harbor. Your matheries can use a consider to our state and Apendonese. Before an invasion for the Master Builder, Prince Julie Book vitally superstant to every builder.

The Master Builders Company Department A. Cleveland, Obio Process and Draine Error

Master Builders

Rapid, Accurate Adding Machine Service

An Ohio metal roofing company adopted a new efficiency system, in the development of which cost information was of vital importance.

It was soon found that the expense of getting this information in the usual way was prohibitive-but they had to know where they stood. Finally the



Adding and Calculating Machine

was called upon to do for the cost work what the efficiency man was doing in the factory—cut out waste effort and let machines do the machine work. How well the Comptometer fulfilled its mission is best told in their own words:

"Our suspet has been doubled and the hotiness is correspondingly bigger. Still, thanks to the Componenter, and do all the elected work with the same sixed faces we had two years age."

This concern is now using Comptometers on all of their bookkeeping and accounting work-balancing ledgers, footing trial balance, billing, estimating, payroll, costs, auditing, etc.

Such results are not exceptional. They have been repeated over and over again in the experience of Comptometer users-thousands of them. They all had to be shown, of course. They were shown-let us show you.

A thorough demonstration of the Controlled-Key Comptometer involves no obligation or expense—a word from you is all that is necessary - and it may lead to some startling economies in your own business.

Write For Valuable Information

You will find an interesting story in "Leading the Bookkeepers out of Bondage"—and some mighty helpful ideas for the bookkeeper in "Doily Ledger Control." Write for either one or both of these booklets. They're free for the asking.

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO.

1723 N. PAULINA STREET

CHICAGO

Money-Making Farms 23 STATES 410 to took and trops often included, to makin quickly. Big Bargain Lin, Ires. E. A. SVROUT FARM AGENCY, Ington 21, 47 Wood Jan Separt, No. V. V. Send negatives for free SAMPLE PRINT to India out quality work. SAMPLE PRINT June diversion of the self. Vehic prints freezing. In self. Vehic prints freezing.

Queen Margherita's Limousine



his weekly and specify black Meter Dunity Falcan WILMINGTON, DELAWARE bull's-eye by a disqualifying margin of inches. A New York chauffeur who had failed to splatter me all over the vicinage at the first chance would have been ashamed to go home afterward and look his innocent little ones in the face.

Even now I cannot decide in my own mind which is the more fearsome and perilous thing-to be afoot in Paris at the mercy of all the maniars who drive French motor cars or to be in one of the motor cars at the mercy of one of the maniacs. Motoring in Paris is the most dangerous sport known - just as dueling is the safest.

There are some arguments to be ad-

vanced in favor of ducling. It provides copy for the papers and harmless excitement for the participants—and it certainly keeps them out in the open air; but with motoring it is different. In Paris there are no rules of the road except just these twothe pedestrian who gets run over is liable to prosecution, and all motor cars must travel at top speed.

A Hair-Graying Ride

If I live to be a million I shall never get over shuddering as I think back to a taxi-cal ride I had in the rush hour one aftermon over a route that extended from away down near the site of the Bastille to a hotel away up near the Place Vendôme. The driver was a congenital madman—the same as all Parisian taxical drivers are; and in addition be was on this occasion acquir-ing special merit by being quite drunk. This last, however, was a detail that did not dawn on my perceptions until too late to cancel the contract. Once he had got me safely fastened inside his rickety, creaky devid-wagon he pulled all the stops all the way out and went tearing up the crowded hoplevard like a comet with a can tied to

I hammered on the glass and begged him to slow down—that is, I hammered on the glass and tried to beg him to slow down. For just such emergencies I had previously stocked up with two French words— Doucement I and Vite! I knew that one of those words meant speed and the other meant less speed, but in the turnoil of the moment I may have confused them slightly.

Anyhow, to be on the safe side, I yelled "Vite!" a while and then "Doucement!" a while; and then "Doucement!" and "Vite!" Anglo-Saxon cases ords and prayers for dressing. But nothing I said seemed to have the least effect on that demoniac ecoundrel. Without turning his head he merely shouted back semething unintelligible and the control of the control of the control.

On and on we tore, slicing against the sidewalk, curving and jibbing, clattering and carerning now going on two wheels and now on four while the lunatic shrieked curses of disappointment at the pedestrians who scuttled away to safety from our charging onelaughts; and I held both hands over my mouth to keep my heart from jumping out into my lap.

I saw, with instantaneous but photographic distinctness, a lady, with a dog tucked under her arm, who hesitated a moment in our very path. She was one of the largest lades I ever saw and the dog under her arm was certainly the smallest

dog I ever saw.

You might say the lady was practically sot of dog. I thought we had her for sure and probably her dog too; but she fell back. and was caved by a matter of half an inch or so. I think, though, we got two buttons off her shirtwaist and the back trimming of her hat,

Then there was a rending, tearing crush as we took a fender off a machine just emerging from a cross street; but my lunatic never checked up at all-just flung

a curling ribbon of profanity over his shoulder at the other driver and bounded onward like a bat out of the Bad Place. That was the hour when my hair began to turn perceptibly grayer. And yet, when by a succession of miracles we had landed intact at my destination, the fiend seemed to think he had done a praiseworthy and creditable thing. I only wish he had been able to understand the things I called him that is all I wish!

It is by a succession of miracles that the members of his maniacal craft usually do dodge death and destruction. The providence that watches over the mentally deficient has them in its care, I guess; and the same beneficent influence frequently avails to save those who ride behind them and, to a lesser extent, those who walk

Once in a while a Paris cabman does have a lucky stroke and garner in a foot traveler. In an instant a vast and surging crowd convenes. In another instant the road is impassably blocked. Up rusbes a gendarme and worms his way through the press to the center. He has a notebook in his hand. In this book he enters the gloating cabman's name, his age, his ad-dress, and his wife's maiden name, if any and gets his views on the Dreyfus case, and finds out what he thinks about the separation of church and state; and tells him that if he keeps on the way be is headed he will be getting the cross of the Legion of Honor pretty soon. Then they shake hands and embrace, and the cabman cuts another notch in his mudguard, and gets back on the seat and drives on. Then if, by any chance, the victim of the accident still breathes, the gendarme arrests him for interfering with the traffic. It is a lovely system and sweetly

Cows and Cuttlefish

Under the general classification of thrill-ing moments in the night life of Europe I should like to list a carriage trip through the outskirts of Naples after dark. In the the outsigns of Naples after dark. In the first place the carriage driver is an Italian driver—which is a shorter way of saying he is the worst driver living. His idea of getting service out of a horse is, first to snatch him to a standstill by yanking on the bit and then to force the poor brute into a gallop hy lashing at him with a whip having a particularly loud and vizenish cracker on it; and at every occasion to whom at the top. at every occasion to whoop at the top o his voice.

In the second place the street is as har row as a narrow alley, feebly lighted, as-has no sidewalks. And the rutty paving stones which stretch from housefront t

housefront are crawling with people angoats, and dogs and children.

Finally, to add zest to the affair, there are lets of loose cows mooning about—fc at this hour the cowherd brings his stock; the doors of his patrons. In an Italian cit the people get their milk from a cow, instea of from a milkman as with us. The milk delivered on the hoof, so to speak.

The grown-ups refuse to make way is you to pass and the swarming young on repay you for not killing them by petu-pebbles and less pleasant things into you

Beggars in all degrees of filth and d ormity and repulsiveness run alongsis the carriage in imminent danger from the wheels, begging for alms. If you give the something they curse you for not give them more, and if you give them nother they spit at you for a base dog of a hereting them, what could you natural

expect from a population that thinks a fri cuttlefish is edible and a beefsteak is no

Editor's Note-This is the siath of a series articles by levin S. Cobb. The newenth will appe to an energy teams.



Staging the styles

(Continued from Page 13)

It is seldom that the producers of the fashcosts forego that professional event, the The reason for this is obvious. Numbers of the reason to the state of the state out. The girl who wears a saucy included out. The girl who wears a saucy included out is taught to stick her hands a let pockets and swinger forth like an equal young urchin; the tall mannequin raped in the lissome folds of an evening. gen must, on the contrary, walk with a stain majesty of carriage, and each movenext of her arms must echo something of pase grace. In order, therefore, to in-struct their thirty mannequins, the store secretor and the buyer of gowns and wraps superintended, on the day before the open-

or a regular dress rehearsal.

The processional started with the three nervables and three mercillenses whose columns, ordered from the famous French regier, were meant to show the audience as intimately the prevailing modes depended on the Directoire style. The six girls the wore these costumes passed off without satisfies, but before the succeeding figure posell under way toward the Palais Royal bestore decorator held up his hand in frantic

"Lolita! Lolita!" he called to the tall monequin in the black-and-white evening two. "For goodness' sake don't walk with the arms humped out in front, like you we wheeling a baby carriage! Walk with a bit move your arms—se!" and he acompanied his words with a soaring metion

his own pinions.

Nor did that tall wearer of the 1830 panhirts walking farther down the line escape

the salking farther down the line escape without her mosed of advice.

"Bon't be ashamed to show 'em!" called the buyer of gowns and wraps. "Nothing his prissy about this is a gown any lady sould wear. Every now and then you want to told up your skirt a little—do a bit of the mouettish, you know."

Meantime the figures in the Directoire estimes had been making for the end of the walk with anything but Directoire dignity of step. And, revived from his sension

thy of step. And, revived from his session on the 1830 garments, the director called out to them:

Hey there! Do you people think you're one driven to market, huddling together to a herd of sheep? Keep apart; walk wally. You'll be sure to spoil the effect if

Erought back to a consideration of the rem immediately in front of them, the new decorator and the buyer continued by instructions regarding the display of set estume. The Early Victorian mannerant the white taffets evening gown, with a sixt encircled by garlands of rosebuds, which looked as though they had been laide by the spiral billows of taffets, we told that every now and then she must which allowly not like a top; no, no-cracefully, just as the model in Paris done. The girl in the Directoire suit as shown how she should step forth with to hands in the side packets of her skirt. mannequin cast for a beautiful velvet. the was told with just what dramatic mo-tion be garment might be held out so as to rotal its samptuous lining. There was a lick of gesture, walk and even facial ex-resion needed for each one of those imorted garments, and the coaches saw to it. Out their actresses got it over.

Almost a Stock Company

in a great many instances the actresses then for the fushion play have trod the infessional boards and have learned finesse sevement from their duties in the first to of the chorus.

"We like girls like this," remarked the like decorator, who, by the way, has the reputation of knowing a good model if he to be on Broadway from the top of the Metropolitan Tower: and he pointed to a riceful blonde, who had just confided the ich that she was taking two weeks off from a maical cornedy in which she was then oraring to go on in the fashion opening.
A rel who has been in the chorus knows we to walk, how to smile, how to move her when this girl stops and tells one in the audience, 'Yes, madam; a Premet gown, she can do it so graonly that the woman wants to buy it

Next to the chorus lady, the motion-- most acceptable candidates for showing off a four-hundred-dollar gown or wrap, and as one stands there behind the scenes one hears such illuminating soutches as this:

'Jones isn't here this year, is she?' "No, I saw her picture in the Filmflam Review. She told me that last time she got five dollars for just clapping her hands in

an act for the movies."
"Oh, there's Yama-Yama! I'm glad
she's here. Hello there, old girl! Saw your

"Oh, yes! I've been sitting a good deal for Palit lately. Going to stop, though. He swears so much he makes me uncom-fortable."

From such conversations as this it is apparent that many of the same mannequits are employed at this store season after So institutional is their character, season. So institutional is their character, in fact, that the decorator has difficulty in cleaving some old links of sentiment. One model, for instance, refuses to wear anything but Premet gowns. Another has a sentiment for Beer, because she "always has worn his things." And all of them naturally enough claim, as recognition of their long association with the fashion openings, the most stunning importation of the season.

The expense connected with employing

The expense connected with employing these thirty models for a two weeks enter-tainment is not an inconsiderable item in the total sum necessary to put on the fash-ions. Each model at the Directoire show as paid five dollars a day, and the entire thirteen days—including, of esures, the rehearsal—cost the management nineteen hundred and fifty dollars. This sum does not include the minor expenses connected with equipping each model.

What Fashion Shows Cost

Of such incidental expenses there are very many. This year, for example, each manne-quin were bronze outherner and desh-colored silk stockings, all of which were provided by the store at a total expense of three hundred dellars. Gloves, for, increused the cost of the equipment by a hun-dred dollars; and the dully dressing of each mannequin's hair in the style must becom-ing to her heauty is undertaken at a further cost of several hundred dollars.

In putting on the fashion show almost every department of the store is levied on for some supply; and if you had slipped into that room back of the garden of the Palaia Rayal you would have found semething that looked like Ali Baha's Cave before the visit of the intruder. Bins of rhinsstone pins, sheaves of walking sticks and parasuls, tables created with beautiful French hats, scarfs and collars—all these contributed to the triumphant finish of each imported gown; and in computing the expense of the entire fashion opening the wear-and-test of these accessories must not be overlooked. A dance without music would be no more

completious than a modern fashion play lacking that element; and during the promenade through that garden of the Palais Royal three bands, renrealed at intervals toyal three bands, conceased at intervals along the way, kept up a constant ferment of masise, waits and operatic airs. To the hundreds of dollars paid out to musicians must be added also the expense of the twenty-five ushers personary to handle the two thousand people who attended nearly every morning and afternoon performance. The item however, which smalls the cost

The item, however, which swells the cost of the semi-assual fashion opening into real turbulence is the matter of the gowns themselves. Does the department-store buyer select practical models, which may be readily sold and aptly copied by the American manufacturer? Not at all. Unlike other fashion scouts—the dressmaking establishment and the manufacturing house—the department-store buyer selects at least half department-store buyer selects at least half of his imported gowns with a view to the spectacular, and the twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of gowns represents a loss of perhaps half that amount. At the end of the season he is often glad to take fifty dollars for a gown in which he tovested three hundred dollars.

It does not annoy him at all, in fact, to overhear a woman in the front row whisper to her husband: "Isn't that dress perfectly terrible? All right perhaps if you expect to do nothing but walk round to the sobbing notes of Pagliacci; but imagine going to market in that citron skirt and hussar's

It is not at all his purpose to provide suggestions for going to market. He wants



Mr. Bracker's ideal has prosperity in his pocket and brains in his head. He seems to be musing "I am glad I discovered these

GIRARD

The flavor is as good as I ever tasted, and I certainly feel better than I used to when I smoked strong, heavy fellows."

The Girard Cigar is made in fourteen sizes and shapes, from 3 for a quarter to 20c. straight.

> Antonio Roig & Langedorf Philadelphia Established 1871



Start Some May Merriment!

MAKE your party a hig current - whether it a a May party - or a July party. For every picnic or "party-nic" is a success the minute the Big Taste comes on the scene - the tantalizing taste of Underwood Deviled Ham in sandwiches, salada, rarebita, etc.

Leuen lists of desicious dishes for picnics, parties and everyday tneshs. Send for an Link Red Devil Roop es. East to make hard to get emogra This bank free for your grocer's name. Memion if he will Underwood. Or send age for small can to try. Economical. Makes 12 to 24 studenches.

Leading gracers energwhere karp Underwood Deviled Ham. If your gracer ham't is, he il get some for you. Ask him seder.

Try Little Red Devil Recipe No. 51-Toasted Ham Biscuits

the mesh pur blacute. Spread thin such bestion. Then said a slightly thinker layer allowand Develod Blace. Place under Bates in one over still have believed this such and given a such a size of the black and such a still the such and given a such a such as such as such as the such as the such a still a still such a such as the s

WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY, 42 POLITON STREET, BOSTON, MAIS.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAN

America's Telephones Lead the World Service Best-Cost Lowest

from Electrical Industries from Landon Daily Mail HERE IS a crytain amount of autofaction in Why is it that Government sweetship the fact that Mr. Wireless Churchill gar as and management of the telephones is Why is it that dot the telephones is and management of the there is a member of the Woman of anti-faction in the practically always a failure?

Why is it must throughout their and a member of the Government of the fresh and thresh and the first Britain and lingth and health of Government and the first Britain and lingth and health of Government which flow the first first first flow of the flow of the flow on the flow the first flow of the flow of practically always a failure?

From "Le Petit Phase de Nantes," Paris

"But today I found I had to talk with "But today I found I had to talk with Saint-Malo, and, wishing to be put through quickly, I had my name inscribed on the waiting list first thing in the morning: the operator told me—though very anishly, I must confess—that I would have to weit thirteen hours and ten minutes (you are reading it right) in order to be put through."

Herr Wendel, in the German Diet

"I refer here to Freiberg. There the entire telephone service is interrupted at 9 a'clock p. m. Five minates after 9 o'clock it is impossible to obtain a telephone conHow Hahedand, Deputy, in the Reichstog

"The average time required to get a con-pection with Berlin is now 1½ hours. Our business life and trade suffer counderably on account of this lack of relephone facili-ties, which exists not only between Dussel-dorf and Berlin and between Berlin and the West, but also between other towns, such as Stramburg, Antwerp, etc.

Dr. H. Lather, in the Doubles Assuiger

"In the year 1913, 36 years after the discovery of the electro-magnetic telephone, the age of the beginning of wireless telegraphy, one of the largest cities of Ger-many, Dreeden, with half a million inhabitante, is without adequate telephone facili-

something to amuse, to thrill, even to shock his mixed audience of men and women; and anything that gets people to talking is considered an excellent feature of his show.

Right here it may be explained, also, that the models shown do not all conform to the period selected as the prevailing influence. In this Directoire play, for instance, it was obviously impossible to exclude the 1830 and the Louis Quinze notes sounded in many of the new spring costumes, and the stage setting represented only the management's dogma that Directoire was the dominant inspiration of the season.

The establishment whose Directoire play has been described has the reputation of giving exceedingly lavish fashion shows. Such furne is based not only on the number of imported models and the great number of mannequins employed in its production but on the character of the stage setting This point brings us at once to a consideration of the two kinds of fashion

show now being run in America.

One, of which the Directoire pageant is an excellent example, is the promenude sys-tem now being used, not only in New York but in Chicago and Boston. From the nature of such entertainments the setting cannot be dismissed with the painting of a bay or the throwing on of a spotlight. And to bestow proper atmosphers on such a long stretch demands not only diplomacy of workmanship but a comparatively large outlay of money.

That, however, it is an advantageous way of exploiting the modes is brought out by
the advertising manager of that store which
produced the Directoire play: "Whereas,"
says he, "the stage setting gives you only
the most unsatisfactory glimpse of the new
styles, the promenade's intimacy enables
our audience to catch every detail of a contume—the quality of the fabric; the design of the trimming; the cut of a sleeve." In spite of this fact there can be no doubt

about the artistic quality of the fashion play that is given on an actual stage. Evidence of this was afforded not only by the scene which has been described, but by the opening of this spring's styles produced by the same establishment.

Attention to Detail

This opening occurred several days after the Directoire play and was given in the auditorium of the store. Here, to un audi-rore of twelve hundred people scated downstairs and in the balcony, the mannequine played out two scenes of the fashion druma.

A startling bit of American enterprise, indeed, was this latter part of the program; for on the very day when the French play was having its premi're the American de-partment store was showing duplicates of the enstumes designed for it. More starfling still was the attention bestowed on each datail of the production the Grecian twist to the letters on the program; the selections from Orleo ed Euridice and Thats, played by the great organ; the statue-que poses of the manusquint, contracting sharply with the swaggering, inconciunt walk and the piquant expression of those mannequine who were the street suits of the first scene,

Man has recently set his prefane foot on the productions of the store fashion play, and in many a dramatization of tea party and street are no the musculine model lends his clothes as a foil to the airiness of chiffen and the glimmer of silk. In the former part of this particular opening, for instance, nearly every spring suit was shown in conjunction with the meaculine garment that had inspired it; and this novel presentation reached its climax when the last mannequin was met from the other side of the stage by a man wearing the overcoat of M. Poiret, on which garment the designer had piped the leminum variation shown by the accompanying woman model.

That the play's the thing in fashions is

demonstrated by the fact that today nearly every big dressmaking establishment and Importing shop has its miniature stage. Sometimes, indeed, the fashionable dressmaking establishment maintains a company of models all through the season. One such organization, presided over by a woman of title and ministering to the wealthiest numer of New York, trains these models as carefully as any professional producer would train them.

The types of beauty represented by the four mannequing of this establishment are One is a tail, Junesque widely extend of is an equally tall and beauand is a Watteau shepgray eyes; and the fourth is a petite brunette. With this staff at her command, the owner of the establishment refuses to attempt the experiment of

permitting a customer to try out a gown.
On the contrary the moment Madame is announced and questioned as to the type of gown she desires, one of the mannequies ho best suits this model is ordered back of the scene. A few minutes later she walks slowly out to the right of the stage, races her arms in a slow, rhythmic gesture, pro-ceeds to the left of the stage, and repeat-this posture. This accomplished, she comes down and pirouettes before Madame. Do-nouement - Madame buys the frock.

In speaking of this method of showing her owns one famous dressmaker assets: Most of the modern creations look like absolutely nothing when off the figure. For this reason a mannequin is almost indispensable. Why, one of my beautiful show girls can convince the most skeptical that a gove makes the beauty instead of beauty making the gown."

Expensive Selling Methods

The tea fun now has her inning at the opening of many a fashionable dresmaker's establishment; and a cup of colong with a plate of diminutive sandwiches, has even issen embraced by a certain New York de-partment store as a part of the advanced exploitation of the imported models in its dressmaking salons. The tea system provalls, of course, only in private views and is openings to which special invitations are extended.

Everywhere we look in modern merchandising we find this same expensive exploita-tion. The first showing of spring dreagond-is often the occasion of special music and of a setting that summons up the leafy summer destiny of these materials. Windows are trimmed with an absolute regard for assiciation and frequently form perfect stap-pictures of bridal parties, bunting scenes and garden parties

The store decorator, on whom devolves the window displays and the practical control of the fashion abows, must supplement his knowledge of period furniture and co-tumes with that of the latest currents of foreign merchandising. Often he is sent abroad by his organization for the purpose of learning all the latest decorative scheme and always he is paid a salary ranging from five thousand dollars upward.

The expense of equipping a private dres-making establishment is brought out by a visit to a typical establishment. An anto-room fitted in exquisite blues and grays of the Louis Seize period, and concluded with the inevitable stage; a tiny room done in Adama stuff and bung defuly with electric lights for the special examination of even ing colors; and a samptuous consultation chamber—these three rooms cost the management, according to the director, notice

than ten thousand dollars,
In the antersom one's attention is at rested by numerous small diplomacies of merchandles—hand-painted mirrors are fantastic bottles of imported perfume: existic little needle books lying on the carved gray tables: and, above all, by the feedle out scent of verbena, which crosps from a transluvent wase, there by the long diva-

"To mesmerize your customers!" on asks regarding this last bit of atmosphere "Not exactly," replies the director will a smile; "but you have no idea how in things like this go in a business like our Yes — with an amused smile at one's cor tinued interregation of that transition vase of income—"we burn it by electricity Very delicate, isn't it; and it goes right along with these soft carpets and heautile hangings and Wattenu prints in taking woman right out of the struggle and units of New York. 'So soothing!' is what out customer says of it; and we spare a expense to make it so."

Many and costly as are these small detail of putting on the fashions, there can be a doubt that arristry in this domain receive its proper toll. The department-store styl show, in particular, is so efficacious a pal licity feature that the organization white produced the Directoire pageant is well cor

produced the Directoire pageant is well on tent with its outlay of twenty-five that sand dollars. Of this one receives a him assurance from the advertising manager.

"What good does it do?" repeats be "Doesn't it bring eighty thousand people to our store every season? Don't they have to come through our place, up to the eight fasor, to see it? Don't they get the habita dealing here often through that very fashis opening? Well, I guess they do!"



These are the reasons why there are twelve times as many telephones for each hundred persons in the United States as in Europe,

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service





A STUDY IN CREDITORS

(Continued from Page 16)

fact that he has been caught in the landing net of a soft composition held at the four corners by his kindly and generous creditors; but if there is a latent streak of yellow in the man the composition treatment is admirably intended to develop it.

The bankrupt of this sort who has been let down easy is likely to wake up to the fact that the composition game, artfully played, contains possibilities for the bankrupt as well as for the creditors. Hence the soft composition has come to be regarded by bankruptcy officials as a consistent encourager of repeaters.

About four years ago a small merchant on the outskirts of a large city became insolvent. He was thoroughly scared and lost sleep until he became thin. His insolvency had been brought about by the usual combination of causes: losse business methods in general; easy extension of credit; losses by the peculations of clerks; indiscriminate buying; and a few strokes of personal hard luck.

When he saw he had reached the end of his rope he called his creditors together and put himself in their hands. At this hearing he made a decidedly pathetic figure. The creditors wished to see him continue in business and so an insolvency settlement was arranged. As one of the creditors put it: "Perhaps he'll pull himself together and learn something from this experience."

arranged. As one of the creditors put it:
"Perhaps he'll pull himself together and
tearn something from this experience."

Evidently he learned several things. One
of them was that goods settled for on the
tasks of fifty cents on the dollar yield a much
larger profit than goods paid for in full.
He also acquired a new idea of creditors—
before, he had thought them shrewd, hard
and grasping; but now he was inclined to
feel that they were about as easy a bunch
to handle as he had ever met. Insolvency
was not so bad after all! It was something
like a cold bath—mighty shivery in anticipation, but after the first plunge it had its
compensations.

A little more than a year later this merchant mude his appearance in the bank-ruptcy court with an extended volume of liabilities. Apparently he was just as distressed and despairing as before. He had given eareful consideration to the selection of an attorney—choosing one of good standing, who at the same time thoroughly understood the possibilities of the composition.

the possibilities of the composition.

Those of his creditors who had been parties to the former insolvency settlement were a little more inclined to be exacting this time; but they were finally maneuvered into line, and a composition settlement at a low percentage was eventually secured.

A Specialist in Composition

Evidently this storekeeper learned quite as much from his second experience as from his first. This was indicated by the fact that a little more than two years later he was again thrown into the hopper of the bankruptcy mill. This time, however, he had apparently centered his attention on the selection of creditors. Though his liabilities showed a modest increase over those listed in his former schedules, there was a decided dearth of old names among the creditors represented. Evidently he had considered that even a fairly credulous creditor might object to being hit three times by the same hand in the same place.

same hand in the same place.

Consequently he had shifted his trade from the old houses that had been twice lenient with him and had taken on a new and unfamiliar set. Also, he had a new lawyer, who was able so to pull the strings that a new receiver was appointed. Courts and referees occasionally have a disconcerting habit of remembering previous compositions in connection with the lawyers and the receivers handling them. At any rate there would be less likelihood that the court or the referee would recall the previous composition and the preceding insolvency settlement with a new attorney and a new receiver.

As a result of his discretion this experienced bankrupt once more demonstrated the possibilities of a soft composition. He had, in fact, become quite an adept, and there was nothing in his affairs that would give the court license to act on the presumption that fraud was being committed. Once more the advantageous composition was put over, and again the merchant started in business.

Whether he will again attempt to pyramid his liabilities and take another hand at the composition game remains for the future to unfold—but he certainly has acquired the composition habit; and in this he is representative of quite a large class of small bankrupts who, after having once tasted blood in the form of a soft composition, are wise to the possibilities of repeuting the experience.

It would be a mistake, however, to class all repeaters in bankruptcy as deliberate manipulators of the soft-composition trick, Again, it should be repeated that the majority of failures are genuine and honest cases of insolvency. Judges, referees and receivers are apparently united in the opinion that creditors are quite generally responsible for the frequency of both soft compositions and repeaters.

One receiver illustrates this by the bankruptcy experiences of a certain large retail establishment handling a large volume of goods of a somewhat inexpensive character. It had been in business for forty years and was one of the largest of its kind in the country. About three years ago this house was thrown into bankruptcy. Practically all its creditors were large jewelry manufacturing concerns.

As soon as the failure took place their representative investigated the condition of the bankrupt's affairs. An experienced receiver was appointed, and it did not take him long to arrive at the conclusion that the estate would bring a very good percentage — perhaps fifty or sixty per cent. The estate was a large one and he felt that here was an opportunity to make a good record: but the creditors had a surprise in store for him—they appeared in court and offered to accept a settlement of thirty cents on the dollar.

The Receiver's Neutrality

In the accepted interpretation of the law the receiver is supposed to maintain a neutral position and to take as inactive a part as possible in the adjustment of relations between the creditors and the bankrupt. Unless it can be shown that the bankrupt has committed an offense against the bankruptcy act, or has done or failed to do something that would prevent his discharge—such, for example, as the concealment of assets—even the court feels impelled to sanction any composition that is demanded with practical unanimity by the creditors.

In this case the creditors offered to accept a composition of thirty cents on the dollar. The court was loth to entertain this settlement, believing that the assets, administered under the receiver, would bring much more; but as there was not a dissenting voice among the creditors he felt constrained to give his approval to the composition.

In the proceedings, however, the fact was clearly established that these creditors were influenced in their generous treatment of the bankrupt by two motives: The slighter of these was perhaps that of personal sentiment—long and pleasant relationship with the head of the bankrupt house had built up on the part of the representatives of the creditor concerns coming into direct contact with him a high personal regard for him; but undoubtedly the dominating consideration was a purely business one. He had sold enermous quantities of their goods in the past and would continue to sell them in the future if this stroke of adversity was sufficiently softened.

And the margin of profit to the manufacturers on practically all the goods he had bought from them had been very large, ranging from thirty to sixty per cent. In a word, if they had been in position to present their claims outright to him as a free gift they would have been well ahead of the game.

Again, it was of the utmost importance to these creditors that this big outlet for their goods should be continued without interruption and under the most favorable auspices possible. Therefore the percentage of the composition was evidently fixed at the lowest point to which it was thought the approval of the court could be obtained.

A few months ago this same house was again thrown into bankruptcy. Again the bankrupt prepared to put through a composition—this time at twenty-five cents; but he found the atmosphere so unfriendly to this proposition that it was not officially presented to the court.

There are times when the composition can be overworked and ways in which it



THIS trade mark represents the Standard of Excellence all over the world. The serial guarantee number is a duplicate of that appearing on the printed guarantee that accompanies every K-W Master Vibrator.

In buying your Master Vibrator, must upon these identification marks. Hexary of instation.

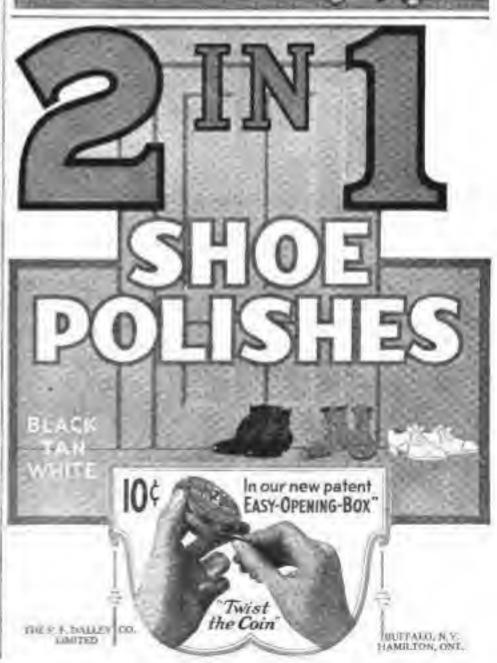
The fact that over 90,000 Ford owners are getting efficient, reliable service from K-W Maner Vibrators is conclaime proof that the K-W is electrically right. Ask any user of a K-W Maner Vibrator what is in doing for him every day.

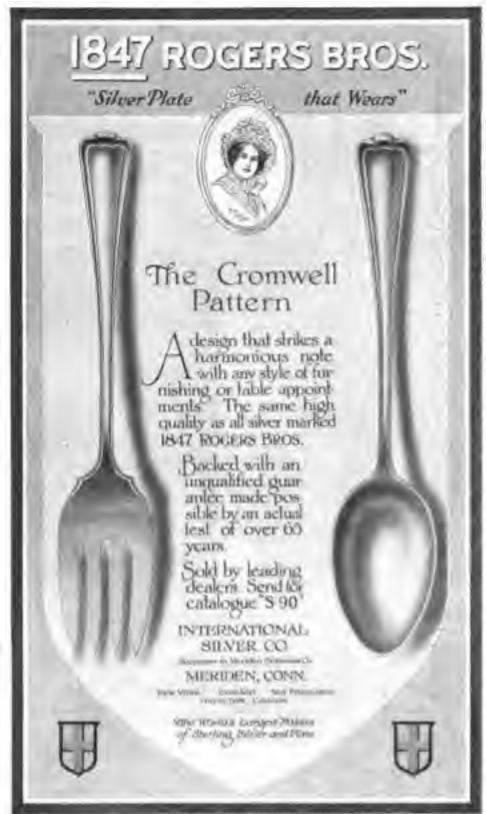
\$15 with regular kick switch \$16 with Yale lock switch

K-W Moder Volcators are sold by reliable destroy everywhere. Ryster desire current supply yes, we will send it postpoid upon transist of point

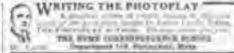








DATENTS RECORD OF THE PER SETURARE Paling ... What to Drives But of Brief FREE





may be quietly nipped in the bud. The court ordered the receiver to sell the prop-erty. With fifty thousand dollars less assets in the estate than at the first bunkruptcy, it will pay out forty cents, accord-ing to the trustee, who has already paid a twenty-cent dividend.

If a party in interest in the case is able to prove to the satisfaction of the court that the bankrupt is guilty of any of the offenses which under the law would prevent his discharge, composition proceedings are speedily called to a halt. Any one of the following is held to be an offense sufficient

to prevent the hankrupt's discharge and har a composition:

First - Committing an offense punishable by imprisonment, as provided in the act, Second - Destroying or concealing his books of accounts or records with intent to conceal his financial condition.

Third - Making a false statement for the purpose of obtaining credit.

Fourth—Concealing or transferring property with intent to defraud his creditors.

When a wave of waivers surges in on a hankruptry case the judge or referee, the receiver, and all concerned come to quick attention. The wave of the waivers is considered a fairly sure sign that perhaps there is something doing. As a waiver is a volun-tary offer on the part of a creditor to ab-solve the bankrupt from providing for the payment of his claim out of the composition

funds deposited, such generosity is often received with suspicion. Though a waiver is only as incident to a composition—and is often wholly justifi-able—it becomes a significant incident when the composition involves deferred payments or settlement by notes. One able

referee declares:

"I cannot regard the waiver with friendly eyes save in somewhat exceptional cases. As a matter of law the waiver is designed to work out the ends of human justice: but, as a matter of practice, it is often abused and made to serve the opposite purpose. In the mind of the experienced bankruptcy official the waiver too often incline an underground settlement of some implies an underground settlement of some sort that is more advantageous to the waiving creditor than the payment of his claim on the basis of the composition.

"In a certain well-known case, where the bankrupt had already put over two com-positions and was socking a third. I was impressed by the number of suivers this bankrupt had been able to secure. Because of my suspicions I held up this case quite a long time and made an industrious search a long time and made an industrious search of authorities to see whether there was anything in the law or in its interpretation by the higher courts that would give a court the power to ignore and override a waiver offered in due form and without objections from creditors. Not finding any such authority I was obliged to accept the waivers offered, though my suspicious were not dissipated."

The Credulity of Creditors

"The possible inference is that when a composition has been perfected, and the bankrupt is again in possession of his property, he makes a secret settlement with the creditors who have filed their waivers—the settlement having much more tacked on it than that received by the other creditors under the composition. It would generally be difficult to prove to a court or a jury that this unscrupulous and frauduleut misuse of the waiver privilege has taken place; but I am morally convinced that it does happen in altogether too many cases." According to the head of the bankruptcy

department of a big trust company, the credulity of creditors passes the love of woman. It is the standing marvel of mucness, and the miracle that takes on a new

phase at every repetition,

"Not many months ago," declares this official, "I was hurriedly summoned to a meeting of creditors. They were a cheerful and even the two men of the insolvent concern were far from being as depressed as one might expect. The liabilities were large—amounting to several bundred thousand dollars—and the principal assets consisted of a hundred or more contracts scattered throughout the Middle

The main creditor was the largest manmacturer in America of the kind of supplies used by the contrarting firm, and the repre-sentative of this establishment pointed out the fact that the contracts were perfectly good, being made with large concerns that were fully responsible.

"The proposition before the creditors was to the effect that the receiver should continue the business of the bankrupt and complete the contracts on hand. To this proposition I objected, unless it could be shown that there would be a decided margin and I incisted the of profit to the estate; and I insisted that the margin, if any, could be demonstrated only by an analysis of each contract by competent accountants and experts.

"The heads of the insolvent concern took

up considerable time in explaining what a good margin of profit there was in every one of those contracts. This rosy view of

one of those contracts. This rose view of the situation was apparently indered by the representative of the chief creditor.

"The natural inference was that this man ought to be able to spot a weak or un-profitable contract on sight. As he seemed to regard them as good, and as there were several other experts in the conference, my attitude was apparently resembled to the attitude was apparently regarded as di-

cidedly uppish.

"Finally I told them that if they felt so confident there was a good profit in all these contracts, which totaled something more than half a million dollars, they certainly should not object to putting up twenty-five thousand dollars in cash with which to finance the completion of those contracts that offered the best opportunity for quick return. If this were done and the results of the experiment justified further operations, then all the contracts could be

"The other alternative I offered them was that they should furnish enough money to have these contracts thoroughly investi-gated by experts. Then, if such an investi-gation clearly disclosed the advisability of going ahead with the contracts, I would take hold of the enterprise—if the trust company were appointed receiver."

Loose Figuring Common

"Some of the heaviest creditors were in "Some of the heaviest creditors were in layer of advancing the twenty-five thousand dollars and losing no time: but other held out for the other plan I had suggested and that was adopted. The results of that investigation were mighty interesting to me, especially in view of the fact that the best figuring talent in that line of industry was available to these creditors right inside their own houses; in fact, asystal of the

was available to these creditors right isside their ewn houses; in fact, several of the men present at the meeting, who looked over the actual contracts, were considered wonders in that line.

"The firm of experts employed figured every one of those contracts as carefully as though it were new business. To do this thoroughly they had to send their men is many of the places where the work was to be done. And what was the result? The investigation showed that forty odd contracts, if completed, would result in a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars to the estate that the largest margin of profit possible. that the largest margin of profit possible on the entire volume of business covered by all the contracts would be twelve thousand dollars, and that the deferred payment provided for in the contracts would string the returns out over several years.

"A twelve-thousand-dollar margin on a

usiness of more than five hundred thousan dollars is no margin at all, even on a cast basis. Any business man knows that, An here were more than one hundred chance to lose not only the twelve thousand dollar but several times that amount along with it. "The optimism suddenly oozed out of that bunch of creditors. They were a

astonished and rather shamefaced aggrega-tion when all these facts were placed before them; but the two men at the head of the They could not understand how they ha made such figures, and neither could the representative of the great manufacturing concern that was their chief creditor.

"To find this sort of thing among amalbusiness men, who have started on a shotting and grown for a while because out

string and grown for a while because colditions outside of themselves forced the to grow, is not surprising; but it natural gives one a jolt to discover that wild an incompetent figuring of costs is common.

There are many businesses - both larg and small - where costs are figured with a most marvelous accuracy; but, all the sam thousands of enterprises go to pieces on the shoals of bankruptcy every year from lost figuring alone, and still other thousand survive by the skin of their teeth, as were firms that are richly entitled to far but which persist, in spite of their bad has figuring, merely because they happen to l surrounded by conditions that are peculiar kind to them.

VANILLA

(Continued from Page II)

However, when they landed at St. Joe by stopped being serious and plunged minist into such gayeties as the amuse-

Complete abundon was, indeed, not p A wooden signboard ten feet high stablished the tone of the place with the moment that all persons acting other-ise than in a gentlemanly or ladylike manwould be prosecuted to the full extent the law-just what the resources of the as were for punishing the omission to be a prideman or a lady were not stated—and over more specific directions for conduct -to posted here and there along the boardadk, in the roller-skating rink, the bowling and the dancing pavilion. Indeed, in the countration of the things a dancing the might not do, respectability reached tike and Vanilla were a little overawed

Anni, but the resilience of holiday spirits more to have all the fun there was, and

han mone! has of their unearned increment of joyames came from occasional glimpses of ampire. They had never completely si her. She had stalked by them, melan-me and severe, up on the deck; had wered at them laboriously while they ate two leach; and the magnificent uncon-lumess of their existence she achieved as to picked her way past them when they are burying each other in the sand on the rich turning her basilisk eye on them rhout acknowledging that she saw them in might have given them a forebod-ry of tragedy but it did not. It only reduced on their part new explosions of controllable mirth.

Well, then, at five-fitteen they were danced in the pavilion. They had been dancing ther for more than an hour, and I am used their enjoyment of the exercise was meshat heightened by the fact that they be twice been warned, by a sort of master seremonies, that their deportment did or more up to specifications. The rule used bodies of all dancers had once been rotten, and on another occasion they be accused of dancing what the man

Another thing that added to the piquancy the occasion was that the Vampire was testing too. She had a partner with a purs secitie and an apparently unlimited sply of nickels-you paid one at the berang of each dance—and was proceeding ranky about the fleor in perfect harmony parently with the decorous regulations of place only, as Mike and Vanilla dissect, this harmony was only a pretense. We and ber ductile partner were following the bout, giving the Vampire a chance to derogatory remarks whenever they

wie in conversational range.
And presently, this method of attack beweing inadequate to the rising tide of the respire's emotions—and you could not under that the tide rose with the contem-tion of the pleasure Mike and Vanilla ore taking in each other's society and the thious interiority of her own partner, in wie of his supply of nickels—presently, I 45, the abandoned words and resorted to Liver action.

That's three times she's bumped into sait Vanilla, with an edge of justifiable gnation in her voice. "She's doin' it on impose. If she steps on me again I'm goin'

You might think that Mike, being presome amusement parks and excursion reads, would strongly have discountestated this intention; but, for whatever reamu please to assign, he did not. He

Timed and gave Vanilla a joyous spin.
Go to it, kiddo!" he said; and then he -tated her demurely into a corner to thait results.

h was an absolutely clear case. The those came straight down into their corat rather higher speed than before and Bed with Vanilla.

It was a bump that would have discon-ded snybody who was not ready for it; willis and Mike were braced, and the second the Vampire gave a squeal. French heels were small and peneand her surmise that the Vampire - was right.

There are any number of people who will swear quite automatically when their feet are trodden on; so the fact that the Vam-pire did so is not very surprising. Also, I do not think it altogether to be wondered at that, when the stimulus of really exeruciating physical unguish was suddenly added to a long-smoldering sense of outrage and dis-appointment, she should have slapped the cause of it. The really extraordinary thing

is what happened next!

If she had slapped Eunice Leaventritt,
Eunice, who had been brought up by an empirical psychologist on the most advanced principles, who had never been directly reprinced in her life, let alone slapped—I think it likely that Eurice's astonishment would have inhibited any action whatever on her part - almost any emotion, at first. Then there would have been a slowly rising wave of disgust, quite as much with herself as with the person who had assaulted her; but that is a purely academic

Guestion anyway.

Eunice had never been slapped and never would be so long as she lived. The person who felt the sting of the Vampire's fingers was Mise Vanilla Jerome—one day old. hampered by no supercivilized inhibitions. quite simply and primitively blazing mad. What Miss Vanilla Jerome did was to slap the Vampire. The rest of the nightmare

followed along as a matter of course.

There were plenty of people at hand ready to cope with this sort of situation whenever it should arise. They were prepared to maintain a high level of gentility in that dance pavilion, even if they had to arrest a lady every now and then to encourage the others.

The flurry did not last a quarter of a min-e. Then Vanilla found herself walking out baside the master of ceremonies, while

two exceeds guardians of the peace, less formally attired, escorted the Vampire. Rorrifaed? Overcome with shares? Wishing the earth would open up and swallow her? Thinking of the diagrace that awaited her or asking herself incredulously whether it could indeed be she who had done this horrible thing? Not the least in the world!

On the contrary, from scalp to toes she was tingling with the delightful seems of a job well done. Never in all her life—well, she was only one day old—had she experienced anything quite so satisfactory as the smack her fingers had made against the Vampire's painted face. She drew deep breaths and walked as though on air.

The feeling—she had not begun thinking yet—lasted her all the way up the hill and along a rather shabby husiness street, and up a dingy stairway and into an office, where a man in his shirtsleeves, chewing tehacco, sat behind a deal table. The first stir of an intellectual process was the reflection that this man must be a justice of the peace who sat there all day to marry people. How would it seem to be getting married in a place like that?

She gave her name automatically as Miss. Vanilla Jerome. Eunice had, for the present, simply ceased to exist. And she heard indifferently the recital of the complaint.

The justice seemed unmoved by it.

"Ten dollars each!" he said, and spat
expertly at the flange of a large spittoon.

She watched the Vampire suikily open a
purse and produce a yellow-barked tendollar bill. The justice scratched something

down on a piece of paper and put the bill in his pocket. The siren went away. The justice looked up at her. "Well?" he said; and, at that, something inside her mind exploded with a bung and she woke to a realization that she had no ten-dollar bill to produce.

She had started from home that morning with precisely one ten-dellar bill and there was not such a lot of it left. She had suggested to Mike, with some trepidation lest it give her away, that the basis of their lark together should be Dutch; and, though Mike had looked a little disconcerted over it, he had accepted the proposition and had played fair. Nothing you do at an amuse-ment park costs much, but everything you do except breathe costs a little.

Vanilla looked blankly into her purse. Her knees began to feel wabbly and her hands to shake.

I haven't ten dollars," she said. The ruminant gaze of the justice came into sharper focus on her face. He sat up a little straighter in his chair and remarked that he would "Swan to Guinea!"



Three Books that Have Stirred Up a Lot of Trouble

BURN OIL OR GASOLINE

GASOLINE Store in 1842 the same contained for the same suggested for

the by being to had added from

\$10 up. Now one of

or overlie un testay for our PPRS

Vapor

Store Co.

Distrate, Mich.

Please while the No. 1-1.

But it has been the kind of trouble that opens the eyes of business men-trouble that results in improvement,

Business won't go on by itself. It needs something behind it-to keep pushing.

These books have acted as a stimulus for hundreds of business heads. They have cleared up the mysterious side of advertising and selling. They have presented the subjects in such a way that it is easy to see their meaning. You can't mistake it.

By pointing out the errors of others they tell you how to avoid the snares of unwise advertising.

You don't have to be a big gun to profit by the teachings in these books. They help the little fellow get started right and keep the big one on his feet.

ing on at once-

just like a city gud.

tor highways to gree

wrote, no dirty wicks to look after.

Denos (Vapor Neuva burnara reges rass.)

There is nothing to learn out or re-

DETROIT VAPOR STOVE CO. Detroit, Mich.

attention as strey have no works, arbeston

rings or enothing that looks like a wick.

place. No piping or pressure task of

any kind are micesury. This avoids expense and the med of cutting holes

If you check "A" on the imagest below, you'll reveive "Blanker the Tital," a book for non-advertisers; "B" will bring row "Building the Bundleng," a book for new with speed \$25,000 or bear a year on advertising; "I" a year on advertising; "I" a year as advertising the Road Open, "a book for those wise speed over 125,000.

Our local - whichever fits your needs - will be need for it just must mare than you send 25 cents for each debutening copy.







To San Francisco in 1915

PROBABLY hundreds of men and women will attend the Panama Exposition at our expense. Will you be one of them?

You have two or three spare hours each week, those hours before dinner. We will buy them from you for just what they're worth. You can pay your expenses to San Francisco and leave a balance in bank, with the funds you can earn by employing those late afternoon hours as

Join the "Curtis delegates." Learn the details of our offer. Address your inquiry to

The Agency Division, Box 292

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA, PA.

His surprise was natural enough. The person who had said she had not ten dollars was Eunice Leaventritt-but the red hat, the red hair and the orange-and-white bluzes were still Miss Vanilla Jerome's. The situation was embarrassing too.

"You ain't got ten dollars?"
"I'm sorry," said Eunice;

It seemed rather beneath the dignity of the court to ask her how much she had and then profess that justice would be satisfied with that. Another expedient occurred to

"Ain't you got no friends?" he asked.
"No," said Eunice; and once more she
added: "I'm serry!"

She was still, you see, in the condition of a just-awakened somnambulist. It was un effort to remember the details of the dream that had landed her in this situation.

"Where," asked the justice, "is the feller ou were dancin' with when you got into the fight?"

Eunice winced at the word fight, but it did not keep her from almost smiling over the memory of Mike McKeough. She had been aware of his walking out of the pavillon behind her, but somewhere in the proceedings he had faded away. "I don't know where he is," answered Eunice, and she added: "He hadn't any-thing to do with it."

thing to do with it."
"Well, I should say he had!" answered
the justice indignantly. "You just set
down there and I'll send a constable out to find him.

But they adjourned the debate on that point until they should learn who it was coming up the stairs two steps at a time. It turned out to be Mike.
"Oh!" said Eunice.

Mike nodded at her ressuringly, then turned to the justice.
"How much is the fine, judge?" he asked

cheerfully.

"Ob. please!" said Eunice Leaventritt.

"It's awfully good of you; but really you don't come in this at all."

"It said Mike. "I

"Most assuredly I do!" said Mike. "I shouldn't have dropped out of it, except that I was afraid I hadn't money enough and had to go and - get it.

The justice, apparently discerning in the girl's lase a disposition still to protest, came rward with a suggestion.

"Let him loan you the money if you don't want him to give it to you. You can't go to jail." He turned to the young man. "Ten dollars!" he said. Before the girl could protest further Mike

had handed over the money. They walked downstairs together in silence. When they reached the street they stopped and looked

"I can't begin to tell you how grateful I am!" said Eunice; but at that point the words laded away and the two just stood

The sight of a puzzled perplexity in his eyes had been what stopped her. She had given herself away. Vanilla Jerome would not have said that.

Then, with another bang, she waked up a little further. The Mike McKeough she had been playing with all day would never have used the phrase; "Most assuredly!"

They looked and looked; and then simultaneously and a little ruefully they smiled.

And then they both blushed.

"I suppose," he said finally, "that it's because we were both phony that we..."

"Flocked together?" suggested Eunice.
"I suppose so. It wasn't the real thing we wanted; it was our idea of it. That's rather said, isn't it?"

The young man nodded and sighed.

"But perhaps," he suggested, "we might begin again with without the peacock's feathers, you know, and see how we'd like

each other that way."

Eunice smiled. He was a nice boy.

"All right," she said. "There's a bench over there. Will that do to begin on?"

And really they had about as good a time on the boat going home that evening as they had coming over, though they did not exbibit any more lancy dances on the lower deck.

There was a satisfactory moon, and a pleasant place to sit and talk abaft one of the lifebouts. In that environment it proved queerly easy for the girl to tell him just why she had planned the adventure and to decide that, after all, it had been a

All the while she had somehow assumed that his reason for embarking on it had been the same as hers.

"I don't regret a minute of it," she said.
"Not even having slapped the Vampire!"
inquired the nice boy—his name was John

"Not even that!" said Eunice. "Of course it would be horrible if anybody found out especially father."

He looked a bit puzzled.
"From what you have told me about him," he said, "I shouldn't think he'd be

"Angry!" Eunice exclaimed. "He never "Angry!" Eunice exclaimed. "He never was angry in his life! That's why I never had any fun getting into mischief. He'd just look interested and wait to see what I was going to do next—make notes right before my face. It's all in that child-psychology book of his. If he found out about this he'd write a special monograph on it."

"Well," said John Forbes, "it was lucky it happened to be me you picked out to play with! Year was the proportion of the property of the proportion of the property of the prop

with! You see, the newspapers watch St. Joe for features like that." "Newspapers!" she gasped. "Do you

"You see, I'm a reporter myself," he went on. "This was my day off, and I thought I'd just breeze over to St. Jee and see whether I could turn up anything."

There was a long moment of frozen

silence.

"Well—you did," said Eunice at last,
"I hope so," said John Forbes.
"I suppose," she said, "you will make the
front page with it, won't you?"

"I suppose I sughtn't to wonder you
thought that," he said; "and, of course, if
it hadn't been my day off—if the boss had
given me a regular assignment — Bus,
you see, this was my holiday—mine to do
just what I liked with; and what I meant
I hoped was that—that I'd find somebody
to play with. Because really you aren't
phony after all."

"Oh!" said Eunice, and she beid out a
hand to him. Presently, though, she
thought of something. "But the other papers!" she said. "Wasn't there anybody
clas.—"

"That's what I meant by saying you were lucky to have picked me," he told her.
"You see, nothing that happens to a reporter ever gets into the papers; so the next time you want to run away you might let me know."
"M-my, but it's been a nice day!" said

Vanilia presently.
"You aren't cold, are you?" he saked

Back Fire

ALONDON advertising solicitor was sent up into the Midlands to get business for a special edition of a daily paper dealing with an important industry. The kingpin of this industry was a manufacturer of great repute, a baronet, whose actions determined policy in the trade; but it was said he had never spent a penny for advertising. The success of this special edition turned on Sir John. If this important personage could be landed for an advertisement others would come in, as a matter of course,

The solicitor went after Sir John first. He tried to see him, but failed. He wrote to ble, but got no reply. Finally an to him, but got no reply. Finally an arrangement was made with his private secretary whereby the latter was to done for five minutes on a certain afternoon, and the solicitor was to slip into Sir John's office on his own responsibility, providing his own introduction.

This plan worked out all right. The advertising solicitor got in. Sir John looked up threateningly when the door opened to admit a stranger. It was a large office, and as the intruder hurried across to where the manufacturer sat he could see stormclouds rising. The moment he was within earshot he said:

"Sir John, I am a staff investigator for the Clarion, and in visiting the leading men of your industry here in the Midlands two things have impressed me particuthe uniform courtesy with which I have been received everywhere and the intelligence with which a survey of the industry has been comprehended."

The rising storm subsided. Of course Sir John was bound to be as courteous and intelligent as the rest of the trade after that, and he wanted to hear about this investigation. He listened as the salesman quickly explained his proposition. The word advertising was not spoken. Before the interview ended, however, he had given his order for a page: and, with that, everybody else in the trade worth while was brought into line.



ONFIDENCE in one's attire adds to the pleasure of living. Begin at the foot-be certain it's ight. Florsheim correct styles create a beeling of situafaction. The wellname-The Florsheim Sine. Priced at \$5-and up to \$7.

De Flankeur, dealer will above you. to muoc's correct Myles-

Esteva Rivari THE WAS M CONDUCT STREET

The Florsheim Shoe Co. Chiengo, U. S. A.

FOR THE MAR WHO CARES



cutralizes all odors of the dy-whether from perspi mion or other causes - and merres the soap-and-water lichness of the bath.

the at the grand dispurement of the

W. W. GC CO 1106 Chestout St Philadelphia

0.0-X-A-M-E-T-E-R

Out-of-Doors

Vacation Nuisances and Their Cure

If THERE is any one cause more pro-lific than another of disillusionment regarding camp life, it is the petty inconvenience inflicted by insect pests. The large discomforts we can endure, but it is the little ones that, as it were and in the vernacular, get our goat or goats. In the wilderness as in the city it is worry and not disaster that bulks most ominously. Nor does this annoyance always stop at dis-comfort. Disease follows the bites of some insects. Moreover, there are others that are distinctly poisonous of themselves. Once, after a bass-fishing trip in Indiana, where we hunted bait-frogs round the marshes with lanterns at midnight, our

whole party began to feel badly soon after

the return to the city.
"Malaria!" said the doctor.
"Frogs!" said we, with sudden recollection.

"No," said he; "it was anopheles." Anopheles is the name of a special brand of mosquito that bites you and gives you malaria—it is not the mists of the marsh

but the mosquitoes that carry malaria.

All over the world there are dangerous mosquitoes. We have learned the habits and attributes of the yellow-fever masquito the one that wears a felon a stripes. Everybody knows that the first thing done in building the Panarus Canal was to kill the mosquitoes. Travelers in the tropics know the value of protection against these pests. For instance there is in Ceylon a certain small mesopito that flies only at night and perhaps is not suspected at all by the traveler. The bite is certain to produce a bad fever. The same is true of other species in different countries.

Under the microscope the mosquito is a monstrous and formidable thing. It is only under the microscope that one learns the many differences in mosquitoss, all of which look or sound alike to the naked eye or ear. You may learn easily to tell the difference between anopheles and stegotoyia. One species will have a harp on his back; another white-banded legs; another white feet, and so on. There is none of them, however, which is altogether lovable; and, poisoness or merely inconvenient, they make more combined danger and discemfort in camp than all the wild beasts of the wilderness

Keeping Clean and Keeping Wett

Nature has some kindness in her makeup though for the most part she is merciles. She paints some poisonous plants and poisonous nabes bright scarlet, so that we may be warned against them. She gives the rattlesnake his warning rattle and teaches us to detest the mosquito's whining note of warning; but there are many minor pests in the woods against which she has no warning at all gnats, chigres, files, tarantulus, cen-tipedes, many bugs or buglets, on which we

realize after taking and not before.

Mankind is just beginning to wage intelligent warfare on many of these. The campaign against the bouse fly is worldwide. We know now that it was the Texas tick which caused Texas fever in range cattle. in the old days just as we know that it is a tick living on ground squirrels which causes the dendly spotted fever in human beings. It is well known that the fice is the immediate cause of the deadly Asiatic

plague. Perhaps the aversion of some persons to camp life is a sort of hereditary fear of these peets and dangers of the wilderness, slight as they actually are when proper measures keep in mind a few things in the way of cure or prevention. Of course absolute protec-tion only can be obtained by absolute destruction of the entire insect species. It is a part of the landscape gardener's duties today to wipe out all mosquitoes from low and wet places round a country residence.

Malaria disappears as countries settle up, because the wet ground disappears, and hence because the mosquitoes disappear. Be clean that is the remedy of Nature. When the West was young surgery could be performed there that is impossible there today. Germs come in with buman occu-pation. Be clean and you will be well at home or in the wilderness. When we shall



Six Safety

Six added factors of safety that hug the walk at every step.

Six air cushions that add to the heel-andspine comfort.

All built into heels of rubber of unusual life and action.

Wingfoot Rubber Heels

Here reliber heels reach their highest point of severe, salety and construct. Here a wonderful construction is added to Goodyear quality. Here are the heels that give a "greater-than-heather" durability—and with the real coshion trend who k people have mught for yours.

Easily Applied

Your dealer can supply and apply "Wing-forts." Price put on, 50c a pair. All sizes, for comfort at every step.

ldack for city and outing shore.

It your dealer is out of them, send us his tame and size of your level and we will see that you are supplied. No other rubber here can take the place of "Wingfoots."

Wingfoot Rubber Soles

Also ask for Winghot Rubber Soles-light, durable soles that make for added case and

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio Toronto, Canada; Lundon, England; Mexico City, Mexico

Dealers Everywhere. Branches and Offices in 103 Principal Cities (1311)

Self-Lubricating **Every Detroit Spring**

A Wonder of Workmanship When you see a Detroit Spring, it doesn't show its refined quality

-its wonderful workmanshipits great strength.

So exacting are the requirements in the Detroit Spring factory that the leading engineers and master workmen of the industry are gathered here - the survival of the fittest.

for the

DETROIT SPRINGSfrom the making of the steel to the final fitting of the leaves - are made by the greatest experts in the country. The steel is analyzed to an absolute formula that never varies by 12% of any element.



The triple heat treatments are determined for each spring according to the requirements for which it is designed.

Every spring is an individual problem --designed, tempered, and tested to do its particular work. Direct Springs are guaranted for how years not to settle, break or crack. This guarantee is good evidence of Detroit Spring quality and strength.

Specify Detroit Springs

for your next car. They are self-labracating. Never squeak. The real-ieurs is just tight for the car upon be surprised to learn of the delicacy which they are found, for they were made for that car.

For perfect comfort and safety, specify Detroit Springs

be surprised to learn of the delicacy of each operation in the making, and of the tests they undergo before leaving the factory. Write for it now,

Detroit Steel Products Co. 2250 Fast Grand Detroit, Mich.



be man, for boy. Open in texture, and of solt, absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by almorphism and evaporation of perspiration. Vour power breathe the needed air. The yarn's softness chainstates critation of the skin.

The Union Suite are particularly conductable. They cannot "call in the control." There is not detailed in the east. It gives. There can be us good, so budge, no draw, family that the untual label by shown your news on the garnerst. For poore can duplicate generate Chalmers.

bility, quality of yarn, clasticity, lightness, confucul. None-now, and we doubt if ever.

Protect yourself. Buy right. Look for the label.

Chalmers "Porosknit" is made in all styles-

Write for Handsone Book of All Styles

Max 50c Shints and Oranges 25c Says

\$1.00

Any Style 50c Bays

CHALMERS KNITTING CO.

1 Bridge Street

Assaterdam, N.Y.

Read Our No-Limit Guarantee

Chainers "Porosknit" is guaran-ized unconditionally. Is Sond with every garment) on follows:

"If any perment leaving the gen-nine Chalmors 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped.' Seconds' or 'Im-perfect' across the label, falls to give you its cert value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."

TOUR DLD CHEE THEM THIS SE AN

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS

PONT HAVE TO BUT NEW ETLIFORNS WHEN

BUNDERWOODECO

AGENTS! WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE

Hing Negation for the Blues, 1860 it least Partiety to you. Among t

This New Gas Lighter Different frame all others: Additionable fired, unline recy little figurities allocate fired, but fired by the little figurities and the Anthonis fired by the little figurities and the fired by postpart. Statement by small control of the little figurities for the little figurities and the fired figurities for the little figurities.



Our Special Price for This Table-\$22.50

*MASTER-BUILT FURNITURE





For Comfort, Style and Wear

Mo. 235 - Superior Quality 5th Lisle, th, our special wearproof process for and sole. Brilliant lustre. At 8000 lok your Black Cat dealer or write

> CENOSHA HOSIERY CO. KENOSHA, WIS.



have become able to cope with the pests of the wilderness we shall acquire merit in the eye of Nature, in whose court only survival wins a smile and failure elicits not a tear.

From time to time mention has been made of insect-proof tents that are used in camp. In general it may even once more be said that tents will be better when they are made with more windows. Especially is this true of the waterproof tents known as allk or silkoline. Shut yourself up in one of these tents to keep out the mosquitoes and you will nearly freeze, even on a summer night, because of the condensation of moisture within it. A screened window, with a current of air blowing through it, will really make the tent warmer as well as mafer against inserts. Your tent should be flyproof, but not airproof.

A good head-net is sometimes essential, either by day or by night, in bad fly coun-lry. When you wear it you may feel like a dog with a muzzle; but you will soon get used to it, though you cannot well wear it on the trail in the woods. Have your head-net black, never white or green—you cannot see through anything but black. Perhaps the best net is one that draws in over the top of your broadbrimmed hat, comes down free of your face, and is tied under your arms. You can even get a bead-net today with a hole in it for your pipestem, if you

Another item on which too high value cannot be placed is the long mosquito glove arranged with a sleeve and elastics, essential in some had fly countries, such as Labrador or the Far North. Usually these gloves are or the Far North. Usually these gloves are made with the tips of the fingers cut out, so that you can work. By keeping the ends of your fingers well conted with dope, your wrists and hands can thus be rendered immune against all manner of biting insects. Sometimes on the salmon waters of Quebec the little gnats or "no-see-ams" are so had that the angler also wears a bavelock, or light linen neckcape, which turks down under his collar. If one smokes turks down under his collar. If one smokes a pipe all the time, usually that will be sufficient protection.

The Cedar Back Smudge

Much of your comfort, as regards insects, Much of your comfort, as regards insects, will depend upon your clothing. You can get a beautiful suit of alive-green khaki or one of the light sparting cloths; but let it not be too thin—in bad fly country the mosquitose will go through it easily. A losser garment of wool, with thick underwear, will prove a much better protection; and in general it is better to have on too much wool and too thick clothing than too little and too light. Light cutton under-wear, with thin stockings, has ruined many a varution trip. Women especially dislike the clumsy look and feet of good sporting wear, and they are the ones that suffer most about the camp - they simply will not wear sufficiently heavy stockings. Short sleeves and game underwear are far better for winter than for summer.

Of course you can save yourself much discomfort by pitching your camp with judg-ment. In fly countries camp in the open and in the wind -a mosquito cannot make any headway against the wind, because he turns his wings up sidewise, and then he is

If you have no other protection try a smodge in camp—if the mosquitoes are bad. Perhaps the best one is made of cedar burk, though it is very hard on the eyes. You may use grass or leaves if you can do no better. In the pine woods you may have seen the bornesteaders' smudges—built in an iron pot in front of the deor, mostly with bark. In many parts of Canada you will see a smoldering fire of damp hay, with a rail fence round it. The fence is to keep the horses and cattle from crowding into the fire when they are driven well-nigh mad, as they sometimes are, by the swarms of mosquitors or flies.

Besides these physical protections or preventions, little remains but dope. In some rountries dope is no protection at all, some rountries dape as no protection at all, so numerous and bloodthirsty are the masquitoes. In the ordinary sporting country of the temperate zones, however, a good dope will do the trick. No one can tell you which is the best dope, for every sporteman has his own formula; but dope of some kind, in a box or a bottle, you ought to have with you-as paste or liquid-if you are going into camp in the mesquito

season and in the mosquito country. The stand-by of the woods is tar and oil. Some use sweet oil, but castor oil is more

(Continued on Page 85)

These Handles NEVER Work Loose

"YANKEE" Plain Screwdrivers stand up under all of the above B SCLEWdriver gets. You can't twist the handles on the blades; hecause of a "Yankee" device that practically makes a one-piere tual of handle and blade.

YANKEE TOOLS VRake Beller Mechanics

The Street are selected as the selected as the

"YANKEE" Plain Screwdriver

No. 90 .- Supulard Serie or 14 No. 95 - Cabond Style, in 11 street, 27; 7 to 85; 7 blades

Your dealer con sensit ton Hards for "Fundow" Fine Parts, 1977, 19870

AMERICAN SEE OF PRINCIPLE

Only 2 Cylinder Rowboat Motor HORE POWE

The entry 2 cylinder reactions insiter. The latest forest thing in detailable rowbent, forest anything on the market. A real engine. Powerful, fact-squiet and amount running, estra-Kok and reversion sally.

KOBAN ROWBOAT MOTOR

KIRAN MIC. CO., 2635. Water St., Milwanker, Win.





SICK or WELL

POLE MILLER DEDU CO., Inc., 404 E. Mais Pt., Belle

(Continued from Page 82)

distasteful to insects—nobody and nothing likes castor oil, not even a hungry mosquito. The usual formula is oil of pine tar, three parts; castor oil, two parts; and oil of pennyroyal, one part. Sometimes I add to the above as much oil of citronella, which also is very distasteful to mosquitoes and many other insects. This dope is liquid. The smell is not unpleasant, but the prescription requires that you put it on and do not wash it off, which to some persons—especially fastidious ladies—is something of a hardship. Do not be afraid to use it; and do not get the idea that a little dab on your nose or ear is going to keep the mosquitoes away from you—use plenty. If you perspire this dope will run.

your hose or ear is going to keep the mosquitoes away from you—use plenty. If you perspire this dope will run.

All the resources of applied chemistry have been called on in the manufacture of ity dope. Some are cleaner than others and are as efficient. You can, for instance, take castor oil and citronella, or custor oil and oil of lavender, and look a trifle more ladylike than if you use the tar compounds. Most sportsmen agree that citronella is a

good repellent.

There is nothing so good as quinine to cure malaria, which comes from mosquito bite. From this fact one ingenious sportsman reasoned that mosquitoes do not like bitter things, and he concluded to put something bitter, like quassia, in a fly dope of his own. He used this dope successfully in all parts of the United States and in Central America, and claimed that it made a good protection even against chigres.

a good protection even against chigres.

This inventor was Colonel Crofton Fox, now deceased, but once a well-known Michigan sportsman. His recipe, which has been printed from time to time, was as follows: "Fox's Fly Dope: Oli of pennyroyal: oil of peppermint; oil of bergamot; oil of cedar; third extract of quassia, of each, one dram; gum camphor, four drams; vaseline, yellow, two drams. Mix. Dissolve camphor in vaseline by heat; when cold add remainder." The drugglet will understand this.

stand this.

A Western firm makes a dope something like the foregoing, with the addition of oil of cloves and citronella. This is put up in collapsible tubes, convenient for use. Vaseline or mutton tallow is used as a body in several of the pastes, some of which are very efficient and all of which are cleanly and convenient to use. Most of these pastes have nemovroval as the main receilent.

line or mutton tallow is used as a body in several of the pastes, some of which are very efficient and all of which are cleanly and convenient to use. Most of these pastes have pennyroyal as the main repellent.

A fly dope has been on the market for tairty years that has quite a vogue in black-fly country. I do not know the ingredients, except that oil of tar is one of them and very likely pennyroyal is used. The mixing oil is of less importance and we may classify this simply as one of the tar dopes. It is good against no-see-ums and black fly—those little nuisances that bite you along your hatband or back of the ears.

Fly Dopes for Every Taste

If you are going on a long and hard journey the paste dope you can carry in a lox has some advantages over a liquid dope—if you carry the latter in glass. It is better to carry a liquid dope in a little screw-top tin holding a couple of ounces or so. It is thus less likely to be last through breakure.

A gentleman in Kentucky some years ago sent me the recipe for a dope he found very efficient in the northern woods—merely a variant of the old staple. It calls for pure pine tar, one ounce; pennyroyal, one ounce; vaseline, three ounces. The same gentleman sometimes used another formula: lar, two ounces; caster oil, three ounces; pennyroyal, one ounce. He always said that most of the volatile aromatic oils, or even camphor, lose efficiency through evaporation very quickly; but, from his hints and those foregoing, any woodsgoer can evolve a dope that will do the work as well as anything.

well as anything.

Deer flies—the big green chaps—are keen rutters. Perhaps dope may help keep them away. Try it—at least on the necks and flanks of your horses; for you may save them much misery. The bite of these flies is very painful to a horse or to a man. The bulldog flies of the Rockies are well-known nuisances. Sometimes the high grassy meadows in the mountains, which look like fine camping grounds, are almost untenable by person of these greenheaded flies.

fine camping grounds, are almost untenable by reason of these greenheaded flies. Sometimes on the prairies, or near the mountains of the West, you may have been tormented by swarms of flying ants, which hang round back of your head as you ride on horseback or in a wagon. They bite rather keenly and sometimes get in your hair. A head net is best for them, or a silk handkerchief will answer if you have no net.

handkerchief will answer if you have no net.

We have with us tonight also the tick and chigre, neither happily of general distribution, though sufficiently abundant. Ticks are bad things, especially in tropical countries. They constitute one of the menaces of hunting in Africa. Carefully fitted clothing, leggings and footwar make the best protection against ticks. A bodyband soaked in kerosene sometimes is used. The African hunter at night always wears mosquito boots—a soft, light footwear, which will turn ticks as well as mosquitoes.

The worst tick country of the United States is in the South; and still farther to the southward, in Mexico and Central America, the tick nuisance is yet worse. There you may find the pinolias or the garapatas. When you come into camp covered by the latter, each with his head buried in your system and each very much absorbed in the work he has found in do, the best thing is to get some one to touch the end of a lighted cigarette to each of the nuisances. He will then blow up and cease to trouble you.

Eternal vigilance is the only price of safety in tick country. Dope is not much good. Perhaps if one were liberally anointed with kerosene it might keep them off in good measure. If you get a bug in your car pour in kerosene—it will make him back out. Sometimes it will have the same effect on a tick. Sometimes camphor has something of the same effect—or chloroform, or diluted ammonia. I am strong for a bottle or can of ammonia in camp. It is a sovereign remedy for the alleviation of insect bites. If a tick gets on you do not get excited and pull off his head—induce him to back out before he dies.

What to Do for Snake Bite

One of the worst pests of the woods, especially in a warm or moist country, is the minute little red spider, called the chigre, chigger or jigger. There is nothing more odious in all created Nature than this almost invisible pest. He larks for you in the bark of the log where you sit down to rest, or drops on your clothing from the leaves or the grass as you walk. Nothing happens then for perhaps three or four hours. Then you experience an intelerable itching and begin to swell up in lumps about as hig as a hazelsut—each lump being a place where a chigre has set up housekeeping. This irritation will continue for several days, and sometimes is bad enough to deprive one of all sorts of happiness is camp if one does not know how to handle the malady.

It is suggested that chloroform is excellent

It is suggested that chloroform is excellent to allay the sting of chigre bites, and sometimes kerosene has been used for the same purpose. Perhaps you may have neither of these remedies with you, but you are almost sure to have a good piece of rusty haven rind—and that is the standard remedy of the woodsman. Rub the bites—and the places that are not yet bites—thoroughly with this grease. You will find it alleviating and in most cases a specific. Mercurial ointment, no doubt, would be better, but bacou rind is always handy. It will do for prevention as well as cure. Happily the chigre is not very common in a pinewoods country. Usually you will find him in hardwood country or in the warm and moist parts of the prairie country.

If you are afflicted by insection camp do not all down and most because you have

If you are afflicted by insects in camp do not sit down and most because you have not a drug store at your command—use the remedien you have. What you want is something alkaline. If you have no ammonia use strong salt and water. Try kerosene, but not too copiously. That very thorough-going woodsman and woodswriter, Mr. Kephart—by all odds the most accurate and informing of the book writers on these topics—suggests that you can kill a mosquito hite by touching it with indigo—or, if you have not indigo, by rubbing it with a raw onion. Even whisky—used externally—sometimes will take part of the sting out of the bite.

There are sandflies that walk by day and

There are sandfiles that walk by day and midges that stalk abroad just at dusk. Dope will do for them. Nets do not always keep them out perfectly, but they do not fly so much by night.

Some people have a great horror of snakes. It is not of much use to point out to them that the percentage of danger is very slight, indeed, and that it annually grows less—in the temperate zone at least—as the few poisonous species more and more

Only one wall board has this Wood Core

It's a patented feature.

Wall board, to be strong, durable and entirely satisfactory in every way for walls and ceilings and many other uses, must have this wooden core.

Yet Compo-Board is the only wall board that has this wood core.

Don't be satisfied with just wall board—ask for Compo-Board and be sure you get it. The wood core, as illustrated in this ad, is a certain means of identification; in fact that's the most important reason you can have for preferring Compo-Board.

Dealers almost everywhere have Compo-Board in strips 4 feet wide and up to 18 feet long. Write us for booklet and sample piece, and we'll send you nearest dealer's name.

Northwestern Compo-Board Co., 4303 Lyndale Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

Trademark Registered C. S. Fatout Giffor Str. 94148





Your cuffs come where you want them

Emery Shirts

are made different lengths of sleeves in each neck size. In the size you wear you can obtain your correct sleeve length,

Guaranteed fit, color and wear

At dealers (1974) Pay look for (1974) Pay look for (1974) \$1.50 up.

Write at for "Ethics of a Gentlemon's Drop" and calaing of Emory shirts.

W.M. Steppacher & Bro., Makers, Philadelphia Offices also: New York, Chicago, St. Louis





A Perfect Baker and Fuel Saver

Should Be In Your Kitchen The Boss Oven Heats In 2 Minutes

30 Days Free Trial Every Oven Fally Goaranteed

Sold by Beat Dealers Everywhere

You Can Watch It Bake or Roast



irn duaranteed Glass Door



AVE TO SET FREE PARTOR

approach extermination. The copporhead stake, once of the North, now infrequent even in the South, is poisonous. So is the moccasin stake of the South, mostly found round the bayous or in the wet country. The several species of the rattleanake, very widely distributed at one time and even yet to be found occasionally over a great part of the United States, are very poisonous.

The bite of any one of these snakes might, but very rarely does, cause death. It would be certain to produce great danger and distress. Any American hunter of many years' experience hasseen one or all of those species. I have killed many of them all, but never personally knew of but two cases of snake-bits. One was that of a bird dog, bitten by some snake—we never knew what. The dog's head swelled up a great deal and for some days he suffered very much, but did not die; and eventually he recovered en-tirely. The other case was that of a child bitten by a rattler, and death resulted in a few hours-no remedy being used.

The usual remedy for snakebite is whisky and then some more whisky. Doctors say it is of no use; but if you have nothing better and are enakebitten it may help you to forget the snakebite if it does not cure it. If you have courage to cut deeply into the wound as soon as the bite is inflicted, and to squeeze the poison out, you will need less whisky. It would not do much good to cauterize the wound if the poison were left

under the scar.

I remember rending an old book of boys adventure, long since out of print, which told of a rattlemake bite that was cured by the application of the bodies of many lowls split open along the back and applied to the women. A sort of cupping glass can be made of a bottle, heated quite hot with hot water, and then applied copty with the mouth to the wound.

When bitten by a poisonous snake you will want a doctor and probably cannot get one. Therefore cut the wound deeply with a knife that has been sterilized by passing through a flame.

In Case of Scorpions

The real remedy for snakebite is potassium permanganate. If you are in a land anake country it is just as well to have along a few of the crystals and a hypodermic syrings for this solution—you can get the outfit, with instructions, at any good spart-

ing outfitter's.

In the Southwest we used to have centipedes—sometimes in our boots, sometimes
in our conteleeves of a morning. They had
a way of crawling into your blankets at night also. The cowpunctors slways said the bits of a certipede would drive a man crasy, and that if one crawled across a man's flesh its feet were like bot needles with polson in them.

There are scorpions, also, even pretty well to the northern edge of the Southern wen to the northern edge is the Southern states; and there are taractules in a great part of the dry West and Southwest. The bite of mone of these creatures is apt to be fatal, but it is certain to be the cause of great suffering. Cut the bite open; press out the blood the best you can—cup it if possible. Drench it with animonia if you have it; use tubacco and whisky if you have nothing better-

If you are timorous about any of these things, and are in a recentry where they are found, carry a hair rope with you, such as the Mexicans make out of horseladr. Put this down on the ground in a loop round your bed. The compunctors always say that no scorpion, tarantula or rattler would crawl over a hair rope. That may be superstition, just as the whisky antidote may be superstition. And perhaps, also, you may remember the old saying that a rattle-make would not cross a little streak of the ashes of the black ash if you mark that round your bed. I presume a great many rattlesnakes have not crossed either a hair rope or a streak of ashes.

As a matter of fact, man is the shiftlest and most resourceful of all animals. You very soon learn the discomforts in any given camping locality and very soon learn to overcome there, so that you can be quite comfertable in camp under almost any circumstances—usually with simple reme-dies close at hand. And, of course, what applies to the camp proper applies also to

the summer resort or country botel.

Many a vacation has been unpleasant or unsatisfying when a little knowledge of some simple things and a little personal resourcefulness would have brought in quite a different story's



SCORED cylinders, burned bearings and ruined motors are the direct result of overheating. It is this over-beating that steads on your car like a third in the night. Without the

MOTOMETER

there is no warning until your motor has been damaged beyond repair.

The Metamester will keep your car oot of the repair shop and it's a preventice that's a heared dieta charger than a cure.

Regular equipment on Mercer, Pilot son Headrenson "6." Dealers everywhere an authorized to supply Main Meters on Bridge free feeld. Order our from your dealer to do the can attack it to your radiator can attack it to your radiator. Two modes minutes. It fits any can, including Overlands. WRITE FORE BOOKLET — Two modes to make the continuous of the continuous of the same state of the same state



Shirley President

Light as down on tender shoulders

Suspenders

Salatortain or money book nime. Street, Principles of the Sales The C. A. Edpartin Mily. Co., Miles Stat.







25c Retainer For Man Co. 87 So. Main Street, All

If You Need More Money

a postal card of inquiry will bring complete details of a permanent, profitable and interesting plan which will satisfy your "money wants."

Address Agency Division The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE REQUITAL

Continued from Page 8

Her voice flickered into a tenderness at is sud, as new as the new color in her Her mother drew a long breath, and this be Ellen—her calm, well-ordered again.—Ellen, the poised, the balanced, in reasonable, the controlled? If this was a nfuence already! thought Mrs. Hadley.

There is always a certain shame in any ady for that warmth of Ellen's; "but I am or blaming Pierre.

No." blazed Ellen; "Pierre is not to

But it is a very serious question whether + has any right to marry!" and espeant; she might have found excuses for rem smarrying somebody else's daughter, or precisely hers "Such things are or precisely hers -

"I'm sorry you feel that way about it,"
ad Ellos: "but I can't give Pierre up."
Mrs. Hadley looked at her daughter,
pailed. Could she be under the sway of is treadful thing called passion? Mrs. laiey turned but to her finger-tips; she to shamed to look at her daughter with the thought in her mind; but when she if look she was equally unable to keep her

hinted eyes away. Links whole face and figure seemed Suget-dilated with an inner sestasy she va mapable of hiding wholly, though her other divined she was doing her hest to

be perest glint of the shining within, the so she glowed with it, as if some what suddenly lighted a lamp within the by And it was Pierre who had lighted a lamp within the lighted was referred. Mrs. Hadley remembered the was referred of his phrase and his eyes: Elimber such a beautiful figure!" Em has such a beautiful figure!

he shut her own eyes and shuddered; decreased them and wondered for the first me whether Ellen's columnar throat could an overdevelopment of the thyroid! to lad heard that could change your whole brader.

1-I'm afraid"-Mrs. Hadley spoke of extreme gentleness, as one speaks to a maint—"you are not judging this— to nost important matter with the calreit deserves, Ellen. You must not be

it is all judged, mamma; and as for Us. Hadley made a movement of open

"less in love! My dear Ellen, what an accessor!" she repeated with genuine

but the climax of the whole-for herto when Ellen, after one astonished now at her, threw back her head and highed-laughed, even as Pierre might avalughed, or any other girl of any other

Her mother sat stonily regarding the sweet of a lifetime's teaching; and suddent Ellen stopped laughing.

"I'm sorry," she said gently; "but welly -I'm afraid there isn't any other itms for it." She looked at her mother ad the last twinkle died from her eyes; she my suber a recognizable Hadley again. Have you anything else, mother, against besides his lameness?"

Mr. Hadley wanted to say that she had wrything else—that the entire family and severy natural bent were repugnant to bit these were antagonisms so irra-but that she would have blushed to own

ten verbally so she answered:
"No. I will not pretend I should not are preferred a man of more serious rane of mind and profession; but I am and of Pierre himself, as you know—and htty him very much," she added, dealing rescauly or unconsciously the sharpest positie thrust.

Elen's chin went up in the air imme-

lon't think you need do that, mamma."
Do what?"

Pity him so much. He is already Preshed has made a place and a

Etacly among musicians," murmen her mother.

Well, would you expect him to make softening instantly to add: "And by happy." She did not need to add:

Mrs Holley, looking at her, suppressed

moment of maternal prescience and suddenly knew the value of words. She got up from her chair.

"I only ask you, Ellen, to weigh well what you are doing; not to—to decide on blind impulse," she said almost apologetically. "Of course, if you have really thought this over—if it is the judgment of your-your highest conscience, then, no matter what we may feel or think, you know we shall do our best to—to—
"To——" said the implacable Elien.
"To make the best of it," Mrs. Hadley

concluded limply.

Ellen walked over to her mother,
"Thank you," she said. "And—please
begin making the best of it right away." She kissed her mother's cheek, passed a hand of unwentest tenderness over her moth-er's hair, and walked calmly and unabashed

from the room. It was dreadful! Mrs. Hadley, whom her husband found trying to wipe away an unwonted and surreptitious tear, could only

phrase it thus: It didn't seem to be Ellen at all. It was as if I had never known my own daughter. If this is Pierre's influence—

Mr. Hadley, confronted with another problem as serious as frames and about which he felt no wiser, thought rapidlyrapidly for him:

"At least it is an irrepreschable family connection; and Pierre has no no bad

Privately his wife felt inclined to return that living at all might be called a bad habit—in some people.

Aloud she said:
"But it is a dreadful blow, with our wellknown views everything we are known to stand for. Ellen—to marry a cripple!" "That, of course, is deplorable," assented her husband; "but there is absolutely

nothing else

"Isn't that enough? Lame people ought not to be allowed to marry!" exclaimed his

wife tragically.
"True: but if Ellen bolds out ——"
"Oh!" said Ellen's mother. "Ellen will bold out!"

"Then, my dear, I really see nothing but to to make the best of it."
"There is nothing," grouned his wife, but to make the best of it."

They looked at each other, and in the look were all their patient years of loyalty of selfless devotion and steadfast bannerbearing: but no lightest wavering. It was wordlessly understood between them that even if their eldest flinched from the standard they should not; they would go right on and somehow make their flying banners cover even Ellen.

Though they might deplore, they would not forsake. Out of that silent communion they emerged not only able but almost eager to face the worst and make the best of it only as they turned together to leave the room did Mrs. Hadley voice her last

"And Henry Kilvert

Mr. Hadley shook his head in answer. He added the brief commentary: "We shall never know!" We shall never know!"

Meantime in the Garnett household there was consternation. Being the Gar-netts, they did not dream of interfering with their son's choice; but they looked at each other in silent dismay. Marry Ellen Hadley!-that very commonplace girl, of an utterly commonplace family!—with a whole world of girls to choose from! Pierre—their Pierre—who had had their own dream-romance always before him and was himself the very quintessential flower of it in blood and brain!

What can be be thinking of I" exclaimed Mary Garnett, propping a Rossetti face on one long hand.

My dear, he isn't thinking," smiled bet husband, and sighed. "Certainly it isn't what we would have dreamed or wished for He stroked the cloud of Rossetti hair, down which his fingers found their instinctive way to hers and clasped them sympathetically. "But, after all, since he loves her -

"Oh, of course, since he loves her!" repeated Pierre's mother,
"Yes since he loves her!

"And since she loves him," added Pierre's mother hopefully, "there must be some-

thing!"
"There must be something; but whether there is or not," said Pierre's father with a



Simplicity-The Secret of OLUS Superiority

The Sould per of comfort is your UNDERWEAR. We are unberden, immoth acting layer if it's no

OLUS COAT-CUT UNION SUIT (Loose Fitting)

The Cont-cot feature, found only to OLUS, makes possible a clusted be a self permanently riosed crotch, protecting the body at every point, and only as Parkers of a decad agreement or opening in the basis for percently from almost the croticle. All Palaries, including a new Press \$1.00 to \$3.00.

DEATH ONLY PIECE PAJANTAS to Semantic miles and combine place deep. All the parties are proved to a OLASS and on our Cont. home. \$7.50 to \$8.50.

To Dealess - Tom wholeseler carries OLUS. Booklet on Imposts THE GHEARD CO., Makers, Dept. O. 346 Broadway, New York City

WANTED: SALESMEN

ENVINE Havana Seconds





You want this combination of qualities in your summer bose—a cool sheer light sock with heavy-nick service.

Notice the unusual reinforcement; beginning over and back of the toes and extending along the whole sole to a point clear above the heal line of a lowshoe. Every wearing part is made doubly strong; yet the whole sock is so sheer

Iron.

and light that it weighs only one ounce per pair. Cet a supply of these handsome, mercerized socks now, No. 599 only 25c a pair. If you don't know of an Iron Clad dealer nearby, order from us direct. We prepay postage. Colors: Black, Navy Blor, Golden Tan, White, Helistrope and Dark Grey. Tan, White, Hell Sizes 912 to 1112



CATALOG IN COLORS, FREE!

A beamiful book, showing Iron Clads for the whole family. Weite for it!



SALESMEN STREET STREET

F. St. Chanada, Spring Sec. 14





little shrug and a growing twinkle, "clearly the only thing we can do is just to make the best of it."
"Yes," assented she; "we must make the

best of it. But-Pierre and Ellen Hadley!

They were married -with all the dignity due the bride's traditions, and so much of the grace of a pagan, yet divine, festival as the bridegroom's family could import into it. They had offered their rose garden; but the ceremony took place decorously in a drawing room.

"Never mind!" Pierre had whispered. "This is their wedding; there will be silver and golden and rainbow and mounteamy and starshiny unes-and we'll have thme as we like.

They behaved, in fact, as though it had been anybody's wedding but their own-as though they were only being married at all to gratify their families. Henry Kilvert, who acted as best man, showed a far more conscientious interest. He went have the property of the everybody. about beaming, explaining to everybody, with a singular lack of his usual reserve, what an auspicious event it was — Pierre being the only man in the world fit to be intrusted with Ellen; and Ellen the only girl in the world capable of nourishing a genius so precious as Pierre's.

Mrs. Hadley, listening to him, was al-most convinced—until she caught sight of his face during the ceremony, his gaze fixed on Ellen. Her husband had been right— they should never know!

After the wedding the two lovers went to After the weading the two lovers went to live in a honeymoun entrage a long way from anywhere—unless you had a motor. Mrs. Hadley had found a much more ad-vastageous one, socially and domestic-ally, as she pointed out, nearer at hand; but Pierre had found this, and he pointed out values in viny porches and thick-set

lawns. "It will be damp," Mrs. Hadley foreboded.

"It will be delicious," replied Pierre.

The married loveresat in the big hammorit on the porch a few months later, swinging softly. Pierre's arm was about Elien and

her hand in his.
"It is like living in a fairy tule to live with you!" said Ellen softly.

"It is like living in a comfortable heaven to live with you—a comfortable heaven!" emphasized literae.

"Do you suppose"—Ellen lifted her even to his—"it will always be like this?"

For a landed into those eyes.

"No: march letter!"

She had on the turburic embroidered, solver, and to raised back deffly use of the wate storous and himsel her hare arm.
"You are -comis!" he murmured.

They's open glowed.

And, son't it wooden'to that I'm put a all musted really except that I lave years? Any mass also gluored down at the property sector. "Hear I'm really har-

Fore model "I shouldn't want you to be nelly bettern. It's because you're all these other straight will things your perrols to add your and which they are that I have your You are then a straight. "And you," exchanned Libra, "are like-

the wooder prime in the fairy rale, who compet the plan present girl. Oh, you are the exception I've ever sented in my life you are you!" Another passes.

"Yes bein't Library down, he was stress will sentilize the partition in those purposed agrees

"A ben Christon, rooms, and every one birthing, and or our marriage contents and shape and you

little, perfectly foolish and useless and

"Why of course I will!" replied Pierre

promptly.

Ellen laughed softly; her wise eyes were shining like a child's.

"All my life I've had all the things I needed—my parents were so splendid!— and I've simply longed far things I didn't need. I've had everything that was wise and right and sensible—and I've just ached for something perfectly foolish."
"Was that why you married me?" saked

Pierre unmoved.

"Maybe!" laughed Ellen. She caught her breath. "All my life I've so envise children who had hardly anything—but whose parents gave them gifts. If ever we have children —"

"Of course we are going to have chil-dren!" Pierre interrupted her calmly.

The child that was born to them at the end of the year was as straight as Ellen, with Pierre's flaming forehead—as Henry Kilvert called it—and Ellen's eyes, deep-ened to a fathomiess blue, darkly fringed and full of both their dreams.

Of course he might have been cruoked and devoid of imagination—but I tell the

facts.
"Pierre has the most wonderful little son!" the Garnetta joyously proclaimed everywhere.

"He is really a most remarkably fine child Ellen's boy!"—the Hadleys west about complacently telling every one they

"See here! Have you seen my godson? Henry Kilvert beamingly demanded of all his acquaintances, rubbing his hands with glee—"Henry Hadley Garnett! He's simply the greatest thing on earth-perfectly

Pierre's sonata—the first of his famous Fatherhood series—was finished the very week after his little son's birth, and was dedicated—like all the others—to Ellen, his unmusical wife.

Birdə qə Tramemittere

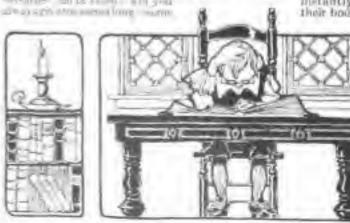
BIRDS are becoming so injurious to the high-voltage electric transmission lines now so common in the country, carrying their great power from some river to a distant city, that engineers have been forced to devise protection for the lines at considerably increased cost.

At the least excum electricity will come across from one of these wires to another or to the ground, and perhaps put the whole system out of service and necessitate expensive repairs. The body of a bird, or the bodies of a slock of birds, may give the electricity just the opportunity it require to make the jump, like stepping-atones in a wide break. wide brook

A California company has had great trouble with eagles, the bodies of which have enabled the current to jump from the wires to the steel towers of the transmission line, and so to the ground. An Eastern company is now building its lines with wire so far sport that the current cannot make the jump through the body of a great buzzar. flying with wide-spreading wings between

The wires. A German company that has had much trouble because birds sat in chains on the crossorms of the pulse or towers, and the gave the electricity the stepping stones it always moding, has rebuilt its lines will crossories so oblique that the birds do no find them convenient for roosting; are ever the insulators are placed conical cap so sharply pointed that a bird would slip off. Of course while the birds are danger mes to the transmission lines, the electricity is faind in the birds, not only killing then instantly but usually burning

their bodies to a cinder.





Good as Gold

WHAT is the soundest guide in buying clothes?

Here you see the answer: Look for this Kirschbaum Guarantee and Price Ticket on the sleeve of your next coat.



It guarantees over our signature that the suit is all-wool, fast in color, shrunk by the original London cold-water process, tailored by hand and sewn at all points of strain with *silk* thread. And—

It promises to return your money or give you new garments should you find reasonable cause for dissatisfaction in your purchase.

Will your Summer clothes be fully insured against the fading power of the hot summer sun, the shrinking power of the unexpected shower, the wear and strain of summer activities?

If you find the Kinschbaum Ticket on the sleeve of your coat - yes!

A. B. KIRSCHBAUM CO., PHILADELPHIA

Kirschbaum Clothes \$15-520 Clothes \$25 and up

"Look for the Guarantee and Price Ticket on the Sleeve"



Phonon but of continues to the continues of the continues



Compliant

(a and by the god, bod, of this was been accepted at this was been accepted at a superior and below as a sub-superior and a few accepted at the superior and a sub-superior accepted at the superior accepted at t

The base is the day in the day in the same in the same



/ full thread)

[Full a given of process
(thread input i terresis)

Threa put a please of soft

thread to be process

thread to break the

Statistics just to intensing of that part of particles of the part of the state of the state that the state of the state of the state of the state of



Magnification of Keep Land College of the College o

I make it open as the second s

A CANADA STATE OF THE PARTY OF

MODEL

Administración A fil Constanção



THE SATURDAY EVENIG POST



of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty-By David Jayne Hill

The Salesmanager says—

Good Looks Make Dreams of Success Come True

"Believe in me—in my ability—in my goods!"
is what your eyes telegraph daily to someone, as you
try to make this or that dream come true.

"I-I-I'm not sure I can trust you," relegraphs Suspicion to the other person's brain.

Then you often put Suspicion to flight solely by your looks. Look as good as you are, and Success will meet you half way. Pumpeian Massage Cream will make you look as good as you are. Try it.

"You're the salesman I want because you look as good as you are"

"I chose you because your good, clean looks match up with your ability and the character of our house.

"A good impression is a good start. A salesman must not merely get attention before he can get an order. He must get favorable attention. Always look as good as you are."

A clear, clean Pompeian skin will help make your Dream of Success come true, because Pompeian makes you look as good as you are. Try Pompeian Massage Cream.

"Do you know why I chose you as my secretary?"

"First, because of your ability, of course. But a close second reason is your appearance. I won't have a man about me who is not 'clean cut.' Any other kind irritates me and decreases my own efficiency. My motio is 'Clear the way for the man with a clean record and a clean, wholesome appearance!"

Miral: A good, clear skin helps a good, clear brain win success. Make your own promotion easier. Use Pompeian Massage Cream. You'll be surprised how it will invigorate and improve your skin.



Look as Good as You Are—Use Pompeian

The President

says-

Pompeian Massage Cream conduces the wholesome, Clear than complexion of health by collectionall the minute impurities which the skin holds: Pumpeian literally rolls them out of you, while at the minutime it exercises the skin, vital and it, keeping it well-looking. Pumpeian Massage Cream is the loan-dation of the "clear-cut hadrons look" which begets confidence—the secret of all success. Try Prompeian. Clip the coupon to the coupon

Cut off, sign and send

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.
49 Prospect St., Cleveland. (P.
Gentlement — Enclosed find & Samone or Island
for a trial for of Pompeian Manager Cleans.)

Address

City

State



A Pompeian Complexion Wins Admiration

BEAUTIFIES and YOUTHIFIES

Pompeian will make your complexion clear, tresh and youthful. And not by covering up, hat by cleansing and exercising the skin. A Pompeian massage also refreshes the face and sudues tired lines of worn and work. Try Pompeian, Clip couponnow.

Warning S h u n chesply made imitations. Insist on Pompseian. It has improved complexions by 12 years. All dealers sell Pompeian—50c, 75c and 51. Get it and no other.

Get Trial Jar

Sent for 6c, stamps of coins, Clip coupon now.

nontropourperprenature and a second property of the control of the

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company Independence Square Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D' 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright 1914, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottown, Canada

Volume 186

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 16, 1914

Number 46

The Meaning of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty—By David Jayne Hill



John Hay, Who, as Secretary of State, Represented the United States in the Treaty Reguliniums

ITHOUT on the expediency of either affirming or surrendering such rights as the United States may possess in the Panama Canal, it may be useful at this time to inquire what are the respective rights of the United States and Great Britain under the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty.

THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY -In 1850 the accupation by Great Britain of territory in the vicinity of a possible future tanal connecting the Atlantic and the Pacific loù to the negotiation of a treaty betwown the United States and Great Britain, signed on April nineteenth of that year, which contained the foltherifty years that had elapsed since the signing of the Clayton Bulwer Treaty.might consider it expedient to denounce that treaty, on the ground that treatles, even when alloged to be perpetual, are morally binding only refree are mantified. sard course to be so when conditions have essentially changed. In the conduct

of the negotiations. Mr. Hay discovered that Great Britain was deeply interested in the construction of a canal at the expenso of the United States, and would readily consent to it on condition that the general principle of neatralization, which had been definitely specified In the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, should be recognized in a new conveyblue.



Lard Fauncefule, England's Simbassador to the United States at the Time the Trenty Was Made

Accordingly a new treaty was signed on February 5, 1900, designed to take the place of the Clayton-Rulwer Treaty, in which it was agreed that a canal might be constructed "applier the auspices of the Government of the United States, either directly at its own cost or by gift or loan of money to individuals or corporations, or through subscription to or purchase of stock or shares."

THE PIEST HAY-PAUNCEPOTE TREATY—Though the treaty of February 5, 1900, released the Government of the United States from some of the obligations of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, it did not release it from all.

In the second article it was declared:

"The High Contracting Parties, desiring to preserve and maintain the 'general principle' of neutralization established in Article VIII of the Clayton-Bulwer Convention, which convention is hereby superseded, adopt, as the basis of such neutralization, the following rules."

The rules, substantially as embodied in the Suez Canal Convention, signed by nine Powers in 1888, then follow. The first one reads:

"The canal shall be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations, on terms of entire equality; so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions and charges of traffic or otherwise."

The seventh rule reads:

"No fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent. The United States, however, shall be at liberty to maintain such military police along the canal as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder."

Evidently here, as in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, Great Britain shared with the United States the power to determine the conditions under which the canal should be used. It was distinctly agreed that all nations, without qualification of any kind, and therefore plainly including the United States, were to be treated on terms of entire equality with the United States.

The language is plain and explicit, and can have no other meaning. So complete is the condominium in the control of the canal that Great Britain in the first Hay-Pauncefote

"The Governments of the United States and Great Britain hereby declare that neither the one nor the other will ever obtain or maintain for their any exclusive control over the said ship cannil; agreeing that neither will ever erect or maintain any fortifications commanding the same or in the vicinity thereaf, or company, or fortify, or colonise, or assume, or exercise any dominion over Nicaragua, Costa Rica, the Mosquito Cosat, or any part of Central America," and so on.

So long as this convention remained in force—that is, down to the year 1900—it was impossible for either Great Britain or the United States to build an isthmian canal over which it could, without a violation of the treaty, exercise such rights of control and defense as would justify the expenditure of the cost of construction by either nation.

Meanwhile, under rights obtained from Colombia, a French company began, but afterward abandoned, the construction of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama.

In 1900 the Government of the United States desired to construct an isthmian canal for the purpose of connecting its Atlantic and Pacific coasts by a waterway through which its ships of war and its domestic commerce might be transferred from ocean to ocean. This was to be an American canal, constructed and controlled by the Government of the United States. The obstacle to procedure was the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, by which the United States was solemnly bound not to exercise the control it now desired to exercise.

THE ABROGATION OF THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY—The task was intrusted to the Secretary of State, Mr. John Hay, to open negotiations with Great Britain for the purpose of liberating the Government of the United States from its agreement with Great Britain, in order that it might be free to proceed with the construction of a canal under its own exclusive control.

Would Great Britain agree to release the United States from the then existing obligations? That was the question which Secretary Hay was called on to face. On the one hand, Great Britain might be reluctant to permit the United States to construct and control a waterway between the two oceans, through which American ships might at all times pass freely and from which British ships might sometimes be excluded.

On the other hand, Great Britain, as the greatest of maritime powers, might profit greatly by the construction of such a canal; and there was the possibility that the United States, whose position in the Western Hemisphere had been profoundly modified in Treaty still possessed and exercised the right to forbid the fortification of the canal, as well as to share on terms of entire equality all the privileges of the United States, both in war and peace.

THE SECOND HAY-PAUNCEFOVE TREATY—Though it is well known that the first Hay-Pauncefove Treaty was not ratified by the Senate of the United States and was returned to Secretary Hay with several proposed amendments, the language of that treaty has so impressed itself on the memory of many persons that they persist in quoting its words as constituting the present obligations of the United States, unmindful of the fact that it was never ratified.

It is, therefore, of the highest importance to a comprehension of this subject that we should not only distinguish between the unratified treaty of February 5, 1906, and the treaty of November 18, 1901, which was duly ratified and is now in force, but that we should closely follow the steps of the transition from the one to the other by which the relations of the two Governments were radically modified.

Without encumbering this brief exposition with the discussion of the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty before the Committee of the Senate, it may be sufficient to point out the nature of the modifications actually adopted, with the

reasons for making them.

When the Senate declined to ratify without amendmenthis first treaty, Secretary Hay reopened the negotiations with Great Britain on the understanding that the canal was to be exclusively American; that the right of fertification was not to be denied; and that neutralization as a general principle could not be interpreted as excluding the owners of an object from unlimited control over it, so long as all neuters were subjected to equal treatment. Great Britain and all others were to be treated with strict equality, but the Unifed States was to have a free hand in the management of its own property.

In pursuance of this purpose the draft of the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty withdrew from the obscurity of a merely parenthetical clause the statement that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was superseded, and brought to the front, as the first article, the plain declaration:

"The High Contracting Parties agree that the present treaty shall supersede the afore-mentioned convention of the nineteenth of April, 1850."

It is, therefore, useless to look back of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty of November 18, 1901, for any light on the present rights and treaty relations of the United States and Great Britain. So far as the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty and the first Hay-Pauncefete Treaty are concerned, they have no existence and no effect. The rights of the two countries respecting the canal are, therefore, to be determined solely by an interpretation of the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, which alone is still in force.

Happily we have clear and authentic written evidence of the intentions of both sides in this negotiation. In communicating the new treaty to the Senate for ratification

Mr. Hay says:

"The whole theory of the treaty is that the canal is to be an entirely American canal. The enermous cost of constructing it is to be borne by the United States alone.

When constructed it is to be exclusively the property of the United States, and is to be managed, controlled and defended by it. Under these circumstances, and considering that now, by the new treaty, Great Britain is relieved of all responsibility and burden of maintaining its neutrality and security, it was thought entirely fair to emit the prohibition that 'Ne fortifications shall be erected commanding the canal or the waters adjacent.'"

There are then, from Mr. Hay's point of view, no limitations whatever on the enjoyment by the United States of "all the rights incident to such construction, as well as the exclusive right of providing for the regulation and management of the canal," as provided for in the second article of the new treaty. The Clayton-Bulwer Treaty custs no shadow on the new convention, which is based on a new conception of the relations of the two Governments to the canal.

That the British Government took the same view is evident from the difference between the two Hay-Pauncefote Treaties and the statements of Lord Landowne, the British Minister of Foreign Affalrs, in his communications to Lord Pauncefote.

THE CHANGES IN THE TREATY AS RATIFIED— Lord Landowne's memorandum for the instruction of Lord Pauncefote, dated August 3, 1901, reveals how completely the British Government had modified its point of view since the negotiations began,

"In form," says Lord Lansdowne, "the new draft differs from the convention of 1900, under which the high contracting parties, after agreeing that the canal might be constructed by the United States, undertook to adopt certain rules as the basis on which the canal was to be neutralized. In the new draft the United States intimate their readiness "to adopt" somewhat similar rules as the basis of the neutralization of the canal. It would appear to follow that the whole responsibility for upholding these rules, and thereby maintaining the neutrality of the canal, would henceforth be assumed by the Government of the United States. The change of form is an important one; but in view of the fact that the whole cost of construction of the canal is to be borne by that Government, which is also to be charged with such measures as may be necessary to protect it against lawlessness and disorder, His Majesty's Government are not likely to object to it."

In brief, the rules for the use of the canal, instead of being laid down, as in the first treaty, by the United States and Great Britain jointly, in this new treaty are now to be laid down by the United States alone; the reason for this being that the cost of constructing, maintaining and defending the canal is now to be borne solely by the United States. The bilateral agreement becomes a unilateral regulation. In exchange for the added burdens assumed by the United States, Great Britain surrenders all rights in the canal except those explicitly accorded under the rules adopted by the United States.

This radical change in the ground conception of the treaty seemed to Lord Lansdowne to require a corresponding change in the phraseology of the rules. Accordingly, in the draft of the treaty sent by the British Foreign Office to Lord Pauncefote, Lord Lansdowne proposed to change

the expression in the first rule from:

"The canal shall be free and open, in time of war as in time of peace, to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations, on terms of entire equality; so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation or its citizens or subjects in respect of the conditions and charges of traffic, or otherwise"

to the form:

"The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations which shall agree to observe these rules, on terms of entire equality; so that there shall be no discrimination against any nation so agreeing," and so on,

The significance of this change is evident. The rules in question were now to be adopted by the United States alone. The canal was not to be thrown open to "all nations," but only to "all nations which shall agree to observe these rules." Not only so, but the expression, "in time of war as in time of peace," which appeared in the first treaty, is now dropped, thus giving the United States in time of war the right, if necessary, to close the canal, even to those nations that agree to observe the rules laid down by the United States.

Clearly the United States Government in this new treaty occupies an entirely different position from the one it occupied in the previous treaty. It now passesses the right not only to fortify the canal but to close the canal in time of war. It is recognized as sole proprietor, and as such is empowered not only to adopt rules but by its own means and at its own cost to enforce the observance of them.

What, then, is the position in the new form of the treaty of all other nations, Great Britain included? "All nations which shall agree to observe these rules," now adopted by the United States alone, and no others, are, according to

Barid Jupae Hill, Former Ambantador to Germany

Lord Lansdowne, to enjoy the use of the canal. A distinction is here made that did not appear in the first treaty. In the first treaty the United States and Great British together adopted rules that opened the canal to "all nations, on terms of entire equality." In the second treaty the United States alone adopts the rules; and, as solve owner of the canal, offers terms of entire equality to all nations that shall agree to observe them.

Does the equality here referred to mean equality with the Government of the United States or equality among those agreeing to observe the rules? This is, without doch the critical point in the interpretation of the treaty, and it is necessary to proceed with extreme caution and absolute

freedom from prejudice of any kind.

It would appear that the right to fortify the canal and to adopt rules for its use, with the power of closing it is time of war for purposes of defense, places the Government of the United States in a position quite different from the which it occupied when all these prerogatives were desire. The consideration offered by the United States to Gran Britain for these new advantages was the assumption of the whole burden of maintaining and defending the canal as a piece of national property, thus relieving and discharging Great Britain from any obligation whatever, except observance of the rules.

A close examination shows that not one of the rules the nations were to agree to observe could be regarded as applying to the owner of the canal; so that the expression, "all nations which shall agree to observe these rules," can hardly be regarded as including the United States.

The purpose and character of the rules seem to feelid such inclusion. They are almost exclusively prohibitions that could not well apply to the United States as sole purpose of the canal, whose whole interest would be to secure the observance of the rules and could not in any way be promoted by violating them—such as blockading the canal; committing acts of hostility within it; the revictualing of belligerent vessels; delay in transit; the transment of prizes of war; the embarkation or debarkation of troops and munitions of war, and so on; and the occupation of waters adjacent to the canal by belligerent vessels all of which relate to acts interfering with the control of the canal. Such rules have from their very nature no application to the United States, which, therefore, cannot fully be regarded as included in the expression: "All nations which shall agree to observe these rules."

We have, then, apparently two classes of Powers designated in the provisions of this treaty: 1—The sole builder, owner and controller of the canal, on the one hand; and 2—The nations that agree to observe the rules it has adopted on the other. Does the United States consent in this treat to extend to other nations entire equality with itself in the use of the canal, or only entire equality among themselves

as equal and neutral Powers?

The answer to this question is to be found in the statements relating to the effect of the treaty by those who commented on it at the time when it was negotiated. Lord Lansdowne, in his instructions to Lord Pauncefote, statevery clearly his reason for changing "all nations" into "all

nations which shall agree to observe these rule."
His reason is—with the new conception of the treaty
as giving to the United States complete control of the
canal, thus making it exclusively American—that
Great Britain would be placed at a disadvantage if
all nations, without distinction, were to enjoy the
privileges of the canal without any obligation to

observe the rules.

"The omission of the words under which the country"—Great Britain—"became jointly bound to defend the neutrality of the canal, and the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty," Lord Lansdown admits, "would materially diminish the obligations of Great Britain." "This," he adds, "is a most important consideration." "But," he continues "having assumed the whole burden of defending the canal, the United States would have a treaty right to interfere with the canal in time of war or apprehended war. Great Britain alone, in spite of her vast possessions on the American continent and the extent of her interests in the East, would be absolutely precluded from resorting to any such action or from taking measures to secure her interests in and near the canal." though other Powers not bound by the treaty

would be free to take such action as they pleased.
"I would, therefore, suggest," he concludes, "the insertion, in Rule One, after 'all nations," of the words 'which shall agree to observe these rules." This addition will impose on the other Powers the same self-denying ordinance as Great Britain is desired to accept, and will furnish an additional security to the neutrality of the canal, which it will be the duty of the United States to maintain."

What, then, is the substance of this self-denying ordinance on the part of Great Britain and this preburden assumed by the United States? Is it not the complete and unrestricted surrender of the control of the canal to the one Power that takes the place of the

(Continued on Page 81)

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

T WAS after the affair of the Prime Minister that I left Daphne. We kidnaped him, you remember only it irned out to be some one else; and Violet arcourt-Standish got in awfully wrong ad had to go to the Riviera. I really did et wish to kidnap him, but the matter one up at tea at Daphne's one day-and se hates to stay out of things.

Poppy Harmsworth was going on a otor trip just then, and when she asked e to go along I agreed. I was spending Sunday with her.

"I'm not running away, Madge," she plained; "but I'm stony broke, and at's the truth! I'll have to get back to ork."

Poppy paints and makes a lot of oney-mural decorations, you know, mels for public buildings, and all that et of thing; but she never has any money, matter what she makes,

"I want sea -- sea with mist over itd rocks. And a cave -

"Caves are damp. There are plenty of

"A cave," she said, examining her rings samily, " with the tide coming in against setting sun, and the spray of every for in the world—I think it's Tintagel,

Poppy is terribly pretty and this is her ory—not mine. I did not think at first at the was serious.

"That's a sweet frock," I said. "Did og hear that man today when you were suicing at the Monument? He said: lies its pretty 'art! If the rest of them sked like that they could 'ave the vote, call of me!""

Poppy's hair is the softest, straightest if you ever saw and her nose is short of childish. Her eyes are soft too, and a profile is so helpless that the bobbies ip her across the streets; but her full ce is full of character.

"Was he in front of me?" she demanded.

"At the side."

We both understood—it was her profile min. She fell back in her chair and sighed. "If you could address the House of Lords in profile,"

mid, "you'd get the vote."
"That's rot, you know!" she retorted; but she colored.
She knew and she knew I knew that her new photographs re profile ones. And we both knew, too, that they were len because Vivian Harcourt had demanded a pieture

"You're not doing the right thing, Poppy," I accused r. "For one day in the week that Viv sees you full face are are six days for him to look at that picture."

"He isn't obliged to look at it at all."

"So long as women beg the question like that," I said wrely, "just so long do they postpone serious consideran for the Cause."

She leaned back and laughed - rather rudely. The glish can be very rude sometimes. They call it frankness.
"The ridiculous thing about you is that you don't know ything about the Cause," she said. "With you it's a i. It's the only thing you can't have; so you want it, the Madge. With some of us it's—well, I can't talk

That made me furious. The idea of dedicating your life

s thing and then being accused -

'I think enough of the Cause to stand out all day in a uling sun," I snapped, "and be burnt to a cinder! dn't I pass out your wretched literature for four hours d make six shillings?"

"Don't call it wretched literature," she said gently. 3ut-now think a minute! If it came to a showdown ur own expression, isn't it?-a question between one of ese men who are so mad about you - Basil or any of the bers-and the Cause, which would it be?"

"Both!" I replied promptly.

She laughed again.

"You delightful little hypocrite!" she cried. "A comomise, then! Not victory, but a truce! Oh, martyr to @ Cause!"

"And you?"

"The Cause!" she said, and turned her full face to me. Well, of course that was Poppy's affair. I believe in ving up to one's conviction, and all that; but when you tink of the lengths to which she carried her conviction,

By Mary Roberts Rinehart



The Burgier Was There, Coing Through Vie's Desk

and the horrible situation that developed, it seems an exceedingly selfish theory of life. I believe in diplomatic

I wrote the whole conversation that night to father and he cabled a reply. He generally cables, being very busy. He said:

Life is a series of compromises. Who is Busil?

I had been in England for six months visiting Daphne Delaney, who is my cousin; but visiting Daphoe had been hard work. One started out to go shopping with her and ended up at a counter in a big shop demanding of a mob of women hunting bargains in one-and-six kids—gloves—why

"Sheep!" she would say, eying them scornfully. "Silly sheep, who do nothing but bleat - with but one occupation or reason for living-to cover your backs!"

Then two or three stately gentlemen in frock coats would pull her down and I would try to pretend I was not with her.

Now, I believe in suffrage. I own a house back hume in America. Father gave it to me so I could dress myself out of the rent. But between plumbers and taxes, and a baby with a hammer, which ruined the paint, I never get much. The first thing I knew, the men voted to pave the street in front of the old thing, and I had to give up a rose-colored charmeuse and pay for it. But that is not all. The minute the street was paved some more men came along and raised my taxes because the street was improved! So I paid three bundred dollars to have my taxes raised! Is that reasonable? Is that government?

Well, that made me strong for suffrage. And of course there are a lot of other things. But I am not militant. You know as well as I do that it is coming. The American men are just doing what father does at Christmastime. For about a month beforehand he talks about hard times and not seeing his way clear, and all that. And on Christmas morning he comes downstairs awfully glum, with one hand

We always play up and tell him never to mind-maybe he can do it next year. And we are always awfully surprised when he brings his hand round with checks for everybody, bigger than they had expected.

And so, just as soon as the men realize that we are really in earnest about the vote, and will not just smile and look tolerant when we try to learn something about politics, they will give it to us, with bells on it. Of course I am speaking of the American men. They will have to extract the vote from the English with forceps.

I have really thought a lot about it, though Daphne once said I had enthusiasm instead of intelligence, politically. But how am I to learn? Men always talk nonsense to me instead of politics. I tell you it gets on my nerves sometimes. Now and then one does tell me a little; but he is always elderly and not alluring.

Well, Poppy and I got started at last. Poppy left in a raging temper over something or other-a bill before the House, I think. I was so busy getting packed that I forgot what it was, if I over knew-and she hardly spoke for twenty miles; but at Guildford she recovered her temper. It was during the assizes and the sheriff was tunching at the hotel. His gilt coach was at the door, with a footman in wig and plush, white stockings and buckles, and a most magnificent coachman. Poppy's eyes narrowed. She pointed to the footman's ornamented legs.

"The great babies!" she said. "How a man loves to dress! Government, is it? Eighteenth-century costumes and medieval laws! Government-in gold lace and a cocked hat! Law in its majesty, Madge, with common sense and common justice in rags. That can vote, while you and I ____ She stopped for breath.

The footman's calves twitched, but he

looked straight ahead.

I got her into the building somehow or other. She looked quite calm, except that she was breathing hard. I reminded her that she had promised to be quiet on this trip; and she powdered her nose and looked penitent and distractingly pretty.

"I'm sorry," she said. "It's this parade of authority that gets on my nerves—this glittering show of half the people ruling all the people."

When she came back from ordering the luncheon she was smiling. I thought it was all over,
"Luncheon!" she said cheerfully. "With strawberries
as big as a teacup, and clotted cream!"

I think my mind was on the clotted creum, for I followed

her past one dining room to a second-a long, low room full of men. She pushed me in ahead, "I-I think it's the wrong room, Poppy," I said.

"There's the It was the wrong form and she knew it! The sheriff was at the center table and near him was a great serving stand with hot and cold rousts and joints. I tried to back out, but at that moment Poppy slammed the door and locked it.
"Don't yell!" she said to me under her breath, and

dropped something ice-cold down my back—the key!

About half the men started to their feet. Poppy raised

"Gentlemen," she said, "you need not rise! I have a few things I would like to say while you finish luncheon. I

shall be entirely orderly. The question of the suffrage They dodged as though she had been loaded with shrapnel instead of a speech. They shouted and clamored. They ordered us out. And all the time the door was locked

and the key was down my back!
"Poppy!" I said, clutching her arm. "Poppy, for the love of heaven -

She had forgotten me absolutely. When she finally turned her eyes on me she never saw me.

"The door is locked, gentlemen," she said. "If you will give me five minutes -

They would not listen, however. The sheriff sat still and ate his luncheon. Time might come and time might go, tides flow and ebb, old eras give way to new - but the British lion must be fed. But once I caught his eye and I almost thought it twinkled. Perish the thought! The old order wink at the new?

They demanded the key. The lunch hour was over. The assizes waited. In vain Poppy pleaded for five minutes

"After that I'll turn over the key," she promised.

The only way she could have turned over the key was, of course, to take me into a corner, stand me on my head

and jounce it out! I was very nervous, I will confess. No one had laid a hand on Poppy as yet. She was so young and good looking-and the minute anybody loomed very close she turned her haby profile to him and he looked as though he had been caught gunning for butterflies!

Finally, however, the noise becoming a tumult, and Poppy and I forced back against the door, the sheriff approached. The crowd made respectful way for him.

"Now, young ladies," he said, "this has been an agreeable break in our long day; but—all pleasant things must end. Open the door, please.'

"Will you give me five minutes?" Poppy demanded. "I'm a taxpayer. I help to pay the people in this room. I have a right to be heard."

"Open the door!" said the sheriff.

"No!"

"Then give up the key and one of my men -

I caught his arm. I could not stand it another minute. It is all well enough for Poppy to say it was cowardly and that the situation was ours until I gave it away. The key was not down her buck!

"Break the lock!" I said frantically. "The—the key is where I can't get it."

He was really twinkling now, but the crowd round was

outraged on account of him and his dignity. "You didn't swallow it, did you?" he asked in an

undertone.

"It's down the back of my waist," I replied.

Poppy said afterward that I cried on the sheriff's breast and made a scene and disgraced her generally. It is not true. I only leaned my head against his arm for a minute and he was not angry, for he patted my shoulder. I am terribly fond of Poppy, but she is not always reasonable.

There had been a great deal of noise. I remember hearing echoes of the dining-room excitement from the halfway beyond the door and some one pounding. They were breaking the lock from the outside. All the time Poppy was talking in her lovely soft voice. Finally she said:

"Since woman is called on to obey the laws she ought to have a voice in making them

"Hear! Hear!" cried somebody.
"Since she doesn't make them, why should she obey them?" demanded Poppy, lifting violet eyes to the crowd.

"I didn't make the Ten Commandments," said a voice from the rear of the room, "but I'll get hell just the same if I break them! What have you got to say about that?"

Poppy was stumped for once. I believe it was the most humiliating moment of her public life. She went quite pale and opened her lips, but no retort came.

Luckily the lock broke just then and we were hustled out of the room. There was a crowd in the ball and it was most disagreeable. I expected to be arrested, of course; but the crowd, feeling it had the best of things with the Ten Commandments, was in high good humor. They let us by with-out a word and the sheriff himself stood on the steps while we got into our car.

Just as Poppy's chauffeur got the engine started the landlord ran out and demanded the key. Poppy told the chauffeur to go on in a frantic voice, but he hesitated. All the majesty of British law was there on the steps and the gold coach was waiting. Of course to be arrested for

disturbing the peace with a suffrage speech is one thing, but thaft is another. I threw a pleading glance at the sheriff and he came slowly down the steps. Men with wands kept the crowd back. The fat coachman with the wig did not turn his head, but the footman at the coach door leered and avenged his calves. Even Poppy flushed.

"Quick!" said the sheriff feroclously in a low tone. "Give me something that looks like a key, and then get away as quickly as you can.

I opened my pocketbook. The only thing that was even the size of a key was my smelling-salts bottle. So I gave him that and he covered it with his big hand. Then, still frowning savagely, he made a lordly gesture for us to move on.

Have you ever been in the Womhouse that Poppy orated? The staircase walls are wonderful - crowds of women, poor and old, young and rich, with clouds round them, and so on, all ascending toward a mintly person with a key-Saint Peter, or somebody. Well, the saint looks like the sheriff at Guildford, and the key does not look like a key!

We slept at Bournemouth that night-or, rather, we did not sleep. Poppy sat up half the night trying to think of an answer to the Ten

Commandments thing. She said she should get that again - she felt it - and what was she to say? I had recovered the key and my good humor by that time, but I could not help much. Swing her so disturbed I had not the heart to tell her what I suspected; but I was sure I had seen Vivian Harcourt on the edge of the crowd at Guildford. It would have made her furious to think that she was under any sort of esplorage; but Vivian was following us, I felt confident, with money to bail us out if she did anything reckless. He knew her, you see.

Poppy slept late in the morning, and I got up and went down to the pier, a melancholy place, wet with morning mist and almost deserted.

There were rows of beach chairs and overturned boats littering the beach, and not a soul in sight but a few fishermen. I sat there and thought of Atlantic City on a bright July morning, with children and nurses on the sand, and nice young men in flannels. I was awfully homewick for a minute. And it came over me, too, that I had no particular business helping the Cause in England, and having keys put down my back, and giving up my gold-topped salts buttle, which was a present from Hazil Ward. when all the time the Cause at home was lighting just as grimly and much more politely.

Vivian was on the pier. He was sitting looking out, with his finger hooked round his eigarettewhich is Cambridge fashion, I believe or maybe the king does it—and looking very glum.
"Where is she? In jail?" be demanded.

"She's saleep, poor thing!" I said.

He snorted.

Lots of sleep I've had!" he said. "Look here, Madge, is she going to take her variation by locking up sheriffs all along the route? Because if she is, I'm going back to London."

"I think it very likely," I replied coldly. "You'd better to back unyhow. She'll be murderous if she known she's followed."

"I can't leave her alone, can I?"

"I'm alsog.

He laughed. It was rude of him.
"You!" he said. "Madge tell me honestly where was the key?"

"She put it down my back."

He fairly howled with joy. I hated him! But he calmed before long and offered me a rigurette as a peace offering. I declined.

"You'd better go along," he said; "she may need the back again. Madge, is there any chance for me - with ber!"

Well, she likes you-when you are not in the way,"

"I'd be in the way now, I suppose, if I turned up tonight Where do you stop?"

"At Torquay. Look here, Vivian, I've just thought of something. She's put out about a thing a man said yesterday. She wants an answer. She's got arguments, but what she wants is a retort. If you could give her one she'd probably forgive your hanging round, and all that."



Ossehrenking It tri I Watched You in and Hout"

So I told his about the Ten Conmandments, and Poppy knowing sle should get it again and sitting up to worry it out. He said it was easy, He would have something to break his appearance a Torquay. But was not so easy a it seemed at first. left him sitting there looking out to sea, with a not-book on his knee. He called after me that he would his lowus-a few miles behind; but he should not turn up until he had thought of some thing worth while. We did not see

Vivian at Torquay Poppy was tired that night and went to bed early. Her fuith in herself had been shakes, I could see, and not even the newspaper

accounts of her having locked up the sheriff at Guildford enald cheer her. But she brightened that merning when the made a clever retort to a man in the Torquay public square She was speaking from the machine and there was splendid crowd.

"When the women go to vote, miss," said the man touching his cap, "who is going to mind the children"

"We intend to establish a messenger service."
"A messenger service?" The crowd was listening. "Yes-to summon the fathers home from the puls in

hold the babies." That gave her a lough and we drove on in triumph. It helped Poppy, reinstated her in her own esteem, gave her a little peace-though the T. C. thing was still in the back of her mind. Then Dartmoor Forest put her into a trance - the heather was in bloom; and she made sketches and color bits, and lay back in the car in a sort of dream. planning the next winter's work.

If she thought of Vivian she never mentioned him, and she snapped me off when I spoke of him. I had a fright in Dartmoor Forest. We had climbed a long hill and Popp had turned the glasses back along the road. Suddenly saw her straighten and she gave the glasses to me.

"Who are those men in that car down in the valley The car below had stopped also. I looked. It was \ and Basil Ward. Poppy's lovely eyes are shortsighted

and, with her mind on color schemes and things, I know Vivian had no business to appear. "Well?" she enapped.

"One looks as though he might have a beard," I said alowly, "and the other the other's driving He's a chauffeur, isn't he?'

"I dare say!" said Poppy, and eyed me; but I looked my blander and gave her the glassos.

She did not glance at the men again, but climbed into the car rather grimly. All the rest of the way to Tintagel she never turned her head to look behind.

Poppy was tired and went to bed early. I walked out on the terrare and Basil was there. He said Vit had sent for him on the T. I matter and he had something in view.

"He gave it up, poor chap" He isn't humorous, you know. As a matter of fact he and Poppy are both so bally serious that it makes me wonder has they'll hit it off,"

If she's as earnest about milrimony as she is about suffrage. said, "she'll be a sincere wife.

Basil said nothing. We had walked out to the edge of the and were leaning against the rough stone parapet.

"It's rather nice, isn't it?" b said suddenly. "Here we are



a Naven't Got a Headacke - You Have a Pain in Your Disposition"

almost at Land's End and the old Atlantic. Madge, will you give me a perfectly honest answer to a question?"

I braced myself. "Yes."

"Did you stay over here in England because your whole eart is in the Cause?' "Ye-es."

"Your whole heart?" "Our motives are always mixed, Basil," I said kindly. It would have been awfully silly to have endured that niserable spring and not have stayed for June and July." "You get a great many cablegrams from America."

"That," I said with dignity, "is, of course, my own

ffair.18

"About the Cause?" "Not-always."

"From a man, of course?"

"Yes," I said sweetly, and went back to the hotel.

I broke the news to Poppy about Vivian and she stormed; ut suddenly she stopped, with a calculating light in her eye. "He's a fool to follow me," she said; "but he has gleams fistelligence, Madge, I—I shall put

is T. C. matter up to him!" So I sent Viv a letter that night. You s. one must manage Poppy.

Dear Viv: She knows, and the worst over. Breakfast early and keep out he way until noon. She isgoing to work. I you have a good retort to the T. C. usiness don't give it too soon, when he asks you. It would humiliate her. hen, if she's pleased, you can ask her he other. MADGE.

P. S. Make her promise to let you and think as you like about suffrage. e sure! Get her to write it if you can. happen to know that if she marries you te hopes you'll take alternate Sundays ith her at the Monument, so she can seak at Camberwell.

Poppy came down to breakfast in her est morning frock, looking stern but wely, and sat with her profile to the som.

She took only an egg, though she sually has a kipper also.

Once or twice I caught her watching he door, but Viv did not appear. She stered over the Times for quite a while, ot at last she got her sketching things nd we went out to the cliffhead, where here was a bench. It is a long tongue I rock, about twenty feet wide or so; ad far below, on each side, is the oceanhere was a rough-haired pony out there bo, and the three of us were crowded. 'he pony wanted sugar or something ad kept getting in the way. Poppy ketched, but her heart was not in it; nd at every new hello! from some tourt exploring King Arthur's ruins-the astle of course-she looked up ex-

ectantly. After a time she grew impatient and alled the pony a beast, and asked what as the use of her trying to paint the lace anyhow when one could buy ten slored postcards of it for a sixpenes. t was one of her difficult mornings.

At last I caught sight of Basil waving me from the hotel and I went back. left Poppy there alone, pretending to setch, though it was perfectly clear to very one that the only view she had as of the pony's mangy side. Shortly

iter, I saw Vivian, in walking tweeds, going along one of esheep paths, and looking very handsome and determined. Buil and I sat on the terrace and concentrated. It was

Will ber to take him!" I said.

"I will," said Basil, looking at me.

"She's so pretty," said I.
"Lovely!" said Basil.

"And it's such a natural thing," I went on. "He has a at of character and he's gentle as well as firm."

"I thank you," said Basil; and, rising, he bowed. "I don't believe," I said, "that you are concentrating." The pony had got round behind the bench and we lost ben for a moment: but the little beast moved off just hen, and it was like lifting a curtain. Poppy's head was on

vivian's shoulder. "Good old Viv!" said Basil. And he sighed.

I met Vivian as I went down to luncheon. He was comng up three stairs at a time, but he stopped and drew me nto a corner.

"Right-o!" he said. "You're a trump, Madge! The T. C. did it. She's promised all sorts of things.

"And you?" I demanded. I thought he evaded my eye.

"I?" he said. "Well, I've agreed not to interfere with her career. That's only reasonable."

"And-suffrage?"

"She's going to be less milituat," he said. "Of course her conviction is the same. I want her to stand by her principles. I wouldn't respect her if she didn't.

That did not quite satisfy me. I knew Poppy. But he was so happy I said nothing. After all, what could I say? Viv had never opposed suffrage except in its militant form—though I don't believe he had felt the necessity for it; but the trouble was that Poppy was a born militant. And he had promised her the strength of her convictions!

I wrote it all to father that afternoon, and his cablegram came when I was back in London again and settled. It was:

No great revolution was ever accomplished without bloodshed. ...

WHEN Poppy and Vivian had been married and gone to Brittany I went back to Daphne's. Daphne was very discouraging about them. I remember her standing by the fire and orating, with her teacup in her hand.

"Nothing Ihnuld Interfere With the Freedom and Right to "Of Course." Said Poppy. His Opinion of the English Poter"

There's a loss somewhere-bound to be!" she said. Daphne is short and stout, and wears her hair short and curled over her head with an iron. "Either suffrage loses her or she loses a husband. I've watched it. It doesn't do, Maggie!"—which is her pet name for me. "A suffragist as valuable as Poppy should not marry. You remember what Jane Willoughby's husband said to her-that he expected the Cause for his wife to be himself, and that if she'd rather raise votes for women than a family of children she would have to choose at once. When she asked him why she couldn't do both he went to Africa!"

Without giving her an answer?"

"Bless the child! There isn't any answer! Of course she could do both. Does a man neglect his business to vote? Of course not. Raising children is a woman's business and there's no need for 'em to neglect it. It's idiocy that takes refuge in silence—or goes to Africa."

"Viv isn't an imbecile," I said feebly.

"He's a male," she snapped, and ran her fingers up through her fringe, so that she appeared to stand in a gale of wind. "A lord of creation! What rot!"

The first blow fell about a week after. Poppy and Vivian came home from their wedding trip. They were settled in Viv's house in Lancaster Gate, and one of the wings was being turned into a studio for Poppy, with a glass roof, Vivian is a playwright, you know, and his study was to be beneath the workshop, with a private staircase connecting. She was most awfully happy. She had brought home some stunning sketches and her first work was to be his study

Basil and I were asked to dinner. Poppy wanted to talk over her plans with us-and there was no one else. Poppy was radiant. We drank to the pony at Tintagel, and to the key at Guildford, and to the new play and the new paintings. The thing was a great success until halfway through the dinner, when suddenly Poppy said:

By the way, Viv, the income-tax man was here today." I felt, for some reason, as I had felt when the key went

down my back. Viv smiled and went to his doom.
"Just imagine, Basil!" he said. "The sweet young person across the table made more than I did last year! Four thousand pounds!"

"I'm too commercially successful to think I have any real genius," said Poppy complacently.

And some small sum the same sweet young person will have to pay over to the tax man," Basil observed.

Poppy raised her violet eyes. "I don't intend to pay it," she said. Vivian put down his glass.

"That's what Madge would call a bluff," he said, with his eyes on her-"You'll be obliged to pay it, dearest, You know that."

"Taxation without representation is what it amounts to!" Poppy's face was dangerously agreeable. "The American Colonies secreded, didn't they, for something like that? I paid it last year; but I made up my mind then I'd never do it. again.

Basil was looking very uncomfortable. "I gave you the privilege of your conviction," said Vivatiffly, "Of course, if that's your intention there is nothing more to be said.'

Poppy looked puzzled.

"But it is wrong, isn't it?" she demanded.

The principle may not be entirely equitable. Few laws work equally well for all." Vivian now was a little white about the lips. "But, such as it is, it's the law of your country."

"I didn't choose my country or make its laws!" Poppy cried. "I have a right to protest. I'll not pay it!"

Now, as I have said before, motives are seldom unmixed. I think what Poppy mesat to do was simply to register a protest—to make a lot of fuse about it. If they sent her to juil, being the prominent person she was - she was the Honorable Poppy: 1 think I forgot to say that before—it would make a lot of feeling. Then, having asserted her principles, she could get sick or go on a bunger strike; and Vivian would pay the tax and get her out. Basil laughed with assumed cheerfulness

"Then Viv is stuck for the tax," he said.

Vivian looked across the table and met Poppy's eyes.

"That's hardly what you are getting at, is it?" he asked. "Your protent is against the imposition of the tax, isn't it? It's a matter of principle."

"I have not asked you to pay it."

"As a matter of fact I haven't the slightest intention of paying it, Poppy. You put me in an absurd positionthut's all."

Well, we talked of other things and pretended not to notice Vivian's strained eyes and Poppy's high color. She took me off after a time to see the new studio, and it did

not take me long to tell her what I thought.
"It's absurd!" I said. "Do you expect to break down iron bars by banging your head against them?"

"It's my head!" she said sulkily.

It was rather a ghastly evening. We were all most polite and formal, and Basil took me home. I told him about my house at home in the United States and the way I'd been treated, and about having nothing at the end of a year but plumbers' bills and tax receipts.

"I'm glad you haven't any particular income," he said last. "That's one element of discord removed."

"I don't understand,"

"Yes, you do," he said calmly. "You know exactly what I mean, and what I hope, and what I feel. I don't - Madge, I shall dare to say it, because if I start I'll not propose to you until my Uncle Egbert dies. I don't want you until I can support you comfortably - That's a lie! I want you damnably all the time."

I do not remember that we said anything more until we reached Daphne's. Then, as he helped me out I said:

"How ald is Uncle Egbert"."

"Eighty-six!" he replied grimly, and went away without shaking hands.

Well, to go back to Poppy-for, of course, it is her story I am telling, not mine-mother came over soon after that and I went with her to Mentone for two months. Then she went back to America from Genoa, and I went back to London. Mother is the sweetest person in the world and I adore her; but she represents the old-fashioned woman and of course I stand for the advanced. For instance, she was much more interested in Basil Ward than in the Cause and she absolutely disapproved of Poppy's stand about the income tax.

"I don't care to discuss the Cause," she said to me. "We have trouble enough now, with only the men voting. Why should we double our anxieties?"

"That's silly, mother!" I retorted. "Because one baby is a trouble should one have only one child?"

Basil met me at Charing Cross and I knew there was something up the very way his stick hung to his arm.

"How's everything?" I asked when he had called a cab and settled me in it. "How nice and sooty it is, after the

"Fifthy hole!" said Basil grumpily. "Haven't had a decent day since you left."

"And Poppy?"

"Poppy's a fool!" Basil broke out. "I'm glad you're back, Madge. Maybe you can do something with her."

He refused to tell me anything further however. He asked whether I would mind going directly to Lancaster Gate and sat back in a corner eying me most of the way. "You make me nervous!" I said at last. "If you can't look at me pleasantly, why look at all?"

"I can't help looking at you; and I'm blessed if I can look pleasant! Madge, just how much is your heart and soul in the-er-Cause?"

Well, I was pretty tired of being questioned all the time and having people insinuate that I was only posing about suffrage. And, more than that, I'd seen women carrying bricks in hods up ladders for new buildings on the Continent, and being harnessed to milk carts to drag them about; and it seemed to me that they should be able to stand up under the fearful exertion of going to the polls to vote!

"There isn't any sacrifice I wouldn't make for it." "Why should you have to make sacrifices? Why not let-some willing male go ahead of you through life, clear-

ing away the difficulties, smoothing the path?" 'Not shoulder to shoulder," I observed, "but the man

a little abend!"

"The man always has gone a little ahead, hasn't ho?" "I don't remember," I replied, "that, when Adam and Eve left the garden of Eden, Adam went ahead and got everything ready, carpets down and stove connected—and all that. They went hand in hand; and, dollars to cents, Eve carried the spade!"

He seemed to drop further back into his corner. The whole thing puzzled me. For Basil looked dejected and beaten somehow. And yet he had always believed that

women should vote.

We found Poppy in her studio, but Viv's workroom below was empty and the door into the passage stood open. His desk was unlerly and his pens in a row. Poppy was painting: she gave me a cheek to kiss—and she was positively thin!

"You're looking fit, Madge," she said without a smile.

We've missed her, haven't we, Hasil?"

Basil grunted something. Suddenly it occurred to me that he and Poppy hardly glanced at one another, and that he was still holding his hat and gloves.

"You'll stay, won't you, Basil?"
"Sorry!" said Basil. "I'll—I'll drop in again."

"Crumpets for tea!" said Poppy. They had engaged the cook on account of her crumpets.

"Thanks, awfully!" Basil muttered; and having said something about seeing me again very soon he got out.

I stared after him. Could this be Basil-this brooding individual who did nothing but stare at me as though he were trying to work something out? Poppy came over to me with her fists in the pockets of her painting apron.

"Frightened, like all the rest!" she said. "They are I'm responsible for hundreds of broken engagements! They made the law themselves - and now, when they see it is operation, they squeal."

It came over me then-Poppy's strained eyes and But

looking so queer! Then Viv

"Viv is in jail, my dear," she said, "He made the ire, of course; but I wish you'd hear them! The Husbard: Liability Act, child! A married woman's husband a responsible for her debta. I refused to pay my income tail as taxation without representation. Viv got stubborn and said he wouldn't. Result—the entire male population acreaming for help; engaged men breaking with suffrage flancées; the population prospects of the country poor and -Viv in jail!"

"That that's what is wrong with Basil?"

"Of course I'm sorry, Maggie. The men have handed together. They call it the Husbands' Defense League! They take turns at visiting Viv and sending him books and things. It's-it's maddening!"

Poppy asked me to stay with her. She was really in a had way. She was not enting or alceping; and that very night a crowd of men gathered in front of the house and hissed and called her things. One of them made a speed. He said his wife was holding out her taxes on him and is expected to go up the next day. Poppy went out on the balcony and tried to tell them why she had done it, and that it was a matter of principle—and all that.

(Continued on Page 57)

Cutting Down Some Staple Unnecessaries By James H. Collins

THEN the insurance man undertakes to sell you an accident policy he dwells on the big disasters that might happen to you-such as being caught in a railroad wreck or a sinking ship - and gives you a graphic schedule of what the company will pay you for each arm and leg you lose, and for fractures of such odds and ends of anatomy as your ribs, fingers and

When you get your policy, however, probably none of these well-paid disasters will happen to you. The only claim you ever make may be for something like injuries due to falling from a stepladder while taking down the stovepipe; for such minor humdrum mishaps cause a large proportion. of the losses paid by an accident company. If you can manage to get hurt in a big disaster-like a trainwreck or a hoiler explosion—the company will pay you double indemnity; but it is not so easy as you may imagine.

The business world has now seriously set about eliminating certain things connected with its affairs that are not needed. Among these unnecessaries are industrial accidents.

Until quite recently industrial accidents were thought of as big, dramatic affairs, like the major disasters that help insurance agents to sell accident policies; also that most of them happened away off somewhere and happened to the other fellow anyway; and that, therefore, the average workman and employer could not do anything

about it and were not concerned.

Today, however, all business is out for safety first; and the most hopeful phase of this new movement is a mental one - the general recognition by everybody that the industrial accidents which really matter are the little ones; that even the big disasters usually have very trifling causes; and that everybody is in some way responsible.

A railroad engineer took out an extra locomotive instead of the engine he was used to running. He is a careful man and inspects everything before pulling out; but this time he neglected to inspect the whistle rope. Two hours later, while he was bowling along downgrade, a man stepped on the track right ahead, with his back turned to the approaching train. The engineer reached for the whistle rope and



In the End. No Morter Who is to Blame, the Accidents Come Boom to Jo Many Little Courses

gave a yank, and the rope broke-it was rotten. Fortunately he got one good blast and that toot sayed the

Another case that turned out less happily happened in the construction of a building. The contractor had hired a hoisting engine from a near-by factory. One day while a six-ton load of lumber was being lifted with this engine

the load fell and killed a man. Investigative showed that the holsting engine had a bad lubit of reversing when too heavy a load was put on it. At the factory where it was owned the engineer had taken off the cylinder heads and found the platon rings worn; so that under a heavy load the steam escaped past the rings and the load simply turned the engine backward.

Instead of fitting new rings, however, he has reported to the superintendent and replaced the cylinder heads. The superintendent did nothing about it; so thereafter the engineer ran that engine with allowance for its eccentricities, splitting heavy loads and doubling up on the pulleys and purchases. When it was handed over to an engineer gnorant of its personal equation there was 2 tragedy.

Little causes lead to most accidents, large as well as small, and everybody is responsible including the public.

About a year age an alarming increase in mihaps to women began to attract attention at the terminal of a big railroad. It seemed as though women had suddenly taken to falling down the stairs, tripping as they left or entered trains and finding similar ways of hurting themselves and boosting the accident statistics. Investigation revealed the cause—one already familiar to trolly people in connection with the alighting and bearding accidents that make up a large percentage of trolley mishape.

The cause was high heels or hobble skirts. To railroad company announced that it would not be responsible for injuries to foolishly dressed women, and that when they were hurt through their own freak clothes it would publish their names, addresses and ages.

In the end probably some of these high-hel and hobbleskirt mishaps would get into the sta-

tistics showing the number of people injured and killed by our railroads. That is what might be termed a very popular schedule. Many an editor has written about the terrible toll of human life exacted by our railroads, contrasting our statistics with those of Europe and ignoring the full that about every other person killed in this country as

Last year, out of ten thousand five hundred and eightyfive fatalities on all American railroads, only three hundred and eighteen persons killed were passengers and three thousand six hundred and thirty-five employees. The est were chiefly trespassers—six thousand six hundred md thirty-two persons-leaving about five thousand prespassers after deducting for grade-crossing accidents. Figures gathered by an Eastern road show that four out of ive lived near the scene of the accident; so it is not the ramp who suffers. They were people walking on the track x crossing the right-of-way instead of using the crossovers provided for safety.

In Europe it is against the law to walk on railroad tracks; out in this country, where railroads have tried to stop respass by arresting offenders, there is a disposition among ourts to dismiss the case because the offense seems trivial.

Now that it is understood how accidents arise from rilling causes, that many are due to heedlessness or ignoance, and that everybody must help reduce the number, here is much fine prevention work going on everywhere. ecident prevention is like playing baseball with a good sam. The statistics of mishaps in a given plant or industry an be studied like a ball score and better play developed n make a better showing.

About thirty accidents in every hundred appear to be up o the boss. On the whole the boss realizes this and is rying to play better ball at his end. Automatic safeguards are being devised very rapidly. Genra, belts, wheels, harged wires, and so on, are being screened; dangerous

aschinery made afe or self-feeding: lefective equipment epaired or sent to he scrapheap.

Exhibitions of afety devices are eing held and mueums established shere men reponsible for the sanagement or intallation of plants an see what is availhie to reduce the isks in every line. mproved apparatus ends to eliminate such danger-the lrect-drive motor m machinery, for zample, has abolshed dangerous hafts and belts, and tatiny switch close t hand permits intant stopping of suchinery when nything goes

rong. Not only is machinery safeguarded but industrial lants are studied as a whole to provide safer working unditions.

Last year in one great electrical works more than twelve undred unsuspected danger spots were found and abolhed-improper grouping of equipment; narrow passages; ark corners; slippery places, and the like, where a man sight safely pass ten thousand times and be burt the next me. During the past five years a big steel company as spent three-quarters of a million dollars for accident revention, and reduction in serious and fatal mishaps has flected the saving of life and limb for more than eleven bousand employees in that period. In money it works out a cost of sixty-five dollars to save a man; but ultimately be cost will fall far below this, because much of the work permanent improvement.

Accidents the Result of Vanity

DESPITE popular belief, it is not machinery that causes most industrial accidents. An orderly German invesgater has looked into the records and finds that men at ork are hurt chiefly by the crude forces of Nature specially by the force of gravity. Accidents come largely om using men to carry burdens, lift loads, climb heights, be cure for many such accidents is to stop making mules nd monkeys of men and turn the work over to mechanical ppliances. In just about the degree that mechanical quipment is employed man is in control of the situation nd fairly safe. Seventy accidents in every hundred are aid to be due to shortcomings that lie outside the boss' eld and often beyond his control. Therefore they are up o the organization; and at this end of the team, too, good all is being played.

When the organization runs down the first causes of this ig percentage of accidents it finds all sorts of important rifles. Hobble skirts and high heels are large items, for

Mechanics are not supposed to be vain; yet in machine hope many workers are hurt by flying metal chips and the

dust from grinding operations, simply because they will not went the goggles and respirators that would give protection. Factory inspectors say the chief reason is appearance! Goggles make a man look like a guy! And the inspectors themselves admit that in visiting shops where these devices ought to be worn they seldom wear them and for the same reason.

In one plant the men thought the boss childish when he advised them to cut their shirtaleeves off at the elbow, turn them up and fasten them with rubber bands, always to wear shirts tucked into trousers and never to wear neckties at work. Some of the men followed this advice, however, with such a reduction in the number of burts received by being caught in machinery that the whole force soon adopted the boss' fashions.

In a foundry men were being burned by hot metal and laid up for a week or so at a time. By adopting hardwoven overalls and old-fashioned guiter shoes the number of severe burns was cut down eighty-five per cent-the hard cloth turned chance eplashes of metal; and the shoes, clinging tightly to unkles, did the same-while in an emergency they could be slipped off in an instant. Lace shoes, dangling shoestrings and frayed trousers were found to be responsible for so many hurts in another plant that they were abolished by rule.

How important it is to dress properly for work was shown when the foreman in an electric-light plant, pointing out to some of his men a joint in a charged wire, touched it with the rim of his hat and was fatally shocked. Ordinarily

of this Y and the rear trucks on the other branch a car would foul the wall. This had been known by all the motormen for some time, but accepted as a matter of course, nobody considering it his business to tell the engineering staff its business.

Ignorance as a cause of mishaps lies partly with the organization and partly with the boss.

The organization can instruct and caution fellow employees likely to bring about a mishap through lack of knowledge or experience, and particularly it can report the man who, through persistent carelessness or incurable stupidity, is apt to hurt himself or others. The false sense of honor that often makes workers hesitate to report that man is being replaced with the understanding that he had better be out of the organization and in some other line of work; for the man he ultimately hurts or kills may be one who is too conscientious to report him.

Other forms of ignorance come within the province of the boss. He can instruct men put into responsible positions and safeguard dangerous places where they are apt to

One very essential thing in accident prevention is clear labeling about every plant, with warning signs on all the danger spots that cannot be abolished. Apparatus is marked with red paint or signs. For foreign employees these last must be in several languages or reduced to symbols that will convey Danger! Hands off! without words.

One ingenious device for this purpose is a round card, to be hung at danger spots, with a terrifying red-and-black

nkull printed on both sides, furnished by a big machinery house to any of their customers who

want it.

Don'ts

HOWEVER, after the warning has been reduced to pletures there is still a chance that the foreigner may be colorblind and, because this red-and-black sign is not seen in its true colors, may touch a charged electrical conductor or turn a valve that will burn somebody with live steam. For that reason it has been suggested that all such warnings be printed in blue

and yellow. Then comes in the public, which complicates the ac.ident situation in many ways through ignorance of the hazards in transportation and the use of public utilities of various kinds. This has lately led to systematic campaigns by corporations to reach people through moving pictures, advertisements and pumphlets, with clearly illustrated Don'tal for their protection, and to teaching safety principles in the public schools.

Sometimes the purpose is accomplished in a roundabout way. The division superintendent of a Western railroad found that there was a bad record in accidents to boys on his part of the line, due to their love for hopping trains. This superintendent was an athlete, having formerly been a physical-culture teacher. Don't! had never made any impression on the boys; so he worked out a successful scheme based on Do!

Opposite his office there was a fine swimming hole in the river, and this was fitted with a platform, steps, spring-board and a dressing room. Then he called the boys together, told them that was their swimming pool, and that he would teach them to swim and do other athletic stunts; but they must stop hopping trains-any boy caught hopping trains would be barred from the pool. In a year the personal-injury accidents at that point dropped sixty-three per cent and not a boy was hurt on the railroad.

In the end, no matter who is to blame, the accidents come down to so many little causes that-after all the machinery has been safeguarded, and all the inspection provided, and all the workmen's compensation laws passed, and all the indemnity insurance taken out-the big part of the accident problem still remains to be reckoned with.

That is the human equation. It persists. It turns up unexpectedly in strange places and is such a negligible factor-until it really matters.

A railroad can be buildozed into safe operation for a year-two years-five years. Workers can be coached to be careful for a while and the public held to safe habits so long as it is interested; but by and by, if accident prevention is undertaken spasmodically, the idea becomes

Mains dividents are Due to Bendiesiness

> clothing is pretty good insulation if used in the right waymen who work round electrical apparatus use it as such in an emergency; but the foreman's hat was a derby, and in the rim of a derby hat there is a perfect electrical conductor - the steel wire that resoforces it.

> Carelessness and ignorance on the part of employees are responsible for many accidents.

> In the factory-inspection bureau of one city a study was made of mishaps due to bursting grinding wheels-a class of accidents long thought to be mysterious and unavoid-

> Step by step each mishap was classified by its general cause, and the general causes were carried out into a larger number of secondary causes, and these into still more remote causes, until all the big accidents were split up into as many small final causes as one of the burst wheels itself had been split into pieces.

> They looked like a genealogical tree turned upside down, with the one child in the present generation a serious mishap, in which somebody had been hurt or killed, and the great-great-grandparents of that mishap a group of very commonplace and unpretentious persons of the following

Carelesaness Thoughtless increase Improper size of speed cose belt-shifter Ignorance Indifference Horseplay

About two-thirds of these items were chargeable to workmen-a good many to foremen; and very few could be carried all the way up to the boss. This genealogical tree of grinding-wheel-accident causes was published for general

One day a trolley car being taken into the shops over a certain Y was smashed against a wall that was too close to the rails for clearance. This hurt the professional feelings of the engineering staff, because it thought ample clearance had been provided over every track for every piece of rolling stack the company owned.

An investigation was held and it was discovered that when the forward trucks of a few curs were on one branch

(Concluded on Page 70)

WITH TABASCO SAUCE



"Pierret, He Water Libr Jome Chicken at Concy Jeland"

a wizard at his craft and a disturbing element. Just then his attention was wholly centered on the activities of one of the canvasmen, who was chasing a persistent rezorback hog from the fodder pile.

Callaban admired Barker. He admired Barker's resourcefulness, his resiliency and his vocabulary. He related incidents of each quality and acquirement—bow, for instance, in 1889 Barker had taken a bale of hey and stuffed Ajax, the decrepit ion who had "died on him," and had done it in such a manner as to improve on life and delude the most suphisticated of his public; how Barker had painted the spots on the hyera, so that, until the fercious animal had got into a light with another dog and had the pacifying hose turned on him, it had been one of the main attractions of the menagerie.

He told of Barker's apt reply to the old gentleman who complained of a marked discrepancy between the melan-choly monkey in the three-by-foor cage and its pictorial representation as a man-eating chimpunuse of the African jungles tearing up a banyan tree with one hand and abducting a beauteous savage maiden with the other in the face of an infuriated but terrified native population. Nevertheless, Callahan admitted that Barker had a vindictiveness of character that was often allowed to interfere

Here the rezorback emitted a rasping squeal as a fourfoot tent peg came into violent contact with his prominent spareribs. Then he trotted briskly off in the direction of Main Street, grunting disgust as he went, while the grinning canvasman leisurely recovered his missile. Frenchy wiped his dyed mustache with the sleeve of his shirt and twisted the ends upward.

"That pig, he squeals C sharp," he remarked. "For a squeal that has not been cultivated, it is magnifique!"

"Yes: Barker's all right," concluded Callahae: "but be'll bits off his nose to spite his face any old time and he's no contortionist at that. That's his weakness."

Frenchy's black eyes glittered.

"That's Sam Barker you talk about, eh?" he said in a barsh voice. "I tell you what I do to him some time: I cut that nose off his face for him all right, by blue! And I do it with a blunt knife and I do not hurry. Then I take his skin off and I stuff him with hay like your Ajax: and I say: 'How you like that, Mr. Barker—eh? R-remember R-roland and Tou-tou and Dagobert and Pierrot and Henriette and Mimi, big animal that you are!' That's what I do to Sam Barker. You wait!"

"Don't you let him find out you're doing it or he'll get peeved and hurt you in several places," advised the old clown. "What did Barker do to you, Frenchy?"

The animal trainer made a gesture that sprinkled the company with tobacco from the cigarette he had begun to roll.

"Only he r-ruin me," he declared; "that's all! Knock me out of six ! dollar, and more a that, seed papier!

If you like I tell you about it. You see that pig with the C-sharp squeal, that r-razorback Bill soak with the peg-eh? You see him? Eh, well; wait, and I tell you.

"I come through this exentry sitteen, maybe seventeen year ago, with Joe Collins. That Joe be bust up the same year. His boy, Henri, he's doing ground-and-lofty stunt for Rosbeck new and he keep the old man like sick monkee. He's good boy, that Henri. Well, then I got some dog. Not much good, those dog. They have not the capacity for learn, and it is with dog like folks—some you can't learn dams thing, no matter. So I feel sick. Right then my luck fell from the sky—bing! But I do not know my luck.

fell from the sky—bing! But I do not know my luck.

"He sport ginger whisker on his face"—Frenchy, with rapid pantomime, indicated a flowing and irregular beard—"and his pants, they have patch to beat the band. He is sad, this rube, most sad, because he want to see the show and he have not the manoum. He have in his wagon one old now and six lestle peeg he will sell, but nobody want to have him.

"'S'pose you come see those peeg, mister?' be say,
"Well, I don't care, me, and I go to his wagon with him; and there is the mamma peeg and six leetle peeg. You can hour them three mile. François de bus bles! They make r-racket. They is r-raxorback. I lift up one leetle one by the ears, and his none go down and his tail go up—comme celo; but all the same they are très chie, cunning as leetle red-spotted pup.

"I let you have them peeg cheap,' he say, this old rube,
"I whake my head. 'Mon Diea! What you think I do
with them peeg?' I say; but I have g-grand idea all the
same. 'Heich, heich, heich!' go the leetle peeg: 'Harumph,
harumph, harumph!' go the mamma. With that, I know
what I shall do. Also, I think it is good thing when the
most heft of those animal is above the ear. Napoleon, he
say: 'Give me the man with the big nose. Those man is
the smartest.' And, by blue! Napoleon be know what he
is talk about, you bet you! Your friend Barker, he have
nose like shochutton—only it is red.

"Eh, well, I buy those six leetle peeg. I give two bit each for them; and that old rube, he is tickled to death. I guess when he get that dollar and half cold cash he feel so rich he would start a bank if there was not a show in town. Me, I take those peeg and I put them in a spare cage, and all the boys laugh to beat the band. Joe Collins, he say: 'What you think this is, a packing house?'

"'All right,' I say. 'You watch the smoke I make. Wait and see! I bet you I make thousand dellar out of them p'lits rockens. You see!' Then they holler and laugh plenty; but I tap my nose and I wink my eye. 'Nous perrons,' I say. 'Watch me!'

"So I go to work with those peeg. I call them R-roland, Pierrot, Tou-tou, Dagobert, Henriette and Mimi, and I tr-rain them all the time I get; I wash them and currycomb them every day, and I feed them like they was my child. I tell you they was smart. I have tr-rain dog and

and drive Dagobert and Henriette round the ring. It bulies act, I tell you! None of them peeg talk "" "Why didn't you learn 'em?" demanded Calis

rather surlily.

"No, they do not talk," Frenchy continued, ignoring interruption; "but they do 'most everything clas. A Joe Collins, he bust up and I take my leetle peeg to N' and I make good money there with Bloodgood & Cotili we go to Chicago. I make good money in Chic They are all crazy about my peeg there; but I like tryeme, and I go back on the road to N'York and get can sion at Dreamland. While I am there Pete Grunewald come to me and say: 'How you like take them pee yours South for the winter—eh, Frenchy?' 'Well, I deare, me,' I say: 'but I am from Missouri and you've to show me how much I make.'

"'One hundred per and expenses for the tour,' he
"Well, I make more as I am, but I got leetle tour rheumatism and Pete, he's most crying he want me much so himshy I say all pricipit we go.

much; so bimeby I say all r-right, we go.

"We show at Memphia and Vicksburg and New Mand Natchez and Baton Rouge; and finally we get a to New Orleans and make a pitch over by Bayou St. J. Well, we do land-office business there and have betime. I tell you that New Orleans has got the finest pawhat there is—big heart, open hand, très pentil—and t is the opera and Bayou Cook oyster. Me, I have the of my life. I say to Pete; 'We stay here till after M. Gras.'

"We are sitting in the St. Charles lobby, smoking good feefteen-straight cigar. Nothing is too rich for blood, you bet!

"'Sure thing,' Pete say. 'Pretty smoot'! I ain't at nobody, me.'

"'And you make that bundred dollar a week bun and twenty-five,' I say.

"'Make another guess,' Pete say. 'Maybe you get right the next time.'

"I do not like that. Here we are jam full—the perbulge out the side of the canvas, by blue! And Peter can't shut the lid of the cash box after the performa. The Picayune give my peeg half-column notice and story for lagniappe. Me and my leetle peeg, we are whole show. I bite my teeth, I am so enrage; but I nothing, and just then there come up to us one big and with red face and fancy vest, and he slap Pete on shoulder. It is Barker. He have come in from Hamo with two-ring show and he pitch long out by Carond

"Plenty room for us both,' be say, 'The more, merrier. Come up and see me sometime,'

"Sure thing,' Pete say. 'You come over and see

We got the swellest line of attraction ever you lay eyes
"There is more talk, and then we take friendly drin
the bar and Barker go away. Pete, he is mad. Two cl
in one town make punk business for one of the two.

law-ch? Still, he have me and R-roland and Pierrot ed Dagobert and Mimi and Tou-tou and Henriette, and

is do land-office business just the same.

*Emeby, in two, three day, Barker he come up to Bayou st loin for see our show. He sit in the front row and I ner my eye on him sharp. Fine! Splendide! He like naything. He clap his hand and stamp his feet to beat the band. When the clown come on he laugh fit to bust and the clown is punk-r-rotten! Then I come was in leetle peeg. I give the concert unique. Barker, is a like stone image. They sing ensemble. Barker, he is gist of his old mother who is dead. Tou-tou, he spell his ms. Barker have still expression of sorrow. The seesaw gov and the waltz, and Mimi drive Dagobert and Henwith in the little cart. Everybody is cruzy. They holler; by dap; they yell 'Encore! Encore!' Only Barker is bore. He yawn behind his hand. He would like ad deep, ch? I smile in my sleeves. 'Aha!' I say to

Sire enough, the next day I meet Barker in oyster aco on Royal Street and we talk long time round the in but himeby he say:

Frenchy, what you take for them peeg?"

"! do not sell those peeg, me, 'I say, 'I have affection rtism because I br-ring them up from babee; but if I side five thousand dollar maybe I sell them.

Five thousand dollar, my foot! he say, 'Talk sense.' "I talk dollar," I say. "If you do not like that talk, 94!

Helook at me. Bimeby be say:

I give you two thousand for them. Take it or leave it." leave it,' I say, and I walk out of the saloon. But he intidlow; so after minute I go back and, by blue! he dis tabasco sauce on his oyster. 'I am sick of peeg. og per all the time,' I say. 'I like the variety. Give way thousand dollar and the peeg is yours.

that till I have finish these oyster and we go fix it who say, and he shake more tabaseo sauce,

Well, then I go back to Pete and I tell him. Pete is at Heshake his fist and he swear blue streak. By gosh! e wold think he have lose an act worth hundred and esty-five dollar a week. I tell him that.

"Il get your goat just the same. I mijourrent for breaches of contr-ract!"

"Estain your shirt on your back, which you will see something what

wee. Then I talk some more to him, si bineby he see reason and he say he

"Aller that I take leetle holiday. I buy swill reng and diamond ring. I have use my apartment at the hotel. I put He mat red paint several place back of 13t Louis Cemetery. I am at the opera. be automobile. I r-raise Cain! I have m of my life!

The come Barker. He is more red the face than ever and his voice is like

"What kind of bleeding swine you sell sh! to say. 'Those sorré peeg, they miling-only ent and fight and squeal. m I've nom, d'un nom!' he say. Sum' He is hot under the collar. 'They set work for sour apple," he say.

"Maybe you do not understand them " lay, 'They work for me all right.' Youromeand make 'em work,' hesay. "just now I take holiday," I say. in I smick of peeg! I would not take the less than two hundred and fifty a

To ought to understand them peeg. my - you talk their language. I give time bundred for one week.

"I stake my head and blow rings of

"I sm tapitalist now,' I say. 'Two mired and fifty."

The will, I have him by the short in: to be come down off his perch and

werk for one week. The tr-rainer he have, Bill Jordan, w Bl. leedan-eh? Oh, mon Dieu, yes! You know him, "Well, when my week is up he take hold, this Bill Jordan; It's to laugh. He can do nothing, no more than before. www.l have my method, scientific, psychic, and I stand

"Eh well again I take my holiday and all time I wait. Wi) soin again comes Barker to my apartment and he I that I take for steady job, season contract, with the t press the button for the bell boy and I consider. two bundred fifty dollar a week, I say presently. "toe dama cent less, by gosh! Take it or leave it." The "by he come. 'Br-ring me some Bayou Cook oyster,' and tabasen sauce also."

I sit light on my chair, ready for jump.

"'I get you,' Barker, he say. 'You win this hand. Eh, well, how much you give me for those peeg back? They are no use to me.

"'I am sick of peeg,' I say. 'If you have good tr-rain sheep, that is different; but I give you five hundred dollar cold cash for them. Not one cent more will I pay you, by blue!

"Barker, he say - Well, no matter what he say. He is angry man and I make allowance. But he go away and I smile and tap my nose. I can wait. I cat my oyster, but he does not come back. Instead, comes Pete. He is not polite. Pete, no more than Barker is. I explain to him that he is most unreasonable.

"'You make me pain in the neck,' he say. 'One week you have play me this monkee business. Now you get them peeg back right away and you pay me fifty dollar for each those six night-three hundred dollar. If them peeg is not back in the show for the evening performance I have you arrest, and I souk you couple thousand on the con-tr-ract. You know me!' he say.

"I explain some more. At last he agree he wait two day. if I pay him fifty dollar each day. That make hole in my profit of four hundred dollar; but I figure to myself I make Pete take that four hundred in installment when I get the peeg.

"I wait one day, two day; then there is note from Barker.

"'Come up to pitch and see me. Maybe you like buy

them peeg new?' the note say.

"Well, I wink my eye, and I make tollet and take Carondelet car. Where I got off it is one block from the empty lot where Barker have his circus. I swing my cane and hum betle tune, and step out along the busquelle. Then—what you think?"

Frenchy glared round the circle, his leathery, wrinkled face working with tragic grintaces and his hands clenching

and unclenching spasmodically.

"I am approach the corner. I stop! I choke! My head go repond. I am transfixed with horror! Before me is



"Man Bleat What You Think I Do With Them Pagy!"

butcher shop. Just inside, Barker gr-rin like hundred alders. When you have a selection it is another matter, corpse! The hair is ser-rape off and the inside of them is open with leetle stick; but I know them corpse: R-roland! Mimi! Tou-tou! Dagobert! Henriette! Pietrot!"

Comfort in Camp

N NORTHERN winter travel, when the temperature is low, the Indian or any other man must have a fire at night or perish. He builds it then of as heavy stuff as he can get to hold the heat. Sometimes he will use a rock or an upturned root as a background, and sometimes he will rig a lean-to shelter back of his bed to reflect the heat.

"Barker laugh fine laugh; but I feel a leetle nervous and Of course in this sort of camp he will be apt to have a fur robe, a blanket or so, and perhaps a tarpaulin from his sledge. In this way he can stand very cold weather and keep going. For a camp of this kind you need both a good fire and a good robe. A robe made of lynx pads is as good as any, the fur of the foot of a lynx being deep and springy.

In the Northern woods birch makes a good backlog. Perhaps you can get dry pine or cedar for your light woodcottonwood or aspen for your smaller wood. Again you may be in some country where there is plenty of hardwood oak or ash or hackmatack. Use what you can get and begin your camp early, so that you may have time to get plenty of wood. It will take two or three times as much wood as you think, because the nights are very long.

When you go into camp in the wintertime things may look pretty snowy. Your firewood sinks down in the snow and it does not look as though you could start a fire. The first thing to do is to kick away the snow and get your firelogs as close to the ground as possible. Pile up two or three for a sort of backlog if you can. Go to the nearest spruce or pine tree and you will probably find near the bottom some dead twigs or branches sticking out-perhaps with dry moss on them. Get one of these large enough so that you can make a shaving stick out of it if you can find no birchbark. Start your fire going as soon as you get into camp. Then go to the other end of your scooped-out place and build another fire at right angles to it.

You will find that these two fires will keep you warm muck better than one. If there are two of you in camp you can sleep at right angles and each have a fire to keep his back warm. When the thermometer registers thirty degrees below zero it gets cold very quickly when the fire begins to drop. Have some logs where you can reach them handily in the night and so avoid that dreaded chill-the rigorso uncomfortable or dangerous when one wakes in a cold night and finds the fire gune down.

Your bed should be made to keep the cold out. Pile up all the boughs you can get. Put your fur robe or thick blankets on top of them and rig yourself a shelter of boughs back of your bed. Sometimes one can use a strip of canvas back of the bed in the winter camp, with snow piled in

behind it. The heat is reflected consider-

ably in this way.

In short, the things to be remembered about the winter campfire are that it should be long, that it should be reflected in from a backing, and also reflected down on the bed.

Such a campfire implies regular use of the ax by a skilled axman. That breed of man is passing away, along with those who knew how to build a kitchen fire. Never rely on a small ax in winter camping, but have a good one-man-size and sharp. Your belt-ax is useful none the less; and every man who goes bunting alone or who camps out at all ought to have a belt-ax with him all the time-in case of an emergency at least. It may save his life, and it certainly will save time and lessen discomfort.

In spite of the general advice not to build a circular or conical fire, there are exceptions to the rule - as there are to all rules. Suppose you are traveling on snowshoes in deep snow and stop at noon to boil the kettle and warm your feet. You do not want to dig down in the mow and you do not need a long fire. Go, therefore, to the nearest dead pine tree, cut it down, log it out into six-foot lengths and split each section once or twice.

Now take your splits to a nearby tree and stand them up on end in a cone, as men do cordwood when they are drying it in the woods. Touch this off, and you will have a sheet of flame in front of you higher than your head as you sit on a nearby log. It will warm you very soon and is very quickly built.

As to the material for your fire, that depends on where you are and what you can get-driftwood, downwood, willows,

ther fire you want so

A time-honored lashion among woodmen is to put two or three green logs one on top of the other, slanting back slightly, and supporting them by stakes at the rear. This practically makes a backlog. Cut a couple of short logs, my six inches through and a couple of feet long, for handlogs or forelogs, and lay these at right angles to the backlog. Build your long fire, supporting your long firewood on these handlogs.

This will give a good draft and soon make a big bed of coals. The heat will be reflected to you by the backlogs, which ought to last all night. Green birch makes a good backlog. Get anything green and heavy and thick that you can find.

WRITING FOR THE MOVIES



A Musing-Picture Company in the Field

Director Rehearding a Battroom Joene

By Roy L. McCardell HOUGH a police-court justice in Los Angeles. recently declared that moving-picture scenarios had no value and dismissed the case against a producer who had used the written ideas of a photoplay writer without paying for them, the amateur and professional moving-picture acenario writers of America-and that means almost everybody in the country-are not a whit discouraged; in fact they are very much encouraged, for the prices paid for photoplay ideas have gone up tremendously in the past few years.

Up to four years ago the producing photoplay companies paid from five to ten dollars for plots of moving pictures. Since then the prices have gone up to twenty-five and fifty dollars a reel, and in some cases more; and in consequence, as I said, everybody is writing for the movies. A thousand moving-picture plays are written and sent to moving picture companies every day in the year.

However, though everybody is writing moving pictures, everybody is not selling them: in fact the business of writing photoplays is almost entirely in the hands of salaried staff writers with the moving-picture companies, and there are not over one hundred free-lance writers of moving pictures in the country who sell enough photoplay plots, or scenarios, as they are called, to make it worth their while.

A dozen moving-picture magazines and countless correspondence schools of photoplay writing encourage the amateur to take up this alleged profitable field of scenario writing. Yet so worthless are the majority of contributed photoplay manuscripts that many producing companies will not consider manuscripts except from trained writers. Other companies welcome manuscripts from whatever source they may come, but have practically decided it is hardly worth while to read them. Mr. Frank Woods, head of the manuscript department of the Mutual Film Corporation, one of the large combinations of producing companies, received and looked through contributed manuscripts at the rate of a thousand manuscripts a week for six weeks, and found only seven manuscripts worthy of filming?

The Silent Drama to the Fore

ON THE other hand, the vast army of amateur moving-picture writers are encouraged to persist by the continued announcements of prize offers for film stories of exceptional merit. The Balbon Amuse ment Producing Company, of Los Angeles, began by offering a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars for the best picture story sent them. The Italian Society Cines, of Rome, offers five thousand do moving-picture play submitted to it. The second-hest writer is to receive one thousand dollars; the thirdbest, five hundred dollars: the fourth-best, two hundred dollars; and there are five consolation prizes of one hundred dollars each.

The Cines Company is the producer of the most famous of all picture plays, Quo Vedis? To take this picture, it is said, cost three hundred thousand dollars, and it has already earned five millions, for it has been exhibited with great success all over the world.

Through the New York Evening Sun, the Vitagraph Company of Armed is conducting at this writing a prize photor The first prize is one thousand dollars; the second, two bundred and lifty dollars; and there are consolation prizes of one hundred dollars each. These prize contests have greatly encouraged and stimulated the amateur photoplay writers throughout the rountry. They have also delighted the overworked staffs of readers of the many producing motion-picture companies, as these contests are deflecting tens of thousands of more or less hopeless manuscripts these people would otherwise

have to read.

The interest taken by newspapers all over the land in motion pictures during the past year is significant of the tremendous impression the moving pictures have made, For years the newspapers ignored the ellent drama. Now, in conjunction with the moving-picture companies, many newspapers are running serial and complete movingploture stories contemporaneously with their showing in the local pirture theaters.

The contention held by experienced photoplay producers that only trained fiction writers can reoceive and execute moving-picture stories to any extent worthy of attention is proved by the sucress and popularity of the big moving-picture serial films. The first of these, What

Happened to Mary, put out by the Edison Comp. was the work of a trained magazine writer. second and biggest of the successful moving-pic serials, The Adventures of Kathlyn, was written for

Selig Polyscope Company, by Barold MacGrath, novelist, and was then arranged for the film by G Willets, also a noted fiction writer.

For writing The Adventures of Kathlyn, MacGrat ceived twelve thousand dollars. He receives a larger for another serial in twenty-six installments, which wi arranged for the screen by Lloyd Lonergan, the sain photoplay author of the Thanhouser Company.

The Men Who Make the Money

THE Thanhouser Company buys few if any pier I from outside writers, Mr. Lonergan having been pt cally the sole writer of this company's pictures for the four years. Previous to his becoming a moving-pic author, Mr. Lonergan was on the editorial staff of the York World, and was known as a writer of adventure it for the magazines.

Mr. Frank Woods was a newspaper and magwriter of note, and had been successful as a freephotoplay writer before he was made acemario edit

the Mutual Film Corporation. The same may be of Russell E. Smith, son of Edgar Smith, the wright. Russell E. Smith is one of the youngest a photoplaywrights; but he made a name for himsel brilliant short-story and vaudeville-sketch writer b be went into the movies.

Bannister Merwin is one of the best-known photo authors and writes almost exclusively for the E-Company. He lives in England in an old Tuder ! on the Thames. William H. Kitchell, Ernest Cam Hall, James Oliver Curwood, Edwin Ray C Captain Leslie T. Peacocke, C. B. Hoadley, Geor Honnessy, E. Boudinot Stockton, Marc Edmund. and Lawrence S. McCloskey, all leading photo writers, were each and all experienced and succe journalists, novelists, stage playwrights and mage fiction authors before they took up motion-pl writing almost exclusively.

Epss Winthrop Sargent, noted as a writer of se as well as farcical photoplays, and also as an auth on the technic of photoplay writing and author textbooks on the subject, is a magazine editor short-story writer of established reputation. I the nom de plume of Chicot he was a vaudeville

ding New York newspapers. Clay M. Greene was one of the first of the establ dramatic authors to take up writing for the ! drama. His success as a writer for the stage has followed by equally gratifying success in photon

Mrs. Hartmann, who writes under the nan Elizabeth V. Breuil, and Miss Marguerite Berts: the Vitagraph Company, are generally considered foremost of women photoplaywrights. They were and are fiction writers of reputation. The may be said of Mrs. F. Marion Brandon. She is a lawyer and was an advertising writer of promis-Mrs. Louella Parsons was a short-story writer of t us was also Miss Peggy McCall. Two other a



Durtin Farnam, Jian; Augustas Thomas, Dramatist; Richard Harding Danis, Author, Discussing a Frint During the Taking of Moving Dictures of Juidiers of Fortune

women photoplaywrights are Miss Gene Gautier and Mrs. Lois Smalley. These two began as and still are film-drama actresses, and as such are known to all the moving-picture fans who are not aware that these ladies write most of the pictures they dominate as heroines.

Captain Churles Kiener, an ex-army officer, now in the Library of Congress Copyright Department, is also one of the most successful photoplay writers. Calder Johnstone, scenario editor of the Universal Film Company, is also a newspaper man and a writer.

These names comprise practically the entire list of people who make a good irelihood by writing moving pictures. Four out of five of them are salaried staff writers.

The truth is, though almost everybody a writing for the movies, the movingpicture producing companies saw, as far
sack as five or six years ago, that of the
modreds of manuscripts they received
only about one out of a hundred was
surthy of consideration, and these were
he work of trained newspaper, magazine
and stage writers. Immediately the
motion-picture companies secured the
acquaive services of these writers on a
generous salary basis. The duties of
nany of them, as salaried scenario writers,
nelude scenario editorship—that is, they

ook through the manuscripts of outside or free-lance vriters, and select and adapt for the camera such as may cosess any novelty of plot or theme.

Sad to say, the ratio of acceptable manuscripts from attrained writers is just about one in a thousand. The riters mentioned, and some few others who may have sen inadvertently omitted from the list, comprise the ames of those who have furnished the bulk of movingscure plays for the past six years or more.

Now, however, following the lead of Harold MacGrath be big names of fiction are coming into motion-picture layerighting. Already Rex Beach and Richard Harding lavis are under contract to write moving pictures, as are ames Oppenheim and Jack London. Percival Gibbon, fontague Glass, Irvin S. Cobb, George Randolph Chester, and other contemporaneous writers of note both here and broad are being approached by the motion-picture sople to furnish stirring stories for the film.

Laughing When You Say Good . By

[ME] books and short stories of every writer of consequence, living or dead, have been or are being dramated for the motion-picture camera. There are twenty-five country moving-picture theaters in the United States and annda alone, and it is estimated there are a hundred susand in other countries. Their demands are insatiable, or at least one-half of them have a daily change of proram—new films every day.

The price of admission being so modest in the majority moving-picture theaters throughout the world, their stronage consists of the same people night after night, specially is this true of what are known as community succes—the little five and ten cent theaters that are



Saniel Frehman, Madame Sertha Keilink, J. J. Southey and a Imperiing Company in Cube, Going Over the Manuscript of Marta of the Lautands, Produced in Motion Pictures

conspicuous in residence neighborhoods of the large cities and the main streets of small towns.

So pressing is the demand for more and new pictures, and so critical have the audiences of even the lowerpriced moving-picture theaters become, the film-producing companies are at their wit's end to supply good pictures. Of bad pictures and dull pictures there is no end; but of good pictures, especially good comedies, there is a disheartening dearth.

The little exhibitor, whose name is legion, clamors at his exchange, as the film-supply bureaus of the various producing combinations are called. He clamors for comedies, one-red comedies, to close his show. The little exhibitor is a protagonist of that shrewd young showman and playwright, George M. Cohan, who lyrically voiced the axiom of the amusement world who is he wrote and sang: Always Leave Them Laughing When You Say Good-By.

An average of a hundred letters a day are received by the big producing combinations' film exchanges demanding one-real comedies. Many write to the effect that deathbed scenes and borror pictures are all well enough in their way to get the crowd interested and its emotions stirred up until toward the end of the film show; but, say the little exhibitors, if sudiences do not go away laughing and pleased at a good comedy at the end of the show they do not come back the next night. "Anybody can tell a hard-luck story," say the little exhibitors—"and most everybody does," they add. "And hard-luck stories are all right for the first films; but if you do not hand your sudience a laugh in the last one, then it is good-by to good business until you get a feature film to pull the crowds again."

This mention of feature films brings to attention one of the remarkable phases of the moving-picture craze. A feature production is a multiple-reel story, either part of a weekly serial or a complete show in itself in two, three, four, and even six reels, shown continuously at the same performance.

These feature films were first taken and gained popularity abroad; and until Quo Vadis? was shown in this country the American photoplay producers gave little attention to them. After the remarkable vogue of Quo Vadis? the American producer sat up and took notice.

Among those first to recognize that feature pictures were in demand in the United States were Adolph Zukor and Daniel Frohman. Mr. Frohman was long one of America's leading producing theatrical managers. Mr. Adolph Zukor was connected with the Marcus Loew Vandeville Enterprises. These two men secured the services of Mr. Edwin Porter, an experienced and notable moving-picture director. They formed what they called the Famous Players Film Company and turned their attention to securing famous plays and famous players for film production.

Their first effort was putting out Sarah Bernhardt in Queen Elizabeth. This picture was taken in Paris and Madame Bernhardt was paid thirty-five thousand dellars for appearing in it. Next followed James K. Hackett in The Prisoner of

Zenda, and Mrs. Fiske in Tess of the D'Urbervilles. These feature films were a success from the first and were put out in the beginning exclusively in the moving-picture houses; but meantime, as everybody was going to the movies as well as writing for them, the attendance at the regular theaters at regular theater prices fell off plarmingly.

The New Line-Up of Movie Magnates

THEATER after theater in New York and other cities throughout the country was compelled to close through lack of patronage, while many of those that remained open were conducted with a disheartening decrease in receipts. One by one half the big theaters throughout the United States went into moving-picture shows. It was in these theaters that the big feature productions were found most suitable. At prices ranging from twenty-five cents to one dollar the established theaters that had closed were opened again with moving pictures; and they found the feature productions profitable attractions. Feature-producing companies sprang up like mushrooms.

In one month alone over two bundred moving-picture feature companies were incorporated in the state of New York. All the theatrical managers in New York went in for moving-picture features. Some of the managers arranged with established film companies to reproduce their old dramatic successes in motion photography and some of them formed companies of their own for that purpose.

Klaw & Erlanger combined with the Biograph Company; Liebler & Company allied themselves with the Vitagraph; the Shuberts negotiated with the Mutual Film Corporation; and William A. Brady went it alone. At this writing Charles Frohman has joined with the Famous

(Continued on Page 68)





Supers Hear Quebec, Rehearing for Wolfe, or The Conquest of Quebec

Stene From Lace's Gid Bream, Photoplay by Roy L. McCardell

THE HEAD OF THE FAMBL

'ANIE was seventeen then and Grover five, and me only eleven. We three was all Pa had to take care o' him when the old wreck wounds made him leave the engine and come home to live as long as he

could. One night he called out for us all to come visit him, and we huddled in the doorway lookin' at his old lantern, which he kept lit and hangin' to the head o'the bed. He'd wound a piece o' red cloth about the globe so it signaled danger.

Pa's face showed white even in that light and his eyes were blazin'.

"Stand in line," he said, very low and plain; "Cole first; you hold fast to him, Grover; and now, Janie, you hold to the little feller."

Even Grover knew this was no game, and

they both held fast, "Take your orders!" said Pa to me. "Those two are your trainyou're the engine. Run to the card, Cole, but mind your signals; here. move up and down, stoppin' at this red lamp. Hold fast to him, Grover, and he'll get you through - understand!"

The little feller, trippin' over his nightgown,

had hitched it up with his teeth. Now he let go and looked back at Pa, with his forehead seowlin'.

"Mogul," he answered, meanin' I was that kind of engine.

Pa looked hard at me, sayin'

"I'm glad you're 'fraid o' nothin'."

And Grover said: "Nussin!" just as plain.

Three days later, when pure Pa was gone, we three came home and walked up and down the room; and it was mighty good to feel them two orphans holdin' so fast to me, which they've been doin' ever since, for two years.

The old superintendent had made me night call boy, and we got along fine on the salary and Pa's insurance, which came in every three months.

One payday mornin' I was esenin' back to the dis-patcher's office after cullio' the last crew for the night runs, when Second Thirty-six slowed down for yard limits, and the engineer, leanin' out o' the cab, signaled me to board him for the ride down.

But I gave him the high sign and, it bein' daylight by then, put out my lantern. The engineer called to know if I wanted him and the fireman to stop and help me aboard, but I didn't answer. They was used to seein' Smoke Fish, the day call boy, swarmin' over the trains like a wildcat, and I was thirteen years old and pretty near as big as Smoke: but I didn't have his nerve.

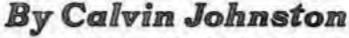
Down at the office Mr. Charley Barrens, the new superintendent, stood inside the rail smokin' a cigarette; he was watchin' me over a trainsheet and listenin' to the engineer and Smoke Fish ask if they might give me lessons in hoardin' a stationary engine. My! but he was a fashionable, flabby young man, who was kin to hig folks and said he'd taken to rallroadin' 'rause playin' pole was such a hard life; and besides, in polo, you didn't have any chief clerk to buck the game for you.

All at once the chief dispatcher bawled out the engineer,
"You let Cole alone!" be said. "The boy only plays 'em safe, like his daddy; though old Flynn would run on time with only a teakettle for an engine."

The engineer, who'd just signed thirty minutes late, hawled him back, with eight good reasons for it, and asked the superintendent if he wasn't right. No engineer would bave dared to bawl out the old superintendent that way.

O' course everybody grinned, knowin' that Mr. Barrens couldn't tell whether water made sais or steam in the boller. But he answered, "One excuse is enough, if it's a good one," and went on studyin' the train-sheet.

The engineer went out swaggerin'; and then I saw Brother Grover standin' in the corner, havin' come down to see me sign the roll along with the men in the payeur.





"Ran to the Card, Cate, But Mind Your Jiguate"

He was just old enough to go to school with his primer, but he's wise, and his face was so red I knew he'd been listenin' to 'em reast me.

Grover ain't 'fraid of nothin', and he went up to Smoke Fish and said:

"Cale rides on sogine pilots and he grain hold o' cars goin' miles a minute!" Then he kicked Smoke on the

"What a lie!" said Smoke, whistlin'; and, havin' his first crew to call, he went out and caught a freight rourin' part with the exhaust open.

The little feller looked at me so worried that I was sorry for him; you see I was the only head he had to his fambly and it was preity tough to bear everybody sayin' I was so scary, though it was a wonder he hadn't heard it before.

He asked me right out if I was scared o' the cars, and I had to tell him yes. Grover was pretty well broken up by the news and stood lookin' at me without speakin' till the payear came in; and when I whispered to him to hold fast and the Mogul would pull him in to the payroll he shook his bead.

"You ain't Mogal any more," he said, and wouldn't go with me.

This was the first time our train had ever broke apart and I didn't knew what to say for a minute. Then I splained it wouldn't do and hustled him into the car by the shoulders.

Mr. Barrens watched us, laughin', and Grover was pretty mad.

"I bet you'd be 'fraid to grab Smoke Fish!" he said; and after we'd come out to the platform again: "Well, ain't you 'traid to grab Smoke Fish?"

I had to tell him yes, with Mr. Barrens still grinoin' and listenin'. Then the superintendent threw down his rigarette and stepped in front of Grover, leanin' over with his hands on his knees.

"Wha' d'ye mean, tryin' to get my men to fightin'?"

Grover was so sulky that I said:

"I'll tell Janie you ain't had any bringin' up; I'm 'slamed of you.'

"I'm 'shamed a' him too," he told Mr. Barrens, pointin' to me, and wouldn't say anything else.

"Now you trot on to school while I go home for a nap," I told him; "and this afternoon we'll take in a show." He pretended not to hear; but after a while I saw him start up the street to school, where he got into a fight and

come home with a black eye. I stopped at the store to pay the bill for that month, and the groceryman said the fifty dollars' insurance, which was about due, ought to go on the old account. He splained that Pa would sure want to have it paid up: so I had to promise, though Janie needed a new dress pretty bad. O' course every head of a fambly has to

stand such things; Pa had never worried me bout debts, so there wasn't any reason for me to worry my follaby tellin' about this one,

When I got home Janie showed me in the catalogue a picture of the new dress shed picked out, and I hadn't fullen asleep yet at noon when Grover got home with his eye.

"Is it mighty black!" he asked, comin' in; and then I knew how I must have worried Pa and Ma by fightin' when I was at school.

Janie thought we ought to go to the mat'nay without im.

"Look at Cole; be never is such a disgram to the fambly!"she told him; and Grover was all broke up 'cause the didn't praise him for fightin'. He came up in his temper to yell at her

"Cole's scared o' and the engineer sail

Janlegaverne a quick look and her eyes anapped;

"Cole ain't 'fraid-none of us Flynns is 'fraid: but we don't go round huntin' trouble."

In all the two years I'd never seen 'em in a temper size. and it scared me.

"There's no use quarrelle" over me," I said. "I won't fight-you night as well know it now, Janie, 'cause you'll hear it anyhow.

I noticed for the first time how tall she'd grown, with dresses comin' down to her shoetope like a young lady's. Janie tried to look pleased, but her shoulders set back a little and her under lip dragged in a sulky way.

"You used to fight sometimes—just a little bit. You wasn't 'fraid," she said, with a kind o' blush, as though shamed o' sayin' it.

"I'm 'fraid now," I answered; and they both looked at me and then down at the floor.

We all started uptown pretty soon, with a quarter spice to treat each other, as we always did on payday; then we went to the mat'nay, but didn't talk or laugh at everything as we used to. And when the time came for me to go to work the others didn't start home as they'd always done

Grover stood with his hands in his pockets and his feet wide apart, tryin' to start a fuss with a ragged little boy. and Janie stared into the shopwindows. Once I looked but and saw Dan Robbins, the operator who was always getting laid off for drinkin', talkin' to Janie. Then she bond Grover on the eur and he walked ahead with his fatt doubled, while the others came on laughin' and talkin'.

There was sure trouble on the line now and already my chest seemed achin' with wreck bruises, though maybe i was only the seare. There's nothin' to do 'cept follow orders, and I'd had mine from Pa not to run by signalsthe red sign was up against me; but in daytime things or all hard and unfriendly, and I thought the color might come out white in the night shadow pretty soon.

There wasn't many trains that evenin' and after calls two crews I sat on the upper platform, where pretty soon! thought just what to do about us Flynns, and was all right and whistlin'.

The yards was still and I could hear some boys play: over in the town. A feller can't be always playin' about it job, and at home your fambly spects somethin' else of yobesides foolin' with games, or they wouldn't have no trein you.

But I kept a top under the toolhouse up the platforn and right in back was a cinder bed, hard as a floor; so got the top, which was rubbed over with wet matches, and spun it like a white-hot coal-it was bout the same playin' with the other boys.

An engine slid down the track soft as a big black cat with one eye, and stood opposite purrin' a little, with a big prirate car coupled on. A porter ran over to the superintendent's office and Mr. Barrens hurried out. He was dressed in white fannels in that sooty place, and the car bein' dim it I could see him meet a lady inside. After a while they some out and walked up and down the upper platform, aughin' and talkin' o' polo and old times.

Her voice was low and soft, but so clear I couldn't help terin' her ask, as she went back to the car:

"And how do things go here with you, Charley?"

"Ripping!" he answered.

Then she said good-by and stepped aboard, and the big assesger engine flew on down the main line, whistlin' for rosin's. I couldn't help runnin' to ask Mr. Barrens, who fidn't know nothin' about railroadin' yet:

"Have they got orders for right-o'-way? I mean a clear

He looked down at me s'prised and held my lantern to

"They have," he answered, laughin'. "Do you think a alread superintendent would send the car o' the president the board o' directors into a smush?"

"I wasn't sure if you understood," I answered, and sew I'd been too fresh.

"What are you scared about now?" be asked, still sides up the lantern; and my face was pretty white.

"I don't want to lose my job," I told him. He asked:

"Why are you 'fraid o' losin' such a job? The boys and here lead you a dog's life." I splained I wanted to sp it 'count of us three Flynns, and he said: "Then ne't have a cold chill every time one o' these blackguards awis you out, you know."

The dispatcher came to the door o' the office, looked and and seein' my lantern, screeched out:

"Where's that pinwheel?"

"Down the main—West—five minutes," I told him. He rushed back inside talkin' o' God, and I heard the ummin' o' his sounder, which had a piece o' zinc over it, it would wake him up any time.

"What's the matter o' that feller?" asked Mr. Barrens. I knew so well what was the matter that I could hardly swir that he was always rushin' about excited.

O' course by pinwheel the dispatcher meant the lightdo' passenger engine which was drawin' the private car.
r. Barrens, knowin' the young lady wished to visit him
at thirty minutes, had made out the train order himself
d given it to the engineer. Before leavin' the office he
d hung the duplicate on the hook; but the dispatcher,
ppoin' the engineer himself would come in to sign the
giver and ask for orders, had let a stock train in on the
s. Now the two trains were headin' into each other
sty fast! Things sure were runnin' wild on that division.
"By the way, I told that engineer I'd sign the hook for
n," said Mr. Barrens, and we went into the office.

The dispatcher was leanly over his key, white as paper, raised his hand as Mr. Barrens spoke.

'Shot up!" he said in a kind o' croak.

Mr. Barrens stood stonestill, and then went through the leafter him.

"I'm a good feller with all the boys, y'understand," he d: "but I guess you've overshot the mark a bit — "

Just then the sounder began drummin'—it was the O.
K. to an order just given. The dispatcher wrote it down
on his sheet, and then for a second leaned back limp, with
his hands over his face. All of a sudden he broke out with
what had happened:

"I caught that stock train by yards—feet—inches!" he said. "That engineer on the special didn't come in to sign."

The superintendent stared and, after hearin' him out, walked back to the platform. I went out to call a crew and about midnight found him still sittin' there on a truck.

"If you hadn't answered the dispatcher like a flash," he said, "that stock train wouldn't have been caught by inches." He splained that the lady on board the special was Miss Cloud and he thought more o' her than he did o' anybody.

People sittin' together in shadow are always talkin' friendly. He asked 'bout the Flynns, and I told him how nice Janie kept house and Grover went to school.

"Hut you're the head o' the fambly," he said. "What do you do when little brother kicks over, as he did this mornin'?"

I told him I could hang up Pa's lantern, burnin' red, and it would be all right. He thanked me for answerin' the dispatcher and rose, lookin' up at the stars.

"Miss Cloud might have been lyln' under 'em white and cold!" he said, and wiped his eyes with his handkerchief.

Then he went in to the dispatcher again, and said that he was to blame for the engineer's not signin' the beak. When I went home next mornin' Janie and Grover watched me without sayin' much, 'cept "Howdy?"

"We'd better meet in Pa's room," I told 'em; and lightin' the old lanters with the red cloth wound round. I hung it on the bedpost. That room was always kept dark, and Grover's eyes were right round watchin' me by danger light.

"Pa said to mind signals; and now we're in trouble I know be'd want this lit up," I splained;

"it'll warn us that we must hold fast together to keep out o' wrecks." Janie watched me very close, with her chin in her hands: but Grover sat straight without touchin' the back of his chair.

"What you goin' to do if we won't hole fast?" he saked.
"I can't do anything 'cept leave the lantern burnin' and
keep close as I can with you," I answered.

"Ain't you goin' to call us on the carpit, or rough us up, or putlin?" he saked, frownin'; and Janis tossed her head.

I had to enswer that I wasn't any fighter and Grover said, very carnest:

"It ain't hard, and when you're mad it don't hurt.
You just hit a feller like Smoke Fish in the eye and he bits
back ——"

"Fightin' is all you think about!" said Janie, sniffin' at him. "Cole's got somethin' else to do. But I don't see why I should hold fast to him ——"

"Pa's orders," I minded her, and Janie atood bitin' her lips.

"Oh!" she said, pantin', and then, with a quick motion she threw up the curtain.

The daylight came in, showin' all our faces white and angry, so that we moved still farther apart; and I guess Pa lost us with the shadow, for we began to quarrel.

"Pa didn't stop to think that I was most grown up," said Janie then; "and he might have thought you'd turn





out bolder. And I'm goin' to do as I please and have my party dress, and go to the dance-hall next week with Mr. Robbins!"

"He ain't fit company," I said; but Janie's face set hard and pink against me. It was a terrible danger signal itself.

"I'm a young lady," she told us, "and I'm goin' to have my good times and you can ——"

"Go to sunder!" said Grover.

"I don't mean that," said Janie; "It ain't nice. I'll keep house the best I can and be polite to Cole; but I'm my own missus from now on and he must understand it." "I understand," I told her.

She bowed and was always polite to me after that. Grover, he went out right away and best his drum all round the house; and then he went off to play hooky from

So there was nothin' to do but darken the room and keep the lantern burnin', though the other two never did go in there any more.

That evenis' was pretty busy; but 'bout midnight I was sittin' on the platform eatin' roy lunch when Mr. Barrens came up. He said that Miss Cloud and her father were comin' through on their way back East. Mr. Cloud was figurin' for the directors on buyin' a short line which had a junction with ours, and the lady just traveled with him for company.

"I dropped my fortune and somebody had to give me a job," explained Mr. Barrens; "so she told the old gentleman to offer me this one for a starter."

Pretty soon the special came slidin' in and be boarded it to speak to Mr. Cloud; then the lady came out on the station platform and walked up and down with Mr. Barrens.

Once they came up to me and Miss Cloud shook hands. "Your name is Cole, and I know that you saved me from a wreck last night," she said. "How are little brother

and sister?"

I couldn't see her face very plain, but liked her anyhow, and answered that they was well.

"They're lucky to have such a head to the fambly," she said, "and I know you're just as brave as you are quickwitted. Now hold up your lantern so I'll know you next time we meet."

I did so, and could see her face a little; she was very pretty, with blg gray eyes.

"Wouldn't you fight for such a lady?" asked Mr. Barrens, jokin' me.

"O' course he would!" she said; but I told 'em no, though I'd like to. And Mr. Barrens laughed right out; but Mise Cloud stood watchin' me a minute before sayin' good night.

"Paps hasn't finished his business and we'll be back next month," I beard her say; and then:

"Oh, Charley, I'm so glad you like railroadin' and are makin' good!"

Then the engineer ran out with his orders and the special began alidin' through the yards. We stood watchin' the tail-lights swing out o' sight round a long curve. "Damme! Damme! Damme!" said Mr. Barrens, louder

and quicker each time, and walked up and down wavin'

his stick. I asked what for, and he said: "I um a rascal; she has backed me for a winner and I am left standin'! Can I ride an engine, you know, and hammer trains up and down the division like polo balls?"

I answered, "No, sir!" and he grinned at me with all his

teeth, like a skull.

"Then I am a rascal," he said, " 'cause that's the only way I can run a division. And she thinks I'm makin' good!"

It was time to go callin' then, and I went down the main street thinkin' of the danger light burnin' in my home night and day, and hopin' the folks remembered it afore goin' to sleep. I b'lieved they would, and was whistlin' when I came under the windows o' the dance-hall and heard Janie's voice and laugh. Then the music started up.

I climbed the stairs and asked the ticket taker to let me stand in the door; and when Janie came waltzin' by I called that I'd come to take her home. The crowd was pretty noisy, but she heard; and walkin' over to the door she whispered for me to go 'bout my own business; but I set my lantern by the wall and just waited.

O' course Janie was too proud to quarrel before people: and without sayin' anything to Robbins, who had brought her to the dance, she got her wrap and followed me to the

street, but wouldn't speak any more.

At the gate I told her she would have a new dress to go to the neighbors' parties in, which were nicer than the dance-hall. Janie laughed and said:

"Thank you."

She pretended it was polite of me to bring her home, and hoped I'd call at the hall for her every night. Then she danced up the walk to the porch and went inside, without seemin' to notice the dim red light skinin' on the curtain.

I had to run fast to call the crew and got to one of the brakemen so late that he gave me a fierce call down.

Janie was polite as ever next mornin', but went to the dance again after Grover was in bed that evenin', and between callin' crews and takin' her home I had to hustle every night. She did look mighty pretty when dancin', bein' slim and light as a feather. Her black eyes would shine, too, and her cheeks flush pink; so it wasn't s'prisin' Robbins was always at her beels; but she pretended I wouldn't let him walk home with us.

In about a week I missed a fireman spite of all the ronnin' I could do, and was reported to Mr. Harrens' chief. clerk, who called me on the carpit and swore at me.

"One more break like that and you're fired!" he said,

and the superintendent heard him.

The insurance fifty came that mornin'; so I gave Janie twenty and told her that all the neighbors would want to see her new dress. Then I paid the old account at the groceryman's, and there wasn't any left for Grover's suit, who was wearin' out a terrible amount o' clo's fightin' and playin' hookey. As they didn't know what had gone with the other thirty dollars I didn't blame' em for accusin' me of spendin' it on myself.

Next night bein' Sunday there was no dance and only a few trains; so I sat on the upper platform 'hout midnight, wonderin' where I'd be this time next month if things kept

Mr. Barrens, who seemed to walk round a good deal at night now, stopped long enough to say that the chief clerk would not fire me.

It was that very night, while we were standin' there, that a flathead, impectin' an oil-tank car just below the

depot, found a leak with his torch. It didn't blow up loud-just aplit the rusted old tank; and the flathead botfooted it with a wave o' fire behind him. O' course everybody in the yards started down there on a run 'cept the superintendent.

He thought a minute" and said:

"Demmed if I'll go down where the light's brightest to show my ignerance.

Now the whole yard just below the depot was swimmin' in fire and a stream of it was runnin' under the rest o' the string o' cars, the oil tank bein in a train made up to go East. The fireman had even brought the engine down from the roundhouse and it was standin' just above us.

It was one of our big new engines which, bein' too heavy for the old turntable, had its own stall built over one of the switch tracks at the end o' the roundhouse. The track must have been a little downgrade from the fire, for the oil came pourin' in a flood between the rails-it ran under a car with a red powder-card nailed to its door which stood just opposite the superintendent and me.

O' course if that blew up it would wipe out the comp'ny huildin's; and it would wipe out my home, too, which stood facin' the yards only a block away. I yelled for the fireman to couple up and found enough slack to cut the train just back o' the powder car. The oil was under the engine now, burnin' red, with clouds o' black smoke, and runnin' down to the roundhouse, only about two hundred yards away. The rails held it hanked up, and some twist of the tank which had wrecked itself sent a new flood down.

As the engine didn't move I ran up, to find the cab empty—the fireman had gone down the track to see what was goin' on. So I started the Mogul backin' and dropped down to make my own couplin'- it was terrible smoky in there by that time, but I was lucky and made it. The Mogul kept buckin' till I climbed up and shut her off.

All this time Mr. Barrens had been follerin' in and out of the emoke, and across the engine and back in againlearnin' what was goin' on. He'd seen how I started it and how I stopped it. The powder cur seemed to be smulderin' from the heat below, and I'd have to move fast to get her out o' the blazin' oil in time.

As I held the lever, Mr. Barrens shoved me away.

Sportin' chance one to three!" he yelled, and I nodded in such a scare that he saw I'd never take her through; so, catchin' me by the back o' the neck, with a laugh, he leaned out and dropped me clear-then threw her wide open, I guess, for the wheels spun, the rails beginnin' to grow slippery with greasy smake. Then the hig drivers caught-and she lunged straight at the roundhouse, where, the stall doors bein' closed, she went through 'em like paper, and then on through the back door, strippin' off the dome and stack and cab. Lucky Charley Barrens stood low behind the boiler head! But he must have been as cool as ice, for he shut off steam at the very moment o' the first crash, and the Mogul, boldin' to the rails, beat her way clean through and stopped up by the blacksmith shop.

When I got there I found Mr. Barrens pullin' himself out o' the wreck o' the cab; he leaned on me some comin' down

the gangway and said in a weak voice:

"Old chap, you miscalled the odds a hit—it was one to a thousand!" Then he grinned and settled to the ground. I'd forgot to tell him that he would have to take his run through the roundhouse.

The foreman and two or three wipers, who had been watchin' the oil spread toward 'em, came runnin' up; and when I spialned they doused the smakin' powder car good before gold to fight their own fire. Mr. Barrens staggered to his feet agin and, holdin' to my shoulder, managed to walk across the yards and down the street to my house.

I called to Janie that it was only me, with a burt friend: and I had him he down on Pa's bed. Mr. Barrens kept talkin' a little dazed till we come in on the red lantern; then he went perfeckly still and stared at it from the pillows till I set it in a corner and lit a lamp. I remember his sayin' that he didn't want to get his signals mixed again.

Janie, who'd helped in accidents before, asked if there was anything she could do and came to the door with her street clock over her nightdress. I told her she might go to the neighbors and telephone the comp'ny doctor that Mr. Barrens was hurt at our home.

Janie's black hair was wound loose and her face was talso that Mr. Barrens stared as though seein' a ghost. That he began pullin' himself together and asked in a veale volce:

"Have you brought me home, old chap? It's swful good of you!"

He was watchin' Janie and seemed fightin' to keep his eyes open; but the lids sank down and closed tight. The Janie ran to fix the pillows so his head wouldn't slip down and I went to the neighbor's telephone.

When Janie heard me comin' back she tiptoei on to learn 'bout the wreck and if anybody else was hurt. W: Barrens seemin' to be in a kind of deep sleep; she said that smashin' through the roundhouse with that powder (r. over burnin' oil, was a brave thing to do. Then we well into Pa's room and watched till the doctor came.

I helped put Mr. Barrens to bed; he had three broken ribs and a bruise on the head and some sprains, but activ' dangerous; so after telephonin' the doctor's 'sistant to bring splints and things I went back to the office.

They were just clearin' away the blockade o' burne cars so trains could get through and I was in plenty o'clasto call the first crew out.

Next mornin' Mr. Barrens told me to take a layof sol let somebody else do the callin' for a few days. He brand up on the pillows and pretended he'd just come to vail a. He grew 'quainted with Janie and Grover right away, and was so funny that I never had so good a time since I va

Once I played a joke. It was on Grover and was played by pottin' a dynamite cap in the head of his drummic. The first beat blew in the head o' the drum and he never did understand how he struck such a hard blov. (5) guessed he'd better be careful how he kit anybody she h the eye and kept measurin' up his muscle.

Janie was always good in times o' accident and the played cards with Mr. Barrens; he said he'd never large; her standin' in the door, with face pale and her black har

tangled, the night he was hurt.

"You thought you was seein' ghosts," I said; and be answered: "A angel!" So we all laughed—Janie most

O' course everybody was talkin' 'bout the run he'd mair with the powder car; it was a short run, but seneth; happened every second. The dispatcher and two residue came down to thank him for savin' their lives, and Grove stood by frownin', and puffed up that he knew such a bran

Mr. Barrens told 'em square that he didn't know he we runnin' into the roundhouse.

"Cole was the one who coupled up, and he was starill the engine when I took it away from him-and Cole kees what he was gettin' into," said Mr. Barrens.

They all looked at me; Janie's eyes shone, and Green left Mr. Barrens to come over and hold on to my not I never did want to lie bout anything so had and might done it if I hadn't known they'd always expect me to be reckless after that and my nerve wasn't good for it.

"I was only goin' to start her and then jump," I aplained All I'd been figurin' on was to send that powder car on a the fire and take chances on what might happen to Wasthe engine after that."

And I didn't have wit enough to think o' that," sale Mr. Barrens, feelin' his ribs; and the men, laughin', sale war all right, and they wouldn't take out a smokin' power

> car, either-even will clear line and rights over every train on the system

Janie looked down an Grover went back to M: Barrens; but that evenly while I was etandin in the shadow o' the porch the both came up.

"Cole, it's all right box your not bein' reckles. said Janie, "You hardle me just right by bein patient, and I'm not got to the dance-hall as more."

She said she'd only don it in contrariness and never did like it much-

"I knew that all along. I told her; and when Grover spoke up and see he wouldn't play hook: went in to take the m lantern from the corre and put it out.

Mr. Barrens had been too polite to notice ! b'llevin' it was ker burnin' 'count e' troul between Grover and me but when I put it out is Continued on Page 42



You Musta's Come to Our House Any More," I Told Him

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

That Gay Paresis!—By Irvin S. Cobb





Gallur Mr. Ply, Fram the U. J. M., Water Debonairty In

Meldy Did Whickeradas Haver Shaut You, Weichfut as Chicken Stucks

S YOU walk along the Rue de la Paix* and pay and pay, and keep on paying, your eye is constantly engaged by two inscriptions that occur and recur with the ilmost frequency. One of these appears in nearly every hopwindow and over nearly every shopdoor. It says:

English Spoken Here. This, I may tell you, is one of the few absolutely truthful and dependable statements encountered by the tourist in he French capital-for invariably English is spoken here. t is spoken here during all the hours of the day and until ar into the dusk of the evening—spoken loudly, clearly, listinctly, hopefully, hopelessly, stridently, hoarsely, lepondently, despairingly and finally profanely by Amercan who are trying to make somebody round the place inderstand what they are driving at.

The other inscription is carved, painted or printed on all ablic buildings, on most monuments, and on many priate establishments as well. It is the motto of the French tepublic, reading as follows:

Liberality! Economy! Frugality!

The first word of this-the Liberality part-is applicable s the foreigner and is aimed directly at him as a prayer, a injunction and a command; while the rest of it—the conomy and the Frugality - is competently attended to y the Parisians themselves.

The foreigner has only to be sufficiently liberal and he is sured of a flattering reception wheresoever his straying solsteps may carry him, whether in Paris or in the provsees: but wheresoever those feet of his do carry him he ill find a people distinguished by a frugality and inspired y an economy of the frugalest and most economical charster conceivable.

The Frugal Habits of Good Saint Denis

[N THE streets of the metropolis he is expected, when going anywhere, to hall the fast-flitting taxleab!, though he residents patronize the public bus. Indeed, the disnction is made clear to his understanding from the coment he passes the first outlying fortress at the national centier - since, for the looks of things if for no better reson, he must travel first-class on the de-luxe trains , whereas he Frenchmen pack themselves tightly but frugally into he second-class and the third-class compartments.

Before I went to France I knew Saint Denis was the atron saint of the French: but I did not know why until heard the legend connected with his death. When the xecutioner on the hill at Montmartre cut off his head the ood saint picked it up and strolled across the fields with tucked under his arm-so runs the tale. His head, in hat shape, was not of any particular value to him any tore, but your true Parisian is of a saving disposition.

And so the Paris population have worshiped Saint Deals. ever since. Both as a saint and as a citizen he filled the bill. He would not throw anything away, whether he

Paris - not the Paris of the art lover, or the Paris of the lover of history, or yet again the Paris of the worth-while Parisians - but the Paris which the casual male visitor samples, is the most overrated thing on earth, I reckon except alligator-pear saind—and the most restly. Its system of conduct is predicated, based, organized and manipulated on the principle that a foreigner with plenty of money and no soul will be along pretty soon.

Hence by day and by night the deadfall is rigged and the trap is set and baited—baited with a spurious gayety and an imitation joyousness; but the joyousness is as thin as one coat of sizing, and the brase shines through the plating; and behind the painted, purted lips of laughter the sharp teeth of greed show in a glittering double row.

Yet gallus Mr. Fly, from the U. S. A., walks debonairly in, and out comes Monsieur Spider, ably seconded by Madame Spiderette; and between them they despuil him with the utmost dispatch. When he is not being mulcted for large sums he is being nicked for small ones. It is tip, brother, tip-and keep right on tipping!

I heard a story of an American who spent a month in Paris, taking in the sights and being taken in by them, and another month motoring through the country. At length he reached the port whence he was to sail for home. He went aboard the steamer and saw to it that his belongings were properly stored; and in the privacy of his statement. he sat down to take an inventory of his letter of credit, now reduced to a wan and wasted specter of its once plethoric self. In the midst of casting-up he heard the signal for departure; and so he went topside of the ship and, stationing himself on the promenade deck alongside the gangplank, he raised his voice and addressed the assembled multitude on the pier substantially as follows:

"If"-these were his words-"if there is a single, solitary individual in this fair land who has not touched me for something of value-if there be in all France a man, woman or child who has not been tipped by me-let him, her or it speak now or forever after hold their peace; because, know ye all men by these presents, I am about to go away from here and if I stay in my right mind I'm not

And several persons were badly kurt in the crush; but they were believed afterward to have been repeaters.

I thought this story was overdrawn, but, after traveling over somewhat the same route which this fellow countryman of mine had taken. I came to the conclusion that it was no exaggeration, but a true bill in all particulars. On the night of our second day in Paris we went to a theater to see one of the topical revues, in which Paris is supposed to excel; and for sheer dreariness and blatant vulgarity Paris revues do, indeed, excel anything of a similar nature as done in either England or in America - which is saying quite a mouthful too.

In the French terus the members of the chorus reach their artistic limit in costuming when they dance forth from the wings wearing shabby lingerie over soiled pink. fleshings; and any time the dramatic interest begins to run low and gurgle in the pipes a male comedian pumps it up again by striking or kicking a woman-but to kick her is regarded as much the more whimsical conceit. This invariably sets the audience rocking with uncontrollable merriment. Howsomever, I am not writing a critique of the merits of the performance; I am thinking now of what happened to us on our entrance into that theater.

The Whiskered Sisterhood

AT THE door a middle-aged female, who was raising a natty mustache, handed us programs. I paid her for the programs and tipped her. She turned us over to a stout brunette lady who was cultivating a neat and flowy pair of muttonchops. This person escorted us down the aisle. to where our seats were; so I tipped her. Alongside our seats stood a third member of the sisterhood, chiefly distinguished from her confrères by the fact that she was turning out something very fetching in the way of a brown vandyke; and after we were sented she continued to stand there, holding forth her hand toward me, palm up and fingers extended in the national gesture, and saying something in her native tongue very rapidly. Incidentally she was blocking the path of a number of people who had come down the aisle immediately behind us.

I thought possibly she desired to see our coupons, so I hanled them out and exhibited them. She shook her head at that and gabbled faster than ever. It next occurred to me that perhaps she wanted to furnish us with programs and was asking in advance for the money with which to pay for them. I explained to her that I had already secured programs from her friend with the mustache. I did this mainly in English, but partly in French-at least I employed the correct French word for program, which

To prove my case I pulled the two programs from my pocket and showed them to her. She continued to shake her head with great emphasis, babbling on at an increased speed. The situation was beginning to verge on the embarrassing when a light dawned on me. She wanted a tipthat was it! She had not done anything to earn a tip that I could see; and unless one had been reared in the barbering business she was not particularly attractive to look on, and even then only in a professional aspect; but I tipped her and bade her begone, and straightway she bewent, satisfied and smiling.

From that moment on I knew my book. When in doubt I tipped one person-the person nearest to me. When in deep doubt I tipped two or more persons. And all was well.

On the next evening but one I had another lesson, which gave me further insight into the habits and customs of these gay and gladsome Parisians. We were completing a round of the all-night cafés and cabarets. There were four

The x being one of the few allent things in France.

Free translation.

IStops on signal only-and sometimes not then.

Diner taken off when you are about half through eating.

of us. Briefly, we had seen the Dead Rat, the Abbey, the Bal Tabarin, the Red Mill, Maxim's—and the rest of the lot to the total number of perhaps ten or twelve. We had listened to had singing, looked on bad dancing, sipped gingerly at bad drinks, and nibbled daintily at had food—and the taste of it all was as grit and ashes in our mouths.

We had learned for ourselves that the much-vaunted gay life of Paris was just as sad and sordid and sloppy and unsavory as the so-called gay life of any other city with a lesser reputation for gay life and gay livers. A scrap of the gristle end of the New York Tenderloin; a suggestion of a certain part of New Orleans; a short cross section of the Levee, in Chicago; a dab of the Barbary Coast of San Francisco in its old, unexpurgated days; a touch of Piccadilly Circus, in London, after midnight, with a top dressing of Gehenna the Unblest—it had seemed to us a compound of these ingredients, with a distinctive savor of what was essentially Gallic permeating through it like garlic through a stew.

We had had enough. Even though we had attended only as onlookers and seekers after local color, we felt that we had a-plenty of onlooking and entirely too much of local color; we felt that we should all go into retreat for a season of self-purification to rid our persons of the one and take a bath in formuldehyde to rinse our memories clean of the other. The ruling spirit of the expedition, however, pointed out that the evening would not be complete without a stop at a calé that had—so he said—an international reputation for its supposed sauciness and its real Bohemian atmosphere, whatever that might be. Overcome by his argument we piled into a cab and departed thither.

This particular café was found, in its physical aspects, to be typical of the broad and district. It was small, crowded, overheated, underlighted, and stuffy to suffocation with the mingled aroms of stale drink and cheap perfume. As we entered a wrangle was going on among a group of young Frenchmen picturesquely attired as art students, almost a sure sign that they were not art students.

An undersized girl dressed in a shabby black-andyellow frock was doing a Spanish dance on a cleared space in the middle of the floor. We knew her instantly for a Spanish dancer, because she had a fan in one hand and a pair of castanets in the other. Anothergirl, dressed as a pierrot, was waiting to do her turn when the Spanish dancer finished. Weariness showed through the lacquer of thick essenatic on her peaked little face.

An orchestra of three pieces sawed wood steadily; and at intervals, to prove that these were gay and blithesome revels, somebody connected with the establishment threw small, party-colored balls of celluloid about. But what particularly caught our attention was the presence in a far corner of two little darkies in miniature dress suits, both very wally of eye, very brown of skin, and very shaved as to head, huddled together there as though for the poor comfort of physical contact. As soon as they saw us they left their place and sidled up, tickled beyond measure to behold American faces and hear American voices.

Homesick Pickaninnies

THEY belonged, it seemed, to a troupe of jubilee singers who had been imported from the States for the delectation of French audiences. At night, after their work at a vausieville theater was done, the members of their company were paired off and sent about to the cafés to earn their keep by singing ragtime songs and dancing buck dances. These two were desperately, pathetically hornesick. One of them blinked back the tears when he told us, with the plaintive African quaver in his voice, how long they had been away from their own country and how happy they would be to get back.

"We suttin'ly is glad to heah somebody talkin' de reg'lar New 'Nited States talk, same as we does," he said. "We gits mighty tired ob all dis yere French jabberin'!"

"We gits mighty tired ob all dis yere French jabberin'!"
"Yas, suh," put in his partner; "dey meks a mighty fuss
over cullud folks over yere; but 'tain't noways lak home.
I comes from Bummin'ham, Alabama, myse'l. Does you
gen'lemen know anybody in Bummin'ham?"

They were the first really wholesome creatures who had crossed our paths that night. They crowded up close to us and there they stayed until we left, as grateful as a pair of friendly puppies for a word or a look. Presently, though, something happened that made us forget these small dark compatriots of ours. We had had sandwiches all round and a bottle of wine.

When the waiter brought the check it fell haply into the hands of the one person in our party who knew French and—what was an even more valuable accomplishment under the present circumstances—knew the intricate French system of computing a bill.

He ran a pencil down the figures. Then he consulted the price list on the menu and examined the label on the neck of the wine bottle—and then he gave a long whintle.

"What's the trouble?" asked one of us.

"Oh, not much!" he said. "We had a bottle of wine priced at eighteen france and they have merely charged us twenty-four frances for it—six france overcharge on that one item alone. The total for the sandwiches should have been six france, and it is put down at ten france. And here, away down at the bottom, I find a mysterious entry of four france, which seems to have no bearing on the case at all—unless it be that they just simply need the money. I expected to be skinned somewhat, but I object to being peeled. I'm afraid, at the risk of appearing mercenary, that we'll have to ask our friend for a recount."

He beckened the waiter to him and fired a volley of rapid French in the waiter's face. The waiter hatted his eyes and alrugged his shoulders; then reversing the operation he shrugged his eyelids and batted his shoulderblades, meantime endeavoring volubly to explain. Our friend shoved the check into his hands and waved him away. He was back again in a minute with the account corrected—it was corrected to the extent that the wine item had been reduced to twenty-one france and the sandwiches to eight france.

By now our paymester was as hot as a hornet. His gorge rose—bis freeborn, independent American gorge. It rose clear to the ceiling and threw off sparks and red clinkers. He sent for the manager.

The manager came—all bows and graciousness and rumply shirtfront; and when he heard what was to be said he became all applogles and indignation. He regretted more than words could tell that the American gentlemen



Try as Sard as You Pirate in Sec the Sant Parts, the Parts of Small, Mann Graft Introder on You

who deigned to patronize his restaurant had been put to annoyance. The garpon—here he turned and burned up that individual with a fiery nideglance—was a debased idlot and the accursed son of a yet greater and still more debased idlot. The cashier was a green hand and an imbecile besides.

It was incredible—impossible—that the overcharging had been done deliberately—that was inconseivable; but the honor of his establishment was at stake—they should both, gargon and cashier, be discharged on the spot. Pirst, however, he would rectify all mistakes. Would monsiour intrust the miserable addition to him for a moment—for one short moment? Monsieur would and did.

This time the amount was made right and our friend handed over in payment a fifty-franc note. With his own hands the manager brought back the change. Counting it over, the payer found it five francs short. Attention being directed to this error the manager became more apologetic and more explanatory than ever, and supplied the deficiency with a shirty new five-franc piece from his own pocket.

And then, when we had gone away from there and had traveled a homeward mile or two, our friend found that the new shiny five-franc piece was counterfeit—as false a thing as that manager's false smile. We had bucked the unbeatable system—and we had lost.

Earlier that same evening we spent a gloom-laden quarter of an hour in another cafe—one which owes its fame and most of its American custom to the happy circumstance that in a certain famous comic opera produced

a few years ago a certain popular leading man sang a sag extolling its fascinations. The man who wrote the sag must have had a full-flowered and glamorous imagination for he could see beauty where beauty there was not.

To us there seemed nothing particularly fanciful about the place except the prices they charged for refreshments. However, something unusual did happen there once. It was not premeditated though—the proprietor had setting to do with it. Had he known what was about to occur undoubtedly he would have advertised it in advance and sold tickets for it.

By reason of circumstances over which he had no control, but which had mainly to do with a locked-up size wardrobe, an American of convivial mentality was in his room at his hotel one evening, fairly consumed with localiness. Above all things he desired to be abroad amid the life and gayety of the French capital; but unfortancely he had no clothes except boudoir clothes—and no way of getting any, either, which made the situation worse. He had already tried the telephone in a vain effort to communicate with a ready-made clothing establishment in the Rue St.-Honoré. Naturally he had failed, as he knew is would before he tried.

Among Europeans the telephone is not the popular and handy adjunct of every-day life it is among us. The English have small use for it because it is, to start with a wretched Yankee Invention; besides, an Englishmania a hurry takes a cab, as his father before him did—take the

same cab his father took, if possible—and the Lam races dislike telephone conversations because the pretures all go to absolute waste. The French telephone resembles a diagus for curling the hair. You was a round your head, with one end near your mouth as the other end near your ear, and you yell in it a while and curse in it a while; and then you slam it down and go and send a messenger. The hero of the preent tale, however, could not send a messenger—the hotel people had their orders to the contrary has one who was not to be disabeyed.

The Episode of the Borrowed Pants

Finally in stark desperation, maddened by the sounds of sidewalk revelry that filtered up to lin intermittently, he incased his feet in bedroom slipper, slid a dressing gown on over his pajamas, and repetiated a successful escape from the hotel by mean of the rear way. Once is the open he climbed into a handy cab and was driven to the café of his choice it being the same café mentioned a couple of paragraphs ago. Through a side entrance he made a hard and unhindered entrance into this place—not that he would have been barred under any circumstance inasmuch as he had brought a roll with him.

A person with a cluster of currency on hard if always suitably dressed in Paris, no matter if he has nothing else on; and this man had brought must ready cash with him. He could have gone in he leaved like Eve, or fig-leafless like September Mornit being remembered that as between these two he popularly depicted, Morn wears even less than Ew So he whisked in handily, and when he had hidden the lower part of himself under a table he felt quit at home and proceeded to have a large and his evening.

Soon there entered another American, and by the mental telepathy which inevitably attracts like-spirit to like-spirit he was drawn to the spot where the inext American sat. He introduced himself as one feeling in need of congenial companionship, and they shook hand and exchanged names, and the first man asked the second man to be seated; so they sat together and had some

thing together, and then something more together; and if the winged moments flew they grew momentarily non intimate. Finally the newcomer said:

"This seems a pretty lachrymose shop. Suppose were

elsewhere and look for some real doings."
"Your proposition interests me strangely," said the limit man: "but there are two reasons—both good ones—#9

I may not fare forth with you. Look under the table as you'll see 'em."

The second man looked and comprehended, for he was

married man himself; and he grasped the other's had aren and comforting sympathy.

"Old Man," he said—for they had already reached to the had already reached to the had already reached to the house of the line of the line

Old Man," he said—for they had already reached in Old Man stage—"don't let that worry you. Why, I've in more pants than any man with only one set of legs but say right to have. I've got pants that've never been wer. You stay right here and don't move until I come back My hotel is just round the corner from here."

No sooner said than done—he went and in a surprisingly short time was back, bearing spare trousers with him. Beneath the shielding protection of the table draperies the succored one slipped them on, and they were a perfect in Now he was ready to go where adventure might are them. They tarried, though, to finish the last bottle-

Over the rim of his glass the second man ventured a opinion on a topic of the day. Instantly the first me challenged him. It seemed to him inconceivable that a person with intelligence enough to have amassed so many pairs of trousers should harbor such a delusion. He begged of his new-found friend to withdraw the statement—or at least to abate it.

The other man was sorry, but he simply could not do it. He stood ready to concede almost anything else, but on this particular point he was adamant; in fact, adamant was in comparison with him as pliable as chewing taffy. Much as he regretted it, he could not modify his assertion by so much as one brief jot or one small tittle without violating the consistent principles of a consistent life. He felt that way about it. All his family felt that way about it.

"Then, sir," said the first man with a rare dignity, "I regret to wound your feelings; but my sensibilities are such that I cannot accept—even temporarily—the use of a pair of trousers from the loan collection of a person who intertains such false and erroneous conceptions. I have the pleasure, sir, of wishing you good night."

With these words he shucked off the borrowed habiliments and slammed them into the abashed bosom of the statinate stranger and went back to his captivity pantless, 'tis true, but with his honor unimpaired.

The majority of these all-night places are singularly and nonotonously alike. In the early hours of the evening the posicians rest from their labors; the regular habitues lay side their air of professional abandon; with true French regality the lights burn dim and low. But anon sounds he signal from the front of the house—Strike up the band; are comes a sucker! Somebody resembling ready money as arrived. The lights flash on, the can-canners take the loor, the garçons flit hither and you, and all is excitement.

Enter the opulent American gentleman. Half a dozen anctionaries greet him rapturously, bowing before his rumphant progress. Others relieve him of his hat and is coat, so that he cannot escape prematurely. A whole exption committee escorts him to a place of honor facing he dancing arena. The natives of the quarter stand in own in the background, drinking beer or nothing at all; at the distinguished stranger sits at a front table and a served with champagne—and champagne only. It is also champagne; but because it is labeled American trut—whatever that may denote—and because there is a sester on the bottle showing the American flag in the correct olors, he pays several times its proper value for it.

From far corners and remote recesses coryphées and our jesters swarm forth to fawn on him, hask in his resence, glory in his smile—and sell him something. The shole thing is as morcenary as passing the hat. Cigarette jrls, flower girls and bonbon girls, postcard venders and onlettl dispensers surround him impenetrably, taking him root, rear, by the right flank and the left; and they shove her wares in his face and will not take No for an answer—out they will take anything else.

was some and small some

Pearl and Her Wonderful Ears

IWO years ago this coming fall, at a hunting camp in North Carolina, I thought I had met the creature with he most acute sense of hearing of any living thing. I refer a Pearl, the mare. Pearl was an elderly mare, white in color of therefore known as Pearl. She was most gentle and ind. She was a reliable family animal too—had a colt very year—but in her affiliations she was a pronounced sectionary. She went through life listening for somebody any Whoa! Her ears were permanently slanted backard on that very account. She belonged to the Whoa odge, which has a large membership among humans.

Riding behind Pearl you uttered the talismanic word in be thinnest thread of a whisper and instantly she stopped. ou could spell Whos! on your fingers—and she would stop.

You could take a pencil and a piece of paper out of your pocket and write down Whoa!—and she would stop; but, compared with a sample assortment of these cabaret satellites, Pearl would have seemed deaf as a post. Clear across a hundred-foot dance-hall they catch the sound of a restless dollar turning over in the fob pocket of an American tourist.

And they come a-running and get it. Under the circumstances it requires self-hypnotism of a high order—and plenty of it—to make an American think he is enjoying himself. Still, he frequently attains to that happy consummation. To begin with, is he not in Gay Parce?—as it is familiarly called in Rome Center and all points West? He is! Has he not kicked over the traces and cut loose with intent to be oh, so naughty for one naughty night of his life? Such are the facts. Finally—and

herein lies the proof conclusive—he is spending a good deal of money and is getting very little in return for it.

Well, then, what better evidence is required? Any time he is paying four or five prices for what he buys and does not particularly need it—or want it after it is bought the average American can delude himself into the belief that he is having a brilliant evening. This is a radial trait worthy of the scientific consideration of Professor Hugo Münsterberg and other students of our national psychology.



the Had Not Done Anything to Sarn a Tip That I Could fee

So far the Münsterberg school has overlooked it—but the canny Purisians have not. They long ago studied out every quirk and wriggle of it, and expitalized it to their own purpose. Liberality! Economy! Frugality!—there they are, everywhere blazoned forth—Liberality for you, Economy and Frugality for them. Could anything on earth be fairer than that?

Even so, the rapturous reception accorded to a North American pales to a dim and flickery puniness alongside the perfect riot and whirlwind of en-

thusiasm that marks the entry into an all-night place of a South American. Time was when, to the French understanding, exuberant prodigality and the United States were terms synonymous; that time has passed. Of recent years our young kinsmen from the sister republics nearer the Equator and the Horn have invaded Paris in numbers, bringing their impulsive temperaments and their bankrolls with them. Thanks to these young cattle kings, these callow silver princes from Argentina and Brazil, from Peru and from Ecuador, a new and more gorgeous standard for moneywasting has been established.

You had thought, perchance, there was no rite and ceremonial quite so impressive as a head waiter in a Fifth Avenue restaurant squeezing the blood out of a semi-raw canvashack in a silver duck press for a free spender from Butte or Pittsburgh. I, too, had thought that; but wait—just wait until you have seen a maltre d'hôtel on the



Jampies is the Most Operated Thing on Earth - and the Most Costly

Avenue de l'Opéra, with the smile of the canary-fed cat on his face, standing just behind a hide-and-tallow baron or a guano duke from somewhere in Far Spiggottyland, watching this person as he wades into the fresh fruit—checking off on his fingers each blushing South African peach at two francs the bite, and each purple cluster of hothouse grapes at one franc the grape! That spectacle, believe me, is worth the money every time.

There is just one being whom the dwellers of the all-night quarter love and revers more deeply than they love a downy, squabbling scien of some rich South American family, and that is a large, broad negro pugilist with a mouthful of gold teeth and a shirtfront full of yellow diamonds. To an American—and especially to an American who was reared below Mason and Dixon's justly popular Line—it is indeed edifying to behold a black heavyweight fourthrater from South Clark Street, Chicago, taking his case in a smart café, entirely surrounded by worshipful bealevardiers, both male and female.

The Paris That Will be Glorified

NOW, as I said at an earlier stage of these remarks, there is another Paris besides this—a Paris of history, of art, of architecture, of literature, of refinement; a Paris inhabited by a people with a pride in their past, a pluck in their present, and a faith in their future; a Paris of kindly aristocrats, of thrifty, pious plain people; a Paris of students and savants and scientists—of great actors and great dramatists. There is one Paris that might well be burned to its unclean roots, and another Paris that will be giorified in the minds of mankind forever.

And it would be as unfair to say that the Paris which comes flaunting its tinsel vice and pinchbeck villainy in the casual tourist's face is the real Paris, as it would be for a man from the interior of the United States to visit New York and, after interviewing one Bowery bouncer, one Tenderloin caleman, and one Broadway ticket speculator, go back home and say he had met fit representatives of the predominant classes of New York society and had found them unfit.

Yes, it would be even more unfair; for the alleged gay life of New York touches at some point of contact or other the lives of most New Yorkers, whereas in Paris there are numbers of sane and decent folks who seem to know nothing except by hearsay of what goes on after dark in the Montmartre district.

Besides, no man in the course of a short and crowded stay may hepe to get under the skin of any community, great or small. He merely skims its surface cuticle; he sess no deeper than the pores and the bair-roots. The arteries, the frame, the real tissue-structure remain hidden to him. Therefore the pity-seems all the greater that, to the world at large, the bad Paris should mean all Paris. It is that other and more wholesome Paris which one sees—a light-hearted, good-natured, polite and courteous Paris when one, biding his time and choosing the proper hour and proper place, goes abroad to seek it out.

For the stranger who does at least a part of his aightseeing after a rational and orderly fashion, there are pictures that will live in the memory always- the Madeleine, with the flower market just alongside; the green and gold woods of the Hois de Boulogne; the grandstand of the racecourse at Longchamp on a fair afternoon in the autumn; the Opera at night; the promenade of the Champs-Elysées on a Sunday morning after church; the Gardens of the Tuileries; the wonderful circling plaza of the Place Vendôme, where one may spend a happy hour if the maniacal taxi-drivers deign to spare one's life for so unaccountably long a period; the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli, with their exquisite shops, where every other shop is a Jeweler's shop and every jeweler's shop is just like every other jeweler's shop-which fact ceases to cause wonder when one learns that, with a few notable exceptions, all these

(Continued on Page 77)



For the Lacks of Things, if for No Better Rouson, He Must Travel First-Class

THE VORTEX By the Author of the Autobiography of a Happy Woman

One Way Out for the Unemployed Woman

ILLUSTRATED BY WLADTSLAW T. BENDA

F YOU were on the ragged edge of nothing; if you had no home but such as you made for yourself; if you had no savings and had never had wages that permitted sayings; if you had not much strength and were gradually losing your nerve from fear of want; if you had no security against want and lost your job, and could not get another-what would you do? Particularly what would you do if you were a woman past forty, physically a good deal the worse for the wear and tear of city life, with streaks of gray in your hair that put you at a discount against the nimble agility of youth? Having through no fault of your own started wrong, is there any vocation where you could begin again, where your mature experience would count against the nimble fingers of youth?

Because there is such a chance for every woman out of the vortex of the city's great unemployed, I am going to aet down, with as strict accuracy to detail as I can recall, word for word, the story told me by one who found a way out which every woman in like case could follow if she would.

The other day there was a meeting in New York of the city's unemployed women; and women who had never before in their lives faced an audience stood up and voiced the cry for work, for a chance to live. Among the white-goods workers alone it was found that more than twentytwo thousand were working on half timethat is, at wages from three and a half to four and a half dollars a week. Among the shirtwaist and kimono makers ten thousand were entirely out of work, fourteen thousand on half time. Of the seventy-

five thousand women workers allied with women's trade unions twenty-two thousand had been permanently out of work for the winter. When you canalder that of all industrial workers among women not a tenth are silled with any trade unions whatsoever, it is a pretty safe estimate to say that at least one hundred thousand women workers in industry are out of work in the big cities of the East today. This estimate is considered under the mark by the union women of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore

What is the cause of it? Not hard times; for this country has never at any era in its history had hard times as that phrase is understood in other lands. Transition in styles, such as the present narrow skirts that prevent women from wearing yards and yards of white petticosts, may have something to do with one trade; but that is only a surface shift of the great economic current, throwing such multitudes adrift. If you look for the real cause you will find it not in shifting styles but as one woman, who began life at fourteen as a capmaker, expressed it, in the perfection of the machine.

The Age of Machinery

ONE machine today does the work of five cashgirls; one typewriter, the work of a dozen longhand secretaries; one sewing machine driven at top speed by electricity, the work of fifty women at handsewing; one canning factory, with machinery self-driven and almost automatic, supplants mother's homemade pickles and preserves in ten thousand. families. Do the workers, then, curse the machine and mob the inventors, as the weavers did a hundred years ago in England? Not a bit of it! I have never heard the faintest shade of resentment in tone toward the machine. Workers today realize that the machine has become the hurden-bearer of the age, a thing making possible ease of production in a way ancient wizards never dreamed and fairy tales could not invent.

Meantime what happens? Fingers fourteen, fifteen, sixteen to twenty years old are nimbler, quicker, safer with the swift-speeding shuttles, or steel cutters, or plaiters, than fingers of thirty-five to forty. Also, in an age when compe-tition is as fierce as war of old and overhead expenses the heaviest ever known, fingers of fourteen, fifteen and sixteen are cheaper than the fingers of a mature and experienced woman, who has a right to expect to be paid for her knowledge as well as her mechanism.

Good! Turn on the power! Whirl the wheels! Watch the shuttles flying so fast they are a blur to the eye!



of the Family Drift to the City. While the Women Jiny On in the Factories

What happens? Those nimble fingers, age twenty-five, do not yo so fast! The machine power has flagged and lagged the nerve power. At twenty-eight there is an accident, a broken finger, or a functional smaskup from exhausted vitalities. At thirty-five and forty-is it to be the scrapheap? That is the question these armies of women in industry are asking themselves; and the fact that there are one hundred thousand women out of work who want to work is more than the sign of an economic transition! It is the century tragedy of a machine age.

Is it necessary? Granted these out-of-works are drifters on an economic tide they can't cuntrol! Are so many hundreds of thousands a year to be permitted to become the flotsam and jetsum of humanity? If so it will come high in cost for hospitals and anylums and places of refuge. It will come still higher in bitter social discontent and hatred. Socialists say: Take over all instruments of production for the public! Doctrinaires say: Let the Government give these people a job! Philanthropists say: Let us give these people immediate help! The first two suggestions accomplish nothing; for they are years away and the out-ofworks are hungry. The last remedy relieves immediate need, but it does not get down to fundamentals and it offends self-respect; it is like bailing out water thrown in by the waves of a continuous tide. It helps, but it does not

Then there is the system being tried out successfully in Germany and New Zealand and Australia-government insurance against old age and want through a system of small weekly deductions from earnings; but this, like the remedies suggested by the socialists and doctrinaires, does not relieve immediate want. This system is not in vogue yet and requires years to bring its beneficiaries any returns. There is no use saying these people are unlits or they would have hoisted themselves out of their predicament by their own efforts. They are not unfits - they are misfits. You show how and they will do the hoisting all right. It is not, What can a woman do? - which implies a victim in a trap. It is what a woman can do, which implies a way out of dilemmas. So I shall tell the story of the woman who found her way out as nearly in her own words as possible.

I belonged to that type of family from which so many girls who have to earn their living come. We were neither rich nor poor. We were never in debt; but we never saved. My mother did not believe in the new fashion of women going out to earn their living. She believed that every woman should marry early and settle down, with a little family of her own. She did not believe a what you call women-in-industry. Neither did I. I did not think that was what women were for; and I used to feel alitibit of superiority and contempt when my old girl friends of the high school began going out to work in offices and factories.

We lived in a little New England fac-tory town. If you know anything about factory towns you will know that the socessful men of the family drift to the city. while the women stay on in the factors You can think anything you like about marrying; but there simply are not enough men to go round in these little villages. Now that it is all over and done with ! know where I made my first terrible mistake and sinned, and have paid in safering for my sin; but lots of women do the same thing and it does not turn on a mistake. I believed I was doing was it was the duty of every woman to domarry—and it seems a poor sort of jab-naw; but then I should rather have ded young than have my name go on a temstone as an old maid. That used to be

one of the jokes at our house.

Well, I married. I suppose at the tire I thought I was marrying for love; but I know now I was not-that I married for a home, for a man to support me; and I was too young to realize that the man I lad chosen married me as a sort of protection against his own waywardness. He period support that I could not give, that I was not old enough to give him. I think so both unconsciously tricked each other He thought if he married a good girl is would keep him straight. I thought #1 married a smart fellow it would proted

me from the blasts of the world. You see we were both

simply loving self and did not know it.

My brother and I had gone on an excursion to New York for the day. The man I was to marry was one of the do boys from our high school. We met him by chance on the street and he asked us to have lunch with him in one of the big Broadway restaurants. Jokingly my brother turned is me as we were going to meet him in the restaurant and said "There is a catch for you, Sade! Mack earns twelve hardred a year as bookkeeper in Wall Street; and you we judge from his dress and style of living how much he made earn on the side." I did not answer, but I thought a in-

The Savers and the Spenders

HE WAS the best-dressed man I had ever met, and he looked prosperous. You could see the waiters jump he serve him the minute he entered.

Though I was a country simpleton, I had eyes in my head and could not help seeing how the necks of all the he paid for our lunch amounted to seven dollars, and he tipped the waiter fifty cents. Then he took me to a nut inee. At the train, saying good-by, he told us he intended to spend his holidays back bome for the first time in year My brother looked at me queerly. On the train he said "Mack always was a fourflusher on spending. Only thin I have against him is that diamond ring he wears on hi little finger."

How could I confess that diamond ring was on my or finger under my glove, where I had promised to west it end of his holidays. The only inkling of anything ame came from an old-maid aunt, who threw cold water of everybody and everything. She was knitting in the count by the chimney the day before our wedding.

"So he is a free-spender!" she said. She always clicked her needles when she was going to say something horne "It's all right for them as has it"—clicking very fast and bard—"but them as has it don't usually spend it; and them as spend it don't usually have it."

It shocked my country ideas to find we were paymed rent of fifty dollars a month for our small apartment and of Fourth Avenue near Twenty-third Street. It seemed a great deal to pay half of one's income in rent. At home, when my father earned sixty dollars a month, we never part more than ten dollars for rent; but when I spoke to my husband about it he told me to leave business matters to

hin and he would leave household matters to me. It would affect his standing with the fellows if they thought he couldn't afford as good an apartment for his wife as these bachelor boys had for themselves. Who the fellows were I didn't know. Not a soul came to see us that first year in New York. It was fearfully lonely. I used to be dad to pass the time of day with the hallboy or the milkman; and there did not seem to be any way to form friends or make acquaintances. I used to clean the apartment and reclean it, and walk the streets, and parade the department stores to keep from being physically sick with loneliness: but in the evenings and on Sundays, when my husband was home, we were very happy.

I really think it is that kind of loneliness drives so many young people out to the dance-halls and the moving picares and the cheap restaurants. We got into the way of going to the cheap shows on Saturday nights and to the theap restaurants for dinner on Sundays. That was all we could afford. Really we could not afford that; but I did not know it. I used to long for the birth of our haby for company. I had intended to go up home for the haby; but my father died that winter and my mother went to live with a married brother.

"So you won't go up home for the arrival of His Little Royal Highness?" my husband asked. "How can I?" I answered.

He seemed terribly worried. I asked him if finances were tot all right. He answered: "Of course!" Would I never learn to leave finances to him? Business was for men - and so on, like that!

It was a day or two after that the diamond ring was missed the one he had given me that afternoon at the matinée. I wanted to have the police question the hallboys but my husband would not hear of it that would only put the thief on guard. He would employ a private detective to rake the pawnshops.

That night he was late coming home to dinner. I was wild with anxiety and nervousness; and I could not go out for him. I tried to telephone the Wall Street brokerage firm, but the office had closed for the day. It was a miny summer night that brought back the very smells of the rose gardens up home. A hurdy-gurdy was playing in the street below our window and a lot of ragged children were dancing round and round in the gutter. A faint feeling came over me. What if anything happened so that our dild would be a poor youngster like those below the wintow? Had I done all my part? Was the woman's part to the man support her? I can never hear a hurdy-gurdy pet without that same faint feeling - it was a sort of horror.

Getting Ready to Go to Work

THERE is no use going back over that night. It cripples me to think about it. I wanted to send for the policeand was afraid. I sat paralyzed all night listening and listenog for steps. By-and-by all the steps stopped and there ras nothing but the roar of the Third Avenue L. By norning I was walking the floor with terror. The minute he clock pointed to nine I called up the brokerage office. the boy who answered did not know who was speaking and lid not catch the name for a second. Then he said:

"Oh, yes, Mack-he ain't been here for weeks. He was red for swoipin' office funda!"

I was stunned. I would not believe it. I would not let myself think of the missing ring: but the morning mail killed my last hope. It was a little, curt note. It said:

Don't try to trace me. There has been a mixup in the office checks. If you trace me it will end in my arrest and your diagrace. Better go back bome.

Home! There was no homeand he knew it. I, who had married to escape facing life and earning a living outside the home, had now to earn a living for two! I was untrained. I was uzskilled. I was temperamentally unfit for

any kind of work but in a home. I was one of the thousands of helpless women thrown in the big cities-the very fate I had married to escape. I was ashumed to go back to my native place humil-

lated and disgraced. Timee was no place for me there. My brothers had married. One was supporting my mother, and his wife resented that. Our home factories were running slack. There was my work there.

I did not come to my works enough to know what to do till I was convalescing from the birth of the baby in the maternity hos-

pital. I used to think I should be so happy when the baby came; but now I could not look at him without crying out as if something stabbed me. Furniture we had paid twelve hundred dollars for I sold to the second-hand shops for three hundred dollars. Of that, fifty dollars went to the maternity hospital and fifty dollars for the rent of the apartment the month I had been away. That left me two hundred deliars. While I worked I arranged to have the baby cared for in the daytime at a church nursery. Then I paid fifty dollars for a special course in stenography and typewriting. with the use of a machine for practice.

That left me one hundred and fifty dollars. I rented a little back hall bedroom with the use of a bathroom, where I could do my own washing and light cooking. This took three dollars and a half a week. Try as I would, I could not get my living expenses down lower than thirty cents a day-five cents for breakfast, coffee and a roll without butter; ten cents for lunch near the shorthand school, sandwich and coffee; and fifteen cents for supper, coffee and a roll and soup, or a small piece of meat, a cheap cut. And when it rained so that I had to take the car to and from the shorthand school, I had to skip one meal to keep my expenses down to thirty cents a day.

That made my living five dollars and sixty cents a week. I used to count and count at night - that, at this cost, my



Try or I Would, I Could Not Get My Litter Expenses Down Lower Then Thirty Conts a Day

principal would not last thirty weeks; and I had made up my mind never to spend my last ten dollars. I always wanted enough left to reach my brothers. What if I were unable to learn shorthand in thirty weeks? What if I could not get u position?

It is right here that if some of the able rich women who want to help really would, they could save so much suffering and waste. If I could have had some one who was not knocked silly with fright to advise me in the hospital I should not have studied stenography at all. I should have done then what I did two years later after such suffering that I hate to recall it. I was not cut out for a stenographer. Spelling and punctuation always bothered me. A sharp word from the person dietating rattled me so I lost my head and made more blunders than

ever. The only thing I loved doing and wanted always to do and had looked forward to doing as my lifework was homemaking, cooking, sewing and housekeeping; but there was no one to tell me there was any market value for these things. I had not the faintest idea, any more than any other young girl has, that though every other vocation is crowded with more workers than there is work, the one vocation where there is always more work than there are workers - the one vocation in which a capable girl can get pretty nearly any price she asks - is homemaking.

The Mantourist's Ambition

SUPPOSE, if I thought of it at all, I thought of housework as being a servant, stuck away in a basement bedroom off a dark hall next to the ashcans. I did not know there was such a thing as domestic science. I did know there was scientific nursing; but I did not take up nursing because I did not know what to do with my baby during the years of training. A woman who was worldly wise would have known all those things and could have told me.

The other way in which rich women could help is in training such mishts as I was to find and fill and fit a special place. Why should any girl at the very end of her resources have to pay out fifty dollars to learn her job? I had thought of dressmaking, but at one dressmaking school where I applied the cost would have been sixty dollars; and at a school of design, where I wanted to learn millinery, the charge was forty dollars. If the women who form clubs for struggling girls would provide training for various vocations yes, even training in cooking they would have thousands of applicants a year and could save girls from the employment sharks and fake design schools, where they are bled to their last dollar.

One other point for the women who want to help: Many a girl, when she has finished her training, has not enough money left to furnish carfare, and there begins a weary tramp over miles of city streets to places of possible employment. I have walked ten miles a day-say, from Sixtieth Street to the Battery and back- and gone to a dozen different shops and offices, and found the same sign out on each door: No Applicants for Work Needed.

At the end of four months' training and searching I did get a position in one of the big department stores, where one hundred and fifty other stenographers were employed in the out-of-town mail-order department. I got this position through the girl who shared the bathroom with me as a place to cook and wash. She was a manicurist, who received one dollar and fifty cents a day in the ladies' parlor of the same store. She heard of a girl who was leaving, and really had me slipped in before I knew it.

She was a wonderful little thing-French, I think. She had come from San Francisco, working her way across the continent from point to point by manicuring. She had paid her Pullman fare from Omaha to New York by manicuring ladies' nails on the train. I asked her why she had come to New York. She said she wanted to see life and she "meant to land some swell guy with money." I asked her what she would have done in my case. She said before any man "got" her he would have to settle so much money



on her "snug and tight" before the ceremony. Her views left me sort of sick; but then had my motives been any better? She was full of catchwords she had heard at lectures about efficiency and average and subaverage and superaverage; about plans to get on. She said she herself was only an average; but she meant to be a superaverage.

She told me one of our women who was a foreign buyer had a salary of seven thousand five hundred dollars a year; and that the head cushier or auditor on the main floor, a married woman about thirty-five years of age, got five thousand dollars a year and had never been caught in a mistake in ten years. She said that both these women had begun in the Chicago branch of the store at one dollar and a half a week. They had come to work with their hair in pigtails tied in a shoestring. They were pointed out as examples of what we might become; but the hitch in that was, they were perfect fits. We were misfits. They were cut out for exactly the work they were doing. I was not fitted for the work I was doing. I had always been called a perfect housekeeper; and in the matter of buying house supplies and clothes I could make a dollar go as far as most women make ten; but in stenography my fingers were all thumbs. I did not think quickly, so I was always slow.

In my work I was very much a subseverage. I was a foreordained failure. My wages were six dollars a week; and looking back now I know that was more than I was worth. I broke my machine on an average once a month. Twice the repairs cost two dollars. I was not docked for them. I often had to do the simplest letters over twice, and, though I was reprimanded for ensures, I was never dismissed for my blunders. I think that was because it was so plain that I was trying hard. I had to take a cheaper room, this time at two dollars and a half a week, so near the store that I should never need to take the street car.

Later I found a room far over on the East Side below Twelfth Street at one dollar and a half a week. I was now able to cut my living expenses down to one dollar and a half a week. This left three dollars to clothe the buby and myself. After that first winter I left the haby with a German woman who lived in the same tenement. She took care of that baby in the daytime for nothing. I want to tell that, because that is the kind of help which counts far more than the investigations of vice committees or the lectures of philanthropists.

We are told that girls who work in the factories and stores should save for holidays and old age. If any one can tell me how I could save any of that salary I wish he would. One day, I remember, I was sent from the stemographers' department to pilot an out-of-town customer round the store. She asked me what I was paid, and when I told her she threw up her hands.

The Struggle for Existence

"WHY in the world don't you go West?" she asked.
"Out West they pay apple and orange pickers two
and three dollars a day. You girls are like our orange growers before they learned how to distribute their oranges in the
markets. Oranges used to lie and rot on our ranches. Then
we found out how to distribute oranges, and now no orange
grower loses. Why do you stay in these congested hig
centers like rats in a cellar?"

I looked her straight in the eye.

"Lady," I said, "I don't go West because I can't walk."

I think she did not hear me. She was talking in blue streaks, like this: "Perfect outrage to pay such wages! Don't wonder girls go to the devil." I wanted to tell her they did not—not half so much as idle women—they did not have time: but she never stopped for breath. "Women should boycott stores that pay such wages." She had just bought a scalakin sacque from us. "A law ought to be passed establishing a minimum wage of twelve dollars at the least for every girl who works." What difference would that have made, I wonder? There were lots of girls in our store getting more than twelve dollars. It was because I was a misfit that I did not earn more. If such a law was passed the stores would simply be compelled to throw out us subaverages and double up high-speed work for those who were left. "Why, there are millions of homes in the West that can't get help for love or money—not for forty dollars a month and board! Why do you stay in these city ratholen! Why don't you go West?"

She might as well have asked nor: Why don't you jump over the moon?

"Lady," I said, good and hard this time, "I don't go

West because -I can't walk."

And that is another way the strong women could help the weak if they wanted to; but, after all, we have to work it out for ourselves. Several things impressed me more and more the longer I was in that store. We girls and women were on the wrong tack. You cannot get joy out of work unless it is a sort of personal service. Unless you own your job in some sort of permanent way you will not sing over it. My grandfather was a shoemaker and he always sang as he cobbled. My father went into a factory and he never sang. He got crusty and short over his work.

Then, speed is the keynote of modern work. You work up speed; then you speed up more. If the machine breaks

a new one is bought. If the operator breaks a new operator is employed. It eats up your youth. The more experienced you are, the less value you are. That is why so many women workers call themselves Miss when they are Mrs. and wear false hangs and dye their hair. I began to call myself Miss in my second year. The forewoman told me: "We don't like customers to think we are an old ladies' home." Then, rich men can talk of savings to the cruck of doom. There is no save, or safe either, for us subaverages.

When I moved from our first apartment to the back hallroom I was still in a decent neighborhood. When I moved to the dollar-and-a-half room the neighborhood was decent enough, but it was not sanitary. There was no elevator in the tenement and there was no ventilation. There was only one dirty bathroom for each floor and perhaps twenty-five tenants lived on each floor—subtenters I suppose the little manicurist would have called subaverages like myself. The windows of the inner court were littered with milkjurs and plates of butter and meat placed on the ledges to keep cool; and Monday's washing always hung on lines stretched from window to window of the inner court. A wind would blow washdrip across our food.

Some of the laces learing round the doors were terrible—
fat, half-dressed drunken women and fat, half-dressed sottiah men. I have no judgment or blame for either the girls or the men. They were desperate for life. I used to feel, after the end of the second year, that if I did not have a holiday or change I should scream out with hysterics at night. I used to waken myself mouning in my sleep. I suppose these girls and men felt the same. They all looked as though they craved terribly for something. Where uptown folks drank champages over beelsteak these people had beer over chop-sucy. I suppose they were as much God's children as the uptown folks too!

Once the German woman who kept my baby told me how the priest in her home village used to have his people come and dance on the village green every Sunday afternoon. For us there was no village green. There were only the movies, the dance-halls and Coney Island.

One evening when the beerdrinkers grew screaming noisy I took my buby, now a wee toddler, and went out for a walk. I wandered from Third Avenue over west across toward Madison Avenue along the brownstone fronts. A relored cook stepped from one of the basement dears and three a tin of potted beef in the garbage can. Before I knew it, I had the most terrible hunger for that can of potted beef, for ice-cream, for a fizz drink, for beer—for anything with a taste, a lift, a kick to it—in place of the soupslops I had been living on for two years. Then I knew what sent the girls in the tenements to the beer gardens and back rooms of salsoom. It was a craving of systems that were—well, you cannot call them starved, but not nourished. It frightened me, with the same faint sick feeling I had had that night the burdy-gurdy played below the apartment window.

Here are two other places where the strong women can help if they want to I mean with decent spartments and



Let Us Sanish the Word Servant and Substitute the Words Domestic Help

hotels for girls who work, and with cheap caléteries, with neurishing food for ten cents.*

I had been working now for over two years and had saved not a cent; and I knew other women more competent that I was who had worked for twenty years and saved not a cent. I was now twenty-three. I had never been noth hungry, but I craved everything a woman should have nourishment, rest, fun, security. I was only twenty-three, but I was losing my nerve. Why? Because I was not unit, but a misfit! And I was lonely with a loneliness that was sometimes a terrible, deep, black pit.

If I had not had the baby—but no, I will not admitthe though Heaven knows if I had not had the baby, and my man had asked me to have either beer or whisky with he that night, I might have joined the noisy screens and dancers next door. I do not want to shock you and I do not suppose you would publish it if I did say it, but also that night I somehow never could find it in my hear a condemn a girl in the big city even if she went severy times seven times straight to hell!

I made up my mind I would place my baby in our of those church nurseries again, so he would be well nonished. I wonder whether in the bottom of my heat] wanted to be free to have my fling! There was a shirtward factory down Fourteenth Street way where I decided! would try for a position at ten dollars a week, if I could only keep up with the speed of those machines.

I know you are wondering how I could be so stepid a not to learn that all these experiences were simply driving me from where I did not belong to where I did belong, and where every woman belongs, into the one thing I was it for; but I figured this way; one dollar and a half a week would pay for my haby's keep; one dollar and a half now would pay for my room. I should have to raise on the cat of food and clothing. I was going under. Put these at three dollars a week. I could still do my own washing and cleaning on Sundays. That would leave four dollars a week. Four dollars a week might mean two hundred deliars a year saved—if I did not mangle a finger or break down, or lose my job in slack seasons. As I said before I am not quick. I am subaverage. I am faithful and thorough. Could I risk my certain job for an uncertainty!

The Trained Nurse's Advice

KEPT thinking of it all week till Sunday, when I went to arrange for the baby to go out to the country with the church nursery. That last ten dollars I had faithfully loss. all these two years, tucked in an envelope planed inside hy dress. If I were a misfit and subaverage, at any cost I must find the place I could fit and reconstruct my life. I much quit being a round peg in a square hole. I must stop delting or I should end a wreck. I skipped lunch and spent my ten cents taking the bus out Fifth Avenue. At Eghy-Sixth Street where the conductor calls All out! I notice! a handsome girl in the costume of a trained nurse, whereas a baby carriage and leading another child, about three years old, by the hand. No! Don't you think help care rushing out of the rich house to me like the fairy godmother! It did not - and it never does: we have to write it out ourselves; but just as I came down off the busched little three-year-old dived away from his keeper strucks in front of a hig touring car.

No, I did not save his life. It is no fairy story. I grabbel him by the neck and humped him back kicking to the trained nurse. He fought and screamed; and for a minute I held the little earriage to keep it from blowing over in the wind. The contumed nurse thanked me without looking up; but a thought had come to me in a flash.

"Excuse me," I said, "but are you a trained nurse."

Then she looked up. She must have sized up in seglance my sallow, gaunt face, and shabby-gentsel pride and draggled dress. There were tags on my pettimonic Belog a nurse, she must have known I had skipped must "Sure, I am," she laughed. "I began as a trained her

pital nurse; and here I am ending up a baby nurse for this naughty pair! Where do you work?"

I mentioned the name of the big store.

"And get about twenty-five a month, and spend it is slaving your life out! Well, I'm not sorry for you life out a well be in a good home, saving as much as to Quane of England had for spending money. If I could spend five years and seven hundred dollars on my since tion and don't consider it a comedown to do what I'm doing, you girls who are between the devil and the deep so shouldn't consider your dignity such fine china that if would go to smash over domestic science."†

*Mrs. Belmont's splendid lunchroom, the Vacation Cosimire Headquarters for Workers, Troncout Inn. the Women's Trais Union Bestaurant, and other similar club homes, did not exist this time; though it should be emphasized very strongly the there were a thousand such clubrooms they would not begin to 10 the need testay.

tWhoever the nurse was, she enunciated simple trush. For Queen of England had less than twenty-five dollars a neath to an allowance as a girl; and the new system of nursing establishing in many European cities, combining kindergration, Montess of tures and hospital training, costs about seven hundred dollars at takes nearly five years.

(Continued on Page 52)

By Edwin Lefèvre CHEAP AT A MILLION

COME men are so picturesque they do not need publicity agents and so intelligent they wish to be let alone by the public prints. E. H. Merriwether was one. He employed the ablest experts for his corporations, and they got more than their share of publicity; but for him-

self-nothing. Possibly he realhed that ungratified curiosity is a valuable asset; and, of course, he knew that in a democracy the less a man raises his head above the level of the mass the better it will be for his comfort.

He took pains to make it plain that he cared only for his work, tecause that proved he had no thoughts for mere moneymaking; and, since he was not interested in moneymaking, he could not be primarily concerned with despoiling the public-which, in turn, clearly proved he was not dangerous. And, of course, the more he kept himself out of the papers the more the papers wanted to see him.

is their hospitable columns; so everything he did or thought was news. Anecdotes about him were so hard to get that the brightest minds in the profession manufactured a few. They had to be very good anecdotes—and they were.

To the metropolitan reporters, however, E. H. Merrisether was known to be mute, dumb, silent, constitutionally incapable of speech and, besides, devoid of vocal cords. His office was always free from reporters, because they had curred to save themselves time by the simple expedient. of writing their interviews with him in their own offices, after this fashion:

Mr. Merriwether refused to discuss the matter. Neither onfirmation ner denial could be obtained at his office.

The financial editors of the newspapers fared no better, He was never too busy to see them; but all news about his vork came from his bankers.

On the same day Tom went to Boston a young man went. o the Merriwether offices in the Transcentinental Trust luiding. A stout, rather high railing fenced off the booksepers' room from the general and unwelcome public.

At a small flat desk near the gate sat not a freckle-faced ey, but a man, powerful of build, keen eyed and quick suided. He was writing a letter on a very good quality f ostepaper. He said: "Well?"—but kept on writing. ledid not look up. This always discouraged strangers, by aking them feel their atter insignificance. The effect on illionaire magnates, who similarly found themselves

mored, also was salutary.
"I wish to see Mr. E. H. Merriwether," said the young

an pleasantly and unimpressed.

The gatekeeper wrote two paragraphs and then, still riting, asked wearily: "Got an appointment?" 'No: but

The over-mature officeboy, in one breath and in a voice at dripped insolence, said, still without looking up:

"What do you want to see him about? He is very ay. Cannot possibly see any one today. Good day! There was a laugh, not at all ironical or in the nature of rexaggerated and audible sneer, but full of amusement; ed then the stranger without the gate said:

"When I tell you what I am you will bring Mr. E. H.

erriwether to me."

The voice was not menacing at all or cold, but there was assurance about it that made the Merriwether hireling ok up. He saw a young man, of about thirty, with very telligent gray-blue eyes, a straight, well-modeled nose ed a determined chin. His square shoulders and general of muscular strength made him look as if he could give good an account of himself in a rough-and-tumble fight in a battle of wits.

The Merriwether gateman leit his entire being permeed by a feeling of hostility. This was neither a crank to m over to a complaisant police nor an alms-seeker to be seed away; nor yet a millionaire in good standing. He at be, therefore, a reporter of the new school made scable by the fortunes of politics.

"My good James," said the new-school reporter with mocking superciliousness, "I would see your boss. Be

peditious."

The gatekeeper, whose name was not James but Doyle, shed dangerously; but his wages were high and he forced uself to keep his temper under control. For all that, his ice shook as he said:

"If you have no appointment you ought to know it's no e. No stranger from a newspaper ever sees Mr. Merrither. I-I'm sorry!" Here Doyle gulped. Then he "shed: "Good day!" - and resumed his writing.



commands in

that office.

"My Celtic friend," pursued the reporter in a voice of such cold-blooded vindictiveness that Dayle listened with both astonishment and respect, "for years the domestics of this office have been rude and impolite to my profession. Mr. Merriwether never cared how angry the reporters might feel or what they said about him; but today I am the one who does not care, and E. H. Merriwether is the man who is vitally concerned. I don't give a damn whether he sees

"And as for you, in order to avenge the poor chaps to whom you have been intelligently rude I, to whom you have been unintelligently impolite, shall have you fired. I've got E. H. Merriwether where I want him. If I can end your hose I can end your job-ean't 17 Oh, no, Alexander! I am not crazy. I simply have the power. It was bound to happen, for Waterloo comes to all great men who are not clever enough to die at the right time. Now you go and get McWayne-and be quick about it!"

Doyle at times saw things through the top of his head,

which was red. He said, a bit thickly:

"When you tell me in plain English, so I can under-

"You are not paid to understand; you are paid to use common sense and discrimination. You go to McWayne and say to him a reporter is here and wishes to speak to him about a sad Merriwether family matter."

Doyle knew from the office gowip that something was supposed to be wrong with Tom Merriwether; so, his heart. overflowing with anger because chance had put the one weapon in the hands of an insolent newspaper man, Doyle went off to tell the bose private secretary. Presently McWayne, walking quickly, came from an inner office and

"You wish to see me?"

"No!" answered the reporter flatly,

"Then -- " began McWayne.

'I don't wish to see you. I wish to see if you have the sense to understand that I wish to do Mr. E. H. Merriwether the favor of letting him talk to me. Do you want me to tell you what I wish you to tell Mr. E. H. Merriwether?"

The reporter looked as though he hoped McWayne would say no. Reporters did not usually look that way, therefore McWayne was perturbed. He replied, with a polite anxiety:

"If you please

"Tell Mr. Merriwether that I wish to see him about his son's marriage. Tell him that if he does not wish to talk

"You might aid that there is absolutely no use in his trying to keep it out of the newspapers. Make that plain to him, McWayne."

McWayne did not dare deny the marriage. Tom was, alas! capable of even worse things. He did the only thing possible while there was still a chance to suppress the news;

"And you represent which paper, please?"

Reporters do not always know why or how news is suppressed, nor the price; but this reporter laughed goodnaturedly and replied:

"McWayne, the trouble with you Irish is that you are so infernally elever that plain jackasses like myself are prepared for you. I represent myself and I don't want to be paid to suppress. No blackmail here; no threats; nothing except amiability and good will. Have you begun to accumulate a few suspicions that your taciturn boss is going to talk to me?"

"I'll see!" promised McWayne noncommittally; but he was so perturbed that he could not help showing it.

Doyle, who had made a pretense of resuming his letterwriting, noticed it and felt uncomfortable.

"And-say, McWayne," pursued the reporter, "could you let a fellow have a photograph or two? You know we've got some, but we'd prefer to publish those you think the family consider the best. Some people are queer that way."

McWayne shook his bead and went away convinced of the worst. He returned and beckoned to the reporter, who thereupon said sharply to

"Open the door-you! Quick!" And Doyle, who saw McWayne beckoning, had to do it.

Four hundred and seventeen reporters were avenged!

Doyle was so angry that he was full of aches. He was tempted to throw up his job. Then he hoped E. H. Merriwether, who was a very great man, would order him to throw the insolent dog out of the office. Doyle would earn a bonus.

E. H. Merriwether, autocrat of fifteen thousand miles of railroad, fearless fighter, ironperved stock gambler, but, alas! also a father, was seated at his desk. He turned to the

reporter the inscrutable poker-face of his class: "You wished to see me?"

"Yes, sir," said the reporter and waited: two could play at that game. The great financier was compelled to ask: "About what?"

"About what McWayne told you." The reporter spoke unemotionally.

"About some ramor concerning my son?"

"No?" E. H. Merriwether looked surprised.

"No. I wished to know what statement you desire to make about your son's engagement and marriage. If you do not care to say anything we shall not publish any fake interview, no matter what opinion I personally may form as to the real state of your feelings.

"I take it you are from one of the yellow papers, young E. H. Merriwether spoke coldly; but, within, his heart tragedy was being enacted.

"You usually take what you wish if it ien't nailed down, I have heard; but that doubtless is one of the slanders that automatically grow up about a great man, air," said the reporter, without the shadow of a smile or frown.

"If I am mistaken about the newspaper you repre-Here Mr. Merriwether paused, as if to allow the young man to introduce himself; but the young man

"If I told you the name of the newspaper that honors itself by playing fair with you I suspect you would set in motion the machinery that you-er-men of large affairs use to suppress news. You couldn't reach my city editor, who is a poor man with a family of eight, or the reporter, who is penniless; but you could reach the owner, who is a millionaire. This is my first big story in New York and it will make me professionally. It means a lot to me!

"About how much does it mean to you, young man?" asked E. H. Merriwether with a particularly polite curiosity.

"Speaking in language that should be intelligible to you and using the terms by which you measure all things down here — " He paused and then said bluntly: "You mean in cash, don't you?"

"Well, I should say, Mr. Merriwether, that this story is - Let me see!" And he began to count worth to me on his fingers, like a woman. This habit inexpressibly angers men who flud no trouble in remembering numbers of dollars, "I should say, Mr. Merriwether, that it is worth about three thousand two hundred and eighty-sixmillions of dollars! If I am to stop being a decent newspaper man to become a blackmailer and general damned fool I'd want to make enough to endow all my pet charities and carry out a series of rather expensive experiments in philanthropy."

" began the magnate. "But -

"No. sir," interrupted the reporter; "no money, please. Just assume that I am a fool and therefore refuse to consider

"I have not bribed you," suggested E. H. Merriwether calmly. His eyes never left the reporter's face.

"Then I misjudged you and I apologize abjectly; but permit me to continue to be an ass and blind to money. What about Thomas Thorne Merriwether, only son of the railroad king of the Southwest?"

"Well, what about m?" The face of him?" E. H. Merriwether showed only what you might call a perfunctory curiosity. The reporter looked at him admiringly. After a pause he asked:

"Do you know her?" "Do you?"

"Then you don't!" exclaimed the reporter triumphantly. "This is better than I had hoped!"

"Better?" "Certainly; it means a better introductory article. The first of the series will be: To Whom is Tom Merriwether Engaged? Think of it, sir," he said with the enthusiasm of the true artist-"the heir of the Merriwether millions! By the way, could you tell offhand how many millions I

might safely may?" Whatever Mr. Merriwether may have thought be merely said, with the cold finality that often imposes on young

reporters:
"Young man, if you begin your career by being vulgar your rain will be of your own doing."

"My dear sir, vulgarity never ruined any career. All the great men of history were at the beginning accused of hopeless vulgarity-by those on whom they trod. I tell you it is not vulgarity that prompts me, but mastery of the technic of my trade. Do you care to have me tell you about my article?

What Mr. E. H. Merriwether really wished to hear was that Tom was not in love that he was not on the verge of brutally assassinating all the hopes and dreams of a fond father. What he said to the unspeakable reporter was:

"Well, I start with this basis-my knowledge of your son's engagement."

"Where did you get that knowledge?"

"One of the few things a reporter is incapable of doing is betraying a confidence. To tell you the source of my information would be that. Starting with that one fact my problem is to make that one fact so important as to enable me to write several thousand words. To justify this I must make your son very important. He is not really very important, but you are. I shall slightly over-accentuate here and there" - he waved his hand in the air and repeated dreamily-"here and there! You will be the Napoleon of Railroads, the Von Moltke of the Ticker, doer of deeds and upbuilder, indisputably the greatest Captain of Industry that America has yet produced!"

"Heavena!" burst from the lips of the imperturbable little magnate,

"You are a stunning study for a novelist. Yours is the great romance of the American business man! Having made you romantic I wave my magician's wand and quadruple your millions. Yours, my dear siz-if you don't happen to know it-is one of the great fortunes of the world! You've got Crosses skinned to death and John D. whining over his lost preëminence!"

"Now look here --- " interjected E. H. Merriwether

sternly; but the reporter retorted earnestly:

"Hold your horses!" And the great millionaire did. The young man continued in his enthusiastic way: "It is much to have the hundreds of Merriwether millions, but it is infinitely more to have all the Merriwether millions and such a father and youth. I thus make Toro, who is really of no importance, of even greater importance than the great E. H. Merriwether, Do I know my business?" And he howed in the general direction of the elder Merriwether.

"I begin to suspect," replied the elder Merriwether,

"that you do."

He was watching the reporter closely. He always had found it profitable to let men talk on. A man who talks is apt to show you what he is; and that furnishes to you the best available weapon. You also may learn when it is better not to fight.

"When it comes to picturesque writing about people I do not know, I can assure you, Mr. Merriwether, young man said modestly, "that I haven't an equal in the United States. In your case I shall not be handicapped by either facts or knowledge, which are always fatal to the creative faculty. I shall be free - absolutely free to write!"



When You Tell Me in Plain English, Ja I Can Understand .

Mr. Merriwether permitted himself a frown in order to conceal his uneasiness. This young man was talking like a humorist. The eyes were intelligent and fearless. The combination was formidable.

"Your theory has doubtless many sup-

porters among your colleagues."
"There are," admitted the reporter cheerfully, "other bright young creative artists on our staff. Well, I proceed to make your son a puragon-a clean-minded, decent, manly young millionaire."

"Which he is!" interjected Mr. Merriwether

sternly.

"Of course! I know it. Have no fear on that score. I'd make him all that even if he wasn't. I proceed to draw attention-with a cleverness I'd call devilish if it wasn't my own-to the strunge and, on the whole, agreeable vein of romanticism in the Merriwether nature. There you are, a hard-headed man of affairs, whose name the world associates with great engineering deeds and great high-finance misdeeds! You are do you know what?a poet!- a wunderful poet whose lines are of steel, whose numbers are of tonnage, whose

song is chanted by the ten thousand purring wheels of

your tireless cars."

"My carwheels are lubricated. They don't purr," mildly

objected the railroad poet.

They do in my story," said the reporter firmly, "And to prove it I'll quote some striking lines from one of those unknown books we great writers always have on tap. Your romantic nature expresses itself in the creation of an empire in the alkali desert. You have written an epic on the map of America in green!"

"That sounds good to me," said Mr. E. H. Merriwether with the detached air of a critic of literature.

He did not know just how to win this young man's. silence - perhaps by letting him talk himself out of creative literature; perhaps by the inauguration of a molasses diet. at dince!

Thank you! Your son Tom's romance is in his unusual love affair! This young man, the most eligible bachelor in the world; handsome, rich, a fastidious artist in feminine heauty, with a heart that has kept itself inviolate-pretty swell word that?-in-vi-o-late-all these years, opens at her sweet voice. We alone are able to announce the engagement. High society is more than interested-more than startled. As thinks society, so thinks the shopgiri; and there are fifty millions of her. What society is incinerating itself with desire to find out is: To whom is Tom Merriwether engaged? Will our fair readers devour the article? I leave it to you, Mr. Merriwether!" The young man looked inquiringly at Mr. Merriwether.

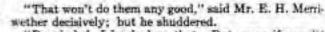
"I'd read it myself," said Mr. Merriwether very impressively. "I couldn't help it!" You could see that literature had triumphed over the stackticker. A great diplomatist

was lost in a great moneymaker.

"Thank you! And what do you find at the end of the article? What? Why, a nice psychological little paragraph to the effect that we propose to print the name of the one woman who, of all the tens of thousands who have tried, has won the heart of Thomas Thorne Merriwether, whose father you have the bonor to be. We refrain, in order to have the parents of the young people formally announce the engagement. By doing this we get the full value of the to-be-continued-in-our-next suspense, for the first time utilized in a newsstory; and we also increase our reputation for conservatism, which prevents the refined reporter of the-of my paper from introding into a family affair."

"Will your paper be damned fool enough to began E. H. Merriwether, intentionally skeptical.

It is not damped folly to extract all the juice contained in the scoop of the centuryit is technical skill of a very high order. Now what happens? My esteemed contemporaries, murning and evening, chuck a fit and bounce their society editors. They then rush for the telephone and dispatch their strongest photographers, sharpest. sleuths and entire dictagraph corps to the scene. They can't find Tom; because, as you know, he is in-he is out of town. And they can't find her-because I haven't said who the young lady is. There remains you!"



"Pre-cisely! I banked on that. But, even if you did see them, what could you tell them? Deny what is bound to be confirmed in the next issue of my paper? You know better than to acquire a reputation for lying in the newspapers. No, siree! Your game is to deny yourself to all inquirers and say nothing. My esteemed contemporaries have now but one desire-to wit: To print the name and publish the portrait of your son's flancée. Of course you see what happens then, don't you?"

The reporter looked at the iron-hearted E. H. Merriwether with such pity in his eyes that the great little car of the Southwestern Railroad for the first time in his life realized he was merely a man-a human being; an ordnary, every-day father; one drop in the vast ocean; one of the crowd temporarily above ground and therefore exposed to the same sorrows and troubles and sore vexations as all mankind. His millions, his position in the world, his great work, his undoubted genius-could not avail even to rid him of annoyance. Can you imagine John D. Rockefeller fiving on Staten Island in June and unable to buy masquito netting-price, five cents a yard?

"What will kappen?" asked the great millionaire, who

was also a father.

"My intelligent colleagues, of course, will look for the lady. Where there is a strong demand the supply automatically offers itself for consumption. And what will the seven hundred and fifty alert young men, with great capacities for fictional art who are temporarily assisting actresladies and self-paying authoresses and unprinted poetesses and fertilizer-manufacturers' unmarried daughters do! What will those estimable young artists, miscalled presagents, do when they encounter the demand for Tom's fiancée's photograph? What except 'Here she is!'-sis thousand words, thirty-two poses and a facsimile of a love letter or two, to prove it! And then -chorus ladies, portesses, fair divorcées about to honor the vaudeville The reporter stopped - he had seen the look on E. H. Merriwether's face. He felt sorry. "But it is true," le said defensively.

"Yes!" Tom's poor rich father felt cold all over. The

reporter pursued more quietly:

"You know the ingenuity of my colleagues, the great American respect for a millionaire's privacy, and the national sense of humor. Will your son's love affair to discussed? Will it be discussed with the gentlementy reticence and innate delicacy of feeling of my story?"

Mr. E. H. Merriwether never before realized that the law against homicide was even more unreasonable than ac-Interstate Commerce Commission order; but he had to bow to the inevitable.

He was beginning to understand how Napoleon felt on the deck of the Bellerophon when on the way to St. Helenz Do you remember the picture? He nodded - not dejectedly. but also not far from it. Well, in a day or two or three, according to conditions.

we come out with it. We print the lady's name and her portrait - possibly not the best of all her photographs, but the only one I could

"Who is she?" burst from the lips of the reporter's victim.

Instantly the reporter's face became very serious.

"I feared so, Mr. Merriwether," he said, very quietly. "Look here, my boy," interrupted Mr. Merriwether with an earnestness that had in it a threat, "I don't know what your game is and I don't care. I'll admit right now that you are a very clever young man and probably not a crook; but I tell you calmly, quietly, without any threats. that you are not going to publish any damned-fool article about my family in any paper in New York."

The reporter rose and looked straight into the unblink-

ing eyes of the great financier. Then he said slowly and

the old fellow admitted, distinctly impressively "And I tell you, twice as quietly and ten time as calmly, without any fool threats, that all the daily newspapers in New York and Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston and ten thousand other towns in the United States, Canada, Mexica the Canal Zone, and

countries in the Postal Union are going to publish articles about your son Tom's engagement, and later on about his marriage. Understand, once for all, that there are some things all your millions and all yeswillpower cannot do. This one of them. It is the penalty of being a public characteror, if you prefer, of being =



Jystem From Its Pery Start"

exceptionally great man. Do I understand that you have nothing to say about your son's coming marriage?

E. H. Merriwether in less than five seconds thought of more than five thousand possibilities, all in connection with his son's marriage. Then he said very slowly, fighting for

time and a chance to escape:

"My son will marry whenever he and the young lady chiefly interested judge fit to do so. He and I are in per-fect accord, as always." Mr. Merriwether was looking into the too-fearless gray-blue eyes of the reporter. Then he did what he did not often do in his Wall Street affrays-he capitulated. "Will you give me your word that you will not use for publication what I am about to tell you?"

"No, sir, I won't!" emphatically replied the reporter. "You might tell me something I already know and then you'd always think I had broken my word. I will not pledge myself not to print the name of your daughter-inaw-to-be; but anything that concerns you personally or your attitude toward your son's fiancée, or hints of a family quarrel-or those things that offend a sensitive man-I promise not to print. You have some rights; but I also owe certain things to myself and my paper. I've been frank with you. You can be frank with me if you wish. I put it up to you."

Mr. Merriwether, after a thoughtful pause, said: "Look here! I don't know anything about my son's engagement.

I cannot awear he is not engaged, but I don't know that he is It follows that I do not know the young lady. You don't have to print that, do you?'

The reporter gazed on the financier meditatively. Presently, instead of answering the question, he asked:

"Have you had no suspicion of any romance?"

"Well"-and it was plain that E. H. Merriwether was telling the truth, having made up his mind to that policy as being the wisest-"well, I have of late suspected that such a thing might be possible. It is, I will confess to you, a tertible predicament, lecause a man naturally cherishes certain hopes for his only son." On Mr. Merriwether's face there was a quite buman took of suf-

"Of course," said the reporter apolopetically, as though offering an ex-

nae for a friend's misdeed—"of course a man in love is not always wise." "No. And though I have no intention or desire to bribe you, and though I would not presume to interfere with you in your professional activities or influence you by pecuniary considerations, you will pardon me for suggesting .

The reporter did not let him go on. He rose and said,

with real dignity:

"Mr. Merriwether, suppose we drop the matter right here."

"You mean?"

"I will not print any story yet-on one condition."

"Name it. I think likely I can meet it."

"Give me your promise that you will give me an interview the next time I come to see you. It may be in a day w two, or a week. I don't promise not to print the story, you understand; but it will give you time to-well, to see your son.

E. H. Merriwether held out his hand and said:

"I will see you any time you come. But let me say, as an older man, that if you should suffer any loss by not printing

'Oh, no-I shall not suffer. I propose to print my story. I am simply deferring publication; but I thank you for the offer you were going to make. It shows more consideration and, therefore, far greater common sense that most men in your position habitually display before a reporter. I'll do even more—I'll give you a friendly tip." He stopped talking and looked doubtfully at E. H. Merriwether.

"Thank you," said Mr. Merriwether with a remarkable mixture of gratitude, dignity and anxiety. "I am listening."

"Find out why he goes to 777 Blank Avenue. There are some things a really intelligent father, poor or rich, should He raught himself.

"Please finish, my boy!" eried the great little man almost entreatingly.

"There are just a few things"-the reporter was speaking very slowly and his voice was lowered-"which an intelligent father does not trust to others-not even to the most loyal confidential men-things that should be done by the father himself. The number of the house is 777 Blank Avenue!"

"I thank you, Mr.

"William Tully," said the reporter.
"Mr. Tully, I thank you. I think you are throwing away time and brains in your present position, and if you should ever -

"Thank you, sir. Don't be afraid. I shall not bother you by

"But I mean it," said E. H. Merriwether.

The reporter smiled and said:

"If you knew how often my fortune has been made by men whose eteries I have not printed you'd be deaf too.

"Young man, I sometimes forget favors, but not the possession of brains. I need them in my business."

Well, the story will not be published yet. He acted pretty

McWayne wondered how much it had cost the old man: but he said:

"Didn't he intimate ---"

"That reporter knows his business," cut in E. H. Merriwether. "He ought to be a dramatist. Have you heard from your men?

"Yes, sir. Tom has gone to Boston. Two of them are

with him. He suspects nothing."

"What else?"

"They will let me know by long distance if anything

happens."

"If anything! Great Scott, isn't it enough that - Let me hear what they report—on the instant! Remember, McWayne, on the instant!"

"Yes, sir."

And, McWayne -- " He hesitated,

McWayne, his face full of sincere solicitude, prompted gently:

"Yes, chief?"

It was the first time he had ever used that word. It made his speech so friendly, so affectionately personal, that E. H. Merriwether said:

"Thank you, McWayne. I wish you would find out for me at once who lives in 777 Blank Avenue."

"Yes, sir," said McWayne. "That's where —" He caught himself.

"I am afraid so!" acquimced the railroad exar listlessly.

VIII

WITHIN an hour McWayne reentered the office. His chief closed his jaws-a weaker man would have clenched his fists-in anticipation.

"Breese & Sillimun, the real-estate men, say they rented 777 Blank Avenue, furnished, to a Madame Calderonan American woman, widow of a Peruvian nitrate king. She came up here and asked Breese about a suitable location. She has a daughter she wishes to marry off in America. She talked quite freely about her affairs. The house was for sale; but she leuted it, furnished, with privilege of purchase. Belongs to the Martin-Schwenk Construction Company. The daughter is about thirty, dark,



"There are Things, Mr. E. M. Merriwether, That Hat Leen Time Can Heat"

"Well, then, suppose you show your appreciation by telling the red-headed person in the outer office that he is to take in my card to you when I call again."

"Certainly!"

And the exar of the great Pacific and Southwestern System nearly slew Doyle by accompanying the reporter to the outer door and saying:

"Doyle, any time Mr. Tully comes to see me let me know instantly, no matter what I may be doing or who is with me. Understand?"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Doyle, looking terrifiedly at the

Tully! Irish! That was the reason, of course; but he as a wonder, all the same.

"Good day, Mr. Tully. I thank you. And don't forget

Mr. Merriwether bowed as the door closed on Mr. William Tully and then, walking like a man in a trance, returned to his private office.

He rang the pushbutton marked Number One, and when McWayne appeared turned a haggard face to his private secretary

"McWayne, that reporter has a story of Tom's engagement, but he wouldn't tell me who the girl is."

"I don't believe it!" cried McWayne, with a not very intelligent intention of comforting his chief. At times the male Irish mind works femininely.

"Neither do I-and yet I do. It confirms Doctor Frauenthal's diagnosis. I guess he knows his business after all.

Spanish looking and fleshy; rather-er-inclined to make guogoo eyes, as Breese says, in a kind of foreign way.

"Mrs. Calderon said pointblank that she wished her daughter to marry a nice young man of wealth and position, preferably a blond. I gather that the agents were rather anxious to let the house and probably encouraged her. She has paid quarterly in advance and her banking references are O. K.; but nothing about her personally is known to any one. That's all I could get."

'Very well. Thank you, McWayne."

The private secretary stood beside the desk, hesitated and presently walked out. Shortly afterward the great and ruthless E. H. Merriwether, full of perplexity and regret and some remorse over his neglect of his only son for so many years!-went uptown. He desired to know what to expect, in order to be able to think intelligently and therefore to fight efficiently. How could be fight-not knowing what or whom to fight?

He told the chauffeur to wait and then rang the bell

One of the four footmen whose faces had impressed Tom as being too intelligent for menials opened the door,

"I wish to see Madame Calderon,

"I beg pardon, sir. Have you an appointment?"

"No. Say it is Mr. Merriwether."

"Mister who, sir?"

Mr. Merriwether took out a card. The footman received it on a very elaborate silver-gilt card tray and, pointing

(Continued on Page 73)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE GEORGE HORACE LORIMER. EDITOR

By Subscription BLM the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newspales. To Linests—By Subscription BLS the Year (Except in Tourist, E.M., Single Copies, Five Cause.

Foreign Subscriptionet For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, \$3.76. Restlitunces to be Made by hispersulousl Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 16, 1914

American Shipping

As TO the mere flapdoodle that was uttered in con-siderable quantity over the Panama tolls question, no comment is necessary. It was not only so silly but so transparent that no one could have been taken in by it. In the opinion of those who speak with greatest authority the exemption of American coastwise vessels from talks was a violation of our treaty with Great Britain; and we suppose even this glorious Republic, with its star-spangled banner flying, its eagle screaming, and its more vaporous politicians spouting fervid rheteric, can live up to its agreements without lasting humiliation or without craven truckling to an ancient foe.

Aside from any treaty, the toll exemption was only a covert subsidy to shipping interests; and the day of subsidies ought to be past. True, our shipping languishes; and we hope it will continue to languish if there is no way to revive it save by Government bounty. This is hardly the Congress to demand a special privilege for any interest.

There is endless discussion of the low estate of American shipping; but one indubitable fact in that connection is seldom mentioned-namely, every great and flourishing shipping interest in the world today belongs to a trust in one way or another. The most important and prosperous part of the ocean-carrying trade lives by pools and agreements in restraint of competition. There is no reason to believe that trade can prosper under unrestricted competition. All modern experience is against an assumption that it can. Probably if we have no combinations we may as well resign ourselves to having no ships.

A New York Election

TIME was when we dutifully followed our teachers in looking on a constitution as a tremendously important thing: but we have learned better. Theoretically, what in the field of politics could be more important than the organic law on which the whole structure of government rests? But, broadly speaking, the people have never cared much about constitutions, and they have been quite right in not caring much.

Recasting the constitution of the Empire State has been earnestly debated for years. Lawyers, judges, governors, mayors, scholars and other persons of distinction have urgently recommended it. More than six hundred bills to amend the present organic law have been introduced into the legislature. The demand for revision seemed so weighty that Democrats, Republicans and Progressives pledged themselves in their state platforms to a constitutional convention.

The question was submitted to the people in April and less than one-fifth of the voters of the state were sufficiently interested to cast a ballot on it. Among this relatively small minority, opinion was so evenly divided that close counting was necessary to say which side won; in fact after all the agitation the Empire State simply yawned and muttered sleepily: "Oh, well: revise it or not, as you please. I don't care a rap either way."

The present constitution has been in effect less than twenty years. It had hardly become operative before

faults began to appear. And, with all due respect to New York's sapience, we say the new constitution-if there shall be one-will not be in effect five years before serious faults appear in it.

Who, writing an organic law in 1894, could have forewen the political needs of New York in 1914? No more can 1915 foresee 1935. But when we come to write organic. laws we must always assume following the model of the Federal Constitution-that we can foresee, and so put in a lot of specific provisions that presently fail to fit. No wonder constitutional elections almost always show the people to be indifferent.

What is vital in our government depends on a few large and loose general principles. A model state constitution could be written on half a dozen sheets of paper; but we

have not the modesty to write one that way.

A Transportation Tip

NO CITY can have a really satisfactory transportation system without a good and reasonably cheep cab service, and in that respect most American cities fail.

This subject, we are aware, is not a popular one, because long habitustion to excessive charges has schooled Americans to look on cale as luxuries, almost as far outside the economy of ordinary folks as chaincagne and silk underwear. They stand patiently in an unexpected shower, waiting for an overcrowded car, or trudge with their parcels across town without even thinking of a cab; but we are unable to discover any good reason why cabs should be luxuries.

The London taxl costs sixteen cents a mile. In Paris the short crosstown trip, such as Americana almost always make afoot, regardless of weather and bundles, costs fifteen cents. Berlin charges are not much higher. London, Paris and Berlin buy our gasoline and our motors, and put them in use at from half to a third of our rates. The difference in wages hardly explains this.

Now and then, it is true, we pass an ordinance lowering taxi farm, and, generally speaking, the taxis get along as well on the lower as on the higher rate; but, with all our ordinances, our fares are double or treble those of Europe. In various American cities it is impossible to go anywhere in a can and have anything worth mentioning left of a dollar.

Cities are always at work on this problem of transportation: but as trolley, elevated and enhway can go only in certain prescribed places there is no satisfactory solution that does not include good and reasonably cheap cab service.

A Tax Trouble

ABOUT taxes a lew things may be asserted with the utmost confidence. One of them is that there never ous be an even approximately equitable system of property taxation unless the fixing of values is removed from local influences.

A Minnesota report shows that the local assessors generally ignored the legal mandate to return all property at its true value and substituted various ratios of their own, with the inevitable result that "the assessment abounds in the grossest inequalities." A New Hampshire investigation found some assessors returning property at fifty per cent or less of its true value and others at seventy per cent or more. In every state where the valuing of property for taxation is left largely to local officials the same conditions can be found.

So long as a general property tax is retained-which will undoubtedly be a long while-the only rational way to levy it is through a state board to which local assessors are directly responsible. The local assessor is almost always a toxpayer himself. His friends and political supporters are taxpayers. He does not want his community to pay more taxes relatively than some other community. His constant tendency is to cut down valuations.

Another thing that may confidently be asserted is that any attempt to assess all sorts of property at the same rate will fail. Minnesota now proposes to tax some personalty at a quarter of its value, farm products and livestock at a third, iron ore at half. In many other states different rates for different surts of property have been adopted.

Assessments made or strictly supervised by a body free from local influences, and classification of property for taxing purposes, will go some distance toward making the

A Sentimental Rebellion

RECENT English events are as remarkable as any that have occurred in the British Empire in half a century. For more than a year eminent Englishmen have openly preached civil war and openly prepared for it. Leaders of the second great political party have repeatedly declared in effect that a valid art of Parliament should be resisted by armed rebellion,

More extraordinary still, something very like coercion of Parliament by the army has happened, though two

years ago any Englishman would have said that would be preposterous. By a threat of wholesale resignations, offcers of a cavalry brigade and of two regiments of lanon have forced the government to negotiate with them, and procured what the leaders of this general strike of army officers triumphantly, but not accurately, described as "a signed guaranty that in no circumstances shall we be used to force Home Rule on Ulster."

And all this commotion is over a name-a sentiment, The Irish Parliament for which the Home Rule Bill provides is to be a body of strictly limited powers. In impotant respects it is more circumscribed than our state

legislatures.

That it would in any way oppress Ulster is incredible. It could not even if it would. Under its limited rule every Protestant in the north of Ireland would go about his busness and pleasure as freely and securely as he does today, He would be as much a British citizen as a Catholic is Iowa is an American citizen; but for matters of local legislation he would be parceled off on equal terms with the other inhabitants of Ireland.

That equality is what he cannot endure. There would be no injury to his person or property, to his freedom of thought or speech or action -- but only to his sense of racial

To prevent that sentimental injury he is ready to result against constitutional government.

There is a famous theory of history that would explain all important human actions as arising from economic motives; but sentiment is still the bigger factor.

Planting Colonies at Home

IN PLEASANTLY forecasting a life-and-death struggle between England and Germany, writers and speaker keep on repeating that Germany must have colonies for her expanding population—quite as though there were the slightest truth in the statement, or as though the most cursory investigation of an open-minded nature did not disprove it.

In the eighties the population of Germany was about forty-five millions and it has grown to nearly seventy miltions; but emigration has greatly declined. In the decade beginning with 1881 nearly one and a half million Germans

emigrated from the Fatherland.

in that decade the natural growth of population by excess of births over deaths amounted to five and a half millions. In the decade beginning with 1901 the growth of population by excess of births over deaths was more than eight and a half millions; but only two hundred and twenty thousand Germans emigrated.

In 1912, when the population was sixty-six millions, there were only eighteen thousand German emigrants.

In other words, there is more room for Germans in the thickly populated empire of today than there was a generation ago, when the population was little over twothirds of the present number.

The explanation is that in 1882 less than six and a half million inhabitants of Germany were engaged in Industry, while now more than eleven and a quarter millions are so

engaged.

Within a single generation the development of electrical industries alone has made a place at home for more Germans than could be induced to go to any African or Anatic colony.

Steam and Electricity

TEN years ago the steam railroads of this country took in seven dollars for every dollar received by electric roads. New the electric roads get one dollar to the steam roads' five.

In other words, while steam road receipts have increased sixty-five per cent, electric road receipts have more than doubled. Three times in the decade steam roads have gone back or failed to go ahead in net earnings; but every year the electric roads made a gain both in gross receipts and net earnings.

Last year the steam roads, though gaining nearly a hundred and fifty million dollars in gross receipts, lost over thirty millions in net earnings; but the electric roads gained

about six per cent in both gross and net.

With very few and unimportant exceptions there has been no increase in the rates of fare charged by electroroads. They are subject to the same general conditions of higher cost of materials and higher wages that cause to operating expense of the steam roads to increase rapidly. the increase last year alone being over a bundred and seventy-five million dollars; but by continual improvementa in generation and transmission of current and in other details of operation the electric roads are able to overcome the factors that make for higher operating expense, while the steam roads are not.

Steam transportation on land seems to have been pretty thoroughly exploited. It yields comparatively few new economies; while electricity still has a large unexplored margin. The future of transportation, no doubt, is will

WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



J. Benjamin Dimmick in Garden

qualification for the United States Senate that J. Renjamin Dimmick lacks, so far as I can see, is that he is not a politician.

Since we began having a Senate there has been, of course, a tendency to consider this qualification essential-not, perhaps, by the senators themselves, but by the men who make the senators. In reality the Senate is composed of ninety-five politiciane; but there would be ninetyfive denials, vehement and indignant, if that statement were made within the hearing of the full membership of that body as at present constitoted, and ninetysix if the roll were full. Also, there

would be ninety-five following and vigorous assertions hat, instead of being politicians, senators are statemen; but we may let that pass. It pleases the senators and it

does not alter the facts. As a senator looks at it, he is a politicien until he besmes a senator. At the precise moment te takes the oath he firmly believes he transmuted from the grosser capacity to the finer quality. This is but a chimideality based on a vague realizaion as to what a senator should be - a ope rather than an expectation,

There has been no similar error of odgment on the part of the politicians she have had the making of senators. to they look at the matter, the man elected to be a senator is a politician or e would not be selected; and he is to emain a politician or he will not be reelected. To be sure, it has happened hat the man selected became more owerful than the men who put him in since, and had most to say concerning is own return; though this is not beause he became any less a politician ban he was in the original instance, but ecause he became greater along those ecessary lines.

The third side of the triangle is the cople. Until quite recently, except in lew localities, the third side has been he negligible side. Senators were icked by the politicians and both the ickers and the picked were politicians. he part of the people was to indorse he selected and make effective the seections by sending to state legislatures sen who would operate complaisantly and do their part in carrying out the erree of the bosses.

Not so long ago the senators themelves, observing that the people had egun to hold this method as obsolete ben considered in the enlightened perpective of the time, and being of suffiient political prescience to disregard hat their former fellow laborers bought of the situation, made it posible for the people to expand from one ide of the triangle so as to include the

THE only pro- remaining two sides. The Congress put before the states a constitutional amendment providing for the direct election of senators by the people. The senators did not want to do this, but they had to.

Thus, though the old bosses doggedly insist that the politician requirement is still essential, the fact is that the laymen are most likely to take an exactly opposite view. The question, insistent at this time when one-third of the Senate membership must go before the people for indorsement because of the amendment to the Constitution, does not concern the political aptitude of the candidates for the Senate, but does concern their potential usefulness as legirlators for the welfare of their constituents.

Must a mun be a politiciun to be a senator? Need he bea politician to be a good and useful senator? Is knowledge. of the devious ins and outs, the subterfuges, hypocrisies, fakes and insincerities of that profession requisits for the adequate discharge of senatorial duties? Is a man unfitted for smutorial place because he is not a politician?

Lawyer, Banker and Business Man

SO FAR as the people are concerned, the majority answer to these questions is comprehended in the "Yes!" they shout to the further question: Is it not the case, rather, that a man who is not a politician in the accepted sense of the term will make a far better senator than a man who came into public life because he was a politician and has remained there for the same reason?

That, I take it, must be the judgment concerning Mr. Dimmick. He is not a politician. Everybody grants that, and he does not claim that distinction; but he is a lawyer, he is a banker, and he is a business man. He has had experience in public affairs. He is a man of integrity and of the highest honor, who has made a sureses of his life, who has won to the front rank in all three of these important phases of endeavor-the law, finance and business.

As it stands, the legislating that is done for this country is done in the main by men of no experience in business. We spend more than a billion dollars a year-more than a billion! - in our upleep. This country is a business institution that requires the expenditure of that vast amount of capital for its proper and successful conduct—a business institution; though it is at present managed by a board of directors and legislators of whom not one per cent is composed of men of business experience and of whom more than ninety-nine per cent consists of politicians.

This country is a business institution, and every person who lives in it owns stock in it. Likewise every person is directly or indirectly assessed according to the amount of stock he owns. Oddly enough, so potent has the political fetish become, the men owning stock in this country give their proxies for the management of the country into the hands of men who consider that management not from a business viewpoint, but from the viewpoint of politicsand most often personal politics at that.

In other words, the ordinary citizen does to this country, with its billion dollars of expenditure every year, what he would not for a moment think of doing with his individual business or any enterprise in which any share of his capital was invested. He lets the politicians do his governmental. business politically when the way is open to give the control of it over to men who not only understand business but are of the highest integrity and of proved success.

Mr. Dimmick is one of Pennsylvania's most successful business men. He is the son of Samuel E. Dimmick, who was Atterney-General of Pennsylvania under Governor Hartranft, and was born in Honesdale in 1858. He graduated from Yale, studied law and is a member of the Lackawanna County bar. He not only practiced law but engaged in banking and manufacturing in Scranton, which is the third largest city of Pennsylvania.

A Scranton manufacturing company got into difficulties and Dimmick took hold of it. He reorganized it, made it one of the most successful concerns of its kind in the country; and did that not by decreasing cost of production, but by paying higher wages than are paid by any similar rempany in the United States. He became president of the Lackawanon Trust and Sale-Deposit Company and, as his activities grew, took over interests in other banking concerns and in other business enterprises in Scranton and elsewhere in Pennsylvania.

His ability both as a lawyer and as a business man, and his high sense of public duty, made him the nominee of the

Republican party for Mayor of Scranton in 1906. At that time Scranton was bass-ridden. Its municipal government was conducted for the benefit of the machine politicians and their followers. It was a wide-open town, and wider open than most - in the East, at any rate.

Mr. Dimmick was elected; and he cleaned up the city, both morally and physically. He made it wholesome so far as its morals were concerned, and sanitary in its physical aspects. He was a business man and be ran Scrapton on a business basis instead of by a political-machine formula. When he quit office Scranton was a clean city and was on a decent business foundation.

As Mayor of Scranton Dimmick did what there is great need for men of his stamp to do with the affairs of this Government. He was not influenced by politics. His actions were directed by the municipal needs of the people of Scranton as viewed by a business man skilled in the conduct of large affairs. Moreover, he is a man who will bring to the United States Senate those very qualities in sufficiently wide vision to make him as valuable to his state and to his country as he was to Scranton.

He is a Republican who believes in the rehabilitation of the Republican party; who is thoroughly in sympathy with the forward tendencies of the time, who is opposed to the continued domination of the bosses, and who has no entangling alliances.

Everything in Washington is political, and the present condition of unrest and protest is the result. Men of the Dimmick type are needed at the Capital; for when you ask, What is the matter with the governmental affairs of this country? the answer, if it is true, must be: There is too much politics in the business of this Government and not enough business in its politics.



THE TEST By JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

ARIE FITCH rang the bell, stepped inside the tiny vestibule and tapped the

shining knocker sharply. She slipped into the fresh whitepainted hall with her usual quick, birdlike motion, but stopped suddenly, even as Max Fettauer's butler-valet-officeman-chauffeur drew her swathing velvet coat from her shoulders, and fingered the sush curtains on the sidelights pensively.

"I don't like that ivory tint after all," she said thoughtfully; and added: "Have these been washed yet, Joseph?"

"Madame, no," he assured her respectfully.

"They're all right by day, but they'll have to be deeper for night, I think," she mused. "I'll send up some real écru, I think."

"Hien, madame."

"I'm a little late. Is Mrs. Fettauer down?"

Madame, no. Madame has not yet come in; but the doctor, he is here, and if madame will come to the library

Marie lifted her flexible eyebrows and trailed her twisting olive train up the stairway, tapping the wall authoritatively halfway.

"Don't try to wash that off, Joseph; take stale bread," she said abruptly. "I'm sorry to say it spots."
"Hies, madame."

"The office walls wash all right, don't they?"

"Perfectly, madame. Today, only, Kat'rine and I have cleaned it-the office-entire.

"Does the doctor like his office, Joseph?" she asked from the landing.

"The doctor, he prefers his office to all the house,

madame. Only yesterday he speak of it to madame."
"That's good." And she walked into the library, her alim arm outstretched.

"How are you, Max?"

Fettauer sprang from his leather chair, threw sway the inevitable eigarette and took her hand warmly.

"My dear Mrs. Fitch! This is always such a pleasure!" He looked very young. Marie found herself thinking that his smile was more boyish, even, than before his marriage.

"Lucia's not in, Joseph tells me. I hope nothing's the matter. She's not ill -or anything?"

"Heavens, no! Was Lucia ever ill!"

She laughed and perched on the arm of his chair's mate. "I believe there is a legend that she had jaundles in Rome once: but somebody went to the hospital, full of flowers and sympathy, and found her cleaning it and reorganizing the staff!

Naturally! I wonder she didn't drain the Campagna! Seriously, though, she's very maughty, and I apologize for her. The grand high muck-a-muck of all prisons-from Ohio, I think he is who was to honor us tonight as your vis-à-vis, is making a speech somewhere and Lucia is introducing him. It seems the mayor was late and they couldn't begin without him; the speech was long and the reception bids fair to be longer. So Lucia telephoned that we were not to wait too long - and you would understand! I hope you do?"

"Oh, yes!" and Marie subsided into the claret-colored "What's the difference! How's everything with you?"

"Quite all right, thanks. I hope you're admiring your handiwork!"

Marie gazed appreciatively about the snug, rich-colored room. The dull-gold walls above the lines of dim-tinted books; the dark red leather; the long, narrow mahoguny table, with the homelike student lamps: the tiny tables ready to each deep-seated armchair - had been her special study.

"Do you agree with me now about the curtains, young man?" she challenged him. "Or do you still think the room could stand more red?"

"You were right, as always," he assured her, with a gal-lant wave of the hand. "Anything but this particular goldy olive would have been impossible! Seriously, Mrs. Fitch, you've made us so fine and prosperous looking that I feel a little ashamed of us. It's hard to remember that we aren't so rich as we look!"

"Nonsense!" she said brusquely; but he knew she was pleased. "It's not that -it's my informing all your friends



what gifts would fit into my scheme-that's all. So everything counted and there were comparatively few gilt clocks and odd chairs and fish-sets! People really liked it, I think; it took away some of the responsibility.

It was a wonderful scheme," he said admiringly.

"You see all those doctors at the hospital would have given different things; and when I suggested this table they were delighted. The same way with the dining-room set; the Foreythes, the Varnhams, the Girards - the whole crowd-simply whooped with joy at the idea. And, of course, they know you're using it all the time; and everybody's pleased."

"It's much too handsome for us."

"That's silly, Max! I got it at that Leydendecker sale, you see from the house at Albany - and few dealers knew of it. And I got the bottom price, of essures. You couldn't pick it up in New York for anything like the price, you know. I wanted dreadfully to write to your brother and suggest the dining-room rug; but I was glad afterward I hadn't had the cheek when I saw that family silver chest!"
"Oh, that's our regulation worlding gift," he explained.

"It's the third now, and the last probably, for my sister is very unlikely to marry. I was amazed that she should dream of coming to be bridesmaid; really, Mrs. Fitch, I. couldn't believe her letter!"

She was so interesting! I realized for the first time, Max, that you were really a foreigner when I saw her. And Count von Ette-ob, why don't we have uniforms like that? He was the most beautiful best man I ever beheld."

"Fritz is a handsome peacock," be agreed: "but oh, Mrs. Fitch, you should hear him on the American girl!" You mean to say he didn't reciprocate? They adored

him, you know. Cynthia Girard and Nancy Varnham nearly came to blows over him."

"I know. Will you promise never to tell if I tell you what he said about those young ladies?"

Never!

He told Nette that they should have been spanked back to the schoolroom!" Marie laughed and settled back comfortably into the

padded chair.

"I never could quite understand, Max, how you took such a risk," she ventured softly. "Any American girl would have been a dangerous experiment-but Lutie! How did you dare?"

She was the only girl I ever wanted to marry," he said. "Really?"

She studied his dark, controlled face narrowly. More and more be interested her this clean-cut young surgeon to whom Lucia had yielded "because it was easier to marry him than argue about it."

"Somebow I'd always fancied that Lutie would marry a much older man," she said; "her friends are all so much older than she is."

"Her women friends-yes," he answered quickly; "but older men don't care for her, do they?"

"Why. I believe you're right!" she cried. "How ridicalous I never thought of it! Isn't that interesting!"

"That's the type," he began slowly, rolling a cigarette thoughtfully between his white, broadtipped fingers. "It was one of the first things I noticed about Luca Do you remember the first time! met you, Mrs. Fitch? It was in a party of inspection to the Tomis."

"Oh, I know! We were just getting into the prison work!"

"Yes. As a matter of fact you hadn't any idea of all this great prison investigation and reform then; Lucia was following up the career of one of the urchins in he boys' club."
"I remember." Marie smiel

reminiscently and her sharp face softened. "That was three year

ago, wasn't it?" she said.
"Quite. Well, I was asked to go round with the crowd and see what had happened to the young ladhe had just escaped the juveils court and wasn't really old enough, Lucia insisted, for a police cour. I had just been operating under Bull and wanted to shake of the strain-for it was a tricky operation and if it failed I'd get the blane. If it succeeded - of course that was another matter."

He paused, glanced at the hindsome ship's clock on the mantel a wedding gift from the officers of his first voyage-in-

pressed his lips together for the fraction of a second. "Will the doctor have

"Yes, Joseph; serve dinner directly. Madame will as dress when she comes."

Marie took his ceremonious arm and they entered the dining room, no detail of which escaped her proprietay

"You don't find the white paint too much, Max?" "On the contrary, I like it immensely. The ordinary New York dining room is a cavern,"

"So it seems to me, and I thought one dark room was enough. I couldn't resist the library. But I think Late makes a mistake in putting those embroidered things as

the sideboard; they're splotchy."
"They shall be removed," he assured her, amued.
Then, when the soup steamed before them: "What a wonderful wedding present this was, Mrs. Fitch! Do any one over have one like it, I wonder!"

'I loved to do it," she answered eagerly; "I never enjoyed a present so much. Of course I've done lot of entire houses, but never quite like this, for a friend-and one I knew so intimately as Lutie. It was great fun to try to express her personality—and yours," she added. with a sly glance at him. "Of course I had to guess more or less there."

"My compliments on your intuitions, madame!" he smiled at her.

"What do you like best?" she begged.

"My office and the drawing room," he replied promptly. "Good! They're the best rooms. Of course a small house like this is easier in a great many ways."

They are in silence, smiling sympathetically at the dejected souffé, which had not been able to adapt itself so philosophically as the host and guest to the twenty minutes' delay.

Your sister was most amusing about my doing it all she began. "(Not at all; I don't object to mutton a little overdone.) 'Fancy allowing any one to decorate and furniti one's home!' she said to me when I escorted her through the house. 'Do you mean that you are arranging be bedroom? That you decide on the kitchen?'

"'Indeed, yes, Fraulein; down to the pepper mill," assured her. She threw her hands in the air."

"And cried Du Liebe! no doubt," Fettauer added. Tell me, did you think it strange?

"Not at all. I knew the type, As Lucia put it: 'Mark has made a special study of all this and knows a lot better than I do. We're lucky to have her taste.' It's the Amer ican point of view, dear Mrs. Fitch; and there's a lot to be said for it, as a matter of fact. That it would be my our point of view-

He shrugged his shoulders slightly.

"And yet you let me handle your office?"

He smiled into her eyes,

"In the first place, I was curious," he said frankly "In the second place, I knew I had to do with a deed. practical woman. In the third place, I foresaw what I have recognized since—that you would know quite as much what to leave undone as what to do. My offices, dear lady, were masterly outlines—for me to fill in."

She laughed.

"But Lutie didn't know that," she said.

"Oh! Lucia's intuitions run along other lines."

"The prison muck-a-muck won't get a tongue-mousse like that, wherever he's dining," she suggested; "she's probably giving him ale and ham sandwiches in the probationers' restaurant."

"To show the gentleman the workings of your schemequite right," he agreed placidly. "I am only grateful not to have a household staff from the Bedford Reformatory and a cook from Blackwell's Island!"

"You little know how nearly you had them, my young

friend!" thought Marie.

"It was ale and sandwiches we had, that night I began telling you about," he went on, digging into a squat, orange-colored cheese. "And while we tucked them away, it suddenly occurred to me as I looked about the table, where we were squeezed almost too close to cat and the smoke from the cigarettes blurred like a cloud, that the ages of the party were curiously distributed.

"There was Miss Lucia Stanchon, twenty-eight, and looking older; there were you and Mrs. Forsythe and Mrs. Varnham, somewhere under forty, I thought; and there were little Van Wynken and that young Count What'shis-name, with whom he played about; and Bohby du Long and myself—and not one of them was over twenty-

six. And I, the oldest, was just thirty."

"Why, to be sure!" Marie nodded confirmatively.
"I never thought of that," she said, adding quickly:
"But you must remember, Max, that there was a sort of reason for that, after all. You see Peter Forsythe and Dick Varnham and—and my husband wooldn't have been dragged on such an expedition for saything in the world.

Men of that age --

"Oh, I understand all that. Though I'd like to suggest to you that Herr Peter has a flourishing boys' club—and Mr. Varnham plays baseball once a week with the lade in the villages near Hawkfield, by the way! But what I mean is that no man of her age—or the equivalent of her age—likes to do what Lucia likes to do. The Americans of thirty-five, say—which is the least age she could afford to associate herself with definitely—don't play with Lucia, somehow. Three years ago, before everybody was dancing as they do now, your husbands didn't care to dance or to play tennis with women; or to visit police courts with women; or to eat and wiches in rathskellers afterward with women."

"That's true," Marie agreed.

"And yet the sisters of her young men bored Lucian'est-ce-pas?"

"That's true," she repeated.

er, like her?"

aughed again.

Marie laughed. "Let's have coffee in

he library, shall we?" he suggested. Then is they sat down she

"You're quite right bout the husbands,

dax," she admitted.

Peter doesn't approve

(Lutie, and feels that

he entired his precious

"As a matter of fact, now, do Peter Forsythe und Dick. Varnham and Mr. Fitch like my wife?"

"Oh, Max, what a question! We've been puls—all of us—for years and years!"

"I know. But be benest and tell me now, since we're in the subject, do they personally, without regard to their wives' friendship for

"But they respect each other, really. And they really get along pretty well, working on the farm at Hawkfield. They built a dam together once."

Marie laughed out suddenly.

"Dick said a dam was an awfully convenient thing to build with Lutie—you could refer to it frequently and relieve your feelings!"

"And Mr. Fitch?" Max suggested.

Her face hardened. Few people who knew her well mentioned Randall Fitch unnecessarily to his wife.

"Oh, Ranny detests Lutie," she said lightly, "They never meet. He calls her the spotlight uplifter, and she says she really can't knew men who wear checked trousers. It's simply one of those antipathies—"

"Of course," he nodded, fitting his after-dinner eigar into his pasteboard holder. "How about Walter Girard?"

"Oh, Walter!" Marie pursed her lips doubtfully.
"Walter's different, you know. He's not really in the crowd; I doubt whether Walter ever was in any crowd.
He's a queer, solitary, self-sufficient sort of fellow, and I don't think he looks at women. Queerly enough, I think
Lutie rather likes him. They play golf together. She says
he never speaks though. How Betty endures it I don't
know. I believe Walter would be perfectly happy on a
desert island."

"I hate to think of Madame Betty on a desert island,"

Fettauer said, smiling.

"Betty? Don't worry! She'd fuscinate the nearest mernian and he'd swim away with her wherever she wanted to ro!"

"Would she like it when she got there?" he added quietly,
"You're very clever, Master Max," she told him; "but
don't criticize our Betty! You can't apply the same rules
to a woman of genius—ah, there's Lutie now!"

"That certainly resembles her slam," Lucia's husband agreed quietly, as its echoes resounded through the house.

"Is that Joseph she's talking to?" Marie wondered afoud; but a hearty base laugh and a heavier step than Joseph's on the first flight of stales prepared them for the big, good-natured, suck-coated fellow who entered the library at Lucia's heels.

"Well! You certainly look very comfy-you two!"

Lucia stood in the doorway staring aggricusedly at them. Her fur-trimmed to use had slipped to one side; her muff bulged with papers. A who of warm, melanos-colored hair lay along her cheek. She looked tired; but above the dark circles under them her eyes beamed triumphantly, and her beyish smile was as compelling as ever, though her cheeks were pale and a little too heavily lined for the beginning of the evening.

"Woof! I'm nearly dead! Is there anything left for us to eat? Hello, Max! How's Ri-ri tonight? This is Mr. Ben Braden, of the Ohio penitentlary, people! And he's nearly as starved as I am. Perfectly grand meeting, children—over fourteen hundred; and the mayor made the

speech of his life!"

"You crazy child, do you mean to say you haven't eaten?"
"When do you think I had time to eat? I had a glass
of milk at six, though. Anything for us, Joseph?"

"Joseph looks worried," Marie suggested.

"Joseph's got to learn," said his mistress shortly. "I wish Max had let me bring Potts with me—he was used to odd meals, and father was willing."

Marie smiled at her host.

"Perhaps Potts wasn't quite so used to Max's office work as he was to odd meals," she said.

But Fettauer's smile was merely polite.

"Let me show you the way to the dining room, Mr. Braden," said he; and as the big Westerner looked doubtfully at his ungloved hands Lucia shook her head impatiently.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't stop to wash," she cried plaintively, "or I shall faint on the floor. Come right on with me—you can take a Turkish bath alterward if you

ike!"

Braden burst into a great laugh.

"I don't believe there's much chance of this little lady fainting!" he said admirisgly. "She ought to be out in Ohio, with us. She certainly can put things through!"

"And you consider that a peculiarity of the residents of Ohio?" Max inquired. "Dear me! Come down one flight farther, Mr. Braden, and inspect my lavatory. Lucia, we'll be with you in a moment."

Marie smiled to herself as Lucia shrugged her shoulders and dropped into a seat at the table.

"Max is so obstinute," she murmured. "Joseph, bring me a cocktail directly."

But Joseph placed a cup of hot soup before her even as she spoke.

"Doctor Fettauer tells me that this is the first thing madame cats," he said gently.

"Nonsense! Some Scotch, then -oh, well, I'm too tired to argue." And she gulped the soup hungrily.

Marie watched her in silence. Was it her firm, cleft chin, her brusque gestures, or simply the shade too much of fissh that cased her taut muscles? Whatever it was, Lucia looked aimost older than her young husband.

"And she's three years younger!" mused her friend.
"In five years there'll be no doubt of it. I believe it's all

this managing."

"Max is down on cocktails, then?" Marie asked as Joseph hurried in with some apologetic slices of mutton.

"Always was. Of course it's neasense—nothing class pulls me together so; but he says that if I depend on them whenever I'm rushed to death I'll be in an inebriate'u ward—because I'm always rushed! Of course there may be something in that, you know."

And Lucia's warm gray eyes flashed with the old jolly, compelling charm into Marie's, so that the other woman

laughed in spite of herself.

"Oh, Lutie, you child!" she sighed. "Will you ever grow up? And yet"—returning to her first thought— "you look grown-up enough tonight, God knows! Aren't you getting fat? What do you weigh now?"

"For heaven's sake, Marie, do you suppose I spend my time on the scales?" Lucis broke her dinner roll irritably. "Bring me some butter, Joseph, I'm famished. And I'd rather have sie than that Moselle."

"Birs, madame." And Joseph scurried behind the beautiful leather screen that Marie had advised the Women's Auxiliary to

Women's Auxiliary to present to their chairman.

"A bottle of madame's alc—and be quick!" be bissed from mysterious inner spaces.

"It's all very well for you to make a fool of yourself on one square meal a day if you want to," continued Lucia; "but I couldn't get through what I have to without food, believe me!"

"But, my dear, you select such fattening food!"

"All right! I tell you I'm simply all gone without it, Marie! I simply cannot go from eight to one without a glass of milk, if you mean that."

"Oh, very well! It is not my affair. Of course, so long as Max is pleased—"

"Indeed! And do you suppose that I eat in order to please Max? I managed to nourish myself so as to put through what I had to for some time before I



fattie out of the home ircle into what he calls that damned prison ork, Did you hear ou must have how eabducted berand bid er away all summer, terally in a cave in the oods, with the chilren, and cured her, as e says7 It certainly greed with Mattie, bough; I'll admit that. hen Dick Varnham ndLutealwaysfightlways have. He says he's clever enough,

live! Hesays shetried o dictate the temperture of his bath." Fettauer chuckled.

ut he'll be darned if

e'll be bossed out of his

nots by any woman



met Max, and I trust to go on for some time

longer on the same basis!"
"It must be joily for him if you come home in this state of mind often!" Marie remarked placidly.

"Max knew my various states of mind before he married me, didn't he?" Lucia de-manded shortly. "Did I ever pretend..." "No. Lutie, you never did," her friend assured her. "I will say that for you." "Well they he knew what he was met-

"Well, then, he knew what he was get-ting," said Lucia, appeased. "So it's up to

"But perhaps he thought you'd change," Marie hazarded.

"Why should he? Why should the fact

"Why should be? Why should the fact that I live in this house make me act differently from what I did when I lived in my own? When I changed my name I didn't change my nature, did I?"

"Evidently not."

Marie stared at her friend through narrowed lids. Never before had she so realized the difference in their ages; the frank change of outlook since she stood pale and tired in her white satin and oronounced. fired in her white satin and pronounced— so firm of voice, so yague in thought—her calm "I do."

"Do you know, Lutie, I believe you really think that's the main fact of mar-

riage—that you live here instead of with Doctor Stanchon!" she burst out. "You'd think so if you lived with Max!" said Lucis imperturbably. "He's a regular old maid! I never supposed a doctor could se so fussy about being on time for meals. I thought they ate anywhere—any time-

anyhow!"
I live in hope of undeceiving you, my dear," and Fettauer esserted his guest into the room. "If you could lunch with us Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, after clinic, and see our controlled rage if one of as reaches the table at one-twenty instead of one-fifteen, you'd see that one member of this family understands and respects his stomach!"

"Oh! So that's why you picked those lays for the office?" And Marie motioned Mr. B. "den to her side.

"Yes, wasn't it considerate of me?" Yes, wasn't it considerate of me?

Lucia threw a saucy glance at her grave
young husband, and his eyes caught and
held hers for a swift, warm mement.

"Oho! Old maid—is he?" thought Marie;
and then: "I wonder which of you two
yets the upper hand, Mrs. Lucia Stanchon
Pethauer!"

Pettauer!"
"I'm afraid you'll be eating alone. Bruden—Joseph, bring Mr. Bruden seoup. Max began. "These public workers get a habit of lunch esconters. I believe."
"If you mean that for a brutal dig at me. Max, my lumb, it's no use!" his wife cried cayly. "I gave Mr. Braden all the chance in the world to begin with me; but he preferred to prink—or, rather, he had to presend to prefer to! So if he's starved and lonely—it's his affair."

Mr. Braden smiled at her appreciatively. "You've no kick coming from me, Mrs.

"You've no kick coming from me, Mex. Fettauer," be assured her. "I'm well accustomed—as I'll hot you are—to enting when I can and being grateful to get it specially on a trip like this. Your wife would make a great campaigner, sir," way, his bouilden are respectfully to Max. ing his bouillon cup respectfully to Max.

"Or a great anything!" he added, draining
the equat Chinese bowl with relish. "When
I saw that big, bustling restaurant, coppers shining, waiter girls so attentive, crowded with customers; the system, the neatness, be good, solid food—yes, thanks; rye, if you have it handy—I tell you I wished we had ber in Ohio!

He sniffed his mutton and cauliflower

with keen interest.
"And I'll bet she runs this home every

"And I'll bet she runs this home every bit as well!" he cried enthusiastically.
"You will find no takers here, Mr. Braden," said Doctor Fettauer gallantly.
"Oh, housekeeping isn't difficult, Mr. Braden really," said Lutie, relaxing, full led, contented, and stimulated unconsciously by the open admiration of the big, bressy fellow. breezy fellow.

She lay back in Max's serving chair, flattered, at peace with the world. Food was always an instant tonic to her; and the sense of growing power, of authority, of ability to set hig things in motion—the while this charming, dignified little estabishment revolved so smoothly under her hand—gave her a curious detached sense of her own personality; she seemed to watch beredf, amused.

One moment on a platform, civic digofferes at her side, attentive faces, moband the mob, blind now and surging down

the marble steps, was all about her-s was part of it; yet a moment, and i steam of the soup-kettle, the clash of pland the heat of the great electric broise made a new background for the respect faces that clustered about her.

And now here she was in a silence the and clatter, at her own glistening table; her own quiet, riean-scented, clear-spac rooms; her own soft-stepping butler movi behind the russet-and-gold leather scree Strange! Life moved so quickly—1 pool of garnet roses glowed against t

pool of garnet roses glowed against to white linen; silver caught the light to and there under the garnet-laced cand shades; how perfectly the entwined morgams on the big dinner napkins we embroidered, frosty and fine! How exquitely gowned Marie was! How dark a distinguished Max was as he faced her! It was the very contrast that made the life of hers so full and fascinating—home mode of life, one set little scene! The

one mode of life, one set little scene! was why they wanted to be men; but she Lucia—she didn't want to be a mi Heavens, no!

Her stiff collar pinched her neck—w

had she not changed into evening dre Men couldn't look half so nice at nigh

and even Marie had admitted that !
plumpness improved her shoulders!
"Lutie! Are you asleep?"
She turned dazed eyes on them; i
rosse in the center of the table blurred a receded to a great red distance, like a m set—then sprang back sharply into ple as she sat up with a drowsy laugh. "I—I've been on the go all day!"

murmured.

They smiled at her as at a child. Noth she did could seem otherwise than ende

ing to Mr. Braden, it seemed.

"She's a regular human dynamo!"
chuckled delightedly. "I'll bet you
would tire many a man to keep up wi
her, doctor!"

"Oh, that goes without saying no-days," Max returned easily. "It's qu the fashion, you know, Mr. Braden. T man we dired with last Thursday told

man we dired with last Thursday too he'd been taking a nap from six to seven be ready for Lucia!"
"Now what do you think about that their guest demanded. "Well, well, well "However," Max went on, "even we we used to call the weaker sex may be a posed to recuperate occasionally; and might suggest it, Lucia, you'd better it yourself away and go to bed! We age to take that nine-o'clock train for Li Island, you know."

"I know," said Lucia dolefully; "thee It was a flendish thing to propose, it train. Perhaps I'd better. If Mr. Brat will excuse."

will excuse ______"
Oh, I'll finish my cigar with your go husband here and jump for my true Braden assured her. "Good night, M

Fettauer. It's a real privilege to mee woman like you!"

"All the same." Marie murmured the stairs, "it's a little hard on poor & to leave him with your expansive pri friend, Lutie."

"Oh, nonsense!" Lucia switched on light and forced Marie greenth in the original and the

light and faced Marie crossly in the mi of her bedroom, all grayish blue, with hi ings and chintzes of bluish gray. "Brad a good fellow and it won't hurt Max a to talk a little with people like that really do things.

She pressed a button on the house to phone near her bed.

"I'm not at home, Joseph; never n who.

"But, good heavens, child, doesn't I do things?"
"Oh, of course—you know what I m Ri-ri. Don't make me angry now by b stupid!"

Marie closed her lips temperately; while Lucia threw off her tight clothes the quiet maid picked them up patier the friend, sunk for the moment in the orator, regarded the charming beds

eritically.
"I believe there should have been a old rose here, after all," she said half to self. "There was too much in that ch I tried first, so I eliminated it entirely! it's a little too cold—especially at n I think I'll make all the chair cushious old rose, thaise longue and all. Would

"Anything you say," said Lucia brig struggling with a refractory garter d "Pout! That's off! Now just wait a ute while I get a bath, Marie, will yo



Wrapped in a trailing smoky-blue peign-oir, her thick hair in a dull bronze braid, she strolled into the bathroom; and while the oder of her favorite geranium perfume crept steamily into the bedchamber and the splashings of her plunge alternated with her unsteady humming - Lucia could barely carry a tune, but was never without one Marie studied the room with the interest inseparable from her profession.

Inseparable from her profession.

It was a curious and characteristic mixture—that infallible betrayal of the soul in all the shells it makes for itself, whether of flesh or silk or stone. Ancestors may arch our noses, architects may measure our lintels, tailors may conceal us with their stretched stuffs; but the twitch of the nostrils as we breathe, the angle of the bed as we lie in it, the creases of the coat as we walk in it—could God Himself change them, except through us?

So Lucia's room, though her friend's tasts and skill and experience had designed

it with only the most obvious and reasonable regard to Lucia's complexion and tastes, spoke as clearly of its mistress' character as the slow growth of furniture and tiny oddments that chance had shaped about her when she was a girl in her father's

On the austere, glass-topped tailet table that Marie and modern hygienic simplicity had made fushionable between them lay one of Lucia's queer luxuries—a magnifione of Lucia's queer luxures—a magnifi-cent litter of tortoise-shell tools, gold mono-grammed. They were costly, breakable, flamboyant; they would have graced the dresser of a musical-comedy idol of the hour; but to Lucia they were dear necessi-ties. Dull, they must be polished; broken, they must be mended; lost, they must be

Not a chair but one was cushioned beyond its sent; but against the severe back of the choise longue, dull blue and gray, Lucia had piled a mongrel heap of cush-ions, the embroidered, sprawling initials of which mingled Yale and Harvard in impartial navy blue and crimson, and dated

back to the boarding school, peaser-burned work that set Marie's teeth on edge. Next to a wonderful etching of a great cathedral interior hung a framed poster of a once-adored actor, and bel-v this were some Landseer dogs in colored prints—a childish birthday present from her father; while above a wonderful little Monet, hung just at the proper angle for light and value, Lucia had stuck one of Betty Girard's first pen-and-ink double sheets: the famous golf man with Max's profile oak frame picked out with gilt!

Ranged photographs of her friends in heavy silver frames littered everything; battered riding-crops made a sort of trophy over the squat bookshelves—a girl's room, you would have shrugged, facing it. But the great manogany table, soaking in the sunshine of the bay window, would check you; nearly six feet long, it held orderly piles of reports, typewritten sheets, letter-heads, calendars, diaries, docketed files— the desk of an exceptionally competent woman of affairs, with the blotting sheet and vast bronze inkwell of a company

The very spirit of orderliness, you would say; but one glance at the telephone, lurching from the top of a three-decked muffin stand above a litter of choculate, old letters, add gloves, newspaper clippings and half-cut French novels, would have left you gusping.
Dresses and hats, severe, dark-toned,

were crushed together waiting repairs and valeting in Lucia's untidy closet; immacu-late scented lingerie, weblike and ribboned, lay in lacy geometric piles in the drawers of Lucia's great mahogany armoire, a treasure of heavy carving.
"If this room were only one thing or the

other!" Marie sighed.

"But I'm not one thing or the other, per-haps!" grinned Lucia, collapsing, clean and happy, among the hideous college cushions.

"That's as true a word as you ever spoke, miss—madame, I mean!" her friend com-mented sagely. "I suppose that's what keeps us all...." keeps us all

"Bosh! Don't begin to analyze, for mercy's sake! Look here, Marie - will you do the decorations for the new recreation building at the docks for us? Just in your odd times, I mean.

Marie's face, which always softened and lighted with her little friendly circle of women Iriends, stiffened suddenly with the lines of the keen and hitter Mrs. Randall Fitch that her clients admired and feared. 'For love, you mean?" she said shortly,





"Oh, well, you know what we've got.
I've worked like thunder to get a year's
rent guaranteed and I can't dip into that fund for snything but the strictest neces-sities. We've got the place clean, but it's a perfect barn. Of course we shouldn't

a perfect barn. Of course we shouldn't expect much."

"Now see here, Lucia, we might just as well get this over now as later. You simply don't understand what you're asking. What's the average sum you're getting from people?"

"Oh, twenty-five—fifty. Why?"

"Well, I'll give you fifty dollars if you never ask me to do another thing. I can't afford it."

afford it."

"Why, Marie Fitch! I shan't take it.
The idea!"

"Oh, yes, you will. Now, Lucia, decorating is my business. The competition has grown very keen nowadays: it'e different from when I began."

"But your discounts ——"

"All years well. Here it ever occurred to

"All very well. Has it ever occurred to you that I may have other uses for my dis-counts? When I did this house for you it was the very best present I could give you it simply laved to do it. And I'm proud of it too; I stand behind it. My professional reputation is in it. Don't you realize that it will necessarily - my reputation - go into all this work you want me to do for you? all this work you want me to do for you? When you say you don't expect much, you're talking nacsense. What do you mean by that? That I'm to do a little of the job very well and let the rest go? Or do all of the job half or a quarter well? In either case it's my job, isn't it? It stands for me, doesn't it? You'll tell everybody that Mrs. Fitch decorated it, won't you? Can I afford that if it isn't well done?"

"Of course, Marie, if you choose to put it that way—"

it that way —"
"But I do choose to put it that way — I
must. See here, my child: you passed out
of the rank of the lady amateurs this year of the rank of the lady amateurs this year and became a paid professional worker in this prison business. Very well! Suppass the pure-milk-for-the-lears committee, or the employment-for-the-blind committee or the child-taken people should ask you, in view of your great success in organizing your job, to give them a little of your odd time to overhead and reorganize some of their departments, what would you say?"

"Is that a fair comparison, Murie?"

"Absolutely. Why not? Could you afford it?"

"I notice you did the Professional

"I notice you did the Professional Women's Club for nothing, though—they bragged about it erough!" Lucia put in. "Precisely. And why? In the first place that was my personal contribution to a club of which I'm a charter member. We began that club fifteen years ago, when it was a bigger venture than any women's club could be today. It meant more to us, I assure you, than clubs do now. The women who did things stuck more together and every name meant something. We were all very eager to back up all profes-sional women. Betty painted half the wall decorations: lots of women gave a certain set of royalties on their books and stories; Doctor Harris—that Max's friend married—

Doctor Harris—that Max's friend married—gave a week's office fees. I remember. That was a professional tax—gladly paid. Your house was a friendly gift—gladly paid. Your house was a friendly gift—gladly given. I stand behind both willingly and expect to be judged by them. But why should I take that risk for your prison-reform schemes?"

"Oh, well, of course—"

"Another thing," Marie went on. "For the club work I set my own time and did it in the off season. Now your work must be done, like all your affairs, tout de suite—immediately, if not sooner. I happen to be extremely busy just now. Of course I lost on that job—but that was my affair. I lost on your house and Celestine's teahouse and Mattie's billiard room—but they were my Mattie's billiard room—but they were my presents to you all; and presents aren't business."

"Oh, don't rub it in, Marie—I see what you mean. Only I wonder, if all you people isel that way, how all the men have helped us so much with their professional time and reputation? Why did those nice architects do over the up-the-river boarding bouse for nothing for us?"

Marie watched her narrowly. "For us?" she repeated. "For us?"
"Well, for me, then," said Lucia frankly.
"Why?" Marie answered. "Why? I
wonder when you'll find out, Lutie!"
"Oh, well, it was in a good cause anyway!" Lucia smiled, but faced her friend

bravely. "You can't take out all the personal effect. Marie you simply can't. Things go that way-that's all.



Me frankly admit that the **EVER-READY** is the best Safety Razor at any price. Over four million users prove it.

The new model fit complete with 12 Radio Steel Blades, One Dollar at dealers everywhere.







A million people use this pen

The Self-Filling Conklin is the simplest of all fountain pens in both operation and construction. Just dip it in the nearest inkwell and press the 'Crescent-Filler.' That's all. The pen automatically fills itself in 4 seconds!

The "Crescent-Filler" is the natural and logical self-filling device easy to get at, simple to operate. Remember, too, the Conklin is the original and recognized leader of all self-filling fountain pens. It is the only self-filler proved by sixteen years' use and over a million satisfied users.

> Sold by Stationers, Jewelers, Druggists, on 30 days' trial. Prices, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 and up. Write for catalogue and two little books of pen wit - all free.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO. 279 Conklin Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, U.S. A.

NEW YORK

NEW YORK

1923 W. 4 and Street CHICAGO 30 Temple Place

100 N. American Bild. State and Mourse Streets

DENVER

2007 18 E & C Building

WINNIPEG, CAN ADA

140 Donald Street

"They go that way just now," Marie re-turned slowly, "because you and I haven't been at this sort of thing such a terribly long time. People still feel interested and touched by women in business—as women; but in the jobs where they've been for generations—keeping boarding houses, for instance, and school teaching. I wonder whether the hotel men and the men teachers feel that chivalry much.

"And you think —"
"Of course I do. Thackeray, even, probably felt it for George Eliot; but do you think Mr. Hall Caine feels it for Miss Marie

Corelli? I doubt it."

"I see what you mean," Lucia agreed thoughtfully. She stared ahead of her, digesting the new idea. Then her eyes flashed mischievously. "All right, Ri-ri-then let's go while the going is goos!" she wide.

then let's go while the going is good!" she cried gayly.

Marie studied the laughing face—the thrown-back, boyish shoulders.

"That's one way to take it, of course," she said thoughtfully. "After us the deluge—buh! Well, it'll be a deluge, all right enough. I shall be out of it, thank goodness! Of course when I began everyloody gave me a hand. I was a woman; I had a new idea; I was in society; I needed money. It was grand chie! Now every girl that gets imputient at home wants to be an interior decorator. So there you are!"

They sat in friendly silence.

"How you do go into things, Ri-ri!"
Lucia began after a moment.

"Do 1? I expect it's because I've been through things. One usually leads to the

through things. One usually leads to the

Again they were silent. Lucis had supposed that after her own marriage she would perhaps be able to touch a little more easily on her friend's experiences with Mr. Randall Fitch, but it seemed that this was not so—if anything she felt more con-

"This is awfully cony - just like old times, isn't it?" she said isn'ty.
Marie looked at her oddly.
"It certainly is," she agreed; "a little too much so for manaisur, perhaps?"
"Max? How ridiculous? Distn't he sand me up here himself?"
"My dear child! You were falling asleep in your char?"

in your chair!"
"My goodness, Marie, you'd fall asleep yourself in my place! What do you think I've done today?"

Oh, I don't doubt "You'd better not! Listen! In the first place, we were at the opera last night and out to supper after. Then we all went round to see the dancing at that new place; and, of course, Van Wynken and I couldn't stand that—and we danced until they turned us all out; Van tipped the orchestra as it was. Well, I had to be called at eight, for I had an appropriate of the office of as it was. Well, I had to be called at eight, for I had an appointment at the office at nine. I worked like a dog there until lunch; the warden gave us an interview at three; I had to see that recreation building—they were tinting the plaster all wrong and I lost my temper dreadfully; then met Braden and showed him everything—I'd hate to see that taxi bill! The meeting I told you about, and that lasted until I took him through the restaurant and taxesers here. through the restaurant and staggered home. Of course, after I'd had my dinner, I passed

away - wouldn't you?"

"Long before, Lutie - long before," said
her friend quickly. "It would have been
a case of 'Please omit flowers' with me by
three o'clock." three o'clock.

"Well, then," grunted Lucia, placated,
"what are you rowing me for?"
"I'm not rowing you; I'm merely suggesting that the fact that you're all in has nothing to do with the fact that it must be rather dull for Max."

"But, heavens above! Max knows what I'm doing, doesn't he? He agreed to it be-fore we were married, didn't he? He knew the way I worked before, I suppose." Marie smiled.

"Yees, he knew," she agreed; "but he couldn't have got you any other way, could be?"

Lucia shrugged.
"Well, there it is," she said shortly. "Yes, there it is, all right enough,"
Marie repeated; "but how long does it
stay there?"
"What do you mean?"

Lucia stared in such honest blankness that her friend cheked between a sigh and

"Oh, Lute, Lute!" murmured Marie.
"You baby! You spoiled baby!"
"I'm pretty hard worked for a spoiled baby," said Lucia complacently.



A better vacation; one that sends you back home with a glow of health on your cheeks, is yours if you own an

Evinrude Detachable Rowboat Motor

It attaches in less than one minute to any rowboat, yours or a rented one, and makes it an eight-mile-anhour motorboat. It will send a canoe dashing twelve miles an hour over the waves and being perfectly portable, you can carry it with you just like a satchel.

Its superior construction has caused it to be adopted by twelve governments including U.S.A., and its popularity among vacationists and sportsmen has become so great that the capacity of the great Evinrude factories was necessarily increased to 60,000 motors per year.

Those who are contemplating the purchase of a small motor should carefully consider the "Evinrude" exclusive mechanical features, which cannot be procured with any similar device.

Built-In Reversible Magneto

In the process of manufacture we have eliminated IA to 10 pounds of weight, which comprised the battery. In place of this weight we have instituted a waterproof Magorto, which not only accomplete perfect ignition, but which is not affected by sun, waves at even complete submersion. The Evintude Magnetu is built within the flywheel, taking up so room and protected from inbuy. To decommend that it is not affected by rain, ouver or even complete subsermen, we operated this Magneto at the Chicago Motor Bost Show for five Completely Submerged in Water

No other Magneto is the world has ever operated under these conditions. The Evicerade Magneto is a factor of safety, which entirely eliminates the possibility of a "dead" motor in dangerous waters. Its reliability and wonderful endurance powers have made it the choice of many important parties of explorers, such as

The Receivest Expedition and the Stefansson Expedition The "Even de" is the only postable motor which can be equipped with a Maxim Silencer, as this type of allower a made exchangely for the "Evinrode" and dimensionally the disagreeable pole of operation experienced with most motors. No other motor is equipped with a Shack Absorbing, Compensating Device, which almost the vibration which in most motors is communicated to the tiller.

Bluerated entalog upon request-write for it today,

EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY MILWAUKEE, WIS.





HOW POOR RICHARD BECAME RICH

It is 175 years since old Ben Franklin got out his Almanac. Under the name of "Richard Saunders" he circulated many proverbs, most of them having to do with earning and saving. "A penny saved is a penny earned," "Keep your shop, and it will keep you," are among the sayings which seem to have given modern Philadelphia much of its character.

For Philadelphia has 100 banks and trust companies. Among them are savings banks having 380,000 depositors, or more than one to every dwelling in Philadelphia.

So much for Poor Richard and his Almanac.

Ben Franklin was also Philadelphia's first printer. Today the printing press in Philadelphia earns \$46,000,000 yearly.

Among these products of the printing press is the Public Ledger, the newspaper that since 1836 has been the first thing in the morning, in the homes, and in the hearts of Philadelphians.

PUBLIC LEDGER



Marie's eyes narrowed suddenly. She

drew a deep breath. drew a deep breath.

"You are, indeed," she replied, "and you're showing it. Do you realize, Lutie, that you are thirty-one and that you look thirty-six?"

"Always did, thanks."

"N-no; not this way. You're settling. Do you realize that Max is thirty-five and looks thirty?"

"Just as you like, my dear-it's your

Lucia squirmed reflectively on the chalse

funeral."

Lucia squirmed reflectively on the chaise longue.

"Of course Max is a man," she began defensively; "and then he takes precious good care of his little self. Tennis twice a week and golf every Saturday—he won't week-end where he can't play, if you please. And he goes to bed at ten if he's operating the next morning. That sort of thing's all very well if you can do it; but I can't." "Why not?" Marie asked simply.

"Why not?" Marie asked simply.

"Why not? Are you crazy. Ri-ri? When could I get the time, pray?"

"You're getting too fat. You'll have to take the time pretty soon."

"There it is again!" And Lucia's tone grew regretful. "I simply must have my lanch—I go all to pieces. Max doesn't eat it unless he's exercising. No wonder he keeps thin."

"Oh, I'm not going into the reasons. I'm simply suggesting the facts," said Marie calmly. "If you must eat, then take the corresponding exercise. I should say."

"All very well." Lucia returned hastily; "but how can I? And anyhow, if I could dence enough I'd he all right. But then, of course, I don't see so much of Max—he wants to hear music so: and so we go on his account. And all the deacing that's any fun is so late this year."

"It's a little complicated, certainly." Marie admitted briefly.

"I believe you—it's complicated!" Lucia assured her with some warrath. "I simply wunt you to realize that I must be tired at night. Max is himself."

"Maybe; but he doesn't fall asleep at the table," said Mrs. Fitch dryly.

"I believe said Mrs. Fitch dryly.

"You might do worse. I don't think you realize, Luts, how anappish you get sonetimes."

"You might do worse. I don't think you realize, Luts, how anappish you get sonetimes."

"You might do worse. I don't think you realize, Luts, how anappish you get sonetimes."

"You might for worse. I don't think you realize, Luts, how anappish you get sonetimes."

"You might for worse. I don't think you realize, Luts, how anappish you get sonetimes."

"Why, Marie Fitch!"
"Perbaps not snappish exactly, my dear, but dreadfully brusque and—and settled! It makes you older. But, of course, it's no affair of mine, and we'll drop the subject, if you say so, immediately; but I wonder if Max likes it."

The tone was so much softer than the words, the look in the older woman's eyes was so unusual, that Lucia swallowed her irritation and spoke more gently than she

felt.
"Mattie Fornythe's been talking to you,
Ri-ri," she said, "hasn't she?"
"Mattie? No. I haven't seen her for

"Oh! I thought perhaps you had."
Lucia pursed ber lips patronizingly. "You know, since Mattie left the board," she explained, "she's simply a sort of phenograph—whatever her precious Peter tells her Tuesday night she tells us Wednesday morning. Since sister went on the Junior Committee I see a little more of herberause, of course, the mothers have to be perfectly satisfied that their darling children aren't overworked or get their sympathies. aren't everworked or get their sympathies too much played on. But lather says it's all right—for a wonder! So Miss Martha Forsythe is treasurer this year for the kiddles."

"Mattle's children will never be as at-tractive as she is," Marie commented.

"Oh, I don't know. Sister is bossy, of course, like Peter; but I think the baby's pretty nice. Well, Mattle was wondering how I got through the amount I did. 'I simply had to go off, my dear,' she said. 'I found I couldn't do much outside work and keep fresh for Peter—evenings.' Now what do you think of that?" what do you think of that?"
"Well," Marie suggested, her eyes on her

lap, "semebody has to keep fresh for themevenings!"

Lucia stared. "For heaven's sake, why?" she cried. "I can't say that Peter ever troubled to

(Continued on Page 37)



Walls That Last

Whan you think of new walls and critical, or of remodeling, thank of BEAVER BOARD, Quickly bons, arrang, rigid, darrande - iz has, in allas eduantages over lath and plaster.

REAVER ROARD makes Forms resument in solutor, cooler in screener, reside the passage of maind and Boret grades,

Licol to BEAVER BOARD to aiwaya been, it has been recently most better. It is even ovor erigid, more dataide, more proof against every influence refelimate and temperature. Its beam-ful publish surface offers even greater possibilities to painter and decorator.

Helpful auggestions for panel deagreement out in a lattice are given by one Department of Diagnand Department In Building Service Department grown valuable information to the men who do the work. Make rure of this serice by looking for the tradentick on back of each punel, which identifies genáneparentol BEAVER BOARD. Write for Jry. Bluerated Jenishi, DEAVER BOARD and Re Dawn."

The Burear Board Companies

at had an investment of



BOARD

WALLS AND CEILINGS



(Continued from Page 34)

"It used to be called 'greeting him with a smile," Marie said slowly. "You see the theory was that he came home tired from battling with the world—and there you were, with a rose in your hair."
"Um!" Lucia commented. "It doesn't

appeal to me, some way. How about you? Suppose I've been battling with the world

"That's just it." Marie's eyes avoided the younger woman's. "Perhaps the idea was that both of you needn't battle."

Lucia gasped. Very pretty, I'm sure," she commented; "but how does it apply exactly? You mean that I'm to drop quietly out from under all these obligations I've assumed in order to greet Max with a smile every evening? Merci!"

"Oh, I mean nothing!" cried the other earily. "Nothing at all! You know hest, wearily.

Lucia."
"That's all very well, Ri-ri!" Lucia's eyes were dangerously alight now. "That's all very well; but you evidently mean that I don't know best! I might suggest that you don't seem to have gone into the roseand-smile business very much yourself!" Marie's fingers twisted in her lap, but

she met the younger woman's eyes fulf.

"That's all right, Lucis," she said quietly,
as the sudden apology began. "Never
mind. I'm perfectly good for that, and I realize I brought it on myself. My child, realize I brought it on myself. My child, that's why I - I'm so worried about you. You don't suppose I hold myself up - me?" Her face was a bitter thing to see. "But, Lutie, you must remember one thing: Heaven knows I was tired enough at night—I was a wreck. I never had your strength. But I was fighting for my life—I had to work! Ranny utterly refused to support except on his own terms. It is doubtful if there was ever a time after the first six months when I shouldn't have been one of three —"
"Oh, Ri-ri, never mind—never mind!
I'm a brute!"

Lucia's eyes were full of tears.

"No, no. It's no matter. Everybody knew it. And anyway, he was simply a gambler. He really couldn't help that—it was in his blood. But, everything else aside, I couldn't have tried that way. We were up to our ears in debt -foolish debts

were up to our ears in debt—foolish debts—iwo-thirds of the time. I had to 'battle with the world.' And you get very hard at it. But what could I do? "Nothing, of course." And Lucia's tones were like ice for Randall Fitch; her eyes soft as gray velvet for her friend.

"And yet, Lutle—and yet —" Marie drove a deep look into those gray velvet depths—a look that burt them both. "And yet—if I had been able to go into the rose-and-smile business—as you say—I've rose-and-amile business as you say-I've

always felt I might have done a lot more for him?"
"But—but—— Heaven above, Marie Fitch! Why should you? Why should you? What's the use? Look where you stand today?" today!

"Oh, yes; I stand! I stand!" said Marie dully.

Lucia shook off the depression that crept

round them. round them.

"See here, Ri-ri," she began; "we can't talk about this. It's a great exception. Take Betty, instead: Does she keep fresh for Walter? Would any one dare to suggest such a thing?" Lucia drew a long breath.

"Betty Girard isn't in our class, Lute," Marie answered quietly: "she's an artist—and a big one. That she's made good as far and a bas is simply maryelous—that's all.

as she has is simply marvelous - that's all. With her temperament-

"Other people have temperaments, I suppose!"
"Yes, indeed; but have they her excuse? You know what Sargent said about her: no matter what Betty might want to do, it drives her on, that talent of hers, Lutie; she has to exhaust herself! A talent like that drives you - you can't drive it. Heaven knows she's tried."

"Tried! Betty? You don't mean that she ever thought she ought to —" "I mean that she's tried hard to play the

"I mean that she's tried hard to play the game," said Marie shortly.

"I should say so! Putting up with that sulky brute of a Walter Girard at all is playing the game, if you ask me! He's jealous and obstinate, and he won't go anywhere or do anything. Honest to goodness, Marie, if Max was likely to grow anything like that —"

"He isn't," said Marie patiently. "He's quite a different type."

"I should hope so."

"Oh, there are lots of good points to Walter," and Ranny's wife amiled sadly, "Plenty of women would be lucky to get him, my dear. There's not a man who knows him that doesn't respect him. I admire Betty more than any woman I ever knew, and I'll back her to the last ditch; but I doubt whether, whoever she married, she could

"Greet him with a smile?" Lucia broke in impatiently. "Well, for heaven's sake, why should she? So far as that goes, it's his business to greet ber!"

"I wonder! Perhaps it is—perhaps it is," said Mrs. Fitch, half to herself. "And

wet, would any man, that she would marry? We're changing, my dear; we're changing, but—are they?"

"Why, Ri-ri!" Lucia gasped at this stroke, shut her eyes, shook her head and gasped again. "They've got to, then!" she

said at last.

"Ah!" The older woman sat silent.

"Ob, for heaven's sake," Lutic shot out, exasperated, "why should anybody greet anybody with a smile?—when you come to that! How silly! You do your job-be does his; and you get tired if you want to!" "But you get tired first, Lucia."

"Well, you can't help that." "No, but he likes to have somebody

"Well, what's he going to do about it?" challenged Lucia

"He's going to find somebody that does," Marie replied.

The room was quite still.

"Oh, I see!" Lucia's smile was chilly.

"I see! You're very kind, Marie; but I assure you -

"Lutie, wait! Before you say any more,

Marie rose, dragged her fur coat-which the quiet maid had left for her-over her

thin shoulders, and opened the door.
"I must go; but I'm going to tell you something. You're half boys, you girls, nowadays; but I swear you know less about men than we used to! Look here, my child: I'm a worner's worner new base for the look here. I'm a woman's woman new—have been for ten years. I'd had enough of men. But I used to be different, Lutle. I understood men better when I was twenty than you ever will; and I'd like to suggest to you again that, though girls like you may have changed a whole lot in the last fifteen years, men like Max are pretty much what they

were when I was twenty!"

"New listen to me: if you think your case is like mine, you're wrong. Circumstances and my husband's nature forced us apart—and I lost out. If you think you can go by Betty Girard, you decrive yourself, Lutie. She san artist and her husband's a perfectly normal man—and fate forced them apart. She can't change and he won't; so he lost out!"

Lucia trembled slightly; ahe never knew

why, for there was no sign then of any crisis.

"Men like Ranny, I'm sure, shouldn't marry," Marie rushed on. "And I doubt if women like Betty make a success of it once in a hundred years. But they always do marry; and then—Walter and I pay for it. I'm a wuman and adaptable, and I make the best of it, nich make the best of it. the best of it - pick up the pieces and go on. Walter's a man; so he balks and makes himself and everybody round him miser-able." She fixed her sharp, burning eyes on Lucia, huddled in the long chair among the gaudy college cushions. "But you haven't my excuse or Betty's," she said. "And let me tell you now that if Max isn't Ranny, neither is he Walter!"

Lucia sank deeper into the pillows.
"Max may like American girls," the unitying voice pursued her, "but he was pitying voice pursued ber, "but he was born in Europe; and European women may not be such wonders on committees, my dear, but they're no fools when it comes to the great game—and it's the greatest game in the world, Lute—as nobody knows like us that have lost it!"

The room was as still as the grave. Neither woman moved; and as they faced ch other they started slightly, for at the same moment each caught a faint mormur of voices from below.

"What-what's that?" Marie whispered terrified. "Who's talking?"

Lucia sprang up.

"Max went out long ago," she answered softly. "Wait a moment. I'm going to see."

"Oh, Lutie, don't! Call somebody! The house is all dark—get Joseph."

"Hush! He's out for the night—I let him go. And Max is, too, I'm nearly sure.

He almost always nose over to the Uni-

He almost always goes over to the University Club when I come up early. Wait! I'm not afraid."



This Label on Every Garment



There is a No-Limit Guarantee behind Chalmers 'Porosknit." Let's consider WHY. Let's see what the genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" label MEANS-as compared with imitations,

Mere holes in underwear do not make it the genuine Chalmers "Porosknit." One must judge by more than appearance. That is, if one wants such quality as can be guaranteed unconditionally.

Let's first examine a Chalmers "Porosknit" gament. Then let's investigate its

Take this Union Suit. Observe the triangular piece in the back. The "stretch" in any knit goods runs only one way,

That is why this triangular piece is reversed. That makes its stretch run opposite to the rest of the garment. This is done to give full elasticity to the sent-so that it will give at every turn or bend. There can be no pull, no bulge, no

draw-no "cutting in the crotch."

Turn the garreent inside out. Notice how strongly all scams are reinforced throughout-double-seamed by cover seaming. Extra stitches to prevent ripping.

Stretch the fabric. See the other extra stitches surrounding each ventilating bole. These, with the lock-stitch, prevent unravelling.

Note that there are no cambersome flaps to gape open. The Chalmers Closed Crotch is comfortable. It fits. It stays put.

The Extra Quality

The year is the finest long-fibre, combed. Indeed, we've been told it's het-ter than need be. That we could pocket thousands of extra dollars yearly by using less couly yarn—and still have it "good That none might detect it.

True. The same careful workmanship could be employed in finishing such lessgood yarn-and Chalmers "Poroskuit" would still look the same.

Yet-what if the durability suffer? If something be lost in softness or elasticity? We take no chances with durability-

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY 1 Bridge Street, Amsterdam, N. Y. Also Makers of Chalmers String Needle Ribbed Union Suitz, Fall and Winter Weight

no risks with the established Chalmers

"Poroskait" quality. Such fipe shades in superiority you cannot see. But they account for the inabil-ity to duplicate Chalmers "Porosknit." They explain the unfailing satisfaction. They mean unvarying condort.
One doubts if indications are a good buy,

Judge if you will accept any but the genuine. The way to be sure is to look for the label-as shown here-and the

guarantee bond with every garment. Chalmers "Porosknit" is made in all styles-for man, for boy. Open in texture, and of soft, absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of pengination.

No-Limit Guarantee

"If any garment bearing the genoine Chalmers "Parestenit" label, and not stamped "Seconda" or "Imperfect" across the label, fails to give you its tout value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money, including postage."

Earli garment is iround individually before packing. See for yearself how pleasing the appearance in the box—at the dealer's.



Write for Handsome Book of All Styles FOR BOYS

FOR MEN Any Style Shirts and Drawers 50c per garment FOR MEN \$1.00

25c FOR BOYS Union Sulta Any Style 50c



Some folks sez th' state o' matrimony causes th' most happiness. I sex not quite - for thar's th' State o' Kentucky Velvet for whar VELVET comes from.

IN one way Kentucky's got a sort of monopoly on happiness.

There are beautiful women, and last horses, and even a fair article in the way of -lemonade, let's say - in other states, but you can't grow the "VELVET" Burley except in the Blue Grass Country. That's pretty much the same as saying that, without old "Kaintuck," many a pipe smoker would lose the big slice of happiness and contentment he now gets out of his VELVET tobacco.

Kentucky Burley is the one supremely mild tobacco with enough flavor, when properly cured, to make a real pipe smoke. Nobody ever questions that.

Se Bags 10c Tins One Pound Glass Humiders

VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco, is Burley de Luxe, which is mellowed by more than 2 years ageing into a pipe smoke, with a real agedin-the-wood smoothness that tastes even better than it sounds. just try one tin of VELVET—to-day.

Coupons of Value with VELVET

Liggett a Mysre Johnson Co.

Lucia sped saftly to the drawer of the hig desk, opened it, took out a small blunt-nosed revolver and passed through the

The stairs were dimly lighted. The mur-mur of voices flowed on, paused—then

began again.

They gained the beavy velvet curtains soundlessly, breathlessly; and Lucia, whom danger steadied mechanically, peered round the fluted folds, the weapon high in her hand. She looked, breathed, looked again, then slowly lowered it.

There, in the circle of rosy light from the one big lamp, sat Betty Girard, dark and glowing against the bright-red velvet chair. Her exquisite arms and shoulders were like ivery-toned marble; under the heavy wayes of her dark hair her startling based eyes seemed more exotic than by day. She was in green and aliver, with one touch of crimson velvet. Max leaned over the chair, alert, yet lazy; amused, but intensely inter-

ested, Lucia knew, by his eyes.

"It's nearly twelve, child, Call me a
taxi-oughtn't you?" said Betty,

"Ought I? But why—when this is the first
real talk we've had for—for how long is it?"

"Heavers! Don't maker me count! But

"Heavers: Don't make me count! But when was that Paris summer, Max?"
"Nineteen-five—six. Oh, it was five years ago, Bettchen," he counted, "and the joiliest summer I'd ever had!" Hetty laughed softly. Lucia felt astrange, toothed grip at her side. What a heauti-ful woman Betty was! Had Max always looked at her so?

ful woman Betty was! Had Max always looked at her so?

"I told Walter to call for me, but it's ten to one he's forgotten," said Betty.

"Call a taxi, will yeu, dear bay?"

Dear boy! And yet Lucia had heard Betty say that to many before this.

"Well, flettchen, it was too kind of you to enliven my solitude—if you won't wait.

I'll take you home."

"Child! I'm forty-one. Don't bother."

"And forty-one times more dancerous

"And forty-one times more dangerous than you ever were, madame! You've never

Lucia took the hand behind her.

"Come!" she formed with her lips, and
the two women slipped up the silent stairs.

Marie isoland curiously at her.

"What are you doing!" she whispered,
though the door was closed.

"Changing," said Lucia briefly.

With one motion she twisted her rape of

With one motion she twisted her rape of hair high on her head; with another she pulled it out above her ears. From the closet she dragged down a smoke-colored tangown of velvet, frothed with heavy Venetian lace. It slipped over her head, and her cheeks, burning, flamed shove it. She dusted powder on them and pulled clocked analer stockings over her feet and amber eatin high-healed males over the webby allk. Behind the great coil of her hair she thrust a carved amber comb from her tectoise-shell tray.

"Will I do?" she asked.

"Stunning!" said Marie.

"Then come on!" said Lucia.

They stood in the doorway. Neither Betty nor her heat had moved, it seemed.

Betty nor her host had moved, it seemed.
"Why, Lucia! How july!"
Max walked quickly over as Betty spoke.
"I thought you were in bed, madame,"
he said. "Welcome to our city!"

he said. "Welcome to our city!"

"Nobody told me you were here, Betty. How pice to see you!" And Luria took both of Betty's lovely hands.

"No: Joseph said you were not to be disturbed: so Max took pity on me until Walter should come. He's at a directors' meeting: but I fear he's forgotten me. How gargeous you look, Lutie!"

"I thought you were tired to death, child." Max murmured to her while Betty and Marie talked together.

"I had a rest," she said, and turned her types on his.

ryes on his.

eyes on his.

He took her hand.

"You look it," he said.

"If this is the way you look when you're tired, Lucia," Betty began, "keep on working! Come on home, Marie."

"Oh, wait!" And Lucia held her hands out pleadingly. "Mas isn't a bit sleepy, I know. Let's have some bridge and then tideshape for Walter! Won!' you?"

telephone for Walter! Won't you?"
"Anything you say." And her husband

looked wooderingly at her crimson checks.

"But won't you be tired, dear?"

"I can rest tomorrow," she said softly, "when when you're not here!

Still be looked at her; and Marie Fitch, catching that look, coughed and bit her lip.
"Thank heaven!" she whispered.
"Is heaven still on the job?" said Betty

Girard.

Comfort as well as Good Looks

A SHOE so light and flexible that it hand so pliable that it conforms to every bend of the foot—so strong that it stands the hardest wear-all without the slightest sacrifice of looks or style.



Uppers are of Indian tanned Moone leather, unlined always cool, soft and easy-do not lurden when wet.

Gennine Test-Moc Soles are of extra tough leather—specially treated to make them damp-proof, flexible, noiseless and long-wearing

Made in tayles and sizes to fit every need of

Men. Women and Children

Oxfords, regular and high-cut, with or without heels, in tso and white leathers. Over 2,000 representative dealers sell Trot-Mor Back-in-Nature Shoes with the positive assummer of satisfaction. If not on sale in your city, your dealer ran pet them.



Lock for the Indian trade-mark on the in-mer sele and the "Gen-uine Trot-Moc Sole" stamp on the sele." Back-to Nature Booklet Free

A postcard will bring this mes-sage of best eace and economy.

shby-Crawford Co., Dept. B, Marlborough, Mass



Read the interesting PRIZE CONTEST announcement of the Rice Leaders of the World Asso-ciation in this issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Then-

Write "Y and E" for information that will help you to contest successfully along filing equipment lines.

YAWMAN AND FRBE MFG. (0. 532 St. Paul Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Branch Stores in New York, Boston, Philladelphia Washington, Pittaburgh, Newsark, Buffalo Cleveland, Chicago, Kansas City San Francisco, Oakland and Los Angeles In Canada:

The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Toronto

1200 Agents and Dealers in other cities. Look us up.



"Leaders of the World" In Filing Devices and Office Systems



Your hanlage or delivery has features all its own. The chances are more than even that you are facing problems in the moving of your goods different even from concerns in your own line.

You may need electric trucks that excel in congested traffic and work requiring many stops, while your neighbor, making suburban deliveries, may require wider radius gasoline vehicles. In selecting motor trucks that mean savings, better service and more business, it is absolutely a question of the right truck for your work.

That is why GMC trucks are built to both gasoline and receptor powers and in a wisic range of aspacities and sizes.



GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY

TRUCKS

And you can buy GMC trucky at prices that are right, with perfect comfidence in the stability of General Motors Truck Company, one of the units of General Motors Company, the stronger examination of its kind in the sould.

	Capacity	177 mm
Chases.	114 Trees.	\$1.000
	J. Tona	4900
	3% Time	20 00
	365 Time	23/000
	3 Tone	3750
	4 Tops	1,009
Electric Countrie Less Battery)	1000 like	91100
	2008-150	1300
	3889 (5)	1896
	4000 fbn.	2650
	6000 lim.	1000
	ADDO Him.	From
	39000 (54	23 10
	1.2000 Her	7.6403

With your collegation or an object against the type of truck, gamine or shering, that will give to more thin bettery results in your business. In take of our demand distribution, in with my direct.

Correspondence invited with designs of financial responsibility.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK Co. the of the units of General Motors Co. 51 General Meters Bldg.

Punting, Michigan

Branches and Distributors then York, thereon, Philadelphia, Disunst, Chicago, Kames Ciry, St. James Parland, San Francisco, Scattle, Do Angeles, Philadelphia, Minerapolis, Sat-Late, Galveston, New Osleans, Remissioner.



The Forehanded Man

By Will Payns

THIS Congress may pass an act providing for banks of a new type, so far as concerns banking in the United States; and it may even put the Government into the business of lending money directly to individual borrowers.

It must have been about two years ago that Ambassador Herrick, at Paris, made a report to President Taft on farmers' louns in Europe. President Taft passed the report on to the country, with a statement that European farmers generally borrowed on better terms than American farmers could obtain. Since then this matter of rural credits has been extensively and continuously activated.

credits has been extensively and continuously agitatest.

One of President Wilson's early steps was to appoint a commission, provided for by an act of Congress approved March 4, 1913, to visit Europe and study the whole question of loans to farmers, both on land mortgage and personal credit. Senator Fletcher, of Florida, was chairman of the commission. At once a larger commission was appointed comprising the members of the President's commission and some sixty other persons representing all the states of the Union as well as the Canadian provinces. Of the larger commission Senator Fletcher was also chairman.

Fletcher was also chairman.

These two commissions spent the greater part of last summer in Europe, visiting Italy, Hungary, Austria, Russia. Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Helland, Denmark, Norway, France, Spain, England and Scotland. In each country there were hearings, at which persons most familiar with farm credits appeared, giving information and answering questions. Members of the commission examined cooperative farm-credit associations and land-mortgage banks, interviewed farmers, and so on. In shart, a very comprehensive mass of facts was gathered and in now before Congress.

The Fletcher Bill

As one result of this elaborate investigation, Senator Fletcher last January introduced a bill authorizing the formation of farm-mortgage banks under Federal charters. Briefly, these banks would make farm-mortgage loans, to run for thirty-five years, the principal to be extinguished by the end of that period through amortization, which means that, in addition to paying a given rate of interest, the borrower pays each year a small fraction of the principal. When these fractional payments of principal are spread over a long term of years the total annual payment amounts to only a little more than straight interest on a five-year loan.

on a five-year loan.

Having loaned its ewn capital on approved farm mortgages, the bank would same and sell debenture bonds, secured by a pledge of the mortgages; and with the proceeds of the debentures it would make additional farm loans, which, in turn, would serve as a basis for a fresh issue of debentures. This would not be an endless rhain, however, for the Fletcher Bill provides that the total amount of debentures outstanding must not eacest lifteen times the bank's capital. Thus the bank's capital would be a sort of margin for the protection of debenture holders in addition to the security of the pledged mortgages.

The Wilson Administration favors a sys-

tem of farm-mortgage banks in general outline like those described in Senator Pletcher's bill; but the Administration measure will no doubt differ considerably from the Fletcher Bill in details.

That measure at this writing is being formulated by the committees on banking and currency of the House and the Senate. The committees have been at work on the task almost from the beginning of this session, last December.

A subcommittee of the House committee began hearings on the subject early last winter, and somewhat later a subcommittee of the Senate committee took part in the

hearings.

Of course the information gathered by
the commissions that visited Europe last
summer was drawn on, and persons with
facts or theories to present had a chance to
speak. A hill drafted by the committees
may be presented to Congress before this
appears in print.



Mother

Give Them Sunkist Oranges

-As Many As They'll Eat

Let those healthy children keep well. This luscious juice — and Sunkist Oranges are heaviest with juice right now — is Nature's Golden Tonic, a "Medicine" they will delight in taking.

Keep a dozen Sunkist Oranges always in the house. Eat them yourself three times a day. The system needs what the best of oranges supply in Spring.

Sunkist are delicious—easy-peeling, thin-skinned, seedless, richly flavored, and the orange so tender-mested you can eat it whole as you eat other fruit, without losing any of the juice.



Every Sunkist Orange is glove-picked, tissue-wrapped, and shipped right from the tree, therefore always fresh.

Prices for such fruit were never lower. Get a dozen Sunkist Oranges now.

Sunkist Oranges Sunkist Lemons

Use Sunkist Lemons, too. No other lemons look so well, quartered or sliced to serve with fish and meats.

These are full-flavored lemons, juicy, practically seedless. For lemonade or to use in place of vinegar in salads, or any other dish, nothing can surpass them.

Grown by the same growers—picked, crated and shipped with the same care as Sunkist Oranges—their quality is perfect.

All dealers sell both Sunkist Oranges and Lemons. So don't merely sak for "orsages" or "lemons." Ask for the "Sunkist" brand

best.

and get the

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Eastern Office, Dept. D 139 North Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

Mail as this coupon and we will send you our complimentary \$0 page recipe book, showing over 100 ways of sening Sunkist Changes and Leinten. You will also receive our diffusional dist of 27 Wen. Regers & Sen's Selverway Premounts for your table, with instructions showing look to trade Sunkist wrappers for beautiful silver. Send courses.

Name

Address.



But Congress has still another bill deal-ing with the same subject, introduced in the Senate by Mr. Norris and in the House by Mr. Bathrick. This bill is indersed by two large organizations of farmers—the Grange and the Farmers' Union—and no dealst one manifest and the farmers' Union—and no

doubt can muster strong political support.
It provides for the organization of a Goverroment office to be known as the Bureau of Farm Loans, which shall lend money directly to individual borrowers, the loan to be secured by a first mortgage on ap-proved farm land, to run for at least ten years, and not to exceed two thousand dollars in amount, or to be for more than sixty per cent of the value of the mortgaged

The interest is to be four per cent a year, payable semiannually, one-fifth of the principal to become due in five years and one-fifth in each succeeding year.

and one-fifth in each succeeding year.

To provide funds for making such loans the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to issue and sell government bonds bearing three und-a-half per cent interest and exampt from taxation. It is figured that the difference between the three and a half per cent which the Government pays on its bands and the four per cent that it gets from farmers will cover expenses and all promitible loans.

The real contest, so far as now appears, will be between the Administration measure as drafted by the House and Senate committees and the Norris-Bathrick measure providing for direct losss by the Government. Obviously the success of the latter would change the whole farmmentages beginness as an investment field.

inter would change the whole farmmortgage business as an investment field.

Naturally farmers, like borrowers of every
other class, want the lowest interest they
can possibly get. That is merely saying
that a man wants to buy everything he
needs as chesply as possible. Undoubtedly
anyone can borrow at a decidedly lower
rate with the Government's guaranty than
without it. The credit of the United States
is sufficient to lift the whole farm-mortgage. is sufficient to lift the whole farm-mortgage business a notch higher than it could reach on its own strength—exactly as an issue of railroad bonds that might go at four and a half per cent on its own merits would go at three and a half per cent if guaranteed by the Government; but it would go to a somewhat different set of investors.

Using the Nation's Credit

The man who huys a five-und-a-half per cent farm mortgage would not ordinarily buy a three-and-a-half per cent govern-ment hond. He would look for something that paid higher interest, while the gov-ernment bond would be taken by a more timid or indifferent investor—the trustee of an estate or some one who would care com-paratively little for the interest rate pro-vided he felt his principal absolutely secure. There is no doubt that by using the credit of the United States farmers could

berrow more chesply. Whether the credit of the nation ought to be used in that way is another question. There is no greater fallicy than to assume an unlimited credit for any nation. Whatever credit a nation uses in one way, it has just that much less in one way, it has just that much less in one way. to use in some other way. The quantity of money in the country available for in-vestment in government securities is as strictly limited as the quantity available for use in any other way.

Of late years we have seen British government bonds, with the finances of the government in a very flourishing way, too, selling at near thirty per cent discount. With new borrowings on a large scale, they might easily have dropped to fifty per cent, unless the interest rate had been advanced to a point equivalent to fifty per cent discount on the old bonds.

However, it is quite probable that farmers might, on the whole, get somewhat better terms for farm loans if there were a nation-wide organization to handle such loans. Debentures issued by such an or-ganization and based on farm loans might more uttractive to many investors than the farm loans themselves. The debentures would be for even amounts-say, one hundred, five hundred, and one thousand dollars. All the debentures of a given issue would be uniform in date and maturity. and no doubt there would always be a good open market for them; so that a man could dispose of one as readily as he could dispose of a standard railroad bond. And the in-vestor, instead of looking to a particular farm and a particular farmer for his secur-ity, would look to a great number of farms and farmers.



The longhing lake and rippling non-narite you to skin over their pletid-oufor in a cause - to explore their charm-ing hip and would abore - to him year eyes and thrill your thoughts with brir encharting branty,

What delights a camer can affind you, your family, your friends! Think of the ficking, camping, hunting, person and recursion trips that can be enjoyed with a concern of the glories of the great out dones to will unfold.

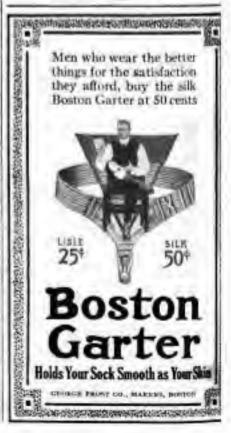
The first step in adjecting a came is to your for the equalog of

Old Town Cances

It setts the whole story of ranges inmanusing from the day of the red one book amore surthe cruedy, sale, low ground "Old Town Carner" of today, 50% carner in stock a some prompt physical Wrate for natalog and some of doler in NAME BOTTOM

OLD TOWN CANGE CO.







Acknowledged by the Discriminating as the Summer's Greatest Apparel Opportunity

MADE TO MEASURE \$1 050 SULK SHIRTS

HREE enceptionally high-grain dik shirts, name strictly to kunt individual presentement from the modify washable villa-for \$10.50. mrt patterne, guaranteen fan gulore, following and correct style; Diff. Avenue conton dort maker acks 110.00 for a single shirt. I but it a good allk alure assaus. Onder your output at once direct flows the makers here the difference in ponce by pos-Soing differ t from designed to wearer.

We do not having my your that u all third approximate of the next has meren been aftered in condition.

Use in hing by Mart's compared to the state of the state

W. A. LANIGAN CO." See Vint See Pair 101



To every clerk a pencil

which steple name of his time and yields you his any similar thing you. No. "time you" for whatling Blaisdell Paper Penells and they cost 15 to 30% teacher broaden penells. Ask on the the provi-

For general othly is office one, Maisdell 202 is economical bating, convenient. Outer by number from your stationer There are Blaudell peners of Pencils specially improved for advictions may

In short, a chain of farm-mortgage banks. making loans on agricultural land and issu-ing debentures against the loans, might attract money into that field which now seeks investment elsewhere; and, of course, whatever attracts more money into a given investment field tends to lower interest rates somewhat within that field. As a rough guess, I should say farmers might be

able to borrow on a land mortgage some-where from one-half of one per cent to on-per cent cheaper than at present.

They might also get the benefit of long-term amortised loans. An individual lender, looking to a particular farm for his security, will not make a long-time amor-tized luan. He wants a relatively short maturity—hardly ever more than five years—so that if the farm or farmer begins to deteriorate he can step in and protect himself. And he objects to an amortized loan because he does not want his principal extinguished by tiny annual payments spread over a score or more of years. In that case to tell which was principal and which was interest would involve too much book-keeping for an individual lender; but a chain of coordinated farm-mortgage banks might introduce both the long term and amortigation.

Probably in some parts of the United States agriculture has reached or is rapidly reaching a stage where long-time amortized loans can safely be introduced under proper

loans can safely be introduced under proper regulations; but that type of loan implies both permanence of agricultural land values and a thorough system of cultivation. Obviously a thirty-year loan on a farm the soil of which is going to be exhausted, or greatly depleted by bad farming within twenty years, would be a poor investment. Whatever advantage farmers can derive from a better organization of borrowing facilities they ought to have; and it is a good thing for investors to have various sorts of securities from which to make a choice. An investor who would not consider an individual farm mortgage bearing five per cent interest might be giad to get a solid concern's debenture, based on farm mortgages, though the debenture here only mortgages, though the debenture bore only four and a half per cent.

In that way a more extensive organiza-tion of agricultural land credit may benefit both borrower and lender; but the inter-vention of the Government for the purpose of lifting farm loans entirely out of their normal position by affixing its guaranty to them is, of course, a different matter. A market limited to government securities would be a poor one for the forehanded man with a few thousand dollars that he wished to put at work.

The Ductless Glands

ONE of the liveliest hopes of doctors to-day is to find some way of controlling the ductiess glands of the body, for these glands seem to be the bosses of the body. One of the latest attempts to control them is by X rays, and the experimental cases as far give some hope for expecting that X far give some hope for expecting that X rays can at least stop them from doing too much bessing. Many of these glands mostly very small in size, are scattered about the body in all sorts of inaccessible places, and each set of glands has charge over one activity of the body.

The pituitary body, for instance, which is given most attention, seems to control the size of the body: hence it is considered responsible for giants and dwarfs. The adrenals are known to control the pressure of

renals are known to control the pressure of the blood, and excessive blood pressure is to blame for many of the most serious trou-bles of the body. One disease, which is practically early old age, is even attributed to them. Diet and similar kinds of treat ment to some extent help to make all thes glands give the proper orders to the body, but only to a limited extent.

The knife is useless on most of them. As X rays can get into the body anywhere they are now being tried to see whether they can control these glands. So far as any successes have been reported. X rays have been useful only in cases where the glandwere overworking. One case has been reported of the treatment of gigantism by firecting the rays at the pituitary body and curbing its enthusiasm, with resulting improvement. In some cases of high blood pressure X rays directed on the adrenal glands have caused a reduction of more normal blood pressure, and other gland-have been treated in this way with some good results. It is still largely experimental work by advanced skirmishers in medicine



Men's Wear Merchants! Do You Know What the Consumer Thinks?

Seven thousand thinking merchants who did know this year, greatly increased their union suit salessome as much as 225%, while many doubled their business with

Cooper Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch Union Suits

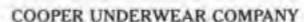
-because men who had been wearing uncomfortable underwear found solid comfort and perfect ease in our patented garment. Easily distinguished by the one smooth, single thickness of cloth throughout the crotch. No laps-no edges-no folds.

Do you know the great "crotch comfort" of the single thickness? Don't risk the loss of your customers by offering imitations, drop seat union suits or the old style open crotch. The consumer has learned to know the difference and insists upon getting the genuine Kennsha-Klosed-Krotch.

We're working day and night-in the largest men's union suit mill—the cleanest, brightest mill—housing the best paid unionsuit workers-ALL FOR QUALITY.

> Kenosha-Klosed-Krotch Union Suits

Retail at \$1 00 and up to \$18.00 a mit. always.comfurtable-All ways.



Originature, Patentres and Manufacturers Kenosha, Wisconsin



The Original

Digitized by Google



Dancing to the music of the Vi

With a Victrola and Victor Dance Records it is easy to learn all the new dances.

The maxixe, hesitation, tango, one-step you can enjoy all the modern dances in your own home with the Victrola. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle, tea of the modern dances, not only Records exclusively at Castle House the making of Victor Dance Record

"How to Dance the One-Step is a new Victor booklet just issue of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle





is the favorite pastime

or and Victor ly superintend

, and Tango''
d with photos
otion-picture

There are Victors and Victor dealer for a copy, or write to us. There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from \$10 to \$200, and there are Victor dealers in every city in the world who will gladly play any music you wish to hear.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A. Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.



Macmillan Standard Library

START YOUR LIBRARY WITH SOME OF THESE BOOKS

The best works of the foremost modern authors in fiction, in books for boys and girls, and in the various fields of knowledge to suit every taste—history, biography, travel, description, outdoor life, literature, fine arts, politics, economics, sociology, sciences, philosophy, religion, etc.—at a small price within the range of the average purse.

Illustrated. Handsomely bound. Decorated cloth covers. Only 50 cents each volume.

A Few of the Many Great Works in These Important Series

New Books on Questions of the Day

Strictly a library of up-to-date knowledge in which almost every great human interest is represented.

For the General Reader, Traveler, Man of Affairs

INCREASING HUMAN EFFICIENCY IN BUSI-NESS. By Walter Dill Scott. "An Important contribution to the literature of business."

MONOPOLIES AND TRUSTS. By Richard T. Ely. THE TARIFF AND THE TRUSTS. By Franklin

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA. By Henry van Dyke.
The most socialis interpretation in years of the real

THE UNITED STATES AS A WORLD POWER.
By Archibeld Cary Coolidge. "A work of real THE PROMISE OF AMERICAN LIFE. By Herhert Croly. "The most illuminating study of national conditions which has appeared."

THE NEW DEMOCRACY. By Walter E. Weyl.
The best and most comprehensive survey of the groreal social and political elates and prospects.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE. By Norman Hapgood. "A life of Lin-roln that has never been surpassed in vividizes, com-pactness, and forms-tife reality."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. THE CITIZEN. By Jacob Riss. "Refreshing and etimelating." HOME LIFE IN GERMANY, By A. Sidgwick,
"the of the best portures of German metal customs."

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: POET, DRAMA-TIST, AND MAN, By Hamilton W. Mahia. "An interpretation retirer than a record." IN THE VANGUARD. By Katrina Trank. "A plea for peace that abould become a stands."

Gardening and Country Life

THE PRACTICAL GARDEN BOOK. By L. H. Balley and C. E. Hunn. "Facts only that have been proved, and should be capable of application."
HOW TO GROW VEGETABLES. By Allem French. "Convenient and critishis."

HOW TO KEEP HENS FOR PROFIT. By C. S. HOW TO KEEP BEES FOR PROFIT. By D. Everett Lyon. "The life biscory of the low family, and bee to start an aptary and care for it."

A MANUAL OF PRACTICAL PARMING. By
John McLannan, "A simple motion of assistance in
the optimary problems of farming."

For the Student of Social Problems

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH AND THE CITY STREETS. By Jane Addams. Market by sanity. levels, and tolerance of mind.

A NEW CONSCIENCE AND AN ANCIENT EVEL

By Jame Addism. "A name until frank consideration
of the a most harring question."

HOW TO HELP. By Mary Compagner. A minutel
of practical character.

POVERTY. By Robert Hunter. Sympathetic and scentific A story of practical experience.
MISERY AND ITS CAUSES. By Edward T. Devine, "Sound, logical, thermuch."

Social STS AT WORK, By Robert Hunter,

SOCIAL STS ACCURATION of Inching Socialists.

THE WAR OF THE CLASSES. By Jack Landing. REVOLUTION, AND OTHER ESSAYS, By Jack

WAGES IN THE UNITED STATES. By Scott THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN, By Jacob A LIVING WACE; ITS ETHICAL AND ECONOMIC ASPECTS, By Rev. J. A. Ryan. "A
judicinus and well-balanced descention."
SOCIALISM. By John Sparge. "Use of the object
Topositions of Sectation.

Helpful Works on Religion

THE NEW THEOLOGY. By Bes. R. J. Campbell. THE QUEST OF HAPPINESS. By Rev. Newell Dutcht Hills. EVERYMAN'S RELIGION, By Dr. George THE ETHICS OF JESUS. By Henry Churchill King. Scholarly, nareful, stear and company.
CHRISTIANITY AND THE SOCIAL CRISIS.
By Walter Rauschenbusch. A tout to have THE GOSPEL FOR A WORLD OF SIN. By Henry van Dyke. A hant book of Chicago. SOCIALISM AND THE ETHICS OF JESUS, By Henry C. Veilder, "A stooly Electronics."

THE GOSPEL AND THE MODERN MAR. By

RATIONAL LIVING. By Henry Churchill King.

New Novels

Here is what every lover of fiction has always wanted - the best of recent popular copyrighted novels by leading authors—great stories, every one of them — wholesome and entertaining.

A Few of the Many Titles (complete list free on application)

BURNING DAYLIGHT. By Jack London. "London's last appel."

ADVENTURE: By Jack London. "Absorbt with mounts and drainable methods."

THE COMMON LOT. By Robert Herrick. "A day of green, day life, marriedy real.

A KENTUCEN CABDINAL. By James Lane Allen.

The autient manterpasse. THE REIGH OF LAW, By James Lane Allen, PATIENCE SPARHAWK. By Gertryde Atherton. MOTHER By Kathleen North. "A charming steep at Lentle Mr. Worth its weight in old FAIR MARGARET: A Postrait, By F. Marion Crawford, "A stery of modern life in Italy. THE HEART OF ROME. By F. Marion Crawford, a city of underground mysteries."

DAVID GRIEVE. By Mrs. Humphry Ward, "A percent potents of life."

ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN. MR. INGLESIDE. By E. V. Lucas. "Intellectual and KINGS IN EXILE By Charles G. D. Roberts.
The spirit of formal and an Ut.
LOVES OF PELLEAS AND ETABRE. By Zona Gale. "A drought from the frontain of years."
DISENCHANTED. By Pierre Lost. "A granter obtained the life of Technic security." A FRIEND OF CASAR. By William Steams Davis. THE POUR PEATHERS. By A. E. W. Mamo. THE CONVERT. By Elizabeth Rabins. "The est-traged mineraret in Stephent. A brook and really for-A DARK LANTERN. By Elizabeth Robins. "A THE JUSTICE OF THE KING. By Hamilton Drummand, Living breaking proping and adversaries.

New Books for Boys and Girls

Every boy, every girl, likes a good story. These stories by popular authors are among the best ever published — exciting, thrilling, adventurous tales— every one clean, wholesome, good for healthy boys and girls to read.

Some Samples (complete list free on application)

THE HORSEMEN OF THE PLAINS. By Joseph A. Altsheler. "A stury of the Wine, of Indiano, of white trappers, for tradets, and adventure."

UNCLE TOM ANDY BILL. By Charles Major, "A great story of heurs, Indiano and helden transpers."

WHILE CAROLINE WAS GROWING. By Josephine Danksm Bacon. "Just the kind of story that gifts and horse as well-will like."

AUNT JIMMY'S WILL. By Mahel Osgood Wright. "Barbara has written as more delightful look than thus. Every shell save t."

THE SLOWCOACH, By E. V. Laces. "A riscre-PICKETT'S GAP. By Homer Greens. "A vivid THE RAILWAY CHILDREN. By E. Neshie. -A

BEARS OF BLUE RIVER. By Charles Major, Wholesoner adventure of the free kind. A LITTLE CAPTIVE LAD. By Marie Bealah D. The human interest is dring and different art and

Complete lists of these books will be mailed to any address for the asking. The books are well printed, on good paper, strongly and beautifully bound in cloth with decorated covers. They are not cheap books, but the best books at a very low price. You know the names of these authors and what they stand for. These books are for sale at 50 cents each wherever good books are sold. If there is no bookseller near you, send 50 cents (stamps or money-order) to the publisher, and the book you want will be forwarded at once, postpaid.

The Macmillan Company

OUT-OF-DOORS

Your Cance and Ite OutAt

No Doubt the first boat was a log; and, seeing this pass upon the water, some sospless soul perhaps hailed it with the exclamation: "It floats!" It may have taken yet more prehistoric time to discover that the bark of a log will float as well as the body thereof; and, moreover, it is excluded. essier to carry between streams or to propel on any water. These things happened before our time. We white men found the Indian bark cance in a model long unchanged, and have but slightly improved upon it, except in the way of materials.

Imitating the canoe itself, we have to some extent imitated the customs that came down with it. The Indian was poor and had not much equipment. He could take his boat and its needful contents on his back and start across country by land very comfortably. Such has ever been the aim and ambition of the white cancelst in

his day. Your true canocist takes himself seriously, even though he recognizes himself as an imitator of the savage man; but both the canocist are worth taking seriously. There is no more beautiful form of sport, none more clean; and if you look over the personnel of any branch of sport shooting, flahing, racing, boxing, golfing, all the amateur athletics—you will find no body of men to surpass the canoeists of this country. With few exceptions, they are men of good standards—in life, in business

and in sport.

We have had canoeists ever since our leisure days began; but today there are more canoes a head than ever before. The sport grows, not only us to its organized form in the American Cance Association and its allied divisions, but also in its un-affiliated and individual form. The parent body of all the organized canocists is, of course, the American Canoe Association, whose great summer meets on the St. Lawrence or the Great Lakes are very famous affairs.

The Western division of the A. C. A. also has at times held important meets, local cruises, annual camps, and so on -not to mention the regular summer business meeting and the annual midwinter banquet. In this way canonists, annually or oftener, are brought together; and there are mem-bers now meeting in one or other of these associated divisions who first met as canceists thirty years ago, and who have grown old in the sport together.

Imitators of the Indian

Of course the summer meetings in the big permanent camps are largely racing meets for amateur prizes in a number of events— paddling, sailing, and so on. Among the men who go in for this sort of thing, however, are many who now and then take a solitary cruise in the wilderness or else-where; and an increasing number of men practice this form of the sport who care little for identification with any organiza-

tion. These are the closest imitators of the solitary Indian and his ways. Besides being the cleanest, the most beautiful and the most spectacular of all our sports, canoeing is one of the most economical, even if you belong to a canoe association. You can get a good canoeing outfit for about what a good gelf outfit will cost you, and there are no club dues to pay, unless a trifle of a dellar-a-year association membership be called such. There are no grounds or links to keep up, and the field is all the waters of the out-of-doors, free and uncrowded.

You can purchase a good canoe today, either of the cedar or cedar-and-canvas type, for from thirty to sixty dollars. Even you go in for extras-cane-seated stools and lazybacks for the ladies, a carrying yoke, an extra cushion or so you cannot very well spend much money on your boat—that is to say, if you purpose being a devotee of the cruising caroe. Of course, if you want one of the beautiful racing craft, built not for comfort but for speed, you can spend more money.

That is but one branch of canoeing-the racing side of the sport—but even that is purely amateur. Very bold and skillful are some of the amateur sailormen who race these little fliers, built decked fore and aft, with a self-bailing cockpit, rigged mainsail and mizzen, and sailed with a hiking board, which allows the skipper to lean entirely outside his boat, balancing as artfully as any bicyclist his weight against the thrust of the wind and his eye against the variations thereof. Such a boat is no place for a man who cannot swim. Fifty such men in fifty such boats make a merry

sight of a pleasant summer day. It is amateur work, absolutely on the square. There is no professionalism thus far in American canoeing. The most expert canoeist has no place to go if he wants to cash in his amateur knowledge. Not for him is any of the muck of the so-called Olympian Games, and not for him the commercialism that governs certain of our American pastimes of the more widely

American pastines of the sport of canoeing, however, is your solitary man, who goes out alone, or with one companion, into the wilderness and takes care of himself as the Indian used to do, priding himself on the lightness and compactness.

of his outfit. How light can the canonist's outfit be? There was one old woodsman, more or less famous in his time, who reduced his outfit to twenty-two pounds in weight—that is to say, his cance and all its contents weighed twenty-two pounds! A builder made for him several of these extremely light cances—one as low as nine pounds! I saw one of them that I could lift out at arm's length on one finger—I think it weighed about eleven pounds. In this craft he managed to get about quite a bit up in the Adirondacks, carrying what sufficed him for a camp out-fit. This is like painting the lily, but it shows the possibilities of going light.

Clean as a Parlor Chair

After all, that sort of thing may be called faddish. No one knows how many men and boys were drowned in imitation of this old extremist. It is far more sensible to encourage a man's-size equipment. Any team of horses will run away and any boat will upset. To be practical and rational is always a good thing in sport. To make the canoe outfit light, practical and safe has been the study of many good business true. been the study of many good business men, who have had offered to them the ideas of many amateurs.

There is a mental as well as physical stimulus in this fascinating form of recrea-tion, and you will hardly meet any cancelst

or go to any canoe camp without learning of some new wrinkle that some canoeist has discovered.

The canoe also has its social side. Round the city of Boston there are many bundreds of canoes in use in the summer season, and the canoe has become very popular of late in almost all the large cities where there is

any safe canoeing water.

In many of the busy Western cities,
where for a generation business men have thought it criminal to engage in any sort of sport, you may now of a summer evening see many and many a tired business man taking his wife or his sweetheart or his children out paddling on some lake or stream, and having a quieter time of it than the accupants of the chagging powerboats, which represent the ambition of others who are in a hurry.

You can go in for a good deal of elegance in such a personal craft as the city man's cance—line it with tapestry carpets and silk cushions; have seats of cane and lazy-backs of polished woods; but all the time the model of the cance will be that which has been practically stereotyped for a long time—the model of the woods.

The white man's canoe, however, has one great advantage over the red man'sit is always dry and clean; and so lends itself to decoration, even of the feminine sort. A rowboat is apt to be clumsy and sloppy, but a well-handled canoe is as clean

as a parlor chair.

Of course the big association meets—or summer cruising meets of less size—are the real clearing houses for canoe information. In any such camp you will find many inter-esting devices showing the personal love men have for this clean and tidy form of sport. In these cruises or traveling meets,



is so much finer than other pineapple because it is of the Smooth Cayenne variety, "the garden page," grown extra hig, golden, tender and hucious, in a sub-tropical climate, in a soil which exactly suits it and especially because it is picked and properly canned in pure cares major surray on the treat day if has fully alpened on the plant. The final clays of apening develop the areas which gives a farm and base to the built this green out progiple ripeard in the years lack, the ortogeneous can and the anochorus never can per

Regardless of its quality and the distance it has to came, Hawalian Canned Pineapple costs no more than domestic fruits.

Have you can fine book of one baseled liped? The extend obtain is in the post, "How We Serve Hawnitan Pineapple," by the following filtern cultury experts:

Famile Morritt Farmer Jeanphine Grenter Hartun Hartund Christian Technica Hartun Jumit McKratels (Ed) Halon Leoner Juliana Altre Getzbell Kirk. Anne W. Murrison Hartin Harti Nati Ullian Dynavar Rice. Jacab Trem Mane James McCaratio (60) Halon Laurer Julianus
Aline Getchell Kirk. Aum W. Murrison
Harius Harris Mari
Lillian Dynavar Rice. Jacob Trems Manuel
Smach Pourson Standt Emma Paddiyek Tellard
Virginia Terhane Van de Water.

delt juge gener for Harverian Propositio, stiret, edged or grated. Write resine for the free building as WAWALIAN PERCAPPLE PUBLICITY DEVARTMENT A. 1562 Telleann Suthfrey, New York

The Gelebrated Roof Paint

Roof Seak stops leaks and abdutely prevents rust, decay or warp-g. Is not affected by heat, brine, cold acid. Does not crack in winter or iten in summer. Highly fireproof,

Roof Leak is a rubber-like liquid ment that affords the utmost protection, can easily applied to any roof and is the best restment the owner of any new or old roof

Roof Seak will add life and r wood, iron and concrete work. Excellent t boats, cisterns, silos, floors and interior decoting where dark rich colors are desired. Ask an architect to tell you all about it. Roof rak is described in Sweets Catalogue.

If interested we will gially send a full half pine prepaid to it foot the parent post — choice of Hack, Marson, a more or ir Most Green. This sample will enable you to make the first parent of the series together with book for the series together with book for the series of same or statues. or ir Moss Circes. This sample will enable you to in helotighey peacelcal feel and will be sent together with he had color card upon receipt at ten cents, com or stanges.

Ellictt Varnish &c.

15. Kolmer Avenue f Washington Avenue

Chicago

Brantford Roofing Company, Ltd.

where camp is broken every day or so, the usual thing is for two men to go in one cance, and to divide the camp outfit. A fourteen-foot or sixteen-foot cance-not to mention the fine craft that are made up to twenty feet-will carry two men and a perfectly comfortable camp outfit.

Men have used cruising canoes on long trips, camping at night without any tent and sleeping in the canoe itself, with only a shelter over the cockpit. You will see the a senter over the cocapit. For whi see incruiser of today, however, usually carrying along a tent—a practical yet very light affair, usually of so-called silk or silkoline, which is really Egyptian cotton—of bulk scarcely larger than a pocket handkerchief and a total weight of only four or five pounds.

There are divers curious and ingenious forms of these light tents. They may be had with shallow walls—in the A model, the single-pole circular or miner's model, or in the open-front camp model, with an awning over the door. Most often the canosist does not carry tentpoles, but uses a ridge-pole made of a light rope, which he stretches between two trees or over two crotched poles that he cuts in the woods.

The oldtimer laughs at the man who carries metal tentpegs; but your dandy cancelst will be very likely to pull out a dainty bag with a lot of short pointed wire pins, with a ring at one end, like a surveyor's pin. They hold well enough to keep down the edges of the tent in ordinary weather. Of course the ropes on such a tent are not really ropes at all, but light, strong cords. The tent itself, however, will the rope of the rop

turn wind and weather very well.

Sometimes the tent will have the floor sewn into it. If not the canoelst will have a light waterproof floorcloth of some kind, on which to make his bed. If the cruise is in the wilderness he will have some sort of defense against mosquitoes—either a bob-binet netting inside the tent or a door to the tent itself. All his equipment, how-ever, will be light. He will not carry a big real of blankets and confectors, or a tarpaulin of twenty-ounce duck, like the cowpuncher. In short, the cameent's tent, flourcloth, blankets, clothing and grub nutit, all together, will not bulk so large and will not weigh much more than the com-puncher's hedroll, which he throws into the

The Effete Side of Canoning

In the fixed association camps there will be a regular street of tents, all protty much alike, often of a big marquee model, tall enough for one to stand in, with plenty of arrangements for clotheshangers and the like, room for a cot, and all sorts of little artificial camp comforts. This is the effects side of the sport.

The canoeist makes amenda for that by the severity of his costume. A sleeveless jersey, a pair of duck trousers and rubber-soled sneakers are en règle on cruise or about camp, even at mixed soiries though there are occasions when blue coats and vizored caps come into use, for your asso ciation man can do either nautical or social stunts by second nature. The man on a cruise depends on a sweater or old coat for his evening costume. All his clothes must be of the sort to go into a bag, for the trunk or value is taboo. These sailorings are usually slim, round affairs, waterproof, and capable of being tied in such way that they will not take water even in case of a capsine

Your canoeist still experiments with blankets. They must be light and no larger than needful. Bulk is almost as bad as weight in his game. The cot is not quite the thing on cruise and the bed must go into a bag. A pillow, of course, is hardly allowable in a tent occupied by really rugged canoeists; there are the round dunnage bags into which one can put a pair of boots, a sweater, an extra shirt-or even a little grass or straw-and so make excellent

pillows.

There is one thing especially to be remarked about all canoeing—its cleanliness Etiquette, ethics and custom make this mandatory upon every man in the camp. or even upon the lone man in the wilderness. This is the one standard of conductto be nest and to be clean! In a cance camp you are likely to see each chap make a little broom of twigs. The floor and front of his tent will be swept clean. There is an unwritten law against throwing rubbish in the company street or assembly grounds. Very often there will be a camp policeman appointed to care for the cureless.

If you look inside a real canoeist's tent you will find everything absolutely in



caused us to be asked by the

Rice Leaders of the World Association to join with other leading manufacturers in a

movement to further business integrity and honor, we regarded the invitation as a stamp of approval of unique value.

It showed that the favor and confidence which we enjoyed among men and women everywhere had been endorsed by those whose ideals and aspirations represent the worthiest things in American business today.

To promote interest in the merchandise manufactured by its members, the Rice Leaders of the World Association announce elsewhere in this issue a Prize Contest in which cash to the amount of \$25,000 will be distributed.

We commend this contest to our friends as a source of profit as well as a source of interest. It is our earnest desire that the public who are familiar with our writing papers and dealercustomers who market our merchandise will feel deeply interested in this unusual opportunity afforded them to develop new ideas and create artistic displays. Read the conditions carefully and let your original ideas bring a rich return.

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY PITTSFIELD, MASS.

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

PHILADELPHIA

BOSTON





Even Floods do not affect a Tarvia Roadway-

HERE is a road that was built in 1911 with a five-inch concrete base and a two-inch macadam surface bonded with Tarvia.

In September, 1913, it was flooded by river and tide in a great storm, as shown in the small picture. When the waters subsided, the tarviated road was unharmed and no repairs were required! The larger photograph was taken after The City Engineer, Raymond R. Eagle,

"While this was a very severe test on the pavement it stoud up perfectly under it and the pavement remained in as good condition at before the storm."
He also says: "The Turvia has given cotice satisfaction."

Tarvia is a coul ter product of great bonding power.

It encloses the atom in a tough matrix from which neither water nor traffic can

It railly increases the durability of the road and usually cuts down the repair bill enough to offert the entire cost of the treatment.

Booklet regarding the Tarvas treatment free on request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Baston St. Louis Raman City Chyviand Cinconnett Minerapolis Pittsburgh Seartist Ramangham THE PATERSON AFC. CO., Limited Montread Towards Wessig St. John, N. S. Hulling, N. S. Springy, N. S.

THE TARDY BOY

PREPARES his lessons "any old time." He seldom does tuday what he can put off until tomorrow. He doesn't realize the importance of promptness. He has not learned that the performance of a duty is twice as easy NOWas it will be LATER.

Your advice is discounted by the tardy boy. He doesn't comnect the theory of your lesson with his everyday life. Precept and practice are unrelated in his mind.

Somehow the boy must convince himself that promptness is essential. Thousands of parents have recently adopted a plan by which their boys are teaching themselves this lesson. The exact method is fully explained in a booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" A copy will be sent you, free, upon request. Write today to

The Sales Division, Box 301

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO., PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

apple-pie order. On the side of the tent you will see a little housewife, in which he keeps his combs, brushes, needles, thread, and other little articles not stored in his war-bag. Loose odds and ends of food or equipment are not good form. The camp mess, or the individual messes, are usually storage places for the receptacles carrying grub, and every effort is made to keep these

as neat as possible.

Above all, hospitality reigns in a canoe camp, whether of many men or of two—or of one. This, too, seems to have come down from Indian times. It is a pleasant virtue, and your canoeist practices it finely. What be has in cump is yours so long as it lasts. If you are in trouble of any kind with your boat or equipment, a dozen are ready to

help you.

There is a fine camaraderie in the sport. Your companion in shooting and fishing may be eager to beat you. Your companion in golf may be sour or morose or profane at his had form. Your comrade in a canoe examp is loafing and inviting his soul, and the only competition he cares for is to make you have a better time than he is having

In such a camp as one of these traveling cance meets you can learn very much about the cance and its outfit. All the standard models of the best modern cances will be represented, and you will have an oppor-tunity to see the best efforts of the outfitters in producing things practical, yet portable.
Of course the outfitters sell to cancelsta
many things not really useful. Nearly
always you will find one or more tents that offer you soup made out of tablets, coffee prepared from lozenges, or desiccated vegetables that do not taste like anything in particular. These things lose something of their charm when there is a farm within half a mile, where one can get milk, eggs, fruits, vegetables or fowl; and usually the division cance cruises are made in settled countries. evuntries.

A Portable Helpmate

Cance cookery may or may not be good, for many men have many skills in cooking out-of-doors. The cancelst's outfit is usually simple and he does not carry many days' stores unless he is leaving the settlements altogether. Hacon he must have—in spite of those who insist that olive oil is better for frying. Fish or game he may have as oppor-tunity offers; if not, then plain beefsteak bought of the village shop, or chicken law-fully or unlawfully obtained. If he carries potatoes there will not be many of them. You are apt to find his flour or his meal

You are apt to find his hour or his near in little waterproof bags, well tied and nested in another waterproof bag. His sugar and his ten will be similarly cared for—no package being very large or very heavy. Rice, sometimes outment, not intrequently bears, will be found in these light stores; but the wish of the canceist to force on the resupers as much as posis to forage on the country as much as pos-sible—and in most cance cruises villages

are not far apart.

The best camp cooks rely on the stew-hetile as well as the frying-pan. Fried fish, fried ham and eggs, are not to be speezed at; but neither is the stew, cooked slowly, made out of bits of mest, some vegetables, a dumpling or so, or even some crusts of bread. Squirrels go well in such an enterprise, or even a young rabbit.

Of course, in a game country where one can get fish or grouse, there is no cookery and no food better than that which you will find in a well-conducted camp of experienced canoeists. Many of these men can make good ramp bread or biscuits. Those who cannot, depend upon the loaves of bread they find here or there in the country or in the village. Even butter you may find in camp; as good butter as I ever ate came from Nova Scotia, and I are it in latitude fiftyeight degrees north-two thousand miles

from where it was made.

His cook outfit is the pride of the canoeist's heart. You will find hardly any two
outfits alike. Aluminum is likely to be the material used in part-though the experienced camper does not use an aluminum teacup, because it holds heat too long. The canonist nearly always has a stove, but one which will go into his pocket—a little grid-dle, with folding legs, which he can thrust down into the ground, making his stovetop any height he likes.

Of course you can breil anything you like right on top of the stove, or you may use that as a support for your kettle or your frying-pan, or your coffee pot if the latter has no bail by which you can hang

it over the fire on a stick. Above all it over the fire on a stick. Above all canoeist prides himself on the smallne his fire—another Indian tradition. good camp you may see several little going of an evening, each with a difficultit, any one of which is collap condensable, portable and practical. I recall eating lunch once with a y man in a canoe camp, when we had potatoes, rice, beefsteak and collap condend at the same time on a stove is

cooked at the same time on a stove foot across, and in a set of utensish had been used to carry the grub to the ing place. The entire cooking outfit contwenty-five cents; in fact, it was no more or less than one of those four-states. dinnerpails that workmen sometime to carry their lunches. Each compart comes free, fitting into the top of the below it, which is provided with a shi flange. They all lock together; the clamps down; and when the workman up his pail by the handle he may be of lock to dish of potatoes in the bases. ing a dish of potatoes in the bases a pork chop on the main floor, a piece upstairs, and a can of coffee in the Of course you can carry raw food it one of these compartments, as this y man did. He now took his dinner pail and used each one of these compari-as a cooking vessel. It worked handsomely.

One trouble with such a cooking of

One trouble with such a cooking of that it has no handles or bails; but a like this would not disconcert a ; canoeist. My host had in his pocket those Yankee pocketknives that ha sorts of things concealed in them. We wanted to lift the coffee pot he did so hook he found inside his knife. We nighted to shift the compartment. wished to shift the compartment in he was builing rice he used the law pair of pliers he also found in the which he applied to the side of the h which he applied to the side of the hyessel, just as though he intended to piece of wire—which also he could do wished. In short, with an outfit the cost next to nothing and had little we bulk, this young man and his wife comeal for three with no difficulty who and a very good meal it was.

My friend's wife washed the dishesses not a very large lady; and I have

My friend's wife washed the disher was not a very large lady; and I have wendered whether her husband—an reanceist—did not marry her in part is of her portability.

Taking this young gentleman's coas instance and this meal as a st point, we might give quite an object in neatness and dispatch. When the were washed the stove was folded to not into a clean canvas cover. The put into a clean canvas cover. The pail was assembled again, handle a Our plates—very light ones—went little packet. The unused raw food next meal was again put into the dim

The Guide's Ship

When the tent was rolled up it : pack less than eight by twelve in size. The floorcloth covered the care clean, soft double blanket went into and another bag carried the clothing, slender, round bags lay lengthwise hull of the cance. At the staff on h fluttered the little burges that late adoned the tent. The two paddishad supported one end of the ridgescence into use. One trip from cicame into use. One trip from of boat served to carry the entire outs when the little ship was loaded the plenty of room for two or even three p

Granted two men, with eight or to as much food as we had in this hos a tackle box, two rods, a rifle of a and ammunition—and still the boat have ridden high and could have be pelled easily. With one companion-fourteen years old—I have paddle miles in two days up a very swif with a pretty heavy camp outfit, so felt uncomfortable either affoat or it As a means for a week-end vacati the cance is not surpassed.

Of course in the Canadian will in Maine and New Brunswick, the is the guide's ship—the one means o portation. The average man who g the woods does not know how to cu his duffel, and the guides dread a ci on the portage; but, with a rationa two good canoeists can go far li wilderness.

I know of one man and his wife w lost for a month in the Rainy Lake c on the Minnesota line-in a couwhich they knew nothing whatevera risky undertaking, to be sure, but



OT a would have been in the scrap ip long ago but for air

Inner Tire

reliased your allow your nees to blow wiew the subber trend is half worm our

ighilt thely rightand page thin bog the too the commotive prodpye, 15 to proceed to be to the contract of the contra

in the Interluch

Touble-Fabric Tire Co.

With Street

Auburo, Ind.

INTER OCK

Buying Baby Bonds

In many cases you can boy Taby Bonds - \$100 denomina -issued by the same comes on the same purportion #1,000 Bonds

The resulter continualization and to # \$100 Ramals into your savings

Bud for Bouldet Til "\$100 Stoods".

John Muir & Co.

Odd Lots

WAR DEFICE, TA BROADWAY, N. V.

property Burns - Lorentz Burnson, it is a fight to - Hard Process Same Burnson Burnson Same Burnson Bu



Genuine All Hand-Woven finblocked PANAMA

Cyp be seen in 1 complete to the property of t

Mt HAT CO., Dept. A. S3t Breadway. New York City

which there was no disaster and no unbearable discomfort. Last summer the same gentleman and his wife and two children, with only one Indian guide, manned two canoes and journeyed far into the lake and river region north of Lake Superior. They came back after a very happy and comfortable time.

There are, of course, some experts in cance handling who like to take long and hard wilderness trips. The headwaters of the Mississippi River are sometimes visited in this way, and the fast waters of the upper Wisconsin River are also popular. Maine is full of good canoeing waters, and the Adironducks have long been a puradise for the little hoats. But, quite outside of these remote and somewhat expensive regions— for a canoe is bulky and awkward to send anywhere by express—there are scores and hundreds of amiable little rivers close at home that can be used most pleasantly for small cance trips.

You never know a river until you run it; and even your local river, where you have fished in restricted localities perhaps for many years, becomes for you a highway of romance when you run fifty or sixty miles of it and come out at some railroad town below, of which you have never heard.

Thus to explore some near-by, comfortable stream; not hurrying at all; taking your own time; using your own labor and not too much of that; going light and neat and clean; changing your camp every day or so perhaps, and going in only for enough sport to give you foud—nething is very much better than that for the city man. A week of this is better than many days of hurried golf. A month of it is better than may amount of life at a fashionable resort.

As a fishing boat the rance cannot be called a success for the average amateur.

called a success for the average amateur though, of sourse, it is the fishing heat of the wilderness. Upless the cance he large and roomy and handled by an expert, the amateur would better do his fly casting or amateur would better do his hy casting or bait casting from some more stable plat-form. Fine canoes, in the so-called lake model—broad and beamy; provided with a little keel; a socket for a short mast, and a pair of light oars for upstream work—can be secured in a weight quite within the portage capacities of two men of no very great strength or experience.

Much Fun for Little Money

A good, light outfit in a boat like this will afford a pair of vacationists about as much solid fun as they are likely to get elsewhere, no matter how much money they may wish to spend. A popular type of cance is the sixteen-foot model, but guides who have to do much portaging will cut the size down to fourteen feet by choice.

The only thing to be urged against the cance and canceing is the danger of it. One should know how to swim-but, above all, should know how to be careful, and to avoid taking risks in bud water or in high wind. Some cruisers have rigged an airtank in each end, so that the canoe will not sink. Others rely on air cushions inflated for seats—rather wabbly and insecure seats

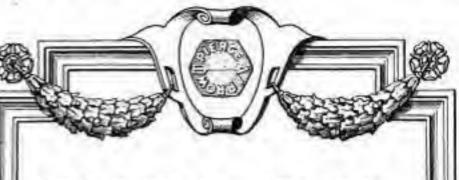
Some sort of life-preserver is a good thing to have about-1 do not know anything smoother than the outside skin of an insmoother than the outside sain of an inverted cance. The amateur, suddenly capsized, is mighty quick to lorget about the fancy stunts he has seen the experts do at the association meet. The best thing to do is to keep the cance right side up in comfortable water and under no risky conditions.

There is no sport that has had more care expended on it by professional outfitters; and the result of all this has been that the canneist can go out with the handsomest,

canness can go out with the handsemest, nattiest and most complete outfit possible to be obtained by any sportsman whatever.

The boat itself has lines that tell of ease, atrength, grace and self-confidence; and moreover, it has a jaunty, highbred air—one of quality and class—which endears it to the heart of the owner. With all its beauty, it is not very expensive; and once you have it is not very expensive; and, once you have your outfit, there is no sort of sport in which you will find it more difficult to spend very much money.

With a portable cance that does not mind being used, a portable camp and cook outfit that never becomes aggravating, and a portable girl who does not mind getting freckled—or even a companion like him-self—the plain North American citizen can get about as much dividend out of everyday, plain, inexpensive canoring as he can out of any other line of human endeavor out-of-doors.



PIER CE

An investment that pays continuous dividends

APPLY to the purchase of a motor A car the same judgment that directs your purchase of securities. In each case you have a right to an unfailing supply of dividends and a ready market whenever you want to sell.

The dividend that comes from a motor car is the pleasure that it gives you. It is not enough that this should be as great as possible; it must also be as frequent as possible. Pierce-Arrow owners never get over the novelty of possessing a Pierce-Arrow.

Every time one of them sees his Pierce-Arrow approaching, every time he steps into it, every time he is carried smoothly and pleasantly wherever he wants to go-and back again-he experiences a new sense of ownership, a new dividend of pleasure.

And if that investment, which is great enough originally to supply this unique quality of service over many years, is ever to be liquidated, there is always a recognized current value for Pierce-Arrows. Motorists everywhere are anxious to get the added service and luxuries scarcely diminished by one owner in a Pierce-Arrow, for a price that indicates a loss of nothing except the sense of being the first owner,

Pierce-Arrew cars are bailt in three chassis sines, 38, 48 and 66 hoese-power. These chaisis are equipped twith many types of open and enclosed bodies, including a runabout with interchangeable Victoria and coupé top.

The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company Buffalo, New York



Qualifications for Membership

HONOR:-A recognized reputation for fair and honorable business dealings. QUALITY:-An honest product, of quality truthfully represented. STRENGTH:-A responsible and substantial financial standing SERVICE:-A recognized reputation for conducting business in a prompt and

in Cash Prizes

to more firmly establish this Emblem and its significance in your mind.

This Emblem is the token by which you may identify the members of this Association. It typifies the ideals that are the Qualifications for Membership.

The privilege of using this Emblem has been bestowed upon these manufacturers so that wherever you see it you may know that it is associated with those concerns whose record of achievement has won for them this merited distinction evidenced by the endorsement of public approval.

We believe implicitly that there are men and women everywhere to whom these concerns mean infinitely more than merely successful commercial enterprises. We know that their years of fair dealing with worthy products have built up a legion of warm and loyal friends, and we say to each member's friends, "You are justified in having confidence in every other member."

It is one of the axioms of this Association that "an exchange of ideas creates new ideas." The offer that is described on the opposite page has been arranged to create an even greater apprecustion of the integrity and merit that underlies these products. To give a just reward for the time and thought that will be spent, we are offering these prizes. Read every line of this message - including the appaints page -then turn your ideas into dollars.

BY INVITATION, THE FOLLOWING ARE MEMBERS:

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY New Haven, Connecticut

efficient manner.

Yale Locks, Builders' Haptween and Chara House THE YALE & TOWNE MFG. COMPANY Non York

Crase's Paper and Pine Stat EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY Pittsfield, Mass.

V and B" Filling Develops and Office. YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. COMPANY Rochester, N. Y.

Harte, Baron, Lard, Verilier Specialities, Grage Jaire ARMOUR & COMPANY Busilies Cubes, Laundry and Pine Titles Some

fillsbury's Best Fire PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY Minneapolis, Minn.

Tumbre Log Cable Sen THE TOWLE MAPLE PRODUCTS COMPANY 5t. Paul, Minn.

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE COMPANY Grand Rapide, Mich.

"Niagara Mant" Sub Citizen & Latter sun Umpercua-NIAGARA SILK MILLS

North Tonawanda, N. Y.

M. J. WHITTALL Wordester, N

Emissions and Oil Come COOK'S LINOLEUM COMPANY Trenton, N. J.

BERRY BROTHERS, Inc. Detroit, Mich.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY Hew York

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY Amsterdam, N.Y.

Small Motor and Van He THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY Springfield, Ohio.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY Chicago, Ill.

HULL BROTHERS UMBRELLA COMPANY Teledo, Ohio

WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR COMPANY St. Paul, Minn.

> ALABASTINE COMPANY Grand Rapids, Mich.

Fruit fare, Pictory and Picagorea Ada HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS COMPANY Wheeling, W. Va.

INTERNATIONAL ACHESON GRAPHITE CO. Magara Falls, N. Y.

ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR COMPANY

"LP" farme Level Books with Firster IRVING-PITT MANUFACTURING COMPANY Kamus City, Mc.

> THE L S. STARRETT COMPANY Athol Man

ing Stones and Altrastic Materials THE CARBORUNDUM COMPANY Niegara Falls, N. Y.

> Restitute and Automatic Pletile SMITH & WESSON Springfield, Mass.

Leva Moven COLDWELL LAWN MOWER COMPANY Newhurgh, N. Y.

> Waterman's "Ideal" Pountain Pene und Lith. L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY New York

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY Milwankes, Wis.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY New Haven, Conn.

"Industructo" Trunks and Long NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS COMPANY Mishawake, Ind.

Firetist Bleating Apparatu SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY Cambridge, Mass.

> Women's Fine Steen, "Queen Quality THOMAS G. PLANT COMPANY Boston, Mass.

Cotton Goods

AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY Southbridge, Mass.

Long typ. S., Pen Holders, Rubber Bunds and Eranges EBERHARD FABER

Additions to our membership as admitted will be published in future Association announcements

Consider membership participation in the competence will not record this company and will be published in the contract of the

to break Foreign for October 1000, 1974; the Wissiste Bergley Compension and the let the the scale property parts in the extra quantitation for addressed enemy to

the branchest copylighted 1984, the soft, Rice. May be reproduced by private a

To Everybody \$10,000.00 in Cash Prizes for IDEA LETTERS

Your ideas of the Superior Merits or any new uses of our Members' products. with as may be used for an advertisement; provideged to use illustrations, if

Your suggestions of NEW BUSINESS IDEAS pertaining to production or sales in any branch of any Member's business.

First Prize .		\$1,000.00	Tenth Prize \$100.00
Second Prize		500.00	Eleventh Prize 100,00
Third Prize	i.	250.00	Twelfth Prize 100.00
Fourth Prize		100.00	Thirteenth Prize . 100,00
Fifth Prize .		100.00	Next 25 Prizes \$10.00 each
Sixth Prize .		100.00	Next 50 Prizes 20,00 each Next 100 Prizes 10,00 each
Seventh Prize		100.00	Next 200 Prices 5.00 each
Eighth Prize		100.00	And \$3,000.00 in prove of \$2.00 such for the
Ninth Prize		100.00	Total, \$10,000.00

SPECIAL :- "AWARD OF MERIT" TO EVERY PRIZE WINNER

You will recribe a handman "AWARD OF SERIT" as a promount record of your "accepted blook," with your name originated forces, consisting our compatite mandership and bearing the Association Emblish exclusived in its natural values, officially algorithm and exhibit by the officers of the Association.

CONDITIONS: 1st -You may submit one letter only for each Member of the

2nd - Each letter may be written on any or all of the subjects as fisted above the

prices on this page.

Ind - Each letter must contain the respective Member's name at the top, followed.

See your name and address at the bottom. by your idea, expressed in not over 50 words. Sign your name and address at the bottom.

4th — Each letter must be on one sheet of paper, written on one side only.

5th — This coursest closes on May 15, 1915, and all contest mail must bear post mark

not later than that date. No questions can be answered in this contest. Do not send any of your suggestions direct to Members of the Association, but mail them in one puckage

ADDRESSED TO O: "Idea Letter Department" Rice Leaders of the World Association Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, New York City

where they will be officially stamped, entered in the contest, and forwarded to each of the respective Members who will judge and pass upon the ideas submitted for their respective concerns.

6th - No contestant shall submit the same idea for more than one Member.

All ideas submitted will be judged upon their merit and value, and will become the property of the Association and its respective Members, and will not be returned.

The person having the largest number of idea letters accepted will receive the first prize, the second largest number second prize, etc.

In the event of a tie for any prize, such prize will be awarded in full each of those tying.

Prize Winners' Names, listed by Countries, States and Cities, will be on display in the windows or stores of various merchants whom

you see making window displays in the Window Display competition. These lists will be mailed to merchants from our New York Association offices on August 14th, 1915.

Power and Riches Come from Ideas

Read Every Word of this Unusual Message.

It carries beyond the thousands of dollars in cash prizes unparalleled opportunity to submit your ideas to these great concerns; consider what it would mean to you, beyond a cash prize, to have your ideas accepted by such concerns.

Add your own ideas to these that have been behind the sale

of these famous products. Successful as they have been, such ideas have by no means exhausted the fertile field of possibilities. Some of the best advertising and sales ideas in use today have been

inspired in just this way. Look for the avindow displays of these predicts at your dealers; ask your dealer and friends about these products. An exchange of ideas creates new ideas.



of any of our Members' Products as herein listed.

Consider the magnitude of this opportunity. Nearly Five Hundred Cash Prizer.

Did you roor hear before of \$2,000.00 in Cash being paid for one Window Display?

First Prize .			\$2,000.00	Tenth Prize \$250.00
Second Prize		4	1,000.00	Eleventh Prize 250.00
Third Prize	6.		500.00	Twelfth Prize 250.00
Fourth Prize		+	250.00	Thirteenth Prize . 250.00
Fifth Prize .			250.00	Next 20 Prizes \$100,00 each
Sixth Prize .			250.00	Next 30 Prizes 50.00 each
Seventh Prize			250.00	Next 100 Prizes 25.00 each
Eighth Prize			250.00	Next 300 Prizes 10.00 each
Ninth Prize			250.00	463 Prizes, Total, \$15,000.00

SPECIAL: - "AWARD OF MERIT" TO EVERY PRIZE WINNER

You will reactive a haplacone "AWARD OF MERT" as a persuanter moved of your "accepted model for display," with your under majorated obsterns, containing our complete another independent entering the content of the Association.

Special Prize to Every Contestant

An album containing the first 100 prize-winning window displays, with each winner's name, will be mailed free to every contestant after the cash awards have been made.

This album of model window displays and valuable ideas brought together from all parts of the country could not be purchased, nor could a value be placed upon it. It is made possible only by this universal campaign, embodying displays of such varied lines as represented in our member-The cost of producing this album will represent a small fortune.

CONDITIONS: Let - A display can be made of any of the products herein listed being produced by any of our Members.

2nd - Each display must be exhibited for at leter one most

2nd - Each display must be exhibited for at least one week, any time between May 14, 1914, and May 15, 1915.

3rd - Each display must contain the Association Bunner, which bears the Association Emblem and list of members, it will be mailed free upon request

State which Members' products you will display, and when you will make the first display.

Address "Window Display Department," Rice Leaders of the World Association, Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, New York City.

th — Photograph of display — mailed flat — bearing on the back the name of the store in which display was made, address, and date of display, photographer's name and contestant's name, to be mailed to "Window Display Department," Rive Leaders of the World Association, Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, New York City, on or before May 15, 1915. All photographs submitted shall become the property of the Association and will not be returned.

5th - In the event of a tie for any prize, such prize will be awarded in full to each of those tying.

6th - If any merchant in the United States desires to enter this context and does not handle any of the goods listed as eroduced by our Members, the Association will see that he is loaned during the time of the context some product of some Member free of cost in order that he may enter this contest.

We reserve the right to disqualify any contestant whom we learn is using, what we consider, unfair methods in this contest. The judges, whose names will be published, will be men of notherity on window display.

PRIZE WINNERS' NAMES: Large sheets containing list of all prize winners in Idea Letter Contest, listed by Countries, States and Cities, will be mailed August 14, 1915, to every merchant who enters this Window Display competition, to be displayed in his window or store, whereby the public may see who are the prize winners.

Enter this Unusual Window Display Contest. It will further the prestige of your store and the confidence of your customers.



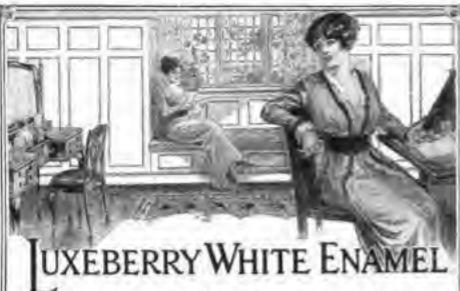
Rice Leaders of the World Association

Elwood E. Rice, Founder & President

Fifth Avenue and 34th Street

New York, U. S. A.

May 16, 191



To the woman of taste the white enameled room makes a strong appeal. She delights in its atmosphere of cheery, dainty brightness. Not only in her boudoir, bedrooms and bathroom, but in the living rooms as well.

Luxeberry White Enamel produces a rich, deep, show white effect unequaled by any other finials. A Luxeberry surface is smooth, satiny and durable, and may be left either a soft dull, or brilliant as the finest porcelain.

Luxeberry White Enamel won's turn yellow, this or crack and cleans in a july with to ap and water.

In snow white rooms the natural wood Bonry should be protected and beautified by the firmst floor varnish. Liquid Granic has all the toughness its name implies. It brings out the hearts of the wood, multiplying in attractiveness. Liquid Counts from how a double risk of motion that with author the wear of proving less and the image of playing children a soften you can work without her of motion it white even builting were for no convents other.

Berry Brothers' Variation have been die fast observe of home owners, excluteers and deposition for some lifty years. Ask your disable about them or write or direct for commit information of approal infrares to home owners.



IF you have some spare time and want to convert it into money, let us tell you how to do it. Agency Division, Box 508, The Saturday Evening Poor, Philadelphia, Penna.

PATENTS That Protect and Par BOOKS, ADVICE and SEARCHES FREE Waters E Coleman. Pater League Walkington, B, C



PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED, Manual Patental State of State Stat



THE VORTEX

(Continued from Page 22)

"Quane"—that is the way she said it. I never saw that nurse again and she probably never thought of me again; but her sound, hard sense had pointed a way of escape from my trap. What was it the average girl lonked forward to as her lifework? What was it abe wanted! Homemaking—the trained nurse had called it domestic science. What was it the average woman was best fitted for? Homemaking. What was the one vocation in which I was not subsverage nor even average, but was always superaverage? Homemaking—domestic science—the science for which every other science and vecation exists. And here I was among the army of minfits because I had not had sense to find my fit!

Was that trained nurse, getting probably twenty a week and board, any lonelier than I was in my back tenement room, with not a cent above the margin of mere existence? Was she not safer, securer, happier? But she had called it domestic science. Was homemaking a science? I began to figure out what she said about saving. Could I but get twenty-five a month and keep, I could save three times more than John D. Rockefeller had earned the first ten years of his business life! It made me diany!

Years ago, what had sent our New Eng-

Years ago, what had sent our New England boys and girls iets factories? The fart that they could earn bigger money in the factories than in the home—that there were more factory jobe than home jobs: but now was there a single home in all New York, was there a single home in all the United States, always care of home help? Was there enough domestic help to supply all the homes in the United States? We women had been hopelessly on the wrong track, We had been shunning training for the one thing we all looked forward to. I thought of what that customer from the West had said to me: "There are millions of homes in the West that can't get help for love or money—not for forty dollars a month and hoard!"

Why Not a Uniform?

Was it not the same right here in New York, where I had been starving along where a hundred thousand like me were always starving along? What was the matter with us? Was at the word servant? Were we such snobs? Was the word servant any worse hadge than slave? And were women whose very lives depended on permission to operate a machine owned by some man any better than slaves with a serf's ring round their nerks? Why did we shun demostic help?

Few of the factory women earned more than twelve dollars a week. The majority did not earn six dollars steadily the year round. A good nurse beiped to look after children; a good housekeeper—a good general help—could earn at least twenty-five dellars a musth and board and clothes, with two afternoons off a week, at the most up to forty and fifty dollars clear; that trained nurse must have been earning one hundred dollars clear.

What was the matter with us that we shunned this one open door and battered our stupid brains out against the wall of the impossible in industrial life?

What a woman can save is the exact measure of her security against want and danger. In domestic vocations she can save practically four-fifths of what she earns. In isdustrial vocations she can save what can she save? I could save nothing. I was on the ragged edge of want and desperation—and do not forget the night I craved the can of potted meat!—I was on the ragged edge of something much worse! In this vocation honesty, thoroughness and faithfulness had a market value. Had they any market value fed into the high-speed machines!

Domestic vocations demanded a uniform. So did our stenographers. We had to awar black dresses, with white cuffs and collars. So does a nun's vocation demand a rostume. So does the trained nurse's; and that costume protects her wherever she goes. So does an ambassador's vocation demand a custume. Whyshould domestic helpresent a uniform? What was the matter with us? Were we fools and victims of words? Were we to be sneered out of life by prejudice? Were we foolish snots?

"State and Pederal statistics show that the average exercings to industrial vocations are under us deduce a work."



The Orchid of Sweets

The rarity and costliness of orchids add to their fascination, but if they were as common as camations their perfection of beauty would still make them the most prized of flowers.

Stuylers Chocolate

are the cost proved of sweets, not become rared, or coollest, but because of their perfection of flavor. If only a humbed buyes a day were made they would be principal.

The Larry of a low may be empryed in many relies you live, because of a Boulson and a branchater need many observed though from a low are add by a low roles agents (bearing dropped corrywhere) in the United States and Causela. If there should be no always to so you, write us.

Soling leg 64 Irving Place, New York Frank Dak, Hayler, Prominent

Ash for chiefe Course and effected Baking Character or pour ground's





and the direct to expend to says frig part of tearly of a part. So addition granteness or treat angle, it does \$45.00 by accurate the above house of 1-parger. So at these four-raped by \$6.10 rates on to The initials but deed parameter to fresh to

Write for Brooks Boat Boo Sharining you bolk, callors, and and make bout a two on build - also shows say "W" below. Address SROOKS MFG. CO., \$355 Rest Ave., Segiano. He



forest guaranteed reliability, safety, good and pase of action towar just s such to light care as they do to truy cars, and the Barrett No. 345 a micely the same relative standard at the bugger Borrett No. 300—the facet and most powerful jack made or large pleasure cars.

M flatter Jacks give a firstone of highly ublashery service. Then firsten of salone is a gent that threakage is almost univered re-reprint the differst justice.

Your dealer will fill your arder or wells direct to as to save delan Vite by the Ouff extelng at Barrott Auto on Inquires fully and granted yourserval retry that requirement across to module meeting indicates on monopolation.

THE DUFF MFG. CO.

Pittsburgh, Pa. New York Office: 50 Church St. Orage Office : Peoples Gas Bldg. Established Inn3



OFFIST PRICES ADSTITUTE OF STATE OF



There is not a well-to-do home today that is not on the ragged edge of desperation for help; and there is not a city today that has not its armies of women, thrown on the scrapheap by industry, on the ragged edge of desperation for a home. Why do they not come together? Is the washing of dishes so much more repulsive than the washing of smallpox sores by the trained nurse, or the swafibing of a diphtheritic throat, which any nurse in any hospital may have to do any day of her life at immi-nent risk to her own health? Are we so democratic in this most democratic of all nations that it is really snobbery that drives a hundred thousand women a year to the scrapheap of industrialism? Let us banish the word servant, though the motto of roy-alty is "I serve!" and substitute the words domestic help, as we have substituted the word surgeon for levels.

All of which reminds me of a curious experience of my own recently. I was inter-ested in a little girl who was wrecking her health studying for a vocation she could never possibly fill with financial profit to herself. She was a splendid little house-keeper—thorough, conscientious, careful; and I asked her mother why she did not allow her daughter to take a course in do-mestic science instead of plugging at Latin and foreign languages. The mother looked at me with one long, blank stare. "Do you mean—do you mean servant?"

she said slowly, glowering.
"Of course I don't! I mean the science of demestic life—the chemistry of cooking; the botany of gardening; the ficances of housekeeping," I tried to explain. She almost threw me out of that house.

To resume the story of the woman who found her way out:

I walked back to my mean tenement lodging from Eighty-Sixth Street, and us I walked I came to my decision. Even if I had been filted—built on wires instead of nerves—for electrified machins-driven in-dustry, where would it leave me at thirty-five? Worn out, with little saved, if a cont. In domestic science I rould save at least four-fifths of what I earned. The next day I put my application in at two employment agencies for the position of domestic help. Here, again, is a place where the rich women who want to help can. I had to pay a two-dollar fee at each employment agency, and the places found for me were neither suitable nor safe.

References Required

The first place Heft in a week. The and the first place lieft in a week. In the next place the woman was dishonest and unfair. She expected her help to rise at five and work till midnight. She was a boarding-house keeper. She paid eighteen dollars a month; and I had not been there a week before I knew that she had no intention of naving the woman union commanded. She of paying the wages unless compelled. She tried to make deductions for breakages. If women who can help want to, why not open a free employment agency where such as I can find the place for which we are fitted—where the character of the mistress and of the house and of the surroundings can be as thoroughly investigated as our characters are?

Ry this time I was discouraged by my

change, but not downcast. I knew that my place existed if only I could find it; but was now reduced to that last ten dollars I had kept so carefully tucked inside my dress, for I had been reserving my room and paying the keep of the baby while I experimented in finding a true vocation. I looked at that ten dollars a long time the night I came back from my second failure as a domestic help. Should I break it? Should I not? What

had I been keeping it for?

I wrote out a carefully worded advertisement: "A place wanted by a thoroughly capable and reliable woman as domestic help where faithful work will be appreciated and situation will be permanent. The highest references given and required." This I placed in a conservative family daily. The answer came within twenty-four hours. I was requested to call at a certain address in Madison Avenue where I had encountered

the hospital nurse. It was a beautiful, well-regulated home, such as I had never before seen in my life. My new employer listened quietly as I told her my faltering story. Then she asked mewhat I wished to know about her home. It was so surprising for me to be consulted by an employer as to my rights that I could not













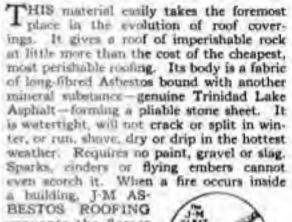




OHNS-MANVILLE Roofing Service has overcome all trouble-factors known to all types of city or country roofs.

This service, too, goes further than perfection of roofing materials or guarantees. Its development during fifty years has evolved an organization of over fifty principal Service Branches throughout the country. So that dealers and consumers everywhere have at all times the benefits of a complete Johns-Manville establishment nearby, maintaining a policy of quick service and close, satisfactory business relationship.

SBESTOS ROOFING



prevents the flames from spreading to adscent structures. Laid with J'M CLEATS. it is a roofing at once attractive and distinct.

The Cleats hold the edges in a vise-like grip, eliminating the



SBESTOS SHING

O provide the J-M features of roof To provide the Jan at the same time safety and service and at the same time meet the decorative demands of residential architecture, J-M Asbestos Shingles were evolved. The material is pure Asbestos Fibre and Portland Cement, molded under hydraulic pressure into a homogeneous mass. No layers or laminations to separate. Outlast the most durable building. Cannot rot, warp, or split. Need no paint or other preservatives. Absolutely fireproof. Furnished with smooth edges, is inch thick, in gray, Indian red, slate and mottled brown; with rough edges, % inch thick, in gray, Indian red, and mottled brown. Make the most beautiful and artistic of all Shingle-

possibility of leaks.

J-M REGAL ROOFING

M Roofing Service has also developed the rubber type of wool felt roofing to a

point of dependable efficiency in J-M Regal Roofing. Laid with J·M Cleats, like J·M Asbestos Roofing, and second in quality only to J-M Asbestos.

Write Nearest Branch for Book No. 3649

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

es of Aubestine Shingles; Booting; Stucco; Pipe Coverings; Cold Storage Satesponolog; Sanitary Specialtine; Acoustical Correction; Cork Tiling, etc.





Which is it, after all. that makes a woman's smile radiant? Ash any hisband.

And remember this: the brilliance of white teeth can be kept only by guarding against the enemy that runs terth-

The sure protection against "acid month" is

PEBECO

Tooth Paste

Any good dentifier will serve the meds of today by cleaning the teetls.

Petern serves the needs of tomorrow - the much of a lifetime—by keeping the whole mouth clean and by overcoming enamel-destroying artist. The Pebero and keep the sudance of your weste for a lifetime. Keep also the health of mouth and tooth that means happened

Send for Free Ten-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

They will show whether you have acid-meanicies one our of ten people have), and how Peleco counteracts it.

Peters originated in the large-sit taboratories of P. Betorobert & Co., Humburg, Cormony, and is sold everywhere in carra large man taken. According a household it need as a time, Peters when make a well to both. For evial take most man papers, while-

LEHN & FINK, Manufacturing Chemistr, 196 William St., New York Printinger a) Line to Fred's Rossos Volume

PART'S Playground HALLMARK Apparatus SHIRTS -made with careful attention to every detail of fabric, cut, stitching and style. The kind of shirts you've always wanted For Public Parks and School Yards at the price you like to pay. Sold everywhere \$1, \$1.50 and up MEDART'S PLAYGROUND APPARATUS RAIL HARTWILL & CO., TROY, N. Y. THE MEDIANT DOME STREAMSHIP SHAMBOCK - a vew re as about the South Ide hop for 25c Spaller Natal Y Berts. SUDE WELL ration Fred Medart Mig. Co. St. Louis, Mc.

ask a word. I was engaged at twenty-five dollars a month, with board and uniform, and two afternoons a week off, as general denestic help. Though some nights we were kept up till twelve by company, there were other times when the whole family went out and we had no duties after two in the afternoon. When we were sent to the city on errands, we were sent in a motor or given earlars. Often theater tickets were given us. We had a sitting room to receive friends. I do not recall that hours of work were ever specified, but the work we had to do was; and when that was done we were free to spend the day as we wished. I have again and again had pleasant trips with my employer. I often drive in the park with her.

her.

In the sammer we all go from town to a beautiful country place. I had thought I should resent working under a mistress. Instead, I have found her a counselor and a friend. Once, when one of my brothers, who was on the fruit vessels in the tropics, came to New York ill, she brought him to my room in her New York house and permitted me to nurse him back to health in her hame. in her hume.

Strikes have come and strikes have gone. Hard times have thrown thousands out of employment; but I have never once known

what the fear of want meant.

My little boy is in a school and I spend
two afternoons a week with him.

Though, like the trained nurse, I began as general domestic help at twenty-five dollars a month, I have wound up as a nursery governess at thirty-five dollars a month; and now my mother is besselveper, at ferty dollars a month, in the same home.

Together we earn more than my father ever earned in all his life or than any two of my brothers earn; and we bank four-fifths

The question I ask myself is: How could I me question I ask myself is: How could I ever have been such a fool as to wallow about in the seas of uncertainty and danger and want in the industrial world as a sub-average, when this, the true dectiny of a suman, was swaiting me in the safe harbor of a home?

Father William-1914

VOU are old, Father William," the young mon soid,

And your grandchildren number a score; Yel whenever they strike up those cabarel

I notice you're out on the floor."

"In my youth," Father William replied to hit son, "I should never hope done such a thing;

But were that old upe has quite softened my

Why, a tor with the wildest I fling."

"You are old," said the youth, "and I'm sure

that year joints Should be feeled and stiffened long since; Yet you ensuing your fair partner three times round your head Without a perceptible scienc."

"In my worth," said the cape as he winked a

molal eye,
"With a vireus I once van away;
A ad the tricks that I learned with the acrobate

Have stood me in stead to this day,"

"You are old," said his son, "and however

you keep All those steps in your head I can't see; That you know when to dip, hop and torn a backflip Is a positive marrel to me."

"In my pools," oald his sire, with a gipple maile,

"I was given an adding machine To repair; and my opiness for figures since

Has been more than almormally keen."

"You are ald," quoth the youth; "but, avide from the fact

That you're pronon yourself for some Protfer -

Not counting how you, with your gears, are so skilled Do you think that such conduct is proper?"

"I have slood here and listened as long as I

To your questions," his father resorted:
"If I slay any longer I'll miss half the fun." And every to the dance he caroried. -Keene Thompson.

Corns

Next Sunday

Generally in 48 hours your corns will be gone it you use this simple method.

Apply Blue-jay tonight. To morrow you will not even think of the corn. Day after tomorrow the corn will be loosured. It can then be easily removed.

Some people keep corns year after year, morely paring them once in

Some people may add-tirm treat-ments, and think corns can't las enfect.

They wrong themselves. A famous hopes has solved the corn problem. And his invention - Blue-jay - now comerceabout one million evenua numit.

Contry it. Note how the pain is re lieved intrastly. Note how genth Blue-jay undergrams the corn. Note how soon the whole corn ratios set, without any pain or trouble.

Nest Standay you can be as from from come as a hardrest toy. Ami, so long he you here, you need here seam let come bother you.

Blue-jay

For Corns

18 and 25 cents-at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York Makes of Physicians' Supplier

We Will Pay Cash to School Teachers

In June school closes. Ahead are three months the teacher can employ just as he or she chooses. If your profession is teaching and if you chance to do so, you can earn over ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS a month by representing the Curtis publications. Several of our teacher-representatives earn over two hundred dollars a month.

If you accept our offer, we will work with you and advise you. You must make good if your serv-ices are to benefit us. That's why we will take an active personal interest in your success.

Write us a letter of inquiry We'll tell you all about our plan-

Address Box 500

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

Continued from Page 8

"You made the law!" she said. "You made it because some of your fellow not made it because some of your fellow roters were hiding behind their wives' pethesats. Sarely, having made a law, you'll not refuse to abide by it!"

They would not listen, however, but only sered. She came back into the drawing room looking quite exalted though furies but the next moment also says Vivia.

ous; but the next moment she saw Viv's er face with her hands.

h was the next Thursday evening that had came to the house at Lancaster Gate. We had been very glum at dinner, Poppy soing through me with her fork half need, and date of powder round her eyes o labould not know she had been crying. Vivian's place was laid; but, of course, he was not there.

And after dinner Huggins, the butler, rive notice. He said he was a married nm. The Upper Servants' Society male leaseh had gone over to the Husbands' Delene, and he had been ordered to leave

Poppy's service. He brought the coffee to the drawing

"Of course," said Poppy, "you may go, Higgins. Nothing should interfere with the freedom and right to his opinion of the English voter.

No, madam." "O Liberty, thou goddess, heavenly injet!" said Poppy. "Yes, madam."

Poppy rose.
"Fiddlesticks!" she snapped. "Liberty!

And you let a tuppenny-ha'penny associa-tion dictate to you that you must resign a good position!"

Union is strength, madam."
Ilah! Union is also an evidence of

This being over Huggins' head he bowed set went out. Shortly afterward the tween, who is the buffer between the upper and lower servants, said her husband had and for her. This time Poppy did not ar-ca, though it hurt. The tweeny had been a recent convert.

It was just after this second blow that led came. Poppy heard him on the stairs. "Hasil's intellect, or what he calls his intellect, has been fighting his heart," she aid comfully, "and heart wins, Maggiel leat always wins with the male."

She looked at me defiantly, mutely challoging me to deny that Viv would come his to her on his knees. The trouble with looked at the had always looked at twin's jaw, which was mild and amiable, and not at his wrists, which were hairy and till of character. till of character.

Rad stood in the doorway - he is very god looking, especially when he is ex-Well?" she said.

"I'm deucedly sorry, Poppy!" said bad. "I've been trying to make him listen is reason, but he absolutely refuses. He says he'll stay—says he likes it; it's so subsmely quiet. He wants his pens and some paper sent over—has an idea for a tree paper." my play.

l'oppy's color came back in two spots in he cheeks.

"So be likes it!" she observed. "Very sell Then that's settled." She turned to make "You've heard Busil, Madge, and low wheard me. That's all there is to it."

"It's a horrible place," said Basil.

"Vivian likes it."

You are going to let him stay?"
"I didn't make the law. You men made
it. Now try living up to it. The matter is
thosed, Basil. I shall never pay the tax."
Basil looked wretched. He dropped his

"That-that isn't the worst, Poppy." trine!" "He's-gone on a hunger

cannot recall the week that followed schout a shudder. Poppy went to bed with what she said was neuralgia and lay all day with the curtains drawn and her eyes staring at nothing. And Vivian continued the hunger strike.

You recall part of it probably - how the Husbands' Defense League put speakers it the Marble Arch and in Trafalgar Square ming on all Englishmen to rally. You can what it meant. Suppose every wealthy ishwoman refused to pay her income tax on the ground that, so long as she could not vote, it was taxation without representation-what would happen?

"The House of Lords will cense to exist," said one of the posters. "Parliament will be held in prison. Our industries will cease. Our armies will be without officers or will follow their officers to juil. The state will become a matriarchy. Women, the real lawbreakers, will be free, while their husbands suffer!"

On the fourth day of Vivian's strike the papers began to issue bulletine:

"Harcourt holding his own!"

"Harcourt rather pule, but cheerful. Is working at a new play. In a statement given out today by Vivian Harcourt, the dramatist, he stated that he has written an entire scenario since he inaugurated the fast. 'The best work I have ever done!' he said, with enthusiasm, when seen today.

'Hereafter I shall always fast when em-burking on any important work.'

"Harmurt not so well!"

"Harcourt weaker! Has stopped work."

"Harmurt confined to his cut-still andaunted, but lying in a stupor at times.

That covered eight days. On the ninth day a furious letter appeared in the Times demanding to know why forcible feeding was not respected to in the Harcourt case.

"Why feed the women in our jails," it said, "and allow to die of exhaustion a man who has committed no crime, but is standing for a principle?"

ing for a principle?"
I do not affirm that Poppy wrote this letter: I merely comment on the fact that when I visited her the day before it was published there was ink on her fingers and on the lines sheet of her hed.

Daphne had been on a Suffrage tour in the North and she came home on the ninth

day. She came to Poppy's home at once. She found Poppy is hed, with cold cloths on her eyes, and her wedding ring off.

Duphne sniffed.

You and Viv are two children!" she "You're a silly for thinking you can heat the Government at its own game, which is taxation; and Viv's a fool for

Poppy is not pineld of disposition, and she flung the cold cloths at Daphne and ordered her out: but Daphne only suified again and raised the shades.

"You haven't got a heastache—you have a pain in your disposition," she said. "Put this on again." And Poppy put on her wedding ring. "Now," said Daphne. "you won't pay this money as a matter of principle, and Viv won't for the same reason. I won't, because I haven't got it; Madge probably ditto. But the beauty thing must be paid. The reint is—to do it without he paid. The point is—to do it without yielding. Now I must give Daphne credit for this:

She did not intend to get me into it at all; as a matter of fact she sent me out of the room. "Run along, Maggie!" she said. "Go and telephone Basil to come and have tea

with you, or go shopping and buy your-nell something. We're going to talk."

I did not go out. I sat alone in the draw-ing room and thought; and the more I thought, the worse things seemed—for it was perfectly clear that Basil's protestations for the Cause were nothing when it came to the test. He was perfectly willing to stand on an eminence and let me look up at him, or even to put me on one himself, hung about with his tributes; but I knew in my inmost soul that he would never go to jail for me—and it hurt.

And even if he did go he was not of the heroic stuff Vivian was made of. I felt quite sure he would have three meals a day and tea, and come out looking spruce and well fed. The thing that hurt most was that, knowing him to be the sort of he was, I should be so fond of him. He had no mental or temperamental heights, and I knew it; but he was so solld somehow, and exceedingly good-looking - and he was not, like Viv, forever coaching pretty actresses. Viv's desk was covered with photographs indensed: "To dear old Viv, from Dolly": or "The Tigress"; or "Passionately, Nell"! Daphne took me home with her. She

said she had a plan and it was best that I should not be in Poppy's house.

"It's a knot that's past untying," she said as we went down the stairs. "We'll have to cut it."

SYPHON REFRIGERATORS ELICIOUS dainties just out of the Bohn! Fresh, week and approximately tendegree exhibit han they could have been kept to other celrisquares. Though kept in the same compartment with aritims or takey foods entitting strong odors, they are absolutely uncontinuinated. Write For Our Book "Cold Storage In The Home" It describes the collection bestures through a table in the parties - The Robert plans by any of Air Chronotten, Flax-the Grane Willia Perceitic Limited Limit An evidence that she links Suphres Systion is regarded reported by three-who time times the Land should be adopted to the Patients Long pages and increasing and landet core of all Ameri-WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR COMPANY Courts Offices and Farter 1508 University Ava., ST. PAUL, MINN



WHIRLPOOL SANTAN DISHWASHER

FOR FAMILY USE

Thoroughly washes china, glassware, silver and kitchenware in a few minutes of easy operation.

Dries and sterilizes china. Hands never touch water.

Large numbers are being sold in the

JOHN WANAMAKER STORE Philadelphia

and the Wanamaker circular says of it c

> At last- a successful dishwashing machine for the

"It makes dohoonking a pleasant task."

The well-known objections to preclous types have all been moranne in this machine."

Average family size \$15.00

Information fundahed regarding

If not obtainable is your locality, The Whirlpook will be went proposed upon records of

All muchines strictly guaranread or manus refunded.

2): Whiqued is which in an experiment and the state of the west of the state of the

Appeals attends to both class dealers and agents. Well to thought to reach other property, property, name respire of price. Sectionable in our reasons, after two ways' experiences. Results describe discount allowed there is not according to exclude the property.

HERSHEY-SEXTON COMPANY, Manufacturers 1223 FILBERT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

He Quadrupled His Salary

A post-office clerk in a Kansas city wished to attend Washburn College, but did not do so because he thought that lack of funds was an insurmountable obstacle. He had not heard of the Curtis Scholarship Plan.

He became dissatisfied with his position in the post-office; its promise of advancement was limited. After thinking the matter over, he enrolled as a student of Civil Engineering in a well-known institution of learning. A few months later he entered the employ of The Santa Fe Railroad. Hewas rapidly bromoted from one besition to another until, now, he is the assistant signal engineer for the company.

As a direct result of his decision to study Civil Engineering, be uncreased his salary 400 per cent.

If your position holds out little promise of substantial advancement, let us tell you how thousands of persons have, through our Scholarship Plan, secured the training they needed to establish comfortable incomes. Upon receipt of your letter, we'll send you a copy of our illustrated educational booklet which tells you how, free of charge, you can secure a course of training in any university, business college, musical conservatory, or other institution of learning in the country. Address your letter to

Educational Division, Box 505

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Penna.

There was a crowd of husbands round the door as we went out and they said things.
"'Ow fat and rosy they look!" said one
man in a bus-driver's uniform. "And the ushand and father dyin' in prison! Smugthat's w'at they are!

We did not bother to set him right. We got into a taxicab rather hastily and Duphne twisted her knee. At first she said it was

nothing; but she could hardly get up the stairs to ber flat. She would not give in at first, but finally she let me put her to bed; and I saw she was all in for a day or two.

"It's tonight I'm thinking of," she said forlornly. "I could manage, with a stick; but I could never get through the window."

"Through a window!"

"I believe you'll have to do it after all."

"I believe you'll have to do it after all,"
she went on. "It's quite simple. You'll
find the window unlacked and the money

in the window unlocked and the money in the pocket of Poppy's painting apron. In the morning she'll send for the police and may she has been robbed."

"I'll not go through a window!"

"But by that time a messenger will have turned the money in to pay Poppy's tax, the receipt will be issued, and Vivian will be free. She can protest; but—the thing will have been paid, and with her money. An iniquitous measure can be fought only with

"But, Daffie dearest —"
"The police will find the open window—
I broke the lock—and footprints—"
"My footprints!"
"Madge," she said sternly, "are you or are you not for the Cause?"
"I am!" I replied feebly—and the thing was done.

The evening papers reported that Vivian was in had shape and that his cheerful resignation had moved his attendants to tears. That settled me. There was no time to lose. I put on some clothes belonging to Daphne's maid and went round to Poppy's at ten o'clock. I stood on the outskirts of the crowd, which was raging, and waited for it to break up. Poppy did not come out. Huggins stood near me, hissing with the best of them. Even through my veil I believe he knew me, for he turned on me suddenly and said: "Yell a bit—can't ye, miss?" "There is quite noise enough already,"

"You're not one of these here suffragists, by any charge? Aren't got a 'usband locked up mnywheren?" He seemed to have dropped back into the language of the people; in fact all the trappings of civilization had gone from the mob. They snarled like beasts. Primitive men they were, fighting their women—"That fiercest hate which is compounded of love!" as Daphne put it. The male brute contending against the female for supremacy. Matter against

Poppy's house is on a corner, with a wall Poppy's house is on a corner, with a wall at the side, and inside the wall is the door to the studio wing. Daphne had given me a key to the gate and it was easy enough, with the crowd in front, to slip in. The window was difficult, but I made it at last and found myself in a lower pussage. Viv's den was dark and empty. I felt my way up to the studio and got the money. After all it had been easy. Viv was saved, Poppy's pride need not bumble itself, and the Cause was free of its greatest menace! was free of its greatest menace!

I felt heroic, magnificent! I clutched the money for Poppy's income tax in my hand and started down the stairs. As I reached the bottom somebody tried the lock out-side. I nearly fainted. I turned and ran up in the dark, and the door below opened. A man in a long coat came in stealthily and went directly to Vivian's den. And just

then a church clock struck eleven.

I was frightened. It seemed to me that as soon as he ransacked the room below he would come up to the studio. Perhaps he knew about the money! Burglars have an uncanny sense for such things. And the idea of being caught in the studio—as in a cul-de-arr—made me panicky. I clutched the money and slipped down the staircase past Vivian's door. The burglar was there, going through Viv's desk, with a light turned on and a cap down over his eyes.

I forget to be cautious then. I belted for the door, flung it open it was a patent lock, with a knob inside and stepped out

into the night air—and a policeman's arms!
"Easy a bit, bold girl!" be said. "Hi'm
'ere and you're 'ere. What's the 'urry?"
He beld me off and looked at me. Luckily
I had never seen him before. "Quick with your 'ands, nin't you! In you goes and bout you pops!"

"If you think I'm a burglar," I said haughtily, "I'm nothing of the sort.
I'm —" It came over me all at once that I must not say I was a friend of Poppy's with the exact amount of her income tax in my hand. "The burglar you followed is still in the house," I said. "He's in Mr.—

in the study, just beyond that door."
"None of that, young woman," he said sternly. "You'll just come along with me!
'Ousebreaking it is; I watched you in and

hout.

He took me by the arm and I went along. There was nothing else to do. I tried to There was nothing else to do. I tried to drop the money as we went, but some of it was gold and he heard it. Still clutching me, he gathered it up as it hay scattered over the pavement. I was rather dazel. The only thing I could think of was that for the sake of the Cause and Poppy. I must not tell who I was; but I begged him to send an officer to Poppy's house, because there was a burglar in it. there was a burglar in it.

At the police station they telephoned Poppy—and here she made her terrible mistake. She thought it was all a part of the plot, and after she had looked in her studio she said she had lost a lot of money. She told how it was-in notes and gold and, of course, they found it all on me. She says that when they told her they had it, and a young woman, too, she almost swooned. She tried to find Basil, but he was not in his rooms; and Daphne was laid up and almost frantic when she heard what had happened.

Person's position were nitiable! She did

Poppy's position was pitiable! She did not know what to do. If she declared the plot and freed me all London would laugh and the Cause would suffer. If she did not declare the plot I should get a prison se-tence. I have drawn a poor picture of Poppy if you think I stood a chance with the Cause!

That is how things stood the next morning. Vivian and I were in juli; Daphre in bed; and Poppy in hysterics. Then a curious thing happened. The evening papers announced that Vivian had paid the

tax for Poppy and was free. Viv repudated the payment—said he had not does it—and refused his liberty.

"Mr. Harcourt," said one paper, "feels the absurdity of his position keenly. He is apparently cheerful, but very feeble. His eyes flushed, however, as he stated that the Icome Tax Office could not legally accept the payment, as it was not his money. If the payment, as it was not his money. It any of his supporters had in mistaken real taken a collection for this purpose he said he could only regret their action and refuse to profit by it."

to profit by it."

On the next day, however, the Time published a letter signed, "Not Even a Rushand," which stirred the whole thing up again. The writer declared that the tax had been paid with Vivian's own money; that the writer himself had stolen it out of a desk in Mr. Harcourt's house; that it had been sent by messenger to the proper authorities and a receipt issued, which was appended; and that, in other words, though Mr. Harcourt was to be lauded for his principles, his continued imprisonment at the public expense was absurd. Also, the writer was under the impression that an innocent person was being held for his crime; and he called on the public honor to see that this wrong was at once righted. Immediately on the publication of the letter Poppy and Jane Willoughby, with a delegation, gathered before the Prims Minister's house, and Poppy made a specific from the carriage block. She said she had just learned that a suffragist, an American and a friend of hers, had been arresised

just learned that a suffragist, an American and a friend of hers, had been arrested while leaving her house and unjustly detained for two days. This was carrying persecution too far. Undoubtedly it was the work of the Husbands' Defense League. "Taxation without representation!" she

Taxation without representation!" she ried. "I did not have a voice in making the income-tax law. Why should I obey it

"I didn't have a voice in making the Ten Commandments," boomed a man's voice from the crowd; "but I'm expected to obey them."

It was Poppy's chance at last,
"If you men had made the Ten Com-mandments into law," she said in her clear

voice, "you'd have repealed that law long The crowd roared. Then she and Jan-

drove to the jail and got me. Viv's T. Cretort had saved the day for her.

Daphne made a speech in the Edgewar Road that night, with her leg in a planter cast. Vivian and Poppy were together sgain. Jane Willoughby called me up about them.

I do not fear your tongue

When you have answered my advertisement, just on the bare chance

that I may be telling the truth about my Panatela, and I have sent you a box of fifty with permission to smoke ten and return the rest if you like - there is still that suspicious, tobacco-educated tongue of yours to be satisfied.

I do not fear it.

For eighty out of every hundred men who have smoked ten have kept right on smoking my Panatela.

It is on the second and third and many succeeding boxes that I make my small

manufacturer's profit.

My Shivers' Panatela is hand made by skilled adult men cigar makers in the cleanest factory that I know of. It is made of Cuban Grown Havana Tobacco with a genuine Sumatra wrapper. It sells for \$5 per hundred or \$2.50 for 50.

I do not sell through dealers, but do business directly with you.

MY OFFER is: I will, upon request, send fity Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to a reader of The Solurday Lucnong Peast, expense prepaid. He remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten amaker if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them; if he is pleased with them; and keeps them he agrees to remai the price, \$2.50, within ten days.

Shivers' Club Special is identical with my Panatela except that it is shorter and fatter and has a larger burning surface, Sold on the same terms as the l'anatela.

for ordering places are basiness stationary to give references, and state whether you projer mild, medium or strong argues.

Shirare' Panatsia

ARID STRAPE

HERBERT D. SHIVERS

Philadelphia, Pa. 913 Filbert Street

Billings & Spencer "Automobile Wrench The wrench for mer vice. Drop-Forged Steel throughout. No nulleable castings. For reliability in any emergency be sure your wrench is a Billings & Spencer,

Your hardware or

gurage man carries them.

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO.

PARCEL POST

I meater your shipments at minimum cost against loss by dipping our coupons into your pared post or other mail packages.

Costs only 21/2c for \$10 percel

\$10 or less 215c \$10 to \$18 De \$23 to \$37.50 714c \$37.50 to \$30 10c Etc. to \$100

Costs only 20% for \$10 parcel
Protects you narrise partial or entire loss from any
causes, including the their or breakage.

We are the other lefts
\$10 or less 30% in Americanal galanates
\$10 to \$15 be
\$23 to \$37.56 70% in the state of the

INSURANCE COMPANY OF Capital \$4,000,000 NORTH AMERICA Surplus \$5,000,000 234 Walnut St. Philadely

"They're going to live in Italy," she said.
"It's desertion of the Cause—and that's all
there is to it! Haven't they been round to see you?"

"No."
"I think it's shameful," snapped Jane,
"after what you've gone through because
of their pigheadedness!"
"Perhaps," I said, "Vivian was not able
to come. He must be very weak."
Even over the telephone I heard Jane

"Weak!" she jerked out. "Never saw him look better! Fast, indeed! The wretch

hever went on a hunger strike. The H.D.L. sent him wonderful hampers daily!"

Everything combined to make me sad that night—Vivian's duplicity; and the fact that the members of the H.D.L. had consulted to make Person were larger to the strike that the members of the H.D.L. had consulted to make Person were larger to the strike the strike that the members of the H.D.L. had consulted to make Person were larger to the strike the spired to make Poppy weaken; and that all men were alike; and that only when they were quite old and became fathers were they able to understand women at all— and then only their daughters, not their

Basil came in that night rather late and sat in front of the fire—and looked at me.
"Uncle Egbert is dead," he said.

"When?

"A month ago, Madge."
"A month ago, Madge."
"And for a month you've been weighing things pro and cont." I said searnfolly.
"It has taken me a month to find out

that I cannot live without you.

He was very humble and quite miser-able; and, because he did not seem able to able; and, because he did not seem able to sit still under my cold glance, he wandered over to Duphne's desk and turned over her papers. It was the position of the man in Vivian's den! I knew it was Basil who had stolen the money for Viv and paid the tax—Basil who had written to the Times—Basil who had been seen stealing through the area gate. Hasil, then, had been the cause of my arrest! The whole thing was too much. I tald him so.

"I won't marry you!" I finished bothy.

"I won't marry you!" I finished hotly, "In America a man doesn't take a month to think things over because he's afraid, or write a letter to the Times when he's got the girl he cares about sent to jail! I'm going heroe to marry seme nice American chap and have the suffrage given to me as a right and not as a privilege; and I'm going where there isn't any income tax!"

One of father's cablegrams arrived just then and I opened it. He said:

"Income-tax law passed by half the people for all the people!"

America too! And there was that wretched house, eaten up already by taxes and streetpaving—and bubies with hammera!

Basil was eying the cablegram furiously.

I just held it out to him.

It's about the house," I said, quivering a little. "You are quite right to be afraid of me. There's an income tax at home now and I shall never pay it. It's taxation without. without

Rasil held out his arms and his eyes glowed.

"You darling!" he said. "What is the income tax between you and me? I love you with all my heart, and nothing else

matters—unless you don't love me."

It was then that the awful truth came over me. The Cause was not first with me after all! Poppy had been right—it was Basil all the time; Basil, with his glowing eyes and his warm heart, and his English conservatism.

"The Cause — "I gasped.
"I'm going to be your Cause!" said Basil, and caught me to him.

"But the tax -

"Don't pay it if you don't wish to," he said in his lerdly way. "My wife may always live up to her principles. Besides, in America a husband is not responsible for his wife's debts! I looked it up!"

Al Kanaga Comeback

MERLE THORPE, who is at the head of the Department of Journalism in the University of Kansas, presents this as his idea of the quick-as-a-flash comeback.

An oldtime Kansas editor was sitting in

a restaurant eating a pickled pig's foot-or a pig's pickled foot, as the case may be. A tramp printer came in, saw the editor, and screamed:

"Git out of the way, you! I'm the old wild hoar from Fort Sentt!" "Yes," commented the editor gentally;

"and I'm eating one of your paws!



You've been using painted screen—had to paint or repair it every spring. This year try Gilbert & Bennett PEARL. Wire Cloth! Learn just how long lasting and handsome a screen can be. PEARL Wire Clash is durable simply because it is practically rust-proof. And, as you know, rust ruins screens — not wear. As for appearance — well, the handsomest homes in America are equipped with Gilbert & Bennett PEARL. You'll have to see "PEARL" before you fully appreciate its beauty and worth,

For Screening Porches.

WIRE CLOTH

For Screening Windows and Doors

"PEARL" comes in two grades - Regular for doors and windows, and Extra Heavy, Extra Strong for doors, windows and perches

Conscientious Architects

pecify Gilbert & transact Pages the Code—

Good Carpenters and Contractors DAG "PEARL"

There is only one genuine PEARL Wire Cloth. That is made by Gilbert's Bennett. Don't accept "galvanized" or any other substitute. India on seeing two Copper Wires in the Solvage and the Round Tag learning our name on each roll.

The best hardware dealer to your city sells PEAKL Wire Cloth and will gladly mpply you. Or -- write neurest office for samples, literature and the dealer's name

The Gilbert & Bennett Mfg. Co. (Established 1818)

See York Discharge Dept. A 20th, 25 Se. Deschare St.

SAMPLES FREE Write out med





A F F COUNTY	F. O. B. Detroit OUR Tearing Car (X Toming Car (X Toming Car (X) Landau-Randmer (X) Sedau (X) Roselster (X) Tearing Car (X) Touring Car (X) To	\$1,975 \$1,975 \$1,976 \$22,50 \$87,5 \$1,298 \$1,298 \$1,569
-	P. Q. B. Walkerville, C. Teoring Car	aneda \$1373 \$1975 \$2150 \$2250

Tudebake SEVEN PASSENGER \$1575

Full Floating Rear Axle Electrically Started Electrically Lighted

This Car Against Any Car-Let Us Prove It

With every sense alert, try, as you ride in the Studebaker SIX, to imagine some one particular in which its riding qualities might be improved.

Try to recall some previous ride in a heavier, costlier car, which seemed to you, then, the uttermost in luxury.

Superfluous weight does, sometimes, make for steadiness, there's no doubt about that-see, now, how this light, strong car attains the same identical result in steadiness and roadability with none of the disadvantages of excess weight.

Take the wheel and see if you ever felt that you had at your command a greater flood of pent-up flexible power.

Test out that flexibility-see how instantaneously obedient this docile engine actually is to the touch of your finger-tips.

Put it through its paces—face it with obstacles and difficulties-and see if it does not respond in every case like the thoroughbred it is.

Demonstration—demonstration against any car, and every car-demonstration drastic down to the smallest detailthat's what Studebaker asks, without fear, from you, for this splendid Studebaker SIX.

Descriptive Data

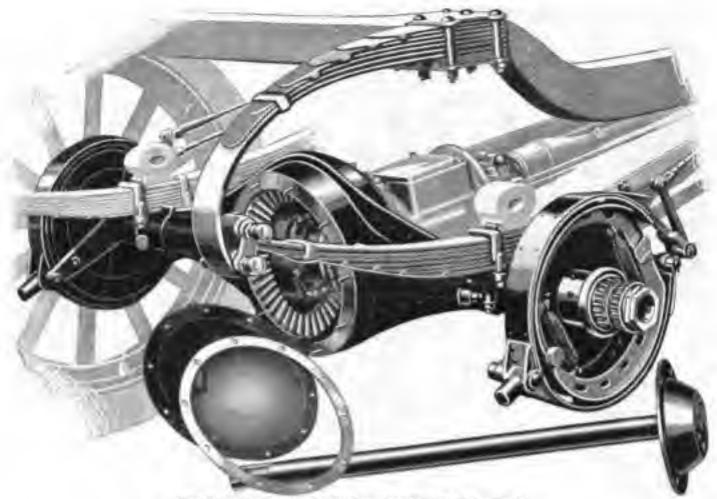
Studebaker FOUR and SIX motors are cast embloc. Other points of excellence included in each Studebaker re of the modern long-stroke type, giving the highest possible efficiency in power and gallon-

Each Studebaker car has a full complement of adjustable Timken roller bearings - a pre-emment antifriction device.

Built complete in the vast Studebaker shops, each Studebaker unit his with perfect alignment into the synchronized Studebaker chassis. Even the tops and the Jiffy curtains of Studebuker cars are built by Studebaker workmen.

FOUR of SIX-

Full floating rear axle; the Studebaker-Wagner electrical system; gasoline tank in cowl with direct line to dash-adjusted carburetor; enclosed valves, quiet and retaining accurate adjustment; running boards clear of all equipment; extra rim, mounted at the rear; special quality electric lamps; electrically lighted dash equipment with lubrication sight feed, battery tell-tale and Stewart-Warner magnetic speedometer.



Studebaker Rear Axle, with Differential Cover Plate Removed

Nearly 90 per cent of all Studebaker owners drive and care generally for their own cars.

And it is the amazing accessibility, on the Studebaker, of those parts which need occasional attention that enables these owners to do so with ease and without embarrassment.

Is this accessibility more pronounced on the Studebaker than other cars?

It is - as the three illustrations will strikingly show you.

For instance, all parts or assemblies needing lubrication or application of grease or oil are easily reached without effort.

Crinder oil is very handily poured into the crank case through a filler tube; grease is injected into the rear axle through a plughole in the differential cover; the clutch collar is lubricated by means of a grease cup and flexible tubing, without removing floor boards.

The gasoline tank is filled without disturbing passengers or going to the rear of the car.

Set considerably higher than the frame side member, the carburetur's position permits of easy and instant examination from any side.

The entire gasoline feed system from tank to carburetor can be inspected or cleaned without lifting floor boards or getting under the car—raising the hood makes it all accessible.

A dash control for the carburetor—a single instrument instead of two or three parts—performs all ordinary functions and does away with "jiggling" or "tickling" the carburetor with the hood raised.

If you want to "look at" the ignition system, you find it most conveniently located at the front of the cylinder block.



Fight hand side of Studebaker SIX motor, showing carburctor, ignition source and

You don't have to unlock hoxes to reach the electric hattery or tools—they are under the front seat.



Left hand side of Studebaker SIX motor, showing valve cover plate, electric

If the fan needs adjustment, you get at it without disturbing any other part.

The simple removal of the cover plate exposes the entire valve mechanism for examination.

The location of the ignition switch on the dash, under the driver's hand, and the means for easy padlocking, are features the experienced owner will appreciate.

Two nuts hold the extra rim and tire in place on their carrier at the rear, and a simple but effective locking device is provided.

Each top holder is adjusted and tightened by a single nut, instead of stiff, stubborn straps.

The curtains are Studebaker-Jiffy, lowered and raised from the inside in one-tenth the time required for ordinary curtains.

These are the reasons why most Studebaker owners not only look after their own cars, but take pleasure in doing so.

STUDEBAKER

Detroi

P#2

4000

SA 191



He Mops In Misery Without B. V. D.

TYPICAL summer day-a typical office scene-a round of smiles at the mingled discomfort and discomfiture of the man who hasn't found out that B. V. D. is "the first aid" to coolness. You, of course, have B. V. D. on or ready to put on. If not, march to the nearest store and get it.

> For your own welfare, fix this label firmly in your mind and make the salesman thou it to you. If he can't or won't, walk out! On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed









THE HEAD OF THE FAMBL

(Continued from Page 18)

give my hand a shake. And then we all four sat in the dusk talkin'. And he said, once, he was mighty glad to be home with us. Grover and I answered we was mighty glad to have him; and Janie said, "Yes," in such a little voice that we laughed at her.

When Mr. Barrens went back to his office, o' course he had the upper hand on account o' the grit he'd shown. And he kept it by takin' no excuses for mistakes or

He was very thin and pale, and sat back in his office chair dressed in white flan-nels—not at all like other superintendents; but his eyes had turned cold and sharp, and when he stuck out his jaw at the men and spoke to 'em very quiet they felt a shock all over-fer now they knew he was on to the way they'd heen sneerin' at him, and often just his one low word meant that the man on the curpet had to sell his home and pack off with his fambly to another railread. Mr. Charley Barrens was boss o' his division and, bein' the friend o' the great director, no man dared answer back, for fear he'd be blacklisted with other roads,

The old hotel where he lived was just across a little park from the platform and one evenin' be came bebblin' out on his rane for exercise and stopped near me to

ask bout Grover.

Though we was together in the shadow, he didn't talk as much as he used to, sayin'

only this:
"When these men used to sneer at me I couldn't fight 'em all single-hunded; but when that powder-car business showed 'em I wasn't 'fraid I just made use u' the chance it gave rie. Now I'm makin' good and won't be shamed to face Miss Cloud." He was turnin' away and asked over his shoul-der: "And how is Miss Janie too?"

I answered that she seemed kind o' lonesome since our parties in the evenin' broke up. He shood still listenin', but it was only a relaute till some business came into his mind and strikin' down the cane he said "Damme! Damme!" and bobbled into the

The road men called the superintendent's office the throne room and the word comin' out o' there the law. There wasn't any 'sputin' it and Mr. Barrets never took any spatia'it and Mr. Barrets never took
it back - though twice men who got fired
tried to beg off. Ever'tody understood
there mustn't be a wreck or a late train.
The men wondered what he'd do when there
was a washout; but when that happened
Mr. Barrens laid off the bridge boss; he
was the big one, too, but didn't dare kick.
Some o' the men a round he called 'em

Some o' the men s'posed be called 'em so hard 'cacse be knest nobody would try to get back at a wounded man; but when Mr. Harrem got well be was just the same, and would walk past men be'd fired, and who hated him without a new o' belo' control.

hated kim, without a sign o' bein' scared o' their doubled fists.

All at once such talk shut up and the whole division just knuckled down to him, and every man thought o' nathin' but to

That was an unlucky division, though, and there was a good many wrecks and blockades, which Mr. Barrens straightened out just by sittin' in his office and tirin' the man most to blame

These were taighty good times for me, with nebody to bother 'cause I was a friend o' the big boss and ever'thing o' his was let strickly alone. One evento' be called me in and said if I minded business and didn't miss any more cress I could have the job o' takin' car numbers on the first o' the year.

He didn't have any pets. But it seems as if just havin' such a man for your friend makes ever thing come right. There was no more rod lamp at our house Grover went to school and Janie kept the home betier'n any waman in the neighbor-hood. She'd settled down for good—only speakin' to Robbins when they met on the street and never lettle' him walk with her. I did went her to go round visitin' moreglad to take her to shows and dancin' parties; but she said she'd rather stay home and didn't seem so gay any more. She said:

"I'm mighty thankful, Cole, that you managed noe just right."
I guess all these good times made mestep

pretty high.

Late one afternoon, while Grover and me were throwin' a ball in the yard. Mr. Barrers came walkin' home with Janie, They'd met on the street and he said he must come on down to see how the Flynns

got on at home. Grover made a life'd been listenin' to some o' talk, and when Mr. Barrens said and walked up, Grover said h shake the iron hand.

Mr. Barrens was puzzled a mi he smiled pretty grim and answe kept that for the office. He tossed the ball with us

stood on the porch. It was gett be kept chattin' to us all, by tu

last Grover said:
"Janie, Mr. Barrens'll be get

for his supper."
We hadn't known whether We hadn't known whether for he'd only stayed with us b o' the accident. Now he lang swered that he'd stay if Jani him help cook. So we all w-kitchen, and Janie put on he tucked back her alceves to t make the biscuit, and I peel Mr. Barrens broiled the steak terrible smudge. terrible smudge.

I was e'prised to see him a boy and pretended not to Grover was makin' a big pla; and it was a wonder the way in. Her face was pink and he just like stars. And she was "You got used to smoke by der cars through the fire" ab

der cars through the fire, "And I didn't come out o' that black wreck till I saw my good spirit," he answered quick, "with her face pale and black hair hangin' loose!" which was the way Janie had come in the door on the night o' the accident. He mid this and for a second they both stood in their tracks starin' at each

Of a sudden Janie's face was white and Of a sudden Janie's face was white and he was bent over broilin' the steak again. They were still, then, and I guess she thought she'd been too saucy—even Grover stopped his noise for a minute. It was gettin' dusk when I left home and Mr. Barrens came along. I thought Janie should have maked him to come again; but she colle said model and project way as though only said good-by in a proud way, as though forgettin' her manners.

It was that very night Miss Cloud's car came in on the West mail. I was comin' back from a round-up about midnight and saw it on the sidin' above the depot, with one dim lamp burnin'. As I stood watchin' and wonderin' if I'd see her this visit, some-

"Is that you, Cole, with the lantern?"
When I answered she stepped inside to pick up a light shawl, and then I lit her path across to the station platform. Miss Cloud

said she'd sent the butler down to the office with word to me; and learnin' I was out on my round she had been keepin' a lookout. She didn't seem to want anything done, though; just said her stateroom was close and she'd like a walk in the air. So we went pokin' up and down the platform, talkin' Mr. Cloud had come to make his last spec-tion of the roads he was figurin' on. The car would be taken out in the mornin', but in two or three days they'd be back to our beadquarters to stay 'bout a week.

She asked all about Mr. Barrens; she hado't wired him to meet her so late at night. I told o' the red-hot run through the roundhouse and how he was hurt. Holdin'

tight to my shoulder, she said:
"But he's all right now, ain't he?" I bet
you Miss Cloud thought a lot o' him too.
She had to hear it all over again, and was so glad that the men said it was the braves! thing they'd known of and looked up to him fer it. Then she must know of his wounds and where he was taken care of. "Well, well!" she said. "At your house! So you and Grover and Sister Janie nursed him!"

She remembered their names and, findin'

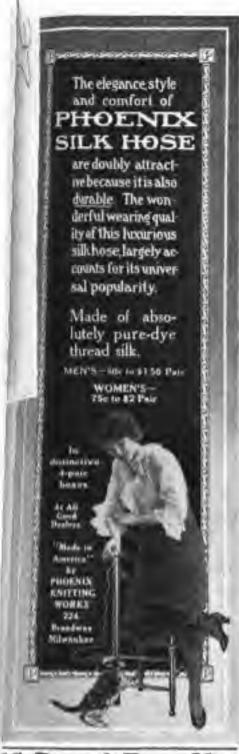
out that Jame was nineteen, wanted to such a big girl. Together in the shadow you tell things at I hung back a minute till she spoor

about her secret. She was head o' the Cloud fambly, too, and, without tellin be father, had to manage him all the time.
"Why, he'd run wild if I didn't!" she said; and somehow I told 'bout us Flyant

and how Janie had given up the dance-hal without hardly any managin' at all.

She was still for a while and then said she was so giad the danger lamp was out

at our home. "And I hope it never will be lit again, she went on. "And here is something !







The Greatest Motor Boat For The Money Ever Built

MULLING in front paper by such is up-of them and feet of the thirds to all a of with air effects the life is a proper and story is along MATTERN OF Traileds the greatest laurit butter, by Write had at fact being wifely therein that grains, contactled full seet, also

THE W. H. MULLINS CO. Il Franklis St. Salem, Ohio, U.S. A. le World's Largest Boot Builders

IULLINS STEEL BOATS CANTSINK

hundreds, and 5% on smaller sums.

Attach.000 of Approved First Monagage with
Trustee, together with \$3,0000 Capital. Surplus and Stockholders individual building
plus ared Stockholders individual building.

Together security. 23 years in furiness. Under
supervision. Writer for "The Sallay Dollar." Georgie State Serings Association, 175 Yet St. Stramb G. brought you, which a call boy ought to have so he'll never miss a crew. And you must remember me all the time it's tickin'. Now good night-and tell Charley Barrens I didn't miss him a bit."

She said good night again and went into the car, and I could hear the watch tickin' in the dark. By day it was gold, but in the night-time it was just like a friend talkin' secrets ever after.

Mr. Barrens and Grover thought it was splendid; but Janie didn't say much. She was more interested in Miss Cloud, though, and asked how she looked. I could only tell that her clo's rustled like silk and that she had gray eyes by lantern light; so Janie was dis pointed.

Janie wasn't very gay that day; but next mornin', after I came home, she went about singin' all the time, and I said:

"Janie, you're not walkin'-you're dan-

And she stared down at her toes while crossin' the room; but she couldn't keep 'emfrom waltzin's littlebit and, with a laugh just like a birdcall, she gave me a tap with her knuckle and said:

"Oh, you must always stop and look and listen!"

Well, I didn't mean to do that, but no-hody could help noticin' how happy she was those days, and her eyes had a soft, bright light which made you wender. Gro-ver and I was happy ton, as menfolks always are when the women sing round home. I guess us Flynus had nothin' to worry 'bout

Miss Cloud come back and I met her most every night. Some hig railroad men and lawyers were in town, and her father was busy with 'em. Sometimes he would run down the line; but the rar was always in our yards at night and Mr. Barrens ats dinner with 'em; then he and the lady would look over books together or come out to stroll on the platform.

O' course he thought more o' her than anybody; but he didn't overlook bus'ness, and he kept his hawkeye on every man of us. It seemed funny that such a slim, stylish young man should keep down so many recidess men with an iron hand.

Nobody can sing and laugh all the time, and so Janie quit after a while. She saked the news every mornin' and listened very interested. Miss Cloud come back and I met her

interested.

Does he care for that woman?" she asked once.

when I got up in the afternson Janie was sittin' by the kitchen table just as I'd left her, with the breakfast dishes round.

"You look as if you hadn't moved," I said, s'prised.

"Are you are be done." When you had a look as if you hadn't moved," I said, s'prised.

"Are you sure he does? What makes you say so? I don't b'lieve it!" she said, pickin' up our talk as though I'd been gone only a minute 'stead o' six heors.

"Mr. Barrens? He told me so. Why shouldn't he?" I saked.

"Nothin'!" she answered.

She began gatherin' up the dishes, then she laughed and sang, too, but in a low voice that sounded full o' fierce words. And 'stead o' dancin', she walked with a reckless swagger.

awagger.
It's better to let womenfolks alone when they're out o' sorts, so I didn't ask any-thing, 'cept when it had begun stormin'. The afternoon was dark and that was the first rain o' fall.

Pretty soon Grover come in and I played

backgammon with him.

That night I'd called the crew for the White Owl, the overland passenger, when I felt the present ment. Generally you wait till you're at least a freight conductor after you have one or published will new are

afore you have one, or nobody will pay any 'tention to it; but this one was different and, comin' on strong, about one o'clock I went up on the street through the rain.

Some o' the lights in the dance-hall had been put out but the music was still spin'. been put out, but the music was still goin' in a cracked, drunken sort o' way for the

all-nighters. went up the stairs and looked inside; polody paid any 'tention, the ticket taker bein' up the hall drinkin' out of a bottle with the orchestra.

I saw Janie sittin' 'cross the hall by herself; she had on her hat, which was pulled down a little over her forehead, and her raincoat lay crumpled up on the floor. She

looked like a person tossed out of a wreck— only her lips were drawn thin in a kind o' sneer, and her eyes glittered.

If it hadn't been for the present ment I'd have turned cold and sick all over to see her so desp'rit and forlorn. I went over and





For good dressers and careful spenders

Styleplus

The same price the world over."

The kind of men who boy Styleplus Clothes \$17 dress the best and save the most. They have two prides-pride in their personal appearance and pride in their ability to get the most for their money -to make "the best buy."

A Styleplus suit this spring will save you at least \$3 to \$8, for it has the look and the wear you thought only possible in clothes of the higher

Style+all wool fabrics. Style+perfect fit. Style+expert worknsamship. Style + guaranteed wear.

You can sell a genuine Styleplas by the Label (in the coat collar), the Slerge Ticket, and the Guarantee (in the pocket). Send for our book, "As Others See You."

Henry Sonnehorn & Co.

Founded 1849

Baltimore, Md.





Where Is Your Saturday Evening Post Boy

MONG the young men who as boys sold The Saturday Evening Post hundreds either have since been, or still are, students at some college or university. We have a personal interest in our boys who sell The Post. What some of them have done are inspiring stories. We wish to take a census of them and to make a survey of their attainments.

If you know one or more such young men, you are earnestly requested to send us the name of each one, the name of his college or university, his present address, and, if possible, the name of the town in which he formerly sold The Saturday Evening Post.

For more than fifteen years we have done what we could to encourage boys to obtain college or university training. We want to find out just how successful we have been. Where is YOUR boy? Has he attended college? If you will send us this information, you will do him and us a service.

Sales Division, Box 504

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

asked if she was ready to go home now, and one o' the men said:

"Let her alone; she'll get over her grouch after a while and dance.

Robbins wasn't there, so I knew Janie'd come by herself. She paid no 'tention to the man and, after lookin' me through with her

frownin' black eyes, said:

"Why, yes, Cole, if it worries you I'll go home." She put on her coat and we went out, and as I talked about the storm she took my arm. "I just went to bear the music," she said; "I wouldn't dance with such people."

In the storm and dark ever thing was all

In the storm and dark ever thing was nill right between us, and she thanked me at the door for managin' her so well.

Business got slacker and slacker that night and 'bout daylight there wasn't a train in sight; so the dispatcher said I might go home. Jamie was lyin' down on a couch in her party dress; but, hearin' me come in, she followed to the kitchen, where I took affect that and the statement and home. off my raincost and hung my cap to dry out.

"Better go on to bed and take a map afore breakfast," she said; but she seemed to like me round for comp'ny and we sat talkin' in the kitchen so as not to wake Grover. I remember the rain beatin' on the roof

and the early mornin' light comin' gray and chilly through the curtains as we sat the kitchen table from each other. The stove was cold, with ashes scattered over the hearth. So the daylight crept in between us and my spirits turned cold too. "I don't care if he does like that woman!"

said Junie.

Her arms were stretched straight in freet of her on the table, though her head was held up in that proud way she used to have; and I noticed how her throat and

breast swelled with deep, fast breathin'.

"O' course you don't; why should we care?" I answered, wonderin' at her.

"Why should we?" she said after me.
Shestruck the table with her fist. "No, you don't; but I do-it can't be helped-"
All of a sudden Janie remembered what she All of a sudden Janie remembered what she was saying, and her face and throat, even her arms, blushed and burned. "Oh! Oh!" she said to herself: "I am hurt! I am done for. Who can stand this! Where is the old devil, so I can go to him, and be happy and forget!"

I believe all I could say was, "Don't, an!" and that she hardly knew Mr. Harrens. "You can forget him easy if you want to—right here!" I told her.

I saw the blush go down, and such a look come to her face! Nobody can understand such things—it's like stario' the priest in the face when he is prayin'. Yet I had to look. "Don't, sin!" I said; but her face grew whiter and whiter, with a deep black wrinkle between the eyes.

between the eyes.

Once, a long time ago, I thought the blindin white spot in the center o' the storm was where God etamped when He was angry. I remembered this now—her face was that kind o' terrible white. Then Janie laughed to mock me.

"I hardly know him!" she said. "Yes, I know him! I didn't want to love him, I wanted to hate him; but he wouldn't let me! He said he cared for me most of all. Comin' every evenin' and tellin' me so, I believed him. He kissed me—I ain't 'shamed! What is it to you?"

I thought Janie was mad then; but she teid the truth. Every evenin' after I'd gone and Grover was asleep Mr. Charley Harrens had come. Not one evenin' had he

missed from the day we'd all had supper tagether till Miss Cloud came to town.

"When she goes he'll come again," said Janie, "and I'll be glad!" I wondered why if she wanted to forget him.

"Why don't you speak?" she asked; but I couldn't and only shook my braked. She

was anxious and pretty soon reached over to put me. "Don't mind," she said. I got up and made me some coffee, and Janie never moved, watchin' me close as a cut. When the fire burned bright I made toast and ate some with the coffee.

Grover, hearin' us, came out laughin and rubbin' his eyes; but we couldn't play or laugh just then, and he backed up into a corner one step at a time. I must have showed it plain, for after a while he pointed "Cole's 'fraid again!" he said. "Why.

he's gettin' whiter and skinnier ever' day Janie turned such a frown on him that he went out whimperin'

Then she sat watchin' me again till I put

on my rainceat.

You go on to bed!" she said in a hourse voice, and I wanted to answer her, but couldn't. "Go to bed, Cole, please!" As I went toward the door she started up,

"Wait!" she commanded, and running into Pa's room she came back with the red lantern. "You know how to manage me," she said. "I've told you how, and it's worked more'n once. Now don't you dre try the high hand with my affair!" She studied my face: there wasn't any excittry the high hand with my affair!" She studied my face; there wasn't any excitement now, that was worn away and she was cool and fierce. Still studyin' my face she lit the lantern. "You put such store by this danger fire," she went on, more and more quiet; "now I'll hold it up to you it's lit against you. Yourself, Cole Flyan, is bein' signaled to stop where you are. Understand!"

I watched; it was an awful thing to have

I watched; it was an awful thing to have that red warnin' hung out against my leavin'; but I had to go. My sister Janie's hair streamed storm;

and black about her face and shoulders. And I never will forget the last look I had of her that mornin' in her wrinkled party

dress and ribbons.

Nobody was at Mr. Barrens' office that early 'cept the porter, who was sweepin' and dustin'. Then he went away and I brushed my clo's with the whisk broom and smoothed my hair. I wished I had on my stiff shirt 'stead o' the flannel one, and the new necktie.

The two clerks came and after a while Mr. Barrens, who nodded and motioned me into his big private office, which had a door on the hall too. He sat down at his desk facin' me, without speakin'—he was always strickly business in that office—and between us was the piece o' carpet where ever body who stood lost his head.

I stepped on it and told him that I was resigned as night caller. He wrinkled his

brows at me and waited,
"You mustn't come to our house any
more," I told him; then his hands gripped
the arms o' the chair and his eyes stared.
"What damned impudence is this?" he
said. "You've been spoiled...."

It was too late for him to fire me anyway.

so I still stood on the carpet.
"You mustn't come," I said, and the
blood poured into his face like a guilty

"Did Janie send you?" he asked in a quick, low voice. I told him Janie had nothin' to say about

it, me bein' the head o' the fambly.
"You can blacklist me too," I said, so so

"You can blacklist me too," I said, so so not to ask any favors.

There wasn't anything more to talk over so I went out by the hall door and then to the savin's bank, where I'd put away the last fifty dollars' insurance two days after. With the fifty in my pocket I went home and found Janie waitin'. Grover, sittin' or the floor in a corner with a crust, looked at me suspicious, 'cause the lantern was it against me. He hadn't even combed his hair or put on but one shee.

"I told him he mustn't come any more." I splained, and Janie didn't answer; but

"I told him he mustn't come any more." I splained, and Janie didn't answer; but there was a little streak o' blood under her lips where she'd bitten 'em.

"He's disgraced us all now!" she told Grover, and pretty soon she went to her room; and so as to be ready for anything I changed my clo's and put some things of mine and Grover's in Pa's suitcase.

It was afternoon when Janie came out to her street clo's and carryin' her travelinher street clo's and carryin' her travelinher. Grover and I was ready, too, though I'd had to be a little rough to make him pat

I'd had to be a little rough to make him put on the other shoe. He was mad, and when Janie come in said: "Cole wouldn't dest to jump on anybody his size, would he?" Janie looked a prised to see us ready to travel, but sat down across the room to put

on her gloves.

"Have you gone clear crazy?" she asked at last, and Grover nodded.

I answered that us Flynns had to hold fast together and Janie tore one of her

"Do you mean to follow me? Well, I'll lose you in the city where I'm goin'," she said. "Do you think I'll stay here after you've meddled and disgraced me?

I didn't answer any more and we all sal with coats and hats on a long time, Jane movin' only once to place the lantern in front of me. The storm, growin' heavier. rattled the windows and scattered shower e' dead leaves all that afternoon.
"I bate ever'thing!" Grover said.

Dusk came down early: and then Jane picked up her bag and went out, and Grove:

and me followin'.

"Are you too crazy to lock up?" be asked; and I told him that it was no use. tramps would take the place anyway.



ALL Ford Cars Are Equipped With This Spark Plug.

The Ford "Manual" for Ford Agents says: "The make of plugs with which Ford engines are equipped when they eave the factory, are best adapted. to the requirements of our motor, notwithstanding the opinion of various garage men to the contrary.

The Special 1/2 in. Champion X the Ford Plug - sells for 75 cents everywhere.

Do not be misled, "Champion" on the porcelain means highest efficiency at the firing points.

That is why 75% of all American made cars, including the Ford, Overland, Studiebaker, Maswell and Metz, are equipped at their factories with specially designed "Champions."

Your dealercantellyou the Champion which will give the best results for some Motor Car, Motor Frech Mosorcycle, Stationary Motor or Ampione.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO. 113 Avendale Ave., Toledo, Obio

Report Representatives obtle Statetes Co. 18 Breadway, New York



One Mephisto outlasts three ordinary copying pencils—and that's only half the story. Unusually smooth writing and clear copying is the other half. Insist on Menhisto at your stationer's. It became pencel existraction, and emospiny as sell. Two grades of inad medium and hard.

L & C Hardtmuth

34 Enst 23d Street

"HEOSOPHY"

Life that ready explains. Thousands of all secondaries will seekers this respective will represent the requirement of the P. Blandale of Wiss. Q. Judge leave story story out of poles of 50- feet three cample conduct on the poles of 50- feet three cample conducts.

UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOFRISTS than Building Los Ar

Drink More Pure Water

It is a known forth that you have a distance of the standard of the Paris of LPSLOTT that of a president of the standard of th CONSUMERS COOLER CO., 24 Except Ave., Michelle City, Sal



Janie cut right across the yards to the station and I knew she meant to take Number Nine, the four-thirty passenger, which was due in St. Louis next mornin'. There wasn't anybody in the waitin' room and no ticket agent came by traintime. I kept listenin' for its whistle and looked through the window toward Mr. Barrens' office, which was in the telegraph buildin' halfway up the platform. There was a light above his desk and I could see him walkin' up and

A long freight train pulled in from the East and the engine backed up to the roundhouse; but there was no switchin' done, and I noticed the yardmen lookin' out o' their shanty down the track. Next minute the wrecker drew up at the superintendent's office, where three men carryin' valiass boarded her. All this meant a had wreck—the three men bein' doctors.

"Maybe Number Nine is in trouble and we can't get out tonight," I said; but Janie

answered:
"Then they'll make up a train here.
I'll wait."

It seemed pretty strange for me to be sittin' there waitin' to buy a ticket like a passenger; but I knew Janie would never turn back now.

The deput porter had been sent out on some message o' the wreck, so the light hadn't been turned on; and just we three were sittin' there in the thick dusk when a cab came splushin' up to the entrance and a lady ran across the platform. She came into the waitin' ruom and stood near the

door a second, peerin' round.

"Cole, are you there? And Janie, and
Grover!" she said.

"I am," answered Grover, and went up
to her, but for a minute I couldn't speak.

Miss Cloud took Grover's hand and suid: Miss Cloud took Grover's hand and suid:
"I'm so giad to find you! We're called
East tonight and I went to the house to
visit you. It was empty, with the danger
lantern burning. I thought something had
happened—and a neighbor said you'd ali
started over this way, with traveling bags."
"We're all movin' to the city," I splained
and she said:

and she said:
"Cole! Without tellin' me good-by?"
"Here is Janie," I said; and I was 'fraid
Janie would forget her manners, but she
rose and said "Howdy-do?" and shook hands. It was so dusky we couldn't see each other's faces very well.

The door flow open and Mr. Barrera ran inside through a sterm o' rain. "Miss Cloud," he said, uncertain if she was there, "didn't I see you drive up just

I heard Janie's breath draw deep and

touched her arm.
"Why, I've found the Flynns here:

they're goin' away," said Miss Cloud.

He came right on toward us.

"Janie, you musta't go you can't!

What has Cole told you?" he cried out.

Janie stood her ground.
"It's been decided!" She answered so
cool I was proud o' her. "I will tell you
good-by now!" And she shook his hand—
and dropped it.

It was then the lights went up. blinked; but Janie's eyes grew wider and she leaned for ard—she gripped my arm as though terribly afraid and her whole body

shivered.
Then I looked at Miss Cloud too; her face was as sweet as any boy's mother's ever face was as sweet as any boy's mother's ever was, with only two tiny wrinkles—and ber hair was almost gray. Somehow it made a tremendous change in things to find her so much older than all of us.

I heard Mr. Barrens speakin':

"Miss Cloud, I leave it to you—Am I bein' treated fair? I love this girl and want

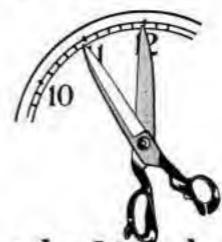
to marry her, and told her so; and she loves

me. Now she wants to desert —"
"You didn't come!" said Janie faintly.
"I ought to have told you, Janie! I
didn't want Miss Cloud to know I was guin" to be married till I made good. You've meddled in this," he said to me, madder than I ever saw him, "and have nearly wrecked our lives. Let it be a warnin' to you forever!"

"He wouldn't manage me right—after I'd told him how, too," splained Janie; "and I'd lit the danger signal against him?" They held fast each other's hands; so it

wouldn't make any difference, now that Janie wouldn't hold to me.

I'd only known Miss Cloud in the shadow and was 'fraid the light would change her, as it does so many; but she looked at those two and then at me, with cloudy gray eyes—and I looked back grinnin'—she was just the same ever where.



A Cut and a Stitch that Save Time

LITTLE knife right by the side of the needle, that trims the cloth while it is being stitched. Another improvement that makes it possible to cut the cloth for twenty suits at once-and much more accurately.

Another that saves several minutes in marking the positions

Add up several hundred of these little savings and you have a hig one that comes back to you in two ways - better workmanship and better quality of materials.

Go to the Clotheraft Store and try on one of the different models of No. 5130 Blue Serge Special. It represents the wery best workmanship, style, comfort, fit and durability that we can put into a lifteen-dollar suit of men's clothes. It's the final result of sixty-eight years of the scientific clothes-making already mentioned

We'll be glad to send you the New Style Book showing all Clotheraft models at \$10 and \$20, and a cloth sample of 5130 Blue Serge, and to give you a personal note of introduction to the nearest Clotheraft Store. There is also a full-weight (Terlegal). Blue Serger Special or \$16.50 accord as No. 4130.

The Joseph & Feiss Company

Freeded (Ash - Olded Makers of May's Chilles in America 620 St. Clair Avenue, N. W. Cleveland, Stath City

HAVOLINE OIL It Makes a Difference

in Efficiency, Expense and Endurance in your car because:

The Base-It is made only from one uniform base, crude oil of tested quality and sameness.

The Process-It is manufactured in a manner which leaves the molnules of the oil entirely whole, thereby preserving its life and increasing its lubricating value. It is entirely freed from floating carbon and

Result -- A uniform oil, that forms an even labeleating "cushion" around the metal surfaces and prevents wear and tear upon them. Retains its vitality yet is free

from breign substances. Leaves minimum carbon deposits. Reduces repair bills, Prolongs life of motor and increases its efficiency.

of us'll all you part grade.

Buy the sil in the Blue Can. 2 Five Gal. Cons to the Case.

MAVOLINE

Ank your garagemen ac syme to alrest for testimostic of Harpline tuers, swaling your make of our

Indian Refining Co., Dept. A, New York







Two Hundred Dollars a Month

URING May and June last year, Arthur B. Smith, High School Senior, earned \$425.00 in salary and commissions by securing subscriptions to The Saturday Evening Past, The Ludies' Home Journal and The Country Gentleman. As a result he is now attending Ohio Wesleyan University.

The same offer through which Mr. Smith earned this sum of money is open to you neer. The conditions in your town are substantially the same as in his.

This advertisement is addressed to high school students and others who want to earn money this spring and summer. We will tell you how Mr. Smith and others have earned the money they needed. We will instruct you how to do it. If you are sincere in your efforts, we will stick by you and work with you to the finish. It is to our advantage as well as yours to help you make money.

You are invited to write for particulars. Address your letter to

Agency Distinger, Ear 507

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Wish us happiness!" said Mr. Barrens; and she stood eyin' 'em and thinkin'.

The switch engine, which had taken the superintendent's chief clerk and the roadmaster to the wreck eight miles away, had come screechin' in with the engineer o' Number Nine aboard her; but we'd forgot all about wrecks and were s'prised when a battered man came in out o' the storm, buntin' Mr. Barrens. He was like the ghost o' wrecks - bloodstained, limpin', and as black as if he had wallowed under tone o' roal.

"Superintendent," he said, "I quit!" The men had such a fear o' Mr. Barrens that even this wounded one stood up straight and respectful. "I never have been called on the carpet," he said. Mr. Barrets answered cold as steel:

You have quit a day too late for our good!"

The engineer's jaw sagged down; he nodded and turned away, bracin' himself by the backs o' the benches. Of a sudden he faced about and pushed himself clear of 'em; his body stopped swayin' and stif-fened on its feet.

"How 'bout quittin' too late for my own good?" he asked.

He grinned a wide grin and the teeth shone white in his black face.

"Get one of his friends to care for him,"

"Get one of his friends to care for him,"
Mr. Barrens told me.

"You stay where you are," said the engineer. "I'm signalin' danger. That's for you, superintendent: you're the big Mogul and you're runnin' wild, without orders, and takin' this division to hell with you."

"Enough o' that! Down with you—out with you!" commanded Mr. Barrens with a look like a flame.

"Streek or, my man "said Min Cloud in

"Speak on, my man," said Miss Cloud in her quiet voice. "I will listen." "I will," said the engineer. "Fire the

cogs and belts and levers o' your machine. superintendent; it's their fault if the masuperintendent: it's their fault if the machine don't run. The machinist, jammin' it and dammin' it, ain't to blame. Let rails split and ties full out and treatles crack and operators sleep: 'Go to it!' you say; and the best men go to it, and we wreck or run on time." He began swayin' in his tracks. "I've set me signal and thank God for it!" he said in a thichenin' voice. "Now blacklist me, dumn you!" He started out. "That's twice today I've heard o' that blacklistin', 'Mr. Barrens said, followin'. The other shot back:
"Well, it ain't you we're 'fraid of—it's trackly said, and the lacklistin' and the lacklistin'."

"Well, it ain't you we're 'fraid of-it's your pull with old Cloud!"

He walked out pretty straight and then crumpled down on to the platform. I saw one of the yardmen run to pick him up.
"I wish you happiness!" said Miss Cloud.

"I wish you happiness!" said Miss Cloud to the superintendent and Janie. "You've both fired your engineers and made good." both fired your engineers and made good,

There was a still minute when nobody spoke; and then the lady said she'd been wonderin' exactly how I rode that powder car through the roundhouse and would like to bear afore goin' away for good. She was the first one who'd asked me

She was the first one who'd asked me boot it; and I splained that I'd caught the ladder while the wheels were sippin', after Mr. Harrens dropped me out o' the cab. Then I swung round by the brake-rod and stood on the drawhead, where it wasn't dangerous. O' course somebody had to be round to see that the car was deused with water, in case Mr. Barrens got burt and couldn't tend to it himself.

She said that I oughto't to take risks with a fambly 'pendin' ou me, and the only excuse I could make was that I hadn't taken any chances at all afore or since that one

any chances at all afore or since that one run

"He, Charley Barrens-wasn't that the run you made good on?" asked Miss Cloud. Her voice was not loud, but it sounded cold and far through the room; and there was something threatenin' in her look. Janie said:

"Why, Cole, you never told me -and stopped still.

I was watchin' Harrens. He stood starin' at the floor; then, deadly white, but cool and steady, he bowed to Miss Cloud and, stoppin' to give my hand a hard grip, went.

"Cole, order out my special!" said Miss. Cloud. "Come!" she told Janie, and picked up her bug. "I'll send the boys a housekeeper in your place." Not once did Barrens look back; he

swung up behind the curtain o' the switch engine and it started for the wreck. Janie watched him out o' sight and then drew back into the corner, sobbin' to herself.

"Do you cry because Barrens is on his way to make somethin' of himself without stoppin' to look back?" asked Miss Cloud. 'He's been selfish and cruel enough. So have you!"

have you!"
Janie held up her head:
"Cole," she said, with a little gap,
"what'll I do? It'll be whatever you say."
I thought she'd better go, 'cause she was
holdin' on to Mr. Barrens now and ought
to learn the ways o' his people. She said:
"Cole, can't I still hold on to you too!"
"What nonsense!" said Miss Cloud. Ste
took us all in her arms. "Didn't Barrens
make the great run without knowin! Cole

make the great run without knowin' Cole was aboard? Well, now he's makin' a greater one—and we'll all be aboard; but he won't suspect it till he pulls in safe, on time!"

We all made the run with Mr. Barrers. I made good by ridin' that powder car, even if he didn't—'cause Grover sin't 'shamed

Sometimes he comes to the superintendent's office, where I'm beginning as derk, to warn me against takin' chances.

It's somethin' splendid to have a famble though there's only one left of 'em holdin fast to you—specially when the white light o' day shows a clear line and proves ever-thing true which you'd only felt or wished for in the shadow.

Am Electric Spy

AN ELECTRIC spy, which reported at the end of each day to the manager of a business every mechanical act of all the em-ployees and all the machinery, recently roused much favorable discussion in the American Institute of Electrical Engineer. Applied to a newspaper office, for instance, it would tell the manager just when each page of type was locked up in the conposing room, when it was received by the stereotypers or electrotypers, when they delivered the plates to the presemen, and when each press started and stopped.

In a daily newspaper office near the time for starting the presses every second somic and each department is jealous of every second it is allowed. The electric spy would report to the fraction of a second on such department, so that no controversy about

time could occur.

It has been tried in a cement mill for reporting on every act of every machine, so that delay in any place will be abown, with no possibility of concealment. In a factory it has been suggested, it could be set to work so that it would report to the manager at the end of the day at exactly what second the machinery started up in the morning the operation or failure to operate of every machine, and even the opening and closing of the various doors, from room to room, right up to the blowing of the whistle at

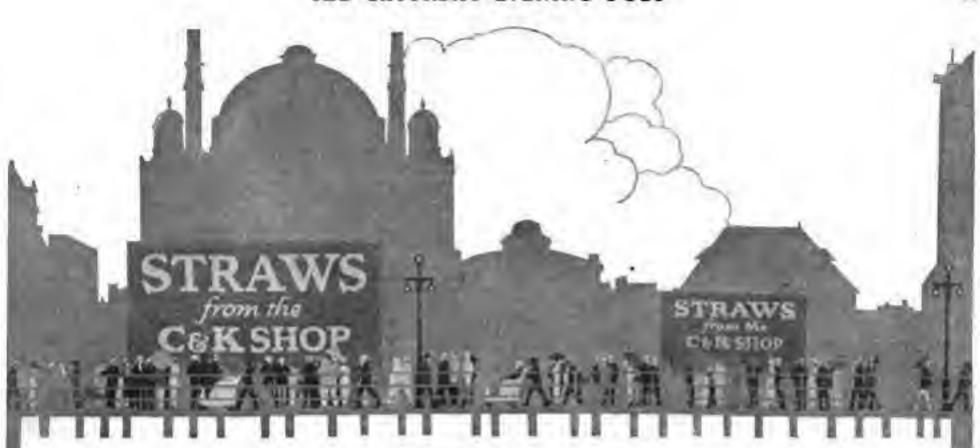
night.
In an office building it could be made to report the visits of the cleaners to the office report the visits of the cleaners. at night or the operation of the elevators during the day. So far the principal me of the electric spy has been calmly to report afterward exactly what happened in or of the wildly exciting times when highvoltage electricity starts on a rampage in a power house or distributing station.

So many protective and substitute ovices are now used in a power house that when the trouble comes it may only cause a little dimming of electric lights out in the city, or darkness for two or three seconds: but in the power house everything happens at once, with the men jumping from switch to switch amid monster sparks and blinding flashes. When the trouble is all over if is often impossible to tell whether one break down was the start of it all or one of the results of a series of other breakdowns, and the men who go through the battle can hardly tell what happened.

To know what did occur is to know have

to prevent it in the future; so the electric spy was invented. On a wide ribbos of paper fifty pens make records, each per connected by a wire with a switch or a machine. The essential feature of the invention is that the ribbon of paper never moves to til after one of the pens has made a record Each time a pen makes a record the exact second is stamped on the edge of the ribbs. and the ribbon is moved along.

If two actions come almost simultanously one is recorded and the other is held back until the first record is completed which means for about a third of a second In this way everything that happens > marked down in correct order; but if nothing happens there is no long ribbon of uselrecords accumulated.



STRAWS from the C&KSHOP

Knapp-Felt Straw Hats are shown in a variety of smart styles and exclusive weaves. They are delightfully light in weight and are made with all the nice attention to detail that distinguishes the product of the C & K Shop.

A pleasant feature of the Knapp-Felt Straws, not to be found in any other make, is the unique transparent lining which is not only decorative, but practical. It keeps the interior presentable throughout the life of the hat.

Knapp-Felt Straw Hats are \$4. C & K Straw Hats are \$3. They are sold by the good stores.

The Crofut & Knapp Company Avenue New York

Authorized Makers of Dobbs & Co's Fifth Avenue Strone Hats, agencies for which will be found in many leading cities.



in "caudy's only rival," the richest of biscuit confections for desurt or alternoon tea. It is one of the

Specialties

"The Quality Biscuits of America"

Let Us Send You Some to Try

A Sunshine Revelation Box containing 14 kinds of biscuit goodies will be sent you line if you pay the postage. Send us 10e (stamps or com) with your name and address and we'll send this box by return mail. Better send us your grocer's name, too, please

TODRE WILES BISCUIT GIMBANT TON CONCERNAY SUPER

Boston, Mass.



TRAINING BOYS FOR CITIZENSHIP

three to be a reason of the of the amplituding of consequences of The to be by the party of the conprovide the state to be being the also to the early that they be

Land to the same that the same of the same District the beautiful and 17 April 1 and the same of the same to the end prompt and and the second second the state of the s

1 1 1 Billion of the Board of the Boa programme to the second

DOLLED DEFEND TYPING TO

Writing for the movies

Continued from Page 13/

Flayers Firm Company, and seedall association Adams John Brew, Ethel Barry-to-re and fillie Burke in the creen.

Augment Thomas long ago presaged the a ways-poure tield wave that was to enpull the dramatic stage. A pour upo he forms the All-Star Film Company, and, with Rhendt Barding Baris and a company of according to tube and turned solvers of Fortune as a middine-roll ordine production. eatupe productions

Though every stenesdul play of previous one and every succeeded novel is now leave ground over itse morning-picture leaver production, that but adds to the with and pay of the trained matine-picture

Let a pronted or ideasy right be as skilled in his live as to pury, there is a marked dis-logs are because a witing a bunk at a play and remaining it for reminis-pierure partyminer purposes. A successful play may be shown to from them to five source, and the disdograp tells the story where the action does new last to trader a filter drame of a stage

they recommend the forms of a large that to a surprising extent.

The the stage he arises may enter and ay "They pull outself Rebert Knowle and the post of a the first drawn and the post of all the count Knowle and the post of all the count Knowle and the post of all the count Knowle and the post of a large that a large that it is a large to a large that a large that it is a large to a large that it is a large that it is a large that it is a large to a large that it is a large to a large that it is a large that it i

A receive parties resists much real of best to receive a fine of the companies of control for the first parties of the first parties of the first to be the control for the first two factors of the first two first to be the first two first to be the first two first to be the first two f to reprove hearth authorize; out if the hour found that so rise some some many in which the action is field for myet than to make will

to the other control of an indicate control of the very about control of flasher, by Let. On put 1-14 the cross for more The force of two control for the con-trol are color on embastics and con-trol for an action to the toroity is co-ing to been outer a tought to track in the areas as to show the comment of the Quarter and emercipity in recligist as toply the in process is built and by after the training the from well as to complex may be extend by the complex may be extend by the control of the control

H Inverimen Photoplay

In the same married, when the horninginfiniters for it going away the tourt in their set the sity is maying the force in and a larger of the transfer of the order of the control of the co Self-reserving for the tentury picture

the property of the property o and provided provided and the least time by from The state of the s

The transfer of property of the fall the

A property of the shall be a street of the sha THE RESERVE OF THE PERSON NAMED IN the transfer of the second that I

The state of the s

THE PERSON NAMED IN

Sweet, a well-to-do collector of mre cons who has taken a cottage in the New England love where Miranda resides.

Meantime the professor, who is a good-looking though absent-minded man of thirty-dos has fallen in love with an orphan nice of Miranda. This nice is not kindly treated by Miranda: as fact all the members of the family are in teros; at the tyranny and torque of the viruge spinster. Professing a great interest in coins, Miranda gets Professor Sweet to bring some of the rame to her house to show her. By consistance will a mescally lawyer in the town shouranges in go hearth of promise evidence ngainst the professor. She alters his notes in regard to the chinches going to bring her until they read as though they were love letters. She also arranges a mirand under the table and has a string so chemicy set. She planta to effect this pose by draping some of his rare coins while he is shown it her feet. She planta to effect this pose by draping some of his rare coins while he is shown it them up, she is to pull the string.

When the trup is all set a day chases Miranda pot tomast nerses the recons and the old materades were to rescue it, but is upset below not be sufficient and across the recons and the old materades rose to rescue it, but is upset below the sofa.

The trup is sprunge on the professor, the or maid across to rescue it, but is upset below the trup is produced at the brench-of-promise trains this epidence in court the pleture is exhibited, and is shown Miranda clusture will prove her case. Attaction of the plantage plantagengator develop the plantagengator develop the rate of the potture of the peture is chased away by Miranda, and her rose leitaging out of court. The pretty niero assess that the pulses of the picture, the treacherous spinster is single out of court. The pretty niero asses that the pulses of the picture, the treacherous spinster is sent than those escapes for some tyrous and weak the professor.

II—Characters

II-Characters

A July barbeit whose holdy rare colos. PROTESON STRON SWEET Who has a cat, int was a husband.
Miranda's prefly ner who has a hard flor. It with Anatis. An unsertipulous betye. The village photographs Miranda's beloved as: Delly's sollin. MURANDA MUDGE DREW DREW COUNSELOR SHARPS ALEXANDER . LYOMER Dally's collic.
Moving Men. Mirands's Servant Cirl. Poster.
Judge, Jury, Court Speciators, Villages at

III Seems Street in front of Professor Swoot's Street in front of Professor Sweet 1, 3, 5, 6, 5
entrage
Bedroom of Miranda Musige 2, 5
Library of Miranda Musige 7
Sitting Boom of Miranda Medge 10, 14, 65
Arbor or true-seat in garden 11,
Lawyer Sharpo's office 12,
Professor Sweet's study 13,
Window-sill of Miranda's sitting
Your. 10, room Photographer's dark room offert , 12, 14, Chese-Opandenlarged picture of st Chese-Opandenlarged picture of st Chese-Opandenlarged picture of st Chese-Opandenlarged picture of st 24.

Il'-Scenario 1-Leader:

MISS MUDGE HAS BEARD THAT THE NEW RESIDENT IN A WEALTHY BACKELOS

Scene: Village residence atrect; nice detail codages. Truckmen unleading furniture of all one; stout and joily Professor Sweet operatending job. He is especially solicitous of lemarked: Professor Simon Sweet, Numerat Dingleville, Massachusetta. Handle With University of the Communication of the Communi 2 Seeses Bedroom of the old maid, Mira

Mudge.

She is always petting and caressing a log cal, wherever she is. Miranda, all excitous is seen at window—rubbering at new neigh moving in, through her field glasses.

6 Cutback to Scene 1 and show on streless-up view of one of the baxes with scription as above.

4—Cutback to Miranda rubbering in her re-She swings field glasses in another direct

5-Scene: A village street. Dolly Drew, Miranda's pretty niece, is esperoaching with parasol and packages and inseparable companion, a bandsome colle, who does not like cats. She is reading a letter approaching the professor's gate; passing by louse a nail catches her dress taked beat tween girl and camera on pavement. Profess all apologies, and so on.

is all apologies, and so on. 6- Professor is escorting Dolly to Miranda ed-and it can be seen that he is smillen w the pretty girl.

7-Leader

"HE IS A NUMBERATIST; THAT MEANS NO RELIGION AT ALL."
"NO, AUNTIE: A NUMBERATIST MEAN!

A COLLECTOR OF RARE COINS.



WHEN you see a smart, polished thoe think of Florsheims -men wear them everywhere. Shapes and leathes to fulfill every requirement Priced at \$5 - and up to \$7.

The Florebeins dealer will alraw you the assent a correct styles.

"THE SIGN OF UNRECT STYLES"

The Florsheim Shoe Co. Chicago, U.S.A.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

PARAGON PROTECTION AND TO CAME IN STREET, Land. Land.

litte you a son or daughter with Art Talent?



ZIM'S

Correspondence School of Cartenning, Comic Ast and Cartenture will devoke a - A to mostly come. White for information Dept. F. Haratheads, N. Y.

Orleans' Wonderful Candy the Louisiana phantaless over und because and Creek Manua / 17 or 18 / 4 [Creek Manua / 17 or 18 / 4 [Creek Manua / 18 / 4] Creek Manua / 18 / 4 | Creek Manua / 18 Gust Measures NEW ORLEANS, LA.

on of Our Agents Made Six Sales school Postantina CHI IN IN IN IN IN Roy H. Terrington, Smil.

CLARK'S ORIENT CRUISE

try 148 up, including lotely piedes drives where the Part week \$50. F. C. CLARK, Times Bidg. N.Y.

WANTED -AN IDEA! Who can think of patent? Protect your idean, they may being you wealth, in "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your of Your Money," RANSOLFA & Co., Dept. 157, and Miscropy, Washington, D. C.



Scene: Interior of Miranda's library. Miranda and Dolly consult large dictionary.

Flash up on serron the definition of Numis-matist from dictionary in faccinals type. s-Leader:

A MONTH LATER WIRANDA IN INTERROTER IN OLD COINS - AND THE PROPERTY

Some: Showing the professor in yellow firmed suit and our umbrells on village street, backing anxiously around. He is being pursued by Miranits Mudge.

9-Professor hides behind two and escapes Mitaoda. Dolly joins the professor and it can be seen that they are fond of each other.

10 - Minauda's sitting room She enters from street, angry and disappeared.
Servant girl comes in and tells her Dully is with
the professor in the garden. Servant points out
of window. Miranda gets field glusses and isoks. 11-Scepe: Showing the professor and Dolly talking pleasantly under a tree or arter.

12-Leader:

LAWYER SHARPS TELLS MIRASON TO PIX UP BOME RESACRAIT-PRIMITE EVIDENCE

Scene: Lawyer's office. Sharpe, a shyster, gives Miranda a camera and shows her how, by hiding it under a table and pulling a string and letting rains doep from her hand, she may get a picture of the professor on his knees, and so on.

13 - Professor in his study, gloating over his coin vollection, using magnetying glass. (lies to duor and receives letter from postman. Finals lettler on derven :

My DEAR PROPERTY What you told the last night gave the great happiness.
You; cume this evening. Do not disappoint the one who is so fend of you.
She will be appearing you.
"As ever, yours
"Minania."

14—Scene: Miranda's sitting room, Miranda arranging queers moder table, with string to its shorter. Camera tilted so line with sefs. Miranda goes to window, naises blind to admit strong light on sefs.

t3—Class-up picture of Miranda's pet cat sees during on window all.

16 - Cithack to Miranda's sitting room.

Professor enters; is seen backing for Dally and showing his disappointment at Dally's absence. He shows coins and Miranda drops some of them. He kneeds down to pick them up. Miranda teaches to pull the string attacked to canoris shorter, and just then Daily enters with her dog, which chases the rat. The eat jumps on the professor's back, white the dog backs at it. Safa spects, with Miranda going backward, her white stockinged akinny legs in the air. Miranda gets up and throws her arms round the professor's up and thrown her arms round the professionals,

Cut in leader

"YES, SEMON! I WILL MAKEY YOU'!

Cuthack to scene.

thowing horror of the professor, dismay of Bolly and glee of Miranda, who grate camera and runs out as though everyone by bashfulness. 17 - Leader :

MIRANDA SCES THE PROPERTY FOR SERACE OF PROMISE

Scene: Country courtrons. Persons of story characteristically present. Lawyer Sharps pro-duces namera. Judge rulls on village photog-rupher to develop the compromising pleture. Village photographer sworn; saids with camera. In-Leader

THE VILLAGE PROTOGRAPHES DEVELOPS A SENSATION

Photographic dark-room effect. Village photographer developing plate in red light—test film. Photographer alown in aithouette for photographic novelty effect. Silhenette predile of photographic above he is first asternated and then convulsed at what plate develops. Chess-up relationship. photograph.

19 Cuthack to country concretom. Enter photographer. Bands pleture to judge, who laught. Photograph is passed round to just, lawyers, and finally to Miranda, who fain is when white person like

30—Enlargement of photograph—a hand held-ing it—filling screen. It is a still pletture of Miranda on upset sofa, white-stockinged akings legs in air, cut on the professor's back and dog backing at it.

Seens: Bedram of the professor. Professor is seen sleeping and laving night-

mare of Miranda kiesing firm

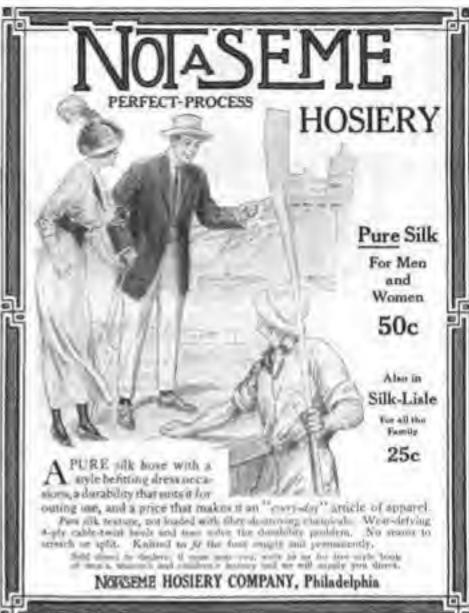
Leader: LOVE'S OLD BUREAU 2-Seene: Bolroom of Miran

Minorda is simpling that in earl papers, dreaming—vision in—she is kissing the professor. In for sleep she picks up the eat, sleeping by her on a pillow, and rapturessly kisses it. She wakes up and throws the eat from her in great tury.

23—Close up bust picture of the professor and pretty IA-ity as bride and green, IA-ity petting callie dog.

Thereop and enlarged picture of cat on fence, licking its pure.

This is the technical way to write for the movies. Your photoplay must tell its story without lagging or dragging; and the characters, the plot and its performance must "get over" by the sequence of pictures.







"The Best System of All" Written by a Sales Manager

Every selling organization has to have one worker - and I am it. With five branch offices, forty salesmen, four crews of missionaries and one hundred demonstrators to urge along from day to day, I am probably the worst offender of the 15 hour law in America. Against my natural instincts, I have to be systematic. And the best little system of them all was wished onto me by a printer's salesman. As he put it, "a dif-ferent color for each office form." The daily sales sheet has a dominant color I can pick from a bundred papers. Each branch office has its own color for stationery reports, orders, etc.

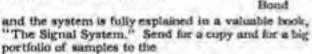
The system saves an astonishing amount of time and worry. The printer's salesman showed me a fine, tough paper which comes in 12 attractive colors and white. Believe me, it was some order that he got-and he is sure of reorders. The

whole office has adopted the same system-the

HAMBERMOLL advertising manager especially finds it a great help for form

Look for this Watermark

Hammermili



HAMMERMILL PAPER CO., Erie, Pa.



When you go camping

-when you pack up your fishing kit, stuff your knapsack with blankets and cooking utensils and set out for the wild places, you'll need a good waterproof tent. Then it will make no difference to you whether the stars are winking through the branches overhead or a thunderstorm is drenching the woods around you. You'll be safe and sound-and dry. When you have a good tent for protection, why! camping is the greatest sport in the world - no matter what the weather.

You now can get the tent free of charge-a fine 7x7-foot wall-tent, complete with stakes, ropes and poles. This is one of the splendid prizes we award to our boys in exchange for their Rebate Vouchers.

How do they get Rebate Vouchers? By selling

The Saturday Evening Post The Ladies' Home Journal The Country Gentleman

Thousands of boys are earning from fifty cents to five dollars a week and in addition are receiving splendid prizes which they choose from our Book of Rebates

This catalogue is one of the most interesting books you ever saw. A copy will be sent to you upon request. Don't miss it. Address your letter to

Sales Division, Box 509

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Cutting Down Some Staple Unnecessaries

(Concluded from Page 9)

stale and the interest wanes. Then some-body naps, somebody did not know—and the unexpected happens.

By reason of the triviality and multiplic-ity of their causes accidents are apt to be

much stranger than fiction, and sometimes almost humorous in their variety and per-

Not long ago a London milliner brought suit against her former employer because be had discharged her. Why had he dis-charged her? Because she had lost a finger. How had she lost her finger? Why, she got leave to go down to Henden and there went up in an aeroplane; and because one of her fingers was strack by the propeller, and she had to have it amputated, she lost her job. Because accidents are what they are the

Because accidents are what they are, the Because accidents are what they are, the most promising way of dealing with them constantly up and down the line seems to be through the safety director and the safety committee—two agencies that are being developed as a result of experience.

The safety director works principally at the boss end. He is probably an engineer, or a mass of technical experience plus a knowledge of people, and his work is to safeguard the machines and bring about better

guard the machines and bring about better technical conditions generally

The safety committee works for the organmation. It is made up of men representing different sections of the organization, as a rule. The safety committee of a trolley company in the Middle West has on it just naw the vice-president of the road, two engineers, an accountant, two motormen and two conductors. The first safety committee got together on a big railroad system was made up of four track foremen.

These safety committees have long had their counterpart abroad in a big London gasworks, where, after every mishap, a jury of twelve men, drawn from both the wage and salary earners, sat to consider the cause and responsibility, and made such recommendations for improved methods or greater caution as seemed necessary. It brought about notable decreases in accidents.

Committee Inspections

The American safety committee, how-ever, deals chiefly with accidents before they happen. It is a body to which any employee may report bad working condi-tions or lax methods on the part of fellow employees, with the certainty that what he has to report will be taken up from the standpoint of safety above all other considerations. It also instructs employees what to look for and guard against, and keeps up the spirit that is so necessary in accident prevention.

Furthermore, the committee makes fre-quent trips of inspection, publishes reports about the old ties and scrap iron lying along the right-of-way, or the safety apparatus neglected or out of repair in a shop, with the result that usually there is an imme-diate cleaning up and an improvement of

organization tone.

It watches new employees, teaches the inexperienced, cautions the careless, and if necessary has them transferred. It keeps the secre in accident prevention, so that all may see the totals from week to week and try to improve the showing. It rensiders safety suggestions, awards safety prizes, and in other ways brings about a common understanding between employer and men and the general effort for safe operations that is true accident prevention.

Editor's Note-This is the first in a series of arti-cles by James H. Collins. The second will appear it an early issue.

Two for Five

ECRETARY GARRISON, of the War Department, boarded a horse car in New York. He had no change and gave the conductor a five-dollar bill. The con-ductor took the bill, walked to the front end of the car and stood there, "My change?" suggested Garrison.

"I can't change no five-dollar bill," the conductor replied.

"Then give me back my bill," demanded

Garrison "Can't do that either, boss," the con-ductor replied; "but if you'll stay on the car until we get to the barn you can have

the horses!



Old Time Candies

Minis, caramels, gum-drops, talles, molasses candies, etc. - these are some of the old-fashioned cardies in every box of



Other kinds there are, too, that were once your own particular favontesbut made better than you ever believed they could be.

Arms tirely packed in 20 causes being win or old-time design and sold by Whomas agents trees where at 60 cours a package Sees prospect (except Canada and extrem-tions) on solvent of price if no agent is seen. Seed for "Lie of Court Things."

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.,

Philadelphia
Makes of Malacan Laterstone Che
and Matthonian E to



+ B UNDERWOOD & CO





Note that the on two their of shariding, there is the one in the date in two, and done is black and express and many times the artist paired with any other method. Send for circumstances of their and well this guaranteed from, we American Gas Machine Co. 415 Clarke St., Albert Les Wal



Wood Rollers Tin Rollers

PATENTS secured on our rer services.

Patents bond should be four mark of four to feather and what to from a class of secure and feather and what to from a class of the feather and what to form to class of the feather and the feather and feather Wanted New Ideas will require from Manufacture. Main Offices, US How may, New York, Law Chester of J. Main Offices, VIOTOE J. EVARE & CO., Washington, D. S.

Por Interesting and Valuable Information above PATENTS WANTED and dringht by Manufacturers, send 6 cents postar arge Illustrated graper Visible Results and Derry No. 1 2, 8 o A. B. Laner, Supt. T. Washington, D. O. Ersch. [35]

PECANS Direct from Grower to Constitute 15, per provind, delivered anywhere is acid LEEDALE STOCK FARM, San Angelo, Tests

CHEAP AT A MILLION

to a particularly uncomfortable high-backed Circassian-walnut chair in the foyer, left the great little multimillionaire under the watchful eye of footman Number Two, This annoyed Mr. Merriwether. Nobody is altogether invulnerable.

The footman returned, with the card and

"Madame is not at home, sir; but her brother would be glad to see you if you wish, sir. He is madame's man of affairs."
"Very well."

"Very well."

"If you please, sir, this way." And the footman led the way to the door of the library where Tom had been received often.

"Mr. Edward H. Merriwether!" The emphasis on the first name made the little czar of the Southwestern roads think it was done in order to differentiate him from Mr. Thomas T. Merriwether. Even great the part above thinking themselves. men are not above thinking themselves very clever.

He entered the room and took in its char-

acter at one glance, just as Tom had done. He became cool, watchful, siert and observant, as he always did when he went into a fight. He looked at the man who was said to be the brother of the woman who had leased the house—the woman who had a daughter she wished to marry to a blond

with money and position.

The man had a square chin and, even in repose, suggested power and self-control. Mr. Merriwether met the remarkably steady, unblinking gaze of two extremely sharp eyes and recognized without any particular emotion that he confronted a man of strength and resource who moreover. man of strength and resource who moreover had the double strategical advantage of being in his own house and of not having sought this interview.

"Be seated, sir," said the man in the calm voice of one who is accustomed to

obediener, even in triffes. Mr. E. H. Merriwether sat down. He nofixed little things as well as big. He noted, for instance, that he had begun by doing exactly what this man told him to do. The man intelligently waited for Mr. E. H. Merriwether to speak. Mr. E. H. Merriwether did so. He said:

did so. He said:

"I called to see Madam Calderon."

"About?" The man spoke coldly.

Mr. E. H. Merriwether raised his eyebrows. He did it in order not to frewn.
There is no wisdom in needless antagonisms. His only son was concerned.

"About my sen," be said.
"Tommy?"

The great railroad magnate, acquatomed.

The great railroad magnate, accustomed only to deference, flushed with anger. Had things gone so far that such intimacy existed?

"I understand," he said, trying to speak emotionlessly, "that my son visits this house

Of his own volition, sir."

"I did not think there was physical coercion; but, of course, as his father —"
He stopped in the middle of the sentence.

This never before had happened to this man, who always knew what to do and what to say, and always did it and said it with the least expenditure of time and words; but, as a matter of fact, what could he say, and how?

"That relationship," the man said calmly, "often interferes with the exercise of what people formerly called common

of what people formerly called common sense. Will you please do me a very great favor, sir?"

"A favor?" Mr. Merriwether, skillful diplomatist though he could be at times,

diplomatist though he could be at this, now frowned in advance.

"Yes, Mr. Merriwether—indeed, two favors; or, rather, three. First: Will you please ask me no questions now? Second: Will you please return to this house at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning? And third: Will you promise not to speak to appear the court wall there until after you have paid your second call, tomor-

It flashed through Mr. Merriwether's mind that to grant the favors might expe-dite Tom's appalling marriage. He said decisively:

"I cannot promise any of the things you

"Very well," said the man composedly.
"Then, I take it, there is nothing more to be said."

He rose politely and as he did so pressed a button on the table. The footman sp-peared and held the door open for Mr. Merriwether to pass out.

The autocrat of fifteen thousand miles of railroad, with unlimited credit in the money markets of the world, was not accustomed to being treated like this; but, precisely because he felt hot anger rising in tidal waves to his brow, he instantly became cool. He remained sitting and remarked very

"If you will allow me, sir, to tell you that my reasons

The man, who was still standing, held up a hand and broke in:

"And if you will allow me to tell you that I am neither a criminal nor a jackass I shall then proceed to say that nobody in this house has any intention of entering into any argument or controversy with you. I am actuated much less by personal con-siderations of my own than by a desire to avert from you eternal regrets and er

unseemly displays of temper."

E. H. Merriwether knew exactly what he would like to do to this man. What he said—very midly—was:

"You must admit, sir, that your requests might be interpreted."

might be interpreted—"
"Oh, I see!" And the man smiled very slightly. "Well, suppose you take Tom to your office with you tomorrow merning and keep him there while you come here. Tell him to wait fur you because you wish to have luncheon with him. I do not care to discuss my reasons—for example—for not wishing you to work to Tom about this wishing you to speak to Tom about this visit. I do not wish to wound your feelings; but I am not sure that you know Tom as well as a father ought to know his only son. And there are times when a man must be more than a father, when he must be a tact-

ful man of the world and a psychologist."

Mr. Merriwether realized the force of
this so clearly that he winced, but said
nothing, since he could not admit such a
thing aloud. The man proceeded coidly:

"If you are both an intelligent man and

a loving father you will promise what I ask-not for my sake, for yours. There are many things, Mr. E. H. Merriwether, that money does not cure and that not even time can heal. Ask me nothing now; come here at eleven tomorrow morning, and in the mean time do not speak to Tem about himself-or your fears.

"If you were only not so er damned mysterious —" And Mr. Merriwether forced himself to smile pleasantly. "Ah—if!" exclaimed the man, nodding.

"Do you promise?"
"Yes!" answered Mr. Merriwether.

He had made up his mind that Torn would not be abducted. As for worse things, if Tom had not already committed matrimony he could not very well do it in his father's private office. It was wise to keep Tom virtually a prisoner without his knowledge. And parental opposition has so often served merely to add gasoline to the flame of love that one futher would not the flame of love that one father would not even whisper his objections.

He bowed and left the room, angry that nothing had been accomplished, relieved that within twenty-four hours the matter would probably be settled, and not quite so confident of the power of money as he had been for many years.

TOM arrived at his home early enough to have his bath at the usual hour. Though he had never been taked to account for his movements he nevertheless made it a point to breakfast with his father. He would do so today. There was no occasion to say he had been to Boston or that he had slept in a Pullman.

As a matter of fact he had not slept well. The stateroom seemed full of those clusive flower-fragrances that always made him think of her, particularly sweet peas—a beautiful flower and of such delicate colors, emsembere of them for years. He really loved them, he now discovered. Their odor always tinged his thoughts with a vague spirit of romance; and this, in turn, in some subtle way rendered him more susceptible to the lure of adventure. It almost made him feel like a boy.

For all the stimulating reaction of his

cold plunge Tom looked a trifle tired about the eyes at breakfust.

Mr. Merriwether looked at his son with eyes that also looked tired, said "Good morning, Tom!" in his usual tone of voice, and hid behind his newspaper. Instead of

reading about the absurd demands of the





Paint is not complete without

Zinc in paint enhances or improves every quality for which you paint. It improves the looks; it improves the wear; it improves the protection.

Witness the evidence of all the best paint manufacturers. They always use Zinc in their best paints.

Witness the practice of modern painters. They always paint with Zinc paints.

Are you interested? Then write for the book, "Your Move."

The New Jersey Zinc Company, 55 Wall Street, New York

For big contract jobs consult our Research Bureau.

Your Spare Time + Our Plan = \$

HERE'S an equation that comes very near to your pocketbook. You have several spare hours every week—those hours just before dinner. Employed as we will direct, they will yield you several hundred dollars a year. This is a simple, straightforward offer. You one it to yourself to learn all the details. Address your inquiry to

Agency Decision, Box 502

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



A \$4.25 Quality

The standard price for a high-grade time is \$4.25 uppers. Or uppers, frame time sell at lower process. But the second hydrog makes with one you \$4.25 per

In the Condess Actor on the the utilises quality for \$2.48 per vir. You get Goody or sportly—for Lest these near our both You get the \$4 per tipe because their is the unity business. Environment of the property of the because the property of the because the plant.

output and modern equipment have brought root shown and though And out average panish and year was higher con-



Remember that Goodyear Actumobile time hold. top play in Turches. They extend any other. So the Good year Moreovy detrees. The Constrout. Addiss. structs, ruther Directly time to mouth the black suggest expression. for the sugge factory, and by the same Goodynar econducts.

GOOD YEAR

ASSON, 20220

How to Get Them. Coder from its direct. For the 16th How to Get Them. Coder from its direct. For the plan treal, and \$2 its per time. If we have a dealer ment with a refer will be filled through bline. Otherwise we will be filled to be the plan to be

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Dept. 224, Akron, Ohio

railroad workers all over the United States for higher wages he was thinking that he had never allowed anybody to do his work for him because he had always intended that Tom should succeed him. He had at one time fully intended to train Tom for the succession, to have him learn railroading from brakeman up.

Indeed the boy, after leaving college, had seemed much taken with the idea and listened with interest to his father's talks about his plans and desires and hopes. But with the great boom, that wonderful era of amazing reorganizations and stupendous consolidations, the great little man had been swamped by the flood of gold that poured into Wall Street.

And gold as usual had been gold to

And gold, as usual, had been ruthless in its demands on the great little man's time. For years he had averaged a net personal profit of a million a month; but it was not profit of a million a month; but it was not that he wished to make more money. It was that his time no longer belonged to himself; it was not his family's, but his associates'—not his only son's, but his many syndicates'. And he had devoted himself to the welfare of his syndicates and had written a dazzling page in the annals of Wall Street.

But what about his son's present and the future of the Merriwether roads? If Tom died the Merriwether dream would follow him—but that would be a natural death at the hands of God. If Tom lived and refused to be a Merriwether the death of the Merriwether dreams would be by slow strangulation-in short, hell!

His promise to the brother of the woman who had a daughter that might prove to be the executioner of his dreams stared him in the face. The situation called for tact and skill and superhuman self-control. He liked to fight in the open; but this was not a hattle for more millions; it involved more than the deglutition of a rival railrond.

McWayne had reported that Tom had acted like a lunctic when he could not secure the room in the Hotel Lorraine that had been engaged by Mrs. Calderon and daughter. The only ray of light was that Tom had not talked to the ladies.

"Tom," asked Mr. Merriwether casually, "have you anything on special for this morning?" His promise to the brother of the woman

Torn had in mind a visit to 777 Blank Avenue, at which he promised himself to end the affair; but he asswered: "N-no."

"I mean," said the father, speaking even more casually because he noted the hesitancy, "anything that could not be done just as well in the afternoon."

"Oh, no—I have nothing special; in fact, nothing at all," said Tom.

Mr. Merriwether saw in his reply merely Tom's way of not declaring his intention to see the girl.

"Then I wish you would come downtown with me. I have some papers I want you to look over, and we'll have luncbeon together. What do you say?" A prisoner accused of murder in the first

degree does not listen to the jury's verdict with more interest than E. H. Merri-wether waited for Tom's reply, for at this crisis he realized that he had not been in his son's confidence in those other important

son's confidence in those other important little crises of boyhood that breed in sons the habit of confiding in fathers.

"Sure thing!" said Tom cheerfully.

Though thus relieved of some of his fears there remained with E. H. Merriwether the determination that Tom had not volunteered any information. The little car of the Pacific and Southwestern was so intelligent that concernity he was fundamentally the Pacific and Southwestern was so intelli-gent that generally he was fundamentally just. He did not exactly blame Tom for not confiding in him, but, also, he did not blame himself. And this was because he had habituated himself to paying for his mistakes in dollars. What could not be paid off in dollars was never a mistake, though it might well be a misfortune. They went downtown together. Mr.

Merriwether took Tom into one of his halfdozen private offices, made him sit down in one of those over-comfortable armchairs that you paradoxically find in busy Wall Street offices, and said to him very seriously: "My son, here is the history of the Pacific and Southwestern System from its very start. It goes back to the early stageline days and is brought up to today. I had it prepared in anticipation of an ill-advised congressional investigation. I have thus far succeeded in staving off the investigation-not because I was afraid of it or because it might hurt me, but because the market was

in bad shape to stand alarmist rumors.
"Other people would have quite unnec-Other people would have quite unac-essarily lost money. As soon as the inves-tigation cannot be used as a bear club l'il let up opposing it. I'll even help it. I want you to read this book because it is written with complete frankness in order to spike certain political guns. You will get in it the full story of what has been done and what we have still to be allowed to and what we hope still to be allowed to accomplish. When you get through with it you'll know as much about the system as

The old man had spoken quietly and impressively. Tom was so pleased at having something to occupy his mind and keep it from dwelling on the girl he had never seen

and the exasperating scoundrel at 777 Black.

Avenue that his face lighted up with joy.

"You could not have given me anything to do that I'd like better, dad!" he said, with such obviously sincere enthusism that Mr. Merriwether felt profoundly grate-

ful for this blessing.

Then came the inevitable reaction and with it the thought: "Have I guined a successor only to lose him to some

He shook his head, clenched his jaws and looked at his watch. It was not yet time to go to fight for the possession of his son. He had much to do before he left his office

He had much to do before he left his office to go to 777 Blank Avenue.

"Tom," he said, "you stay here until I return—will you?"

"You bet!" smiled Tom, looking at the thickness of the system's history.

"I have a meeting or two before lunch-eos, but I'll try not to let them interfere."

"Any time before three, boss!" said his son cheerfully.

"Any time before three, boss!" said he son cheerfully.

His heir and successor—but, above all and everything, his son! There was no sacrifice he would not make for this boy to keep him from blighting his own career and his father's hopes, he added, with the selfishness of real love.

You have the contract the contract of the contract three contracts and the contract three contracts and the contract three contracts are contracted to the contract three contracts are contracted to the contract three contracts and contract three contracts are contracted to the contract three contracts a

Knowing that Tom was safely imprisoned and could not marry at least for a few hours, he was able to concentrate his mind

hours, he was able to concentrate his mind on his railroad's affairs. He disposed of the more urgent matters. At ten-forty he sent for McWayne.

"I'm going to 777 Blank Avenue."

"Again?" inadvertently said the private secretary. Mr. Merriwether looked at him, McWayne went on to explain: "I've had a man watching it since we found Tom called there—just before going to Boston."

"Right! I expect to be back in time to lunch with Tom; but if I should be delayed —" He paused.

"Yes, sir?"

— delayed heyond one o'clock, have

"Yes, sir?"

"delayed beyond one o'clock, have luncheon brought from the Meridian Club and tell Tom I wish him to stay until I return. This is important."

"Yes, sir."

"I think that is all."

"If no word is received from you by—"McWayne paused. Mr. Merriwether finished: "By two o'clock, come after me. But always remember the newspapers!"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll telephone before two in case I expect to stay beyond that hour."

"Yery well, sir."

E. H. Merriwether put on his hat, familiar to the world through the newspaper caricaturists—and walked toward the door. Then he did what he never before had done—be repeated an order! He said to McWayne:

"He world through the said to McWayne: McWayne:

"Look after Tom!"

Then he went to 777 Blank Avenue to learn whether Tom was to be his pride and successor or his sorrow and dream-slayer.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



AN AMERICAN VANDAL

(Continued from Page 19)

shops carry their wares on commission from the stocks of the same manufacturing jewelers; the old He de la Cité, with the second-hand bookstalls stretching along the quay, and the Seine placidly meandering between its manmade, manruled banks.

Days spent here seem short days; but that may be due in some part to the differ-ence between our time and theirs. In Paris, you know, the day ends five or six hours earlier than it does in America.

The two Palaces of Fine Arts are fine enough; and finer still, on beyond them, is the great Pont Alexandre III; but, to my untutored instincts, all three of these, with their clumpings of flag standards and their grouping of marble allegories, which are so aching-white to the eye in the sunlight, seemed overly suggestive of a World's Fair as we know such things in America.

Seeing them I knew where the architects who designed the main approaches and the

who designed the main approaches and the courts of honor for all our big expositions got their notions for color schemes and statuary effects. I liked better the two ancient triumphal arches of St.-Martin and St.-Denis on the Boulevard St.-Denis, and much better even than these the tre-mendous sweep of the Place de la Concorde,

mendous sweep of the Place de la Concorde, which is one of the finest squares in the world—and the one with the grimmest, bloodiest history, I reckon.

The Paris to which these things properly appertain is at its very best and brightest on a sunny Sunday afternoon in the parks where well-to-do people drive or ride, and their children play among the trees under the eyes of nursemalds in the quaint costumes of Normandy—though, for all I know, it may be Picardy.

Elsewhere in these same parks the not-

Elsewhere in these same parks the notso-well-to-do gather in great numbers-some drinking harmless sirupy drinks at the guy little refreshment kiosks; some packing themselves about the man who has amed the tree sparrows until they come at his call and hive in chattering, fluttering swarms on his head and his arms and shoulders; some applauding a favorite game of the middle classes that is being played in

of the middle classes that is being played in every wide and open space.

I do not know its name—could not find anybody who seemed to know its name—but this game is a kind of glorified battle-lore and shuttlecock played with a small, hard ball capable of being driven high and far by smartly administered strokes of a nide-headed, rimmed device shaped like a sambourine. It would seem also to be equisive to its proper playing that each stayer shall have a red coat and a full spade peard, and a tremendous amount of speed peard, and a tremendous amount of speed and skill. If the ball gets lost in anybody's whiskers I think it counts ten for the oppos-ng side; but I do not know the other rules.

The Red-Eared Artist

certain indefinable, unmistakably fallic flavor or piquancy savors the life of he people; it disappears only when they ease to be their own natural selves. A coman novelist, American by hirth, but a esident of several years in Paris, teld me story illustrative of this.

The incident she narrated was so typical hat it could never have happened except Paris, I thought. She said she was one f a party who went one night to dine at a tile cafe much frequented by artists and rt students. The host was bimself an rtist of reputation. As they dined there attered a tall, gloomy figure of a man with long, ugly face full of fixible wrinkles.

ach a figure and such a face as instantly ommanded their attention.

This man slid into a seat at a table near heir table and had a frugal meal. He had eached the stage of demitasse and digarette has been already as a such and such as the had done our and such as the had a such a such as the had a s hen he laid down cup and eigarette and, stching a bit of cardboard and a crayon ut of his pocket, began putting down lines nd shadings; between strokes he covertly tudied the profile of the man who was

iving the dinner party.

Not to be outdone the artist hauled out is drawing pad and pencil and made a nick sketch of the longfaced man. Both nished their jobs practically at the same noment; and, rising together with low bows, hey exchanged pictures—each had done rattling good caricature of the othernd then, without a word having been poken or a move made toward striking ip an acquaintance, each man sat him lown again and finished his dinner.

The lone diner departed first. When the party at the other table had had their coffee they went round the corner to a little circus—one of the common type of French circuses, which are housed in permanent wooden buildings instead of under tents. Just as they entered, the premier clown, in spangles and peak cap, bounded into the ring. Through the coating of powder on it they recognized his wrinkly, mobile faceit was the sketchmaking stranger whose handiwork they had admired not half an hour before.

Hearing the tale we went to the same circus and saw the same clown. His ears were painted bright red—the red ear is the inevitable badge of the French clown—and he had as a full for his funning a comic countryman known on the program as Auguste, which is the customary name of all comic countrymen in France; and, though I knew only at second hand of his artistic abilities, I am willing to concede that he was the drollest master of pantomime I

On leaving the circus, very naturally we went to the cufé where the first part of the little dinner comedy had been enacted. We encountered no artists, professional or amateur, of blucklead and bristolboard, but we met a waiter there who was an artist-in his line. I ordered a cigar of him, speci-fying that the cigar should be of a brand made in Havana and popular in the States. He brought one cigar on a tray. In size and shape and general aspect it seemed to answer the required specifications.

Some Sepulcher

The little belly band about its dark-brown abdomen was certainly orthodox and reg-ular; but no sooner had I lit it and taken a couple of puffs than I was seized with the conviction that something had crawled up that eight and died. So I examined it more that eight and died. So I examined it more closely and I saw then that it was a bad French eight, artfully adorned about its middle with a second-hand band, which the waiter had picked up after somebody else had plucked it off one of the genuine articles and had treasured it, no doubt, against the coming of some unsophisticated patron such as I. And I denot whether that could have happened anywhere except in Paris either. in Paris either.

That is just it, you see try as hard as you please to see the real Paris, the Paris of petty largeny and small, mean graft intrudes on you and takes a peck at your purse. Go where you will, you cannot scape it.

You journey, let us assume, to the Tomb of Napoleon, under the great dome that rises behind the wide-armed Hôtel des Invalides. From a splendel rotunda you look down to where, craftily touched by the softened lights streaming in from high above, that great sarcophagus stands hous-ing the bones of Bonaparte; and above the ing the bones of Bonsparte; and above the entrance to the crypt you read the words from the last will and testament of him who sleeps here: "I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, among the French people I have so well loved."

And you reflect that he so well loved

them that, to glut his lusting after power and yet more power, he led sundry hundreds of thousands of them to massacre and mutilation and starvation; but that is the way of world-conquerors the world over and has absolutely nothing to do with this tale. The point I am trying to get at is, if you can guze unmoved at this sepulcher you are a clod! And if you can get away from its vicinity without being held up and gouged by small grafters you are lucky!

Not tombs nor temples nor sanctuaries are safe from the profane and polluting feet of the buzzing plague of them. You journey miles away from this spot to the great cemetery of Pere Lachaise. You trudge past seemingly unending, constantly unfolding miles of monuments and mausoleums; you view the storied urns and animated busts that mark the final restingplaces of France's illustrious dead. And as you marvel that France should have had so many illustrious dead, and that so many of them at this writing should be so dead, out from behind De Musset's vault or Marshal Ney's comes a snoopy, smirky wretch to pester you to the desperation that is red-eyed and homicidal with his picture post cards and his execrable wooden carvings and his mere presence!



Facts upon Facts

furnish convincing evidence of METZ all 'cound efficiency. U.S. Government engineers, employed at present on canal construction in eastern Washington, tested a number of makes to find the car that would travel the rough roads of that section; and they selected, and purchased, the METZ "22."

In the Australian "Reliability Trials," Sydney to Melbourne, a four days' contest, the METZ "22" made a perfect performance, scoring 600 points out of a possible 600. And here at home it won the Glidden Tour from Minneapolis to Sucier National Park, Mont, the three METZ care here it to ON). Very that held decide cover for the entire

Mont., the three METZ care being the ONLY cars that held perfect scores for the entire eight days of that contest.



METZ "22" **P410**

One of the hig features of the METZ "22" is its gentless transmission. With so clutch to slip and no gents to strip, it does away entirely with gent trouble.

The METZ "22" is extremely economical in operation. It travels 28 to 32 miles on 1 gallon of gasoline, 100 miles on 1 pint of lighticiting tail, and often does 10,000 miles on a single set of tires.

till, and offen used of their Prospect Hill, near The METZ "II" climbs Prospect Hill, near Baston, on the high speed. They hall is nearly I mile lung, with a grade of from 5 to 21 per cell.

The METZ "22" made a record non-step, run of 1,600 miles, Boston to Minocapolis, in 880. 33m., without requiring a single adjustment

to ragine or any working part.

EQUIPMENT includes four-cylinder waternegative and includes four-cylinder water-cooled motor. Boach magnets, wind shield, top, 5 happs, artillery wheels, best quality Goodrich clincher tires, horn, purey, tools, etc. Left hand delve, center control, \$475.00. METZ" Speciator."—Were wheels, individ-ual seats, Prestolite tank, and other special features, \$500.00.

New illustrated Catalog "E" now ready. We want a representative in every city and town; write for special terms.

METZ COMPANY.

WALTHAM, MASS.



\$25.00 a Week to Students This Summer

WE have several hundred positions for high school or college students who can devote all or a part of their time this summer to representing THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE COUNTRY GEN-TLEMAN. Appointments are being made now, and any young man or woman student who wishes to make money and at the same time rnjoy a pleasant vacation should apply at once.

What Others Did Last Summer

MISS STELLA WILLIAMS, OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, carned over \$2000.00 in fourteen weeks. Another year she plans financing a trip abroad by the same method.

J. BACHORITCH, OF THEUNI-VERSITY OF NEBRASKA, averaged UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, over \$100,00 a week during the months of July and August alime.

LLOYD G. HALL, OF THE UNI-VERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, earned COLLEGE, OHIO, with only a little over \$2100,00 by three months' work—time at her disposal, earned over COLLEGE, OHIO, with only a little time at her disposal, earned over \$135.00 in less than six weeks.

THE INDIANA NORMAL SCHOOL, PENNSYLVANIA. earned over \$400.00 in a single month. KLROY M. PHULIPS, OF THE earned \$60.00 a week for several contingogs weeks.

HUNDREDS OF OTHERS earned from \$15.00 to \$100.00 a week during their summer holidays. Nearly all who worked actively made \$35.00 or more a week.

The work can be carried on in your home town, or you may travel alone in with other students, as you prefer. If you want to make your vacation a "worth-while" one, application should be made immediately.

Educational Division, Bes 505

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

You fight the persistent vermin off and flee for refuge to that shrine of every Amer-ican who knows his Mark Twain—the joint grave* of Hell Loisy and Abie Lard† and lo! in the very shadow of it there lurks a blood brother to the first pest! I dely you to get out of that esemetery without buying some-thing of no value from one or the other, or

thing of no value from one or the other, or both of them. The Communists made their last stand in Père Lachaise. So did I! They went down fighting. Same here! They were licked to a frazzie. Ditto, ditto! Next, we will say, Notre Dame draws you. Within, you walk the clattering flags of its dim, long aisles; without, you peer aloft to view its gargoyled waterspouts, learing down like nightmares caught in the very set and frozen to stone. The spirit of the place possesses you; you conjure up a the place possesses you; you conjure up a vision of the little maid Esmeralda and the squat hunchback who dwelt in the tower above—and at this precise moment a foul vagabond pounces on you and, with a wink that is in itself an insult and a smile that should earn for him a kick for every inch of its breadth, he draws from beneath his coat a set of masty photographs—things which no desent man could look at without gag-ging and would not carry about with him

on his person for a million dollars in cash.

By threats and hard words you drive him off; but seeing others of his kind drawing nigh you run away, with no particular destination in mind except to discover some spot, however obscure and remote, where the wicked cease from troubling and the

weary may be at rest for a few minutes.
You cross a bridge to the further bank of the river and presently you find yourself -at least I found myself there in one of the very few remaining quarters of old Paris, as yet untouched by the scheme of improve-ment that is wiping out whatever is medieval and therefore unsanitary, and making it all

over -modern and slick and shiny.

Losing yourself - and with yourself your sense of the reality of things - you wander into a mane of tall, beetle-browed old houses with tiny windows that lower at you from under their dormered lids like hostile eyes. Above, on the attic ledges, are boxes of flowers and coops where caged larks and linnets pips cheery statches of song; and on beyond, between the caves, which bend toward one another like gossips who would swap whispered confidences, is a strip of sky.

Below are smells of age and dampness— and there is a rich, nutritious garlicky smell too; and against a jog in the wall a frowny but picturesque ragpicker is asleep on a pile of sacks, with a big sleek cat asleep on his breast.

Villon's Unanswered Question

You pass a little church, sagged and lopped with the weight of the years; and through its doors you catch a vista of old pillars and soft half-lights, and twinkling candles set on the high altar. Not even the jimerackery with which the Latin races dress up their holy places and the graves of their dead can entirely dispel its abiding, broading air of peace and majesty.

You heave a recoment outside just such a

You linger a moment outside just such a tavern as a certain ragged poet of parts might have frequented the while be penned his versified inquiry, which after all these centuries is not yet satisfactorily answered, touching on the approximate whereabouts of the snows that fell yesteryear.

Midway of a winding alley you seem to

Midway of a winding alley you come to an ancient wall and an ancient gate crowned with the half-effaced quarterings of an ancient house, and you halt—almost ex-pecting that the rusted hings will creak a warning and the wooden halves begrudg-ingly divide, and that from under the alewed arch will issue a most gallant swaabbuckler with his buckles all buckled and his swash swashing—hence the name.
At this juncture you feel a touch on your

shoulder. You spin on your heel, feeling at your hip for an imaginary sword. But 'tis not Master François Villon, in tattered doublet, with a sonnet. Nor yet is it a jaunty blads, in silken cloak, with a chal-lenge. It is your friend of the obscene photograph collection! He has followed you all the way from 1914 clear back into the Middle Ages, biding his time and hoping you will change your mind about investing in his nasty wares.

With your wife or your sister you visit-the Louvre. You look on the Winged Victory and admire her classic but somewhat

Being French, and therefore remainical, those two are, as it were, splitting use tomb between

Popular tourist pronouelation.

bulky proportions, meantime saying to yourself that it certainly must have been a mighty hard battle the lady won, because she lost her head and both arms in doing it. You tire of interminable portraits of the

You tire of interminable portraits of the Grand Monarch—showing him grouped with his wife, the Old-fashioned Square Upright; and his son, the Baby Grand; and his prime minister, the Lyre; and his brother, the Yellow Clarinet, and the rest of the orchestra. You examine the space on the wall where Mona Lisa is or is not smiling her inscrutable smile, depending on whether the open season for Mona Lisas has come or has passed.

come or has passed.

Wandering your weary way past acres of the works of Rubens, and miles of Titians, and townships of Corots, and ranges of Michelangelos, and quarter sections of Raphaels, and government reserves of Leonardo da Vincis, you stray off finally into a side passage to see something else, leaving your wife or your sister behind in one of the main galleries. You are gonouly a minute or two, but returning you find her furiously, helplessly angry and embarrassed; and on inquiry you learn shous been enduring the ordeal of being egicle by a small, wormy-looking professional firt who has gone without shaving for two or three years in a desperate endeavor in come or has passed. or three years in a desperate endeavor to resemble a real man.

Somebody will some day take a squirtgun and a pint of insect powder and destroy these little, hairy caterpillars who infest all parts of Paris and make it impossible for a respectable woman to venture on the streets unaccompanied!

Shaking Your Own Dust

Let us, for the further adornment and final elaboration of the illustration, say that you are sitting at one of the small round tables which make mushroom beds under the awnings along the boulevards. All about you are French people, enjoying themselves in an easy and a rational and an inexpensive manner. As for yourself, all you desire is a quiet half hour in which to

you desire is a quiet half hour in which to read your paper, sip your coffee, and watch the shifting panorama of street life.

That emphatically is all you ask—merely that and a little privacy. Are you permitted to have it? You are not.

Beggars beseech you to look on their afflictions. Sidewalk venders cluster about you. And if you are snoking the spark of your cigar inevitably draws a full delegation of those moldy old whiskerados who follow the profession of collecting butts and quids. They hover about you, watchful as

follow the profession of collecting butts and quids. They hover about you, watchful a chicken hawks; and their bleary eyes envy you for each puff you take, until you grow uneasy and self-reproachful under their glare, and your smoke is spoiled for you.

Very few men smoke well before an audience, even an audience of their own selection; so before your cigar is half finished you toss it sway, and while it by yet in air the watchers leap forward and squabble under your feet for the prize. Then the winner emerges from the scramble and departs along the sidewalk to seek his next victim, with the still-emoking trophy impaled on his steel-pointed tool of trade. In desperation you rise up from there and flee away to your hotel and hide in your room, and lock and double-lock the doors and begin to study timetables with a view

and begin to study timetables with a view to quitting Paris on the first train leaving for anywhere—the only drawback to a speedy consummation of this happy propect being that no living creature can fathom the meaning of French timetables.

It is not so much the aggregate amount of which they have despoiled you—it is the knowledge that every other person in Paris is seeking and planning to nick you for some sum, great or small; it is the realization that, by reason of your ignorance of the language and the customs of the land. you are at their mercy, and they have no mercy—that, as Walter Pater so succincily phrases it, is what gets your goat -and gets it good!

So you shake the dust from your feet your own dust, not Paris' dust-and you depart per hired back for the station and per train from the station. And as the train draws away from the trainshed you behold behind you two legends or inscriptions repeated and reiterated everywhere on the

walls of the French capital.

One of them says: English Spoken Here
And the other says: Liberality! Economy! Fragality!

Editor's Note-This is the seventh of a series articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The eighth will appear in an early issue.

THE MEANING OF THE *HAY-PAUNCEFOTE TREATY*

(Continued from Page 4)

two Powers which before acted jointly, so that all other Powers must agree to ob-serve its rules on a plane of equality among

themselves?

The Government of the United States objected to requiring all nations desiring the use of the canal to agree to observe its rules, on the ground that such an agreement would make those nations parties to ment would make those nations parties to the contract and thus give them contract rights in the canal. Mr. Hay proposed to change the reading of Lord Lansdowne's suggestion to "all nations observing these rules"; thus preserving the distinction al-roady made plain in Lord Lansdowne's amendment between the nation adopting and the nations observing the rules, but with-out making them parties to the contract.

out making them parties to the contract.

The question still remains: Did the assumption of the full control of the canal by the United States in any way affect the pledge of the United States Government in the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty to accord to all nations terms of entire equality with

The change in the relations between the high contracting parties expressed in the new treaty seems to imply a change in this respect also; and Lord Lansdowne appears to have thought it did, for he proposed the insertion in the new treaty of the words, now for the first time suggested: "Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable."

If it was clearly understood that the United States and all nations observing the rules were to be subject to identical conditions and charges of traffic, would there have been any occasion to demand of the United States that these should be just and equitable? Could the United States Government, on the assumption that "entire" ernment, on the assumption that "entire equality" applies to itself and other nations, have any motive for imposing conditions and charges of traffic that were not just and

equitable on its own citizens?

This new insertion apparently implies the conviction that entire equality with the the conviction that entire equality with the United States was no longer, as in the first Hay-Pauncefete Treaty, a prerogative of the other Powers, including Great Britain; and that the only way to guard against excesses by the United States was not, as might otherwise be expected, to write into the treaty the simple words, No other conditions or charges of traffic are to be demanded than those paid by vessels of the United States, but, instead, the far feebler provise, cuits meaningless if entire equality. proviso, quite meaningless if entire equality were already accorded: Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable! Undoubtedly Great Britain was, to use

Lord Lansdowne's expression, making a "self-denying ordinance." The new treaty was radically different from the old. The compensation to Great Britain, however, was twofold. Without these changes the canal would probably never be built, and Great Britain was desirous that it should be built; but, in addition, Great Britain was relieved of responsibilities by placing the control exclusively in the hands of the United States.

Could Great Britain expect, under these circumstances, to obtain entire equality in all the advantages of the canal? What com-

pensation in that case would the United States receive for assuming not only the cost of construction but the responsibilities

Great Britain thus evaded? If the transaction is to be esteemed a fair bargain, such as should preserve the honor of both nations-and it is difficult to see how the honor of one can be involved without involving the honor of the other-it was just that the United States should receive some compensation for undertaking singlehanded to open a great waterway between the oceans that all nations observing its rules should use on equal terms. This was duly recognized by Lord Lansdowne, and

there is not a word in the entire correspondence that is not inspired by a spirit of equity on both sides.

It would be as dishonorable to interpret unjustly the meaning of this treaty, and to insist that one side never really gave up anything, as to have made the treaty itself dishonorable or dishonoring to either side. In authorizing the signature of the treaty, as finally agreed on, Lord Lansdowne, in his final instructions to Lord Pauncefote, reverts to the words "all nations" and Mr. Hay's change in the form he had sug-

gested, by remarking:
"His Majesty's Government were pre-pared to accept this amendment, which seemed to us equally efficacious for the purpose which we had in view-namely, that of insuring that Great Britain should not be placed in a less advantageous position than other Powers."

It would seem absurd to claim for Great Britain all that was voluntarily surrendered in her self-denying ordinance. Her rights appear thereby to have been reduced to the use of the canal on terms of equality with all nations observing the rules, with the added provise that "Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable." All other rights in the canal are accorded by the treaty now in force to the Government of the United States, whose only duties to foreign nations are defined in the following paragraph: the following paragraph:

"The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules, on terms of entire equality; so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions and charges of traffic or other-wise. Such conditions and charges of traffic shall be just and equitable."

THE PRINCIPLE OF NEUTRALIZATION UN-AFFECTED. It was not intended that these changes in the treaty should affect the gen-eral principle of neutralization: and Mr. Hay, in recognition of the concessions made by Great Britain in the treaty of November 18, 1901, voluntarily proposed, and it was formally agreed to the fourth article, that no change of territorial sovereignty absolute affect the obligations of the tigh contracting parties under the present treaty.

Since the ratification of the second Hay-Prancetose Treaty the United States has equired by purchase from the Republic of Panama the right to exercise severeign au-thority over the Canal Zone and the adjaent waters within the three-colle limit; but this in no way affects the general principle

of swatcolination.

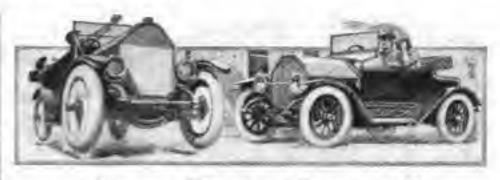
It is important, however, to comprehend the assuming of the term unitralization and the powers implied in the control of neutral-zed territory. Belgium, Switzerland and Laxenhurg are pentralized status; but their domestic concerns are in no way affected by this fact. Their duty consists solely in maintaining and defending their neutrality as between foreign Powers. Their sovereign rights are in no way shridged. Within their own territory all of these rights remain intact.

No other Power has a right to interfere with the relation between their kremeurus and their dominate commerce. under a solemn obligation, voluntarily as sumed, to treat other Powers alive, on far as privileges within their territory are occcerned; and especially not to permit their territory to be used as a military hase or source of supplies for belligerents. This is previsely what the Government of the United States is piedged to do in respect to all na-tions observing the rules of neutralization usopted by the United States—namely, to furnish equal treatment and some service In the canal:

If it were contembed that the Government of the United States should enjoy no divileges in the canal other than those possed by the nations observing its rules. there would be no historic example of noutralization and no intelligible definition of the term on which such a contention could be based. This contention would impos the builders of the canal such servitude to nonmitractants as was never yet imposed by any Power on the owner of any neutralized object.

What, under that interpretation, would become of the agreement in the second arti-cle, that "the said Government shall have and enjoy all the rights invident to such construction, as well as the enclusive right of providing for the regulation and management of the canal"?

"It is true that all these rights are subject to the provisions of the present treaty; but 'they are not subject to theories and definitions not in harmony with these provisions. and they causet be in any way legally



In a "Tight Corner"

You flirt with disaster if you neglect brake lining. You' cando without fancy "extras" on the car you drive-but for safety's sake you must have brake lining on which you can depend.

Brake lining must give uniform gripping power clear throughnot merely on the outside. Then it remains reliable till worn paperthin. Such is Thermoid.

Cut a strip of Thermoid open. Break open the ordinary. Compare their centers. You can see the difference in gripping power.

mermora



Hydraulic compression is the reason Thermoid has the most uniform gripping power. It ex-plains why its density is fixed. Why it cannot be burned outnor affected by oil, water, gasoline, dirt. Why it is used exclusively by so many makers of foremost cars, such as the Peerless, Lozier, White, American, Fiat, National, Marmon, etc.

Thermord HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED Brake Lining - 100%

Thermoid represents 60% more labor and contains 50% more material, size for size, than the ordinary.

Our Guarantee: Thermoid will make good - or uv will.

THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY Trenton, New Jersey

#自然是 计正规 医电阻性 医红色性

"Well That's Fine!!"



NO morning kicks or lost trains for the man who puts a Gem Damaskeene blade in his Gem Damaskeene frame and shaves -he starts right, looks right and feels right - because his razor is right - does this impress you?

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR outfit complete with 7 Gem Damaskeene Blades, in genuine morocco leather case, \$1.00. At all up-to-date dealers,



One Dollar Outfit

Gem Cutlery Co., 210-218 Eleventh Ave., New York

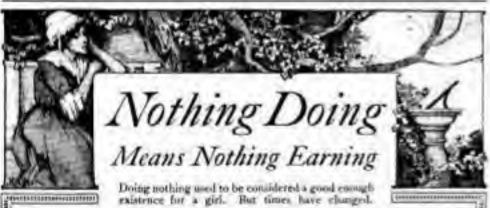


AKE each step sure. The Foster Friction Plug simply won't 1V1 let you slip. The extra quality of rubber makes your step-light and buoyant — easy as the cat's own.

CAT'S PAW HEELS last longer, because the Plug is put where the jar and wear come. And there are no holes to carry mud and dirt.

Get a pair of CAT'S PAW MEELS on your shoes today --black or tan. They cost no more than the ordinary kind.

FOSTER RUBBER CO., 105 FEDERAL ST., BOSTO!
Originators and parentees of the Fuster Friction Plug which presents elepting. 105 FEDERAL ST., BOSTON, MASS.



'ODAY, girls everywhere are waiting to be set to work. To any healthy girl with good red blood in her veins, and the ambitions and aspirations of normal girlhood, it is intolerable to be without an outlet for her energies and an income for her necessities. A very little experience of it shows her that

NOTHING IS MIGHTY CLOSE TO NOBODY

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL has a Club of girls who always find something doing and something earning. Its name is "The Girls' Club." You have doubtless heard of it. Since the first of October, 1913, its members have earned about \$58,000,00, and they have still bigger plans for the coming Summer months. Any gol who is fired of doing and earning nothing will learn what these plans are, and will receive a very cordial invitation to join the Club, by writing to the Manager. Ask her to send you (without charge) the little "Found An Hour for The Girls' Clab," Her saldress is

> WATER OF THE GREE CLUB THE LADIES' HOME TOURNAY, PULLADOLPHIA

limited, except by the clear and express stipulations of the treaty itself.

It has been claimed as a restriction on these rights that the preamble of the treaty now in force expressly states that its pur-pose is "to remove any objection which may arise out of the Convention of the nineteenth of April, 1850, commonly called the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, to the construction of such canal under the suspices of the Government of the United States, without impairing the general principle of neutral-ization established in Article VIII of that Convention"; and that, therefore, Article VIII of that treaty is still in force.

A careful examination of the article in question shows that this cannot possibly be the case; and that it is merely the general principle of neutralization, and not at all the specific form of neutralization presented in that article, which the second Hay-Pauncelote Trenty is designed not to impair. Article VIII of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty

contemplates the construction of a canal by neither government, but by some company to be formed for that purpose, under the protection of both governments. The canal is, in return for this equal protection, to be "open to the citizene and subjects of the United States and Great Britain on equal

Both governments are pledged not to ex-ercise any control over this tertium quid. Suppose, then, such a company had built the canal, would there be any doubt about its right to puss its own ships freely through its own waterway? Would there be any im-

own waterway? Would there be any impairment of the general principle of neutralization so long as all the protectors of the canal were equally served?

The difference between the Clayton-Rulwer Treaty and the accound Hay-Pauncefote Treaty consists precisely in this: In the Clayton-Hulwer Treaty the United States and Great Britain were joint protectors of a terrinem quid, while in the second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty the United States Government becomes, by a new and special agreement with Great Britain, both the sole owner and the sole protector of a canal built entirely at its own expense, while Great Britentirely at its own expense, while Great Britain reases to bear any burden or accept any responsibility as protector of the canal.

That the right to equal treatment agreed in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is based solely on participation in this obligation to protect the canal is evident from the last words of the article in question.

The article reads: " shall also be open on like terms to the citizens and mijects of every other state which is willing to grant thereto such protection as the United States and Great Britain engage to afford."

With the falling away of this protertion, which in the first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was still joint between the United States and Great Britain, and was to be shared by other Powers also, disappears entirely the specific form of neutrality embosiss in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty; and only the general principle, as already defined the general principle, as already defined remains—namely, that the owner grand entire equality to all nations observing

THE REMOVAL OF ALL AMBIGUITIES-If it be claimed that the language of the second Hay-Pauncefore Treaty is amig-ous, and that, therefore, the broader posible construction should be placed on it, there is a very simple method of ending al controversy regarding the obligation of

Let it be assumed that the Government of the United States is in honor bound to treat the vessels of all nations precisely all treats its own: what results from this concession? If such conditions and charge of truffic are to be just and equitable it is proper that every gross ton of shipping passing through the canal should bear in due proportion of the total interest clare and cost of maintenance, operation and defense of the canal.

If it be a point of honor on account of the obligations of the treaty for the Government of the United States to accord to the remels of all nations the same treatment

vessels of all nations the same treatment that is accorded to its own vessels, it is also a point of honor for all nations availing themselves of the use of the canal to make good to the treasury of the United States their share of the cost of the service rendered. It would, therefore, be fitting for the Government of the United States, if this construction is to be placed on the treaty, is add a rule requiring the nations using the canal to pledge themselves, as a condition of soloving its benefits. To pay from their of enjoying its benefits, to pay from the respective treasuries such sums as may be necessary to meet any deficit in the annul budget of the causal, in proportion to the gross tonnage of the vessels sailing under their respective flags.

Sense and Nonsense

Cheap Cottages

THE five-hundred-dollar cottage is an ideal that just now is having a great amount of experiment and study in England in the campaign for better housing. One such cottage has been built under very favorable conditions and many have been constructed at near this figure.

Each one, after being finished, has been given wide attention, and its faults as a model home have been pointed out. The latest idea considered is to put up a frame-work of structural steel, to hold grooved concrete slabs for walls and floors

Slabs of a waterproof composition would be used for the roof.

It has been stoutly claimed that, made in quantities at prevailing prices in England, it would be possible to build cottages of ten thousand cubic feet each in this way for five hundred dollars.

Anything to Please

DIGBY BELL, the actor, says be was D once playing a short engagement in a small Middle Western city, when, about an bour before the curtain went up for the matinee, a messenger from the front of the theater came to him as he sat in his dressing

room reading his mail.
"The house manager wants to know," said the emissary, "whether you expect him.

to dress up this afternoon."
"Well," said Bell, "I understand the audience will be fashionable. Tell the manager for me that I think it would be well for him to dress as he always does for his big matinée houses."

When the performance was over Bell alipped around to the box office to observe

the result of his advice.

The house manager stood at the door glorious in a dinner coat, dress waistcoat and broad white lawn tie.

Dyeing Rocks

DUMPING dyes into rock is a new way To discover whether the rock is solid in not, and hence whether it will make a good foundation. Holes are drilled in the rock intended for the foundation of a building and the dye is forced into the holes under pressure. More holes are then drilled near by, and if any rock dust comes up dyet the number and size of seams in the means then indicated. are then indicated.

The New Catechism

AWELL-KNOWN doctor of Savannah has two children—a little daughter, aged six, and a small son, aged four. One day he overheard the little girl putting let brother through an examination in Bitis

"Do you know who the first man and the first woman were?"
"Yeth, I do," lisped the boy,
"I'll bet you don't know their name,"
pressed the sister.
"I bet I do!" replied the little fellow.

"Well, what were their names, then Mr.

"Edem and Ab!" answered the little boy.

Refined Fish

BOB DAVIS, editor of Munsey's, was at the Hotel Cecil, in London, Glancing over the menu one morning at breakfast. he said to the waiter:

What is a whiting?"

"A whiting, sir," said the waiter, "is a fish, sir,"
"I know that," said Davis; "but what kind of a fish? How does it taste?"

The waiter pondered the matter for a

"I'll tell you, sir," he said: "A whiting is like a 'addock, sir-only more refined.'

HOW TO INTEREST INVESTORS

By ROGER W. BABSON

THE young business man who has read the preceding articles of this series has now a fair idea of how money is borrowed temporarily on various forms of notes. I have also endeavored to describe some of the inside workings of a bank and to give readers some friendly and fatherly advice the born to appear to a banker from his as to how to separate a banker from his money.

Many readers, however, desire to issue securities of a more permanent form, so as not to be disturbed every six months with note renewals. How to accomplish this feat will now be considered.

As was explained in a previous article, for many purposes money should only be raised through the issuance of additional capital stock to oneself or family; but there are other purposes for which the young business man is entitled to issue securities to the public, and the following three articles will be devoted to this phase of the subject.

articles will be devoted to this phase of the subject.

When a young business man goes to a banker for advice as to issuing bonds, pre-ferred stocks, or some other form of securi-ties to the public, the banker first asks the young man to describe to him the character of the business in which he is interested. All standard securities may today be grouped under one of the five following headings:

1—Railroad securities; 2—Traction se-curities; 3—Other Public-Utility securi-ties; 4—Industrial securities; 5—Mining securities.

There are styles and fashions in stocks and bonds just as in hats and dresses. To catch the timid investor, one must issue securities to the public when his special class of business is popular, and lie low when his special class of business is unpopular. Some one class of securities is always in favor and some other class is always in disfavor. The fashions of investments change from year to year as does the cut of coats. cut of coats.

One year steam-railroad securities are unpopular and traction securities are very popular; another year traction securities are unpopular and industrials are very much in favor. As ninety-five per cent of the people are like abeep and blindly follow one another, two conclusions can be drawn from the above statement: from the above statement:

The young man desiring to solicit funds for traction property should wait until traction securities are popular and then issue said securities, whether or not be is then in immediate need of additional funds. The young man interested in an industrial proposition, however, should not sacrifice his securities when traction securities his securities when traction securities are popular, but wait until industrials again come into favor.

The Psychological Moment to Sell

In other words, there is a psychological moment for the issuing of any one class of securities. As the wheel keeps going round, a man desirous of selling some one class of securities to the public should wait for the securities to the public should wait for the time when such class is in favor, and then "make hay while the sun shines." It is much easier for the man in need of funds to flost with the tide of popular favor than to attempt to row against this great tide by endeavoring to sell—at any time—securities of a class that for some reason is temporarily in disfavor.

Wise investors always seek to avoid purchasing that class of securities which are temporarily popular. When publicutility securities are popular and industrial securities are in disfavor, the wise investor

securities are in disfavor, the wise investor avoids purchasing public-utility securities and purchases the much-despised indus-

trials. Conversely, when the preferred stocks of industrial companies are very popular and railroads are in disfavor, then the wise investor avoids purchasing the popular industrials and—much to the disgust of his brokers and friends—buys the despised

railroads. Working with the tide the man in need of funds will be able to obtain his funds easier, at a lower rate and on better terms, and on the other hand the investor will

be able to obtain better securities at the lower price, thus yielding a higher rate of interest, by rowing against the tide.

RAILBOAD SECURITIES. The railroads of this country will probably some day be taken over by the Government at an appraised valuation, however much you and I may regret it. Practically speaking, this will take care of all the bond issues. With, however, a few exceptions, the bond and other obligations of the American railroads are worth all they are million for taken are worth all they are selling for today. Reorganizations are inevitable and the par value of certain issues will be cut down; but, in the writer's opinion, there is hardly an obligation of an American railroad today which, if an investor should purchase at present prices and hold on to it, will not

present prices and hold on to it, will not some time refund his money.

In the case of railroad stocks this is different. Much depends on the valuation of railroads now being carried on by the Government. Some stocks will be found to be worth more than par, while others will be found to be worth much less than par. If interested in the promotion of a railroad I should endeavor to keep the bonds myself and sell the stock to the public on a basis which will give these purchasers a handsome profit if the railroad gets a fair deal from the Government, and placing on these people the loss in case the placing on these people the loss in case the railroad does not get a fair deal.

The Tangible Property Basis

On the other hand, as an investor in rail-roads, I should endeavor to confine my purchases to the bonds and other obligations—especially certain four per cent boods selling at a large discount—unless I were in a position to study fundamental conditions and buy stocks.

TRACTION SECURITIES. At one time traction securities were very much in favor and it was very easy to sell bonds or stocks issued by street-railroad companies. Now that the people are getting wise, however, the franchise question is becoming a serious proposition. As franchises expire it is difficult to make a profitable trade with the municipality involved. Moreover, the labor factor is to become a distinct detriment to the street-railroad business.

If the writer personally were engaged in

to the street-railroad business.

If the writer personally were engaged in the street-railroad business at the present time, instead of endeavoring to sell additional securities, he would look round for something else to do, and become interested in some other line from which the cream had not been so thoroughly skimmed. However, this very fact that certain traction securities may be in disrepute during the next few years should make some of their bonds attractive to keen investors who have courage. who have courage.

Investors, however, should be very par-ticular to purchase only traction securities issued on a basis where they will be taken care of if the property is taken over by the state or the municipality at the actual value of the tangible property.

In other words, traction securities should not be purchased on the basis of the franchise value or even on the basis of earnings. Only actual tangible property should be considered by the investor in traction

OTHER PUBLIC-UTILITY SECURITIES. In this group I include the securities of lighting, water and power companies, which, for several reasons, have a number of advantageous leatures. The labor factor is very small in connection with lighting, water and power companies, and therefore, as wages increase, the expenses of these companies should not necessarily increase in any such proportion.

Moreover, the coming generation will probably use much more electricity and other modern conveniences than does even the present generation. Companies that derive their power from water should espe-cially be in favor as coal increases in price and as our streams and forests are conserved.

Promoters of such public utilities should have very little difficulty in placing additional securities at the proper time; and both promoters and investors are apt to



rock Fruit Floff - A Delicieus Old-Time Sweet
many Whose and An system of delight a sight can
be found in the croppe and True Ways to Lieu
mark Sweet Maderman, 2000 St. Peul, Hetroit, Mich.

WANTED-Reliable, Energetic Agentamind are possible for every member of bounding complete. Write today for exclusive Invited AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Inc., ROANDRE, VA.



The shoe for feet that are "down and out" is the Coward Arch Support Shoe with Coward Extension Heel. Its firm uplift gives immediate help to discouraged arch and ankle muscles, restoring them to position and health.

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel made by James S. Coward for over 34 years. FOR CHILDREN, WOMEN AND MEN Send for Cetalogue Meil Orders Filled Sold Nowbere Else

JAMES S. COWARD 284-214 Greenwich St., near Warren St., New York



kinks out of your muscles in a five minute opin to the ball field or golf course. Play is better than pluttling.

Ask your dealer the course of the trans-latters designed lived bloods plants. Bell assessed "I'ves Johnson" Ask files for the bestess and he'll not, "The liver Johnson on the line ren." Ask one racing man. The Si-page bank to the about Revolucies I we like see Changing Shot Game Diriches and latency view. It's rare.

IVER JOHNSON MOBICYCLE

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works 290 River Street; Estchburg, Manu-W Charters Street See Tech TAT REALIST PRINT

housand

Excluding Fords, approximately one car in five built in America this year will carry an ignition system that gives results amazing even to veteran motorists,

That system permits the engine to run both faster and slower than the best of other systems; it makes starting both easy and safe; in reliability and endurance it is in a class alone. More—it controls the spark advance automatically. It gives a safe automatic retard for starting, and the correct lead for all speeds and grades without hand evgulation. It is called the

Atwater Kent Ignition System

Chalmers Paige King Westcott Corbitt



The Atwater Kent System is not new to engineers. Nine years of stordy service have proved its worth. Over fifty thousand materiate are already enjisting the unique gain in flexibility and speed which it gives. Send what same of its users say:

"The Atwaies Kent System is practically the only one with a successful automatic quark advances which referees the driver of all trainers requires the writing of the spark, and these the spark as officiently at one speed as officers." R. E. Chill. S. Ch. Kinginser, Sames Marrier Ca.

"We get fully as much proces with the Armiter Kern Syetten at that secreta and more at less special, in a companyon, with infect stockers. The attention of the processing of the processing secretary that processing the efficient and party. The Armiter Kern, thereing and the second and appears to a pair. The Armiter Kern, therein a

affirmed ident for starting and it present the design the layerpy of the certicit is best in " f C \$400.00 g. Chart Sugment. For Canadamie Houseau Co. "The internsity of the spark down not every with the speed. The given not destroit auministial power at late opening under largey laught.

Phys., The Mariana Mindon Can Co. "Vorse approximative frage flant." Theory is no need of constituted which therein its no need of constituted which therein. H. V. L. 1900.

Exper Employee, Connects As pronounce, Co.

Llord by

Regal

Saxon

Norwalk

Meteor

We will startly be at liberty to annuance other provinced users.

Will you be one of the forecasts \$0,000 this past to gain the fast word in ignation service? Write to the nearest agent of any of the alless core, or to se, for booklet telling why the Atuater Kent Ignition System solds as encounted to make ing planeter.

Atwater Kent Mfg. Works Philadelphia

Would You Trade Three Years' Work For A Quarter-Section Farm?

Uncle Sam Has One For You.

Read LAND AND THE MAN

In Next Week's Issue of

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Five Cents the Copy of all Newsdealers

\$1.50 the Year be Mail.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

find them quite popular. The promoter, however, must not wait too long, but must sell them while they are in favor.

On the other hand, the investor must be very careful not to get caught while this class is popular, but rather wait until they are in disfavor, as they will have their turn like all others.

INDUSTRIAL SECURITIES. These probably fluctuate more than any other class in public favor. One year they are very popular and the next year they are very unpopular. The men engaged in industrial enterprises desiring to sell securities should plan to do so during these popular years; while investors should plan to buy industrial securities only during years when they are very much in disfavor. These cycles come about once in four years and may be readily recognized.

Personally the writer would advise small investors to invest only a small proportion of their money in industrials; but when such money is invested, cumulative seven or eight per cent preferred stock preferred also as to assets is usually the most desirable.

When purchasing railroad or traction securities the wise investor prefers bonds, letting the other fellow have the stock; but when purchasing into industrial companies the wise investor sometimes purchases the preferred stock. The common stock is too much of a gamble and should be owned by those actively engaged in the business; but if the preferred stack is not good the bonds are usually not good either.

MINISO SECURITIES. This group contains both the most profitable and the most dangerous varieties of investments—if such word can be used in this connection. There are certain classes of people who are bound to take a chance. If they cannot find mining stocks to buy they will play poleer or gamble through a bucketshop in railroads. Those of my friends desiring to raise money for mining purposes I urge to hunt up such people.

Do not try to sell bonds on a mine: de

not sell any mining securities to widows or orphans. Go to business men who want orphans. Go to business men who want to take a flyer with a specified proportion of their money. Tell them the truth—that if ore is struck they may make five dellars for every one dellar invested; while if not they will make a total itse. Business men are generally pleased by such frank statements, and it is often easy to interest them in mining propositions if one goes about it right.

I have not mentioned municipal securi-

ties in the above brief analysis, as most municipal bonds are perfectly good as to security, and the rate of interest simply depends on their convertibility. Bonds of well-known cities, which can quickly be sold, are issued at a lower rate than bunds of small towns, which have a limited market. Personally the writer prefers bonds of a medium-grade city in the Middle West. There is no use in investing in bonds that yield a very low rate, nor is it wise to purchase bonds of those very small towns that are almost impossible to sell.

Five Points for Investors

Investors, however, should be very particular only to purchase such municipal bonds as are secured by the entire municipality, and avoid so-called improvement bonds or assessment bonds, which bold only certain districts or streets.

The young business man can use for his selling talk the fact that every investor should have a certain proportion of his funds in the securities of each of the five classes mentioned above. This gives him an opportunity always to talk up his class— whatever it may be—to every investor.

A striking illustration of the need for

such distribution was fornished by certain fire-insurance companies after the San Francisco earthquake. It appeared that the companies' assets were largely invested in San Francisco real estate and enterprises where the bulk of its fire risks were concentrated. As a result, the very catastrophe that converted its risks into actual liabilitles deprived its assets of all immediate value.

There are five different features that investors observe in the selection of investments which the young business man desiring to raise money should carefully note. These are given by a Wall Street authority as follows:

1-SAPRTY OF PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST. in the quality of safety there is a marked

difference between safety of principal and safety of interest. With some investments the principal is much safer than the interest and vice versa. This can best be illustrated by examples.

The bonds of terminal companies, which are guaranteed as to interest under the terms of a lease by the railroads that use the terminal, are usually far safer as to interest than as to principal. While the lease lasts, the interest is probably perfectly secure; but when the lease expires and the bonds muture, the railroads may see fit to abandon the terminal and build one elsewhere if the city has grown in another direction; and the terminal may cease to have any value except as real estate.

2-RATE OF INCOME. A large part of the problem of investment lies in the careful selection of securities to meet one's actual requirements. The average investor does not thoroughly understand this point. He does not realize that a high degree of one qualities. He may have a general impression that a high rate of income is apt to indicate less assurance of safety, but he rarely applies the same reasoning to other qualities.

When he buys securities he is quite likely to pay for qualities he does not need. It is very common, for example, when he wishes to make a permanent investment and has no thought of reselling, to find him purchasing securities that possess in a high degree the quality of convertibility. This is pure waste for him; and the young business man desiring to interest an investor in the unlisted and inactive securities of his company should preach this fact. A high degree of convertibility is only obtained at the sacrifice of some other quality—usually rate of neome.

3 CONVERTIBILITY. The quality of convertibility divides investors into classes more sharply than any other quality. For some investors convertibility is a matter of small importance; for others it is the paramount consideration. Generally speak-ing, however, the young business man may assume that the private investor does not need to place much emphasis on the quality of convertibility - at least for the larger part of his estate.

On the other hand, for a business surplus ready convertibility is an absolute necessity; and in order to secure it something in the way of income must usually be sacrificed.

Well-Dressed Securities

4-APPRECIATION IN VALUE. "Again, some investors are so situated that they can insist strongly on the promise of apprecia-tion in value, while others cannot afford to do so. Rich men, whose income is in excess of their wants, can afford to forego some-thing in the way of yearly return for the sake of a strong prospect of appreciation in value. Such men naturally buy bank and trust-company stocks, the general chara-teristic of which is a small return on the money invested, but a strong tikelihood of appreciation in value."

5-STABILITY OF MARKET PRICE. Stability of market price is frequently a considera-tion of great importance. This quality tion of great importance. This quality should never be confused with the quality of safety. Safety means the assurance that the maker of the obligation will pay princi-pal and interest when due; stability of market price means that the investment will not shrink in quoted value. These are very different things, though frequently confused in people's minds. An investment may possess assured safety of principal and interest, and yet suffer a violent decline in quoted price owing to a general change in monetary conditions.

The lesson to be learned here by business men desiring to sell securities is that they must always issue them on a basis which will compare favorably with the going market price of similar investments. If they offer too high a rate people will be afraid that the securities are unsafe; while if they offer too little they are wholly unattractive.

This is very important to remember; in fact, as I opened this article by referring to fashions in securities, advising you young business men to conform thereto, I new close by urging you to also adapt yourselves to rate changes and conditions.

Really, if your securities are safe, only two things are necessary in order to sell them -namely: Dress them up in style and make them pay the going rate of interest.

DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR, SAY MUNSINGWEAR

BEYOND COMPARE

MUNSING

Union Suits for Men Women Children

The most in demand because the most satisfactory

More than 8,000,000 Munsingwear garments sold annually

NO GAPPING NO BINDING AT CROTCH

The fit won't wash out

Every required style and size

There's a right Munsingwear Size for You

For Name of Municipater Douber in Your Town, Address

The Northwestern Knitting Co.



Take a KODAK with you

Catalogue free at your dealer's, or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Kodak City.

THE SATURDAY EVENIG POST

An I' Veekly Founded enj. Franklin

MAY 23, 1914

5c. THE COPY

WHANKALL COMP

PRESIDENT WILSON ON MEXIC

Digitized by Google



"The Proof is in the Eating."

Painted by G. J. Perrett for Cream of Wheat Co.

Copyright 1014 by Cream of Wheat Co.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Independence Square Philadelphia

London 6, Henrietta Street Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D' 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914, by The Curtia Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Plaintelphia Post Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter of the Post-Office Department Ottowa, Copada

Volume 186

Y IDEAL is an

isforthesubmerged eighty-

live per cent of the people

of that Republic, who are

now struggling toward

fingers into a sinewy fist. He leaned forward in his

rhair-leaned forward as

a man leans forward who is about to start on a race,

his body taut, his muscles

tense. I could see the cords

stand out on the back of

his beck. His eyes were narrowed, his lips slightly

parted, his vigor and

Bang! He hit the desk

with that clenched fist.

The paper-knife rattled

gainst the tray and a few

pen letters stirred a bit

rom the jar of the blow.

"I challenge you," he aid, "to cite me an in-

tance in all the history of

he world where liberty

vas handed down from

bove! Liberty always is

ttained by the forces corking below, under-

eath, by the great move-

sent of the people. That,

avened by the sense of

amenthese impressive,

The President closed his

liberty."

orderly and right-

in Mexico; but my passion

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 25, 1914

Number 47

The President was in

evening dress, and he seemed strong and vigor-

our so he sait facing me at

the side of his donk. He

was waiting to go to a

conference between the Attorney-General, the Sec-

retary of War and Senator Thomas, of Colorado, over

the mining strike in the

President went freely and

frankly into the situation -

sold his ideals, his hopes,

dealing, of course, with the subject in a general rather

than in a specific way, be-

rause of the length of time

I hold him must muse he-

tween the talk and the

publication of what I might.

write concerning it, and

the knowledge that in a

slay-to-day event like this,

with its constantly shifting series of happenings, sum-

maries must be resorted to

rather than immediate

ident, which was on the

evening of April twenty-

seventh, only a few hours

after word food come that

Huerta would accept the

As a result of my con-

соппиеры,

his plans, his conclusions-

We talked for threequarters of an hour. The

Senator's state.

MEXICO: The Record of a Converse sation With President Wilson

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

Compile 2015 TRECORD INVOINT ENGINEE. Depoyle in Dear Friday



forcettery of State Reyon Rating Intersteamed in the White House Brusedte

Tong and oppression and a property of human rights to be attained, brings freedom." The project released from his terms attitude and smalled.

resident relaxed from his tense attitude and scaled.

"It is a curious thing," he continued, "that every demand for the intablishment of rier in Mexico takes into consideration, and order for the benefit of the people of fexico, the great mass of the population, but order for the benefit of the old-tuse regime, or the aristocrats, for the vested interests, for the men who are responsible for this very pudition of disorder. No one asks for order because order will help the masses of the cople to get a portion of their rights and their land; but all demand it so that the great where of property, the overloads, the hidalgos, the men who have exploited that rich contry for their own selfish purposes, shall be able to continue their processes undisturbed

the protests of the people from whom their wealth and power have been obtained.

"The dangers that beset the Republic are held to be the individual and corporate oubles of these men, not the aggregated injustices that have been heaped on this vastly eater section of the population that is now struggling to recover by force what has ways been theirs by right.

"They want order—the old order; but I say to you that the old order is dead. It is y part, as I see it, to aid in composing those differences so far as I may be able, that e new order, which will have its foundation on human liberty and human rights, shall evail."

We were sitting in the old Cabinet room, on the second floor of the White House, we changed to a library and workroom for the President. Two sides of the walls are sed with books, and opposite the mantel there hangs a great picture of the signing the Spanish War Peace Treaty, showing President McKinley gazing benignantly at cretary Day and the Spanish commissioner, who, seated side by side, are writing their mes on the document that formally ended the war of 1898. A great globe stands in the roor—a great blue globe, with many lines traced on it, many lines running from ashington to the South. There was a cluster of red roses in the corner, and a little seze fluttered the curtains of the windows that looked out on the fountain, the wonderful uses of bloom on the flowering trees, the new, soft green of the leaves, and the velvet the grass. A searchlight played on the tip of the Washington Monument and, far back, a dome of the Capitol swam mistily in the silver light of the new moon.

after of mediation roads to the representatives of Argentina, Brazil and Chile, I can state these conclusions, which will endure regardless of the outcome of mediation negotiations. The willed policy of the President, is regard to Mexico, will be as follows:

First - The United States, so long as Mr. Wilson is President, will not seek to gain a first of Mexican territory in any way or under any protest. When we have finished with Mexica, Mexica will be territorially intact.

Second—No personal aggrandizement by American investors or adventurers or capitalists, or exploitation of that country, will be permitted. Legitimate business interests that seek to develop rather than exploit will be encouraged.

Third—A settlement of the agrarian land question by constitutional means—such as that followed in New Zealand, for example—will be insisted on.

These are the materialistic ideals of President Wilson, the main points he has firmly in his mind. His future policy will rest on these foundations, regardless of what the moment may inject into the situation in the way of minor questions.

We talked for a few moments on that April evening of the historic associations of the portion of the White House where we were, which, until the time of President Rossevelt, was used by the Presidents as office and workroom by the clerical force, by the Cabinet, and as the public reception room. It was in this part of the White House that all the preliminaries of the Spanish War were decided on by President McKinley, and it was this portion of the White House that President Lincoln occupied as his office and workroom during the Civil War. Now it makes up a part of the home space in the White House; but in that library where we were sitting, and where McKinley's Cabinet debated the Spanish War and Lincoln's Cabinet debated the Civil War, a great many of the problems of Mexico, whether war problems or peace problems, have been and will be considered by President Wilson.

"Mr. President," I began, "I have recently been through the country somewhat, and I am constantly meeting men who have arrived from various states. I find and they find that, though the people of this country are patriotic and are loyally standing by the Administration, they do not, as a whole, know just what they are patriotic about."

"I have found that to be true, in a measure, myself," said the President: "and I am glad of an opportunity to explain my ideas and my ideals on the subject."

3

He stopped for a moment as though to select a place for beginning. I noticed that his face, instead of being pule, as it was the last time I saw him, was burned by the sun; that his eye was clear and bright, and his whole attitude that of a man who is strong and well. I noticed, too, that his hands were not burned by the sun; and as he talked I watched those hands and observed how he used them constantly-not in widespread gestures, but rather in supplementary and interpretative motions, as though he were a musician speaking the score of his music and playing the notes with his fingers as he went along. I doubt whether his hands, except when he thwacked the desk, moved more than twelve inches one way or the other; but they seemed almost a part of his speech, and expressed his various attitudes of mind and emotion when he proreeded as vividly as did the intonation of his voice and the emphasis of his words.

He sat back in his chair and half closed his eyes. His fingers faced and interlaced. Then he began to talk, clearly, simply, with a clarity of diction, a sequence of thought and a lucidity of expression that seemed even more remarkable than it really was when compared with the muddled speech of many of our statesmen. New and then he used a colloquialism. Once or twice he dropped into slang. He spoke of some one "butting in," and he said "We must hump ourselves!" He marshaled his facts with such precision and presented his ideas so cogently that it was apparent his viewpoint was the result of a long and continuous study of every phase of the minor problems involved in the great problem: Why are we in Mexico and

what are we going to do there?

"Every phase of the Mexican situation," the President said, "is bused on the condition that those in de facto control of the Government must be relieved of that control before Mexico can realize her manifest destiny."

The Peons' Struggle for Freedom

THE President made it clear that the United States has no quarrel with the Mexican people and that the Mexican people should have no quarrel with us. He sketched the conditions in Mexico under Diaz and came to the underlying cause for all the unrest in that country for many years. This, he said, was a fight for the land—just that and nothing more.

He pointed out how the landed aristocracy, originally given control of vast tracts of land by Spanish grants, had during succeeding years, by coercion, absorption and by other methods of force and with the support of the Goverament, taken away from the small landowners most of their properties, and had created the founds estates, where

the people were virtually slaves.

These processes were followed by the passage of a general law which made legal the condemnation of all land to the state that was not secured by a title which complied with provisions in the law that made most of the titles of the properties the landed aristocracy wanted easy of annulment. Farm after farm passed into the control of the big landowners and there was no recourse for the former owners or for their families but to work at dictated terms and

practically as slaves on the land that had formerly been theirs.

"Fortunately for the peops, but unfortunately for himself," the President continued, "Diaz permitted the establishment of a public-school system. He himself said he raised up the instrument that brought about his own destruction—the school system."

Weak and incomplete as this school system was and is, it nevertheless had the effect of helping in great measure toward the partial education of a sufficient number of the peons to make it easy for agitators to start revolutions. Revolutions were started. Finally there came the successful revolution of Madero and his supporters, and the exile of Diaz. This was fol-lowed by the killing of Madero, and the assumption of power by Huerta. The present revolution. like all preceding revolutions, is primarily a revolution by the peons who want to regain their land.

"To some extent," the President said, "the situation in Mexico is similar to that in France at the time of the Revolution. There are wide differences in many ways," he continued, "but the basic situation has many resemblances."

After the accession of Huerta the President definitely decided not to recognize that alleged Government and remained firm in that resolve. However, for many months, he has not been unaware that a situation was developing which would force him to make an active movement against Mexico, or the alleged Huerta Government of Mexico; and would bring about such a condition as existed at the time mediation was suggested.

"It has been a difficult situation," he said, "because so many elements of it have been without our control and our territory. In a domestic matter we can see our way clear, because ordinarily all the elements are within our view and consideration; but here was a trouble that had its active movements in another and an adjacent and a somewhat remote country, and we were forced to sit and watch, and await such developments as might be. I have known for months that some such thing could happen—was inevitable, in fact; and my prayer was that it might not be a calamity."

Then came the incident at Tampien. Rear-Admiral Mayo, resenting the insult to the flag, issued his demand for an apology, and the President and his Cabinet stepped in behind the Admiral.

"Really," said the President, "it was a psychological moment, if that phrase is not too trite to be used. There was no great disaster like the sinking of the Maine, and there was an adequate reason for our action in this culminating insult of a series of insults to our country and our flag."

The President followed with his emphatic declaration that his passion is for the great masses of the Mexican people, and his statement that his sole object in Mexico is to help the people secure the liberty which he holds is fully theirs by right,

"The function of being a policeman in Mexico has not appealed to me; nor does it appeal to our people," he said. "Our duty is higher than that. If we are to go in there, restore order and immediately get out, and invite a repetition of conflict similar to that which is in progress now, we had better have remained out.

"What we must do and what we hope to do are twofold. First, we hope to show the world that our friendship for Mexico is a disinterested friendship, so far as our own aggrandizement goes; and, second, we hope to prove to the world that the Monroe Doctrine is not what the rest of the world, including some of the countries in this hemisphere, contends—merely an excuse for the gaining of territory for ourselves.

"I hold this to be a wonderful opportunity to prove to the world that the United States of America is not only human but humane; that we are actuated by no other motives than the betterment of the conditions of our unfortunate neighbor, and by the sincere desire to advance the cause of human liberty."

The situation, he pointed out, is intolerable, and requires the strong guiding hand of the great nation on this continent

that, by every appeal of right and justice, and the late for order and the hope for peace and prosperity, must assist these warring people back into the paths of quiet and prosperity. We have an object lesson to give to the read the world; an object lesson that will prove to the skepting outsiders that this nation rises superior to consideration of added power and scorns an opportunity for territoria aggrandizement; an object lesson that will show to the people of this—our own—hemisphere that we are sincerely and unselfishly the friends of all of them, and particular the friends of the Mexican people, with no other inthan the idea and the ideal of helping them composition differences, starting them on the road to continued pear and renewed prosperity, and leaving them to work out their own destiny, but watching them narrowly and insisting that they shall take help when help is needed.

"I have not permitted myself to think of what will be the outcome of these plans for mediation," the President said, "I hope they may be successful. In any event we shall deem it our duty to help the Mexican people, so it we shall continue until we have satisfactory knowledge that peace has been restored, that a constitutional Government is reorganized, and that the way is open for the peacets

reorganisation of that harassed country."

The Possibilities of Self-Government

"WE SHALL not demand a foot of territory nor a certification of money—except, of course, the settlement of up-claims as may justly be made by American citizens be damages to their property during these disturbance-individual claims. There will be no money demand it a national sense. Then we shall have shown the entire world that the Monroe Doctrine means an unselfish friendship for our neighbors—a disinterested friendship in the sense of not being interested in our aggrandizement—and that or motives are only the motives inspired by the higher luminity, by our sense of duty and responsibility, and by or determination that human liberty shall prevail in or hemisphere."

The President paused. He had been intensely in carse: in his talk. He smiled, and his long white fingers you themselves in and out. Then, with a little gesture that betakened amused contempt, he continued:

"They say the Mexicans are not fitted for self-government; and to this I reply that, when prepared directed, there is no people not fitted for self-government. The very fact that the extension of the school system is Diaz brought about a certain degree of understanding among some of the people which caused them to awake to their wrongs and to strive intelligently for their rights makes that contention abourd. I do not hold that the Mexican people—ours, for example; but I do hold that the widespread sentiment that they never will be and never can be made to be capable of self-government is a wickedly false as it is palpably abourd."

He paused again.

"Did you see that dispatch we gave out, from Counti-General Hanna, which detailed his experiences with the

army at Torreon? It was a sort of a diary of his alventures and a record of what he saw. We gave a all out; but the latter just of it was not widely printed, for the first put of it was full of bloody details of the battle. suppose"-and he smiled whimsically again-" suppose the editors (e) there was no particular interest in the peaceful and gratifying information that was in the latter por tion of the dispatch

"Well, if you read that dispatch, you learned that Mr. Hanna was most agreeably surprised and greatly gratified by the treatment Villa's men gave their prisoners; how they endeavored to live up to the rules of civilized warfare. how they were constantly on the lookout for new if formation that would relieve them of the stirtof being barbarians. The merely shows that they prople, if they get the charare capable of learning are anxious to learn. The President returned

to the question of mediate (Concluded on Page 71



Secretary of the Mary Daniels Being Interstewed on the Way From a Cabinet Meeting

SUSANNA AND HER ELDERS

By RICHARD DEHAN



"I Jay is is Bearly to be Expected to Marry Just Because Maney Has Got to be Brought Into the Pumity"

THE Earl of Beaumaris, a worthy and imposing personage flushed from the nape of his neck to the high summit of his cranium - premature baldness figured among the family heredities paced in creaking patent-leather boots up and down the castle library, a noble apartment of Tudor design lined with rare and antique volumes into which none ever looked. There were other persons present besides the dowager countess, and, to judge by the strainedly polite expression of their faces, the squeaking leather must have been playing havor with their nerves; but nobody protested, and Lord Beaumarie continued his agitated perambuations, regularly turning as he reached the limit of the wornout rug. "Gustavus," said his mother at length, "you're an English peer in your own

"you're an English peer in your own notle and not a pointsman on a Broadway block, unless I'm considerably mistaken. Sit down!"

"Mother, I will not be defied!" said Lord Beaumaris. "I will not be bearded by my own child—a mere chit of a gir!! dad Susanna been a boy I should have mown how to deal with this spirit of asubordination. Being a gir!—and, noreover, motherless—I abandon her to ou. She has many things to learn, but et the first lesson you inculcate be this—hat I positively refuse to be defied!"

"The child has, I gather, gone out to ake the air when she ought to have tayed in and taken a scolding," said ady Beaumaris. "Does any body know ther whereabouts?"

Alaric Osmond-Orms, a languid, drabomplexioned, light-haired man of arisperatic appearance, never seen without he smoked eyeglass that concealed a labolic equint, spoke:

"I saw her, in a crimson golfing jacket and a white Tam Shanter, crossing the upper terrace. She carried an ipenstock and was followed by quite a pack of dogs incororated in the body of one extraordinary mongrel I have consionally observed about the stable yards. I gathered hat she was going for a climb on the cliffs. That was about alf an hour ago."

"Alaric, you have attended every family council I recolct since I became a member of this family, and have never efore opened your lips," said Lady Beaumaris, fixing the nfortunate Alaric with her eye, which was still black and appingly bright. "Make this occasion memorable by flering a suggestion. You really owe us one!"

Everybody present looked at Alaric, who smiled helpsely and dropped his eyeglass, revealing the physical eculiarity it concealed. The effect of the diabolic squint combination with his mild features and somewhat feelish opposition conveyed a general impression of reserve force. e spoke, fumbling for the missing article, which had unged rapturously into his bosom, with long, trim fingers crusted with mourning rings.

"The question at issue is, unless I have failed in my ental digest of the situation, how to bring Susanna, Vissuntess Lymston—pardon me if I indulge a little my eakness for prolixity——"

The door creaked and Alaric broke off.

"My dear man," said the dowager, "I never before heard ou utter a sentence of more than two words' length!"

"—— to bring Susanna, who is just seventeen and fiercely rginal in her expressed aversion to and avoidance of ordiary everyday man, into compliance with your paternal ishes"—Alaric bowed to Lord Beaumaris—"where the recurragement of a suitor is concerned."

"I have appealed to her filial feelings, which do not pear to exist," said Lord Beaumaris. "I have appealed her reason; I doubt gravely whether the girl possesses by. 'There is too much landed property, there are too any houses and too many heirlooms, and there is not ough ready money to keep things going, I said. Her ply was: 'Sell some of the land and some of the houses id all of the pictures, and then there will be enough to keep the rest.' 'My dear child, is it possible, I said, 'that your age and occupying the position you occupy you we not idea of what is meant by an entail?'

"Then I made her sit down here in this library, opposite e, and laid plainly before her why it is necessary for her, my daughter, to marry, and to marry wealth, position id title. Before I had ended she rose with a flaming face

and burst into a hysterical tirade that lasted ten minutes. I gathered that she was willing to marry Sir Prosper La Gai or the Knight of the Swan if either of those gentlemen proposed for her hand. Neither being available she intends, I gather, to write great poems or paint great pictures or go on the stage. . . Go on the stage! My blood curdled at the bare idea. It is still in that unpleasant condition." Lord Beaumaris shuddered violently and pressed his handles chief to his nose. "If you have any advice to give, Alaric," he said bluntly, "oblige us by giving it."

The drab-complexioned, light-haired Alaric responded:

"In my poor opinion—which may be crassly wrong—ton much stress has been laid on the necessity of Susanna's marrying." At this point the contrast between the smiable vacuity of Alaric's face and the Mephistophelean intelligence of his monocled eye was so extraordinary as to hold his listeners spellbound in their chairs. "I think we may take it that the principal feature of the child's character is—call it determination amounting to obstinacy—"

"Crass obstinacy!" burst from the earl.
"Pigheadedness!" interjected the downger.

"I think I remember hearing that in her nursery days
the sure way to make her take a dose of harmless necessary
medicine," pursued Alaric, his left eye fixed on the door,
"was to prepare the potion, pill or what not, sweeten and
then carefully conceal it from her. Were she my daughter,
which heaven for—which heaven has not granted—I
should make her take a husband in the same way."

"An utterance possibly inspired, but as obscure as the generality. I fear, my dear Alaric ——" Lord Beaumaris began. The dowager cut him short.

"Say, Gus, can't you let him finish? That's what I call real mean—to switch a man off just when he's beginning to grip the track."

"Mother, I bow to you," Lord Benamaris sald, purpling with indignation. "Pray continue, Alarie!"

"Hum along, Alaric," encouraged the dowager.

Alaric, his countenance as the countenance of a little
child, his right eye beaming with mildness and his left eye
like the eye of an intelligent fiend, went on:

"Susanna has never yet seen the Duke of Halcyon, her cousin and the husband for whom you destine her. When she does see him I think I may be pardoned for saying ——" "She'll raise Cain!" agreed Lady Beaumaris. "Girls

"She'll raise Cain!" agreed Lady Beaumaris. "Girls think such heaps of good looks; I was like that myself before I married your father, Gus."

"My dear mother, granted that Halcyon's gifts, both physical and mental, are not "- the earl coughed-" not of the kind best calculated to impress and win a romantic, willful girl, he is, to speak plainly ——"

"A bideous little troglodyte!" nodded the dowager over her interminable Shetland-wool knitting. "Odd, considering that his mother, when Lady Flora MacCodrum, was, with the sole exception of myself, the handsomest young woman presented in the spring of 1845."

"Mother," said Lord Beaumaris, "delightful as your reminiscences invariably are, Alaric is waiting to resume."

"I had merely intended to suggest," said Alaric, twirling his eyeglass by its black ribbon and turning his demure, drab-colored countenance and balefully glittering left eye on the earl and the dowager in turn, "that the Duke of Halcyon, like the rhubarb of Susanna's infancy, should be rendered tolerable, agreeable and even desirable to our dear girl's pulate by being forbidden and withheld. Ask him here in September for the partridge shooting—as I under-stand you think of doing—but let him appear not in his own character as a young English peer of Immense wealth and irreproachable reputation, but as one of those literary and artistic ineligibles who are encouraged by society to take every liberty with it short of marrying its cousins, sisters or daughters. Let him encourage his hair to grow, and wear a velvet coat, a flamboyant necktie and silk stockings with tweed knickerbockers. Let him pay attention to Susanna-as marked as he choose.

"And do you, for your part"—he fixed Lord Beaumaris with his gleaming left eye—"discourage those attentions and lose no opportunity of impressing on your daughter that she is to discourage them too. Given this tempting

age them too. Given this tempting opportunity of manifesting her independent spirit, you will find—or I know nothing of Susanna—that it will be, Pull baker, pull devil! And I know which will pull the hardest!"

Lord Beaumaris rose to his feet in superb indignation. He struck the attitude in which he had posed for his portrait by Millais, which bung at the upper end of the library, representing him in the act of delivering his maiden speech in Parliament, an address advocating the introduction of foot warmers into the upper bouse, and opened on Alaric.

"Your proposal—I do not besitate to say it—is audacious. You deliberately expect that I—I, Gustavus
Templebar Bloundle-Alabett Bloundle, ninth Earl of
Beaumaris and head of this ancient family—should stoop
to carry out a deception, and on my only child! That I
should take advantage of her willful youth, her undisciplined temper, to—"

"To bring about a match that will set every mother's mouth watering and secure your daughter's son a dukedom and a hundred and thirty thousand a year ——"

"That's so; and I guess you'll do it, Gus!" said Lady Beaumaris. "You're a representative English peer, it's true; but on my side you've Yankee blood in you, and the grandson of Elijah K. Van Powler isn't going to back out of a little bluff that's going to pay. No, sir!" The downger ran her knitting needles through her wool ball and rolled up her work briskly. "He'll do it, Alaric," she said.

"Mother!" exclaimed the earl in desperation. "You were my father's choice, and heaven forbid that I should fail in respect toward a lady he honored with his name; but when you suggest that, to bring about this most desirable union, I should wallow metaphorically in dirt ——"

"It's pay dirt, Gus," said the dowager; "a hundred and thirty thousand a year, my boy 1"

"Mother!" cried Lord Beaumaris. "If I brought myself to grovel in such infamy do you suppose for one moment that Haleyon—"

"That Halcyon would tumble to the plot? There are no flies on Halcyon," said the dowager; "and you bet he'll worry through—velvet coat, orange necktie, forehead curls and all!"

"Then do I understand," said Lord Beaumaris helplessly, "that I am to ask him to accept my hospitality in a character that is not his own and appear at my table in disguise? The idea is inexpressibly loathsome and I cannot imagine in what character he could possibly appear."

"As a painter of the fashionable fresco brand engaged, if you like, to decorate your new ballroom!" put in Alaric in his level, expressionless tones.

"But he can't paint!" said the dowager. "That's where we're going to buckle up and collapse. He can't paint worth a cent! That takes brains, and Halcyon isn't overstocked with 'em, I must allow.'

"Get a man who has the brain and the ability to do the

work," said the imperturbable Alaric.

"Deception on deception!" grouned Lord Beaumaris.

"I have the very fellow in my eye," pursued Alaric; "remarkably clever A. R. A. and a kinsman of your own. Perhaps you have forgotten him," he continued as Lord Beaumaris stiffened with polite inquiry and the dowager elevated her handsome and still jetty eyebrows into interrogative arches. "Perhaps-it's equally likely-you never heard of him; but at least you remember his mother, Janetta Bloundle?"

"She married a person professionally interested in the restoration of perpendicular Gothic churches," said Lord Beaumaris; "and, though I cunnot now recall his name. I remember hearing of his death and forwarding a brief

condolatory postcard to his widow."

"Who joined him - wherever he is-six menths ago."
"Dear me!" said Lord Beaumaris. "This is quite too regrettable. However, it is too late in the day to send another postcard addressed to the surviving members of the family."

There is only a son," said Alaric, "and he is the rising artist to whom I suggest that you offer a commission. He is strong in fresco and has just executed a series of wall cartoons for the new Naval and Military Idiot Asylum

which will carry his name down to the remotest posterity."

"Might I—ah!—ask his name?" said Lard Besumaris.

"Wopes," responded Alaric.

Lord Beaumaris shuddered, "And the Christian prefix?" He closed his eyes in readiness for the coming shock.

"Haleyon."

Lord Beaumaris opened his eyes and the downger uttered

a slight snort of astonishment.

"A relationship existing on the mother's side between young Wopse and the ducal house of Halcyon," said Alaric, twirling his eyeglass faster, "it is not surprising that the poor lady should have improved on the homespun Anglo-Saxonism of Wopse by the heat means in her power. At any rate the young fellow is well-looking and well-bred enough to carry both names in a creditable fashion.

"You've taken considerable time about making it," said Lady Beaumaria, "but I'm bound to say your suggestion ain't worth shucks! Given the real artistic and Bobemian article to nibble at, is a girl like Susanas likely to swallow the imitation article? I guess not!"

"I concur entirely with my mother, Alaric," said Lord Besumaris. "You propose, in the person of this young man, to introduce an element of danger into our limited September house party.

You could let this Mr. Wopse live in the garden chalet and commission the keeper's wife to attend to him," said the dowager; "but, even then, how are you to make sure

"That Susanna does not associate with him? There is

a simple method of divesting the young man of all attraction for a young creature of our dear girl's temperament," said Alaric; "but for several reasons I shrink from recommending its selection.

"Pray mention it," said Lord Beaumuris unessily. "Let's hear it!" said Lady Beaumaris.

"You have only," said Alaric with great distinctness, to call this young Jellow by his Christian name; to let him take Lady Beaumaris in to dinner; to put him up in your best room-the Indian chintz suite; and generally to faster the idea

"That he is the Duke of Haleyon!" cried the downger. "My stars! What a Palais Royal farce to be played under

this respectable old roof!"

You suggest a double-a doubly infamous and objectionable deception! Not a word more! hear it!" Lord fleaumare rapped decidedly on the table, rose in agitation and strode on creaking patent leathers to the door. "The question is closed forever," he said, turning on the threshold. "Let no one refer to it again in my ——"

The door, which had occasionally creaked throughout this discussion, smartly opened from without and, acting on the earl's offended person as a battering-ram, raused him to run forward, tripping over the edge of the worn but

still splendid Turkey carpet.

Lord Beaumaris saved himself by clinging to the high back of an accentral chair, on the seat of which he subsided as the tall young figure of his daughter appeared on the threshold, her Tam o' Shanter cap, her long yellow locks and her red golfing Jacket shiring with moisture, her fresh

cheeks red with the cold above of the March winds.

"It began to snow like Happy Jack," said Susanna, pulling off her rough heaver guntlet gloves; "so I came home.

Well, have you all done plotting? You look like compiraturn-all-with the exception of Alaric,"

This was true, for though the earl, his mother, and three other members of the family council whom we have not found it necessary to describe, wore an air of somewhat guilty perturbation, the drab-colored, mild countenance of Alaric, its diabolical left eye now blandly shuttered with its tinted eyeglass, alone appeared guiltless and unmoved.

We've been discussing the September house party," exclaimed this Catesby as Susanna sat on the elbow of his chair and affectionately rumpled his sparse, light-colored

locks.

"And husbands for me!" said Susanna, half throttling Alaric with her strong young arm.
"Susanna!" cried her father. "I am surprised! I say

no more than that I am surprised!"

"And I say," retorted Susanna, in clear, defant, ringing accents, as she swayed herself to and fro on her narrow perch, "that it is beastly to be expected to marry just because money has got to be brought into the family. Of course I shall marry one day—I don't want to study law or be a hospital nurse like that idiotic Laura Penglebury. but I don't want to be a married woman until I'm tired of being a girl. I want to have lots of fun and do lots at things, and see lots of people, and make my mind up for my own self. And

Lord Beaumaris, who had long been fermenting frother

"When you form an alliance, my child, you will form i with my sanction and my approval; and the husband you honor with your hand will be a person selected and approve of by me. By me! I will choose for you-

And suppose I choose for myself afterward!" ris Susanna, blue fire flashing from her defiant eyes.

"Every woman is at heart—ahem!" muttered Alarie) Lord Beaumaris strove with incipient apoplexy.

Susanna continued with a whimper in her voice: The young men you and grandmother point out to n as nice and eligible, and all that, are simply awful! The have no chins, or too much; and no teeth, or too man and they don't talk at all, or they gabble all the time abou nothing. They never read; they don't care for art poetry-they aren't interested in anything but bridge at raring; and if you told them that Beethoven compohe Heneysuckle and the Bee, or that Chopin wrote Wis I Marry Amelia, they'd believe you. They like marri women better than girls, and people who dance at theats better than the married women

(Continued on Page 65)

THE SPRING SONG

NE city block, and a metal chain deeper than the city block is long, myurate the soing serge of Sixth Avenue from the shiny sile of Fifth Avenue. The tropic between the Canor of Sixth Avenue and the Capricore of Fifth is an tinimaginary. Bue drawn with Indeline popul by trong and tailors, classes and masses, landowly and fortis of lamb

Such a line drawn through a marble-façaded, Louis-Quinzo, thousand-dollars-a-month sutablishment on Fifth Avenue would enter the back door of a thirty-three-dellars-thirty-three-and-mosthiniconfa-a month shop or Biath Avenue and bisect the lowest of the three gift bulls suspended above the

A mauve-colored art dealer's shap, where thirty canyne inches of Corol landscape rivaled in price thirty golden feet of Fifth Avenue actuage, rubbed aboulderbludes and usbenns with Madant Epstein's Sixth Avenue Emparium - Slightly Used Gawas. The rear of the De-Luxe Hotel, eight dollars a day and up, backed so imminishly on the may of the Hoffbeimer Delicatessen Shop that Mrs. Buffleleser's three-for-live will pickles and three-localities. lorrings, exchanged racinest with the quintessore of four-dollars-a-portion distroud back terrogan and attur of redheaded duckling.

Thus the city's million dramus are crowded into a million crowded theaters. The society comedy drinks ten round the corner from the tenement trappely of a child being been with no name and a crooked back; a flat-breaster Herbin Gabler, with eyes on meaningless as glass, throws herself before the black rush of a Subway train; and within that same train a boundless ju walls slips less head tato. the mud of the blunds syrings bounds him, and al. the meeting of toportips their Liced shows to a whole orchestra of emotions

In the mind door, above to the last De-Line Rotal, Musicon Law and famous dive, about on



By Fannie Hurs

irldescent bubbles blown apward from a soap pi In the delicatemen shop, across the figurative cha-Mrs. Hoffheimer plunged a large workaday : ellow deep into a barrel of brine and brouup three warty pickles, whitish with rime

dripping wet.
"Hay," she cried, holding them at arm's let and shaking their brine to the sawdust-covered fl did you tell paps when Heyman comes in te he should order a barrel of large dills, and no

sulty?" "Yes, mamma."

Mrs. Hoffheimer built a neat pickle pyramid wooden dish, wrapped it in a double thickness brown paper, and tossed the package into a wi delivery basket.

"You finish for me the Spritzes' order, Ray when Abie comes back from his morning deliv-

have him take it over to 'em."
"Where's the slip?"

"Here ten cents butter; an egg; half a loa bread; two frankfurters, and three cents milk. such a order she don't need to wear no pony cost, ain't it? I always say the Americans pu on their backs and nothing in their icebs Ponyskin coats she has to have yet, and eggbuys by the yolk."

Yes, mamma."

Miss Ray Hoffheimer slid from her high a legged stool in the cashier's cage, plunged on into the patch pocket of her gray coat awenter with the other reached into a sausage-and-ch lined glass case.

Gentle reader, if you have a semblance of gentility so insistently and unanimously gra you by the society of scribes, raise not your fa-ious eyelrows at Miss Ray, busying her appeti rosy-tipped fingers with a necklace of frankful nor wrinkle your esthetic nose at the whil bologta or Camembert. Remember that a blu once grew between prison bricks; that the gr archards of Pomona were sprung from dung

in that Love—fat, naked little fellow—is as rosy in a damp a he is in a blue-and-gold, period drawing room.

beids, gentle reader, Mrs. Hoffheimer's bologna was a and spicy triumph of the abattoir; her Camembert a significant runny as dough in the kneading-it overand of its own creaminess and immediately congealed

get of that same sheer creaminess,

and as the bluebell bloomed between bricks and the toon blossemed on the dunghills, so Ray Hoffheimer, ties hir was as black as the streak of a raven's wing gint s white sky, and whose bosom was as high and and anowy as Hebe's, flowered in the shadow of the and Avenue Elevated trains, trilled little songs that rose and the jangle of her cash register, and watched the tanations of eggs, the strength and weakness of butter, the same anxious eyes that a juggler follows the rise ad tall of his daggers.

Painis telephoned for a can of corn and half a pound d loled ham, mamma. Shall we take a chance?"

Chance! You tell Abie he don't let the order out dis and till in it he gets the money. That's the ini sta chance we take with them Polinis! Four nath we were giving 'em board and all we thought was giving 'em was credit. Not till he gets the neer in his hand, and his mitt on over it, should

Was Hoffbeimer trilled in her throat like a bird. matters the first kiss of spring in the air, placed an garefully within a bag and twisted the paper neck. Tra-la! Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la! Tra-la-la-la-la!

Petalahala!"

%-b-b-h! A customer can come in any minute! and me of old man Klopsky-he used to make in Line stand behind the door and make a noise ile a mary when a customer came in for a good and Thank Aimmel, for boiled tongue we don't sol to rentril'quist in the family !"

16, mamma, am I hurting anybody? Miss monys if I sing low like that in my throat it

me the muscles easy."

Alvaya Miss Anson! For seventy-five cents a had know out of what I save I give you one lesson vivusk. And for what? Before you had lessous whold sing a tune; now you sing like I play the sp and down with one finger."

As, mamma, ain't I told you often enough when t sudy right you got to sing scales? Don't you is Freidini, the greatest soprane in the world. an on over in the De-Luxe Hotel every mornf Didn't I have to pay a dollar to stand up at courday matinée and hear her sing Marguerite! de got to sing scales, ain't 1?"

The a should know that for what you can hear tothing from her room over in the hotel you. I soldlar yet. Nothing but spend money that has on her mind!"

"Is hear her sing I would pay all I --- "

That!" Nothin! !!

In Hoffheimer drew the upper half of herself but the pungent black mouth of a barrel and ped her wet hands again.

Pass should order from Heyman a barrel of sors too. Such pickles as we get from that w never had before! Where papa stays so and's fire sale on canned goods."

Paja ain't so fast to buy; you know how he an and dickers."

Not so fast to buy as you to spend! All I say si to should know that seventy-five-cents singissum you have to have yet, and the other Laber Heyman asked you to sing, you couldn't. the your teacher don't want no more tunes!"

is red I was I could have busted! My good to I spend for no more tunes; and me and for ien years don't feel like we could spend the money

see fifty-six for a trip to the country." Av. mamma, ain't I begged you to spend it, and -But we don't want the country don't make it no dif-

it; but Heyman asks her to sing, and -

day, mamma, when I sing like Feruldini for a thoudillars each time, you'll be sorry --- "

Here's the telephone, Ray. If it's Yetta O'Byrne tell the tate with the deliveries today; but I'll send over introurst and Shamrock herrings just so soon as he back. For a mixup marriage like hers I wouldn't want nile marketing."

nds trickled in and out; this spring sunshine, wan as Malid lady's smile and as timid, ventured into the show irightened the platters of tender pink ham, and when dishes of yellow potato salad, crowned with Belof trembling calves'-foot jelly. With each customer routle larushes of spring air, carrying hints of rising sap whills of far-off meadowland, cracked with the pushing life beneath. Up and down Sixth Avenue, second and third and fourth story windows were flung to their height, with winter-grimed face curtains blowing languidly inward, and blankets and blue-and-white striped pillows and quilts of a thousand colors draped across the sills.

"Mamma, today we can leave the door open. Where's that carpet-covered brick from last spring?"

"There, under the counter."

"Gee! Just smell the air, mamma! How happy and full of sunshine it makes you feel inside! Like your heart was blooming inside of you, like them crocuses over in Schmid's window! Ain't it dandy and warm! Look at the kids spinning their tops already! Look at Selma Levis hanging

"Pickled onions went good this time last March. Papa should order some from Heyman; we-

"Sh-h-b-h! Listen, mammu! Listen! Feruldini's singing-singing the Spring Song that I was just feeling inside of me. Listen! Oh, mamma, listen!"



"Listen, Mammat She's Singing it Over -the Spring Jung - Listen!"

"Grand! And for nothing we can hear what they pay five dollars a seat for in the opera house!"

Always she limbers up for real opera practice with the

Spring Song, Miss Anson says."

"Hand me them knifes, Ray. Ain't papa told you often enough to leave them laying next to the hams? Always keep the knifes next to the tongues and hams; it saves time. For six years, since you was old enough to help down in the store, we been telling you that!"

"Sh-h-h! Mamma, sh-h-h-h!"

"Don't sh-h-h-h me neither! In my own store I talk when I want. I'll be glad when the opera business is over! Seventy-five cents a lesson is what listening to her put in your head. Himmel! How high she goes! But if I say so myself, Ray, your voice is just so good. Ach, listen how high and soft she goes, till it gets far off like a train whistle!"

"Oh! If I-if I could sing like that! If I could!" Like the rapid rise of the most joyous lark that sings; like the thrill of breezes sweeping an Eolian harp: like the

first gurgling of ice-bound streams to the kiss of spring-so mounted the voice, rippling as silk in a breeze, firm as a rock in a gale.

"At my last lesson Miss Anson said my voice -"There's papa now! And look, will you? From the

other way comes Heyman!"

"Sure enough!" "What for are you blushing, Ray! You had girl, you! For papa I know you don't blush! Tell mamma
"Aw, mamma!"

Fix your hair! Pull it down over your ears, curlylike. Papa says it always pays to look prosperous in the store. What you hiding for? Don't go back there! Heyman won't est you!"

"Aw, mamma!"

"If you got to be ate I wish it was a young man like Sol Heyman should do it. Stay out here in front and make yourself sociable—that singing will keep. Ask him what he's got in pickled spring onions."

"In a minute, mamma. Can't I go back and hear how she takes them arpeggios? Miss Anson

said

"Ach, what a stick she is! Hello, papa! We thought you was canning the goods yourself you was gone so long? Wie gehls, Heyman; wir gehls? Make yourself to home on that kraut barrel

"How-do-do, Mrs. Hoffheimer? The old man's

got spring fever, I guess-not?"

Mr. Heyman showed all his teeth, rubbed his firm hands together, and glanced expectantly about him.

"You're right, Heyman! Well, papa, was them tornatoes what they said they was? I forgot to tell you not to buy cans with the labels burnt off. Last year, when Sopinsky's burnt out we took a chance and they all turned out to be navy beans, when just so good they could have been asparagus.

Well, mamma, wait! Don't get excited!" Mr. Hoffbeimer slid out of his shiny lined coat into a shiny unlined one and straked his thin chin whiskers with fingers that were goarled at the knuckles; his burnt-out eyes were screwed small with the squint of satisfaction; "I bought such bargains, mamma, you won't believe!-- two hundred cans of mixed scope, mamma, from chicken-gumba to oxtail, so cheap we can afford to have a fire sale ourmives -

"Papa !"

"Why not? They all do it! Cheaper as you can sell 'em in a hundred years, Heyman.'

"Ack, Mr. Haffheimer, such goods my firm won't

even carry!"

"What I say I mean! You don't do no business with me today, you scalawag! On that pickled goods order I gave you last week I paid like a drug store. Them same pickled peppers I paid you three cents for I seen down there for two, so help me, mamma, if I didn't!"

Mr. Heyman swung binself atop a barrel and sushed his derby but back off his warm brow. Then he Hashed his teeth again—firm, milk-white teeth toward Mrs. Hoffheimer, recumbent over the sausage case, and stroked his shaved-to-the-blood jowi.

"Listen to him, Mrs. Hoffheimer! He compares tay goods with a shyster house down on Delancey Street - a house that would carry second quality if they could get first just as cheap! He compares my aspar-

ages with the slatepencils he gets down there!" For your fat asparagus I pay fat prices; I -

I ask you, Mrs. Hoffheimer, me and your husband don't do business together so well as you and me and Miss luse -so excited he gets! But I ask you, Mrs. Hoffhelmer, right here before him, have you ever had a complaint on a of my goods or a keg of kraut you got off my firm? Has a pickled herring ever come back on you from a customer? I ask you!"

Mrs. Hoffheimer planted her hands on her wide, uncorseted hips in the termagant pose of a Hecate; but her smile, snug-toothed and slightly sunk, deepened into the wrinkled chirography of kindliness,

"For what lancy prices we pay, Heyman, papa thinks we should get good goods, nin't it, papa! My husband talks a lot, Heyman; but he don't mean lots what he says,

ain't it, papa: "Pish!"

Mr. Hoffheimer slid on a pair of veteran spectacles, which straddled his nose halfway down, and waggled his epatulate finger.

"Look right here in this showcase once at them fancypriced imported backwarst you sold us! Did I want 'em? No! But between you and mamma and Rachel I bought 'em-and look how we got stack on 'em!"

"Aw, Mr. Hoffheimer, give 'em a chance and you'll sell 'em! That's as fine a link sausage as there's on the market, I -

"Didn't I tell you we ain't got the fancy trade with the fancy teeth for such stuff? Nineteen cents a pound, and

most of it gold paper, for stuff we can't sell for nine! Not even on my own table can we get rid of it."

Mr. Hoffheimer threw out his hands palm upward. wagged his bald head from side to side, and strangled over his denouncements.

"Next time what you and Ray and mamma got to say makes no never mind with me—you scalawag, you !- with your holdup priess! Just like you play pinocle you sell goods, you scalawag, you!"

Mr. Heyman swung his head backward, laughed, whacked delightedly at his leg, and reached for his hip pocket and order book.

"Listen to him, Mrs. Hoffbeimer! That a man with such a good nature should growl like a bear!"

"Always he was like that, Heyman!"

"Already I got him down for a keg of pickled spring tripe and a barrel of large dills. I ain't foolin', Hoffheimer; for spring goods you can't beat 'em."

"How much a hundred?"

"Aw, what's the difference, Mr. Hoffheimer? You know I do the right thing by you. That's right, Mrs. Hoffheimer; open the door wider and let in the springtime. Smell a little of that sunshine and see if you ain't got to begin thinking of spring stock-eh, Mrs. Hoffheimer?

"You're right!"

"Such pickled tomators as we're delivering this week you never tasted! Twice already Shapiro across the street renewed his order - here, look in my book! I can show it to you. Smell that sunshine! Look at them kids spinning tops right at your door! Soon they'll be comin' in for penny sweet pickles on a statepencil, and you won't have 'em-

"Ach, such a boy! But he's right, papa. Ray said this morning it was time -

"Miss Ray-where-where is Miss Ray this morning?

I where

"Ray! Rachel! Somebody out here wants you. She knows better as her papa and me what's in stock. Back there she stands listening to the singing—like she couldn't sing just as good herself! Rach-el! Come out here! What was it you was telling me about green onions this morning?" "Comin', mamma!"

Mr. Hoffheimer slouched toward the stock shelyes, his feet scraping painfully along the floor, as though rheumatic muscles would not lift them, and his back curved to that same rheumatic hunch.

"Two dozen them spex brand string-beans we need, Heyman, but not a cent over a dollar-ten I pay for them!"

"A dollar-twenty-five, Mr. Hoffheimer, and then you got the cheapest string-bean in the state of New York." 'A dollar-ten! So help me, not a cent over!'

"All right, then, for you I do it; but I pay the difference out of my own pocket. My firm should know I make you such prices! They should know it!"

"I should worry! Three dozen Melbs freestone peaches, small cars, but not a cent, so help me, over a dollar-ninety. Lust time you skinned me enough off 'em. Down by Conrad's that same peach I seen for

"Aw now, Mr. Hoffbeimer, you're a business man and so am 1; and if you can show me a freestone like the Melba for the money, then I give you -

"Ach. you two with your arguments! Wait, I call Hay. Where that girl stays I don't know! Rach-el!

Mrs. Hoffheimer bustled rearward into the dull shadows of kegs and stacked boxes. In the frame of the open window her daughter leaned out to the soft blush of spring, her hands clasped until the nails sprang white, and her eyes raised like a worshiping virgin to the third-floor suite of the De-Luxe Hotel.

"Listen, mamma! She's singing it over-the Spring Song listen! The paper says it's her favorite encore. Listen, mamma!"

"Ray! Ain't you got no manners? You - such a mortification! Twice out there he asked for you, till I don't know what to say no more."

Tell blen I -

"I wish I had never heard the name singing-it's been our ruination! A lesson a week, and two she wanted at first one not enough! Where such a child gets such ideas!"

Sh-h-h, mamma!"

"Go out front, I say once more, Ray, I sek you again, How that child minds! Twice he asked for you. Fix your hair over your ears. Ack, that a girl should worry her mother like that!"

"I'm going, shi't I! Honest, mamma, you less and land!" Miss Hoffheimer emerged from the glowny run like a charming Saskin walking out of the brown alc of a Rembrandt: the pools of hereyes were deeple a shining and her black hair curied to her mock illos sentirils overgrountes. a bit of murble column.

"Hello, papel Hollo, Baynart"
"Ab, Min Ray, has are your

"Fine and duals Here's near or a each a plantic when he would crackets he take on?"

"Net a week about the net a Heyrman, Secreta Stationary



Such a burn show you don't need to bear about, mamma!" Mr. Hayman slid off the barrel; and as the sun opens the furs of a palm tree so his geniality expanded in the warmth of her presence. Red ran high in his face, and his collar seemed suddenly to tighten, as though bent on strangulation. He writhed and stretched his chin above it.

"Miss Ray! Honest, the minute she sets eyes on me she begins to kid me along! Honest, Mrs. Huffhelmer, for how she treats me I ought to charge you three dollars a dozen for Melbas. I ask you, could I belp it the show was no good? I sak you, too, Mr. Hoffbeimer.'

"She's a good one, not, Heyman! How much you think take for her? Not ten thousand dollars if you pay me cash! Ain't it, mamma?"

"Ack, Hoffbelmer, how you talk! A little haby he thinks she is yet, Heyman. Better fathers as papa even give up their daughters when Mr. Right comes along-ain't it, Heyman?

"I should say so!"

Like Spinoza, who was cut off from his people because he could see nothing but God everywhere, Mr. Hoffbeimer retreated within himself.

"Ach," he said, "wimmin, the whole lot of 'em, make me sick!"

Mr. Heyman inclined toward Hay, with eyes that leaped and danced as forest fires leap and dance in the wind. "I-I dare you to go to another show with me tonight,

Miss Ray! I show you I can pick a good one. "On Saturday nights I stay in the store and help, Heyman; and then I go upstairs and practice."

"Don't you believe it, Heyman! Me and papa get along better in the store without her. Overweight she gives like it cost nothin'. Saturday night business ain't so big

"See: Miss Ray, what your mother says?"

"You go, Ray, I say again. At night you shouldn't practice neither. Becky Kopf, next door in the apartments, says she can hear you like day when the windows are open. Do you want that you should get the neighbors down on you and get Beelry's tongue going by waking up her buby! You go, Ray. Barky Kopf I'd rather have for a friend thun an en-

"That's right! Next dies from you all the Kopls live, don't they? Last week Mos Koof took me home with him to support. Nice little place they got there, and such a kid! Home the cutest little slayer, with big ears like his pop!"

"Cube ain't you mame fac him! And crazy for our Ray! and when he first see he come in the room he begins

New Mile that they got there too, Mrs. Haffbeimer, May remodeled that while building is wenderful; at least or the downstains that a new front,"

The then now flats the good. There's an empty one Le Coul floor, right over Becky's -so throp too!

Twenty-two dollars! I said to paps if we didn't dread a to move we'd take it ourselves; but it ain't so handy a right over the store for papa-him, with his rheumatisn having to run in and out in winter.

"Twenty-two dollars! I should say cheap! If I coul find some girl that would have me I'd take it myself."

"Ach, Heyman, a grand young man like you don't nee to worry. You can have your pick from the best. For young married couple it would be grand-steam heat an a washtub built right in the kitchen. Ray, you and Hey man stay here and watch store for a minute; I want pag should go down cellar with me and see what we need pickled goods."

"I go for you, mamma."

"So you should get your hands all mixed with he rings and smoked tongues! That don't go with no seven five-cents singing lessons. Your papa should know i Come, papa, down cellar when you're finished with the

The sudden silence of restraint fell over the little she Without, the noon high tide of Sixth Avenue surged po like a spring torrent-men, with overcoats flung backwa and dropping from their shoulders, mopped at their h bands; the brilliant plumage and foliage of new million truest harbingers of spring, flashed like whole flocks flamingoes past the window. A school child begged a cro from the florist across the street and pinned it on I dirty apron; a draydriver yawned, shed his coat and on it, and a traffic policeman swore at him and smil-Park benches, the tops of omnibuses and perambulat bloomed in un hour.

Mr. Heyman drew his initials on the sawdust-sprink floor with the toe of his shoe.

"Hot, ain't it?"

"Yeh; it is, Heyman."

Silence.

"Heyman, did mamma ordersome of them pickled spt oniona?

"Yeh."

Silence.

"Look, Heyman, at them kids, will you? Ain't wonder more of 'em ain't run over apinning tops in

"Yeh."

"Gee, this sweater's hot!"

"Don't-don't take it off, Miss Ray. It-it looks gr

"I should die of heat so I can look grand!" She dra it back off her shoulders and regarded him from the vor

of sparkling eyes. "Mad cat! "Aw, Miss Ray, quit your teasin' me! After the ou treated me last night I didn't sleep a wink ho

Miss Ray, not a wink!" "Like I did anything to you!"

"If you'd only let me talk and listened to me in

"I-I ain't a good listener."

He advanced toward her and his order book (el) h floor face downward on its crumpled pages. She is defensively against the stock shelves, like Barbara ho her tower.

You mustn't!"

"Miss Ray - Ray!"

"Not here not here! This ain't the place!" "Ray, I can't keep it in how much I love you! I von't let me tell you I'll tell you anyhow-1 love

Right here I say it in your face-I love you, and know it!" "I-I never said I didn't, Heyman; but I-I ain't)

ing of getting married, Heyman. My teacher said. my voice, it would be a madness for me. If I tree voice right and study right, she says—she says to nothing I can't do with it. I want to learn to sing, He how much I can't begin to tell you!"

"Ray, with me you can sing too, why not? You have it emy enough. Ain't I got a good position, Don't my firm raise me every two years? Don't l "All night, Heyman, I lay in bed awake, and I

myself, I mustn't! I mustn't! I mustn't! All night I "Ray, when you look at me like that I

"Sh-h-h-h1"

"I'm in love with you, little canary bird! I just think of nothing else."

"I-I mustn't!"

"Is it like me to forget things like putting an orde in my book, Ray? Yesterday twice I did it for thin you. My firm should know it! I just can't think of

"I mustn't listen to you, Heyman. There comes ma Sh-h-h! Don't forget, Heyman, the small-size onions, the kind we-

"Rachel, I can see it in your eyes you don't -don me. I ach, Mrs. Hoffheimer, come here; I ain't for you."

"Heyman! Don't! Don't-not now-not-no "Mrs. Hoffheimer, I ain't ashamed for you. I'm Mrs. Hoffhelmer. I know I ain't got the right to girl, but I'm in love with your Ray; and -and what's the use trying to say it all? I guess you ain't self me wither, buh? Who am I that such a girl like by sheld want me? Who am I?"

Yr. Heyman leaned against the barrel, his words bitter is tray on his lips. Tiny globules of perspiration sprang at it his brow like a bandeau of beads.

Its Hofbeimer crossed her hands at her waistline and sparted the young couple with a smile rayed over her face to the despring crosses, and her head nodding from left to right fike a toy in a confectioner's window.

'So this is what happens when me and papa ain't lean' he comes and steals our haby! Ach, you had lea, you!"

Manma, 1 ---

Rach-el! Ach, my little haby that's grown up!"

"Mamma, please ---

"|-|'m so happy I don't know what to say to you, thing. Such happiness she brings to us! Kiss me, chire, both of you!"

His Hofbeimer crept into her mother's embrace, with ne is brilliant as barbaric jewels, and her tremulous bicano dayed her speech.

'Imstn't, mamma. It's like I told Heyman—all night |set sping to myself I mustn't!"

To myself I said last night, something that child has prop her sleeve when she comes home so excited-like. Ah my baby, them six new blue-and-white dish towels hild to your troussesso."

"!get a voice for opera, mamma. Miss Anson and everyhily that's heard it says the same thing. I feel it inside a mamma. In the middle of the night I wake up, and it's de conching soprano, here inside my throat, is beggin' to sig, beggin' to sing as high as the sky, as high as leadin! And now Heyman comes; and I can't help it that that I—I like him; but I mustn't, I mustn't!"

A rish of tears flowed over her words; but to Mr. ligran was suddenly flashed the message of hope, just as a ress of the return of Agamemnon was flashed to leps. The stock shelves, the buttallions of ketchup bottles, printeled cars and jars of transparent jellies, and Mrs. lidbeiner's wet and happy face, wavered at him for a parent. And out of the chase his courage came testering brand; and he crossed over to the sour-pickle harvel, so be ascenisting little figure from her mother's arms, to be bend backward and kissed her solemnly and montially. Soles trembled up through her, and the ready so would flow.

"Amesta't!"

"My little canary!"

With my voice and all, Heyman, it ain't right I—I
kull love you so!"

"Coldren! Children! Such a happiness! Kiss me

My new manorea !"

"Faul Papa, come out here: them pickles don't need at hime today. We got excitement in the family for at Come out. I take

le catemer. Stay here,
Mire, and tell papa —in
mistel come back."
N. Hoffheimer hobbled

rvid, patting his moist infranciagainst the other. Reyman, for seventyments a hundred I order is landred dills and two minispects; but, so help kill pay one cent more

"Figs. wait; Heyman's sumsthing to tell you—

Mr. Holfheimer.
I we want to "
Inmediate caution skel into Mr. Hoffheimlike; he wagged a bent day brefnger.

"No.youdon't! No.you it! Last week the two put together got me to it an order of imported favors that I can't get sevenou my own table. I you two urrage, you! We min't that no Sixth Avenue in mee's."

'No.you don't! I know

Want to get married, Rotheimer—married!" "Married, papa, is what Heyman said. Don't you understand we want to be engaged—engaged to be married?"

Her voice rose above the orchestral murmur of the streets, plangent as surging waves beating against his slow comprehension; his toil-stooped shoulders slumped and his slightly publied hand fumbled at one coat lapel.

"Not --

"Yes, papa, yes!"

"Not our little Rachel-sha! She ain't nothing but a baby yet! Run along, Heyman, you scalawag, you, and tend to business. For children's nonsense I got no time. For three hundred dills, Heyman, I pay you not a cent over——"

"You don't understand, papa. Listen once to Heyman!"

"Me and Ray ain't fooling, Mr. Hoffheimer. I know I ain't good enough for her; but I love her, Mr. Hoffheimer; and you know, with my position and a raise every two years, I can take care of her right. Ruchel ain't no baby any more, Mr. Hoffheimer, she's twenty; and when a girl's twenty—"

"Twenty! Arh, only yesterday she didn't come up to the top of the knut harrel. Right upstairs over this store is her little haby chair, and now—now you come and take her away from me and mamma. Now——"

"Not take her away, Mr. Hoffheimer, only --- "

"Singin', I thought, was all she cared about. A fewen a week I have to give her; singin' seventy-five cents a week — but on the siy, so her mother wouldn't know it. She should know that I humor her on such nonsense! So henpecked I am as that, Heyman, on the sly I have to do things. And you, when you see such, you want to get married too!"

"Yes, Mr. Hoffheimer, I want to get pecked tou-ain't

"Silly!"

"Always she's been her papa's girl, Heyman; and now you come and want to steal her! To anybody but a good honest boy like you. I ——"

"I know it, Mr. Hoffheimer-papa! I sin't half good enough for her-eh, little canary?"

"Too good, Heyman!"

She was like a tearuse swaying in conflicting breezesher one band in the caress of her lover's, her other seeking the gnarled palm of her father's.

"Ach, pape - Heyman, if I did the right thing I'd ----"
On the tidal wave of excitoment Mrs. Hoffheimer
returned, her thin salt-and-pepper coil of hair lopping
over one ear.

"Ack, such excitement! Feel, Ray, my heart beating on the outside. Have they told you, papa? Grand, ain't it?"

"When he's our son-in-law, mamma, he'll overcharge just like when he ain't."

Laughter,

"Tonight we close the store and upstairs we have a party," said Mrs. Hoffheimer. "That ain't necessary, neither, mamma. Every day children like ours get engaged."

"Imported bockwarst and beer we have—I ask over the Kopfs and Birdie Levis."

"My son-in-law sells me imported bockwurst when, even on my own table ——"

"Heyman, if you're smart you'll get that flat over Becky Kopf's. Don't let the landlord bluff you—twenty dollars he'll take for it too."

"Yes, mamma."

"Ark, even a hour ago when I talked little did I think our Ray would be the one to have it! Such a march she steals on her parents—not, papa?"

"Such a march!"

"Let me tell you he got from us the best order we ever gave any one that ever came in this store—not, papa?"

"You got our baby from us, you scalawag, you, and me and mamma getting old and ——"

"Ack, he talks like a funeral, ain't it? If we're going to have a funeral I want that we should have a son-in-law to come to it. Next month you get married, and then Aunt Hanna should come and keep store while papa and I take that vacation in the country we've been talking about for ten years on poor Grandma Hoffbeimer's money."

"Yes, maroma; you should go now. Since I was a child

I been hearin' it."

"Yes; that fifty dollars we got stuck between page fiftysix in poor grandma's Bible we should spend now—not, children? Papa, we go in the country for a vacation when the children get settled,"

"For my rheumatism I go, but for my pleasure—no! Where does it come in, vacation I got to have!"

"And new, children, you should go out for a while together—not, pape? The day they get engaged they should take a vacation? Such a day like this, warm like summer, they should both go."

"For my part, yes; but Heyman should first telephone that order for them onises—three calls already we had for them today. From a son-in-law 1 get better prices, eh, you scalawag, you? Family prices, ch?"

"I-I ought to stay home and practice a while this afternoon, Heyman. Miss Anson says —"

"The day she gets engaged she wants to sing yet! Golf sei Dank, you'll soon be safe matried and with such nonsence out of your head!"

"Mamma, 1 -- "

"Go take that customer, papa. I'll take old lady Sonnsizin, just coming in; she wants to fuse with me again that her weight ain't right. She should start something with me!"

Left alone, Mr. Heyman and Miss Hoffheimer smiled at each other with the mysterious eyes of lovers, and he lifted her hand gently and placed his own over it.

"Come, little canary, let's me and you get on a car and ride out where there's country, huh? Let's get where the

green smell in the air comes from, my little Rachel-sha!" "Yes, Heyman."

"My little canary!"
She slid out of her sweater coat and into her hat and jacket; the little curly tendrils caught in her collar and he must fish them out tenderly.

"There, petsie! Petsie!"
"Thanks, Heyman, thanks."

"Such curls, soft like a baby's!"

"Tra-la-la-la!"

"What did you say, petsle?"

"Nothin"."

"'Nothin', she says, and I seen her pretty lips move! Hashful like a baby she is."

"1-I was only singing, Reyman."

"Singing?"
"Yes, to myself."

"Singing what, my little canary?"

"Singing-the Spring

The tyranny of home is as insidious as the fatal hand of marsh fever. It steads out of the lush of dreaming nights and punctures the veins with a hypodermic injection of lassitude. It is as gentle as the threnody of rain falling on flood-stricken roofs; It is as mysterious as a long, low jaguar stretched

Continued on Page 40)



"Bad Lack! When for Nothing, With Ha Espenses, the Will Make Gut of Me a Great Singer!"

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

As Done in London-By Irvin S. Cobb

He Proof Water a Letter to the Times
Complaining of the Growing Promisions
of Lives in the Public Theymaphians

Lindubitably a she-town. That untranslatable, unmisindubitably a she-town. That untranslatable, unmistakable something which is not to be defined in the plain terms of speech, yet which sets its mark on any long-settled community, has branded them both—the one as being masculine, the other as being feminine. For Paris the lily stands, the conventionalized, feminized lily; London is a lion—a shag-headed, heavy-pawed British lion.

One thinks of Paris as a woman, rather pretty, somewhat regardless of morals and decidedly slovenly of person; craving admiration, but too indolent to earn it by keeping herself presentable; covering up the dirt on a piquant face with rice pewder; wearing pasts jewels in her earlobes in an effort to distract criticism from the fact that the ears themselves stand in need of soap and water.

London, viewed in retrospect, seems a great, clumsy, slow-moving giant, with hair on his chest and soil under his nails; competent in the larger affairs and careless about the smaller ones; amply satisfied with himself and disclainful of the opinions of outsiders; having all of a man's vices and a good share of his virtues; loving sport for sport's sake and power for its own sake and despising art for art's sake.

You do not have to spend a week or a month or a year in either Paris or London to note these things. The distinction is wide enough and plain enough to be seen in a dayyes, or in an hour. It shows in all the outward aspects. An overtowering majority of the smart shops in Paris cater to women; a large majority of the smart shops in London cater to men. It shows in their voices—for cities have voices just as individuals have voices.

The Grinding Bass of London

NEW YORK is not yet old enough to have found its own sex. It belongs still to the neuter gender. New York is not even a noun—it's a verb transitive; but its voice is a female voice, just as Paris' voice is. New York, like Paris, is full of strident, skrieking sounds, shrill outeries, hysterical babblings—a women's bridge-whist club at the hour of casting up the score; but London now is different.

London at all hours speaks with a sustained, sullen, steady, grinding tone, never entirely sinking into quietude, never rising to acute discords. The sound of London rolls on like a river—a river that ebbs sometimes, but rarely floods above its normal banks; it impresses one as the necessary breathing of a grunting and burdened monster who has a mighty job on his hands and is taking his own good time about doing it.

In London, mind you, the newsboys do not shout their extras. They bear in their hands placards with black-typed announcements of the big news story of the day; and even these headings seem designed to soothe rather than to excite—saying, for example, such things as Special From Liner, in referring to a disaster at sea, and Meeting in Ulster, when meaning that the northern part of Ireland has gone on record as favoring civil war before home rule.

The street venders do not bray on noisy trumpets or ring with bells or atter loud criss to advertise their wares. The policeman does not shout his orders out: he holds aloft the stripe-sleeved arm of authority and all London obeys. I think the reason why the Londoners turned so viciously on the suffragettes was not because of the things the suffragettes clamored for, but because they clamored for them so loudly. They jurned the public peace that must have been it.

T.

I can understand why an adult American might go to Paris and stay in Paris and be satisfied with Paris, if he were a lover of art and millinery in all their branches; or why he might go to Berlin if he were studying music and municipal control; or to Amsterdam if he cared for cleanliness and new cheese; or to Vienna if he were concerned with surgery, light opera, and the effect on the human lungs of doing without fresh air for long periods of time; or to Rome if he were an antiquarian and

interested in ancient life; or to Naples if he were an entomologist and interested in insect life; or to Venice if he liked ruins with water round them; or to Padua if he liked ruins with no water anywhere near them—no: I'm blessed if I can think of a single good reason why a same man should go to Padua if he could go anywhere else!

But I think I know, good and well, why a man might spend his whole vacation in London and enjoy every minute of it. For this old fogy, old foggy town of London is a man-sized town, and a man-made, man-run town; and it has a fascination of its own that is as much a part of it as London's grime is; or London's vastness and London's pettiness; or London's wealth and its stark poverty; or its strocious suburbs; or its dirty, trade-fretted river; or its dismal back streets; or its still more dismal slums—or anything that is London's.

To a man halling from a land where everything is so new that quite a good deal of it has not even happened yet, it is a joyful thing to turn off a main-traveled road into one of the crocked byways in which the older parts of London abound, and suddenly to evens, full face, on a house or a court or a pump which figured in epochal history or epochal literature of the English-speaking race.

It is a still greater joy to find it—house or court or pump or what not—looking now pretty much as it must have looked when good Queen Bess, or little Dick Whittington,

or Chaucer the scribe, or Shakspere the player, came this way. It is fine to be riding through the country and pass a peaceful green meadow and inquire its name of your driver and be told, most offhundedly, that it is a place called Runnymede. Each time this happened to me I felt the thrill of a discoverer; as though I had been the first traveler to find these spots.

I remember once that through an open door I was marveling at the do-

mestic economies of an English burber shop. I use the word economies in this connection advisedly: for, compared with the average highantiseptic burber shop of an American city, this shop seemed a torture cave. In London, pubs are like that, and some dentists' establishments and law offices-musty. fusty dees very unlike their Yankee counterparts. In this particular shop now the chairs were hard, wooden chairs; the looking-glass-you could not rightly call it

a mirror—was cracked and bleary; and an apprentice howent from one patron to another, lathering each face and then the master followed after him, razor in hand, and shaved the waiting countenances in turn. Flies that looked as though they properly belonged in a livery stable are buzzing about; and there was a prevalent odor which made me think that all the sick pomade in the world had come hither to spend its last declining hours.

I said to myself that this place would bear further study—that some day, when I felt particularly hardy and daring, I would come here and be shaved, and afterward would write a piece about it and sell it for money. So, the better to fix its location in my mind, I glanced up at the street sign and, behold! I was hard by Drury Lare, where Sweet Nelly once on a time held her court.

Another time I stopped in front of a fruiterer's, my eye having been caught by the presence in his window of half a dozen weary-looking, wilted roasting ears decorated with a placard reading as follows:

AMERICAN MAIZE OR INDIAN CORN A VEGETABLE—TO BE BOILED AND THEN EATEN

I was remarking to myself that these Britishers were surely a strange race of beings—that if England produced so delectable a thing as green corn we in America would import it by the shipload and serve it on every take-whereas here it was so rare that they needs must lakel it as belonging to the vegetable kingdom, lest people should think it might be an animal—when I chanced to look more closely at the building occupied by the fruiterer and now that it was an ancient house, half-timbered above the first floor, with a queer low-browed roof.

In the Abbey and St. Paul's

Inquiring afterward I learned that this house dated straight back to Elizabethan days and still on beyond for so many years that no man knew exactly how many; and I began to understand in a dim sort of way how and why it was these people held so fast to the things they had and cared so little for the things they had not.

Better than by all the reading you have ever done ye absorb a sense and realization of the splender of Englands past when you go to Westminster Abbey and stant-figuratively—with one foot on Jonson and another of Dryden; and if, overcome by the presence of so much dead-and-gone greatness, you fall in a fit you commit a trespass on the last resting-place of Macaulay or Clave, or somebody of equal consequence. More imposing even than Westminster is St. Paul's. I am not thinking so most of the memorials or the tombs or the statues there, but of the tattered battleflags bearing the names of battles fought by the English in every crack and cranny of the world from Quebec to Ladysmith, and from Lucknow to Kharum.



Instead of Being Inside the Ring, the Referee, Dressed in Evening Clothes, Was Outside the Ropes

Beholding them there, draped above the tombs, some aded but still intact, some mere clotted wisps of ragged ilk dinging to blackened standards, gives one an uplifting ocception of the spirit that has sent the British soldier orth to girth the globe, never faltering, never slackening are, never giving back a step today but that he took two teps forward tomorrow; never stopping—except for ten!

The fool hath said in his heart that he would go to logiand and come away and write something about his repressions, but never write a single, solitary word about be Englishman's tea-drinking habit, or the Englishman's ricket-playing habit, or the Englishman's lack of a sense f humor.

I was that fool. But it cannot be done. Lacking these bings England would not be England. It would be Hamlet ithout Hamlet or the Ghost or the wicked Queen or mad phelia or her tiresome old pa; for most English life and he bulk of English conversation center about sporting spics, with the topic of cricket predominating. And at given hour of the day the wheels of the empire stop, and verybody in the empire—from the king in the counting one, counting up his money, to the maid in the garden, anging out the clothes—drops what he or she may be doing at imbibes tea until further orders. And what oceans of a they do imbibe!

There was an old lady who sat near us in a teashop one ternoon. As well as might be judged by one who saw her a sitting posture only, she was no deeper than any other d lady of average dimensions; but in rapid succession a tilted five large cups of piping but tea into herself and as starting on her sixth when we withdrew, stanned by

e speciacle. She must have been fearfully sg-waisted! I had a mental vision of her terior decorations—all fumed-oak wainstings and buff-leather hangings.

Still, I doubt whether their four-o'cheka habit is any worse than our five-o'chekektail habit. It all depends, I suppose, on asther one prefers being tanned inside to ing pickled. But we are getting bravely er our cocktail habit, as attested by figures of the visual evidences, while their tea habit growing on them—so the statisticiars say.

The Vulgarity of Laughter

S FOR the Englishman's sense of humor. Let his lack of it, I judge that we Ameras are partly wrong in our diagnosis of that are of British character and partly right, cause he is slow to laugh at a joke, we nit he cannot see the point of it without fagram and a chart. What we do not take a consideration is that, through centuries self-repression, the Englishman has so lied himself into refraining from laughing public—for fear, you see, of making him-I compicuous—it has become a part of his are. Indeed, in certain quarters a prejue a against laughing under any circumbers appears to have aprung up.

was looking one day through the pages of of the critical English weeklies. Nearly

British weeklies are heavy, and this is the heaviest of lot. Its editorial column alone weighs from twelve to then pounds, and if you strike a man with a clubbed y of it the crime is assault with a duli blunt instrument, hintent to kill. At the end of a ponderous review of the it Indian question I came on a letter written to the editor by a gentleman signing himself with his own name, and reading in part as follows:

Sir; Laughter is always vul-

gar and offensive. For instance, whatever there may be of pleasure in a theater—and there is not much—the place is made impossible by isosphter.

No: it is very schlorn that happiness is refined or pleasant to see merriment that is produced by wine is false merriment, and there is no true merrument without it.

Laughter is profune, in fact, where it is not ridiculous.

On the other hand the English in bulk will laugh at a thing which among us would bring tears to the most hardened cheek and incite our rebellious souls to mayhem and manalaughter. On a certain night we attended a musical show at one of the higgest London these

ters. There was some really clever funning by a straight comedian, but his best efforts died a-borning; they drew but the merest ripple of laughter from the audience.

Later there was a scene between a sad person made up as a Scotchman and another equally sad person of color from the States. These times no English musical show is



And at a Given Hour Everybody Imbibes Ten Until Further Orders

complete unless the cast includes a North American negro with his lips painted to resemble a wide slice of ripe watermelon, singing ragtime ditties touching on his chicken and his Baby Doll. This pair took the stage, all others considerately withdrawing; and presently, after a period of heartrending comicalities, the Scatchman, speaking as

though he had a mouthful of hot oatmeal, proceeded to narrate an account of a fictitious encounter with a bear. Substact ally the dialogue ensied:

THE SCOTCHMAN - flowers a varia tierce grintly tear, ye loss; and be rushed at me from behind a jugged rock.

THE NEGRO-Mistah, you means a jagged rock, don't

THE SCOTCHMAN-Nay, nay, laddie-a jugged rock.

THE NEGRO - What's dat you say? What - what is a jugged rock?

THE SCOTCHMAN (forgetting his sevent)—Why, a rock with a jug on it, old chap. (A stage roll to let that sout into them in all its full strength.) A rock with a jug on it would be a jugged rock, wouldn't it—eh?

The pause had been sufficient—they had it now. And from all parts of the house a whoop of unrestrained juywent up.



If You Have Braught Any Henry Baggage You Ga Back and Pick it Dos

Witnessing such speciacles as this, the American observer naturally begins to think that the English in mass cannot see a joke that is the least bit subtle. Nevertheless, however, and to the contrary notwithstanding—as Colonel Bill Sterritt, of Texas, used to say—England has produced the greatest natural humorists in the world

and some of the greatest comedians, and for a great many years has supported the greatest comic paper printed in the English language—and that is Punch.

Also, at an informal Saturday-night dinner to a well-known London club I heard as much spontaneous repartee from the company at large, and as much quiet humor from the chairman, as I ever heard in one evening anywhere: but if you went into that club on a weekday you might suppose somehody was dead and laid out there, and that everybody about the premises had gone into deep mourning for the deceased.

If any member of that club had dured then to crack a joke they would have expelled him—as soon as they got over the shock of the bounder's confounded cheek. Saturday night? Yes. Monday afternoon? Never! And there you ure!

The Bond of Red Meat

SPEAKING of Punch reminds me that we were in London when Punch, after giving the matter due consideration for a period of years, came out with a colored jacket on him. If the Prime Minister had done a Highland fling in custome at high noon in Oxford Circus it could not have created more excitement than Punch created by coming out with a colored cover.

Yet, to an American's understanding, the change was not so revolutionary and radical as all that. Punch's wellknown lineaments remained the same. There was merely a dab of palish yellow here and there on the sheet; at first glance you might have supposed somebody else had been reading your copy of Punch at breakfast and had been careless in spooning up his soft-boiled egg.

They are our cousins, the English are; our cousins once removed, 'tis true—see standard histories of the American Revolution for further details of the removing—but they are kinemer of our become a doubt.

are kinsmen of ours beyond a doubt.

Even if there were no other evidences, the kinship between us would still be proved by the fact that the English are the only people except the Americans who look on red meat—beef, mutton, pork—as a food to be esten for the taste of the meat itself; whereas the other nations of the earth regard it as a vehicle for carrying various sauces, dressings and stuffings southward to the stomach. But, to the notice of the American who is paying them his first visit, they certainly do offer some amazing

ontradictions.

In the large matters of business the English have been accused of trickiness—which, however, may be but the voice of envious competition speaking: but in the small things they surely are most marvelously honest. Consider their railroad trains now: To a greenhorn from this side the blue water, a railroad journey out of London to almost any point in rural England is a succession of surprises—and all pleasant ones. To begin with, apparently there is nobody at the station whose business it is to show you to your train or to examine your ticket before you have found your train for yourself. There is no mad scurrying about at the moment of departure, no bleating of directions through megaphones. Unchaperoned you move along a long platform under a grimy shed, where trains are standing





with their carriage doors hospitably a jar, and unassisted you find your own train and your own carriage, and enter therein.

Sharp on the minute an unseen hand—at least I never saw it—slams the doors and—you might almost any secre-

tively—the train moves out of the terminal. It moves smoothly and practically without jarring sounds. There is no shricking of steel against steel. It is as though the rails were made of rubber and the wheel-flanges were faced with noise-proof felt. No conductor comes to punch your ticket, no brakeman to bellow the stops, so train butcher bleating the gabbled invoice of his gundrops, bananas and other best-sellers.

Glory be! It is all so peaceful and soothing—as peaceful and as soothing as the land through which you are gliding when once you have left behind smoky London and its interminable environs; for now you are in a land that was fluished and plenished five hundred years ago and since then has not been altered in any material aspect whatsoever. Every blade of grass is in its right place; every wayside shrub seemingly has been restrained and trained to grow in exactly the right and the proper way.

The Honor System on Trains

STREAMING by your car window goes a tastefully arranged succession of the thatched cottages, the huddled little towns, the meandering brooks, the ancient inns, the fine old country places, the high-hedged estates of the landed gentry, with rose-covered lodges at the gates and robust children in the doorways—just as you have

always seen them in the picture books. There are fields that are velvet lawns, and lawns that are carpets of green cut-plush. England is the only country I know of that lives up—exactly and precisely—to its storybook descriptions and its storybook illustrations.

Eventually you come to your stepping point—at least you have reason to believe it may be your stopping point. As well as you may judge by the signs that plaster the front, the sides and even the top of the station, the place is either a beef extract or a washing compound. Nor may you count on any travelers who may be sharing your compartment with you to set you right by a timely word or two. Your fellow passengers may pity you for your ignorance and your perplexity, but they would not speak—they could not, not having been introduced.

A German or a Frenchman would be giving you gladly what aid he might; but a well-born Englishman who had not been introduced would ride for nine years with you and not speak. I found the best way of solving the puzzle was to consult the timecard. If the timecard said our train would reach a given point at a given bour, and this was the given bour, then we might be pretty sure this was the given point. Timetables in England are written by realistists, not by gifted fiction writers of the impressionistic school, as is frequently the case in America.

So, if this timecard says it is time for you to get off you get off, with your ticket still in your possession: and if it be a small station you go yourself and look up the station master, who is tucked away in a secluded cubbyhole somewhere absorbing tea, or else is in the luggage room fussing with baby carriages and putent churns. Having ferreted him out in his hiding-place you hand over your ticket to

him and he touches his capbrim and says "Kew" very politely, which concludes the ceremony so far as you are concerned.

Then, if you have brought any heavy baggage with you in the baggage carpardon, I meant the luggage van-you go back to the platform and pick it out from the heap of luggage that has been dumped there by the trainbunds. With ordinary luck and forethought you could easily pick out and claim and carry off some other person's trunk, provided you fancied it more than your own trunkonly you do not. You do not do this any more than, having purchased a secondclass ticket or a third-class, you ride first-class; though, so far as I could tell, there is no check to prevent a person from so doing. At least an Englishman never does. It never seems to secur to him to do so. The English have no

I have a suspicion, though, that if one of our railroads tried to operate its train service on such a basis of confidence in the general public there would be a most deficitful hiatus in the receipts from pussenger traffic to be reported to a distressed group of stockholders at the end of the fiscal year. This, however, is merely a supposition on my part. I may be wrong.

To a greater degree, I take it, than any other race the English have mustered the difficult art of minding their own affairs. The average Englishman is tremendously knowledgeable about his own concerns and monumentally

FRIGHTFUL DISTRESSING SUBURBAN INCIDENT DISASTER

ignorant about all other things. If an Englishman's business requires that he shall learn the habits and customs of the Patagonians or the Chicagoans or any other race which, because it is not British, he naturally regards

as barbaric, he goes and learns them—and learns them well. Otherwise your Britisher does not bother himself with what the outlander may or may not do.

An Englishman cannot understand an American's instinctive desire to know about things; we do not understand his lack of curiosity in that direction. Both of us forget what I think must be the underlying one that we are a which, until comparatively recently, lived wide distances apart in marsely settled lands, and were dependent on the passing stranger for news of the rest of the world, whereas he belongs to a people who all these centuries have been packed together in their little island like outs in a bin.

London itself is so crewded that the noses of most of the lower classes turn up—there is not room for them to point straight ahead without causing a great and bitter confusion of noses; but whether it points upward or outward or downward the owner of the nose pretty generally refrain from ramming it into other folks' business. If he and all his fellows did not do this; if they had not learned to keep their voices down and to muffle unnecessary noises; if they had not built tight covers of reserve about then selves, as the oyster builds up a shell to protect his tender tissues from irritation—they would long ago have become a race of nervous wrecks instead of being what they are, the most stolid beings alive.

In London even royalty is mercifully vouchsafed a resonable amount of privacy from the intrusion of the girls eye and the chisel nose. Royalty may ride in Rotten flow of a morning, promenade on the Mall at noon, and shop a the Regent Street shops in the afternoon, and at all time go unguarded and unbothered—I had almost said unsticed. It may be that long and constant familiarity win the institution of royalty has bred indifference in the london mind to the physical presence of dukes and prince and things; but I am inclined to think a good share of it should be attributed to the inborn and ingrown British faculty is letting other folks be.

One morning as I was walking at random through the aratocratic district, of which St. James is the solar plexus and Park Lane the spinal cord, I came to a big mansion stars footguards stood sentry at the wall gates. This house are further distinguished from its neighbors by the presence of a policeman pacing alongside it, and a newspaper photorapher setting up his tripod and camera in the road as a small knot of passers-by lingering on the opposite side of the way, as though waiting for somebody to come along it something to happen. I waited too.

In a minute a handsome old man and a well-set-up your man turned the corner afoot. The younger man was leaing a beautiful stag bound. The photographer touched to

> hat and said semething, and the younger man smiling a good-natured smile, obligingly posed in the street for a picture. At this precise more a dirigible balloon came careening over the chin neypots on a cross-Landon air jaunt; and at the sight of it the little crowd left the young our and the photographer and set off at a run to billoon as far as they might, the course of the balloon

A Good Natured Prince

NOW in America this could not have occurred for the balloon man would not have bealoft at such an hour. He would have been the earth; moreover he would have been outed the walls of that mansion house, along with la a million, more or less, of his patriotic follow countrymen, tearing his own clothes off and the clothes off, trampling the weak and sickly uno. foot, bucking the doubled and tripled police line in a mad, vain effort to see the flagpole on the roof or a corner of the rear garden wall - for the house was Clarence House, and the young he who posed so accommodatingly for the photorapher was none other than Prince Arthur Connaught, who was getting himself married very next day.

The next day I beheld from a short distant the passing of the bridal procession. Thoughther were crowds all along the route followed by the

wedding party, there was no scrouging, no shoving, to life ing, no disorderly scramble, no unseemly congestion about the chapel where the coremony took place. It reminded no

(Continued on Page 46)



May Apactle of Any Creed May Come Here and Spant Forth the Faith That is in it

NOT ENOUGH MUSTARD

THE woman in the flat overhead had just put anes needle in the muchine and rolled back the purior rugs. One could not mistake the d. Down the nieshaft came first the seductive

mits of Get Out nd Get Under! after this the gas fixtures egunto rattle in time ex steady thumping eriead Half pust gatadjust struck you understand, E S. M. That was a gaver thing about Mrs. Drum, howw. did not seem to morths. Her air a shurhed.

The Drums' dining on was directly sir that domestic mechall upstairs. naklast had been sheding ago; but, 12. Drum had reand to read his per. Mrs. Drum rethet also. Her shod though he discrease at breakit did not like her have the table besledd. He was a id-agedman, long hethin merely tall, o ver a salesman a fourth Avenue keiniern. Itsspehy was religious the and Mr. Drum med accordingly.

to specialty foud thump now having caused him to look from his paper, he stared inquiringly at the ceiling. we the gas fixtures' globes were tinkling like castanets. Bub! That female's at it again, I see!" he remarked, r which he added in a tone the sareasm of which was int: "Say, I wonder whether she tangoes in her sleep

law not the first time Mr. Drum had disapproved of lady overhead. "Life is real! Life is earnest!" as he a said: consequently frivolity of any sort he disliked. brum invariably would add. He was, in fact, full of soings. "Satan finds work for idle hands," was one stavorites, it sharing in his exteem an equal place with the sovereign proverb: "Take care of the dimes and lollars will take care of themselves." Naturally a man his would have little use for a woman that tangoed at

a Drum heaved a little sigh. She was a sort of le-sged young woman, with a faded, elderly air, a clothes looked as though her husband had helped them. He had too.

'ut isn't the tango; it's a trot, Homer," she mur-

eyer mind what it is!" retorted Mr. Drum indig-7. "This is a nice time of day for her to start in with the best high kicking!"

un Mrs. Drum sighed, at the same time twining her

stogether in her lap.

" he a party tonight she's practicing," she faltered. and her say so in the hallway. And, Homer," added Drun, "I don't think you high-kick when you trot. ordy take your feet off the floor."

Drum, who had picked up his paper, at once laid it How do you know?" he instantly demanded; and

Dram gave a tirnid little start.

-thy, me?" she stammered. "Why, I must have t in the paper. I guess I wouldn't have learned it

bers else, would I?" thould hope not!" Mr. Drum rejoined, with convic-If you were like that woman upstairs I'd hate to what I'd do! Just look at her! Out day and night,

of from one tango tes to another!" a Drum had never in her life even seen one. She birdly have known what a tango tea looked like. or, Mr. Drum's speech was not the less impressive.

is in't it offle?" she assented hurriedly. "Last the was out twice; and here it's only Thursday and

first out again. I c'n see how you'd hate it!" was an air about Mrs. Drum that to a stranger 1 | 270 seemed submerged, but Mr. Drum did not

By Maximilian Foster



There Followed a Iteady Thumping. Which Hade the Gas Fixtures Status and Lway

notice it. He was busy folding the newspaper so that he could put it into his pocket. Mrs. Drum sat watching him. She would have liked to read the morning paper, but Mr. Drum did not approve of it. He thought newspapers demoralizing to women. However, having now stuffed his into his coat pocket, he helped himself sparingly to a mouthful of water.

'That's right," he observed, his tone oracular; "the whole trouble is you women nowadays have too much time on your hands! If it wasn't for that there wouldn't be half of this talk about the vote and woman's sphere. Not

"Yes; I guess so!" Mrs. Drum hurrledly agreed.
"And dancing their lives away!" continued Mr. Drum.
"Cutting up high jinks everywheres in creation! It's enough to make you sirk!"
"Yes; isn't it?" affirmed Mrs. Drum.

With a final snort Mr. Drum arose. Brushing the crumbs from his waistcoat he sauntered toward the door.

"Well, I must be off," he said, his voice again assuming that note of large, buoyant beartious so often admired in the trade. "And remember, little woman, dinner early! This is my club night. You won't forget?"

Mrs. Drum said she would not. Her husband was a member of the Knights of Zanzibar, a fraternal benevolent order that met once a week at a bowling alley. The week before she had delayed him by forgetting to have the dinner on in time. In consequence, as he now reminded her, he had been greatly put out.

"Yes: I know," she placated. "Good-by, Homer,"

"Good-by," nodded Mr. Drum.

He went out briskly, loudly clearing his throat; and for moment Mrs. Drum sat back, staring down her nose, Then, as the door slammed, she suddenly rose.

The music upstairs had stopped, but scuffling to the airshaft window she threw it open. There, for a period, she leaned forth listening. All was silent, though; and, with a sniff a slight scho of disgust, one had thought she lowered the window; then slipslopped back to her place at the table. A long while passed; and, with her hands in her lap, Mrs. Drum sat staring at the curpet.

Mr. Drum would not have liked to see her. Marriage, as he often pointed out, was strictly business. "Sure!" he would say. "You 'nd me are partners, a regular firm!" Then he would warn her, if she "reneged on the job" the firm would dissolve. "Yes; you gotta do your work!" he would tell her.

No doubt this was in her mind now; for, rising presently, Mrs. Drum began to go about her morning tasks.

It was not the first time she had beard idleness was woman's curse. No, indeed! And as Mrs. Drum washed

and put away the breakfast dishes, made the beds and tidied up the bedroom, her mind dwelt on Mr. Drum's sage words. Curiously the thought lingered while she dusted the parlor and bedroom, swept

the hall, scrubbed the kitchen floor, steamed out the ice-box, and made a pie for dinner and a shirt for Mr. Drum. But, then. that is the way with most apt sayings; they stick like was in one's head. And as Mrs. Drum next. darned four or five pairs of her husband's socks and mended three suits of his onderflannelsshe waastill reflecting on the folly and frivolity of hersex.

However, ere long the thought began tofade. Having cleaned and filled four kerosene lamps she was just about to clean and fill a fifth when all at once she remembered she had yet to do the marketing as well as to take a pair of Mr. Drum's shoes. to the cubbler; after which she must get his silk hat ironed, then go to the cleuner's for a coat he might wish to wear that night. Of course this would

take all her leisure until long past the luncheon hour; but, then, Mrs. Drum did not think of lunching. She seldom did. What now occupied her mind was her back. It felt. singularly as though some one had thrust into it a carving knife, kitchen size; and with one hand on the ache, her head lolled over on her shoulder, she was just limping out. of the dining room when she passed abruptly, her ear cocked up, her manner alert.

The woman in the flat overhead had again put a new sedle in the machine and started it to playing!

The effect was electrical: Mrs. Drum stood poised, her figure rigid; and the change that stole into her expression was curious. Saint Cecilia could not have looked more rapt. It was only for a moment, though. Durting to the airshaft window she flung it open. At once, with all its tantalizing seductiveness, the strains of Too Much Mus-tard came floating in; and scuffling to the sideboard Mrs. Drum yanked open a drawer. From this she produced a newspaper clipping, an article embellished with a series of cabalistic designs. However they seemed quite clear to Mrs. Drum, for, after a brief glance at the text, she turned and, with a vigorous shove, pushed the dining-room table into a corner. Next, having again studied the clipping, she planed it conveniently to the wall paper and backed away. Then, had Mr. Drum been present, it is possible he might. have suffered a momentary shock.

Mrs. Drum had begun to sway. Her figure, melting from its former rigidity, oscillated in time to the music. Left foot forward, her skirts raised high enough to disclose a pair of spinsterlike ankles, she advanced across the room. "One, two, three, four, five, six-dip!" said Mrs. Drum, and did it. "One, two, three-dip! One, two, three!"

It is well Mr. Drum was not present. Fancy John the Baptist eying Herodias from his platter! Meantime overhead the dulcet strains continued, when in earnest, solemn succession Mrs. Drum did the Horse Trot, the Castle and the Kitchen Sink. Then, after again consulting the diagram, she next essayed the Lame Duck, the Fireplug, the Billy and Lillian, the Huckaback Hug and the Can of Worms. Flushed and animated, the light of youth, long submerged, once more dawning in her eyes, she was just taking a try at the Grapevine Dip when overhead the music abruptly ended.

"Shuh!" said Mrs. Drum. She waited eagerly, but those strains from above did not start again. Instead, a door slammed a moment later and all was still. Visibly her face full. "Lord!" sighed Mrs. Drum; and she was mopping her face with her apron when she paused, her eyes fastened on the wall above the fireplace.

A colored decoration hung there-a motto. The thing was one of those worsted and cardboard art creations of the mid-Rutherford B. Hayes period, its frame of black walnut carved to represent rustic work. Mr. Drum had contributed it to the household. Its sentiment seemed inspired:

THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME

Her posture intent, Mrs. Drum pored over the inscription. One would have thought her air now more curious than ever. It was together profound and quizzical; at once mirthless, yet amused. La Gioconda might have gleamed like that some time at Mr. Gioconda. It was not for long, though.

As she lowered the airshaft window and pushed the table back into place she remembered, with a pang of what may have been conscious shame, that the Knights of Zanzibar met that night, that Mr. Drum's. slik hat had yet to be ironed, that she still had to go

to the cleaner's for his coat. No place like home?

"I'll bet not!" said Mrs. Drum.

The hours passed. Noon merged into one o'clock: then came two, lugging onward with heavy feet. Mrs. Drum was still at her household tasks, limping from one to the other. The knife in her back she no longer felt now. It had become a sword, a saher; and subconsciously she waited for it to saw her spine in twain-As this idle thought flitted vaguely through her mind the clock struck half past three. It is the hour when the fiddles at the first thes dansants begin tuning up; she had read about it in the paper. However, Mrs. Drum had no time to think of that. Mr. Drum had ordered

dinner early! Just then the doorbell rang; and, with her hand on her ache, her air indifferent, Mrs. Drum went limping along the hall. A young woman stood on the landing outside and Mrs. Drum, as she opened the door, gave a little gasp. It was the lady from upstairs! She had a flat paper purce! in

her hand and she was smiling.

Though Mrs. Drum had often seen her neighbor, she had never spoken to her. Mr. Drum, she knew, would not approve of it. Besides, there was something about the lady subtly alarming to Mrs. Drum herself. What it was though, Mrs. Drum could not have told. It may have been her manner; possibly it was her clothes. Somehow. they gave the impression that she had just stepped into them or was just stepping out of them. This was due either to the slush in her skirt or the V in her waist. Mrs. Drum could not tell which. To her dazed view they

seemed to meet. The lady's smile, though, was duzzling.
"Say, Mrs. Drum," she said, with informal directness,
"I was wund'ring if you wooden do sumple f' me? I'm Miss La Ray I'm upstairs; you know me, don't yuh? Liane La Ray -yeah. We haven't b'en interduced - bean, I mean - only I guess you know me. I'm on at th' Winter Gurden, y'know; yes, the fourth from the end in that front row bunch of broilers."

"Huh?" inquired Mrs. Drum.

"Yeah, the squab chorus," explained Miss La Ray, adding: "I'm the one that has that line: 'Oh, Benny, see how late it is! The cluck on the taxi says eleven dollars and a quarter! You've heard me, haven't yuh?"

Mrs. Drum had not, but that did not in the least dash

her visitor's exuberant spirits.

"Lissen, dearie!" she beamed. "You wooden mind, would yub, giving this dress to the tailor when he comes? They've got us called I'r a rehoisal this afternoon and I gotta have my dress done so's I c'n wear it t'night. The braid's all kicked off the hem I'm doing the M'shish.

There must have been something in Mrs. Drum's face that expressed bewilderment, for again Miss La Ray explained:

Yes; you know - that Cuban dance they used to call the McSix, on'y that ain't right. The name's Mexican, a gen'l'man told me. He used to work on the Canal, where they talk it." As she spoke Miss La Ray had unwrapped the dress. "And, say," she added, "when you see that tailor just ask him to open up the slit a little, won't you? There's a dear! I just hate my clothes if they hamper me, don't you?" With this she thrust the dress into Mrs. Drum's startled hands. "Thanks offly!" bubbled Miss La Ray. "Remember now; any time you want a favor off

Still piping thanks she flitted, durting down the stairs; and shutting the door in a dream Mrs. Drum wandered up the hall, Miss La Ray's dress held dangling 'twixt her

thumb and forefinger.

It was to the parlor that Mrs. Drum headed. Arriving there she flung the dress over the back of a convenient chair and was solemnly departing when, with a grunt, she halted. Something in the dress seemed to arrest her. She turned. With an energetic hand she twitched up the window shade. Then backing off a bit Mrs. Drum stood poring over the lace and charmense creation, much as a naturalist might pore over some startling sport of Nature.

The dress was what a modiste would have termed a dernier eri. In Mrs. Drum's parlor, though, rather than a



"I Just Hate My Clother if They Rumper Mo, Dun't You?"

mere cry it became a shout. Maybe the thought occurred to Mrs. Dram, too, for she looked about her covertly, her glance curious,

Portraits in erayon of Mr. Drum's dead parents adorned the wall. Father Drum, one saw, had worn whiskers d ld Brigham Young, his upper lip being shaved. As for Mrs. Drum, seidor, she had her hair dressed straight back from her brown; besides which she wore spectacles. In keeping with these art works was the furniture. It included a horsebair sola, the last of its kind probably in any New York flat; and there was also a murble-topped center table as well as a corper whatnet.

A crocheted worsted mat covered the center table, and on this stood a kerosene lamp with a green shade. On the whatnot was a large seashell, a piece of transparent quartz, three flint arrowbeads, a plush photograph album, an ornamented mustache cup, several books, and a glass paperweight with a snowstorm isside. All these Mrs. Drum took in with a quick, comprehensive glance, when again there stole into her face that faint, covert air of locuedity. Then, roving from Mr. Drum's treasured heirlooms, her eyes leaped swiftly again to the dress.

The next justant she had anatched it up!

It was again well that Mr. Drum was absent. Her hands, eager and as avaricious as a miser's, played over the gown, fingering every inch of its soft, alluring finery. She wet her lips. Her eyes sparkled. She bent above it, her breath coming swiftly. She felt, appraised, reveled in the filmy softness of its lace. Her touch ran gloatingly along the fabric's sleek, exquisite surface. Her fingers, horny and rough from want of care, plied like a caress over its braid, even its buttons. She patted down its wrinkles. With quick, birdlike gestures she smoothed it here and there.

A mother crooning over a babe could not have expressed s keener, more joyous tenderness. She had held up the dress, draping it against her figure, when all at once there swam into Mrs. Drum's face a quick, still more extraordinary air. It illuminated all her features like a halo,

There was a mirror hanging tilted against the wall, She turned swiftly to it. One had but to give her a look instantly to guess her purpose. Already her fingers had begun sastching at the buttons of her waist. In pot more than three minutes at the most, her own dress discarded and kicked beneath a chair, Mrs. Drum stood before the glass clad in the charmouse tango gown of the lady from overhead. The transformation was complete!

The former Mrs. Drum seemed somehow to have disappeared. She no longer looked scrawny and stoopshouldered; she did not look submerged. Instead, there posed before the mirror a slim, exect figure, not the least middle-aged. Only the way her hair was dressed reminded

one of Mrs. Drum of old. It still was dressed the wa Mr. Drum liked it dressed; and she gave it a sads giance.

"Ugh!" said Mrs. Drum; and she jabled it in one way, then the other. Afterward for a moment regarded herself critically in the mirror, when low second time that morning Mrs. Drum backed to across the room, at the same time daintily raising to skirts above her ankles. "One, two, three-dip!" a Mes, Drum, and again did it. "Dip!"

This time, however, when she dipped she held a pose; and twisting her head over her shoulder in peeped down at herself. A neat ankle, nos less que sterlike than shapely, was revealed to her. Shi con at it an instant; then she blushed. It was with home ure, though; with pride, not shame. The achtu is back was forgotten. She rejoiced that she was a slender, that age and toll had yet really to tell or be Just then the clocks outside struck four; and less in an attitude of tense attention, Mrs. Dram stavil herself in the glass.

In two hours to the minute Mr. Drum's latelar would rattle in the latch. In just two hours W Drum's dinner must be on the table! Mrs. Dog eyes dropped auddenly. She stood looking at is shoes.

"Good Lord!" shee jaculated. "Aren't they away The next moment, seated on the floor, she laps hurriedly to unbutton them. An instant laterale in flitting down the hall. Presently a door slamed then silence fell.

In the religious-works book trade Mr. Drum's list was a synonym of all that is punctilious, all that methodical. It was especially so in the way to Drum made use of his time. At home he was it same as at his office. Winter or summer Mr. Dru let nothing ever vary his schedule.

Punctually at seven-thirty he rose. At od promptly he sat down at the breakfast table. The on the minute, as he expected, Mrs. Drum had the meal ready for him. As they did not keep a serus Mr. Drum's mother never having had one, Mr. Dro was enabled always to be on time by rising a d o'clock. However, having breakfasted, Mr. Dr. read the newspaper until half past eight. At an thirty-five he left the house. Each morning on

day in the year, the clocks were striking nine as he was the book concern.

There, until half past twelve, Mr. Drum was ruppy with the visiting trade. At twelve-thirty-one he was to seen departing to his luncheon, from which he never regularly at one-twenty-nine. One-thirty to the dot of him at his desk, where he labored until five-one. He's then to walk home. Every weekday evening in the just arrived there promptly on the minute of six.

Tonight was no exception. The clocks were just street as he put his key in the lock. Then, in conformity with usual routine, Mr. Drum loudly cleared his throat.

Mrs. Drum's given name was Lucy. Mr. Drun, by ever, never used it. It was too girlish, not to say map fied, for a married woman; especially one who was his wi His mother's name had been Eliza.

"Mrs. Drum!" cailed Mr. Drum, his voice bent busyantly down the hall.

There was no reply. The house seemed strangely on Smiling indulgently Mr. Drum stepped up the hall toru the horsehair parior.

"Hello, there!" he cried, raising his voice a little he "Is every one dead here?" Enjoying this spirited within he had begun good-naturedly to chuckle, when all it me the silence seemed to sink on and engulf him. Al ". instant, entering the parlor, Mr. Drum's eyes fell in M. Drum's discarded housedress. It lay where she had it-that is, kicked beneath a chair. "What's the inquired Mr. Drum; and, leaning forward to per at it next observed the street shoes she had also cast aside

By now Mr. Drum was frowning darkly. He di like the look of things in the least. It was not the intihe had felt it necessary to chide Mrs. Drum for her was ness; and as he stepped inquiringly toward the idia Mr. Drum's brows were wrinkled more than ent. cleared his throat.

"Mrs. Drum! I say, there!" he called again. Silence still answered; and pushing back the kitcher in Mr. Drum stalked into the kitchen. He knew install something was wrong!

The gas range was lit; there were pots and para sel but no pot or pan gave forth its wonted fragrang 3 grateful incense of dinner to be. Instead there there through the air a thin, acrid smoke, the odor of south meat and burning vegetables. A cry of horror but is expressed burst from Mr. Drum. Mingled with it was tone of stern rebuke:

Mrs. Drum! Mrs. Drum!"

Shutting off the gas, his brows austere, his iips president firmly together, Mr. Drum stalked out of the kitche: " called no more new. As clearly as though Mrs Do-

erself had confessed it he now realized the situation. In rect disregard of every duty he expected of her she had illfully run out somewhere, leaving his dinner to burn! It made little difference to Mr. Drum that this was the at occurrence of its kind. He would see to it, he assured mself, that it should be the last! Armed with this decion he was crossing the dining room to the hall when he iddenly paused.

It was some effect in the room that had halted him. A range had taken place he was subtly aware. What it was, ough, he could not tell. Then his eye roving about him shted all at once as it reached the fireplace. The wall pove it was blank! The worsted motto was gone! A ctangle of faded wall paper was now all that occupied e place once sacred to that household sentiment:

THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME!

Bewildered, Mr. Drum gaped on the vacancy. He emed dumfounded. The disuppearance of that emblem as vaguely ominous. However, ere long his wits returned. d with his mouth set, the Jovian wrath again seated on s brow, he stalked up the hallway to the parlor. There, th a grim solicitude, he picked up both Mrs. Drum's ess and Mrs. Drum's shoes. Next Mr. Drum placed on e sofa both shoes and dress.

Their presence there was conspicuous. However, this parently was what he wished, for, backing away a bit, he

tically studied their appearance.

Then, drawing up a chair, Mr. Drum grimly seated him-If where he could command a free, unobstructed view of e door -of that and any one who might enter by it.

His face was fixed. As he told himself, he must of course strain his temper. Her fault naturally was one he could st condone; but at the same time he must not forget his gnity. He must be firm, not harsh; severe, yet not just. Nor must be fail to be kindly, either. That would due from him as the stronger mind, as the superior in z. Yes; that must be his manner-firm yet kindly! ace he had sufficiently rebuked her, he would make her e the largeness of his nobility. He would show her he as ready to forgive, to forget—that is, if she did not repeat e offense. However, though he knew himself to be nerous, Mr. Drum was fully aware of the gravity of his de's miscloings.

It was at this instant the doorbell rang.

The first tinkling of that summons had hardly echoed rough the flat ere Mr. Drum was on his feet. Then, as he cted toward the hall, he recalled his resolution. He ust not forget himself. There must be no scene. His guity he must remember. Outside, the hell rung again; it Mr. Drum halted. He must first compose himself, Drawing out his watch he exactly noted the time. It

is sixteen minutes to seven. For all purposes that eant his meal already was an hour late. Next, turning to e mirror Mr. Drum carefully noted his appearance. In emotion his necktie had become disarranged. He fixed Then, his eyes on himself in the glass, Mr. Drum loudly

cleared his throat. Firm, not harsh! Severe, yet not unjust! Yes, that was the idea; and, his face grave, his shoulders erect, Mr. Drum strode down the hall.

Flinging open the door be stood there in sllence waiting, his finger leveled, pointing toward the parlor. A pause followed.

"S-a-y!" a voice drawled then, stretching out the word; and, gaping, Mr. Drum looked outside.

"Huh?" he inquired.

It was not Mrs. Drum at all! It was Miss La Ray, the lady from overhead. Indicating the finger, which Mr. Drum still rigidly extended, she inquired in Broadway's happy argot:

"Hey? What's th' plot?" And instantly Mr. Drum assumed a less theatrical pose.

"What is it you wish, madam?" he asked freezingly. Miss La Ray wished to see Mrs. Drum. What is more, she wished to see her forthwith. One gathered from her tone that Miss La Ray was not quite pleased. In return, Mr. Drum raised his brown. It was not his intention that any such neighbor should force her acquaintance on his wife.

"Mrs. Drum is not at home," he said.

"Not at home!" echoed Miss La Hay. "Well, where's abe went?"

As haughtily as he could Mr. Drum said he did not know, at which the visitor gave a loud exclamation. 'Say, this is a swell chance!" she cried, dismayed. "What's she did with my clothes?"

"Your clothes?" repeated Mr. Drum, the inflection

"You said it," returned Miss La Ray; "my dress! The man that called for it says he was all the afternoon trying to get it off her.'

"Off her?" echoed Mr. Drum, starting-

"Away I'm her," Miss La Ray corrected, her voice

Mr. Drum had now perceived the situation. Obviously this female had left with Mrs. Drum a dress that was to be called for by a tailor. The knowledge irritated him. In the first place, Mrs. Drum had her own duties to faitill. Then again, had he not warned her she must not make indiscriminate acquaintances? Miss La Ray's occupation he knew too; and he did not in the least approve of it. Least of all did he approve of her ringing his doorbell. What if any one should see her there talking to him like this!

I know nothing about your dress. You must excuse me!" said Mr. Drum, his tone leier than ever; and he was closing the door when Miss La Ray, in desperate ire, put her shoulder to it and pushed. Meantime her speech flowed on undiminished.

"Hey!" she shrilled. "What's th' idee? Are you tryin' to put sumpin' over on me? . . . Awr, you stop yer shoving -y' hear! I want my dress! Hey, you quit that

Mr. Drum had his back to the door, his feet braced against the wall opposits. Subconsciously he felt the

"Ever lines We Waited to the Atrac Paying Beas Boing All the Talking; and Nam ! Mean to be a Little Tue! MININET STATE



posture to be undignified, especially for one of his position in the religious-works book trade. It was no time to cavil, however. He shoved. Success crowned the effort. The door gave, it shut; and as the latch clicked Mr. Drum breathed a sigh of relief.

His satisfaction, however, was short. A brief full followed. Then the silence was succeeded by a storm of blows on the panel; and at the sudden uproar Mr. Drum turned pale. What if the woman roused the house?

His brow moist, Mr. Drum reflected on the consequences. A scandal like that might smirch any one, no matter who! Not even his known respectability could save him! Think of it! His name would be coupled to a woman's! And such a woman too-a public singer! Worse, they might even have dancing at the Winter Garden!

Leaning over suddenly he shouled through the keybole; "Have a care, young woman! Have a care or I shall

report you to your employers!"

The threat seemed effective. Silence, at any rate, followed; and during it Mr. Drum congratulated himself on his sagacity. Naturally any large public enterprise like the Winter Garden would not care to hear of such carryings on among its employees. He was just about to order her off about her business when he heard her speak.

"You'll do what?" she called in awed tones. When he repeated the warning he was stupefied to hear a shout of ironic laughter. "Say, is that a promise?" she cried; and then: "'Phome it to the press agent, will yub?" Again a shower of blows rained on the door panels. "Hey! You gimme my property!" he could hear her shrill; and, with her mouth pressed to the keyhole, she was threatening to have in the police when all at once she stopped.

Mr. Drum laid his ear to the woodwork. On the floors above and below doors had begun to open; to his dismay hurried footfalls sounded on the stairs. A moment later a murmur of voices arose; and, mute with agony, Mr.

Drum realized that the scandal now was public.

"Has your clothes, has he?" some one said. "And he won't give 'em up? There, Albert; I always said he looked like a criminal!

Mr. Drum recognized the speaker. It was his neighbor across the hall, a Mrs. Schnabel. Her husband was in the retail wall-paper trade; and once Mr. Drum had complained to the landlord about the noise they made. "Piano playing after ten o'clock was not respectable," he had

written. Mrs. Schnabel spoke again.
"Say," she suggested hopefully, "why don't you have him summonsed?"

Mr. Drum started. Summonsed? Why, she would not dare! It would be perjury to swear he had her dress. He had never laid eyes on it; and besides

"Yeah; but that ain't the half of it!" Miss La Ray's voice all at once proclaimed. "When I sez to him, 'You big gloom! You gimme my dress!' didn't he take and shove me out of there! The idea of him dasting to lay hands on me!"

Mr. Drum heard her open-mouthed.

"You don't want a summons-what you want's a warrant!" Mrs. Schnabel was now suggesting; and Mr. Drum wiped his clammy brow.

(Continued on Page 65)

The Inside of the Pork Barrel



First Lock at Jaint Harpe Fatte, Michigan, Restored us an Eshibit

Present Locks at Joint Marye Pails. A Third and Larger Lock is Under Construction

In A FEW days Congress is going to pass an omnibus Rivers and Harbors Bill; and then in a few more days the newspapers will be discoursing on the evils of the Pork Barrel—and why not? Heaven knows they frequently discourse on much worse things, though rarely, it must be admitted, on topics about

which they really know quite so little.

The first thing one does when he leaves the grammar school is to forget his geography. Why should these gentlemen who write editorials for our great newspapers, and who know about tariffs and things, burden their minds with mere geography? Why bother about Raccoon Creek when it is so easy to remember the Suwanee River? Why keep such pressy old names as Poliock Rip and Cooper River in mind when it is so much pleasanter to let one's thoughts rest on The Banks of the Wabash, or Where Rolls The Oregon?

A good Massachusetts friend, for many years a member of the Rivers and Harbors Committee, told us that a Harvard man took him to task on one occasion for wasting money on so many insignificant and worthless streams. "Why," he replied, "the trouble is not with the legislation—it is with you; you don't know the geography of your country." Naturally this was protested. "Well, I will name a river in this country navigable for 300 miles that you never heard of." And naturally enough this, too, went to protest. "The Cooss!" And his friend owned up.

When the new man comes to Congress he has to start something—so many of them believe; and about the surest way to the headlines is to denounce the Pork Barrel. A very wise old man told me many years ago, down in Mississippi, when I was beginning to look round politically and take notice, that the very best thing a young man, so intentioned, could do was to get into a fight with the devil. "It does not make much difference what devil it is. An imaginary one will answer the purpose, just so you fight him loud!" Since that day I have come to believe that this old sage has lectured pretty generally round this country.

The Intracoastal Canal

WHEN the Rivers and Harbors Bill was before Congress
a year ago one of this old teacher's pupils grew almost
eloquent—at any rate he fought loud—denouncing the
Pork Barrel. Naturally he was requested to indicate the
particular project he wished to have eliminated; so he concluded to read the bill and try to guess the answer. The
House adjourned over Sunday and when we resumed consideration of the bill on Monday he was ready to specify.
Somebody has had a big map of the United States printed,
with a broad blue strip running from Baston a short distance inland along the whole Atlantic Coast, across Florida
round the Gulf to the Mexican border.

This is supposed to indicate the course of the Intracoastal Canal. The usual amount of study devoted to this project consists of a more or less easual glance at the map and a somewhat more definite "Well, I'll be darned!" The real project for this inland route may be stated in a few words, and a somewhat careful examination of the map will probably suggest the thought that it is manifestly feasible. A cut across Cape Cod—and private enterprise is now making it—gives a protected course behind that into

By B. G. Humphreys

New York from Boston. The tonnage actually carried now and subjected to the dangers of the passage through Marthas Vineyard and round Cape Cod is difficult to ascertain with exactness. It is very large—just how many millions can only be roughly estimated, but certainly larger than the tonnage that passes through the Suez Canal; and the passenger traffic is enormous.

Surely it would not be a foolish thing to make the way safe. The next cut is across New Jersey from Raritan Bay to the Delaware River, and private enterprise dug that many years ago. The next cut is across Delaware from the river to Chesapeake Bay; and there, too, private enterprise has long since constructed the Delaware & Chesapeake Canal. Running down this protected course several hundred miles through Chesapeake Bay, the next cut is from the Chesapeake to Albemarke Sound.

Strangely enough, these two waters are already connected by two privately dug canals—one through the Dismal Swamp; the other known as the Chesapeake & Albemarie Canal. The traffic carried through both these canals, though the depth is only six feet, was given as seven hundred thousand tom the year before Congress purchased the last named. All of it, of course, was compelled to pay toll to the companies that owned and operated them. It would require an ordinary freight train of thirty loaded cars two trips daily every day in the year to transport this tonnage.

Just what the saving to the commerce of the coast will amount to when this canal is deepened and widened and made a free waterway can only be guessed; but the engineer corps of the army, after a very thorough study of the question, reported that the expense of the improvement, including the purchase price, was justified by the needs of commerce, and thereupon Congress adopted the project. It will enable the smaller craft engaged in the coastwise trade to avoid the storms and hidden reels off Cape Hatterns, the most dangerous point on our Atlantic scaboard, where many fortunes and human lives are annually lost.

From Besufort to Savannah the difficulty will be greater, but future Congresses may find it worth while to undertake this section. From Savannah to Key West the project will require little excavation and the cost will be small.

Along the Gulf of Mexico, Nature has providently so disposed the sea islands as to provide this section of the carral almost without the necessity for human activities to amplify. Look at the map if your curiosity or interest is roused.

However, as one of those immortals who used to gather round the table at the Coffee House and hear Doctor Johnson's long sentences expressed it, "This is going far afield." I must return to our friend the orator. To use expressive slang, the Intracoustal Canal "got its!" It was the biggest and the greasiest piece of park in the barrel! When Clearwater Harbor was reached in the bill it must be stricken out. The chairman explained that this was not a part of this inland waterway.

"Judging from its name I had assumed that it must be some distance inland," the objector explained. Most natural assumption. How could Clearwater Harbor be near the ocean? Traversing the broad prairies from the land of the cactus on his triumphal march to the nation's capital, he had crossed many rivers—to Red, the Arkansas, and even the Father of Water.

All were rushing in tawny currents on and into the sea, and surely this common receptacle of so much silt must be the muddlest hole in Christendom. Clearwater Harbor near the Ocean—the idea!

The rivers whose improvement and maintenance on provided for in the bill now pending in Congress flute: ast year a commerce amounting to 208,813,128 tors. This is exclusive of the traffic on the rivers connecting the Great Lakes, and does not include the tonnage of our harter-These figures will be more readily understood when our pared with the tonnage of other transportation rows which hold a prominent place in the public mind. Mr. Emery Johnson, the official expert upon whose figure the House relied when the rate of tolls was fixed for the Panam Canal, estimated that the total tonnage which would prothrough the Canal in 1915 would be ten and a half million tons. The tonnage of the Suez Canal for 1912 was 20,135 120 tons. The freight carried from coast to coast by all our transcontinental railroads combined is three miller tons. It is estimated that the constwise traffic which will pass through the Canal will be 1,250,000 tons annually, and it is the exemption or nonexemption this million and a quarter tons from the payment of tells which has caused so much acrimonious debate. In other words the rivers, large and small, for which we are providing in our Rivers and Harbors bills, float nearly as much tonnage annually as will pass through the Panama Cana and the Suez Canal, plus the cross-continent tonnage of all the railroads during the next ten years.

Senator Burton's Change of Tune

THEN the creeks and the insignificant rivers—what of the money wasted in their improvement? Surely this purk, and distributed, too, among the members in well fashion as to make the passage of the barrol certain. What curious notion, that a Congressman could gain favor at him by securing appropriations of money to waste on worthle-creeks! Surely this could gain votes only in the immediationity of the miserable creek, and there better than any where else would it be known that the money was in for being wasted. Are the people dunces? Do these creeks a flow through the grounds of some insane asylum? Otherwise how could a Congressman gain popular favor is needless expenditures of the tax-raised money on impossible and worthless creeks?

Senator Burton was chairman of the Rivers and Harbot Committee for ten years. During that time he spent much money on the Great Lakes and viewed the magical groud of commerce there with commendable pride. He also spent much money on the ridiculous creeks, and was severe by haps than any one else in his judgment and in his critical of those who spoke of the Pork Barrel. When the the Rivers and Harbors Bill, after he reached the Senate, we reported to that body, word came over to the House that he was making a most vigorous attack on it. Pork Harm in fact, had been one of the phrases used.

D. S. Alexander, one of the most conscientious paints who ever served in Congress, and cortainly one of the most

vable of men, had been Mr. Burton's pupil for those ten ears and now had succeeded to the chairmanship of the ouse committee. He had framed this bill on the identical os so long laid down and so well defended by Mr. Burton id he refused to believe the story. The old members folwed him posthaste to the other chamber, to be resolved Brutus so unkindly knocked or no. Which particular he he was essaying, Brutus or Casca, nobody knew. All on were aware, however, that he was knocking, and ocking hard at that.

The Bruzos, the Trinity, and some other projects that ere the children of his own brain-or at least had been hered into this breathing world under his skillful legistive attention—shared the shafts of his forceful criticisms. this he seemed to be playing no favorites, whatever else

might be playing.

Alexander was speechless; but being a member of the ouse, and at the moment only a visitor de gratia in the nate, this was not surprising; the rules required it. He d known Saul of Tarsus, but this was Paul! After it was er he led his committee colleagues back to the House, a edder if not a wiser man. They believed the great sens-, at whose feet they had learned how to frame River and arbor bills, had for some reason put an antic disposition The charge of Pork Barrel, however, had been revived. d this time sponsored, by a man whose opinion was oth something and whose words carried weight.

The old adage says that had news travels fast. There some stories that are hardly to be classed as bad news, t that are nevertheless entitled to honorable mention in me speed contests. Videlicet: Once upon a time there s an old priest, Abbé Huc, who visited China and wrote book, in which he said the Yellow River had, by reason

the leveen along its banks, filled its annel until the bottom of the river a higher than the adjacent territory. are was no truth in the story; but it ok the wings of the morning and flew the uttermost parts of the earth.

Work on the Trinity

OW very many people have heard it, and how very few people ever id the book or heard of the abbe! So th the Trinity River. Dallas, Texas, is this river, a few miles above its conence with the East Fork. There has rely been a situation where a competing ter route to the sea was more clearly licated, as the doctors say, than at dles. In the center of the greatest tonbelt in the world it was actually ng strangled by the railroads. It was sposed to improve the Trinity; but in the question was raised whether se was sufficient water in the short etch down to the point where the two ks united to maintain the required oth if a lock and dam were put there. in an unhappy moment an engineer gested that if there were any doubts this point artesian wells could be ik to supply the deficiency! How

it tale spread and how it has grown and waxed fat repetition as well as distance lent enchantment! It

The very matter-offact business men of Dallas were confronted with the condition, while the theory was cutting ita fantastic tricks as clever paragraphers about the country gave it additions and much currency. Everybody smiled when the Trinity was mentioned; and so these selfsame business men went down into their pockets and dug up some sixty-six thousand dollars wherewith to construct a lock and dam to demonstrate that there was ample water in this short section of the river. This they did to everybody's satisfaction and Congress thereupon adopted the project. It was understood from the very outset that no commerce could develop until the series of locks and

darus were completed to the Gulf. There was nothing stranger in this than that there would be no commerce at Panuma cutil the ranal was completed. In a few years the improvement of the Trinity will be completed and this



Old Canal Boot Construction Yard, Delaware and Raritan Const

the people's money on ridiculous creeks. How I have heard the changes rung on these worthless creeks!

A party of Congressmen were riding round Boston Harbor some years ago. We were being shown the shipping

> and the wonderful facilities of that great port by one of the jolliest and eleverest most of the Old Bay State. We passed a curious old bulk lying in a rather muglected need of the harbor, when our guide publisd it out as the old Constitution and really grew eloquent in his resount of its heroic achievements. We were charmed !

> Then another less imaginative Bostoplan broke into explain that this was all a mistake! So far from being the Constitution, it was nothing more than an unworthy harge converted into a houseboat! Turning on this iconoclast our host shouted:

> "Well, I knew that all along; but it was serving the purpose most excellent well, and now you have converted this delightful surprise into the biggest disappointment of the morning- and that, too, simply for the sake of uninteresting

The Tonnage of the Creeks

IFIT were not for the fact that it would be doing ill service to the cause of waterway improvement, by poisoning the public conscience with palatable though thoroughly unwholesome fallacies, I would not break this insignificant-

creek idol; but I must. Let us, therefore, consider some

dry though very pertinent facts.

During the past four years Congress has passed four Rivers and Harbers appropriation bills. The total carried in those four bills for the improvement of creeks, all told, was nine hundred and one thousand dollars. These same bills carried, for all rivers and all harbors, something more than one hundred million dollars. Of this sum the creeks got something less than one per cent. During those same four years those same creeks, counting all, floated in commerce among our people a tonnage officially valued at one billion dollars.

The Ohio River runs for a thousand miles through one of the busiest valleys of this turbulent earth. We are now hurrying to completion a project there for a nine-foot depth from Pittsburgh to the Mississippi River, where it will connect with another nine-foot channel out to the Gulf. We are going to spend on this Ohio River project sixtythree million dollars and everybody applauds the enterprise, as everybody must. The tonnage of the Ohio River is about ten millions annually.

Those creeks, which cost us less than one million in four years, bear an annual commerce of nearly seven million tons. How many railroads are there in these United States that can carry a billion dollars of commerce with a trackage maintenance charge of nine hundred and one thousand dollars? Our maintenance charges at Panama, military included, are going to be some twenty-five or thirty million dollars annually.

Is there any poet now in captivity who expects to see thirty thousand million dollars of commerce pass through the Panama Canal annually? If it does not, then the creeks will show better in the comparison.

Continued on Page 57



Brie Canal Barge Too in Rudson River, near West Point, New York

greatest cotton-producing section of the world will then be enabled to use it. Until that good day comes, however, it been repented in infinite variations until there are must serve our orators and editors as an illustration of the t lew who have not heard at least one version of it, wicked waste involved in the annual Park Barrel, where

money is spent on a stream that bears no commerce!

The Brazes has to run the same grantlet until its progressing improvement brings Waco Intouch with the Gulf of

These are the bright particular spots that illumine every article on the Pork Barrel, and they are the borrible examples pointed to by the orators who fight this same devil-that is, by those who happen to know these projects are being provided for. As a rule, of course, your political orator does not labor under the landicup of securate information,

The climas of Perk Barrel orations and editerials usually, almost invariably, finds its fitting cap in the waste of



Carcader Canal and Locks, Oregon

THE BUSHER COMES BACE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, MAY 13. , RIEND AL: I suppose you and the rest of the boys in Bedford will be supprised to learn that I am out here, because I remember telling you when I was sold to San Francisco by the White Sox that not under no circumstances would I report here. I was pretty mad when Comiskey give me my release, because I didn't think I had been given a fair show by Callabam. I don't think so yet Al and I never will but Bill Sullivan the old White Sox catcher talked to me and told me not to pull no boost by refuseing to go where they sent me. He says You're only harting yourself. He says You must remember that this was your first time up in the big show and very less men no matter how much stuff they got can expect to make good right off the reel. He says All you need is expe-

the thing for you. So I went in and asked Comiskey for my transportation and he says That's right Boy go out there and work hard and maybe I will want you back. I teld him I hapset me but I don't hope nothing of the kind Al. I am going to see if I can't get Detroit to buy me, because I would rather live in Detroit than anywheres else. The little girl who got stuck on me this spring lives there. I gove

I told you about her Al. Her name is Violet and she is some queen. And then if I got with the Tigers I wouldn't never have to pitch against Cotth and Crawford, though I believe I maild show both of them up if I was right. They am't got much of a ball club here and hardly any good pitchers outside of me. But I don't

I will win some games if they give me any support and I will get back in the hig league and show them birds something. You know Your pal,

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, MAY 20.

AL: Well old pal I don't suppose you can find much news of this league in the papers at home so you may not know that I have been standing this league on their heads. I pitched against Oakland up home and shut them out with two hits. I made them look like suckers Al. They hadn't never saw no speed like mine and they was scared to death the

minute I cut loose. I could of pitched the last six innings with my foot and trimmed them they was so scared.

Well we come down here for a serious and I worked the second game. They got four hits and one run, and I just give them the one run. Their shortstop Johnson was on the training trip with the White Sox and of course I knowed him pretty well. So I eased up in the last inning and let him hit one. If I had of wanted to let myself out he couldn't of hit me with a board. So I am going along good and Howard our manager says he is going to use me regular. He's a pretty nice manager and not a bit sarkustic like some of them hig leaguers. I am fielding my position good and watching the bearmours to. Thank guodosse Althey ain't no Cobbe in this league and a man ain't search. of haveing his uniform stole off his back.

But listen Al I don't want to be bought by Detroit no mare. It is all off between Walet and L. Sim warn't flor ourt of gar! I suspected. She is past like them all Al. No. least. Lwrote her a letter from Chicago telling her I was sold to San Francisco and she wrote back a postcard saying comething about not haveing untiree to waste on hurbers. What do you know about that AI? Calling me a bushes. I will show them. She wasn't no good At and I figure I amwell rid of her. Good riddance is rubbish as they say.

I will let you know liew I get along and if I hear anything about loving sold or drulted. Yours truly. Two.

SAN PRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, JULY 20.

FIRTENITAL: You will forgive use for you writing in you aftener when you hear the news I got for you. Old pal I am engaged to be married. Her name is Hazel Carney and she is some queen, Al a great big strapping girl that must weigh one hundred and sixty lise. Som in out to every game and one got stock on me from watch-

Then she writes a note to me and makes a lane and I ment her down on Market Street one night. Wir gir to a nickel show tugether and have some time. Since they are been together pretty near every events, except when I was away on the road,

Night before last the asked me U I was married and i tells her No and she says a big handsome man like I could not in laye no trouble hading a wife. I mile for I am't

By Ring W. Lardner



the Was Att Brake to But I Told Her I Didn't Have Enough Dough to Got Murried

never looked for one and she says Well you wouldn't have. to look very far. I saked her if she was murried and she said No but she wouldn't mind it. She like her beer pretty well and her and I had several and I guess I was feeling pretty good. Anyway I guess I asked her if she wouldn't marry me and she says it was O. K. I ain't a bit sorry Al because she is some doll and will make them all sit up back home. She wanted to get married right away but I said No wait till the season is over and maybe I will have more dough. She asked me what I was getting and I told

her two hundred dollars a month. She says she didn't think I was getting enough and I don't neither but. I will get the manay when I got up. In the big How Lights.

Anyway we are going to get murreed this full and then I will bring. her farme and show her to you. She musts to live to this or New York but I good the will like Beatons O. E. when the gett equalitied.

I have made good keep all rigio All. Up to a week also Sunday I had som elesen straight. I have lint a excepte sloer thes, but one day I want I fiwling good and the other time they kinned it units behind

I had a run in with Howard after Keep on running round with this plant and you men't have an sunther games

He says Go to bed nights and heep in cause or I will take your tracey. I told him to mod to your business and then be walled away. from ray, I proper by man regard it sone going to many time. No beauager win't some to high on At

So (ment to that striff and sight and dishy't been set that with the kid. Sim mg noetty some almot in but business before plesure Al. Don't tell the nothing about me being engaged. I want to sup them: Your pal, Ja

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, AUGUST FRIENDAL: Well Al I got the supprise of my life night. Howard called me up after I got to my and tells me I are going back to the White Sox. Co. find out, when they sold me out here they kept a o on me and yesterday they exercised it. He told me ly have to report at anes. So I packed up as quick as I and then went down to say good-by to the kid. She all broke up and wanted to go along with me but ! her I stiden't have enough dough to get married. She she would some anyway and we could get married i but I hald her she better wait. She cried all over my a The sure is gone on me Al and I couldn't help feeling for her but I promised to send for her in October and everything will be all O. K. She asked me how much going to get in the big league and I told her I would let more money than out here because I wouldn't ; I didn't. You know me Al. I commover here to Sacramento with the club this

ing and I am linveing tonight for Chi. I will get next Tousday and I guess Callahan will work me by row. I will show them Al.
I backed up the skedule and I seen where we p

Depoil the lifth and sixth of September. I hope the let me pitch there Al. Violet goes to the games and make her sorry she give me that kind of treatment I will make them Tigers sorry they kidded me last I sin't afraid of Cobb or a them now, Al. Your pai, J

CRICAGO, ILLINOIS, AUGUS AL: Well old pal I guess I in right. Did you notic I done to them Athaletics, I ball club in the country? Violet wishes she hadn't cal

I got here last Tuesday up in the stand and watch game that afternoon. Wasl was playing here and J pitched. I was anxious to

him because I had heard a about him. Honest Al he fast as too. He shut them out, but they never wa of a hitting club. I went to the clubbouse after the and abook hands with the bunch. Kid Gless assistant manager seemed pretty glad to see me says Well have you learned something? I says Ye I have. He says Did you see the game this after says I had and he asked me what I thought of 3 I says I don't think so much of him. He says guess you ain't learned nothing then. He say was the matter with Johnson's work? I says He nothing but a fast ball.

says Yes and Rockefell got nothing but a hundre

Wall I asked Callahan i gobig to give me a chance and he says he was. But. the bench a couple of day didn't ask me to do noth nally I usked him why no says I am saving you against a good club, the At Well the Athaletics con guess you know by this ti I done to them. And I have

against Bend but I ain't :

none of them Baker did: pard all after I didn't have with Collins I let them d five blows at the papers g seven. The ers here don't more about than some old They give B: on a fly ball th ought to of only he stur



then in K. I fell for him the Pire! Time I down May

emething and they handed Oldring a twobase hit on a ball hat Weaver had to duck to get out of the way from. But I on't care nothing about reporters. I beat them Athaletics ad heat them good, five to one. Gleason slapped me on he back after the game and says Well you learned somehing after all. Rub some arnicky on your head to keep he swelling down and you may be a real pitcher yet. I ays I ain't got no swell head. He says No. If I hated yself like you do I would be a moveing-picture actor. Well I asked Callahan would be let me pitch up to Detroit nd he says Sure! He says Do you want to get revenge on hem? I says, Yes I did. He says Well you have certainly of some comeing. He says I never seen no man get worse catment than them Tigers give you last spring. I says tell they won't do it this time because I will know how to itch to them. He says How are you going to pitch : Cobb? I says I am going to feed him on my slow se. He says Well Cobb had ought to make a good meal f of that. Then we quit jokeing and he says You have sproved a hole lot and I am going to work you right along gular and if you can stand the gaff I may be able to use on in the city serious. You know Al the White Sox plays city serious every fall with the Cube and the players akes quite a lot of money. The winners gets about eight

andred dollars a peace and e losers about five hundred. e will be the winners if I have wthing to say about it. I am tickled to death at the

once of working in Detroit id I can't hardly wait till we there. Watch mysmoke Al.

Your pal, JACK. P. S. I am going over to len's flat to play cards a hile tonight. Allen is the leftinder that was on the training ip with us. He ain't got a ing, Al, and I don't see how gets by. He is married and wife a sister is visiting them. e wants to meet me but it m't do her much good, I en her out to the game today d she ain't much for looks.

STROIT, MICH., SEPTEMBER 6. TWIEND AL: I got a hole lot to write but I ain't got ich time because we are goover to Cleveland on the at at ten P. M. I made them gers like it Al just like I said would. And what do you sk Al, Violet called me up er the game and wanted to me but I will tell you about game first.

They got one hit off of me d Cobb made it a scratch gle that he beat out. If he in't of been so dam fast I uld of had a 0 hit game. At it Weaver could of threw him t if he had of started after ball in time. Crawford in't get nothing like a hit and hiffed him once. I give two lks both of them to Bush but is such a little guy that you 't pitch to him.

When I was warming up bee the game Callahan was nding beside me and pretty m Jennings come over. Jen-

gasays You ain't going to pitch that bird are you? And liahan said Yes he was. Then Jennings says I wish wouldn't because my boys is all tired out and can't the bases. Callahan says They won't get no chance lay. No, says Jennings I suppose not. I suppose he I walk them all and they won't have to run. Callahan's He won't give no bases on balls, he says. But you ter tell your gang that he is liable to bean them and they ter stay away from the plate. Jennings says He won't er hurt my boys by beaning them. Then I cut in. Nor neither, I says. Callahan laughs at that so I guess I st of pulled a pretty good one. Jennings didn't have comeback so he walks away.

Then Cobb come over and asked if I was going to work. llahan told him Yes. Cobb says How many innings? liahan says All the way. Then Cobb says Be a good fel-Cal and take him out early. I am lame and can't run. atts in then and said Don't worry, Cobb. You won't ve to run because we have got a catcher who can hold m third strikes. Callahan laughed again and says to You sure did learn something out on that Coast.

Well I walked Bush right off the real and they all cun to holler on the Detroit beach There he goes again. Vitt come up and Jennings yells Leave your but in the bag Osker. He can't get them over. But I got them over for that bird all O. K. and he pops out trying to bunt. And then I whiffed Crawford. He starts off with a foul that had me scared for a minute because it was pretty close to the foul line and it went clear out of the park. But he missed a spitter a foot and then I supprised them Al. I give him a slow ball and I honestly had to laugh to see him lunge for it. I bet he must of strained himself. He throwed his bat away like he was mad and I guess he was. Cobb comes pranceing up like he always does and yells Give me that slow one Boy. So I says All right. But I fooled him, Instead of giveing him a slow one like I said I was going to I handed him a spitter. He hit it all right but it was a line drive right in Chase's hands. He says Pretty lucky Boy but I will get you next time. I come right back at him. I says Yes you will.

the sixth inning Callahan yells from the bench to Jennings What do you think of him now? And Jennings didn't say nothing. What could be of said?

Cobb makes their one hit in the eighth. He never would of made it if Schalk had of let me throw him spitters instead of fast ones. At that Weaver ought to of threw him out.

Well Al I had them going like that all through. About

f Am a Brillian and the Big Rube With Me is Nothing has a Pitcher

> Anyway they didn't score and we made a monkey out of Dubuque, or whatever his name is.

ARTHUR.

Well Ai I got back to the hotel and snuck down the street a ways and had a couple of beers before supper. So I come to the supper table late and Walsh tells me they had been several phone calls for me. I go down to the desk and they tell me to call up a certain number. So I called up and they charged me a nickel for it. A girl's voice answers the phone and I says Was they some one there that wanted to talk to Jack Keefe? She says You bet they is. She says Don't you know me, Jack? This is Violet. Well, you could of knocked me down with a peace of thread. I says What do you want? She says Why I want to see you. I says Well you can't see me. She says Why what's the matter, Jack? What have I did that you should be sore at me? I says I guess you know all right. You called me a busher. She says Why I didn't do nothing of the kind. I says Yes you did. on that postcard. She says I didn't write you no postcard.

Then we argued along for a while and she swore up and down that she didn't write me no postcard or call me no busher. I says Well then why didn't you write me a letter when I was in Frisco? She says she had lost my address. Well Al I don't know if she was telling me the truth or not but maybe she didn't write that postcard after all. She was crying over the telephone so I says Well it is too late for I and you to get together because I am engaged to be married. Then she screamed and I hang up the receiver. She must of called back two or three times because they was calling my name round the hotel but I wouldn't go near the phone. You know me Al.

Well when I hang up and went back to finish my supper the dining room was locked. So I had to go out and buy myself a sandwich. They soaked me fifteen cents for a sandwich and a cup of coffee so with the nickel for the phone I am out twenty cents altogether for nothing. But then I would of had to tip the waiter in the hotel a dime.

Well Al I must close and catch the boat. I expect a letter from Hazel in Cleveland and maybe Violet will write to me too. She is stuck on me all right Al. I can see that, And I don't believe she could of wrote that postcard after Yours truly,

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, SEPTEMBER 12. OLD PAL: Well Al I got a letter from Hazel in Cleveland and she is comeing to Chi in October for the city serious. She asked me to send her a hundred dollars for her fare and to buy some cloths with. I sent her thirty dollars for her

fare and told her she could wait till she got to Chi to buy her cloths. She said she would give me the money back as soon as she seen me but she is a little short now because one of her girl friends borrowed fifty off of her. I guess she must be pretty soft-hearted Al. I hope you and Berths can come up for the wedding because I would like to have you stand up with me.

I all so got a letter from Violet and they was blots all over it like she had been crying. She swore she did not write that postcard and said she would die if I didn't believe her. She wants to know who the lucky girl is who I am sngaged to be married to. I believe her Al when she says she did not write that postcard but it is too late now. I will let you know the date of my wedding as soon as I find out.

I guess you seen what I done in Cleveland and here. Allen was going awful bad in Cleveland and I relieved him in the eighth when we had a lead of two runs. I put them out in one-two-three order in the nighth but had hard work in the ninth due to rotten support. I walked Johnston and Chapman and Turner sacrificed them abend. Jackson come up then and I had two strikes on him. I could of whiffed him but Schalk makes me give him a fast one when I wanted to give him a slow one. He hit it. to Berger and Johnston ought to of been threw out at the plate but Berger fumbles and then has to make the play at first base. He got Jackson all O. K. but they was only one run behind then and Chapman was on third base. Lajoie was up next

and Callahan sends out word for me to walk him. I thought that was rotten manageing because Lajoie or no one else can hit me when I want to cut loose. So after I give him two bad balls I tried to slip over a strike on him but the lucky stiff hit it on a line to Weaver. Anyway the game was over and I felt pretty good. But Callaban don't appresiate good work Al. He give me a call in the club-house and said if I ever disobeyed his orders again he would suspend me without no pay and lick me too. Honest Al it was all I could do to keep from wrapping his jaw but. Gleason winks at me not to do nothing.

I worked the second game here and give them three hits two of which was bunts that Lord ought to of eat up. I

got better support in Frisco than I been getting here Al. But I don't care. The Boston bunch couldn't of hit me with a showel and we beat them two to nothing. I worked against Wood at that. They call him Smoky Joe and they

say he has got a lot of speed.

WILLIAM BOYL

Boston is some town, Al, and I wish you and Bertha could come here sometime. I went down to the wharf this morning and seen them unload the fish. They must of been a million of them but I didn't have time to count them. Every one of them was five or six times as hig as a blue gill.

Violet asked me what would be my address in New York.
City so I am dropping her a post card to let her know all
though I don't know what good it will do her. I certainly
won't start no correspondents with her now that I am
engaged to be married. Yours truly, JACK.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16.

FRIEND AL: I opened the serious here and beat them easy but I know you must of saw about it in the Chi papers. At that they don't give me no fair show in the Chi papers. One of the boys bought one here and I seen in it where I was lucky to win that game in Cleveland. If I knowed which one of them reporters wrote that I would punch his jaw.

Al I told you Boston was some town but this is the real one. I never seen nothing like it and I been going some since we got here. I walked down Broadway the Main Street last night and I run into a couple of the ballplayers and they took me to what they call the Garden but it ain't like the gardens at home because this one is indoors. We sat down to a table and had several drinks. Pretty soon one of the boys asked me if I was broke and I says No, why? He says You better get some lubricateing oil and loosen up. I don't know what he meant but pretty soon when we had had a lot of drinks the waiter brings a check and hands it to me. It was for one dollar. I says Oh I ain't paying for all of them. The waiter says This is just for that last drink.

I thought the other boys would make a holler but they didn't say nothing. So I give him a dollar bill and even then he didn't net satisfied so I asked him what he was waiting for and he said Oh nothing, kind of away. I was going to bust him but the boys give me the sign to shut up and not to say nothing. I excused myself pretty soon hecause I wanted to get some air. I give my check for my hat to a boy and he brought my hat and I started going and he says Haven't you forgot something? I guess he must of thought I was wearing a overcost.

Then I went down the Main Street again and some man stopped me and asked me did I want to gu to the show. He said he had a ticket. I asked him what show and he said the Follies. I never heard of it but I told him I would go if he had a ticket to spare. He says I will spare you this one for three dollars. I says You must take me for some boob. He says No I wouldn't insuit no hoob. So I walks on but if he had of insuited me I would of busted him.

I went back to the hotel then and run into Kid Gleasen. He asked me to take a walk with him so out I go again. We went to the corner and he bought me a beer. He don't drink nothing but pop himself. The two drinks was only ten cents so I says This is the place for me. He says Where have you been? and I told him about paying one dollar for three drinks. He says I see I will have to take charge of you. Don't go round with them ballplayers no more.

When you want to go out and see the sights come to me and I will stear you. So tenight he is going to stear me. I will write to you from Philadelphia.

Your pal, JACK.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., SEPTEMBER 19. FRIEND AL: They won't be no game here today because it is raining. all been loafing round the hotel all day and I am glad of it because I got all tired out over in New York City. I and Kid Gleason went round together the last couple of nights over there and he wouldn't let me spend no money. I seen a lot of girls that I would of liked to of got aquainted with but he wouldn't even let me answer them when they spoke to me. We run in to a couple of peaches last night and they had us spotted too. One of them says I'll bet you're a couple of bullplayers. But Kid says You lose your bet. I am a bellhop and the big rube with me is nothing but a pitcher.

One of them says What are you trying to do kid somebody? He says Go home and get some susp and remove your disguise from your face. I didn't think he ought to talk like that to them and I called him about it and said maybe they was lonesome and it wouldn't hurt none if we treated them to a soda or something. But he says Lonesome! If I don't get you away from here they will steal everything you got. They won't even leave you your tast ball. So we left them and he took me to a picture show. It was some Callfornia pictures and they made me think of Hazel so when I got back to the hotel I sent her three postcards.

Glesson made me go to my room at ten o'clock both nights but I was pretty tired anyway because he had walked me all over town. I guess we must of saw twenty shows. He says I would take you to the grand opera only it would be throwing money away because we can hear Ed Walsh for nothing. Walsh has got some voice AI a loud high tenor.

Tomorrow is Sunday and we have a double header Monday on account of the rain today. I thought sure I would get another chance to heat the Athaletics and I asked Callahan if he was going to pitch me here but he said he thought he would save me to work against Johnson in Washington. So you see Al he must figure I am about the best he has got. I'll best him Al if they get a couple of runs behind me.

Yours truly, JACK.

P. S. They was a letter here from Violet and it pretty near made me feel like crying. I wish they was two of me so both them girls could be happy.

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 22.

DEAR OLD AL: Well Al here I am in the capital of the old United States. We got in last night and I been walking round town all morning. But I didn't tire myself out because I am going to pitch against Johnson this afternoon.

This is the prettiest town I ever seen but I believe they is more colored people here than they is in Evansville or Chi. I seen the White House and the Monumunt. They say that Bill Sullivan and Gabby St. once catched a baseball that was threw off of the top of the Monumunt but I bet they couldn't catch it if I throwed it.

I was in to breakfast this morning with Gleason and Bodie and Weaver and Fournier. Gleason says I'm supprised that you ain't sick in bed today. I says Why?

He says Most of our pitchers gets sick when Cal tells them they are going to work against Johnson. He says Here's these other fellows all feeling pretty sick this morning and they ain't even pitchers. All they have to do is hit against him but it looks like as if Cal would have to send substitutes in for them. Bodie is complaining of a sore arm which he must of strained drawing to two-card flushes. Fournier and Weaver have strained their legs doing the tango dance. Nothing could cure them except to hear that hig Walter had got throwed out of his machine and wouldn't be able to pitch against us this serious.

I says I feel O. K. and I ain't afraid to pitch against Johnson and I ain't afraid to hit against him neither. Then Weaver says Have you ever saw him work? Yes, I says, I seen him in Chi. Then Weaver says Well If you have saw him work and ain't afraid to hit against him I'll bet you would go down to Wall Street and holler Hurrah for Rossevelt. I says No I wouldn't do that but I ain't afraid of no pitcher and what is more if you get me a couple of runs I'll beat him. Then Fournier says Oh we will get you a couple of runs all right. He says That's just as easy as catching whales with a angleworm.

Well Al I must close and go in and get some lunch. My arm feels great and they will have to go some to best me Johnson or no Johnson. Your pal, Jack.

Rab Jame Araicky on Your Head and You May be a Real Pitcher Yet

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 22.

FRIEND AL: Well I guess you know by this time the they didn't get no two runs for me, only one, but I had him just the same. I heat him one to nothing and Callaha was so pleased that he give me a ticket to the theater, just got back from there and it is pretty late and I show have wrote you one letter today but I am going to show and tell you about it.

It was cloudy before the game started and whm | up warming up I made the remark to Callahan that the date day ought to make my speed good. He says Ye wild

course it will handicap Johnson.

While Washington was takeing their practice ther we conchers Schaefer and Altrock got out on the infeld at cut up and I pretty near busted laughing at them. The certainty is funny Al. Callahun asked me what we laughing at and I told him and he says That's the first ins I ever seen a pitcher laugh when he was going to set against Johnson. He says Griffith is a pretty good felous to give us something to laugh at before he shoots that go at us.

I warmed up good and told Schalk not to ask meless spitter much because my fast one looked faster than less seen it. He says it won't make much difference what an pitch today. I says Oh, yes, it will because Calaboration to show him he didn't make no mistake. Then Gosso, says No he didn't make no mistake. Wasteing Units or Scotty would of been a mistake in this game.

Well, Johnson whiffs Weaver and Chase and man Lord pop out in the first inning. I walked their first pa but I didn't give Milan nothing to bunt and findly in flied out. And then I whiffed the next two. On the left Callahan says That's the way, boy. Keep that up and so

got a chance.

Johnson had fanned four of us when I come up with two out in the third inning and he whiffed me to. I feeled us though that if I had ever of got a good hold of I would a knocked out of the park. In the first seven included didn't have a hit off of him. They had got five or as him ones off of me and I had walked two or three, but I all loose with all I had when they was men on and they read to do nothing with me. The only reason I walked so such was because my fast one was jumping so. Honest All the see fast that Evens the umpire couldn't see it half the loos and he called a lot of balls that was right over the best

Well I come up in the eighth with two out and the sow still nothing and nothing. I had whiffed the second to as well as the first but it was account of Evans using one on me. The eighth started with Shanks multing the ball off of Bodie. It was way out by the fence so here two bases on it and he went to third while they was through Berger out. Then Schalk whiffed.

Callahan says Go up and try to meet one Jack. It mell

whilf this time Al. He gets two struston me with fast ones and then I passed up two bad ones. I took my health at the next one and slapped it over the base. I guess I could of made two laws on it but I didn't want to the mystlon. Anyway Bodie scored and I had the best. And my bit was the only one or got off of him so I guess he is a paster good pitcher after all Al.

They filled up the bases on me will one out in the ninth but it was prodark then and I made McBride and the catcher look like suckers with my appro-

I felt so good after the game that I drunk one of them pink cockuns iden't know what their name is. And the I sent a postcard to poor little Violent don't care nothing about her but it don't me none to try and cheer but once in a while. We leave here Thursdernight for home and they had ought to two or three letters there for me that Hazel because I haven't heard from we lately. She must of lost my road address. Your pal,

P. S. I forgot to tell you what Callhan said after the game. He said I to a real pitcher now and he is going to us me in the city serious. If he does At m will beat them Cube sure.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, SEPTEMBER I:

FRIEND AL: They wasn't no left
here at all from Hazel and I guest
must of been sick. Or maybe she de't
think it was worth while writeing = 1/4
as she is comeing next week.

I want to ask you to do me a fator hand that is to see if you can find not house down there. I will want to me in with Mrs. Keefe, don't that we

(Continued on Page 61)

By Edwin Lefèvre CHEAP AT A MILLION LLUSTRATED BY WILL GREEK

H. MERRIWETHER drove to the house of mystery in his motor, told the chauffeur to wait and rang the al. One of the overintelligent-looking otnien opened the door.

"I wish to see Mr. - whoever is master this house."

"Yes, sir!"

The footman led the way. At the door the library he knocked twice sharply. en after a pause once, and then twice ain. He waited; and presently, having idently heard some answer not audible the financier, he opened the door and

"Mr. E. H. Merriwether!"

Why had there been any necessity for mals? Why such cheap theatrical clapip? To make him think things? These estions in Mr. Merriwether's mind showed at the mysterious master of the house ew the advantage of suggesting the imrtant sense of difference.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," answered E. H. Merri-ther, and looked about the room.

It began to irritate him. The man inwified the feeling by speaking very delibstely, as one to whom time is no object: "Pray be seated, Mr. Merriwether."

"I am a very busy man," began the autocrat of fifteen susand miles of railroad.

"Sit down anyhow," imperturbably suggested the man. The autocrat sat down. He said: "But please understand that."

"I won't keep you any longer because you are sitting.

all we get down to business?" "You."

"Mr. Merriwether"-the man spoke almost dreamlylo you know why I asked you to call today at eleven?"

"No." "Because when you were here yesterday it was after nking hours."

"And?" The little exar was in a hurry to finish.

"You, Mr. Merriwether, are one of those fortunate rtals about whom the newspapers do not lie."

Oh, am I? I take it you haven't seen a newspaper in elve years." Mr. Merriwether, after all, was an Amern. His sense of humor helped to make him great. "I've read every line that has ever been printed about

4 I had to, in order to study you exhaustively. I find at you are acknowledged by both friends and foes to be intelligent man." 'Ob, yes!"

'A very intelligent man!" continued the man,

"And therefore?" said the very intelligent man.

"And therefore I now ask you to give me one million llars.

Mr. E. H. Merriwether never so much as batted an eye-He kept his eyes fixed on the stranger's eyes. He sated, a trifle impatiently: "And?"
"A certified check will do."

"Come to the point-I am a busy man," said Mr. erriwether.

The man looked at the little financier admiringly. Then said: "You mean you wish to know why you should "the million, or what you will get for it?" "Either! Both!"

"You should give it because it is I who ask it. You will for it what is very, very cheap at a million."

"My dear sir, we'd do business quicker if you'd play owdown."

Now that it was a matter of money, of paying, of trading, m's father felt a great sense of relief. Still, there was m's unhappiness to consider. Poor boy!

I want you to give me a mill 'e you a daughter-in-law."

"You mean you will not give me a daughter-in-law if I to you a million - don't you?"

"I am in the habit of meaning what I say. The sooner s learn that, the quicker we'll close the deal. I mean at for a million dollars I'll give you a daughter-in-law." Mr. Merriwether shook his head. It was plainly to be no n his face that every moment spent in this room was and waste of time.

"Isn't it worth a million to you?" asked the man, as if

knew it was.

Mr. Merriwether proceeded to look as though it were with even less than a Santo Domingo mining concession. ien he said, with finality: "No!"

The man rose.



"I am Going to Link You With This Whip!"

"Then" - he spoke indifferently - "come back when it is. I'll ask you to excuse me. 1, also, am a busy man. Good

Mr. Merriwether rose and bowed. He looked straight into the man's very shrewd eyes, smiled very slightly-and sat down again.

"Do you mean," he asked very pleasantly, for his bluff had been called, "Miss Calderon?"

The man sat down.

"Oh, no!" he answered unendlingly.

"No? Then?" Mr. Merriwether was so surprised that he forgot not to show it.

"I am sorry you are a busy man, because what I have to say cannot be hurried. First, you must chase from your mind all thoughts of Wall Street, high finance, railroad systems and fill it with love!"

Mr. Merriwether looked alarmed. Would it all end with a Hiblical text and an exhortation to endow some Home?

"You can do this," pursued the man imperturbably, "by thinking of your son Tom. He is your only son. You should love him. Once your mind is attuned to thoughts of love, you will be able to understand me more easily. Concentrate on love!"

The man leaned back in his chair as though he were certain the attuning process would consume an bour, this being, alsa! a Wall Street man; but Merriwether said very promptly:

"I am ready for Chapter II." "I doubt it. Love! The love of father fer son, of son for mother, of son for wife, of son for father and so on!" "I understand. My mind works quickly. Go on!"

"Do you by any chance happen to know that your son is in love?"

"Yes. Where is the girl?" "It isn't the girl. It's just girl." "Oh, quit vaudevilling!

"There is no girl who is the girl. There never was. There doesn't have to be any!"

Quite obviously this man was a lunstlewith the eyes of a particularly sane person. If there was no girl Tom was in no danger of marriage. A million for not marrying an undesirable person - yes; but a million for a daughter-in-law, when Tom was not in love!

"Only," thought Mr. Merriwether, "in pick her I don't have to pay."

"And yet," said the man musingly, "Tom loves her!

Mr. Merriwether's perplexity was fast rising to the dignity of anger.

"If there had been a girl of Tom's own class," the man went on, as if talking to himself, "why shouldn't he have been seen in public with ber?" Mr. Merriwether was listening now with his soul. "And if the girl were of the other class, that financial geniuses, alas! sometimes have to accept for daughters-in-law-a nice, vivacious choruslady, or a refined Reno graduate, or worseshe would have insisted on being seen in public with Tom, to show her power and to raise the paternal bid-price for a trip to Europe-alone!"

The man ceased to speak and began to nod his head slowly, his gaze on the rug at his feet. Mr. Merriwether could stand it no longer.

"If there is no girl, what in blazes do I get for my million?"

Your pick of eight!"

"Eight what?"

"Eight perfect daughters-in-law!"

A thought shot through Mr. Merriwether's mind: Was any form of insanity

He looked at the lunatic. The eyes were sane-cold, shrewd, mindreading eyes, full of a sardonic humor.

"They are all," added the man us if he wished to dispel unworthy suspicion, "in love,"

"With Tom?"

"With love-like Tom!"
"With love-like Tom!" helplessly repeated Mr. E. H. Merriwether.

Your mind"- the man spoke very slowly and distinctly, as if he wished to deprive Mr. Merriwether of every excuse for not understanding him-"does not seem to be working this morning with its usual efficiency!

"No!" admitted Mr. Marriwether sadly, "If you'd only use words of one syllable I think I could follow you

"It isn't that. It is that your mind was not attuned in the beginning to the thought of love, and therefore could not follow my words. You compel me to spend time in explaining the obvious. Listen! If you wish Tom to become the heir to your name, to your railroad, to your work, and to all the dreams you have dreamed about your work and about your son; if you want him to be your successor, to continue your work, to perpetuate the name and influence of Merriwether in his country-I say, if you wish all this he must do one thing and you must see that he does it. And that one thing, Mr. Merriwether, is for him to marry wisely. Do you get that?"

"Yes," amwered Mr. Merriwether very simply.

"If he doesn't it will be death to your hopes a tragic break in the Merriwether succession. No; don't shake your head. Admit it. Face it frankly. I know it. I know that you also know it. Can you expect me to believe that you want Tom to be the fool husband of a fool girl, whose influence on him

"Tom isn't that kind," interrupted E. H. Merriwether. "All men are that kind. Does history record the case of a man, greater even than E. H. Merriwether, who when it came to women was an utter ase? Yes, of a thousand; in fact, the stronger the man the weaker she makes himthe better his brain the worse his folly. And the cure? When an intelligent man realizes that he is a hopeless ass over one woman be realizes that his only escape is by

the saicide route. No! It's much cheaper for you to pay the million. Oblige me by thinking. Isn't it cheaper to pay a million?"

He held up a silencing hand, as though he wished Mr. Merriwether to think for a full hour of the bargain he was getting. Mr. Merriwether thoughtquickly and accurately as was his wont. And he admitted to himself that it was indeed cheap at a million. But there must ved. Pro ises, however plausible, are no more to be capitalized blindly than threats. It depends on who promises and why; and also on what is promised. He thought of offering a smaller sum and of going through the usual preliminaries of a trade, but decided to be frank.

"If you can deliver the goods I'll pay the million." And after a pause he added: "Gladly!"



You Will Love Her for Herself, as Well as for Tom's Jake"

"I banked on that when I decided you ought to contribute a million to our fund," said the man simply. "I studied you and your fortune and your vulnerability, and I decided to attack via Tom. This was easier and cheaper than a stock-market campaign."

The man somehow looked as though he had said all that was necessary; but Mr. Merriwether reminded him:

"You must prove your ability to deliver the goods."

"I thought"-the man seemed mildly surprised -- "we had."

"No; the million hasn't stirred."

"You are a brave man, Mr. Merriwether."

Mr. Merriwether laughed and said:

"What should I fear? People don't murder a man like me and get away with it - not when the motive is money. Political assassination, perhaps; but not for a few dollars-especially when my beirs would spend millions to see that justice did not miscarry." He shook his head smilingly.

"My dear sir, when we decided to go into the gold-mining business

"Gold-mining business!"

"Exactly! We thought to save time and effort by getting our gold already coined. Our general staff studied various methods the ticker, for instance, and legislative attacks on your roads; but we went back to Tom. It is, of course, nearly as stupid to overestimate as to underestimate one's opponent; so, while we provided against every contingency arising from your undoubted possession of a resourceful and fearless mind, we also thought-please take note. That you might display stupidity; and we prepared for it. Such as, for instance, in case you pointblank said No! We have also provided ways of preventing you and your unemptured millions from burting us. Of course we could make the stock market pay us for the trouble of kidnaping you or of murdering you. Don't you see clearly what you would do if you were is my place?"

"Oh, yes—I see it clearly; but I don't believe you could

do what I could in your place!"

Nobody is free from vanity, for everybody seems to be a natural monopolist when it comes to brains. You are kidnaped at this very moment, aren't you?"

"People know I am here

"Oh, yes! We expect to have you telephone McWayne presently not to expect you to lunch and that we have extended every facility to his detectives for having this house under surveillance. We kidnaped the great Garrettson and kept him out of reach of the great world of finance long enough to enable us to cash in. Not only that, but he never told how we did it. You remember when Steel

"You didn't do that!" exclaimed E. H. Merriwether, "Oh, yes, we did; and I'll tell you how." And the man

briefly outlined the case for him.

E. H. Merriwether listened with much interest. When the man made an end of speaking the financier shook his head skeptically, which made the man ask:

You don't believe it?"

"No!" answered Mr. Merriwether.

"Nevertheless it is so. We also might have engineered in your case some deal such as that by which we compelled Ashton Welles to disgurge some of the money he had no business to have." And he proceeded to enlighten the financier.

"Very clever!" said Mr. Merriwether.

"Rather neat!" modestly acquiesced the man. "Sup-pose we had decided to kidnap you? The first thing to do is to get you here. Well, you are here.'

"How will you make money by that?" soked the

financier, smiling.

"We don't expect to. We have not planned to make money by kidnaping you. Nevertheless you must admit it can be made a very expensive matter for you. But please let me kidnap you without interruption!"

"I beg your pardon!" said Mr. Merriwether gravely. It struck him that the possession of a sense of humor makes a crook ten times more dangerous. made the reporter Tully really formidable.

"We assume that you foresaw the danger to yourself in coming alone to this house. You'd employ private detectives to watch it at ten dollars a day a man, exactly as you have had your son watched the moment we decided it was time for you to begin the watching. McWayne, your efficient private secretary, is ready to move to your rescue. I don't see what else you could have done to protect yourself that we have not provided for."

"The police!" mildly suggested Mr. Merriwether.

"And the reporters!" mocked the man, "Pshaw! Weknow what we are doing. Why, we have rehearsed your kidnaping and even your death. Our ablest members have in turn impersonated you - put themselves in were place



"I Sam Ask Tan to Gree Me One Million Bellars"

and fought us, on the principle of the German army maneuvera. I will not bore you with more details and I admit that the human mind cannot foresee accidents; but we have studied how your mind would work. Suppose you assume that you are kidnaped and beyond the possibility of help from your friends. Shall I tell you what we have done to make Tom marry one of our eight desirable candidates?"

"If you still wish that million,"

"Having decided to attack through Tom we studied him and his ancestry on both sides. We easily learned that he had never bad a serious love affair, and that he was imaginative and adventurous like yourself. There were many young women who would have liked to become your daughter-in-law-too many. That was Tom's trouble. But our problem was really made easier by that. We simply had to turn his thoughts to love and to one girl. We therefore did."

How?

We got him here. I piqued his curjosity and made the affair an extraordinary one by saying all we wished him to do was to answer one question. As we had rather expected, he would not come; but, of course, we had foreseen that, and so we got him here in one of our own taxicabs."

"How"

We telephoned him the doctor said be should come instantly and that you were not really in danger. We don't believe to lies; but we took pains that no other cab was in front of the club when we telephoned him from the corner drug stere. Attention to details, my dear sir, always brings home the bacon. Having roused the spirit of adventure in a remarkable way I then asked bim the great question. What do you think it was?"

Tom's father shook his head.

"It was this: Where did you spend your summer at the end of your Freshman year? He told me. Then I gave him a box made to order for me by a French expert, which would deceive other experts so long as we did not try to well it. Anybody can imitate the gold work of any period. In all the museums of the world you will find fakes. Attention to details! I was prepared to have him show that box to local experts. I assumed he would do so, be and, therefore, intelligently curious."

"Box with what?" asked Mr. Merriwether, also intelli-

gently curious:

"Wait! When your son told me where he spent his summer at the end of his Freshman year I knew he was then about nineteen-too young to think of marriage but old enough to think of love. He had for the first time in his life heen free from home influences and direct parental supervision. He was bound to regard himself as a man of the world and think of innocent flirtations as a manly art. Being in that frame of mind, and at the same time being a nive, rich, good-looking chap, all the girls would naturally make a dead set for him. Their numbers would keep him from having one love affair,

"All love affairs at twenty are much to same. A boy always begins by being a love with love. Indeed I believe tweety year love to be exclusively a literary pesion-that is, boys get it from reading about it. Of course I studied time, period locality and manifold probabilities; grill therefore. I sent him on a mission that aggested love-love for the one girl that fur intended him to love and to marry. I order to fix, accentuate and accelerate is love-thinking I used the perfume of sum peas."

"How does that work?"

"I picked out sweet pear because the are found everywhere. Their old strong and characteristic. He must have inhaled that odor thousands of times view he was flirting with pretty girls the summer he spent at Oleander Point with Data Bonner.

"Yes; but about suggesting -

"I advise you to read up on the py chology of odor associations. You use learn that there is a very close relation between the olfactory sense and the deep to love. Oliver Wendell Holmes declard that memory, imagination, old sentions and associations are more readily reader through the sense of smell than by disc. any other channel; and, also, that oldtory impressions tend to be associated vid a sum-total of feeling-tone. This has less known for thousands of years.

'A very interesting paper was writer by Mackenzie, of Johns Hopkins. If yo read it you will know more than I can so take the time to tell you. The Ories understands the value of perfumes in levmaking, and I could tell you among things; but I will refer you to Cabana Dadisett, Hobbes, Jaworski, Iwaniv.

Schiff, Wolff and Zwaardemaker. If you wish, my we retary will prepare an exhaustive bibliography of 10 subject for you.

"No, thanks," said Mr. Merriwether. "But I still had understand

The man sighed. Then he said:

"I'll tell you, of course." He then told Tom's latter about the message in the dark that Tom had carried "But he couldn't possibly believe it!" exclaimed Mr.

Morriwether.

"No: he couldn't -but he did. Of course I have taken you behind the scenes-that is, I have opened your opened and turned your head in the proper direction and bild firmly there and shouted Look! And of course you so the machinery standing still and you can't imagin 10 motion. You are not so imaginative as I though no

"Huh!" said E. H. Merriwether thoughtfully. The after a brief pause he said: "I see the wheels revolve.

Ingenious!"

"More than that practical! My object in having Tom fall in love with love, suggesting that there was me girl born to be his bride, accontuated by my use of the sweet-peas odor as a leitmotif, was to have something to offer you which would be cheap at a million. The next so was to make Tom do foolish things-for effect on / First, to make you fear Tom was crazy. I had a girl who knew young Waters talk to him about Tom's new all alarming queerpess and suggest that he telephone to Ma E. H. Merriwether,

"Of course Waters wouldn't telephone and of course did. And, of course, if you had disbelieved or suspend you would have sent for young Mr. Waters and be would have denied the telephone but admitted the quer action of Tom and the fact that people were talking about their That would have allayed any suspicion you might have entertained. So I stage-managed the opera scene and the Boston trip to make you fear the worst. In that frame of mind you could be induced to come here voluntarily. sent Tully to you. You had to come!"

"Very clever!" said Mr. Merriwether with a thoughtid

absence of enthusiasm.

"Therefore," continued the man as if he had not hear the other's interpolation, "your son, being (all of the thought of love and, even worse, of marrying the mile that Fate selected for him five million years ago, is to? ready to marry any girl that smells of sweet peas. We thought that, instead of vulgarly extracting the talks from you by torture or threats, we would place you is exdebt by perpetuating the Merriwether dynasty. Henthe preparation of eight very nice girls-three of there your own set, three others children of people you know. 522 the remaining two equally desirable but less historical it were."

"Who are they?" If Mr. Merriwether was to pay million he might as well see the label.

"Cynthia, Agnes and Isabel, daughters respectively of ordon Hammersly, William Murray and Vanderpoel loodford. Any objections?"

"No; but you can't

"Yes, I can. Also, Louise Emlen, daughter of Murbury mien, the lawyer

"He's a crook!" interrupted Mr. Merriwether.

"He doubtless interfered with one of your deals; I see ou respect him. He's a crank, but she is a brick. And a liss Lythgoe, daughter of Professor Lythgoe, of Columa-themost beautiful girl in New York. Ramona Ogden; g father is Doctor Ogden, the lung specialist; her mother as a Jewess. The remaining two are of humble birth. at all of them are bealthy and beautiful, of good ancesy, plenty of honesty, brains, and, above all, imaginative. ny one of them will not only make Tom happy but will ake him a worthy successor of a great man. And such andchildren as they will give you! I envy you!"

The man spoke with such fervent sincerity that E. H. erriwether merely said:

'It is a risky business, even though the chances uppear

"That's why we ask one million dollars-because we we eliminated the risk. Very cheap. Are you ready?"

"Yes," said Mr. Merriwether grimly. "Then, will you kindly

"Yes; I will kindly tell you that you are a damned fool! ou've wasted my time. I'm going to my office, and if I e't have you put in jail it will be because I don't want e publicity. But don't push me too far or I'll do it anyw!" And Mr. E. H. Merriwether rose.

"Sit down!" said the man, with a pleasant smile.

"Go to hell!" snarled the exar of the Pacific and Southstern, and looked at the man with the eyes that Sam arps once said reminded him of a mink's when it kills the sheer love of killing.

For all reply the man clapped his hands sharply twice. ur men-the overintelligent-looking footmen-came on behind the heavy plush portieres. Also, the asceticsking man who had held the glass of acid in the taxicab d had brought Tom into the house the first time. The estic-looking man held a cornet to his lips, and his lungs

re filled with still unblown blasts.

Three weeks ago, Mr. Merriwether, "explained the mysinus master of the house, "this worthy artist began to actice on his beautiful instrument at exactly this time every ming. This was in anticipation of the morning when you ould be here—the idea being to drown your cries. The ighbors have complained and I have premised to play plasimo; but a few loud blasts, which will do the trick, will be given. Attention to details, Mr. Merriwether! Ready!" The cornetist inflated his lungs and held the cornet to his

The footmen seized Mr. erriwether by the arms and s, one man to each limb.

"Doctor!" called the master. A sixth man came from behind e portières. He had some tin ns in his hand - plainly labeled rer and also a cylinder of mpressed laughing gas and an wher.

"Expert! Anesthetics!" said man curtly to Mr. Merrither. "We propose to take u out of this house if we kidpyou. If we decide to kill you have arranged to do it right re at home. I think we'll kidp you. A week or two will de you amenable to reason. e realize, of course, that every y you spend under our hospisle roof will make it a little bit re difficult to get the million o our clutches. Would you e to know how we can kidnap and get away with it?"

"Yes," replied Mr. E. H. erriwether with a pleasant

"Tell our Mr. E. H. Merri-ther to come in," said the man the cornetist, who thereupon appeared and presently remed, followed by a man made toresemble the great financier. The task was rendered easy by innous flat-brimmed hat, th the crown like a truncated ne, so familiar to newspaper iders through the cartoonists' orts. The resemblance was 4 striking enough to deceive at se range, but it probably ald work at a distance.

"Walklike him!" commanded

e master.

The fake Mr. Merriwether walked up and down the room with the curious swaggering, jockeylike jauntiness of the little railroad man. From time to time he snapped his fingers impatiently in the same characteristic way Mr. E. H. Merriwether almost always used when giving an order to subordinates.

"That will do!" said the man, with a broad grin at the impersonator of the little financial giant. The double left

the room-still walking & la E. H. M.

"I have had that man-an actor of about your build with a gift of mimicry-coached for weeks to imitate you. We told him it was a joke and guaranteed him an appearance before the most select audience in New York at one of Mrs. Garrettson's world-famous functions. We pledged him to a secreey so natural, under the circumstances, as to rouse no suspicions. A few minutes ago we sent a footman to tell your chauffeur to go away and return at one. He wouldn't do it. The footman said the boss said so. Your man retorted that he took orders from only the boss himself-especially when countermanding previous orders.

"So our Mr. Merriwether went out to the front door, yelled 'One!' in your voice and snapped his finger at the intelligent chauffeur, who thereupon best it. But the sleuth remains. It makes us laugh! But, after all, since we have provided for him, it would be a pity not to go

through the entire program. Does this bore you?"
"Must I tell the truth?" asked Mr. Merriwether.

"I can stand more." In point of fact Mr. Merriwether was sure the situation was serious for him. That is why

he joked about it.

Over six months ago we opened an antique shop on Fourth Avenue. We had the usual truck. Also we have had this antique dealer—who is your humble servant—go from house to house on the Avenue offering to buy or exchange those antiques of which people have grown tired. We even asked you. We have offered such good prices and such excellent swaps that we have taken antiques from some of the wealthiest houses on the Avenue. Also we have made a practice of importing antiques from Europe, which we auction off every two weeks. The money we get we deposit in various banks, and then we buy bills on Paris. The banks now know us. Remember that-it is important.

Well, we also have an exact copy of your motor, even to the initials in the door panels. Pretty soon we send for our Merriwether motor and our E. H. Merriwether emerges from this house and gets into his car and off he goes - and the sleuth with him.

"But if there should be two, and one stay?"

"Then Number Two will see not long afterward an elaborately carved Gothic chest taken from here into the

antique dealer's wagon-a wagon now known to the traffic squad. We carry you away and lock you in a small soundproof room, to get to which people would have to move out of the way a lot of heavy pieces of furniture. There is no question of our ability to kidnap you and to keep you a prisoner. I tell you we have paid attention to details persistently and intelligently. Meantime what does Sam Sharpe do to the stock market? And Northrup Ashe? How much will a month's absence from your office cost you?"

"Not half as much as it will cost you when I get out." "And if you don't get out?"

For reply Mr. E. H. Merriwether grinned broadly. "My dear Mr. Merriwether," the man spoke very seri-

ously now, "we had not really expected such unintelligent skepticism from you; but, as we prepared for everything, we, of course, prepared for even crass stupidity on your part. In demonstrating our power to do what I say some painful moments will be your portion. This I regret more than I can say. Just now our problem is to prove our complete physical control of you and also our utter indiffernce to your feelings.

"I am going to do what will make you hate me to the murder point. In deliberately making a violent enemy of a man like you we pay ourselves the compliment of thinking ourselves absolutely fearless. I propose to have you spanked - to whip you as if you were a bad little boy. We

shall at first use a shingle on you-undraped. You may begin when ready, James."

Sir," said one of the footmen very respectfully to Mr. E. H. Merriwether, "will you kindly take off your coat and waistcoat, preliminary to the removal of your trousers?"

Mr. E. H. Merriwether tried to smile, but desisted when he saw that the men's faces had taken on a grim look. "We know," said the master solemnly, "that for every

blister we raise you will gladly spend a million to clap us into jail. Do you really wish to be spanked and to hate us for it for the rest of your life?"

"Na."

"The alternative is the million- or death."

"You can't kill me and get away with it."

"Oh, yes-even easier than kidnaping. Will you please nesume the fact of your death?"

"I'll do that much to please you," said Mr. Merriwether. He still believed that murder would not be profitable to these men and hence did not believe they would go that far.

"Would you like to know how we propose to dispose of

"I might as well see everything," he answered in a resigned tone of voice. The man looked at him admiringly and said: "Come on!"

They led the great E. H. Merriwether to the cellar. There he saw that the furnace coal had been taken out of

its bin and put in the adjoining compartment. The plank floor had been taken up, and what looked like a short trench had been dug. Outside stood a pile of crushed stone, some bags of coment, some bundles of steel rods, a section of five-inch iron soilpipe with a mushroom-head trap at one end, and concrete-workers tools.

"After we make absolutely sure that you are dead we throw a lot of soft mortar into the grave, deposit the corpse, and then pour in more cement—so that you will be completely surrounded by it. It will make it very difficult indeed to recognize you when they try to chip away the hard cement-if they ever try! Then we fill the grave up to the top with concrete, using plenty of steel rods - not to reenforce the concrete at all, but to make it very hard digging with a pick.

We also stick the soil pipe into the-er-cavity in order to account for the disturbed pavement. Intelligent searchers your son and his detectives - will assume it is plumbing, and seek no

"We replace the plank flooring in the bin and fill it up with coal, thereby further obliterating all traces of your grave.

"We have provided for that part, you see. Why, my dear Mr. Merriwether, what we really do to you is confer immortality on you. We elevate you to the rank of one of the mysteries. Charlie Ross and E. H. Merriwether! Just assume that we'll

Continued on Page 52)



"If You Had Been a Reatly Conscienceiess Financier We'd Have Made it Five Millions"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription \$1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdesdess. To Canada - By Subscription \$1.76 the Year (Knowy) in Turonto, \$1.50, Single Copies, Five Count.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Poensi Union. Stage Subscriptions, \$3.36. Remitturious in the Made by International Poensi Money Grobe.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 28, 1914

Feeling the Tariff

AMONG business men nowadays we often hear it remarked that from this time forth, for at least a twelvementh, the country will feel the effect of the new tariff law as it has not felt it hitherto. Probably this is true. Obviously a tariff change the effects of which were entirely imperceptible would have been entirely useless. There is no reasonable doubt that a majority of the people of this country had reached a firm conviction that the tariff was too high and should be radically revised. Certainly they did not expect the revision to go no further than to change some figures on the statute book. They expected it to have some effect on prices. Probably that effect is now beginning to be felt.

Oddly enough the loudest complaints we have encountered come from the South, where steel men declare that English, German and Belgian hars and billets are coming in at prices they cannot meet. The Democratic answer is that, possessing such natural advantages as we do, if we cannot compete with English, German and Belgian manufacturers, after they have paid the freight, we had better shut up shop and buy our steel abroad.

More is made of the importations of corn from Argentina into the Mississippi Valley, resulting in a considerable depression of the price of the cereal at Chicago. Our corn crop in 1913 was twenty per cent smaller than in the year before. As compared with the average of the three preceding years, it fell short about twelve per cent, and the average of the three preceding years was only about equal to consumption. With a deficit in home production the price of corn might have gone somewhat higher than it has. A greater number of immature food animals might have been rushed to market because the owners would not buy the higher-priced corn with which to feed them, which would have resulted in a greater shortage of beef and mut-ton in the future and still higher prices for meat; but curtainly all that would have been no economic gain to the country. Importing some of Argentina's surplus corn is a more rational and profitable arrangement. And at this writing corn at Chicago is fifteen per cent higher than it was a year ago.

Probably in the next twelvementh we shall feel some effects of the new tariff; but that is no condemnation of the act. On the contrary it was for precisely that it was passed.

Opportunity

WE HAVE often wondered whether it would be humanly possible to devise equality of opportunity for children, and are quite inclined to believe that it would not be. Certainly matters might be arranged so that the overwhelming majority of poor children would not have to leave school about the time they get into the grammar grade. By free tuition, free maintenance and compensation to the parents for the youths' earning capacity it would even be possible to give bright children from the pourest homes as fair a chance at higher education as the millionaire's son has,

However, even that would not produce real equality of opportunity between the children of successful and

unsuccessful men. On the whole, children derive as much from their parents and the environment their parents create as from school. A domestic environment flavored with alcohol, bickering and unpaid grocers' bills must be quite as great a handicap to a child as ignorance of syntax. Moreover, a successful parent is in the way of success. His acquaintanceship is among successful men—those who can say the right word and open the right door for a youth,

Opportunity, so to speak, belongs to his club. Whether in art, a profession or trade, the best education a young man can have comes through the personal, friendly interest of a master of the art, profession or trade—who, very likely, is his father's friend. This is something no school can give.

The parent who abuses his own opportunities squanders opportunity for his children. We do not believe it is humanly possible to get away from that; but it is certainly possible to give children greater equality of apportunity than they now have.

Scientific Exploitation

NOBODY will deny that capital lives by exploiting labor. That is its function. To exploit, says Webster, is "to utilize; to get the value or usefulness out of," Certainly, by and large, capital would not pay a dullar for tabor unless it expected the produce of the labor to be worth a dollar plus. Capital calls the plus profit; Socialista call it surplus value and various other more or less hard names, which mean exactly what capital means by profit—that for a dollar outgo in wages there must be something more than a dollar income.

Scientific management is simply scientific exploitation of labor. It means making the labor more efficient; getting a greater value out of it. And, so far as it is really scientific, it means better living and working conditions, better pay, reasonable hours, protection from accidents, better schools; for there is no longer any question that all those things heighten the efficiency of labor.

It is true that a good deal of the progressiveness of our day involves a more scientific exploitation of labor. Similation, factory inspection, child-labor laws, wider educational opportunities, compensation for industrial accidents—all these things and many more involve conserving the labor resources of the country and making them more productive.

Capital will get part of the increased product; but we cannot understand why anythody who assumes to speak for labor should, on that account, wish these things undone. Yet quite a number of persons in that position speak as though they did.

Capital has not a benth part of the stake in heightening the efficiency of labor that labor itself has. With labor of the lowest efficiency, capital has got along very comfortably. A man produces two dollars and a half, of which he gets the two while capital gots the half. If his product is raised to five dollars, of which he gets four—or only three dollars and fifty cents—our poor arithmetic cannot figure him worse off.

Squandering Public Money

THE National Monetary Commission, by authority of Congress and at public expense, visited Europe and investigated all phases of banking, including agricultural credits. The last of the thirty-odd volumes of its report had bardly been printed before Congress sent another commission to Europe to investigate agricultural credits.

Under the new banking law it was necessary to divide the country into reserve districts. All the information that any one needed to determine the number and boundaries of those districts was already available in print within fifteen minutes' walk of the Capitoi; but a commutate traveled all over the country, listening to cratory and discovering at first hand that the Mississippi River flows past St. Louis in a southerly direction.

Of course there was dissatisfaction with the committee's findings; so recently the House, as a matter of course, passed a resolution calling on the committee for all the material it had gathered. This would involve the editing, arranging and prioring of huge tomes of utterly worthless stuff setting forth the reseate claims of rival cities.

This is typical of what goes on at Washington all the time. When it comes to investigating. Uncle Sam is a veritable Coal Oil Johnny. All the information needed may be obtained in the Congressional Library, just across the Capitol grounds; but Congress must send a committee through the whole country and have it gathered all over again.

What Congress really wishes to know might be contained in three pages of a report, but it must have the whole ten volumes printed again. For a quarter of the money Congress sould have had a report of the physical value of railroads that would be exactly as good as the vast detailed inventory of railroad property it has ordered.

The Public Defender

ON ONE side of the American criminal court stands the public pressocutor. On the other side stand a horde of private practitioners, some of them most honorable men, some of them men who would disgrary any calling. And in

the middle ground stand a large number of others, who are even as you and I—not surprisingly good or surprisingly but, but regardful, first of all, of their personal interest in to case, which dictates that they shall win it if possible without doing too great violence to their consciences.

A defendant is free to employ any of these practitioners or as many of them as he can pay. Out of the order between them and the public prosecutor come the delay quibbles, exceptions, appeals, hired experts and married other scandals that were indelibly exemplified, for example, in the Thaw trials.

Long ago a public defender was suggested, and the iten has found favor among many broad-minded lawyers. The public defender should be appointed and paid by the public, exactly as the public prosecutor is. The defense a every criminal action should be in his hands, just as its prosecution is now in the hands of a public officer. The desire of society is simply to know as surely and expetiously as possible whether an accused man is guilty. The present system of private defense tends to prove rather how smart his lawyers are.

We hope the legal profession will thresh out this petion of a public defender. That criminal procedure is the country argently needs some radical reform is not dead by anyhody worth considering.

A Suggestion for Censors

SHELLEY wrote: "The highest moral purpose mody in the highest species of the drama is teaching to human heart, through its sympathies and intiputes knowledge of itself; in proportion to the possessing which knowledge every human being is wise, just, snow tolerant and kind."

We wish all men and women whose mental limitation take the form of an itch to censor other adult persons place and books would cut that out and ponder it was a meaning has, perhaps, illuminated their cloudy minu.

The Meat Bill

THERE is a popular idea, especially among people at pay butchers' bills, that meat is a vanishing artist of diet in the United States. We hear a good deal of the commons decrease in our stock of meat animals in the line of steadily rising population; and from the experience of slast fifteen years it would be easy to construct a curve in declining arcod which would touch the last Irish steep below the end of this century. In fourteen years, in fact, the production of meat has fallen off by three billion possible up three population has resen by twenty-two millions.

However, even this cloud has a bright side. Some receiving the Department of Agriculture—for which one approximate accuracy is claimed—give the consumer of dressed ment as one hundred seventy-nine pounds head in 1900 and only one hundred fifty-two pounds in 1913; but in the latter year seventsen pounds at hear. liver and tongue a head must be added. And, as more the one-tenth of the population is under five years of age, in average inhabitant above that age is eating senether more than half a pound of ment a day.

Half a pound of meat a day is enough for a prize figure in training if the rest of his diet is properly arranged, as we still have meat enough for all rational needs of a population twice the present size. Half the meat esten in the United States had better be exported—not a much because health does not require it as because at the half the meat eaten is of poor quality and hadly cooked.

An Amendment

SECTION SIX of the newest antitrust bill reads as follows: "That nothing contained in the antirust has shall be enstrued to forbid the existence and operational traternal, labor, communers', agricultural and butteralizations associations . . . or to forbid or restrain individual members of such orders and associations from carrying but the legitimate objects of such associations."

To avoid ambiguity, we move to amend this section = ollows:

We stand between the devil and the deep sea. We have deciared there shall be no restraint of competition athave made that the corner stone of our popular trusbusting policy; but any logical application of that dicturwould ban every labor union in the country and every cooperative marketing association of farmers and fra growers. We dare not put these labor and sgriruitura associations squarely inside our trust policy, for that was cost too many votes. We dare not put them squarely veside, for that would give commercial combinations in great a handle against us. The best we can do is to up "! labor and agricultural associations the wink and while behind our hands that they may slip out the back disc. which is not locked at all -at the same time presently stony and forbidding face toward all cooperation and manufacturers and merchants."

That is what the apparently meaningless section be-

entans,

WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



The Jenate's Only Claude

THE acience of names is an exact and fascinating science, as we are informed by a lady who scientifically makes her living by expounding the same; and few parents, when labeling their offspring, take adequate heed of its requirements. As we understand this science one's success in life depends largely on whether one is named Mike or Montague. One must have a name that vibrates in harmony with one's vibrations in order to achieve the best that is within one.

It is plain enough, the lady who devotes her life to this subject says, that if Fate has scheduled a person to perform under the name of Percival it is a rude shock to his prospects to have a crass father tag him

or life as Patsy. The name Patsy, of course, has few if ny harmonious vibrations; whereas Percival may almost e played on a flute. Now then, if Percival is called Patrick e is out of harmony and not in tune with his innermost nd better self, and he is likely to get the inharmonious orst of it; but if Percival, as decreed by Fate and as set orth by this lady at five dollars a throw, is rightly percialed at the beginning there is no telling how far he may go. Practically none of us has the right handle. I knew a

an whose first name was Hank. He gave up his five and arned that he should call him-

off Gwenn, which he did, with be result that he lost his credit the bank; but, of course, that its outside the realms of scienfic nomenclature and enters be grosser regions of finance, which the exponents of this sence pay no heed further than smanding each five dollars in fyance.

I am moved to these reflecve statements by the contemation of the first name of the nior Senator from Virginia. ud first name is Claude. This, the way, is the only Claude present on the roll of the eatest deliberative body in e world. We have Jims and has and Williams in profuon, but no other Claude. In e House of Representatives e have three Claudes and one laudius. As will be seen, this a correct ratio, or nearly so. there is one Claude in the mate, with its ninety-six memes when it is running full force, tree Claudes and a Claudius is fair representation for the ouse, with its four hundred sirty-five members-not exetly proportionate, but fairly ood, everything considered.

The question resolves itself to his: Is the particular Cloude a whom I have reference—Sentor Claude Augustus Swanson, (Virginia—named in harmony ith his vibrations? It seems ot, after contemplating both lames and vibrations. Dissectng Claude, we learn that it means, in its original sense, lame. Also, we discover that Augustus means venerable. Wherefore the purents of this statesman started him out as Lame Venerable Swanson, and that makes us laugh, scientists though we may be.

I have not at hand a compendium that shows what the senator should have been named, but I have access to a rather complete record of his performances; and it can be said that any person who conceives the senator to be either lame or venerable is not much of a conceiver.

Lameness, I take it, predicates a slow and halting progress, and the quality of being venerable is usually coincidental with a full quantity of years. Casting a rapid glance backward over the career of Claude Augustus, it must be affirmed that the only time in the past twenty years when the senator, with any justice at all, could have been called lame was between February 1, 1910, and August first of the same year, a period of six months.

He was a bit lame then, for he was not on the payroll. He held no office. He was merely a private citizen. Still, he recovered his old, graceful, elegant and unimpeded manner of progress on the date last mentioned and has displayed no signs of hobbling since. Lame? Not so one might notice it! He has walked—not to say shipped—from one job to another with all the agility of a gazelle and all the desterity of a diplomatist.

A Quick Cure for Lameness

WE FIND him first practicing law in Chatham, Virginia, aftern varied school experience, and exhibiting no signs of impediment either in his walk or his speech, a gallant figure of a young Virginian, true to the historic principles of the statesmen of the Mother of Presidents—which, in short, are to get a job and cling to it. He had no job, but he daily oiled and otherwise kept in good running order his clinging apparatus, with such result as shall be shown. As a clinger Claude is a wonder. He has clung for twenty years and bids fair to cling for twenty more.

It is probably true that if Claude had been named scientifically and harmoniously be would have begun clinging at an earlier date; but he did fairly well. Handicapped as he was, it took him a few years after he left school to grab a congressional nomination, which, no doubt, would have been his instantly if the vibrations had been accurately vibratory. He did the best he could, however, and went to Congress in the fifty-third session of that body, which began operations in 1893, the election having occurred in 1892, which, also, as will be remembered, was Mr. Cleveland's year.

Once in, Claude, not realizing how handicapped he was by his name, found Washington life to his liking and determined to continue as a participant in it. A stalwart and handsome person, he presented himself for the suffrages of his constituents a second time and was reflected. This continued with pleasurable regularity until the Fifty-ninth Congress, when he determined to add another star to his shoulder straps and entered the primary contest for Governor of Virginia. It is a great thing to be Governor of Virginia—greater perhaps in Virginia than elsewhere, but great. All governors of Virginia admit and have admitted that. Besides, it frequently leads to something.

Our hero entered the primary, prudently retaining his sent in Congress the while, pointed with pride to his record at Washington, and was nominated and elected. He served four years, retiring on February 1, 1910. Then came those eventful six months when he was lame. Apparently there was a period of repose at hand; but Senator Daniel died and the lameness disappeared.

Governor Mann appointed Claude Augustus to fill the vacancy and presently the legislature did its part; and thus we observe the senator wearing his toga in a dignified manner and assured of it until March 3, 1917, at any rate. However, there need be no fears as to the less of it, for the probabilities are that Claude will be one of our niftiest togalsts—not tangoists—for years to come. You see, he has the habit and so have his constituents, and this forms a practically unbeatable combination.

You will never find Swanson going up in an aeroplane when he can just as well take the elevator. You will never see him jumping off the roof when he can some decorously down a stairway. You will never discover him yelling fire until he sees what makes the smoke. He puts on few shows, and those he does put on are along the regular, legitimate lines. When he speaks a piece he speaks a regular piece, according to the rules and regulations for speaking pieces. When he does a thing he does it in the usual way. There is nothing sepational about him and nothing frivolous. His record shows that.

When a man can start in life in any state—much more Virginia—and go to Congress for fourteen years, then get

to be governor, and then take a senatorship, it argues that he knows his people and that his people know him. Also, it argues that be uses little new stuff. The old, accepted, regular lines of procedure—politics, progress and propaganda—have been his support and guide.

Swamson is a typical product of our politics. He is never far ahead of his constituents, but is ahead of them just far enough when it is time to be in that position. If it is his turn to be radical he is radical in a becoming manner. Likewise he is never behind them. His usual position is right along with the main body of the voting troops; so it is in the Senate, and so it was in the House of Representatives.

When conservatism is seemly, conservatism is his cue. He is, as I said, a politician and he has made a success of it. At that, he is a most useful legislator and has an uncanny skill for discovering the lines of least resistance. He will never be much of a senatorial soloist, but he always will bring a good, serviceable, well-trained voice to the chorus and will be effective in the close harmony needed now and then.

And, as the lady who makes her living at it might say, what a pity he does not vibrate with his name!—albeit he has done right well in present circumstances. Othomight beright, or Olaf. And we have just elected a Virginian President, too!



10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is now put up also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.



Serve Quaker In Big Dishes

If You Would Know Its Vim-Producing Power

Quaker Oats is the utmost in energy food. It should multiply vim, create bubbling vitality, make one "feel his outs."

But a little dish, once daily, doesn't go far enough. Active, growing children need three times what most children get.

Serve Quaker in big dishes. Make it the morning meal. Then you will know the fullness of its vim-producing power.

And millions of grown-ups need a month of such breakfaststo put them at their best. Nobody doubts the energy that's there, but few folks get enough.

uaker Oats

The Luscious Energy Food

Quaker Oats forms a Justious dish begrains. It is made of just the rich, plump in abundance. And they will it you put

We pick out for Quaker just the cream of the cats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Yet Quaker Outs, with all this flavor and aroma, costs no extra price.

Bear this in mind-you who want children to get the full benefit. Get them the Inscipus flakes which have wan the world to Quaker.
A hundred nations send here now to get.

delicious Quaker Outs. All because of th flavor, which has taught millions of chil-dren to lone this food of looks.

It is always there, and always will be, when you onder Quaker.

e Quaker Outs in la Small servings are not sufficient to show in full its vim-producing power.

10c and 25c per Package Except in Far West and South

The large 25-cent package gives ten per cent more for the maney

The Quaker Oals Company

OUT-OF-DOORS

Hinte for the Amateur Vacation Camper

THERE is no purchaser on earth whose I needs and notions are better studied or better supplied than are those of the Amerscan sportsman. Many firms annually put out catalogues of two or three bundred pages illustrating and describing hundreds and thousands of articles of interest or use to the sportsman. These big mail-order ratalogues are best sellers in the best sense of the word. A man may send back a spring bonnet or a piano he has bought by mail, but he is pretty sure to keep any article of sporting gear he has purchased in the same way.

Some of these myriad articles are usefulsome of these myriad articles are useful, and some are not. You cannot possibly take along with you into the country all the things you see advertised; but perhaps, like others who go vagabonding, you are fond of taking about your outfit. This latter is a most elastic term. A sportsman's outfit is like the dictionary—the editors never get through with the compilation.

Take, for instance, the subject of packbags. Even if you are not going on a tramp-

bugs. Even if you are not going on a tramp-ing trip you will have some kind of warbag or pucksack in which to carry your cioth-ing and odds and ends. The more experienced you are, the less apt you are to take along a trunk—or even a value. As the small boy said in his composition: "There are many kinds of packbags - too numerous

Guides in the Adironducks and Maine still use the pack-basket, which is practically unknown in the West. The professional woodsman of the Western pine country woodsman of the western pine country
uses a capacious bug nearly square in shape,
with a flap that buckles over with three
straps. This hag has shoulder straps and
usually a tumpstrap as well. A professional
cruiser will get eighty pounds of flour, bacon
and odds and ends into one.

The sportsman who has a larger number
of kniecknacks will find that such a bug,
though building them all, will make a

though building them all, will make a jumble of them all; and the thing you want is always at the hottom of the bug. Moreover, this is a shapeless, disreputable sort of package. If you wish something more formal you can buy a smaller and nattier puckling, better shaped to your eye if not to your lack. It will not really be any let-ter than the professional packing of the woodsman. It is a good thing to watch the professional's outfit when you make up YOU GET.

The Tumpline Man

If you travel much in Canada you are apt to get the idea that the tumpline is the only way to pack. The aborigine packs with a band passing over his forehead, and does not use shoulder straps. The heaviest loads of the wilderness are carried in this way, and this is how the boavy portaging is done on all the long Northern trails. The tumpstrap man does not use any pack-bug at all. He spreads his square of canvas on the ground, arranges his loose articles on it, folds in the ends and sides of the package cover, and either fasters his tumpline to the end-straps of the package, or else makes up his package with the tumpline passing through the middle of it. It is more trouble to make up such a pack than it is to throw everything into a purkaark. The tumpline man is simply a beast of burden; and as he carries with his neck be cannot look up or look round very much, or pay any attention to the use of the rifle

After all, each country has its own cus-toms. The tumpline is simply a means of getting heavy loads across the portage. It uscless in mountain country. You will find the hunters and prospectors of the Rockies making up their packages in some uch fashion as above describ but they carry their loads by means of shoulder straps and not tumplines. Sometimes they have pade of sheepskin or felt, which are fitted on the shoulder straps to lessen the cutting. They carry heavy loads in the mountain recentry in that way-and reald not carry

them in any other way.

The general lines of the packbag are adapted to the purpose and the country you have in mind. Anything will do to carry flour and bacon. If you have things you want to keep separate you need pockets. If you are going on short journeys you can carry a large bag. If you are doing mountain climbling you need a small one—and one that sits tight. In general you will bear in mind that you should carry your load we up on your shoulders and not on your hips—any packer will tell you that.

The European rucksack is a light and handy bag, not yet in general use in this country, but worth studying. It is broad at the base and small at the top. Its mouth fastens with a puckering string, and sometimes it has a cover flap. It sits high and

fastens with a puckering string, and some-times it has a cover flap. It sits high and stug on the shoulders, and allows perfect freedom of the head and arms.

I presume that our old friend Nessman, the original go-light artist in American camping matters, never saw a rucksack but he invented a sort of packbag on about the same lines. Sometimes also he would just make a turkey, as the lumberman call it—a grainsack, with a string tied from on corner to the top and thrown over the it—a grainsack, with a string tied from on corner to the top and thrown over the shoulder as soldiers sometimes carry the blanket rolls. You can buy a so-callse Neamuk bag today if you like. Or you can make an excellent turkey of your own by means of a grainsack and a pair of over alls. That is the use for which overally were designed. The the waist of the overalls to the top of your pack, and a lette each lower corner, and you have a easy-carrying a set of packstraps as you could ask. I have often seen this devaused by hunters in British Columbia.

The Norwegian Rucksack

We Americans are apt to think that a can make our own sporting equipment, an certainly we have been prolific and ingenion enough in that regard. Ordinarily we sal enough in that regard. Ordinarily we sal at European sporting gear. Not long as however, I wanted a European ruckeach a light packbag—and a Norwegian frien sent me one. It was a good deal like the duck that was hatched out among the chickens. I never saw anything like it, as joined my friends in the general laugher that greeted its first appearance. Yet thought enough of this bag to try it, made good, and now I shall use it whence I want a packbag in the woods. It is work a description, for some thought has begut into its construction. It is, in fact, the knapsack of the Norwegian mounts inapeack of the Norwegian mounts army—men who often have to carry los while they are traveling on skees. It wou be hard to devise a better mountain pse sack than this one.

In general description this is a large re-sark, broad at the base, narrow at the top but it is not built limp. Running from a bottom corners to the top there is a free of brass rods roughly triangular in shall hollow and not very heavy—but rigid. T. frame keeps the pack away from the bu-yet does not touch the back itself. T shoulder straps run from the lower corners the upper corners of the frame, where the are short adjusting straps. The lower p of the triangular frame is not straight, I semicircular, to fit above the hips. It denot, however, touch the hips at all, becambroad leather hand runs from end to end it. The weight of the pack is distribut between this broad band below, the cross shoulder straps between the frame and shoulder straps between the frame and body, and the straps as they pass over shoulders. Still another strap runs it the corners of the pack round the bo buckling in front.

When you get this pack on you a something like a cross between a Jew peddler and a Constantinople hamal; it is there to stay. You could roll over it if you liked. There is an air space betw the pack and the back, and the weigh beautifully distributed. It will pack in twenty-five to fifty pounds, according nds. the contents. So little does it distress wearer that I find I can walk along an hour or two carrying twenty-five thirty pounds, and hardly know the ba

The general theory of this bag, howe is not its only excellence. It is a per trunk, handbag and packbag combit Inside the body of the bag you can put y soft stuff or your heavy stuff. Bets this and the back of the bag there is a d pocket all the way from top to bots

are just for clean shirts or handkerchiefs, a vist you like. Then you fasten the bag with a drawood like a ruckwack—I run a telerham through the grommets on top of and fasten it with a padlock, so that imstipit as a trunk. Over the open top ten is a protecting flap which buckles to the point of this flap has still taker pocket in it, excellent for toilet

On the front of this omnium gutherum the is a deep, wide pocket, about half its stire length of the bag. You can put a recept in that, or any other soft stuff. Ariseves that all. On each side of the bag Arriseves that all. On each side of the hag yet up to bottom runs a narrow pocket, als with a protecting flap and buckles, as use all the others. You can put ammunities received fluss, or the like, in these side or see. Lastly, underneath the bag are right two little straps to hold your slicker a citra cost, or your rod case. Instead of him one big bag into which to dump outping, you thus have seven different coptacles, all made out of a light water-you material, and all hung to the easiest

respected, all made out of a light water-you material, and all hung to the easiest aming device I personally ever saw. With this kind of rucksack you can find red your camp ax, your combs, brushes, lasts, handkerchiefs, clean clothes, old whe and articles of food, and so on, with-may trouble. You could dispense with faither if you wished; but the dittythiybag if you wished; but the ditty-ing or "possible bag"—made of canvas studokin, or what you like, and holding not needles and thread, buttons, fishbox matrice, whetatone, medicine case, ad ill your little odds and ends— is some-ber no real woodsgoer would care to

I dro my possible bag inside my ruck-in. This gives me eight pockets. With its arangement you can keep house with allows and dispatch.

My Norwegian military rucksack lies be-in pe now, packed for its next journey—

hir) will be, this summer, to the mouth of to Markensie River and over the Rat Fort-sp to the Yukon. It has in it everything an going to take on that trip outside any tedroil and my mosquito tent. It ares three articles without which I should is lest in the woods—my personal ides of good hand-ax; a blue graniteware values, which has always seemed to me fend than the canvas washpan; and a was quart cup, made of block tin, with kranded on the handle. This tin cup Narkened now by many campfires. I prif of the sutier in the Yellowstone Park to 1805, and it has been my mascot ever

On winter, ten years ago, I conceived in he an excellent thing to walk across Krs Brunswick on anowshoes to the winterin some way my mascot got lost I mourned it for months, but be not spring a trapper found it by sheeris echient; and so by devious processes
jet lack to me the following summer. I
spe to think then that it belonged to
me and ought to be a part of my outfit,
for it came back in this miraculous
shoct. Any woodsgoer will understand
is stackment to some particular article
in outfit. The sportsman without a
tin has not yet been discovered.

patenatic Packing of Camp Gear

Some men are neater by instinct than him the others call them old maids in up. I confess I like to know where I can any hand on a spoonbook without feelclosely for the barbs; where I can find beh roll of film, or another box of carings, or the spare matchbox, or the extra-ings, or the spare matchbox, or the extra it it map. Moreover, there are little inc you want to keep handy when you is storting or fishing—a small pair of ints: a pair of cutting pliers; not to entire fly-hooks, leader box, reels, and

Otce we used to carry all these things in # jockets of our coats when we went Ting. Lately it has become rather the traf thing for the angler or camper to is sither of waterproof canvas or pigthe the English fushion. When you are to use one of these you find it very the in short, it is the old possible bag the early Kentucky hunters. Sometimes 7 carried in it their parched corn or extra tidiats. Sometimes it was of buckskin, dud under the belt in Indian fashion. twith a strap over the shoulder

There are all sorts of ideas and uses in bags. For instance, you can carry food in small, round bags, which nest in a larger These are waterproof, and excellent for salt, sugar, tea, coffee, dried fruit, or the like. Such a bag is better for back or bout. The chuck-wagun on the range carried these things in a box and left a trail of tin

cans across the range.
One beauty of the packbag, or portable One beauty of the packbog, or portable carryall bag, is its freedom from injury in shipment. You can arrange locks for any one of many kinds of inandy canvas packages, containing your bedroll or sleepingbag, your tent, your clothing, or your nested cooking outfit; and you can ship it by rail as your personal baggage. Of late there has come into use the canvas cytinder, like the sailor bag, fitted, as are most rucksacks, with a row of grommets on the top, so that the bag can be shut by means of a gathering string—or, better, lastened with a chain and padlock. One of these big round bags will hold a world of stuff. It is waterproof and if thed tightly will even float for a while in case of a rapsize if it has your bed inside. It goes nicely into a boat your hed inside. It goes nicely into a boat or cance, or even into a wagon; and if you have in your outfit a pair of packstrape you can put your trunk on your back at the end of the wagontrail and march off very

happily.
If you are camping light two or three of these sailor hags will hold all your outfit. In one you can carry your tent and ground In one you can carry your tent and ground-cloth; in another your personal outfit and bed; in yet another the cooking outfit and food. It is just as well to have a little system in your camp work. What are you going to need first when you pitch camp? Hand-ax, floorcloth and tent! Then put these things in last when you break camp, so that you can get at them first when you

pitch camp.

Meantime your chum is perhaps making the fire while you are laying out the tent. He wants, first, his cooking outfit—the frying-pan and coffee-pot, and the little folding griddle with legs which serves as a stove. These should go in his bag last when you break camp. Your bedroil and personal duffel, being needed later in the game, can wait in the other hag until you are ready for them.

Camp Beds and Bedding

Continually you must qualify all these matters by the factor of transportation. In a very long and hard journey you may In a very long and hard journey you may not wish to ship your personal outfit in so perishable a case as a canvas covering. I have a friend who swears by the fiber telescope cases, provided with heavy straps and locks. He has sent his sporting outfits almost all over the world in these cases, and they have come back practically as good as new. They are not so heavy as trunks, are provided with good metal corners, and will hold an indefinite amount of atuff and stand indefinite grief—camelback. stuff and stand indefinite grief - cumelback.

horseback or manback.
You cannot, however, use one of these as a pecking yourself at the end of the wagontrail. If you have wagon transport or even a packtrain these cases are good to take for rough use. You can pack your sleeping-bag or blankets in one and the rest of your outfit in another. The two will make a good pair of sidewacks on a horsemake a good pair of sidepacks on a horse;

and when you get back to the railroad you can check them just like trunks.

A manly and workonanlike efficiency ought to characterize any sportaman's outfit; and, for the most part, he should heware of fads and fashlors that come and It is the business of the professional outlitter to make you think you want a lot of things the most descriptive adjective regarding which would be "rute." You ought not, however, to despise too much the modern tendency toward lightness and compactness. The main thing is to be sincere and simple, and to bewere of affectation, whether that shall mean overmodernity or a blind clinging to the old-fashioned past. An old-time plainsman would not listen

to any talk about a bed other than a blanket-and-quilt roll done up in a big tarpaulin. He would point out that a thin waterproof drilling cover might get a hole punched in it. Yet it might be pounds lighter and holoproof enough. Even yet sleeping-bags are made with very heavy canvas covers, and a very practical bag will run about fifteen pounds.

Some like sleeping-bags. I certainly do not. Yet they have the virtue of cleanliness and compactness. It is hard to get a good camp bed down as low as ten pounds



IS there any floor covering you could use on your porch that could be cooler, more beautiful, more cleanly than these sanitary, finely woven, Deltox Grass Rugs? Colored so daintily, patterned so pleasingly -durable, too.

The fabric of Deltox Rugs, nature's own product, is impervious to dust and moisture, and because the dust sifts through to the floor these rugs are always fresh looking. They save labor, too; simply roll up the rug, sweep the floor, unroll the rug and the work is done. Once over with a vacuum cleaner makes a Deltox Rug. look like new.

On the porch-in the kitchen-bed room-librarynursery-on the office floor-anywhere, Deltox Rugs brighten and beautify every environment because their keynote is harmony. And they are inexpensive, a 9x12 Deltox Rug costs but a fraction of the price of a woolen or worsted rug of the same size,



If your dealer doesn't handle Deltus send as his name and your address and we will send you an unusually attractive broken showing Deltes Rigs in their natural colare with reproduced photographs of many American home interiors where Deltax Rugs

If you will include 10s to cover postage we will send you a sample Deltos Rug 1881H inches, for which you'll surely find some good use.

Look for this Trade Mark



OSHKOSH GRASS MATTING CO. 84 Adel Street OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN



in weight—fifteen is much better. One blanket is not enough for a good camp bed. It should be remembered also that writers who talk about beds of pine boughs are describing only a very limited part of this continent, all of which is open to sporting travel today.

I am a great believer in a good bed. The nearest approach to it I have made, taking in all the compromises, is the thin mattress of descriair, with blankets above it, the whole in a light waterproof cover of canvas or belloon silk. I even induige myself in a pillow—a very small one—of goosehair. It is only large enough to be of service when used on top of a folded aweater or coat. You can throw this bed down anywhere as soon as you break camp and it does not need much softening.

meed much softening.

When you come to the matter of bede
in your outfit you open up another wide
field of practice and conjecture.

If you are in the hands of a Mombass outfitter, who will always send out a safari based on the English ideas of camp life, you will very likely have broad camp cots, folding canvas chairs, a folding table—also made of canvas—and a lot of other things that will take an army of darkies to carry. This is all right for those who like it. I certainly see no use for it—at least in this country. Yet I recall very pleasantly a certain camp cot and a folding canvas chair with a high back that my father enjoyed for many years when we used to camp tagether. Maybe I shall enjoy them some time.

After your packing and your tent and your bed comes your campfire or your campstove. Elsewhere something has been said about the general idea of a camp stove inside of a tent. Do not use it unless the weather is very cold. In that case some one will have to sit up to tend fire. Most of us, however, do not camp in extreme weather during our variations, and usually we conk over an open fire out-of-doors. A very practical range, familiar to every one, is made of a pair of green logs, a few inches in diameter, laid side by side. It is not always convenient to get these logs and they have a way of burning out and spilling the coffee. If you can get hold of a couple of stess bars to put across your logs they will help a great deal. Any of the little griddles with folding legs will make a practical camp stove. Better have two, as they are not large enough to hold all your cooking utensits at once. They weigh very little.

Stoves for Camp Use

One of the best camp stoves I ever used was made of an old gunbarrel, plugged and sharpened like a spike so it could be driven into the ground. The breech was also plugged, and borsd to admit the ends of two or three wire hoops which would swing round as though on pivots. These steel hoops were strong enough not to melt in the fire, and they would hold a frying-pan very comfortably. Another bent bit of steel supported the coffee-pot. We would drive this spike down into the ground and build a fire round it. If a frying-pan got too bot, or if the coffee boiled over, it was easy to swing the vessel to one side on its hinge. This spike, however, was clumsy to pack, as it was a couple of feet long.

Elsewhere mention has been made of the importance of the camp stove in certain countries. Up in Alaska I have seen propectors and hunters traveling with packs on their backs, and carrying a sheet-iron stove called a Yukon stove. In the coast country of the Alaskan peninsula the only firewood is crooked alder of no great size. You can't do much with it without a stove—and, besides, it always rains up there. The man who hunts bear on Kadiak Island, for instance, must either have a Yukon stove under a canvas shelter or else be can cook down on the ground and let the smoke go out at the top, tepes fashion.

the smoke go out at the top, tepes fashion.

There are other kinds of stoves that you can invent for yourself. I have seen a very practical little stave in the tiny shanty of a fasherman on Lake Erie who was fishing through the ice. It was a baseburner, using coal, and was made out of a powder can not much more than a foot in height.

Camp clothing is, of course, something to be selected with reference to the place and season where you intend to use it. For walking or mountain climbing, nothing beats knickerbockers, but they are not good in mosquilto country and not good on horse-back. The usual advice is just to wear your old clothes on a camping trip, but this is not

always good advice. When you are in woods or the mountains in cold was you are very likely wearing an inch or more of shirts and underwear than would at home, and very likely your trowill not meet comfortably.

will not meet comfortably.

I recall a friend of mine who went winter camp in the Rockies once with with the pleasant anticipation of we out an old pair of trausers, once a fitted by a good tailor. When it can putting on his flannel shirt he had to it outside his trousers. It was picture in a way, but hard to witness with gra The best clothes really are those mai camp life.

camp life.

For cold weather it is hard to mackinaw. Some of this is loose shoddy. Ask for the kind of pants the man wears—a close-woven dark mackinot quite so soft and spongy as the average content of the man description of the man stoop or sit down comfortably of over a log without any knee-strain. Over khaki pants will do for warm weat cardurey not!

The only place for cordurey clothe

a moving-picture abow.

In some climates and countries ye not much need a coat if you have a chirt and sweater, but the average made well to take his coat along. It is always cool in the evening—and smerif you are riding, you will feel chilled. listen too attentively to the man whyou that if you get cold, either by day night, all you have to do is to put of attentively and climate suit of underwear. Sometimes not convenient. I prefer to put on a The sort of coat, like the sort of the depends on the country and climate which you are going. It may be mader khaki.

Raincoats and Gloves

About the only place where you can bucksion shirt is in the heart of the ness, where you are entirely also where it does not rain. There is a softer, lighter or warmer for its weigh a good Indian-made bucksida shirtbut an Indian can make one worth but buckskin has strictly gone fashion. It is not good for trausers, is hard to find a place where a shirt sitract attention. Go simply. Do way the professional woodsmen do, outdoor people of the country whe are spending your vacation. It perfectly beautiful pair of buckshing breeches, and I long so much to place sometime where I may wear Perhaps that will never be—certail on the cow-range, in the Far North, South, in the Rockies or in any

Everything goes well in camp and trail so long as it does not rain—rai worse than snow. What shall one rains? Some say you should slip rubber poncho which goes under yeat night. That is all very well if yelenty of transportation. A rubber is about as heavy and cold a thing can get. The hole in the middle let ness up from the graund at night, it is just big enough to get you go wet if you wear it as a raincoat. Twho devised the poncho for the uscavalryman must have had some against the cavalryman. If you ing horseback the best raincoat is puncher's pommed slicker, but it bulky and heavy to consider for of The best thing I have ever found is pure-rubber garment gathered in where bands at the neck and wrist, and very full. This is perfect for u automobile or wagon, in a cance boat—or while you are working camp. It is very light and pertainless puncturable.

Gloves make for comfort in outd Some men like to go barehanded, an always wear gloves—even while The best glove I have found is the glove of buckskin, made for army u regulations now prescribe that it is have a gauntlet—it is the private w gauntlets on his gloves. Old kin skin or easter gloves, if large and it nice to wear. You can also get st gloves with deep cuffs and with the fingers cut out—very nice for in masquito country. Up in Labra will find it necessary to have also

Thoroughly washes hina glassware, silver and kitchenware in a few minutes of easy operation.

Dries and sterilizes china. Handsnever touch water.

large numbers are being sold

JOHN WANAMAKER STORE Philadelphia

and the Wanamaker circular says of it:

At last - a successful dishuashing machine for the

"It makes dishwashing a pleasant teak,"

"The well-known objections lo previous types have all been overcome in this machine."

The Whidnesd is call classing and the binds parallery. Washes found china and planeture with my harper of treatings, using a distinguishment of the paraller of the state for making and amorties for every. Durably bath of attempted country to prompted in the paraller of the paraller of



Average family size \$15,00 Information furnished regardent wer sizes. All machines smetts

Il not obtainable in your localey, the Whirlpool will be sent prein about tecseles of blace.

Appendix though to high class dealers of against. Will be shaped to re-pendicular terms, prepaid, taken ment of any tempable at our appears. When examination, Remberdedoord to the control when some a result of the presents to earlies 10s.22 inches, make B presents.

SERSHEY-SEXTON COMPANY Marufacturer (III Fibert Street, Philadelphia, Pa. drilling, or the like, fastened to your gloves, like a clerk's office sleeves, and fitted with a band of rubber to hold them on the arm. Nor should you despise the havelock or neck cape, which will be serviceable if the midges are bad. You can wear it also as a

nightcap.

Some like khaki for outdoor wear. It is useful, but not so warm as it might be. The main trouble with most trousers is that they do not give enough room in the knee and hip. Really, a well-cut pair of English Bedford-cord riding breeches ought to be of general all-round utility for riding or foot-work. They would, however, come in for the same restrictions that lie against the

use of the buckskin shirt—one does not want to look too "stunty."

The subject of footwear in camp is un old and an endless one. In general the fashion is now against the old high-top heavy hunting boots. If you are going on slippery rocks you will need nails, otherwise you will not often need them. You can get an easy sincepack, without any heel, and with a sole of what is called elk leather, probably horsehide, soft and pliable, which will do you very well for walking or boatwork. It is not really waterproof or anowproof—and it is not suitable for riding, of course; nor will you find it above repreach in mountain climbing. Cut the tops down so that your trousers will just go into the tops of the shoes. Usually it is the high-top boot that causes the agony of the chafed Achilles' tenden at the heel. If you are troubled with that take your tall boots of, take out your trusty hunting knife, cut then down to street-shoe height—and go on your way happy. ing boots. If you are going on slippery rocks.

happy.

In the Far North moscuains are worn as regular footwear by red men, halfbreeds and white men; but for the average American ican sportaman they are an affectation ex-cept when used round the camp; then they are most comfortable. You cannot get with-out trouble real moccasion anywhere except in Northwestern Canada, in the fur country. When you get them you can't walk in them with much comfort if there is any gravel or other hard going. I have a pair to which I have sewed soles of soft elk leather. They have sewed soles of soft elk leather. They now go very nicely, but are, of course, rather slippery on wet rocks. In certain kinds of straightaway walking, where the going is good, the maccasin is comfertable footwear for a white man, but it takes an education for most persons to enjoy it. However, nothing is better to have in your packing when you come in tired at night. They are good in said, dry anow—horrible and worthless in wet weather.

Watches and Handkerchiefs

Good socks are hard to get in this country. They should be thick, but soft and of good wool—not full of knobs and gobs. Ah, what a comfort there is in a pair of moccasins and a soft, dry pair of socks at night! Have your boots hig enough for two pairs of socks, one of light soft wool and one of heavy soft wool. Tour feet will look large, but they will feel good!

Always wear a waistroat, whether you keep it buttoned or not. It is full of pockets for matches; your compass—or your two compasses—your eyepisses; matchesife, and such odds and ends. Some men wear wrist watches—Englishmen very generally in many parts of the world. Do so if you feel that you are obliged to, but please do not come round to my camp, especially if you have a handkerchief tucked up your sleeve at the same time, for I might not ask you to at the same time, for I might not ask you to supper. I see no reason why you should not wear your watch in camp as you do at home. If you are afraid of losing it get a cheap one in a gunmetal case. The the watch to your person with a thong as you do your compass, your dog whistle—or perhaps your hunting

Do not forget a good, big soft-silk hand-kerchief. It is good to keep off the sun or the cold or the mosquitoes. Wear it sensibly, and do not the it as though you were posing for a picture. It was made for use. not for show; in fart, that is a very good test to apply to yourself as you turn out in your camp outfit-let it all be for use und not for show,

In one pocket of your waistcoat you will have your matchbox-waterproof of course and in your possible bag, which goes inside of your main warbag, you will have your extra box or bottle of matches. As all sportsmen know, you can make a fairly good small matchbox out of two brass shotgun-shells, ten and twelve gauge, by telescoping them. I traded one such for



211 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 264

In Philadelphia are made 211 of the 264 products that are manufactured in the United States. Of these 211 she makes 15 in greater quantity and of greater value than any other city in the country.

This industrial activity naturally produces steady incomes. These incomes swell bank balances, fill savings banks, buy homes, feed, clothe and educate families, and make of Philadelphia one of the greatest buying centers in the world.

You can place advertising before the eyes of open-minded and financially able buyers in Philadelphia in the columns of the

PUBLIC LEDGER





Nature's Finest Burley

Don't fail to try it.

Don't miss this tobacco that so many smokers say is the finest 10c smoke today:

Sc and 10c tine. Pound and hallpound Humidors.

FREE-We will mail year a trial tin of City Club-free upon request, provided you will wast us your dealer's name and address.

TO DEALERS: Let your customers know that you enery this quality brand.

Burley Tobacco Company Inc.

Largest Independent Tobacco Organization in the World.

We can the book. We grow the tobarco. We have the linest Kentucky Bluegrove Builten to select lines. Nothing but the King Leaf goes into Gry Clab. The King Leaf has no bite. Quality is the recom-

The Rremier Quality Smoke

from Kentucky's hillside slopes.

Any of its tobacco, without any

selection whatever, would satisfy

Yet see what we do in producing

City Club tobacco-ro make it

Our Way

We are the only manufacturers

that own the land, grow and

cultivate genuine Bluegrass

Kentucky Burley from the

Premier Burley Sail: We

pick the "King Leat" which

the Premier Quality Smoke.

most smokers.





another similar with a forest ranger up on the Peace River once. The primers had started on his matchsale and let in the water. As mine was still waterproof I gave it to him; and I have his today. Also I have a large-mouthed bottle full of matches which has been in my camp outfit, corked and unopened, for some twenty years, in many parts of the country and under many

conditions of transportation. You can break a glass bottle, of course; but until you do it makes a very practical

matchsafe,

Your hunting knife—or perhaps you should rather call it your camp knife—is something by which you may be judged among professionals. The fashion in knife-blades, as in boot-tops, is for smaller longitudinal dimensions. A four-inch blade is long enough to cut up anything. Such a knife, with any kind of handle that has no must, will fit tight in a sheath. You can guard, will fit tight in a sheath. You can bore the handle, if you like, and fasten the knile to your belt or scabbard with a thong, so that it will not be lost should it slip out of its scabbard.

Another item of personal equipment is Another item of personal equipment is the camp ax. Personal habit comes into play here also. When hunting alone in strange country I always like to have a light ax at my belt, as well as a knife and some matches. The best handle is not straight, but has a knob on the end so that it will not slip. About a pound's weight for the head is effective. The steel cannot be too good and it should be kept sharp. Such a tool will do for carrin work, but is not a tool will do for camp work, but is not heavy enough for a trapper or a regular

woodsman, of course.

The half az used by the New Brunswick trapper is a mighty efficient tool. If you trapper is a mighty efficient tool. If you are going on a long trip with a wagon or a packtrain it is best to have one man-size as along. You cannot do much in getting fuel for the whole night with one of the little axes, though it is very handy in camp or bivouse work, or general tinkering. Perhaps it is partly habit that makes a man feed so uncomfortable unless be has some such little friend along with him. Let the weight of your ax so into the head and not such little friend along with him. Let the weight of your ax go into the head and not into the handle. The camp ax ought not to he a toy but a tool. Somewhere in your out-fit there should be a file and a whetstone—carborundum is keen cutting. The steel in your ax and your hunting knife ought not to be too brittle and not too soft. When you are hald of a really rood there of steel in get hold of a really good piece of steel in either it is upt to be by accident. Cherish

Things That Come in Handy

Your camp light is something of a prob-lem. Usually it will be your campfice. The little electric lights that work with a pushbutton are convenient, but are apt to wear out on a long trip where you cannot renew the batteries. Candles get crushed and kerosene lanterns frequently are impos-sible. Perhaps you will have to do your best with the campfire. If you want to sit up all night you can build a fire, and if you want to go to sleep you do not need much light.

Reep your fishing rods and your guns dry at night by putting them under the edges of your blankers. If you have a smallbore, high-power rifle you cannot keep it clean with water and vaseline. You should have along a bottle or a screw-top tin of one of the thin modern cutting oils. Not even the thin modern cutting oils. Not even this will really clean the grooves of a high-power rifle. When you get home take some high-power ammonia and moisten your cleaning rags. They will come through dirty for a much longer time than you would expect. Aromonia is hard to take into camp, though it is very useful to southe mosquito bites. Castor oil is something disliked by mosquitoes very much.

Many other items will occur to other

Many other items will occur to other men as useful or even indispensable, and some readers will perhaps mark off the list some of the suggestions above noted. The beauty of the sportsman's catalogue is that it provokes discussion. There is no better reading than can be found in its handsomely illustrated pages.

Following even in most rudimentary fashion its wide range of suggestions, you may thus transport your own hand-picked, wholly delectable outfit by train, by wagon. by honse, or by your own back, to your chosen spot-may unpark it there, from tent to bed and camplire equipment. You may walk all day with comfort or fish all day with delight; or you may come into camp wet and tired, and soon be dry and comfortable.





TheLettersof William Green

The Mutatione of the Bishop's Butter

DEAR AUNT: Henney Begg and me are in a little more trubble at home witch is ushual but not seryus. Henney said it would not do enny harm

to rite to you about it and see who is to blaim witch is genrelly us because we are the

smallust witch is verry offen the case.

Hennry said we otto tell you alsout it and
if we otto be smalled to go absad and arsald us witch would be the last straw but we

could probily stand it. Hennry said he had grate confydunce in you because you searn to understand a boy on account of not baven too menny of them yourself witch a grate menny do and are afrade thay will get spoilt frum too mutch

And Hennry said when he thinks of his bloo off thum and the serkus and the Forth of July and how kind you always would be he would not be afrade to go to you for ennything eaven a scoalden witch is quite a

big complyment to you don't you think so?
If you are not afrade to go to sumbuddy enven for a scoalden it is a sine thay are your best frend and a boy needs more places were he can go for a talken to and not feel had about it afterward and makes up his mind he will not do it agen whatever it was

But sum scoaldens are wurse than if you did not get enny at all and would never make you a better man.

make you a better man.

Sum of our fathers secondens are with the best intenshuns but do not seem to do us mutch good probily becaws of him besin too himsey to lurn how to smald the rite way witch makes you sorry you did it and you will not do it agen until the necket time and maybe not then.

Hencry said it is a grate feelen to be seconded the rite way and go out hangen your bead and full of shaim back of the barn ware you will stay for severel hours wanten to do rite in the fewchure and not go fishen on Sunday witch broke your mother's hart and she will never hold up her hedd before the minuistur agen.

But a harebrush or a strap or a shingul

her hedd before the minuistur agen.

But a harebrush or a strap or a shingul will not help you to sit down and think it over but onley make you wunder if thay are your reel parunts out in the shed ware one of them did it.

Sumtimes Henary said his father tells him to go in the shed and wate till I rome and Henary is offle mad at furst but by the time his father comes Henary is all out of the noshun of it but his father is not but he would be if he would wate a supple hours.

would be if he would wate a supple hours.

Hennry said a boy's faiher always ofto
wate a cupple hours before he goes in the
shed and then it would be quite diffrunt
becaws a shingul is appto brake a boy's
hart becaws he is too prowd and bates to turn over.

Hennry said to tell it all to you and not spare us at all and so Hennry's muther sent him to the grossersy store at fore o'clock and get sum butter for the hishup who was commen to dinner and it was not enul in the ice box for him becaws a bishup is appto eat more butter than ushual when he is away frum home for dinner and Hemry's muther told him to hurry back becaws she mite want him to borro sum table things for the bishup's dinner when he came home with the butter.

So Hennry's muther gave him a tin pale with a tite lid on it some the butter would be purfeckly safe because a boy is dangerus to carry butter with onley a paper on frum beein so soft in the hot wether.

So Hennry and me started for the grosserey store and got the too pounds of butter witch was all nice and cool and little drops of wotter on it and a big flour on top of the

th of them from the butter mold. Furst Henry would carry the pale and then I would carry it a wile and then Hennry would swing it round his head in the pale and then I would swing it round and it was lots of fun and not like wurk at

all to carry it.

After wile we were passen the livyurey stable and Hennry swung the pale round and the handle came off frum beein bent by too mutch swingen and the pale went about twenty feet becaws of haven sutch a good start frum swingen.

P. A. sure does set the clip

for men who want to know the joys of a jimmy pipe or a makin's cigarette—and "dasn't," There's no soft pedal action needed by you or any other man. You can go at Prince Albert hammer and tongs and it won't bite your tongue. The bite's cut out by a patented process! Thousands upon thousands of pipe and cigarette smokers never would have known the glories of real tobacco if it hadn't been for

PRINGE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

You'll get that fact jolted into your system the first tin of P. A. you smoke. You paste it in your hat that if all we claim for this brand wasn't hard facts, Prince Albert sure never would be "the national joy smoke" today!

You know as well as we do that you can't fourflush and get away with it very long. You present yourself with a tidy red 10c tin of P. A. and you'll pretty quickly know where you get off on the pipe question.





MUSIC LOVERS! Great Songs -Successful Dancing Numbers

Try These Big Successes on Your Piano:

TWO WONDERFUL BALLADS:

Alice of Old Vincennes (I Love You)

My Diane of the Green Van (As Good as the Book) Electronic C. Margaritan

"Hesitation Waltz" by Klickman. Most Popular "Hesitation" Today.

他们们也是一种是一个人的。 with the first that the first first the

Other Song Successes

Just Like The Rose You Gave." "Sing Me The Rosary. "If I Could Only Call You Mine." Great Dance Numbers

Dream Water", carneducing Barrasolle Inc.
Tales of theferen.
Tange.
One Wembertal Night: Water (Herbarian).
Ta Search of A Husband", Tange.

Any Woodworth, Kreaser, Krease, McCorry, or any Woods some, or any department some or invited dealer can supply above "loss". If your dealer carried supply you, would us 12 cents for any one piece. At cents for any 5 pieces, \$1.05 for the W pieces on this list.

Chicago: 1501-1513 E. 55th St. McKinley Music Co. 80 Fifth Avenue

Then it struck the rode in frunt of the Then it strack the rode in frunt of the liveurey stable ware it was verry dusstey frum so menny horses trampen all the time and the bid floo off and both of the butters fell out and rolled quite a ways before Hennry and me could get them.

Hennry and me could get them.

Hennry and me rould hardly beleave our eyes when the butter was rollen in the dusst became it was all so quick we hardly knew.

becaws it was all so quick we hardly knew

what happened.

What happened.

But Hennry and me hurried up and raught it almost before it got through rollen but a grate deel of dammidge was done already because you would never beleave how mutch dusat you can get on a cupple pounds of butter just by rollen a little wile in the rode. in the rode.

It was a grate supprize to Hennry and me but we both got out our jaknives and scraped off as mutch as we could get and then we washed both of the butters off in the wetteren troff witch did sum good but it did not seem to look like the same butter hut probily just as good to taste Hennry said verry hopeful witch is the kind of a boy

Hennry is.

So Beaury filled the pale with wotter and we put the butters in and put the lid on we put the butters and ran started agen quite tite and Henry and me started agen quite seryus eloshen the butter up and down in the pale to wash off a little mere duest but not sure how it would come out but hopen it would be nice and cleen and we would emty the wotter out before Hennry got home and probily nobuddy would know the difrance.

After wile we took the lid off to see how it was common out and it was mutch wurse and a verry dark brown culler all over. But It was emby dark brown culler all over. But in becawe Hennry scraped sum off with his fingernale and it was all brite and yellow undernoeth.

Henory and me took it out of the pale and

Henory and me took it out of the pase and looked at it but it was verry mornile and we could not see mutch hope for it.

So Henory and me lade it on the grass under a tree ware it was shadey and we pored the wotter out of the pale and then we both lade down to think it over. We had to think quite last for it was nearly time to be home.

Then Henory torrest round switch were

Then Hennry turned round quick ware the butter was on the grass lebind us and a purfeckly stronge dog was licken it witch by this time was quite brite and cleen but a little ruff on the outside from the dog licken them witch seemed verry hungry for butter when Hennry chased him away and we put then in the pale agen and started home walken offic alow.

On the way home there was sum boys

batten up flies and Hermry and me stopped with the butter and batted up a few flies with the tin pule under Hennry's straw hat to kepe it frum getten two warm in the

After we batted up sum flies Hennry looked in the pale under his hat and it was quite soft and runnen a little on the outside

edge.

It was mutch deener though frum the dog assiduatly licken it witch was for-chunate for us Hennry said and it mite be we would still bring home sum fare butter the behave after all.

for the hishup after all.

By this time Hennry and me started home agen and in a little wile Hennry had a good sleem just as we went by the pump a lettle ways from Hennry's bross and we both washed our hands purfockly cleen witch is better for a toy handlen raw butter.

Then Hennry pumped a lot of cold wetter on the hutter one at a time in the

pule and then we took turns equence it with our hands and wurken them into a purfeckly round shape witch was sumthing like a baseball but bigger round.

By doorn this way the dusst was wurkt all through and did not show hardly at all and you would hardly known but it was too hig bulls of butter rite out of the grossery ne books if they made it that way witch Hennry told his muther they often did when they are in a speaked hurrey.

Hennry and me tasted it after we got it fields over and could not find comything the matter with it Henry said.

His muther was a little supprined at the shape of them but Hennry said maybe it was somthing new as they often are. Henny and me lessened at the dore for dinner because Henny could not ste with the hishup on account of levin onley grone people and Hemry's muther said to erka-cuse spex in the butter witch she never saw so menny before but it was a new kind of butter.

After dinner Hennry and me went in the parler to see the biskup witch was quite a



THE efficiency of a motive can be made or married by the spark plags used. Roch Plags are the right plags by every motor. There are wisn-thic romans why they are right. Here are four of them:

2 Bush shirted, are not tunion plants of the post of the plants of the p

4. Proceedings of the second state of the second se

Perhaps your our is not effecient, perhaps it needs new plage. Try a set of Beech Plags the same as those used by alhigh grade cars such as the Periles, Pierce-Arraw, Merro, tanford, Specifically Jaffery Volte, Marmon, Case, State, Moune-Knight, Legier, etc.



Bosch Plugs can be hought for \$1.00 each from your dustor, Boach Service Stations, or direct.

Write for "Lacotting the Search Plug," and free to any restorted inton passion.

Borch Magnete Company New York, R. Y.

TOV Service Standard on Service Money Liberta



The man who wears Double Grip

PARIS GARTERS No metal can touch you

to and entity of the physical comfort of the country satisfaction of knowing contect. The name PARIS is compared on the back of the shield

A. Stein & Company Maker

A Storages

New York



The Pioneer **Broad Leaf** Havana Cigar

No man who loves a really fine cigar should overlook the pleasing qualities of this famous brand.

The pure Havana filler and matured Broad Leaf wrapper harmonize perfectly in producing a deliciously mellow. sweet, full-flavored smoke of distinctive character.

The National Smoke

HAVANA AMERICAN CO., N. Y.

nice man and he yoosto he a boy once he said witch a grate menny minisaturs never

were Hennry said afterward. He said Hennry and me were line boys witch made us feel offle gilty about the butter.

Then he told us some storeys of how he yoosto do when he was a boy and lots of mischuff and Hennry and me felt verry frendly and so Hennry thought it was all rite to tell him about the butter rollen in the dust and the wotteren troff and the dos licken it and the wotteren troff and the dog licken it and batten up flies and the pump and bow we fickst it soze to be purfeckly good after all the trubble we had with it.

Hennry's muther hurd us laffen and the hishup too and my muther hurd us too becaws she was cumpuny and the bishup lafft a grate deel but Hennry's muther did not and my muther eather becaws it did not

seem to be so funney for them.

After wile the bishup went away and
Hennry and me thought we would go outside a wife frum the way our mathers looked witch was not verry cumfortable for as and slepe in the barn.

The rest of the butter was not used eaven for cooken but throne out in the garbidge barrel witch was the last of it after goen through a grate deel of expearence.

Hennry and me did not slepe our best and this mornen Henry said we otto to rite to you and get the butter off of our mind. There is a boys' camp in the woods atoen miles from here and Hennry wondered if it would be all rite to go up there for a few days till our muthers blows over about

It would be fifty sense fore for us to go there and a dollar apeace to stay a week and we manninged to save up twenty-too sense this summer and we can probily get the rest of the munney sumway. We could walk back the ateen miles to

save the fare cummen home.

We have been quite heithy this summer but not as strong as a boy mite be ruffen it and Henry is sumtimes quite week eaven after eaten haffs wottermellun and sum pares. He thinks it mite be stummick

trubble commen on as thay offen do.

Our muthers would be glad to see us when we came back and they could get the butter off of their minds.

A promt ansur would prohily help Hennry and me to make up our minds

about goen to camp.

Mutch love to Uncle William and you mite ast him if he ever did sutch a thing and how mutch he was to blaim.

Your affectshunate nephew, WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S.—The ateen miles would be quite a walk but probily we could stand it all -J. W. Foley.

A Poor Family

A VETERAN surgeon of the Civil War, who still practices in the Piedmont section of Fauquier County, Virginia, where his patients include the wealthy horse fancier of the bluegram and the shiftism, poverty-stricker magnetismer of the Blue Ridge hollows. hollows, was recently summoned to the bunkside of a lank, thin-whiskered hill-billy, stricken with a aluggish fever.

Some two months prior a barrel of whisky had been added to the meager possessions of the hill-billy's family—the ethics of the acquisition does not enter into this tale and of this the good doctor had learned; not, however, through any member of the hill-billy's family.

Desiring to tone up the patient with a stimulant, the doctor concluded his instructions thus:

instructions thus:

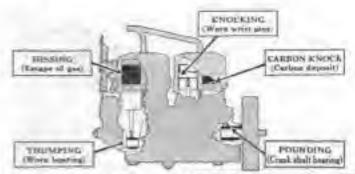
"Now, madam, the best thing for you to do is before each meal to give Jim a good, strong whisky toddy."

"Laws sakes, doctor," replied the woman of the house, "we-all ain got no whisky an an ain got no money fer to buy it neither!"

"What, no whisky!" exclaimed the doctor severely. "I know you had a barrel of it here two months ago."

of it here two months ago."
"Yassir, I know," came the prompt ex-planation; "but a barrel of whisky don' las" long in a fambly what can't afford ter keep





NOISE

The motor's complaint against incorrect oil

If your motor makes some unusual sound, stop your car. Investigate.

Noise frequently means unnecessary friction - the direct result of incorrect lubrication.

Common noises are:

"Thumping." A dull thomp at each revo-lution of the main shall indicates wern main or connecting end bearings. This trouble is hostened by oil of low quality or incorrect budy will finally result in hally worn hearings and knocking.

"Knocking." This may be due to loose wrist-pins. It may be due to builty worn bearings or bushings which should be refuted or replaced. Incorrect lubrication will cause both of these troubles.

"Carbon Knock," A sharp mullled ring, at ignition, indicating executive carbon de-posit usually caused by oil of low quality or incurrect hedy.

"Pounding." Due to engine laboring under overload. Lubrication plays no part in this trouble.

"Histing," This is frequently due to bravy working of cylinder walls. It is most often brought on by inefficient fabrication.

There is only one immurance against the re-sults of incorrect lubrication. That is the use of oil of the highest quality which is correct in body for your type of motor.

You can secure this oil by referring to the Unbricating Chart which is partially shown at the right. For a number of years this Chart has been a standard guide to correct Jubrication,

It represents the professional advice of the Vacuum Oil Company—the recognized world leaders in scientific lubrication.

Our complete Chart will be mailed to any measons on request.

We will also send on request a pamphlet on the Construction, Operation and Lubrica-tion of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

It is sairst to buy Gargoyle Mubiloils, in original barrels, half-barrels and scaled five and one-gallon caus. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture, is on the container.

The various grades of Gargovie Mubiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

> Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" Cargoyle Mobileil "B" Gargoyle Mobileil "E" Gargoyle Mobiloil "Aretic"

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply inbricants.

For information, kindly address any in-quiry to our nearest office. The city address will be sufficient.

Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the arbeids, the letter reposite the carellorant the grade of Geograph Mobilel that about the man-fine example: "A" mann "Gargoria Mobilel that about the man-fine example: "A" mann "Gargoria Mobilel A" "Ap. " neura. Namporte Mobilel Actic," For all decitic relation of Gargoria Mobilel "A." The reconstructions over the mobile of both pitament and commercial whiches unless that the pitament and commercial whiches unless

CANS	Second	Whater	Same	Whence	Semmo	Whether	Season	Wany	Samon	
A) from Tennelly	A	An	A	Am	A	Ani	A	An	in	į,
Also	5	Arc	15	An	15	An	Vis.	Ars	X	À
Author (2 cyl. line)	18	(April	A	Art	Ä	An.	A	Art	Ä	K
Armer Constitution	A	1 15	12	W	A	1	X	X	ĺΑ	ŧ.
Blood Ch.	A	A	X	A	1	X	X	X	Nr.	A
- 14 vyl. 1	Ar.	Mi	A	Ari	Ä	Ani	A	An	ł×	Ņ
Culties.	Ap.	Xp.	Am	Ac.	Ars	Table .	A.	de	An	Ä
Continued Continue	Â	E	2	Ap.	12	E	î	Ari	Art	ľ
Com	LOV.	100	17	1.40	1X	Ans	I.A.	An:	19	ĪΑ
Charmen	Vr.s	Ar.	18	15	F	Y	T	Ti	î	H
DOMN'S COLUMN	125	12	X	12	13	AL.	100	Are	An	A
Deligumar Bellevill	N.	1X	28	EA.	10	IA.	B	X	W	ľ
E. M. Pi	PA	Api	177	Art	17	Ari	li.	À.	hi	k
Figf or the second	0	2	12	Ř	10	LA:	n	A	h	Г
Pleased the sales of the		150	1.77		An	An,	16%	Aer	m	ľ
Females and	A	Arc	K	K	IX.	H	1 K	Ar.	K	ľ
Cheer's Land	B	A	8	A	10	[Anic	18	Arti	100	Ιċ
G. H. C. Track	12		A	An.	10	Am	12	Am	12	10
Obuld see	X	W	A	An	X	Nn.	X	No.	170	ċΑ
Budant	G.	An	Ä	An	Ä	An	Ä	An	A	12
Maden ayr L Maden ayr L	la.	400	Am	Ari	Air	160	Art	44	1	l
Disposition #							A	Ar	A	1
Miner and						Ε.	18	A	0	ľ
ANALEST	40	1/2	11	10	11	18	٨	A	A	D
ACCOUNTS OF THE PARTY OF THE PA	14	8	X	Acres 1	Ä	60	A	Air	100	ľ
and the call in	Á	A	A	Kn.	A	An	A	An	50	l
ARREST TOTAL	1	nn i		111	on	100	100	0.10	A	ŝΑ
Jeffrey Harris	10	7.00	7.7	LO	Sec	An	Art.	An.	Air	Į,
Kellington	0,0	Oal	Att	10	M	1	Ap.		2	P
Section 2		740	10.0	NG.	I/QI	150	1135	lahi	Acres	čă
Courter	K	.6	An	Art	A	Att	AH.	An An	AH	å
1 50 14 15 15 15 15	VI.	1004		100	100	Turk!		1.004	A	13
King Kar	11.	A	10	A	0	A	Ni.	An	8	ľ
Large of the large	A.	4	2	An	Arc.	A	A	An	8	
SERVICE LANDYS	Mrs.	Aun.	44.	(A)n	8.00	An	April.	400	A	1
thend st.	A	101	A		.5		V.	A	2	U
Marian,	8	8	ž	(8)	À	40	A	20	7	JA
Matted Buy hard	I K	1.861	18.	10	DK.	10	Gail	iner	10%	ľ
or Marketon	8	(6)	M	An.	Afri	4.0	An	Ari.	45	A
Management and Street Lines.	A	1	*	86	9	Age	100	A.m.	A	īΑ
Mindell agranged	8	Apr.	2	An.	A	Air	2	Ari.		1
Modine Krogen	X	W	44	100	1	42	No.	Air	A	k
of and desired	1301	10	14/	10.00	10	fi in i	1		Mar.	JΑ
National Comment	8	2	2	An.	2	An.	2	An.	Ani	V
(indomnish	A	HK.	X	Arr.	A	Acres	Maria	APO	Arm	M
Doctord	8	Ab.	Artic	Ani	Mesi	Arc	Arr.	Arc	10	A
Pulge December	15	6	1	Ary	4	6	*	100	A	Á
Protion - Land	10	Meri.		Air.	Xe.	Adi	die.	Anc	200	úΑ
Firem Afron Com	1	Arro	AP.	Atti	ıa.	Att.	Merc.	Art.	MAL	30
Pager Hombied	9.8%	Am.	pam,	(A.Pr.)	pan-	Age	A nu			I۸
Rombled	A	Ani	A	Arr.	Art.	Ari Ari	Air.	And		ľ
Newark	X.	R	A	Acres	Ag.	AN	Att	Att		ě
BOTTO MANAGEMENT AND ADMINISTRATION OF THE PARKET AND ADMINISTRATI	A	E	A	201	8	An	â	Arri	8	A
Self-continued	2	38	90	AF	16	Ari.	hi	ă-	K	ď
Section Contract Contract of	A	, K	A	K.	Anvi	AFC	Ari.	Ann	Atti	L٨
Serrytwell, a comme	Arr.	Art	X	An	Ä	An.	Asc.	An	Att	A
2000-000-01-01	An.	Art	20		A	AND	٨	Ar	8	ĕ
Engle	44.0	0.00			A.	A	A	Ä	16.	ķ
Statement Distance	Ar.	Ani	A.	A	6	Arc	A	A.	App	٨
Donbiand Dayton C.	1			1	À	A	A	A		
Knight 5	£	10	A	An.	40	Air	A	Am	a	À
Velle result.	1001	100	Vini	N 23	And	Arti	Am.	Art.	A	FΑ
	100	R.	A	An	1.0	Atti	10	An.	Atc.	A
Walter	A.	Am.	Arr.	An	Arr.	Arc. Arc.	Arr	An	25	4
With the control of	An.	AIT	Arr	Arm	Att	Atr	Acres	Ac.	Acres	ĸ



A grade for each type of motor

VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

DOMESTIC BRANCHES: Defruit Pittsburgh

Boston Philadelphia

Indiam polis

Chicago Minneapolia



Punctures 90% Less

Investigations prove that with "Nobby Tread" Tires punctures are 90% less than with the average tire.

The big, thick "nobs" on "Nobby Tread" Tires stand out so far from the shoe that nails, glass, sharp stones, etc., hardly ever reach the shoe.

Study the "nobs," their size, their thickness, and the way they are placed, and you will understand why.

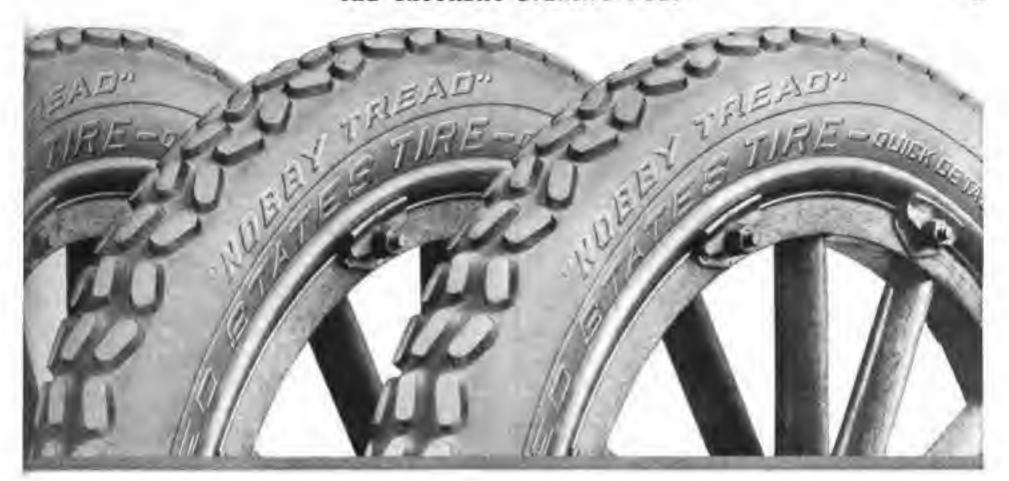
And remember this—you have got to wear out these big, thick, tough "nobs" before you even start to wear out the extra strong tire underneath—that is one reason why experts call "Nobby Treads"

Two Tires in One



Thousands upon thousands of veteran motorists now use "Nobby Tread' through all seasons, because they are such phenomenal mileage tires and re

DO NOT BE TALKED INTO A SUBSTITUTE. Your own dealer or any relief them for you at once—or go to another dealer. Note This:—Dealers who sell I



"Nobby Tread" Tires

are the largest selling high-grade anti-skid tires in the world, and they are REAL anti-skid Tires.

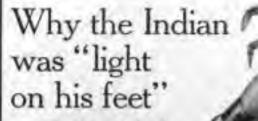
The original wear-resisting quality, the quantity of rubber, the methods of construction—all have been rigidly maintained in "Nobby Tread" Tires, and maintained regardless of cost and regardless of price competition.

Based upon their remarkable mileage records the "Nobby Tread" Tires are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustments are on a basis of

5,000 Miles

their front and rear wheels United States Tire Company kid tires.

ler can supply you with "Nobby Tread" Tires. If he has no stock on hand, insist that he get STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.



The Indian, before he was "civilized," could walk all day and dance half the night. Hehardly seemed to touch the ground; be was tireless; he had no "nerves."

But suppose he had fastened hard leather on those ooft, springy heels nature gave him and then psended along on flinty pavements?

He would have been exhausted at nightpervous and worn out-just the way you are.

You can go back to names, so for as walking is concerned, and secure the effect of light, springs tief under your feet by weating O'Sullivan's Heals of new live rubber no your secen-

Wear them on the show you work in, walk In or dance in. They will nave you the Jer and arrain which cause weary nined and fatigued herves. They will aid to your em-clency, your earning power, your comfort and your pleasure.

O'Sulliman's Herdy and but M couls a pair, altached. All thermoders and their dealers will attach them to your shoes, when you buy them, or at any other time. If you prefer, send as 35c and a tracing of your heel, and we will mult you a poor. O'Sullivan Rubber Co., 131 Hudson Stevel, New York



Attached Ready-to-Wear to the Hazzard Shoe

Ask your dealer for HAZZARD SHOFS made with O'SULLIVAN'S HEELS right on

them. If he share not carry them, and as his many and per out detalogue. It done not describes become record relie of conductable, privingable share in smels. Stock No. 0144 (as illustrated)—number on the new English Model, how, hours O'SI/LITVAN'S HIT LL—Cipciple Region Call opposit

(Price \$3.50) R, P, HAZZARD COMPANY GARDINER, MAINE

Shirley

Leave you free for every motion President Suspenders

"Sathilaction or money back" the more "country Personal," or on Secular TheC. A. Edgarton Mig. Co. Shirter, Mass.



\$3.00

\$3.50

\$4.00



THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: This is the second war-if this is a war, to say nothing of the Boxer uprising, the Cuban intervention, the Philippine insurrection, with a con-siderable slant at the Japanese-Russian fuse and some small angles on the Boer imbroglio—this is the second war that has found me at the theater of executive operations; but it is the first war that has left me in a position where I could not express my burning thoughts on the same in the eve-ning and discover them illuminating asbestinized first pages of newspapers on the

following marning.

Now, Jim, it is true that I am producing as many burning thoughts on this Mexican question as any thought producer you know and at as high caloric pressure; but, as you may realize, war in addition to being hell is also hurried, and there is grave danger that if I light up my cerebrating apparatus the product thereof would not keep hot during the period of time that must elapse between flame and public formulation. In short, what might be per-

lectly proper to-day might be in the discard lung before it reached you. Hence, I am confined to the fixed occurrences, the settled propositions, that have seethed their last seethe in our heaving midst and are historical, as mayhap they were originally hysterical. To this end it is my intention to comment on a grave matter of precedent maintained, an affair of state that was put over in the conventional and regular manner. These incidents, whatever you may think to the contrary, are not so common that, incidental as they are, they are not deserving of comment.

Indeed, respect for precedents in our State Department and observance thereof have not been so frequent or so marked that they may pass unnoticed. We make up our matter of precedent maintained, an affair

tran precedents as we go along, or have been doing so; and that makes this matter I have

doing so; and that makes this matter I have in mind of greater import.

What I have to inform you about relates to Mr. Edward Savoy, of the State Department. Mr. Edward Savoy is a negro and he has been a messenger at the door of our various Secretaries of State for the past forty-four years. Thus it has happened in the past—not now, of course, but in the past—that Mr. Edward Savoy has been in completer possession of knowledge of diplomatic precedure than some of his supelomatic procedure than some of his superiors. He is a most intelligent as well as a most polished messenger, and he has watched the happenings within the door he guards for forty-four years. Small wonder that he is wise!

The Right of the House of Savoy

On the day when Señor Algara, the Mexican charge, came to the State Depart-ment to get his passports or to request them, Mr. Edward Savoy bowed the Mexican charge into the office of Secretary Bryan and then hastened to his good friend Major J. J. Dickinson, who has a room near that of Mr. Bryan.

"Majah," said Mr. Savoy, "you are a good friend of mine?"

"I trust so, Eddie," the Major re-sponded. "I have lelt sure that you have honored me with your friendship. "I have, Majah-I have.

That being the case, Eddie, what can I

of for you at the present moment?"
"Majah," said Mr. Savey, moving close to the Dickinsonian desk, "that Mexican charge is in there with the Secretary."
"So I understand. And what has that to do with me?"

"Nothing, Majah: but it has a lot to do with me. Majah!" And Mr. Savoy's voice became low. "That Mexican charge is there for only one purpose."

"And that is? "He has come for his passports, sub-have been here for ferty-four years, and know. He has come for his passports. I have knowledge of diplomatic procedure. He is here for no other purpose."

Well, what of that? "Majah" - and Mr. Savoy's voice as well as other portions of Mr. Savoy shook with earnestness - "be won't get them!"

Won't get them! Of course he will get

"Begging your pardon, suh, I don't mean what you mean. What I mean is that be won't take them with him. I have been here forty-four years and I know the precedent, sub. His passports will be delivered to him at his embassy, sub-delivered to

him."
"I fear I do not get the drift of your remarks, Eddie."

"Majah, I have been here forty-four years and I know the precedent, suh. The precedent is, suh, that I shall take them to him—that's the precedent, Majah. This is the third time this has happened since I have been here, and on the former two occasions I took the passports to the dip-lomat who demanded them. I took them. Majah. That is the precedent."

"Well, you probably will take them this time."

Thank you, Majah; but that is the precedent. I remember when Lord Sackville-West was handed his passports. He came here and the preliminary negotiations en-

"Then, suh, he returned to his embassy I was summoned by the Secretary and given his passports, incased in an official envelope. I took them to the embassy. I brushed by all the clerks and doorkeepers and entered the room where Lord Sackville-West was sitting. I put my beels together and stood up straight; and I said: "'A communication from the Honorable the Secretary of State, sub.'"

All According to Precedent

"'Let me have it, my good man,' Lord Sackville-West replied; and I handed hit the envelope containing his passports. He tore it open and said: 'Very well! Very well! They are in regular form; and I thank you.

"'But, Lord Sackville-West,' 1 replied, will you be so kind as to give me some receipt so I may show it to the Honorable the Secretary of State on my return to my post of duty, thus satisfying him that I have discharged my trust?" "Lord Sackville-West looked round and

"Lord Sackville-West looked round and said:
"What sort of a receipt do you want?"
"If I may be so bold, Lord Sackville-West," I replied, with a bow, 'kindly write as follows on the back of the envelope: Received intact the contents of this covelope; and sign your name.' He did so. I returned to the State Department and showed the envelope to the Honorable the Secretary of State; and he glanced at it and said:

"'Very well! Very well!"

Mr. Savoy lowered his voice again.
"That envelope, Majah, is in the archives of my family and is one of my priceless heirlooms. And it is so with the envelope to which I delivered his passports to the Spanish Minister in the spring of 1898. I have that also in the archives of my family."

"But, Eddie," commented Major Dickinson, "I do not understand what is needed. How can I assist you?"

"In this way, Majah—in this way: That white man who is the messenger Mrs. John Hay put in here, he knows what is going on too, and he's hanging round the

John Hay put in here, he knows what is going on too, and he's hanging round the Secretary's door. I thought that perhaps, as the Secretary hasn't been here very long. perhaps he wouldn't think of the precedent stablished and held sacred for forty-four years; and when it becomes necessary to send his passports to Senor Algara he might

call in the white man and let him take them.
"It's very important, Majah. The precedent has continued in force for forty-four years. It wouldn't look well or sound well in the public prints to have it spread abroad that a precedent established for forty-four years had been broken. I am sure the Secretary wouldn't do it knowingly; but there are many things, many forms of pro-cedure, with which he may not be entirely familiar, and I feel that in such an important matter as this he would not care to be misled. It's precedent, Majah - precedent; and I shall be obliged if you will call his attention to the far-reaching consequences involved.

"You want me to suggest to the Secretary that you are the proper person to take the passports to the Mexican chargé?"



there is a supply of

CHOCOLATES EVERY PIECE A SURPRISE

50c, 85c, 83, 52, 93 the Bin CHOCOLATES The Advant At the Rea MALTED MILK CHOCOLATES 500 and \$1 the Box

CHOCOLATE and CREAM DIPPED BRAZILNUTS. 500 and \$4 the Box At your dealer to went on enterest of nation AMERICAN CANDY CO., Milwaukee





MOTH PROOF AND DUST PROOF

PRITE TABLES . BY JULY BY PARTIES



FREE Book Send for "About Imas of clear str. glosey cout, sound gamele; may make your get a price-womer.

Sent with easible of Austin's Dog Bread - Free Tour dealer's name please. etta Deg Breed & Animal cod Co., 235 Marginal St. Cheleta, Mass.

VELOX PRINTS 15 x 25 graphs Devely. VELOX PRINTS 4c Seed graphers for feri specialty: # a 10 from granton universitated, ISc.

"Yes, sah - that's it. Yes, sah - diplomatically, Majah, diplomatically; but in such a manner that the proprieties and amenities shall be observed. You are from the South, Majah?"

I was born in Kentucky."

"Well, Majah, you knows how it is; out-ull don't want no white man doing a black man's work—especially in delicate matters like this. Now, if I may be so bold as to say it, Mr. Bryan, the Secretary, he's from Nebraska, and he might not understand that side of it; and he might think nothing at all about the precedent, either."

So Major Dickinson went in to see Secretary Brean.

Secretary Bryan.
"Chief," he said, "Eddie Savoy, who has

been a messenger outside this door for forty-four years, is desperately afraid you will let the white messenger take the passports to the Mexican charge. Eddle rlaims, if you do, that a diplomatic precedent of cert-four years will be broken. forty-four years will be broken. He asked me to suggest to you diplomatically that he

is the proper person to carry the passports."
"Major," Mr. Bryan replied, "your
presentations are received in the diplomatic spirit with which they are tendered. Mr. Savoy shall take the passports. The precisions shall be observed."
"I thank you, sir," said the Major, howing and retiring.

And in consequence of this understanding Mr. Edward Savoy took the pusports to the Mexican charge, efficiating in this capacity for the third time in forty-four years, or on every occasion when such offices were required in our diplomacy. This, too, is settled, fixed, immutable.

Meantime you should hear the Senate growl over the net results of its justification

debate

The trouble arose in this way: After the

The trouble arose in this way: After the President made his war speech and the House passed the justification resolution, that resolution went to the Senate and there they wrangled over it for some time. Then came the dehate. There was criticism, both veiled and open, for the President and his Mexican policy; and it was the duty of the organization members not only to defend the President but to urge the resolution as he wanted it. Also, it was their duty to make it clear to the it was their duty to make it clear to the world that this was a great patriotic movement, and that they—the organization leaders—were great patriotic people; and that the other great patriotic people; and that the other great patriotic people comprising the residue of the population were with them.

The Screaming Eagle Gagged

Now the only people who can be with the Senate in a public delaste, as far as public and immediate manifestations of approval are concerned, are the people in the galleries; and naturally the galleries were full. Thus we have the stage set: The organization leaders ready to be patriotic until they burst the buttons off their vests; the galleries crowded with citizens who were anxious to be patriotic by applauding these senators; and the presiding officer—who was for a time the Vice-President—Thomas Riley Marshall by name.

What happened? Why, Jim, every time a person in the gallery chapped a patriotic hand in approval of some flag-waving, rally-boys-rally, this is our-country-and-our-President sentiment, the Vice-President—himself a Democrat—sternly repressed such manifestations, and twice put

pressed such manifestations, and twice put

pressed such manifestations, and twice put
this entire body of patrictic American
citizens out—cleared the galleries, suppressed the applause, and otherwise injected
himself into the proceedings.

Then he went away; and he called Senator
J. Ham. Lewis to the chair. This position
in the chair kept J. Ham. off the floor and
out of the debate. He could not fling any
polysyllables about; could not wave the
flag in union with his whisters; could do
nothing but provide—that is, nothing but nothing but preside-that is, nothing but one thing. That one thing was to suppress applicuse,

Imagine a senator waving his arms about and, in the middle of a grand, golden and gorgeous percration about the beauties of the flag, being stopped, just as he is preparing to take his final soar into the empyrean, by the rat-tat-tat-tat! of the gavel of the presiding official who says: "The senator

by the rai-lai-tai-tail of the gaves of the presiding official who says: "The senator will suspend for a moment. The chair desires to admonish the galleries" and so on. Talk about funeral baked meats coldly furnishing forth a marriage table! What about such gags for the scream of the eagle! I tell you, Jim, these senators have their troublest. Yours, unvexed, Bill.

"The Boss Told Me to Get the Book"

That's the way a few have asked for one of the three books advertised below. Out of thousands of requests, only a few "let George do it."

No doubt the hous read the book-of he took a big chance. Don't follow

These books were written for executives - not for subordinates. They reyeal an all too common lack of connection between advertising and sales, and suggest the remedy.

Have just copy addressed to you personally,

If ilzer is sales and advertising waste and inefferency in your lossiness you ought to know it first.

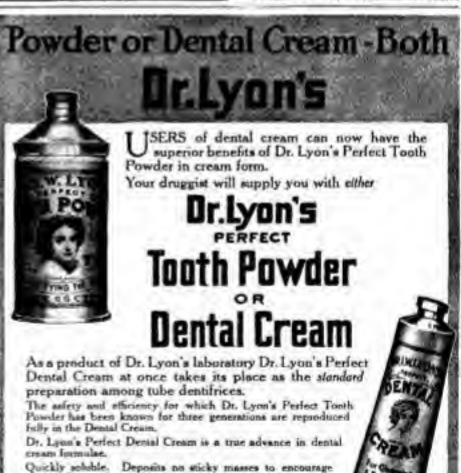
An Astonishing Revelation

These books hold something impor-tant for every leadness man. They was the mark off advertising and show the man who pays the bills love to get the most for his money.

If you check "A" on the coupun be-low, you'll restive "Blazing the Trail," a book for con-advertisers, "B" will bring you "Building the Bondway," a book for men who spend \$25,000 or less a year on advertising; "C" brings "Keeping the Road Open," a book for those who spend over \$25,000.

One book - whichever lits your mosts - will be sent free. If you want mon than mer send 25 cents for each additional copy.





decay. Ruses thoroughly, leaving complete cleanliness.

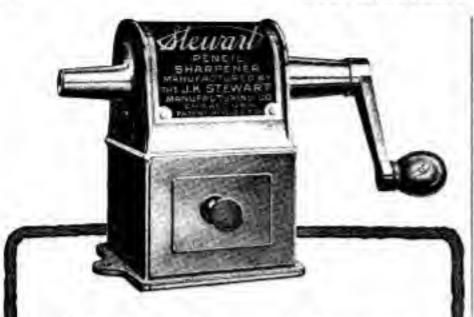
What Dr. Laure (Smader or amon) does not do only good destite to completed to do.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Dainty trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Dental Cream sent on receipt of 2 cents postuge. Address I. W. Lyon & Sons, 520 West 27th Street, New York City.

corners excessive acadery of the mough-



I'm the little pencil sharpener you've been waiting for. I'm the Stewart-I never break the point.

I'm a new thing in the world-and I fill a long felt want.

A clever little device-all my own-an automatic stopper-makes it impossible for me to break the pencil point.

I've been a long time coming-but at last I'm here.

And as a pencil sharpener I'm going to put the jack-knife out of business.

For I save time and trouble-I make no dirt-and I'm thoroughly efficient.

Also I'm fool-proof.

I'm built of only a few strong parts. I'm as simple as simple can be.

My twin cutters are made

which will outwear ordinary cutters eight to une.

I'm really a very important individual.

And I'm sure I'm quite as much needed in the office, factory, school and home as any other needed modern appliance.

I'm a necessary tool-

and you need me-now.

I am built by the J. K. Stewart Manufacturing Company of Chicago-the world's largest makers of die castingsand I'm constructed with all the care of the world-famed Stewart speedometer.

You will find me on sale in practically every store where of a special cobalt alloy steel stationery or cutlery is sold,

Price, \$3.50

Money-Earning in Small Towns

THE man or woman in a small town who wants to earn some money "on the side" usually lacks the opportunities possessed by those living in larger places. We have a plan by which this can be accomplishedwhich is open to anyone with a little spare time on his or her hands, day or evening.

If you live in a town of less than 5000 inhabitants and expect to have some spare time on your hands this summer, we'll pay you liberally for it. We have a new proposition to make to those living in towns of that size. If you will drop us a line of inquiry we will explain the offer fully to you.

It is an unusual opportunity and if you want to make some extra money - to turn leisure hours into cash - it will interest you.

Agency Decrees, Box 515

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

THE SPRING SONG

in the sun and magnetizing a she-cub with

The tyranny of home has carpet-slippered the world. It has preserved its hearth tra-ditions in the denatured atmosphere of the city apartment and the fireless fireside. The rearing peat logs, with their flame-lit circle of cold-backed squires and dames, are

the gas grates and the gilded steam radi-ators of today; but the tyranny of nome is still godfather to the easy chair, and has sponsored the lounging robe, the hartshorn smoking set, and the hand-embroidered cushion-top to the Christmas shopping list

of useful gifts for men.

Geotle-ingered, it bound Mr. Heyman to the plush depths of his golden-oak reclining chair, and held him until theseventh tong of the seven-day wedding present on the manufaltere last its echo and his wife's voice drifted to him through the fragrant huze of a dream and his morning coffee. "Hey-man!"

"Yes-yes, petsis."
"Come! Each morning you read your

paper longer and get later."

He yawned and stretched his arms back-ward to their limit.

"I should worry! With a flat completely furnished, from a dumbwaiter to a wife, I ain't in such a burry to get out in the heat and talk pickled tripe and liverwurst to the trade."

Mrs. Heyman leaned through the frame of the doorway, a blue-aproped Vesta, with the sacred furnes of breakfast bacon hover-

ing in an age about her and a smear of paneake flour across the flush of her check.
"I got a surprise for you, Heyman. You ought to see! Honest, mamma herself could learn from me how to make griddles!"
"Griddles! I could die for joy! But

what we got a new parlor for if we can't sit in it a minute? Marons and papa can save their parlor; but I sit in mine! Come! You their purpor; but I set in mine! Come! You ain't give me but two this morning, little canary! Married only two months and she furgets I take three kisses before breakfast—three kisses and a glass of water."

She slipped into the big breadth of his embrace and transferred the flour streak to

"Ach, Heyman, quit! That's four already you've had. Come on out in the kitchen, everything's getting rold. Don't put your cuffs on the table, Heyman, they scratch."

"Already it's too bot to wear cuffs."

"Ain't it so! Look out, will you? The backs of the houses look like summer, don't.

they? Look over at all them flowers in Feraldin's windows. The paper says the opera closes tonight and she sails next Saturday. Won't I miss her, though, limbering up every morning on the Spring Song and them little expeggios I copy after her!

"It's like mamma and papa say, we got the cheapest flat in New York, twenty dollars, steam best and grand opera thrown

"And me getting free singing lessons from listening to her!"

"Honset, petale, last night when I came borne you was singing the same things as she sings, and I didn't know which one it was, it sounded so fore. So help me, it did, have been and another or your

Ray. She ain't got nothing on you."
"Aw, Heyman!"
"Come, little canary, I'll run you a race to the kitchen."

"Aw, Heyman, quit such nonsense!"
"Ack, how pretty she sets the table with
the fringe on the rapkins turned up!"
"Here, sit on this side, Heyman, so I can
reach the graddles hot off the stove."

They drew up before a tiny table spread in the tiny kitchen. May sunlight wandered in and lay on the tresh red-and-white table-cloth, and glanced off the new tin utensils-hung like armor round the walls. Mr. Heyman plunged a fork into the topmost four of a stack of steaming griddlerakes, transferred them to his plate and tilted a disease of article of a stack of steaming griddlerakes, sluggish stream of golden syrup over them, cup of happiness only to find it bubbling

"These cales, with this syrup, Ray! Before we was married, believe me, I sat more than once in the Subway and looked at the advertisement pictures of 'em with a emptiness inside me that made me dizzy."

"When you go downstairs, Heyman,

stop in the store with a batch of 'em for papa- len be can eat and not know it! You should out your eggs first, Heyman."

"Petsie! Such a care she takes of me I don't deserve it, Rachel; such a happiness I don't deserve. I wonder sometime what right I got to it."

His tones were suddenly low and trend-

in his throat.
"Ach, Heyman, you should talk so! On! last night I says to mamma and papait was lacky day for me when you came in the store and tried to sell us that first order a pickled goods. I only wish all girls should be so lucky."

"Ach!"

"I says to Becky Kopf yesterday when was downstairs in her flat: 'I got it bette even than you, Hecky. Look at Moe tw weeks a year on the road!' How mad shigot! just like I said something to get moat! Can I help it that Moe's house send him on the road?"

"Aw, that reminds me. I forget to go

him on the road?"

"Aw, that reminds me, I forgot to giv Moe and Becky last night what I brough home for the lasty—a little monkey in a to I seen 'em selling down on Fourteen Street for six cents. What's the different I thought: I get the little shaver con can't break me. Always when I come that kid goes right in my pocket, like I was five-and-ten-cent store."

"Tonight when we come home for mamma's we'll stop in with it. Always a ten a clock he wakes up and cries a little." Just like a buzz-saw he cries, so cute! "Becky called upstairs last night the

Becky called upstuirs last night the seeky called apactairs that night to she's got something for you—a surptis I should be jealous! Some more griddle Heyman? Ach, if you cat ten you can a a even dozen too."

"Too much is enough, canary bird. It is met!—half past seven already. If I don sell Sol Herzog & Company that thoughts and ally order today don't you and warm

mel /—half past seven already. If I done sell Sol Herzog & Company that choweho and jelly order today don't you and mammet me in when I come home tonight. Where! How warm it is already, not? "It's grand weather for mamma and pape to be going to the country, not? Yesterflay to be going to the country, not? Yesterflay hought bisself a fishing pole as long a you are. How mad he was when I seen standing behind the refrigerator—like was something to be gashamed of that he was going to enjoy himself."

"The old man'll have the time of hilfe—light he's got already too,"

"Today when I'm done in the flat I'll gover and belp 'em pack. For her and paper two weeks in the country mamma packs hilfer Europe! A basket yesterday at brought special for their luncheon on the train—like a shoetox wouldn't de! Children they are! I'm glad they spend to money on page fifty-six for pleasure: a poor grandma's money one vacation in the lifes they can afford."

"It's grand! With Aunt Harns and you the store can run just as good. We can pickle mamma's tongues for her while she gone and surprise her—not, Ray?"

"Ach, Heyman!" She slid round to table and placed the warmth of her there close to his shaved one. "How good mare, Heyman! How I love you!"

"My little canary bird! I she'h Listen how early in the morning she sing When I get a thousand dollars each operatearly in the morning I wouldn't get up!"

"Listen, Heyman—sh-h-h-h!"

"Why does she always sing the sam sorge—always—"

"Miss Anson says she probably as limbers up on those—light lists this chips like in the probably as limbers up on those—light lists this chips like in the probably as limbers up on those—light lists this chips like

"Why does she always sing the sale songs—always—"
"Miss Anson says she probably to limbers up on those—light little things list the Spring Song; she don't sing grand open in the morning. Listen, Heyman! Always that swell? Listen to her take that C!"
"What's she singing, petsie—the Spring Songs."

Song?"
"No, silly! Ain't I been trying to lear
"No, silly! Ain't I been trying to lear you ever since we moved in how to know when you hear it? The one where she take the little grace-notes on high C is the Sprin Sung-like this Tra-la-la-la: Them

arpeggios she's singing now."
I should stand and listen to the min ence between the Spring Song and grand opera, yet; with Isaacs tryin' to beat met that chowchow order! Put a napkin over them cakes if you want me to take 'em. Hay Sixth Avenue don't need to know win: w had for breakfust."

"Tell mamma she should fix him some country sausage out of stock with the and that I'll be over later. Good by He man. Don't come home so late we recover at mamma's tonight and she gets be a later. The papers are full of the contract of t Take care, Heyman, the papers are full a street-car accidents!"

"Good by, petsie. Go out for a little en-syment today. Walk out with Becky and the baby. I come home early. Good by!"

"lieyman?"

"You only kissed one ear and I feel lepsided

Baby! There now, you got more as you

He closed the door lightly after him and his heavy-shod feet clattered down the flights in a rapid avalanche.

Except for the tenuous twitting of sparrows from zigzag wires and the shouts of rhildren playing in a rear courtyard be-reath a network of clotheslines, the apartment was suddenly quiet. With a little sigh that died in a smile, Mrs. Heyman turned to her kitchen, plunged the waiting dishes into a shining pan, pushed her sleeves further off her round elbows, and let the hot terrent from a high-pressure faucet plunge into the sink.

Presently she broke into a little warble peetly, like a bird singing in its throat, and with her blue-and-white cup towel polished the face of a plate with a rapid rotary mo-tion. The warble grew to a trill and the trill to a full, joyous creecendo that brought her down the scale again in little silvery starcates, like a tiny mountain rill trickling through the roof of a cave and suddenly terminating in delicate suspended stalactites. Then upward sgain, higher, freer, switter, pat against the back doors of Fifth Avenue, up over the roof of the fifteendary De-Luxe, down into a cat-infested courtyard—a lark warbling out its joy; a mother cooing her most sacred lullaby; Prescribe crossing over her flowers.

Beneath the kitchen window a voice ballooed twice. Ray paused on the crest of her flight, placed a dry teacup beside its mate and leaned half out of the window.

"Yes, Becky!" starratos, like a tiny mountain rill trickling

'Yes, Becky!" "Yes, Becky!
"What you doing up there, Ray? I bard Heyman go long after Moe." A head natruded from the window beneath and a round, olive-skinned face turned apward like a paney in the sun. "Was that you found, obve-entimed face tirried upward like a pansy in the sun. "Was that you arging, Ray? Honest, half the time I can't tel which it is, you or the thousand-dollar queen over in the De-Luxe."

"It was me, Becky, trying to capy some of her high notes. I—I could take 'em, ton, if I had the training."

"Cover on down a while Bay."

"Come on down a while, Ray."
"You come up."
"Can't leave the baby—he's asleep."
"I ain't done my dishes yet."

"What you fixing for supper, Ray?" "We're going over to mamma's for sup-per. Next week they go to the country."

"On your way home stop in I got some-thing for Heyman. We'll be sittin' out in

front tonight till you come back.

"I keep my eyes on my hubby; you don't eve him no surprises behind my back. How you two carry on together!" Laughter.

"I'm fixing sweet-sour tongue for sup-pet; Moe is so crazy for it. I got a grand ig one off your mother."

Heyman likes it too."

"Come on down a while, Ray, your house-

"Come on down a while, Ray, your house-work ain't so heavy."
"When I've done my dishes, all right; that kid I ain't seen for a day. Honest, be's all Heyman talks about. Wait, I must go, Becky; there's my bell."
Mrs. Heyman drew inward and opened

ter door cautiously, her checked apron

for door cautiously, her checked aproxi-fung backward over one hip.

"What is it, please?"

"Eas thees the place where madame—"

"This is Soi Heyman's flat, Number 2."

"Eas there the place where madame song thees morning-and all the morn-

"Yes." Mrs. Heyman narrowed the open doorway and placed her foot half aggressively in the opening.
"Madame who seeng early thees morn-

After seven o'clock the lease says that tenants are allowed to use all musical instruments—uin't the voice a musical instrument?" hatrument.

The small black-clad figure without, the sik-stockinged variety, which has opened the first act of every society drama whose gold furniture ever required flecking, whose waist is the size of a small-sized embroidery hoop and whose apron is as sheer and small as a cambric handkerchief, ventured one hall-heeled slipper across the threshold. "Zee note for madame."

Rachel broke the seal of the ciel-blue envelope with fingers that fumbled, and read rapidly and with darting eyes. Then the note fluttered as though it had turned to an aspen leaf in her hand and drifted to the

"Feraldinil She-she wants to see me, girl? My voice she she she giri? My voice she she she wants-me! Feraldini! My apron -I -- oh -- new?"

"Yes; madame come weeth me now, before madame go to the opera house. Now,

please!"
"Yes! Come! We go now—now——"
"Madame's hat?"
"Here on the hatrack—this—my hus-

band's cap will do. Let's burry, girl!"

With her eyes like phosphorus on black water and senses eximming. Rachel dragged the small black figure along with her out into the gaslit hallway.

In its sulky stream of light she paused for moment and glanced down the shabby front of her house-crinkled skirt in sudden hesitation—then went down the stairs with her heart beating in her ears, throbbing in her throat, leaping high in her bosom; and clutched in her hund, like a damp ensign, was the blue-edged cup towel.

In the red-velvet-and-walnut parlor, in a circle of light flung by a painted china lamp and in a silence that was as singingly electric as a wire transmitting its message, a tribunal sat on the least uncomfortable chairs of the six-piece velvet-and-walnut set, and two women wept frankly; and an old man rubbed a gnarled hand across his

"For heaven's sake, mamma, Heyman, papa, say something, one of you! I can't stand no more of this awful stillness!"

Mrs. Hoffheimer rocked herself to and

fro.
"Always this room was bad luck to us! In this room poor Grandma Hoffheimer laid on that red sofs when she was dead; lo this ruom, when pape broke his foot with the keg fulling on it, we laid him till the doctor came. Always when we don't six like always in the kitchen and talk it's bad

"Bad luck! Listen to her, Heyman and paps, had luck the calls it yet! Had luck!" "Bad luck I said; and I say it again— bad luck!"

"Bad luck!" repeated Mrs. Heyman, her voice rising in a semi-hysterical cressenda.
"Bad luck, Heyman, when Feraldini-think once! wants me to go to Vienna with her, in two days, on the same boat! When for eathing, with no expenses, she will make out of me a great singer! Bud lack yet!" "Sh-h-h, petsie!" Mr. Heyman stroked

"Sh-h-h, petale!" Mr. Heyman stroked his wife's hand up and down with a ranor-strop mavement. "The trouble is we all get excited at once. We got to get calm. Remember, when I left home this morning. Ray, you was like always; and when I came home tonight a singer like Feraldini wants to take you to Vienna with her. It has a stroke week in very head all at once." don't get in your head all at once.'

"Heyman, such rooms as here you never seen! Honest, for gold I couldn't see a minute—gold halls; gold elevators; gold furniture! And for flowers! You can believe me, mamma, there were more in her rooms than that time we had tickets for the flower show at Madison Square Garden." "In springtime flowers ain't so expen-

sive and all what glitters ain't always gold neither. With a bottle of gold I gilded three headchesses for our window last Christmas, didn't I, paps? We got 'em yet. For fif-teen cents we got all the gold we wanted. A married woman, Hay, has got her first duty to her husband

But, mamma -In twenty-five years not one hour have I left papa. A woman's place is with her hushand; and not even being a biggest singer, like her over there, can go before making him a home. Don't get no new-fangled ideas like that in your head." "She ain't American, mamma, she's Eye-

talian. Oh, Heyman, would you believe it how plain she is? She gave me some grapes as big as walnuts, and asked that I should sing the Spring Song and some scales up and down, like I did this morning over the dishes, and then the Plewer Song from

"If I say it myself I bet you sang grand!" "I did, mamma, only I was so scared; and afterward she took me in her arms and cried, and me such a sight, with the dishtowel in my hands! And she asked me such questions about you and papa, and who else

in the family was a singer."

Mr. Hoffheimer rubbed his dry fingers

together. "Back in the old country, Ruchel, I remember in our family once was a great singer, who went to Nurnberg and —"

You Can Change the FORD



from Pleasure to Business



Full Parel Delivery Body Load Space 44x54

HIGHLAND Commercial Body

NTERCHANGEABLE with the regulation Ford Pleasure Bodies, a Highland Commercial Body gives you practically two Ford Cars for a little more than the price of one-

Six Models, (four shown here), all built with the same rugged honesty that characterizes the Ford Car, light, roomy and strong. They will carry any load that the Ford Chassis can carry.

No matter what may be the character of your merchandise or how long your hauls, the Ford Car with the appropriate Highland Commercial Body will modernize your delivery system, increase its efficiency and reduce its cost below the cost of horsedrawn vehicles.

We carry a complete stock and can make immediate delivery either direct or through your local Ford Dealer. Prices from \$15.00 upward, F. O. B. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Write today, telling us what business you are in and we will and you full details as to the Highland Commercial Body that will exactly meet your requirements.

The Highland Body Mfg. Co.

Township Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio







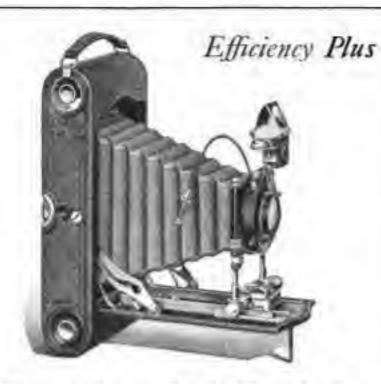




All Sizes

Wingfoot Rubber Soles

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio Toronto, Canada London, Estaband Munico City, Mysico Desires Erectwisery Brandon and Agenton to 192 Principal Color Write III on Aprillar You Wast in Rubber



The Special Kodaks

Combining: Anastigmat lens speed, Compound Shutter precision, perfection in the minutest detail of construction and finish, every feature that is desired by the most expert hand camera worker-all this in pocket cameras that retain the Kodak Simplicity.

Nu.	IA,	picnarea	235 x 454	inches.			246,00
			134 x 154		-		WE. 00.
No.	IA.	41	116 . 516	inches,			60,00

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

Cotalizare from al year dealer's

ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Knowl City.



IN YOUR COMMUNITY

STEEL'S

Famous Pound Cake, Sponge Cake and Macaroous

A tacse and waster, or fellvers acts, and seath

The Steel - France Stating Co., Sullabout Stories, Street, Street, N. Y.



"Always on your side Hoffheimer! In my family I guess we didn't have no voices! I ain't sayin' peddlin' needs a singing voice like yours, Rachel, I know better as that: but when poor grandpa soily his tinware used to mend, even when I was a little girl I remember how load and fine his voice was—two blocks away we could hear him coming home to lunch!"

"Arh!" Suddenly Mr. Heyman rose and pushed back his chair until it whined on its rasters; his face had lost some of its light, as though dusk had fallen sadly, and his eyes were dark, like windows with the shades drawn. "It ain't what she's got or where she got it, mamma and papa, it'n

shades drawn. "It ain't what she's got or where she got it, mamma and papa, it's what she's going to do! That's what we got to decide here now—tonight. Rachel, we leave it to you to decide what is best for you to do!"

"Oh, Heyman, what to say I don't know! I—I want to go! I can't sit home and see the greatest singer want to take me to Europe and—"

Mrs. Haffheimer trembled to interrupt.

"In my day wifes didn't leave their husbands, voices or no volces!"

"Keep calm, mamma! It's a grand thing, just the same, that you got a daughter and I got a wife with such a voice."

I got a wife with such a voice."
Rachel turned toward her father, with
her hand on her bosom as though she would

still its heaving.
"A thousand dollars, papa, she told me this morning, she gets every time she sings a rôle. Think of it! Such rooms you never seen! Two maids like the one that came for

seen.) Two maids like the one that came for me, and ——"
"A thousand dollars! Go'way! It don't sound good to me!"
"Ask anybody, papa, what money grand opera singers get! Heyman, you tell him."
Mr. Heyman placed his cold hands on his wife's shoulders and his lips grazed her hair.
"Ray's right, papa. There's big meney in the business. I used to sell greengeods to Lispinsky's, down on Green Street, and his daughter gets four hundred a week with a music show called The Queen of Heuric; and in grand opera it's more."
"In two years, papa, Feraldini says of

"In two years, papa, Feraldini says of me she"li make a singer like herself—two years in Visena, with the best!" Heyman interposed in a voice that verged

"Wait, Ray, three times you've told us all that! Now let's get down to business." "A wife's place is ——"

"No; let me do the talking, mamma. Three hours we been talking! Where she gets her voice ain't the question. The fact in she's got it! What kind of gold furniture Fernidini's got don't get us nowheres. Two

Fernidini's got don't get us nowheres. Two
days Ray's got to get ready. Tonight we
must decide does she go or stay!"

"Ach, Heyman, my husband, I—"

"That don't get us nowhere, Rachel.
You can't go and stay here with me and
minimum and papa too."

"You decide for me, Heyman; you—"

"That none of us can do! For yourself
you must decide. We don't stand in your
way. If we must give you up, then we—we way. If we must give you up, then we we say, if it's for your good, you should go!"
"It is, Heyman! I want to sing! Every night I wake up with something sopranu in my throat that wants to sing. A voice like

my throat that wants to sing. A voice like pure gold, she says, I've got."

"Ack, listen to her, Hoffbeimer, our only baby! Married two months—and listen! Her husband shouldn't be so easy with her; his foot he should put down! For a married worsan two years away frem her husband—it ain't decent! Heyman, ain't you no man? Fapa, sin't you got no foot to put down? Her grand new flut, her grand new furniture, her grand new flut, her grand new furniture, her grand new husband! And now, just because a Eystalian singer—"

"Sb-h, massama, sh-h-h! Heyman's right, Rarbel should decide for herself. A woman that ain't bappy is a hird in a cage. For her

that ain't happy is a bird in a cage. For her flat she don't need to stay home, they can subjet and make money on it. Heyman can come with us. For herself Hachel must

Mrs. Heyman swayed backward into her

husband's arms. ne back and mules you three proud! I'll sing in opera, with all of you in the middle hox. I want to go, Heyman, even when it breaks my heart to leave you and mamma and pape, I want to go!" "You go, then, Rachel. That settles it!

Now we're getting somewheres."
"Ach, my child-uch, that I should live

to see the day when she leaves me and her pape to go across the water! Parents like we been; a husband like hers; a —"
"Mamma!" Heyman's voice was like

"Heyman's right to be mad at you, mamma!" Mr. Hoffheimer waggled an angry finger before his wife's eyes. "She wants to go and we can't hold her. You want a cooped-up woman in the family? Not me! We ain't got nothin' soprano in our throats, Gott sei Dunk! Me and Heyman say, Rachel, that you should go, and mamma says it too."

With a moan that was torn out of her breast, Mrs. Hoffheimer folded her daughter within her arms and sobbed through lips that blubbered outward in frank emotion. "My baby! They don't understand. Nobody can care like a mother for her flesh and blood! Ack, my baby, like papa says, I say you should go; but my heart goes too. I —"

"Mamma! Mamma! I can't standit! It's "Mamma! Mamma! I can tstandit: It's
only for a little while, mamma—two years
and I make you all famous! Think, one;
how you hate the store in winter when the
bulk clives freeze, mamma! And when I
come back we can give up the store, and—
think once, mamma!"

"When your heart is being torn out you
can't think!"

Bay turned to her husband, with each

Ray turned to her husband, with each breath catching on the crest of a sob. "Heyman, you-you ain't mad at me

"For what should I be mad, Rachel! You should do what makes you happy. There ain't many girls got a chance like—like—you."

"Lyric she said I was, Heyman; lyric soprano. It won't be for long. With mamous and papa you won't get lonesome."

"So soon you sail, Rachel! Ach, Hoffheimer, day after tomorrow our child gos

heimer, day after tomorrow our child goes to Europe, and not even warm clothes for the ship she's got!"
"I don't need nothing, mamma—all expenses she says she pays. Tomorrow—Mr. Hoffbelmer batted a remonstrating

"You ain't no beggar that you go without pocket-money. How glad I am to stay home from the country, you should know All day I fight with mamma—country I go!
All day I fight with mamma—country I go!
to go yet! How giad I am to get this mone;
here on the table in page fifty-six out of the
house you should know! Here, take it
book and all, so I get it out of my sight!

"Na-no-no, papa; no-no-no!"

"Take it or, so help me, I throw it ou
the window!"

"Papa, for my own wife I can pay be
expenses."

"Papa, for my own wife I can pay he expenses."

"Takeit, I say; no monkey business! To the sountry I almost had to go! Schnappe next door, went; and like the meanles he came home with mosquito bites. Me and mamma say: "Golf sci Dank! We don't go to the country," set, mamma?"

Mr. Hoffhelmer cackled in a heady, this voice, and showed the book further into his daughter's resisting hands.

"Papa's right, Ruchel. What'll old folk-like us do in the country? Climb trees' With Aunt Hanna tending store, we lose the clothes off our backs, such overweight she

With Aunt Hanna tending store, we lose the clothes off our backs, such overweight she gives. Me and papa can sit in the parl sometimes this summer, if papa don't make me ashamed and take off his shoes to put his feet in the grass! We like it just as we and better, not, Hoffheimer?"

"I should say so!"

"Mamma, papa, I can't!"

"Tomorrow, Kachel, I take you out as buy you what you need. For a husband, got something to say too."

"Ach, mamma, papa, I—honest, I fee sick-like inside with happiness! I could or my eyes out at leaving, but I could hole for happiness because I'm going. She crist when I sang, mamma, and wiped her eyes of the dishtowel and klased me. Ach, it wa wonderful!"

"Such dishtowels like those she don'

"Such dishtowels like those she don' need to be afraid of."

meed to be afraid of."

Mr. Heyman reached for his hat.
"We go home now, Rachel; tomorrov
we got enough excitement before us."
"I be over at six tomorrow, Rachel, with
papa's value he brought from the old country
and them flannels you left here from
your trousseau." Tears rose in Mrs. Heff

heimer's voice and she swallowed then gulpingly. "You take my sweater for the "You take my sweater for the boat, too, it's heavier as yours—"
"Don't worry her with such nonserse tonight, mamma. Ach, don't you put the book out of your hands, Rachel—page fifty-six!"
"Pana, I can't take it!"

Papa, I can't take it!" "Papa, I can't take it!"
"Papa, my wife don't need —"
"Sh-h-h! Good night, children. Good night!"
"Ack mamma mood platat!"

Ach, mamma, good night!"

"Take her home, Heyman. These wimmin with their cryin'! Where they get so much of it from I don't know. Look at 'em on each other's shoulders, like wilted celery heads! I—I—ach!"

"Good night, papa!"
"Sh-b-h! All wet she makes my face
with her nonsense! Look at Heyman, Like a ghost he looks so tired! Go home, go, go! You scalawags, you!"

Come, Ray

"C-comin'! G-good night, mamma, papa. Good night!"

The door closed on her sobs; and on the dark stairway without she swayed toward her husband, with the tears streaming from

her open eyes.
"Heyman, promise me you ain't mad

at me!

"I ain't mad, baby—for why?"
"It won't be so hard after I get started,
Heyman; and when I come back I——" Sh-h-h! All tired out you are, Ray."

They stepped out into a momentary whist of cool May evening. Children danced in shrill groups under arc lamps; and, be-neath the giant network of the Elevated, surface cars clanged at the traffic; and in chairs ranged along the sidewalks, backs to buildings, shopkeepers and their families could glimpse a navy-blue sky between the trellises of the Elevated, except that the arc lamps were so bright they could not see

the stars.
"Sh-h-h, Rachel; there's Becky and Moe sittin' out in front! Put that book in your pocket; don't tell them all our business. Till tomorrow, when it's all settled, they

don't need to know."
"You're right, Heyman, not a word!
Jealous like a cat Becky'll be when she

The Kopfs tilted their chairs back against the plate-glass window of the plumber's shop and greeted them in reproachful pan-

"Hello, night owls! We been waitin' for you. Moe wanted to go up to bed half an hour ago when you didn't come; but I wanted to wait to give Heyman his surprise." Heyman mepped at his damp brow and

rubbed the inside band of his derby. "All day I been guessing, Becky, what you got for me. One of two things it is, I bet you - a new trick the little shaver's got, or some of that apple kecken it makes my mouth water to think about."

Mr. Kopf rose to his corpulent five feet

and closed his campstool.

"You ain't right neither time, Heyman. A surprise she's got for you and Ray that's a real surprise!

Mrs. Heyman showed her teeth in a re-mote and aerial-like smile, and closed her hand over her husband's arm.

"How jeulous I am of Heyman, Becky, you should know-you and him with your sarprises!

Mrs. Kopf's small, bendy eyes danced

inquiringly in her head.
"What's the matter, Hay? You ain't sick, are you? You and Heyman look like you've seen ghosts! Nothin' ain't wrong, is it?

"Such a headache I've got, Becky. And

"Such a headache I've got, Becky. And Heyman, like a rag he gets the minute it gets a little hot."

Mr. Kopf whacked his thigh with the short, fat hand of inspiration.

"I got it, Becky! We'll take 'em upstairs and fix 'em both up with some of our root beer! How's that?"

"For once, Moe, you got a good idea in your head. Come, we go up to our kitchen; it's cool like ice. Here, take my campchair up for me, Heyman. I keep tellin' my old man if he don't stop eating all the good things I make for him we'll soon have to take things I make for him we'll soon have to take

a ground-floor flat, 'cause he can't climb."
"You hear, Rachel," cried Heyman, stretching the rims of his eyes in mock formidability, "how good some husbands get treated?"

treated? hey trooped up the stairs, their gau

They trooped up the stairs, their gauzy laughter drifting backward and downward.

"Moe, go light up the kitchen, so Ray and Heyman can see, but don't wake the baby! It ain't his time for half an hour yet. Come right in, folks. Feel how cool my kitchen is? Sit down."

"Ray ain't feelin' so well, Becky, and we man, when the advice of your grand.

can't stay. We take a drink of your grand

root beer and then go right upstairs."
"Moe, hurry up and bring in from under
the sideboard some of that apple kuchen for Heyman, but don't wake up the baby!"

Mr. Kopf returned with a well-piled cake plate, which he balanced on his upright fingers with the exaggerated genuffections of a waiter.

"Don't go so soon, folks! In a few minutes the baby wakes up—always he wakes up to be fed at ten o'clock. Me and Becky nearly die laffin'; just like a buzz-saw he ells. You can hear him upstairs, ain't it? You stay and watch him.

"Not tonight, Moe; Ray ain't feelin' so well."

"Look, Heyman! Here's the surprise

for you and Ray. Me and Moe had a extra one made. Look!"
"Now what do you think of that? A picture of the little shaver! Say, honest now, look at them little hare feet and all! Honest, Moe, if you like it or not, I'll kiss your wife right here for that! Look, Rachel; see the picture of the little shaver!"

"Aw, ain't he sweet! How grand he got osed! How grand that embroidery took, Becky-look, you can see the pattern! Ain't he sweet?"

Mrs. Heyman bored a kiss into the paste-

board and ruse to her feet. "It was a grand surprise, Becky. We'll have it framed and hang it in the parlor along by mamma and papa. Thanks!"

"Thanks, Becky! It's a grand picture of the little above."

the little shaver." "Don't mention it."

"Good night, folks!"
"Good night!"

In their little flat above it was as quiet as the inside of a shell. Heyman raised the bed-room window and tweaked on the electric light. Heyman's face sprang out yellow and at strunge variance from its habitual terracotta pink.

"Heyman, you—you look like the dead!"
"Don't begin that, Rachel; I'm all right." She sat down on the uncrinkled bed-cover and regarded him with tear-ewelling

"Promise me you ain't mad at me, Heyman!"
"For what should I be mad, Rachel?

Don't begin that again. "I -sometimes when I think of mammamamma and papa, Heyman, and—see how—Becky and Moe are so happy—1— - feel like I - can't - I -

"Ach now, Rachel, such talk! Won't we

all be here when you get home? The old folks and me won't run away, we —"So easy he gives me up! He don't—don't care; and me—I—I could die for homesickness already—before I'm gone!"

She harrowed into the fluff reiller sharm. She burrowed into the fluffy pillow-shams.

"I such a terrible feeling I have —"
"It—it ain't a question of me, little canary; you got a bigger chance than any-thing I can ever do for you. It's you I gotta think about! Ach, Rachel, quit crying so, baby! When you go on like this I feel myself losing—losing my nerve!" "Heyman, I—such a husband you are!

A girl to have all at once such a husband and such a mother and father?"

"What can being the greatest singer give me that I ain't already got? I-premise me, Heyman, I don't have to go. I can't, Heyman! I ____ "Sh-h-h! Tomorrow, Ray, you feel

different.

She flung her arms round his limp collar and clung to him like a rockbound An-

dromeda. "No-no-no! Promise me, Heymanpromise ms I don't have to—promise ms !"

He moved his lips to speak; and because the words would not come he leaned over

and took her in his arms silently.

"You stay home, then, baby-home!"
"Ach, my-my Heyman!"
From below, the Kopf infant raised its voice to the night in a lusty scream that rose to a high-lungpower squall, like a speed-hot huzz-saw biting into hard wood.

Listen, Hey-Heyman, listen to the little s-shaver! He's singing the song for

What song, darlin'?"

"Silly boy! You never know it when you hear it."
"Darlin', you're like me, so upset and happylike that you don't know what you're sayin'. Lie still there, darlin'. That ain't singin', it's only the little shaver yellin'—

the _____ "The Spring Song, silly boy! It's the Spring Song for sure that the little shaver's singin'!"

He took her cheeks between his thumbs and forefingers and looked into her reluctant

"Ruchel, 1 don't ____"

She jerked her head away for the refuge on his shoulder, the timid hope under her heart beating against the high hope in his.



"White at Last"

"I certainly am glad to get this house white. What makes this so much whiter than the paint we had before?"

"Well, I asked Henderson who painted his house last spring and what paint he used. He told me that Davis & Son did the work with Carter White Lead and linseed oil, so I told Davis to send his men up."

"Hasn't our house always been painted with white lead?"

"Yes, but Carter seems to be whiter than other white leads. Davis showed me a couple of samples of white lead that he said were pure and they both looked

gray alongside of Carter. He says it's Carter that made Henderson's house so white, and this looks as if he were right."

CARTER Strictly White Lead

is a perfectly clear, pure white because it is manufactured by a modern process that eliminates even slight impurities and employs no discoloring agents. It is unusually fine because it is being constantly and thoroughly polverized during the fifteen days it is being chemically changed from pure metallic lead to white lead.

Carter White Lead is unexcelled in its affinity for linseed oil, its spreading and covering qualities, in durability or in any of the other qualities that have made white lead the most widely used white pigment.

Carter White Lead is preferred by experienced painters as the base for making colored paints because it contains nothing to dim the brilliancy of the tinting colors used.

If you are thinking of having your house painted in colors ask your painter or paint dealer to show you a copy of "The Puint Beautiful" portfolio, which shows twelve modern houses painted in up-to-date color combinations.

Whether your house is to be painted in colors or white was should send today for a free copy of "Free Paint, a Test-hoch on House-pointing," filter-paint with jour roles feater from The Paint Heartstall and containing in read space information of great value to property superses.

If you have had any trouble with paint or paint-ing, write to our Paint Information Bureau about it.

CARTER WHITE LEAD CO.

12079 Sa. Penris St.

Chicago, Ill.

Factories: Chicago and Omaha



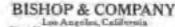
Until you have eaten Calarab you can never even imagine the fascination of

> -this sugary, fruity, goody -this transformed fig.

that will turn your longing for a "taste" of California into a "satisfied desire." Calarab gets away from that "sameness" in confections and gives you a fig "in season" every day of the year. A package for you at your dealer's, just arrived from California.

Ask also for Bishop's Colorange, something else new under the California sun. A confection to charm you.

> Myroncan't buy from your dealer, send 30e in stamps to wearest address for full size prepaid package, Coloreb or Coloronge.



Loo Angeles, California New York Chicago No.) Hudam St. 807 Munhattan Bids.



End time-waste in your billing

This complete correspondence typewriter automatically foots and proves your bills while it types them

11 questions answered

No business man can shut his eyes to this new time-saver. It will soon be as standard as the typewriter itself.

Below are some natural questions:



"Will it really save time and money?"

This is effectively answered in many letters we receive from users large and small. The following is a sample:

sider that we are saving 20% of our time in handling orders, entering, billing, etc., and for making out statements at least 25%."

This is one of the more conservative statements,



"Why should I bother about bookkeeper's work?"

It is not a question of bookkeeping. It is a question of time-taxing.

This machine, by totalling and proving bills while it types them, saves valuable clerical time. The saved time can be used for collections or other productive purposes.



3

"Will it fit my present billing system?"

Yes. It requires absolutely no changes in system. It does your work your way. It applies to small billing departments as effectively as it applies to large ones.



"Is it absolutely accurate?"

The best evidence is this: It is used constantly by the United States Sub-Treasury and by prominent banks throughout the country.



"What is the cost?"

That varies with the carriage-width. It is higher than the cost of a plain typewriter. Compared with the cost of a standard, first-class adding machine it is low. And remember: It is an adding machine combined with a complete typewriter.

The initial cost is soon wiped out by the time-saving, to say nothing of the accuracy insurance.



"Is it complicated?"

No. While it totals with coldsteel precision, its actual operation is simplicity itself.



"Can my present operator use it?"

Most assuredly. Within an hour your typist can learn to operate it readily.



"Can it be used readily on my regular correspondence?"

Yes. It is an absolutely complete Remington Typewriter for correspondence purposes. The simple switch of a lever prepares it for letter winning.



"Who are using it?"

Thousands of manufacturers and retailers-large and small-insurance companies, banks, city departments, railroads, express companies, steamship lines, telegraph companies, brokers and many in other lines.

machines were the first on the market. How much longer they will keep in first class condition, we do not yet know.

The Remington Adding & Subtracting Typewriter can be had in any of the Remington Models shown on this page. Each is a member of the famous Remington family-each is a complete, easy-running typewriter, plus the adding and subtracting feature-each is designed to insure maximum durability -each has distinctive features designed to meet individual requirements.

Two ways to investigate

Sooner or later the adding and subtracting typewriter will be considered as fundamental in practically every up-to-date business equipment as desks and chairs.

Its use is spreading rapidly.

The chief reason why most offices or stores-where bills and statements are part of the day's work-are not using it now is because the office heads have not yet investigated its time-andmoney-saving possibilities.

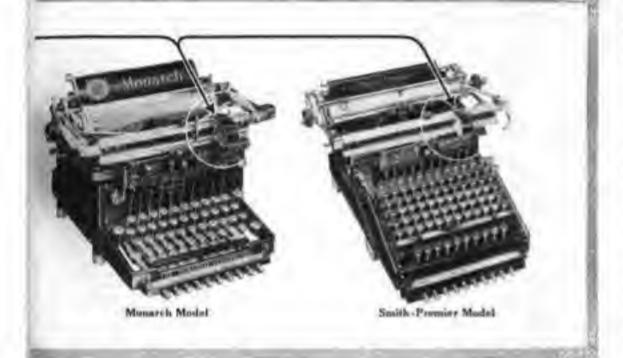
A new illustrated folder, "The Story of a Day's Work", makes it possible for business men, who are alive to the advantages of relieving human effort with improved mechanical helps, to learn specifically how the Remington Adding & Subtracting Typewriter will save clerk-time-and how it will do away with unnecessary error-risk and expensive calculations on their bills and statements.

We will send a copy of "The Story of a Day's Work" to any employer of clerical or stenographic help—on request. The information in this helpful little folder will probably mean to you the important difference between efficiency and inefficiency in certain departments of your business-the difference between an extra profit and a needless reduction of your "net" for the ensuing

twelve months.

A note now dictated to your str-ingrapher will laring you this Tolder by cream mail. Later, if you wish, we will startall a machine in your office, where you can demonstrate its toe-fulness on poor balls — rethout expense to you.

We recommend that you The Stary





"Is the touch light or heavy?"

Light. The keys are not punched s with the usual adding machine. They operate with a light typewriter touch.

When the adding and subtracting mechanism is connected the touch of

the numeral keys is slightly different. This prevents adding on correspondence work. On correspondence work, the adding mechanism is detached by touching a lever. The numeral keys then operite as lightly as the letter ceys.

If you wish to have the name of a user in your neighborhood we shall be glad to supply it.

"Is it durable?"

Decidedly. We have testimonial letters from offices which have been using this machine for 5 years. Their

REMINGTON
Adding and Subtracting
TYPEWRITER



Remington Typewriter Company, Incorporated, New York City (Branches Everywhere)

For clear, claim typewriter results, we Remtica Brand letter paper, carbon paper and ribbons





To San Francisco in 1915

DROBABLY hundreds of men and women will attend the Panama Exposition at our expense. Will you be one of them?

You have two or three spare hours each week, those hours before dinner. We will buy them from you for just what they're worth. You can pay your expenses to San Francisco and leave a balance in bank, with the funds you can earn by employing those late afternoon hours as we suggest.

Join the "Curtis delegates." Learn the details of our offer. Address your inquiry to

Agency Division, Box 512

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

when a millionaire's daughter is being mar-ried to a duke in a fashionable Fifth Avenue hurch-it reminded me of that because it was so different.

Fortunately for us we were so placed that we saw quite distinctly the entrance of the wedding party into the chapel inclosure. Personally I was most concerned with the members of the royal house. As I recollect, they passed in the following order:

His Majesty, King George the Fifth.
Her Majesty, Queen Mary, the remaining Four-Fifths.

cur-Fifthe.

Small fractional royalties to the number

if a donen or more.

I got a clear view of the side face of the queen. As one looked on her profile, which was what you might call firm, and saw the mild-looking little king, who seemed quite sclipsed by her presence, one understood— ar, anyway, one thought one understood— why an English assemblage, when standing to chant the national authors these times, always puts such fervor and meaning into the first line of it.

Only one untoward incident occurredthe inevitable militant lady broke through the lines as the imperial carriage passed and threw a Votes for Women handbill into His Majesty's lap. She was removed thence by the police with the skill and desterity of long practice. The police were competently on the job. They always are which brings me round to the subject of the Landon bobby and leads me to venture the assertion that individually and collectively, personally and officially, he is a splendid plece of work.

The finest thing in London is the London The finest thing in London is the London policeran and the worst thing is the shame-lully small and shabby pay he gets. He is majestic because he represents the majesty of the English law; he is bumble and obliging because, as a servant, he serven the people who make the law. And always

he knows his business.

In Charing Cross, where all roads meet and snarl up in the hewildering semblance of many fishing worms in a can, I ventured of many fishing worms in a ran, I ventured out into the roadway to ask a policementhe best route for reaching a place in a scraewhat obscure quarter. He threw up his arm, semaphore fashion, first to this point of the compass and then to that, and traffic halted instantly. As far as the eye might reach it halted; and it stayed halted, too, while he searched his mind and gave use carefully and paintakingly the directions for which I sought. In that packed chass of cabs and taxis and busses and carriages there were probably dukes and archibishops—dukes and archibishops are always fuseing about in London—but they waited until he was through directing me. It fistbreed see so that I went back to the hotel and put on a larger hat. and put on a larger hat.

The Holders of the Balances

Another time we went to Paddington to take a train for somewhere. Following the custom of the country we took along our trunks and traps on top of the taxicab. At the moment of our arrival there were no the moment of our arrival there were no corters handy, so a policeman on post outside the station jumped forward on the instant and helped our chauffeur to wrestle the luggage down on the bricks. When I, rallying somewhat from the shock of this, thanked him and elipped a coin into his palm, he said in effect that, though he was obliged for the shilling. I must not feel that I had to give him anything—that it was part of his duty to aid the public in these small matters. small matters.

I shat my eyes and tried to imagine a New York policeman doing as much for an unknown alien; but the effort gave me a severe headache. It gave me darting pains across the top of the skull—at about the spot where he would probably have belted me with his club had I even dared to ask him to bear a hand with my baggage.

I had a peep into the workings of the system of which the London bobby is a spoke when I went to what is the very hub of the wheel of the common law-a police court. I understood then what gave the policeman in the street his authority and his dignity—and his bumility—when I saw how carefully the magistrate on the bench weighed each trifling cause and each petty case; how surely he winnowed out the small grain of truth from the gross and tare of surmise and fiction; how particular he was

vividly of that which inevitably happens to give of the abundant store of his patience to any whining ragpicker or street beggar who faced him, whether as defendant at the har, or accuser, or witness

It was the very body of the law, though, It was the very body of the law, though, we saw a few days after this when by invitation we witnessed the procession at the opening of the high courts. Considered from the standpoints of picturesqueness and impressiveness it made one's pulser tingle when those thirty or forty men of the wig and ermine marched in single and double file down the lofty vaulted hall, with the Lord Chancellor in wig and robes of state leading, and Sir Rufus Isaacs, kneedeeched and sword-belted, a pace or two behind him; and then, in turn, the justices and, going on ahead of them and following on behind them, knight escorts and ushers and clerks and all the other human cogs of the great machine. of the great machine.

What struck into me deepest, however, was the look of nearly every one of the judges. Had they been dressed as long shoremen, one would still have known them for possessors of the judicial temperament—men born to hold the balances and litted and transfer. fitted and trained to winnow out the wheat fitted and trained to winnow out the wheat from the chaff. So many eagle-beaked noses, so many hawk-keen eyes, so many smooth-chopped, long-jowled facer, seen here together, made me think of what we are prone to regard as the highwater period of American statesmanship—the Clay-Calhoun-Benton-Webster period.

London's Safety Value

Just watching these men pass helped me to know better than any reading I had ever done why the English have faith and conf-dence in their courts. I said to myself that if I wanted justice—exact justice, heaping high in the scales—I should come to this shop, I should bring the trade to this oldestablished firm; but if I were looking for a little mercy I should take my custom classes.

I cannot tell why I associate it is my mind with this grouped spectacle of the lords of the law, but somehow the scene to be witnessed in Hyde Park just inside the Marble Arch of a Sunday evening seems Marble Arch of a Sunday evening seems bound up somehow with the other institution. They call this place London's safety
valve. It's all of that. Long ago the ruling
powers discovered that if the rabidly discontented were permitted to preach dynamite and destruction unlimited they would
not be so apt to practice their cheerful doctrines. So, without let or hindrance, any
apostle of any creed, cult or propagands,
however lurid and revolutionary, may come
here of a Sunday to meet with his disciples
and spout forth the faith that is in him until
he has geysered himself into peace—or. he has geysered himself into peace of, what comes to the same thing, into speech

When I went to Hyde Park on a certain Sunday rain was falling and the crowds were not so large as usual, a bored policeman on duty in this outdoor forum told me; still, at that, there must have been two or three thousand listeners in sight and not less than twelve speakers. These latter hallowed in the stall postable class. anced themselves on small portable platforms placed in rows, with such short space between them that their voices inter-mingled confusingly. In front of each orator stood his sudience; sometimes they ap-plauded what he said in a sluggish British way, and sometimes they tasked him ques-tions designed to baffle or perplex him-heckling. I believe this is called—but there was never any suggestion of disorder and never any violent demonstration for or against a statement made by him.

against a statement made by him.

At the end of the line nearest the Arch, under a flary light, stood an old bearded man having the look on his face of a kindly but somewhat irritated moo-cow. At the moment I drew near he was having a long and involved argument with another controversialist touching on the sense of the word tabernacle as employed Scripturally one holding it to mean the fleshly tenemen of the soul and the other an actual place of worship. The old man had two favorits words—behoove and emit—but behoove was evidently his choice. As an emitter he was only fair, but he was the best behoove I ever saw anywhere.

The orator next to him was speaking in : soft, sentimental tone, with gestures gently appropriate. I moved along to him, being

(Continued on Page 49)

Continued from Page 46)

misded to learn what particular brand of motherly love he might be expounding. In the same tone a good friend might employ telling you what to do for chapped lips or lever blister he was saying that dergynen and armaments were useless and exposive burdens on the commonwealth; and as a remedy, he was advocating that all the priests and all the preachers in the kingdom should be loaded on all the dreadsughts, and then the dreadnoughts should seamed to the deepest part of the with all on board.

There was scattering applause and a role: "Ow, don't do that! Listen, 'ere! Hi've got a better plan," But the next speaker was blaring away at the top of his care, making threatening faces and waving as deached fists aloft and pounding with them on the top of his rostrum. "Now this," I said to myself, "is going to

Now this," I said to myself, "is going to be worth something worth while. Surely this person would not be content merely with drowning all the parsons and sinking all the warships in the hote at the bottom of the seas. Undoubtedly he will advocate something really radical. I will invest five minutes with him."

I did; but I was sold. He was favoring the immediate adoption of a universal langue for all the peoples of the earth—that vis all. I did not eatch the name of his which he would excel would be a language with few if any h's in it. After this disappointment I lost heart and came away.

Another phase, though a very different ore of the British spirit of fair play and tolrance, was shown to me at the National sporting Club, which is the British shrine boxing, where I saw a fight for one of the championship belts that Lord Lonsdale is herver bestewing on this or that worthy and worshipful fisticusfer. Instead of being lade the ring prying the fighters apart by main force as he would have been doing in America, the referee, dressed in evening withes, was outside the ropes. At a quick word from him the fighters broke apart from clinches on the instant.

The audience—a very mixed one, rang-ing in garb from broadcloths to shoddlee was as quick to approve a telling blow by was as quick to approve a telling blow by the less popular fighter as to hise any sug-gestion of trickiness or fouling on the part of the favorite. When a contestant in one of the preliminary goes, having been ad-paiged a loser on points, objected to the decision and insisted on being heard in his two behalf, the crowd, though plainly not in sympathy with his contention, listened to what he had to say. Nobody jeered him down.

Had be been a ferrigner, and especially and he been an American, I am inclined to kink the situation might have been different; but, as this man was a Briton himself, these other British hearkened to his sput-lerings; for England, you know, grants the right of free speech to all Englishmen—and denies it to all Englishwomen.

Much Ado About a Lion

The settled Englishman declines always to be justled out of his bereditary state of intense calm. They tell of a man who cashed into the reading room of the Savage Ulub with the announcement that a lion was loose on the Strand—a lion which had tooken away from a traveling caravan and was rushing madly to and fro, scaring torses and frightening pedestrians.

"Great excitement! Most terrific, old dears on my word!" he added, addressing

the company.

Over the top of the Pink Un an elderly gentleman of a full habit of life regarded

"Is that any reason," he inquired, "why person should come rushing into a gentieman's club and kick up such a deuced

The first man - he must have been a Colonial -gazed at the other man in amazement. "what would you do he asked. you met a savage lion loose on the

"Sir, I should take a cab!"

And after meeting an Englishman or so of this type I am quite prepared to say the may might have been a true one. If he met s lion on the Strand today he would take a cab; but if tomerrow, walking in the same place, he met two lions, he would write a effect to the Times complaining of the growby prevalence of lions in the public thoroughfares and placing the blame on the

Suffragettes or Lloyd George or the Nonconformists or the increasing discontent of the working classes-that is what he would do.

On the other hand, if he met a squirrel on a street in America it would be a most ex-traordinary thing! Extraordinary would undoubtedly be the word he would use to describe it. Lions on the Strand would be merely annoying, but chipmunks on Broadway would constitute a striking manifeststion of the unsettled conditions existing in a wild and misgoverned land; for, you see, to every right-minded Englishman of the insular variety—and that is the commonest variety in England—whatever happens at home is but a part of an orderly and an or-dered scheme of things, whereas whatever happens beyond the British domains must sarily be highly unusual and exceed-

ingly disorganizing.

An Englishman's newspapers help him to attain this frame of mind; for an English newspaper does not print sensational stories about Englishmen residing in England-it prints them about people resident in other lands. There is a good reason for this - a reason based on prudence. In the first place the private life of a private individual is a must holy thing, with which the papers dare not meddle; besides, the paper that printed a faked-up tale about a private citizen in England would speedily be exposed and also extensively sued.

Sensations to Order

As for public men, they are protected by exceedingly stringent libel laws. As nearly as I might judge, anything true you printed about an English politician would be littel-

ous, and anything libelous you printed about him would be true.

It befalls, therefore, as I was told on most excellent authority, that when the editor of a live London daily finds the local grist to be dull and uninteresting reading he straightway cables to his American corre-spondent or his Paris correspondent—these two being his main standbys for sensations asking. If his choice falls on the mun in America, for a snappy dispatch, say, about an American train smash-up, or a Nature freak, or a scandal in high society with a rich man mixed up in it. He wires for it, and in reply he gets it. I have been in my time a country correspondent for only and I know that what Mr. Editor wants Mr. Editor gott.

As a result America, to the average pro-vincial Englishman's understanding is a land where a hunter is niways being subblod to death by sheep; or a prospective mother is being so badly frighteness by a channelman that her child is born with a recoplexion changeable at will and an ungovernable appetite for flies; or a billionaire is giving a monkey dinner or poleoning his wife something. Also, he gote the uses that a through train in this country is so called because it invariably runs through the train shead of it; and that when a man in Connecticut is expecting a friend on the fact express from Boston, and wents something to remember him by, he goes flown to the station at traintime with a burket.

Under the headlining agotem of the Roglish newspapers the decarment of a work train in Arizona, wherese several Musicas tracklayers get mussed up, becomes Another Frightful American Radway Disaster! Flut a head-on collision, attended by futalities, in the suburbs of Liverpool or Manchester is a Distressing Suburbay Incident! official Blue Book, lamped by the British Board of Trade, showed that to the three months ending March 41, 1912, 2nd persons were killed and 2457 were injured in railway lines in the United Kimploon.

Just as an English gentleman is the most modest person imaginable, and the most backward about offering lip service in praise of his own achievements or his country's achievements, so, in the sums accur-lative degree, some of his newspapers are the most blatunt of beauties. About the time we were leaving England the jub of re-modeling and beautifying the fract deviation of Buckingham Palace reached its constusion, and a dinner was given to the morkingmen who for some months had been manged. on the contract.

It had been expected that the occasion would be graced by the presence of Their Majesties; but the may as I reall, are pasting stamps in the over album the Caar of Russia sent him on his littleme, and the queen was looking through the tile of Godey's Lady's Book for the year 1874. picking out suitable costumes for the ladies



The first timepiece ever made exclusively for automobiles is the Waltham. Two managings render it immune to vibration. Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

Makers of the farmer Walting "Browniet" Wanter



You are a success, aren't you? Your time is worth money, isn't it? Can you afford to gamble with purcours - missing

important engagements, longry by one harb or our rence the cost of puncture-proof insurance for a year? Play said! Here is a tire that will present you on him present use and fost time-operant the high orderes. Just rentr July I that purcture i receivably lawer

PROOF PROOF Pneumatic TITES

f prove absolutely particular penol—or you get book every early you paid for principle-proof insurance ment districted blanch North of Mad Appear

The second production and

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO. CONSHITHUCKEN, PA.



Construction

The a templement or old cover to NO per observe my an inter-case of the grounders. A source of the startler

The start of the first form of the start of the town off daysys at Many or sturing Auren of the bettest

"Vanadium" Rubber

"ZIG-ZAG" Non-Skid Tread

Manuel of Margary Kon.

Ark the feeting to like you e all'el traffi cress proche i





add extra money to



of her court to wear. At any rate they could not attend. Otherwise, though, the dinner must have been a success.

Reading the account of it as published next morning in a London paper, I learned that some of the guests, "with rare British pluck," wore their caps and cordurays; that others, "with true British independence," smalled their pipes after dinage; that there smoked their pipes after dinner; that there was "real British boef" and "genuine British plum pudding" on the menu; and that repeatedly those present uttered "hearty British cheers." From top to bottom the column was studded thick with British thises and British thats.

The editorial writers of that very paper are given to frequent and sovering attacks on the alleged yellowness and the boasting proclivities of the jingo Yankee sheets; also, they are proce to spasshodic attacks on the laxity of our marriage laws. Ferhams what they say of us in true; but for unadul-terated nastness I never saw anything in print to equal the front page of a so-called sporting weekly that circulates freely in

In the campaign to give the stay-ut-home Englishman a strange conception of his American kinsman the press is ably assisted by the stage. In London I went to see a connedy written by a deservedly successful dramatist, and staged, I think, under his personal direction. The English characters in the play were whimsical and, as nearly as I might judge, true to the classes they purported to represent. There was an American character in this piece ton—a

American character in this piece two—a multi-millionaire, of course, and a collector of pictures—presumably a dramatically fair and coalistic drawing of the wealthy, successful, art-loving American.

I have forgotten now whether he was supposed to be one of our mesty Chicago millionaires, or one of our only Chycland millionaires, or one of our steely Pittsburgh millionaires, or one of our steely Pittsburgh millionaires, or one of our steely Pittsburgh millionaires—or just a plain millionaire from the country at large; and I doubt whether the man who wrote the lines had any roposeption when he did write them of the fashion in which they were afterward read. Be that as it may, the artor who comyed to play the American used an infection, or an accent, or a dislect, or a jargon—or whatever you might choose to call it—which was partly of the oldtime drawly wild Westerner school of expression and partly of the oldtime mass! Down East school.

A Continent at a Glance

I had thought-and had hoped-that both these actor-created lingues were hap-plly obsolete; but in their full flower of pay obsciety; but in their full flower of don. Also, the actor who played the part interpreted the physical angles of the char-acter in a manner to suggest a pleasing combination of Uncle Joshua Whitesenh, Mike the Bits, Jefferson Brick and Coal-Oil Johnsy, with a suggestion of Jesse James interspersed here and there.

True, he spat not on the curpet loudly, and he refrained from saying I vumt and Great Smains!—quaint concerts that, I am told, every English actor who respected his art fermerly employed when wishful to type a stage American for an English audience; but he bragged loudly and emphatically of his money and of how he got it. I do not perceive why it is the English, who themselves so dearly love the dollar after it is translated into terms of pounds, shillings is translated into terms of pounds, shillings and pence, should insist on regarding us as a nation of dollar-grabbers, when they only see us in the act of freely dispersing the aforesaid dollar.

They do so regard us, though; and, with true British setness, I suppose they always will. Even so I think that, though they may dislike us as a nation, they like us as individuals; and it is certainly true that they seem to value us more highly than they value Colonials, as they call them—particularly Canadian Colonials. It would appear that your true British can never excuse another British subject for the shockingly poor taste be displayed in being born though in Lime he may forgive us for refusing to be licked in an early number,

by him, he can never forgive the Colonials for saving him from being licked in South Africa.

When I started in to write this article I meant to conclude it with an apology for my audacity in undertaking—in any wise—to sum up the local characteristics of a rountry where I had tarried for so short a time; but I have changed my mind about that. I have merely stolen a page from the book of rules of the British essayists and novelists who come over here to write us up. Bless your soul! I gave nearly eight weeks of time to the task of seeing Europe thoroughly; and of those eight weeks I spent upward of three weeks in and about London—indeed, a most unreasonably long time when measured by the standards of the Englishman of letters who does a book about us.

about us.

He has his itinerary all mapped out in advance. He will squander a whole week on us. We are scarcedy worth it; but, such as we are, we shall have a whole week of his company! Landing on Monday, he will spend Monday in New York, Tuesday in San Francisco, and Wednesday in New Orleans. Thursday he will divide between Boston and Chicago, devoting the forencon to one and the afternoon to the other. Friday morning he will range through the Rocky Mountains; and after luncheon, if he is not too fatigued, he will take a carriage and pop in on Yosemite Valley for an hour or so.

But Saturday—all of it—will be given over to the Far Southland. He is going 'way down South—to sunny South Dakota to see the genuine native American darkies, the

the genuine native American darkies, the real Yankes blackamoors. Most interesting beings, the blackamoors! They live exclusively on poultry—fowls, you know—and all their womenfolk are named Honey Gal.

The Northcliffe Playwrights

He will observe them in their hours of He will observe them in their hours of leisure, when, attired in their national costume, consisting of white duck breeches, banjos, and striped shirts with high realization; they gather beneath the rays of the silvery. Southern moon to sing their tribul melodies on the melon-lined shores of the old Oswego; and by day he will study them at their costomary employment as they climb from limb to limb of the cottonwood trees, picking cotton. On Sunday he will arrange and

tomary employment as they climb from limb to limb of the cottonwood trees, picking cotton. On Sunday he will arrange and revise his notes, and on Monday morning he will sail for home.

Such is the program of Solomon Gruedy; Esquire, the distinguished writing Englishman; but on his arrival he finds the country to be somewhat larger than he expected—larger actually than the Midhanda; so be compromised by spending five days of a private botel in New York, run by a very worthy and deserving Englishwoman of the middle classes, where one may get Yorkshire puddings every day; and two days more at a weslithy toftbunter's million-dollar cuttage in Newport, studying the habits and idiosyncrasies of the common people.

And then he rushes back to England and hurriedly embalms his impressions of us in a large volume, stating it to be his deliberate opinion that, though we mean well enough, we won't do—really!

He necessarily has to burry, because, you see, he has a contract to write a novel or a play—or both a novel and a play—with Lord Northcliffe as the central figure. In these days practically all English novels and most English comedies play up Lord Northcliffe as the central figure. Almost invariably the young English writer chooseshim for the axis about which his plot shall revolve.

English journalists who have been dis-

revolve.

revolve.

English journalists who have been discharged from one of Northeliffe's publications make him their villain, and English journalists who hope to secure jobs on one of his publications make him their hero. The literature of a land is in perilous casswien it depends on the personality of one man. One shudders to think what the future of English fiction would be should anything of English fiction would be should anything happen to His Lordship!

Business of shuddering!

Editor's Note-This is the eighth in a serier of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The ninth will appear





The Pretty Suffragette And Billy Waring

Went down to Morton's for a week-end, and there, much to Billy's surprise, the Suffragette did a number of things that no one expected of her-least of all Mrs. Morton. What those things were is the story.

Is Any Woman Easy to Live With?

That is a question that only a man can answer, and a man has answered it - for the women's sake no less than for the sake of his brother men-

The Wife's Side of The Liquor Problem

It isn't the sitting up waiting for him to come home, but it's quite another aspect of what liquor means in the house-those little chafing-dishbeer suppers - the bottle of champagne for the prominent guest -a side of the liquor problem that is usually overlooked.

When Henry Was Married

The girl's home was in the East. And not a soul back in Navarre-Ohio-where Henry lived and was to take his bride-sent a single gift. It was rather hard for Henry. And then - but that's the story, too.

Judge Van Doren Went to Europe

It was on business, but just the same he met a girl there that made him forget Loretta, canning fruit and hunting dust back home. Then he returned and made a discovery - which makes another story.

In fact The Ladies' Home Journal for June is mostly stories-The Summer Story Number, it is called. Of course there are the numerous practical articles as well, and the fashion pages in full color, besides a complete section devoted to vacation suggestions and experiences.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL FOR JUNE

On Sale Everywhere Now

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CHEAP AT A MILLION

do what I say. Very well! Now, visualize the search made for you. Endow your people with superhuman ingenuity. Useless!"

The man waved a hand toward Mr. Merriwether; but Mr. Merriwether said:
"You assume that the search will be exclusively for me—but they will also search for you!"
"My deer sir, that is unkind of woul!"

"My dear sir, that is unkind of you!"
The man spoke reproachfully. "We know that when we go into crime as a business we must guard against the chief contributory cause of the vast majority of all business failures, according to the statistics of Dun and Bradstreet—to wit, insufficient capital. Murderers are caught when their faces and habits and families are known. Usually their lark of means forces them to betray themselves. But onbody knows how the men who will kill E. H. Merriwether look. And we have enough money to go anywhere. We will become tourists—like thousands of others. Some of us will stay in New York; others will go on round-the-world tours. See this?"

The man culled from his nocket some

round-the-world tours. See this?"

The man pulled from his pocket same parkages of well-worn bills, with the bank-wrappers round them, though a finger hid the bank name. Also the man showed to Mr. Merriwether several books of travelers checks of the fifty-dollar denomination—the specimen signature also being covered by the man's finger.

"Enough for all," said the man. "Kindly oblige me by thinking of what you would do in my place: and in all frankness acknowledge that nothing would be easier than to get away. Ordinary crime is so largely accidental that the average criminal is at the mercy of even the unintelligent police. Professionals do the same thing over and over and acquire telltale mannerisms. Also, they lack culture and find the class attraction too strong to resist—basides always being hard up and therefore defenseless.

therefore defenseless. We had gone about this case systematirally. We wanted your million—but, more, we wanted the sport of taking it from a man who had no moral right to the particular million we desired. If you had been a really conscienceios financier we'd have made it five millions: in fact it is because we are not sure that even this million is tainted that

we ask you to pay it to us for giving you a fine daughter-in-law. Shall we go upstairs?"

The master of the busie led the way upstairs and Mr. E. H. Merriwether, second by the stalwart footness with the intelligent faces, followed, his own intelli-gent face impassive. That he was thinking meant only that he was doing what he always did.

The man sat down in his chair, with his back to the stained-glass window. He saked pleasantly:

"What do you say now, Mr. Merri-

wether?

"I say," the little car answered, with a frown of impatience or anger, or both, "that when you are tired of playing the dammed fool I'd like to return to my business."

The man rose to his feet quickly, his face pale with sager. He took a step toward the financier, his firsts clenched—and then suddenly controlled himself. "You jackaes!" he said. "You idiot! Have you no brains whatever? Must !

lash common sense into you? Take 'em off' It was a command to the footmen. "Will you disrobe, air?" very politely asked the oldent of them.

Mr. Merriwether, six inches shorter than the speaker and a handred pounds lighter, drew back his fist, but the four men seized him and began to take his clothes off. "Tie

him!" commanded the muster.
They tied him to the library table, face

"Music!" cried the man; whereupon the cornetist began to play the Meditation from Thats softly, but obviously ready to play fortissimo at a signal from the chief. "I am going to lick you with this whip!"

He snapped it victously and walked round the table until he stood behind Mr. Merriwether. He lifted his arm and then the great Merriwether, autocrat of fifteen thousand miles of railroad, iron nerved, feprless, imaginative and intelligent, yelled: "Wait!"

"The million?"
"Yes!"

"Help him!" said the man; and the intelligent-looking footmen respectfully served as valets. "I don't believe you would kill me-tur I never liked spankings." Mr. Merriwether Mr. Mentwether spoke jocularly almost!

The man confronted Mr. Merrivetter

and said, very seriously;
"Mr. Merriwether, we should certaily
have killed you if you had persisted in you
stubbornness to the end. We know or hid

to convince you."

The man looked inquiringly at the faancier to see whether any doubt remained;
but Mr. Merriwether asked quirieally

"Honest, now, would you —"
"We would!" interrupted the manlooking straight into Mr. Merriwether a
oyes. And what Mr. Merriwether ave
there made him ask:

"How will you have the million!"
"In each. I'm glad you will make the
payment. But really, sir, I wish to impress
on you that Tom is rive to be taken for

on you that Tom is ripe to be taken lo

Mr. E. H. Merriwether looked long and earnestly into the eyes of the mysterious man who was despositing him of a millon dollars. It began to seep into his under-standing that if Tom could be married to a nice girl the resulting peace of mind sould indeed be cheap at a million.

indeed be cheap at a million.

"Now, if you please," pursued the man pleasantly, "telephone to McWayne that you wish him to come here with certified checks on your different banks, aggregating one million dollars, made payable to Michael P. Mahaffy."

Mr. Merriwether started. The name was that of the world-famous political Boss of New York City. Explanations as to the million might be embarrassing to any political boss; but for a million dollars say political boss; but for a million dollars say political boss would be glad to explain—or even not to explain. even not to explain.

"From this house Mr. McWayne will go "From this house Mr. McWayne will go to the hanks, accompanied by the studious gentleman who had the honor of building your left leg. You will indorse each check by writing 'Indorsement Correct' and signing your name. McWayne will go with our Mr. Michael P. Mahaffy and get the money in fives, tens and twenties, in handy works, all hills preferred and no requested. wads old hills preferred and so requested from the paying tellers, who will intelli-gently understand that Mr. Mahaffy is not signing his name in person; so he can swar in any court of justice that he never saw the checks. Asking for old hills is to make them impossible to trace. This will alsallay the banks' suspicions. The worst that can happen will be that a few tellers will wonder what Mr. Merriwether has to do with city politics that he needs Mahaff,'e aid."

aid."
"I see!" said Mr. Merriwether thoughtfully. Then, after a pause: "Where is the telephone?"
"There!"

In plain sight and hearing of the master of the house the master of the Pacific and Southwestern called up his own office. He

Southwestern called up his own office. He spoke to McWayne:

"Make out checks on all banks according to my balances in them, so that the check will aggregate one million dollars: payable to Michael P. Mahaffy.—What? Yes?

Have the checks certified.—Of course if there isn't enough!—We shall want hill that have been used—fives, tens and two ties.—Yes, all cash. Come up to 777 Blank Avenue. You will go to the bank with a man.—"

"With Mr. Mahaffy," prompted the min "With Mr. Mahaffy," repeated Mr.

"And tell Tom to have luncheon and wal

for me," again prompted the man.
"And tell Tom I can't go to lumber with him, but to wait for me." Mr. Merriwether hung up the receive

and turned to the man saying:

"The idea of using Mahaffy's name."

"Rather good, isn't it?" smiled the man
"Of course you wondered how we wer
going to cash the checks, didn't you? We'l
that's the way. The bank officials will be
surprised to see the checks and they all ratch McWayne and my man to the last They will thus be able to hear my man to the ser.
They will thus be able to hear my man so loudly to the chauffeur: "Tammany Hall Charlie!" Attention to details, my dear sir." I still am not quite convinced that "My dear Mr. Merriwether, there are a

many ways of safely getting money for you Wall Street magnates that the only thing that really protects you is the as fact that the professional crooks are evmore stupid than you. Men like you at



IN town or at the lake be certain to have a pair of rubber sole Oxfords - un nid to the full enjoyment of your sport. Cool because "Skeleton Lined." Priced al \$5 and up to \$7.

The Florabeim dealer will show you the essent a correct experi-

Free on Regnet THE SHOW OF CORREST SEPLET

The Florsheim Shoe Co. Chicago, U.S. A.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES



EXTRAORDINARY OFFER - 10 4 WHITE TODAY m, have one alon of beautiful to be beautiful to be beautiful to be be beautiful to be beautif

A STANTA CONTROL OF STANTA CON

MAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. N-88, CHICAGO, ILL.

AMERICAN CAMP STOVE The Furnace in a Bucket" metal safe, Convenient All contained — no other appara-mental to Asiach lop. Concernate Interest 10 Asiach lop. For fluerers, corn cottagers, properture by the performance apparatus to the safe of the contained and the safe of the safe the safe of

increase Our Manimum Co., 465 Clark Street, Albert Lea, Micc.

FINE PANAMAS PANAMA PARAMA PA \$6.00 POURTON HAT DO.

compelled to bet your entire fortune, your very life, on averages. The average man is both stupid and honest; so you and your like are fairly safe for fairly long periods of time. Of course if we had been obliged to kill you we should have done so and buried you, and we should have been wise enough to utilize your death in as many ways as

possible in the stock market—and not of it.
"For instance, I should have instantly telephoned to all the men in your class and told them we had eliminated you—as an example—and to remember that in case we ever had occasion to ask anything from them. We should also give them a countersign, so that they would be able to rec-ognize us when the proper time came. I can kidnap or permanently suppress any millionaire in New York, with neutress,

dispatch and safety. "If Big Tim Sullivan could be killed and lie in the Morgue for days unrecognized, what chance do relatively unknown people like you great millionaires stand to be found, once dead? A dead capitalist, remember, is no more impressive than a dead street-car conductor. If I gut you into this house on the strength of Toro, as I got Toro to come in on the strength of you, what millionaire would refuse, for example, to go—in answer to a telephone message that his child had been run over and was now— let us say—at 128 East Seventy-ninth Street? Or that his wife, acting more or less as if she were intoxicated, was scatter-

und Twenty-ninth Street?"

Mr. Merriwether looked at the man a long time. He could not deny that to really desperate men such deeds offered no pardispersion to a millionaire; but a man fike this is more than dargerous. He thought quickly and formed his conclusions accu-

ing money at the corner of Seventh Avenue

"How are you going to make Tom marry

"How are you going to make Tom marry one of the girls whose names you mentioned?" he asked in the tone of voice one men toward physicians.

The man smiled slightly and said:

"Oh, I am not going to do it. I don't care whether he marries or not. You must do that. But I'll tell you how—if you wish—after McWayne gets here. Just think over the affair. It will put you in a more intelligently receptive frame of mind. And with a pleasant smile the man took a little book bound in green leather and

hegan to read.

Mr. E. H. Merriwether, as was his wunt when thinking, began at the beginning and reviewed the entire affair quickly but carefully. He did this again—it did not take him long—and then he began to coordinate his ideas and study the case. Within ten minutes he had forgotten his animosity. In filteen he felt respect for this man. In In fitteen he felt respect for this man. In twenty he was thinking how helpless any one man is against his ten billion trillion natural fore—microbes, seismic disturbances, floods, and the chemical reaction of hostile brains. This man, whose very name was unknown to him, had vanquished the victor—had louted the tent of the general? This was incredible when spuksn in a conversational tons of voice. Ferhape this same remarkable man might tell how to

same remarkable man might tell how to make Tom choose a desirable wife. It was worth while making the experiment. It was in the nature of a gamble in which E. H. Merriwether stood to win a happiness worth all the money in the world and stood to lose nothing!

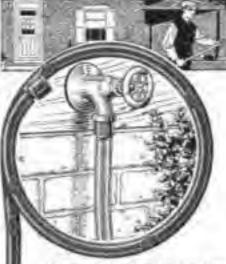
A knock at the door roused him from his reverie. One of the footmen arrived from the threshold.

Mr. McWaynel" Mr. Merriwether's private secretary eotered. E. H. Merriwether held out his right hand.

Mr. McWayne took four slips of paper and gave them to his chief, who quickly looked at them and passed them over to the master of the house. The man looked at them, indersed them and handed a pen to Mr. Merriwether, The caur of the Pacific and Southwestern wrote on each of the checks:

> Indursement Correct. "E. H. MERRIWRINGS."

He returned the checks to the man, who thereupon pushed a button a number of times. One of the footmen with the nonmenial faces appeared dressed for the street. He looked Irish. He wore a big sulftaire scarfpin. His hat inclined to one side noticeably. He carried a square value in each hand. They looked as if they had seen service. On each was printed: Treasurer Tammany Hall.



"On Tap" Easter to Thanksgiving

Many a garden have has died from ton much weather." The average bose is "un tap" continuously all spring and summer. Sun and rain, dew and "tug-of-war" soon do their

work. Teen -a new hose. But you can have Goodynar Lown Hose 'on tap' murth in and mouth out with every confidence. Store it wear in the late full -take it out next spring. and it's good as new. Report the next year, and the new, and the next.

Tout's hose value!

A New Feature Hour is a corru-gated hour with its intributed divery rich that an balance at his observer, trace, postering and frontiers of contents, trace, poster same and grown.

You court tends to You never hour for moreous to In address, thoughout bases. How common is per over toward and beautiful, potting couldn't had seen't mark, they are quickly determined.

Obselver Lang, Hour is the result of the

Specifical Laws State is the result of 15 cars reprise to all him trading. Us system is American master than under

Five Seamless Thicknesses

There are five other advantages: the toose rainber value, a parties of tested braided strated and the same of tested braided strated and the three the rainbed and report out "to one wild, were proved and



How to Buy has have how ormly, and he care the host for the farming Orest year. That makes of care of the transfer of the care of the care

If your chains improve to be out of Good-yans Lawn Plans, you wind us life recov-We will see that you are supposed expected attenty to expense, purpoid. Price in 70 food country, by each, 10c a Tone; Springle, 10c a food, by each, 10c a Inst.

We recommend the Woods. You will find the nate and neight from the average use.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY Lawn Hose Dept., Akron, Ohio



in America now include it.

TOP MATERIAL Is Guaranteed Without Limit

F. S. Carr Co. 31 Beech St. Berten

The water

Tail is a quarantee that means something. Any NEVERLEEK To job hor works through the hydric will be replaced without our to be seen that the SEVERLERS passed range without our management of the second services and the second services and the second services are services as a second service of the second services and the second services are services as a second service of the second services are services as a second sec

The taped it payment the States

F. S. Carr Company, 31 Beach St., Boston, Mass. (units of in Principles, Nov. of 70m), Onco. Cusia





SERVET PAPER CO., Patrologic Ty. Uriginature of the Convey Very Paper Tyres.



Reduce the Cost of Living

by equipping your house with a refertifically constructed contary refrigeration, which preand assting.

McCray Sanitary Refrigerator

any purpose. Send for the Catalog

Remarket Sides for No. A. R. — Remove Remarket Burds. Clade As for For Lowers and Joseph Son da — For Head Markets No. 44 - Reguler Sides for Recorder of

McCray Refrigerator Co. 706 Lake Street. Knobiliville, Ind. 138 S. Wann Str., No York, N. Gre Ric., 78 W. For Branch Sciences to Four City See Your Telephone

MARBLES Flexible Rear Sight WILL IMPROVE YOUR RIPLE SHOOTING to live. Spring in time instantly brings if hold to election problems.

No delines of forthering agent when being in many the control of the

"Go with Mr. McWayne to the banks and cash the cheeks. Mr. McWayne will identify you," said the master of the bouse. "Yis, sor!" said the footman. The

"Yis, sot!" said the footman. The brogue was unnecessary; but E. H. Merriwether smiled slightly. McWayne and the footman in mufti left together.

"Think some more!" said the man to E. H. Merriwether and resumed his reading of the little groun-leather book.

Mr. Merriwether leaned back and thought some more. To him the million-tiollar loss was already ancient history. The

dollar loss was already ancient history. The only virtue that the Wall Street life gives to a professional is the ability to take a loss of money with more or less philosophy. That philosophy is also met on the racetrack, among er real Christians. among experts in faro-also smong

McWayne and the man were gone an bour and sighteen minutes. Mr. Merri-wether had time to think of Tom and of himself and of the relation that had existed between himself and his son, and of the relations that would exist between them in the future—God willing. "Mr. McWayne!" announced the serv-

The private secretary entered; also the

Irishman with the two valies.
"Tell the others! At five o'clock!" said
the master of the house, and the footman left the room—with the values!

"Mr. McWayne, will you kindly wait in the other room!" The man rose and parted the portieres for the secretary to pass

"Certainly," said McWayne, frowning

politely. "Now, Mr. Merriwether," said the man, "as I told you, Turn's mind and soul are prepared for love. The romantic vein in him has been worked to the limit. He can be laughed out of it very easily, for he is not extincity convinced; but it is too valuable a frome of mind for a really intelligent father to destroy.

"The young ladies, also, are ripe for the creeing of the one man in all the world. They will respond readily—and, I may add, respond with relief if they see he is a man like your son, against whom nothing can be said. It will clinch the affair. My advice is for you to call on the young ladies I have mentioned and judge for yourself,

and then you be your own stage manager?"
"Have you any choice yoursel?"
"You know Woodford?"
"Very well."
"And his daughter Isabel?"

"Ne."

"Well, she has the complementary qualities. She will, as it were, complete Tom.
She is bright, healthy, very handsome,
utterly unspoiled by the knowledge of her
good looks—that is, she is highly intelligent. Her mind functionates quickly and
as regulated and made to work safely by
her knew series of bursor. You will love her
for herself, as well as for Tom's sake and
for Tom's children's sake.

"Arrange two things and you can do it.

"Arrange two things and you can do it.

for Tom's children's sake.

"Arrange two things and you can do it.
One is, prepare her to meet Tom. Tell her
you don't know why you want her to know
him, but you do. Tell her you wanted this
before you ever saw her. And tell her you
know she must think you must be going
crary—but will she most Tom in her
lather's home?—in some room with the
lights turned out? She will sak you why

lether's home?—in some room with the lights turned out? She will ask you why you ask such things. And you will rub your hand scross your eyes and say, dazedlike: 'I den't know! Will—will you do it?' "And when you take Tom to her, take salvantage of the dark, and open this little buttle and touch Tom's lapel with this. It is essence of sweet peas. He will associate limbel with the reconstraints. Imbel with the mysterious girl to whom he took a message in the dark, and by the same token she will know he is the man who destiny decrees shall be her husband.

"Then leave the rest to Nature. They won't struggle. They couldn't if they wishest, but they won't wish to fight. My parting words to you are: The man who was smart enough to get a million dollars out of you finds it even easier to make a young man who wants to love fall in love in the spring-time with a handsome, healthy girl who wants to be loved. You and McWayne will now use one of my prisoner-carrying motors.

This way, sir!"

He list the way into the next room, packed up McWayne, and escorted the

financier and his private secretary to the

financier and his private secretary to the curb. A neat little motor stood there.

Mr. Merriwether climbed in. McWayne followed. And then the man said:

"You will find that the doors cannot be opened from the inside. The chauffeur was told this queer feature was due to the fact that his master expects to use this car for his two very active and very mischievous children. He will drive you anywhere. You can arrest him if you wish; but it will be useless. We have spent a good many thousands in accessories that will be thrown away." And the man sighed.

away." And the man sighed.
"Who do you mean by we?" asked E. H.

Merriwether politely.
"The Tainted Wealth Reducing Syndicute, which, having completed its opera-tions, will now dissolve. Good day, sir. In the issue of the World of June ninth

we advertisements appeared. One, under Marriages, read:

"MERRIWETHER-WOODFORD .- On June eighth, at the Church of St. Lawrence, by the Reverend Stephen Vincent Rood, Isabel Woodford to Thomas Thorne Merriwether.

The other, under Personals, read:

"T. W. R. Syndicate. - It was cleap at a million! E. H. M."

(THE END)

Recovering Radium

RADIUM is enormously more valuable than diamonds, and one of its advac-To than diamonds, and one of its advantages is that it cannot be lost easily, as a diamond may be. Wherever a bit of radium is it will vigorously declare its presence. As odd way by which it can be found was recently demonstrated in a Liverpool hospital when a quantity of radium was lost. The hospital had been given five thousand dellars' worth of radium, amounting to about one-five-hundredth part of an outcome somewhere near the head of a pin in size. This, in a little case, was bound one night on the face of a patient to treat a cancerous growth and in the morning the radium was missing. The staff authorities were immediately notified, and it was agreed that in all likelihood the patient had accidentally swallowed the radium during the night. It was easy to decide that question. The patient was carefully examined by X rays, which would surely disclose the location of the treasure in its case if it was in the patient leady. Not a sign of the missing fortune was discovered, however, and it was narrow ledy. Not a sign of the missing fortune was discovered, however; so it was agreed that the next most likely explanation was that the radium had fallen out of the band-

ages and been swept up.

The sweepings were then traced and it was discovered that those for that morning were just then being carried out of the hospital yard in a cart. The cart was stopped but the problem then was to find out whether the tiny case of radium was somewhere in that cardoad of dirt and trash. On the law of it the task seemed like hunting for a needs in a haystack, but actually it was

simple enough.

A hurry call was sent to Professor Lious R. Wilberforce, of Liverpool University, a noted authority on radium. He came a quickly as possible, with an instrument called an electroscope. As soon as he place the electroscope against the wooden side of the cast has appropried that the radium was the eart he announced that the radium wa

By this time it was night; so all the do tors and scientists decided to postpone fur ther search until morning. The cart wa lacked into the yard and guards place over it for the night. In the morning Pro fessor Wilberforce came again with the dec troscope. The dirt was then taken out of the cart, a bucketful at a time. As each bucketful was passed down Professor Wil-berforce tested it with the electroscope an annuanced, "It is not there," until eleva-loads had been rejected. The twelfth buck-tful exceeds a time, in the instrument, as etful caused a jump in the instrument; an when this dirt was spread on a table th case of radium was found.

In another hospital a patient actually allowed about the same quantity radium, and its location was quickly discovered in the intestines by X rays. The doctors were afraid that the powerful actio of the weird metal would destroy the intetines; so the patient was promptly cut opand the radium recovered.



More Miles per Gallon Chenn gills, the Chean blees, are not

WOLF'S-HEAD

arrow armitter intimine fractions to errains to perfect againstrates backy at high tempera-ture of the bent temped and analysis to

Write fur Buch un Lubrication Wolf a title of the same to be beside to anic cheeks making

Wolverine Lubricants Co. 76 Hernad Street, New York Ormoches: Chicago, Philodelphia, Botton, Chica Philotrak, Detroit, Washington, Jacksonville.

Distributors

Tall 116

A Co., Convey, Mar.

Select States A Convey of the Convey of t

PIPE LOVERS!

Cutopia

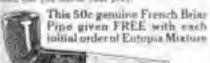
Send for this pound can at our Risk.

Date Land course metticy dolom year mont to plant my resource willing to bloomy incred that



is the chipse, out here tobacco on pipe or

We conder & thought After the the pulsary Prophing of the spilled, Pasique, Lariane as their cap Sec. 14 is beginned.



CENTINOCH CPPER Was will sprin comment

where the period of Europea Markers and the frace is the pro-tree flow operaged propagal. Amoust the pro-mal if you are not placed, where it was appoint. If you like the it, above a not however the con-tree operage. These are however the con-pressions and the place are however the con-pressions and the second of the pro-lemant distance. I not be reduced to be a for pop-tion of the propagal of the pro-tree of the pro-crete of the pro-sent of the pro-pagal of the pro-sent of the pro-pagal of the pro-sent of the pro-pagal of t

himsing looket about closer telecore maked on request.

CAMERON TOBACCO CO.

ures and 9th Sta., Richmond, Virginia

TYPEWRITERS a 54-38 W. Linke St., Change III.

THE INSIDE OF THE PORK BARREL

(Continued from Page 17)

We are all gratified at the commerce on the Great Lakes. It amounted last year to seventy-eight million tons. We have spent something less than fifty million dollars in their improvement and maintenance to date. Four-fifths of the commerce of the Lakes is ore and coal. Expressed in tons of ore this billion dollars of commerce floated on our creeks during the past four years would load fifty-five thousand ore ships of six thousand tons' burden each. If these should set out on the ocean in line, three ships to the mile—and the law will not permit them to travel that close together—we should have a line of loaded ships from Boston through the Panama Casal and across the Pacific Ocean to Hongkong!

If this ore were loaded on cars carrying thirty tons each it would fill eleven million cars and require three hundred and seventy thousand locometives to pull them. Putting the trains one mile apart less distance would be dangerous they would cover every mile of track in the United States and have enough trains left over to encircle the world four times, a double track round the world at the Equator and another double track round the world passing through the North and South Poles

on the way.

If one is at all interested in the development of our transportation facilities the next time he meets nos of these much-maligned creeks he should take his hat off This is what the inside of the Pork Barrel

looks like.

Senator Burton's criticism was not con-fined to the items of the bill. No man understands all the phases of waterway improvement better than he. That Con-gress has invested many dollars in waterway projects which have not returned the service hoped for and expected is most cer-tainly true. That the future will demon-strate we are today no better prophets in such matters than our predecessors may well be granted. No project was ever more ardently advocated both in and out of Congress than the old Hensepin Canal.

How the Money is Spent

Representatives, and maybe some sen-utors as well, came in on the flow as their predecessors went out on the ebb of the tide of popular clamse for the construction of this once far-famed canal. It was the most paramount of all the paramount issues. In a number of districts of the Middle West, It serves today as the horrible example,

But yesterday the word of Cunar might. Have stood against the world; now lies he there. And none so poor to do him reservace.

Mr. Burton's criticism went to the method of appropriating rather than to the items for which the appropriations were made. I should say, perhaps, his shafts were better aimed at the method than at

In the days of his chairmanship, Rivers and Harbors bills were passed only every two or three years. A rask appropriation would be made and then authority given the secretary of war to enter into contracts for continuing the improvement for several years ahead, to be paid for by the Committee on Appropriations from time to time as

the work progressed. Great pressure was brought on Congres to have an annual Rivers and Harbors Bill just as we have annual bills for the army, the navy, and so on. This plan became so popular, in fact, and for obvious reasons, that the committee could not resist either the clamor or the arguments in its favor. Mr. Alexander, therefore, determined to try it. Until it could be tested by actual practice and experience no man could foretell with certainty its success or failure as an economic policy. There were no prophets to read the future none, at any rate, who could show any divine commission; so the policy was looked on as an experiment.

If it was to be attempted, every consideration of wisdom and expediency required that the test be fair and complete. Interpreted in the light of this purpose, the conclusion was irresistible that the annual bill should carry no authorization for continuing contracts. Cash sufficient to carry on



Right in Your Neighborhood Youwill Find a Ford Car Equipped



Ask the Owner what it's doing for him every day



YOU will find him embusiastic about his K-W, and he can tell you better than we of the economy, reliability and efficiency of the K-W Master Vibrator.

The K.W Marter Villeame contains a large, powerbut cond-nort of project especity and exceptionally large, with, platform indiana contact points — a com-Over 50,000 Mades Vibrator trees have learned the

slop of this last spark.

K.-W Mayter Vibrators are sold by reliable dealer-ELLIEW AFFE.

\$15 with regular kick switch \$16 with Yale Antolock switch

You can areach run; to your Ford in a few minutes millional making any changes in your car-

Be sare you get a K-W. Look for the trade mark and the solid guarantee humber. They protect you gracin imigations. If your dealer comot supply you, we will send sent direct, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Write for "That Satisfied Feeling" Folder.







Governor Mann's Testimony

"I am heartily in sympathy with any work that gives boys an uplift, for they are our future citizens." said Governor Mann to our representative.

Virginia's distinguished executive sees in our service for boys an influence that contributes to better citzeenship. Are you familiar with the resoons for Governor Mann's indorsement of our solution for your boy problem?

> Time production to the production of the control of Principal and the second and comment of the property of

the work for one year only made it certain that the next year's bill would pass. In this way alone could a fair trial be had.

Four annual hills have since been passed and the fifth is on the House calendar today ready for action. The policy is now as completely fixed as a part of the legislative program as the policy of any other annual appropriation bill. Several lessons have been learned.

Under the plan universally followed by Congress no river or harbor improvement is ever undertaken until it has first been investigated by the engineers of the army and recommended by them as desirable, cost and commerce both considered. Before the and commerce both considered. Before the annual-bill palicy was adopted it therefore frequently happened that a bill providing for a servey would remain on the commit-tee's calendar for three years; and after the survey was ordered another three years would intervene before the report of the engineers could be acted on.

This country is grawing at a very rapid

This country is grawing at a very rapid pace. Six years is a long time to wait; so it can be asserted with assurance that the annual bill, in obviating this needless and costly delay, has justified itself.

This, however, is not the whole story. Mr. Burton thought the continuing-contract system was the economical way to do the work, and time and experience have abundantly justified his theory. When a project has been adopted that will require five or even ten years to complete the five or even ten yours to complete the nine-fout project for the Ohio River, for illustration—the businesslike course is to ascertain just how rapidly the work can most economically progress, and then attended to the progress. one Congress cannot bind its succ

One Congress cannot bind its successor, and there can be no guaranty that funds will be provided next year it the matter be left entirely to the determination of a future Congress. Contractors besitate to invest in the necessary plant if work for only one year is absolutely assured, and but one method of assurance is possible, and that is to give authority by statute to the Secretary of War to enter into binding contracts.

The Shibbaleth of Economy

Experience is the best of all schools, and Congress now has taken the course pre-scribed. We have learned the lesson and must either return to that system or be convicted of wasteful negligence. The pol-icy of argual bills has been thoroughly justified for the reasons above referred to, though not amplified, and should and will continue; but, if just criticism and even censure are to be avoided, those projects which can be roost economically prosecuted under authority to make contracts for work or materials for several years ahead must be su undertaken.

Congress is always sensitive supersen-sitive, in fact. Members must return to their constituents every two years for judg-ment. The cry of economy and the charge of extravagance are always the shibboletha of the opposition.

of the opposition.

The temptation, them, is indeed great to adhere to the policy of making allowance only for one year's work, though conscious all the while that by so doing the cast of the completed project will be increased. This is the real measure of the service rendered to the taxpayers of the country by those whose seal for economy focuses their mental vision on the total, let the items be what they

If constituencies can be satisfied by seurance that the year's budget is no larger than its predecessor the election re-turns will give no cause for complaint, and the professional economist can continue his wasteful practices while the happy taxpayer foots the bills.

foots the bills.

Every thoughtful citizen understands and confidently expects that the growing needs of this developing country will be reflected in increasing demands on the public treasury. What it is their right to demand and doty to require is that no projection. ect for the improvement be undertaken by Congress that cannot reasonably be expected to promote the general welfare. When such a project is adopted it is the part of statesmanship, as it is the duty of patriotism, to provide for its completion in such manner and in such reasonable time as will effect the result at the minimum cost.

If this rule be faithfully followed the criticism of these who speak without knowledge and the consire of those who scold without reason may well be disregarded.



mean comfort and long service. A shirt may fit when new, but if the neckband shrinks you come to hate that shirt and dodge wearing it.



are made with pre-shrunk neckbands and remain comfortable. They are accurate in pattern and cut, measure true to size mark, and are worn with same size collar,

Guaranteed fit, color and wear

dealers Enery Pay \$1.30 up. Department for hibits of a Greekewan a

W.M. Steppacher & Bro., Makers, Philadelphia





FISHERMEN, HO!



RASTINGS SPORTING GOODS WORKS, Sels Min.

DATENTS SHOULED OR OUR PER SETURN Patent of What is format on that of inven FRE Wanted New Ideas Send for the ATENT ACTION OF THE Wanted New Ideas Send for the ATENT ACTION OF THE Main Office, Victor J EVANS & CO., Washington, D.C.

THE BUSHER COMES BACK

(Continued from Page 20)

funny Al? sometime in the week of Octo-ber twelfth. Old man Cutting's house or that yellow house across from you would be O. K. I would rather have the yellow one so as to be near you. Find out how much rent they want Al and if it is not no more than twelve dollars a month get it for me. We will buy our furniture here in Chi when Hazel comes,

We have a couple of days off now Al and then we play St. Louis two games here. Then Detroit comes to finish the season the third and fourth of October.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 3. DEAR OLD AL: Thanks Al for getting the house. The one-year lease is O. K. You and Bertha and me and Hazel can have all sorts of good times together. I guesa the walk needs repairs but I can fix that up when I come. We can stay at the

that up when I come. We can stay at the hotel when we first get there.

I wish you could of came up for the city serious Al but anyway I want you and Bertha to be sure and come up for our wedding. I will let you know the date as soon as Hazel gets here.

The serious starts Tuesday and this town is wild over it. The Cubs finished second in their league and we was fifth in ours but that don't scare me none. We would of finished right on top if I had of been here all season. been here all season.

Callahan pitched one of the bushers beat him bad. Callahan is saveing up Scott and Allen and Russell and Cicotte and I for the big show. Walsh isn't in no shape and neither is Benz. It looks like I would have a good deal to do because most of them others can't work more than once in four days and Allen ain't no good at all.

We have a day to rest after tomorrow's game with the Tigers and then we go at them Cubs. Your pal, Jack.

P. S. I have got it figured that Hazel is fixing to surprise me by dropping in on me because I haven't heard nothing yet.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 7. FRIEND AL: Well Al you know by this time that they beat me today and tied up the serious. But I have still got plenty of time Al and I will get them before it is over. My arm wasn't feeling good Al and my fast ball didn't hop like it had ought to. But it was the rotten support I got that beat me. That lucky stiff Zimmerman was the only guy that got a real hit off of me and he must of shut his eyes and throwed his but because the ball he hit was a foot over his head. And if they hadn't been over his head. And if they hadn't been makeing all them errors behind me they wouldn't of been nobsely on bases when Zimmerman got that lucky scratch. The serious now stands one and one Al and it is a cinch we will bent them even if they are a bunch of lucky stiffs. They has been great big crowds at both games and it looks like as if we should ought to get over eight hundred dollars a neace if we win and we will dred dollars a peace if we win and we will win sure because I will beat them three straight if nessary.

But Al I have got bigger news than that for you and I am the happyest man in the world. I told you I had not heard from Hazel for a long time. Tonight when I got back to my room they was a letter waiting

for me from her.

Al she is married. Maybe you don't know why that makes me happy but I will tell you. She is married to Kid Levy the middle weight. I guess my thirty deliars is gone because in her letter she called me a cheap skate and she inclosed one one-cent stamp and two twos and said she was pay-ing me for the glass of beer I once bought her. I bought her more than that Al but I e no holler. She all so s for me to never come near her or her husband would bust my jaw. I sin't sfraid of him or no one else Al but they ain't no danger of me ever bothering them. She was no good and I was sorry the minute I agreed to marry her.

But I was going to tell you why I am happy or maybe you can guess. Now I can make Violet my wife and she's got Hazel best forty ways. She ain't nowheres near as big as Hazel but she's classier Al and she will make me a good wife. She ain't never

asked me for no money.

I wrote her a letter the minute I got the good news and told her to come on over here at once at my expence. We will be married right after the serious is over and I want you and Bertha to be sure and stand up with us. I will wire you at my own

expense the exact date.
It all seems like a dream now about Violet and I haveing our misunderstanding Al and I don't see how I ever could of accused her of sending me that postcard. You and Bertha will be just as crazy about her as I am when you see her Al. Just think Al I will be married inside of a week and to the only girl I ever could of been happy with instead of the woman I never really cared for except as a passing fancy. My happyness would be complete Al if I had not of let that woman steal thirty dollars off of Your happy pal,

P. S. Hazel probibly would of insisted on us takeing a trip to Nisgara falls or some-wheres but I know Violet will be perfectly satisfied if I take her right down to Bedferd.

Oh you little yellow house.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 9.

FRIEND AL: Well Al we have got them best three games to one now and will wind up the serious temorrow sure. Callawind up the serious temorrow sure. Cainhan sent me in to save poor Allen yesterday
and I stopped them dead. But I don't care
now Al. I have lost all interest in the game
and I don't care if Callahan pitches me tomorrow ur not. My heart is just about
broke Al and I wouldn't be able to do myself justice feeling the way I do.

I have lost Violet Al and just when I was
linearing on being the happyeest man is the

figureing on being the happyest man in the world. We will get the big money but it won't do me no good. They can keep my share because I won't have no little girl to

spend it on.

Her answer to my letter was waiting for me at home tonight. She is engaged to be married to Joe Hill the big lefthander Jennings got from Providence. Henset Al I don't see how he gets by. He ain't got no more curve hall than a rabbit and his fast one floats up there like a big balloon. He beat us the last game of the regular season here but it was because Callahan had a lot of bushers in the game.

I wish I had knew then that he was stealing my girl and I would of made Callahan

ing my girl and I would of made Callaban pitch me against him. And when he come up to bat I would of beaned him. But I don't suppose you could burt him by hitting him in the head. The big stiff. Their wedding ain't going to come off till next sum-mer and by that time he will be pitching in the Southwestern Texas League for about fifty dollars a month.

lolet wrote that she wished me all the luck and happyness in the world but it is too late for me to be happy Al and I don't care what kind of luck I have now.

Al you will have to get rid of that lease for me. Fix it up the best way you can. Tell the old man I have changed my plans. I don't know just yet what I will do but maybe I will go to Australia with Mike Donlin's team. If I do I won't care if the boat goes down or not. I don't believe I will even come back to Bedford this winter. It would drive me wild to go past that little house every day and think how happy I might of been.

Maybe I will pitch tomorrow Al and if I do the serious will be over temorrow night. I can beat them Cubs if I get any kind of decent support. But I don't care now Al. Yours truly, Jack.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 12. AL: Your letter received. If the old man won't call it off I guess I will have to try and rent the house to some one else. Do you know of any couple that wants one Al? It looks like I would have to come down there myself and fix things up someway. He is just mean enough to stick me with the house on my hands when I won't have no use for it.

They beat us the day before yesterday as you probibly know and it raised yester-day and today. The papers says it will be all O. K. tomorrow and Callahan tells me I am going to work. The Cub pitchers was all shot to peaces and the had weather is just nuts for them because it will give Cheney a good rest. But I will beat him Al if they don't kick it away behind me.

I must close because I promised Allen the little lefthander that I would come over to his flat and play cards a while tonight and I must wash up and change my collar. Allen's wife's sister is visiting them again and I would give anything not to have to

One Motorcycle Tire

Holds Every World's Record-Dominates in Sales And Equips 3/4 of All the New Machines

It is built by Goodyear-built just the same as Goodyear automobile tires, which have won top place in Motordom. Consider that-one maker holds the leading place both in motor car and motorcycle tires, despite tremendous rivalry. In three years Goodyears have gained topmost place in Tiredom. And the only reason lies in super-service proved by millions of these tires.

Why Take a Chance?

Rival makers, of course, must say, "Our times are as good as Goodyears." But look at the evidence.

How is it that Goodyears won all the world's records in speed and durability tests?

How is it that Goodyears, in the test of time, came to outsell others?

Why is it that three fourths of all the 1914 motorcycles come but with Goodyear equip-

And look at automo-tales. Those tires must also stand fearful strain and grind. And most users meter their mile-age. Goodyears in that field have nutrivaled all others. Now they have won in both

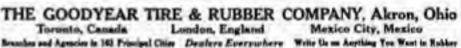
fields by giving most of what you desire in a motorcycle tire.

Then why take chances? No tire, in any way, offers more than Goodycars. You pay no more for Goodyears than for other standard makes. No good tire costs you less. And the verdict of users — the final verdict as shown by sales — is that Goodyears

Made with a double-bick anti-skid tread, Made by a patent method to prevent tread separa-

Made to hold for-ever the place they hold today.

There is a Good-year dealer in your town. Ask us for his address—size for our look which pictures and describes the making of Goodyear making of Goodyear



Motorcycle Tires

(100D)



For the best title to this picture in 20 words or less

The extent frame, will be as-ter provided to means that (sta-ellectric formers do not be a line the partner. As remaind a fine a grater Diseased with their field the well be given by the by your provided. The correct best of Live services (all information days the constitution of the comment of the c

Level Univ Dad-late (Canadian MAA) Strategis Mater Serie Late for three insouths to

Open cury to more subsections; in adversariant reserved at 1000 rule J. L. J. D. W. a. Un. Street, New York Doc Year 25.16. (Canadian \$5.5), Freeign \$6.04) THE RESIDENCE THE PERSON NOT THE PERSON



PATENTSWANTED graph Hillestrated Darme Fundle Steams and Towns Donk.

Doubles the Pleasure Bicycling

ORBIN Duplex Coaster Brake



You could at well make your energy means a sour destination suitable of mod experience make granting present to take the factors.

"Corbin Control Means Sufers Assured."

Sold and equipped by Mapele and Hardware Daulers Eversylves B'm forms 1974 Cardy

The Carbin Screw Corporation De Amelica Harboure Corposition Sensorer 217 High Street. New Britain, Conn.

WANTED AND ALL

Stop Experimenting With

"Cheap" Spark Plugs!

RECOGNIZING the test that the this were alred of buying supple-sale comp space glogs and finding them extremely expensive to the and we detided quarry two years ago in members or a given by the beauty to be the control of the con sestemale and weremanning would be point regardings of com-We experimented form off a targing metabolic Complete and advantage of the separate of Fig. THE We prespected the last of the We suretness of the second To have a marketing to the state of the stat inner and the contract of

WARTSOND WAR IN LESS

TO COLUMN THE COLUMN

go over there. I am through with girls and o't want nothing to do with them.

I guess it is muche a good thing it rained today because I dream; shout Violet fast night and went not and got a couple of high balls before levelated, this morning. I hadn't never drank nothing before break-fact before and it made me kind of sick. But I am all O. K. now. Your pal, JACK.

CHICAGO, TLAINSIN, OCTUBER 18. DAR OLD AL. The serious is all over Al. We are the champions and I done it. I may be home the day after tomorrow or I may not come for a couple of days. I want to see Combiley before I heave and fix up about my motract for next year. I won't sign for no less than five thousand and it he kends me a contract for less than that I will leave the White Sax flat on their back. I have got over fearteen numbered dollars new Al with the city serious money which was \$814.30 and I don't have to

Them reporters will have to give me a legious deal this time At. I had everything trial the Cole deep will to score a run. I whifted Zimmerman three times. Some of whifted Kimmerman three times. Some of the lange may be sen't us hifter but he he will be sould not south the study by grout out all only he sould not south the study he study had been their run because in the fourth oning I had beach flatheored off of second have and Weaver tagged him O. E. but the craps wouldn't call it. Then Scingle the looky still happened to get a hold of one and pulled it past front have. I guess Chase tought of heaver seeses. Anyway they scored had I don't care because we piled up at runs to Chasey and I drove in one of them may off will one of the predictal angles you war see. It was a splitter and I had it his a short. If I had he is stream if would of went out of the park.

Contakely ought to less pretty good about an allowing and I grows he wall give me a count of the park.

Contakely ought to less pretty good about an allowing and I grows he wall give me a count of the narything I want. He will have to or I will go to the Federal Langue.

We are all invited to a chart tought and I am goog with Allon and he wife and her they be as one of the park to the major with a first and the runs for me hand it to them. She maybe and a precity or Vicin and Hard lint as they may be setty on t mily no deep.

Well Al toll the boys I will be with them. the laye my be one's no bitter but he is a

way be sety not andy so doesn.
Well Al tell the beyond will be with rison
were. I have given up the idea of wolfs to
Assertable became I would have to buy a cost profily rour fifty delice.
Yours truly. Later.

CHECAGO, ILLIANIS, OCTOROS 14.

Checken, Italiania, October 14.

Full N. D. A.C.: Never rand about that I beam. I want the booms after all Ai and I bave got for superior of your life for you. When I reme have to Bedford I will bring my alle with me. I and Florence from things all up after the show had night and so are point to be married to morrow country. I am a busy man today AI forence I have got to get the items and italy much for furnishme. And I have man get to buy some new chiefes but liney are haveing a sale on College Grove. A venue at Cherk's store and I know one of the devia there. I am the happyest man in the world Al You and Bertha and Land Florence will have all kinds of good limes together this whiter.

all kinds of good limes together this winter became I know for the and Piorence will like each other. Placetre fools scrouthing like Bertha at that. I am glad I didn't getted up with Vielet or Hand even if they was a little bit prettier than Piorence.

Florence knows a lot about basefull for a gri and you make he supprised to liver her talk. She eggs I see the least pitcher in the bear se and she has saw them all. She all so says I am the burst looking bullying or shore or soon less you know how gots will look a guy M. You will like her O. E. I fell for her the limit has I you har.

Your old and. E. F. I would to be next year. Comof adding for oest.

To for pennsy
a thomsonel

and it is presty

an the World MAN TO SUPPLY CO.

āe:

Railroad Men and Others

YOU will be interested in the case of Hawkins. For ten years he had been a conductor in the employ of the Arizona and Eastern Railroad. His weathereye was open; however, and finally he saw his opportunity. He secured a position with the railroad as City Freight Solicitor at Phoenix.

Then he found that to talk freight rates to customers he must study traffic operation. He enrolled as a student in a college making a specialty of that business. Within a month he had the training he needed, and was appointed Travelling Freight and Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific and the Arizona and Eastern Railroads.

Hawkins has "made good" with a rush. He has had the ability all along, but it won him promotion and an increased salary only when refined by special training.

In whatever business you are engaged, you can secure the training you need free of charge. You can take a course in any university, college, technical school or musical conservatory and we will pay the bills. You are invited to ask for a copy of our Scholarship booklet, in which this offer is fully explained.

Address your postal card or letter to

Educational Division, Box 513

The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

NOT ENOUGH MUSTARD

A warrant! Already he saw himself in the police court, hunted there by this vin-dictive, libelous female. Of course he could prove his innocence; but, then, think of the scandal! What would the world say to hear that he, Homer Drum, had been charged with stealing a ballet singer's clothes! Yes, that was what she must be—a ballet singer! Then there swam into Mr. Drum's mind

sudden remembrance of to what and to whom he owed this outrageous affront-

Mrs. Drum!

Pale with righteous wrath Mr. Drum no longer gave heed to that noisy convocation outside. He turned and, stalking down the hall, entered the dining room, where he closed the door behind him. Again that ballet woman had resumed her tattoo on the panels; the uproargrew, but now he had closed his ears to it. Mr. Drum seated himself. Above the fireplace was a faded rectangle of wall paper, and on this he fixed his eyes. He waited. His mind, meantime, was busy.

was busy.

How long that night Mr. Drum sat there in the dining room he was not at the time aware. Some hours passed. Vaguely he recalled hearing eight o'clock strike; then nine; then ten. Hours before this, however, with a final resounding assault on the door panels Miss La Ray and her allies, the Schnabels, had departed. In the quiet that ensued Mr. Drum was again enabled to think of Mrs. Drum. Where was she? His reflections on the matter were complex. His reflections on the matter were complex. They ranged from moments of icy, austere calm to instants of righteous, superheated

wrath.
These last, though, burned quickly, their

These last, though, burned quickly, their flames subsiding as swiftly as they arose, only asky members remaining. At the end as air of grim, freezing gravity fixed itself on his face and brow.

Firm, not harsh! Severe, yet not unjust! That was it. And, a clock at that instant striking eleven, Mr. Drum was counting the strokes, when all at once a thought leaped into his mind. It was one that had not occurred to him before. What if something had befallen bur!

thing had befallen her!
"Huh!" said Mr. Drum; and he had half risen from his chair when a sound suddenly arrested him.

Miss La Ray evidently had returned home. Down the airshaft again came float-ing the strains of Too Much Mustard, and with a rumble of rage he strode toward the window. Just as he was leaning out, though, to roar "Stop that noise!" Mr. Drumthought betterof it. What If she again descended on him? The thought made him moist. Just then the music stopped suddenly. There was a pause; and afterward Mr. Drum heard a murmur of voices. In the midst of this Miss La Ray's all at once arose. Its tone was one of profound astonishment.

"Well, whattier know about that!"

Again there was a murmur of voices. Listening, Mr. Drum pricked up his ears. Presently some one said something, on which there was a sudden burst of laughter.
"Huh!" said Mr. Drum to himself. His

face was thoughtful. Then, as though the thought were too preposterous, he idly shrugged his shoulders. Gingerly closing the window he returned to his seat before the fireplace.

The thought, though, whatever it was, would not down. "Absurd!" he told himself, and in the next breath "Huh!" he said again. Overhead the music all at once had started up again; in turn with which there followed a steady thumping, which made the gas fixtures rattle and sway. Mr. Drum, the gas fixtures rattle and sway. Mr. Drum, however, gave no heed to this. The question of Mrs. Drum's disappearance now was amount. She must be somewhere, but where? What if, indeed, she had been hurt! She might have fainted in the streets! She might have been run over! Even now she might be lying in some hospital, uncon-scious, unidentified. There might have been railroad wreck, and

Mr. Drum gave a sudden snort. A rail-oad wreck! What would she be doing here? She had no business on a train! Abruptly Mr. Drum pushed back his chair.

What if she had run away!

Then reason returned to his aid. Run Then reason returned to his aid. Run away? Ridiculous! She would not dare! The idea of any woman running off and eaving him! There was nothing in it. Pshaw! Then, besides, when they ran off they always took their trunks. Then, too,

they pinned a note to the pincushion. It was absurd, though, to think of such a thing. Just think of the guod home he had given her. Leave a home like that? Leave a life of ease and comfort? Nonsense! It was hardly worth while looking at that pincushion. No; it would be just a waste

Still, if by any charge she had — Huh!
Oh, well, he would look; but he knew without doing so that there was nothing there. She would not have the impudence! He knew she had just been delayed some where. Before long now she would be home. Then she would explain. She would apologize, too, for worrying him. Yes; he would see to that. Meantime the pincushion was on her bureau and the bureau right heside the door. It was outrageous -the way she had worried him! Yes: .hut what if she had run off?

Mr. Drum had darted halfway down the hall when, with a jerk, he stopped, halted by a sudden sound. It was the click of a

key in the lock!
"You outrageous crea-" Mr. Drum

began; then he got no further.

Mrs. Drum had just entered. His eyes rounding, he stared at her agape. Or was it she? Either he had lost his senses or she

Clad in a dress such as he had never seen on her before, she came slowly down the hall. That she imped he did not notice; neither did he observe her air. It was negligent, idle, easy. All Mr. Drum could see was her dress. There was a slit in the skirt and it was cut V-shape at the throat. To his scandalized sight V and split seemed to meet.

Then she spoke.

"Oh, hello!" murmured Mrs. Drura.

"What are you looking so red about?"

The wellsprings of Mr. Drum's righteous wrath suddenly bubbled over. If he recalled his former resolution, "Firm, not harsb!" and so on, he must have felt that now was no time for etiquette. Where had she been? That was the question be wished sinswered. What is more, Mr. Drum wished it answered forthwith.

"Don't shout, Homer," begged Mrs.

"Don't shout, Homer," begged Mrs. Drum as she began to remove her hat. "You know your throat isn't strong." Then, just

know your throat isn't strong." Then, just as he was about to risk his throat again, she interrupted him. "Where have I been? Why, at a tea," Mrs. Drum responded calmly. "A tea!" she repeated. "You heard me." No hint of what was coming had as yet dawned on Mr. Drum. All he could grapple with at the mornest was the effrontery of with at the moment was the effrontery of

Dawdling at a tea all these hours? Idling her life away while his dinner burned! As she removed her last hatpin Mrs. Drum turned to gaze at him.
"What's that you're mumbling?" she

inquired idly.

There was a pause. Mr. Drum seemed to struggle to express himself. Perhaps he felt speech to be inadequate; fer, pointing his forefinger to the neighborhood of Mrs.

Drum's kness, he began violently to wag it.
"Do you mean the dress?" saked Mrs.
Drum. And with bland satisfaction she smoothed out a wrinkle in its folds. "Swell, ain't it?" she remarked.
Mr. Drum suddenly exploded.
"Where did you are led Thanks."

Mr. Drum suddenly exploded.

"Where did you get it? That?" he demanded. "Answer me!"

"I stole it!" said Mrs. Drum.

The reply. in its inconceivable franknese and simplicity, swept Mr. Drum from his feet. Then it was true! Right, after all, had been on the side of that unspeakable female overhead. Mrs. Drum had purioined the hallet-woman's clothes! However, see

the ballet-woman's clothes! However, ere Mr. Drum could voice the turbulence of his mind, Mrs. Drum delivered him a second

crushing blow. "Yes; I stole it," she said; "only you needn't worry about that. I won't have to go to jail and you won't have to pay for the dress, because I went upstairs and squared myself! Yes, I did! I took the dress to wear; then when I'd worn it I got scared. So I thought I'd tell her everything. Well, she hardly said a word. She just laughed and laughed and laughed. Then she asked me whether I wouldn't come into the parlor and dance. She had a lot of friends there, you know only my feet hurt and I couldn't. So she kissed me," said Mrs. Drum, "and I came away. Yes. that was how it was."



T'S the wet or grease of the slippery pavement that seals the strong, elastic Vacuum Cups and forms the never-slipping suction grip.

On the slippery slant to the curb-in a hundred close situations where a skid means collision-there's positive safety in

PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUPTIRES

Guaranteed not to skid on wet or greasy pavements, else returnable at full purchase price after reasonable trial period.

The same massive cups that hold the slippery surface and thrust deep to good traction on soft roads, also give the greatest extra wear of any tread. 4,500 actual miles guaranteed, with average service always nearer twice that distance.

And then—the absolutely oilproof quality—the greatest tire saver known-does away with the only disadvantage of traveling oiled roads.

> For complete safety and maximum service equip with V. C. Tires-dealers everywhere

Pennsylvania Rubber Company JEANNETTE, PA.



New York Boston Chicago Pittsburgh Cleveland San Francisco St. Paul

Los Angeles Detroit

Minneapolia Omaha Kansas City, Mo. Atlanta



An Independent Company with an independent selling policy



Adjusts itself to any posture comfortable, durable. Ask your dealer - if he can't, we will.

SHIRT GARTER CO. Columbia, Toon.

Plant the TAPE It's the Scientific Way

Make Vegetable Gardening Easy Just unwind American Soudtape from spacet and plant as directed. Selected seeds, properly spaced inside paper tage and fastened with glase fortilizer, insures quick, standy growth, because the paper attracts southare to the already lestifized seed. Sprouts much earlier than seeds planted in soil. Proper specing secuniar seed wasted no channing not. You save time and tark-breaking lates.

turk-ternking lules.

Send ONE DOLLAR for 50 ft. each of White and
Red Radisk, Busion and Carly Letture. Onion,
Spinash, Best, Turnip, Carrist and Cubbigs Seeds,
140 ft. in all. Correct planning instructions in each
purkage. Send the distar news, NO AGENTS,

THE AMERICAN SEEDTAPE CO.
1604 Walnut Avenue Geveland, Ohio CO D D D D D D D D O S S T



the mesh principle and the ribbed principle. That's why it's wonderfully strong, wonderfully elastic, and wonderfully indifferent to washtub strain. You'll like it, too, because it fits as well after washing as before.

Keepkool is the only elastic ribbed mesh fabric made. It has the stretch and the comeback that a union suit ought to have, for solid comfort. Insist on seeing the name KEEPKOOL on every garment. Men's separate garments, 50c each; men's union suits, \$1.00; boys' separate garments, 25c each; boys' union suits, 50c. Any style, white or ecru color. If your dealer hasn't Keepkool, we will supply you upon receipt of price.



How Can The Express Companies Meet the Competition Of Parcel Post?

By Personal Service

Read Next Week's Issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Five Cents the Copy of all Newsdealers \$1.50 the Year by Mail

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Independence Square Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mr. Drum waited until she had finished. Even be himself wondered at his dignity, his self-control.

"How dare you!" he said then; and again Mrs. Drum stared at him.
"Dare what?" Mrs. Drum inquired.
"Steal her dress or tell her about it? I wish you'd stop puffing up your cheeks like that," she added.

With difficulty Mr. Drum repressed himself.

"Silence! What do you mean by such behavior?

"What behavior?" she asked.
"Answer me!" said Mr. Drum. "Where have you been all day?"

Mrs. Drum for a moment gazed thought-

fully at him. "All day, Homer? Let me see. Well from half past eight till half past eleven this morning I washed dishes, made beds, swept floors, scrubbed the kitchen, dusted the purior and dining room, made a pie and oiled the hardwood floor. Then from half past eleven until half past three I mended your socks, sewed your understancels, took your shoes to the cobbler, your hat to get ironed, and then went to the cleaner's for

your cost. At three, then, I --- "
"No impertinence!" said Mr. Drum.

"Answer me, I say!"
Mrs. Drum smiled curiously.

I went to a tes, Homer, as I've said.

It was a tungo teu. She did not even alter her tone as she told it. The speech flowed from her as un-concernedly as though she announced that chalk is chalk. A pause followed; and during it Mr. Drum's face gradually an-sumed the hor and proportions of a toy balloon. Then he found his tongue. "A tango tea!" he echoed. "Yes, Homer; only you mustn't shout so," Mrs. Drum again begged. "You danced! There in a public place!" asked or rather accused Mr. Drum. Mrs. Drum nodded. told it. The speech flowed from her as un-

Mrs. Drum nodded. "It was a charity dance, Homer. I forget the name of the charity; but they gave it at the New York Roof. It was one of a series. of mid-Lenten dances and it cost me a dollar to get in. At first I just meant to look on; but after a while one of the man-agement asked me whether I'd like to dance with any one. I said no; but he looked so disappointed I had to change my mind. I said I'd dance just once just for charity, you know; so he introduced me to a partner.

"And you danced—you danced with blint" said Mr. Drum, his tone incredulous. "His name was Benny," replied Mrs. Drum. "First we did the Castle Walk and

then the Grapevine Dip. That was easy; so we tried the Horse Walk next, following which we gave the Kitchen Sink, the Lame Duck, and I dunno what. . . . Oh, well, what's the use?" murmured Mrs. Drum. "We just denced and denced, and I had the time of my life!"

Mr. Drum cared to bear no more details.

"You abandoned fe-" he began, when Mrs. Drum swiftly turned on him.

"There new, don't you get excited! I know exactly what I've been doing and I know exactly what you're going to say-only you needn't," added Mrs. Drum. "I don't want to hear about Satan and idle hands, or that a stitch in time is a penny earned, or that a bird in the hand is the noblest work of God."

There was in ber voice a note that Mr. Drum had never heard before. He gasped

Yes," said Mrs. Drum; "and I'm sick of bearing woman's place is the bome and that idleress is woman's curse, and a whole lot of stuff like that you've been telling me for the last eleven years. . . . Keep for the last eleven years.

You're always saying marriage is a partner-ship, and—well, I guess you're right—only up to now you're the only one that's been drawing any dividends. Hereafter I'm going to have mine too."

"You—you——" began Mr. Drum; but Mrs. Drum gave him no chance to

"What are you going to call me now—an ungrateful female? Well, maybe I'm a female and maybe I'm ungrateful—only that don't alter anything. Woman's place may be the home, but just the same that depends on what sort of a home it is. depends on what sort of a home it is. I didn't marry you to be put in jail. Yes: only the last few years you'd have though! I was in for life at hard labor. That's why I took that girl's dress and that's why I went to that tango tea!"

"I—why—new——" Mr. Drum said; and one noted now there had crept into his face a new, somewhat astonishing note. He seemed less sure of himself than usually would have been thought a little star.

He seemed less sure of himself than usual He would have been thought a little startled. "I—why, well—"Oh, stop mumbling, for heaven's sake!" Mrs. Drum exclaimed. "I was just saying I am sick of working on a stonepile and getting nothing for the job! I'm sick, too, of living in solitary confinement. And that reminds me," added Mrs. Drum."I took that fool worsted thing this afternoon and sent it downstairs with the garbage. There may be no place like home, I know.

and sent it downstairs with the garbage. There may be no place like home, I know. Yes; but, thank beaven, there are other places that ain't!" Then she sniffed. "If I can't have a little fun in my own house I know where I can find it now! Put that is your pipe and smoke it!"

Mr. Drum, pale to the eyes, did not reply. In the imagery of his mind a spectacle had been upraised before him. It was the picture of Mrs. Drum whirling unid the maxes of the turkey trot in the arms of the anonymous Benny! Just then some one overhead again put a needle in the machine overhead again put a needle in the machine and down the airshaft came the melody of

Too Much Mustard! Mr. Drum considered. Woman's place.

after all, was the home!
"Say," he said, his voice breaking, "what's the cost of a machine like hers upstairs?

Vocational Training

THE barber is the only workman for whom there is a really fixed demand in American cities. Analyzing the Twelfith Census reports for cities having fifty thousand or more inhabitants, the Russell Sage Foundation finds that in every city there are substantially three burbers to care thousand inhabitants. Every other occu-

pation shows greater variability.

Those occupations that have as many as ten representatives for each ten thousand inhabitants in all cities, number only twenty for men and seven for women. Without knowing the facts one would probably say that every city would show at least one butcher, physician, lawyer, clergymao and dentist for each thousand inhabitants: but he would be mistaken. Those occupations are not among the twenty constant uses. The printer, plumber and baker have steadier jobs in the sense that for each thousand eith following and other following. sand city folks there will be at least one.

The only constant occupations for women-one worker for each thousand inhabitants in all cities - are those of servants, dressmakers, teachers, saleswomen laundresses, nurses and bousekeepers. All but one of these, it will be noted, have to do with the household or with children from which those who take the Kaiser's view of woman's proper place in the universe may

derive much comfort. Even our vocational schools mostly train youngsters for the jobs they want rather than for the jobs they can get. No doubt that is the right method; but an analysis of the actual supply of jobs is helpful.



SUSANNA AND HER ELDERS

"Pet, you'd better go to mademoiselle.

Ask her, with my love, to fix you up some French history to translate."

put up some French history to translate,"
Laty Beaumaris suggested.
"I should prefer a Gullic verb," Lord
featuraris amended. "I marry in accordare with my parents' wishes. Thou marriestin accordance with thy parents' wishes.
He marries—and so on. And make a
sold schoolroom ten while you are about
it, my child," he continued, as Susanna
bestowed a parting strangle on Alaric,
ticked over a footstool, and rose to leave
the room; "for I fear we are to be deprived
of your charming society at dinner this of your charming society at dinner this evening.

Smanna's lovely red underlip pouted; her blue eyes clouded with tears. She habed a resentful look at her sire and went

"She is not manageable by any ordinary methods," said Lord Beaumaria, running his forefinger round the inside of his collar and shaking his head. "In such a case sontimacy must be combated with craft, and defiance met with diplomacy. Alaric, regretable as is the course you have counseled us to pursue. I feel inclined to adopt it... I shall write tonight to make an appointment at the Carlton on Wednesday with the Duke of Halcyon, and I shall be obliged if you will—at your early convenience—favor me with the address of the young man Wopse,"

THE garden chalet was damp. It had been raining and the glittering appearance of the walls betrayed the fact. "As though a bally lot of snails had been dancing a collion on 'em!" said the Duke of Hallyon. He yawned dismally as he opened he casement and leaned out, looking in his gardily hued silken night suit like a tulip

ranging from the window sill.

Then the keeper's wife came splashing up the muddy path carrying a tray covered with a mackintosh; and the knowledge but his breakfast would presently be set before him, and set before him in a luke-warm, flabby and tepid condition, caused in the present to present the meaning when listryon to groun; but presently, when luthed, shaved, and attired in a rest knickerhocker suit of tawny orange velveton, with green silk stockings and tan

does, salmon-colored silk shirt, rainbow neitle and panama, he issued, eigarette in mouth, from the chalet and strolled in the decetion of the newly restored west wing, its grace's equanimity seemed restored. He even hummed a tune, which might have been The Honeysuckle and the Bee, or find save the King! as he mounted the stort, wide, double flight of marble steps that led from the terrace, and, pushing open the glazed awing doors, entered the open the glazed swing doors, entered the follows, the entire space of which was find by a bewildering maze of ropes and safelding, as though a giant spider had pun a cobweb in hemp and pine.

A smell of turpentine and size was in the ir, and a paint table occupied a platform more distributed which were already filled in with the size of which were already filled in with

side of which were already filled in with outlines transferred from cartoons designed by the artist engaged to ornament the spartment. That gentleman, arrayed in a line canvas blouse and wearing a deer-stallor cap on the back of a well-shaped bed, was actively engaged in washing in the values of a colessal nude-figure group with a bucket of sepia and a six-lost brush. its whistled rather queerly as his bright eye ell on the intruder.

You're there, are you?" said the duke "ecessarily. "Shall I come up?" "I you can!" said Haleyon Wopse with

by you can! said Haleyor wopes with a decided smile that revealed a very complete set of very white teeth. "But, to be time, perhaps I had better come down to you." And the painter swung himself egitly down from stage to stage until he racked the ground level of his august relative. relative.

"Put what you've got to tell me as clearly as you can," said the duke. "I never was a up at Eton, and the classic names of these lotanies you're thingumbobbing on the what's its name rather queer me.

"The design outlined on the plaster in the central space on the left-hand side of the stright dome," said Wopse, A. R. A., "is the Judgment of Paris. The three figures of the rival goddesses are completely outbed; but, as you see. Paris is only roughly becked in."

"I don't see a city," said the duke, with ome annoyance. "I see only a bit of a man. And as for being block tin-

"Paris was a man-or, rather, a youth," said Halcyon Wopse, quoting:

Fair and disdainfully lidded, the Shepherd of Ida, Holding the golden apple, desired of -

"Holding the golden apple, desired of

"Hold on! When people get to spouting it knocks me galley-west," said the duke.

"Just tell me plainly what the beggar was to judge. Goddesses! I savvy! And which of em took the biscuit—I mean the apple? Venus! Right you are! That's as much as I can hold at one time, thanky!"

"Sorry if I've overestimated the extent of the accommodation," said Halcyon Wopse, smiling and lighting a cigar.

"One of the Pallagas. Now, hang it," said the duke, "that is infernally stupid of my man."

my man."
"Of my man, you mean," corrected the

"I begin to think," said the duke, "that I have, in falling in with the abourd plot cooked up by that old footler, Beaumaris, and swopping characters with a beg—with an artist fellow like you in order to take the fancy of a long-haired, long-legged coit of a

"I presume you allude to Lady Lymston?" put in the painter coldly.
"Of course! I say, in tumblin' to the idea and embarkin' in the game I've made an ass of myself," said the duke. "As for you, you're in clover."
"Bay nettles!" sighed the painter.
"Papers' under my name."

"Passin' under my name ----"
"Pardon!" said the painter. "The name is my own. And let us say simply that in changing identities with your grace, in order to enable your grace to cust a glamour of artistic romanes over a very ordinary

"Eh!" interjected the duke.
"——situation," eastinued the painter—
"In doing this I have laid up for myself a considerable store of regret."
"Regret! Why—hang you!—you're chalkin up scores the whole hally time!" shrinked the doke stamping his tan shoes on the canvas-protected parquet. "Heaumaris' guests—only a few purposely selected fogles and duffers who don't count, it's true gles and duffers who don't count, it's true-believe you to be me. They flatter you and defer to you. You take the dowager in to dinner and I'm left to toddle after with Suanna's French governess. I'm out of everything and obliged to talk art—bally art!—from mersin until night! While you-you've ridden to cub hunts on my mounts, driven my motor cars and bust my

And very good ones they are," said the

You ride infernally well, and show off before the field at Henworthy Three Gates, where the hardest riders in the county hang buck. You ain't afraid of a trappy take-off—you weren't built for a broken neck!" screeched the incensed poer. "You play golf, too, and win the Coronation Challenge Cup for the Lymston Club, takin' seven holes out of the eighteen, and holin' the round in the score of sixty-eight."

"It was my duty to maintain the honor of your grace's name, once I had consented to assume it," said the painter with a bow. "And you're a dead shot, confound you! knockin" the birds over right and left, and

knockin' the birds over right and left, and getting a par, in every sportin' newspaper for a record hag of feur hundred! You're a pole player too—hit a hall up and down the field and through the goals at each end, and look as though you didn't care whether the ladies applieded you er not, da—hang you. And you must own to bein' a hit of a cricketer and consent to play in the County Cricket Match on Thursday; and I wouldn't like to bet against your chances of

wouldn't nise to net against your chances of makin' a big score—an all-round admirable what's-itz-name of a fellow like you!" "Perhaps you'd better not," the painter remarked calmly, knocking off the ash of his cigar. "But I should be glad to know the reason for this display of temper on your grace's part, all the same," he added. "If I rode like a tailor and shot like a duffer, hit your ponies' legs instead of the ball, and played cricket like a German governess at a girls' boarding school, I could under-

"Don't you understand, when I get back into my own skin again I'll have to live up to the reputation you've made me?" yelled Halcyon. "I could pass muster before

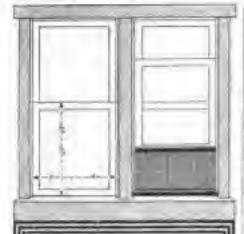












Weather Proof Roller SCREEN

A server at last that is a real supervisions a server that supervisions of the server that is more

the cost I was per a fixed to the many many to the many of the fixed property of the fixed many to the many of the fixed many of the many of the fixed costs of the many of th

Sand for Samuels Serven at unce.

Point his second the second of the four-tion dates become and you'd be not been second than I have be second becomes make and in

A-A - Front worth terrors thege.

E. T. - Fall length of plant.

Care they may be expected on any true have been been found from the second on the property of t

A gring heavy of the heat composition of a particular of the second of t Street productional fire country.

The Rust Proof Builty Screen Company

Clade, Ohio





admain where ATTING THE STATE OF THE the guitain

tired housery shot but

tryle and sharmen to well compositive and someon get rt cample for asking for

BUSTER BROWNS Guaranteed Hosieru

In Mic. Wiere & Chickey

from the and delightfully configure on he date of early and perfect the ending our first develope mile. Stem from the date of the end of t

"And what of my reputation? I think I

"Susanna!" echaed the chair-

"She is Susanna to your grace. Did I not hear you selling her that Characters was an Italian painter of the Conquecento—who, you raid, was a pope who patronised art! You went on to say that Chiarescare lived on hard agree and designed carnival care, and that Benvenuto Cellini was the Gold Cup at the American Proc. Montion to 1917. at the Asset Ruce Meeting in '21."

"Look here; we won't induige in mutual recviminations. It's bessity had form!" said the dules. "And, though you can ride and all that, I never said I thought you could maint for puna; he fact, between ourselves, I don't half lise haven' these speeks on the celler' set down to me. He twisted Ho twisted this little sandy mustache and facel his eye-giass in his eye, and started. "Here's Lady Lymaton much over the laws, with a whole pack of dogs, or ask me have I've got on

"Take my blough?" The pointer de-nuted himself of the turpentiny garnent, appearing in a well-cut tweed absoling sail.

"Get into that rag" Not use thanks! Hand ever your brush and give rue a leg-up on that scuffeldin', like a good shap. I'd better be discovered at work, I suppose." and His Grace of Haleyon as he slowly mounted to the platform under the dome.

He had just reached it when Susanna's fresh years your was heard outside ralling to her does, and a moment later she ap-peared. Her fair choice were fluited, her bins even more bright with covering. She were a rough gray exact which Itough less attenuated than of yore, still showed a din, around foot and suggested a charming unble; a white all thouse contains by a Marweglan belt; and a loose been cap of black valves crowned her yellow head, its mission rightes being now dispersed it, a great cost through which a silver arrow was carebondy thrust. She started and reddered from her tempine to the salge of lare at her round threat when the twood-clad figure of the pointer cought her eye, and gave him her hand with an indifference that was too

constitutions.
"I dole't know you were introded in act," the said.
"Oh, yea." respective the pointer; "at least, if this can be called are," he added

modestly. "He is up there and will hear you."
"He?" school the painter, reveiling in the

laboris.

"Did I have my name?" called the duke satily from above. "Hallo, Ludy Lymremarky from above. "Hallo, Lady Lympton that you? Come to record progress? As you see, we're going strong." His six-feer breath mentioned a Hora's draparies; a gallipot of aim, upont, trickled the cuntests through the planking; his velvetoer rest-tally played Paris in paris as he turned his back to the currous and, mating his hands on his kneen, material a stroping utilitude and peered warming down over the edge of the enflotding at Susanne. "Tuke care - year" should be painter,

largetting his arestornal colle-"My feet is so my pative thing omboban't it lasty Lymaton!" said the owner of
the small, recting ried, criming countemore shape. "How do you like the waxsocial" This is the " in flourabled the
su-fast train personals. "This is the
fudgment of Bernal"
"Parist" powerpast the false duke

housedly.

"He is trying to joke," and Sosanna in an uncertage, "Day't discourage film."

on oncertage. "Don't discourage him."
"I should think that would be difficult," remarked Wagne granty

"Pape free to be creating and Uncle Alacie a ridence is simply appelling," said Sizuanea in a confidential conference. "And grandmather walks may him so though be were a bootle no: she would run away from a thing like that I should my an extwig as a smally so use heat housed to be a

"If only out of opposition" said the pulnter, with a keen how, of orbit genre, at

wideh Summa blanket again. He is idiotic when he tries he be funny uit ort and mixes up record dates—
I follow you liber Titles more in opera and attlem b a popular composer, but be can and flush Alaric thints to will be

and the Academy one tion Too a re obe all by both son effective." Too shink so! Wait till I've colored owns big " and the duly, eathing

The professor. "Then you li-

because mobody looked for anything; but He lowered his brush and advanced it, dripping with cobalt, toward the group of

"Don't touch them!" shouted Wopse in

Why not?" asked Susanna. "I don't know. Excuse me, Lady Lymston; I believe the smell of this size isn't wholesome," Wopse stammered. "I'll get out into the sir." He buited.
"Good heavens!" he mouned as he

strods unseeing down a broad path of the damling west-front pasture. "I can't stand this! I'll tell that idiot, Osmond-Orme,

that the deception must come to an end."
"Why do you walk so fast?" said the voice of Susanta behind him. "I have had to race to catch you."
"I am sorry," said Wopse, stopping and turning his troubled eyes on the fair face of

his young relative.
"Let us walk on" - Susanna rast an apprehensive glance behind her-"or some-

Somebody will see us walking together!"

suid Wopse acutely,
"It is so much nicer," Susanna said demurely," when one can keep pleasant things to oneself. And we have had a good many walks and talks since you came down here, haven't we? And cliff scrambles—and bi-cycle rides—and rows on the river. And

the fun of it is that, though we are such pula really, father and grandmother and Uncle
Alaric believe that I positively detest you."
Her young laugh rang out gayly; she
thrust a sprig of lavender, perlumed and
spicy, under the painter's nose. He captured the tantalizing hand.
"Do you not?"
"Detest you? You know I don't."

"Detest you? You know I don't."
"Detest you? You know I don't."
"May I have it?" It was the sprig of lavender; but the painter looked at and squeezed the hand.
"If you promise to make a big score on Thursday."

Thursday. Susunna, it must be admitted, was

learning coquetry.
"I will if you are looking at me!"
"Done!"

"Done! Come into the besch avenue,"
the painter pleaded, "just for a few moresults, before that little beast follows us.
You know he will!"
"He can't!" Susanna's golden eyelnahes
drooped on her crimson cheeks. "He can't
pet down! I — I took away the ladder before
I came away!" she owned.
Both hands were imprisoned; her blue
come lifted and less thermalyes in the broson.

ryes lifted and lost themselves in the brown once that tooked down at her.

"Was that because you wanted—to be alone with me? Wasit?" demanded Wopes.

"Ob. Moontshaart!"

"I'll let you go when you have owned up - not before. Wopne said sternly.

Susanna's reply came in a whisper:
"You - know - it - was!"

The whisper was so Isint that Wopse had to bend quite low to catch it. Of course be need not have kissed Susannu; but he did, as Alaric Osmond-Orme and Lord Beaumaris appeared, walking confidentially

together arm in arm.
"I think my little stratagem succeeda!"
Lord Benumaris had just said, in reference
to the preference exhibited by his daughter for the society of the pretended painter; and Alaric had responded: "Yes, as you say, my plan has proved quite a brilliant sociess." when Land Besumaris clutched his cousin's arm.

"Merciful powers! Susanna and that -that young impostor!"

Alaric's eyeglass fell with a click, and the diabolical left eye twirled and twisted fiendishly in its socket as its retina embraced the picture indicated.

"Feign not to have observed. Weil, Susanna! How are you, Haleyon? We are strolling toward the ballroom for a

We are strong work."
Lord Beaumaris "We are stro Lord Headman's checked and purpled. Alarie dragged him on. "Do you think "—Susanna's cheeks were white roses now—"do you think they—""Saw me kies you? Not a doubt of it!"
"Oh!" Susanna confronted him with

blazing eyes. "You-you did it on pur-pose! It was a plot —" She elenefied her strong young hands, testling with the desire



to buffer the handsome bronzed face be-fore her. "I'll never—never speak to you again!" she cried.
"You will not be allowed to," grouned the poor painter. "Our walks and rides

"You will not be allowed to," groaned the poor painter. "Our walks and rides and all the rest are over. . . . Yes, there has been a plot, but not of the kind you suspect. I am a traitor, but not the kind of traitor you think me. Lady Lymston, I am not the Duke of Halcyon. I am a poor devil—I beg your pardon!—I am a painter; my name is Wopse, and I have diagraced my profession by the part I have played." He sat down miserably an a rustic bench.

a rustic bench. "Oh! It has been a put-up thing between you all!" Susanna gasped. "Oh!" Sie towered over Wopse like an incensed young

"If I could only paint you like that! Yes, I deserve that you should hate me. Never mind who planned the thing; I should have known better than to soil my hands with a deception," said Wopse. "As for the

"The duke! Do I understand that that earwig in velveteen is my Cousin Halcyon?"

Susanna's voice was very cold. "Yes. I am a kind of cousin too," said

Wopes. "But not that kind. Those those da-

signs—the work on the ceiling! They are really yours?" Susanna asked.

"Mine of course! Do you think that fellow could have done them?" cried Wope, firing up. "I've risen at four every morning to work at them, and —."

"And you ride when didnessed."

"And you ride splendidly, and you're a crack shot and pole player, and you're going to win for the county eleven on Thursday!"

to win for the county eleven on Thursday!"
came breathlessly from Susanna.
"Ah, you won't care to look at me new!"
said the depressed Wopse.
"Won't 1?" Susanna's eyes were dancing;
her cheeks were glowing; she pirouetted on
the moss-grown ground of the avenue and
drepped a little curtsy to the painter.
"When doing it will drive father and grandmother and Alaric and the earwig wild with
rage! ... When —when I like doing
it too! When —" She stooped, and her
lips were very near Wopse's cheek. "When
I love doing it!"
"Oh, Susanna!" cried the painter.

"My dear Haleyon!" said Lord Beaumaris, peering short-sightedly upward through a maze of scaffolding. "I think you may as well come down."

you may as well come down."
"In other words, the garne is up!" said Alaric Osmond-Orne mildly. "Come down, my dear fellow, and resume your own rôle of hereditary legislator. Allow me to replace the ladder." He did so.

"So that fellow's done me! I guessed as much when that little—when Susanna took away the ladder," said the duke, preparing to descend. "And then when I saw him liss her—there's a remarkably good view of the gardens through the end window—1—" the gardens through the end window -1-he pointed to some remarkable effects of color splashed on the ground so carefully prepared by the painter-"I took it out o the beggar in the only way I could, don't you know!"

"Take it out of him still more," suggested Alarie, his tinted eyeglass concealing a flexi-ish twinkle, "by playing in the County Cricket Match. He's entered in your name. you know.

"You're very obligin'," said the duke "but I don't think I'm takin' any." He gracefully slithered to the floor as Susanna and Halcyon Wopse entered the ballroom, radiant and hand in hand.

"Papa," said Susanna, taking the bull by the horns, "Mr. Wopse and I are engaged. We mean to be married as soon as possible after the County Cricket Match. Stakesed the perturbed countenance of Lord Besset the perturbed countenance of Lord Beaumaris, nodded to the duke, and walked over to Alaric. "Your plan has succeeded beautifully!" she said. "Aren't you pleased! And won't you congratulate us?" "I am desighted!" said the imperturbable

Alaric. Hedropped his eyeglass, and before the preternatural intelligence of his left eye even Susanna quailed. "And I congratu-late you both most heartily."

He smiled and pressed the hands of 5usanna and her lover; then, moving away, he stepped into the garden. There, unseen, he rubbed his hands, twinkling with mourning

"I loved that boy's mother very dearly, boy as I was then!" said Alaric. "As for Susanna, if she knew that I knew she was listening at the library door—" He replaced his eyeglass, and his expres-

sion became, as usual, a blank,

MEXICO: The Record of a Conversation With President Wilson

and what it might bring forth, but has no internation beyond the general knowledge that Huerta had accepted the friendly offices of the self-proposed mediators. I sixed him whether, in the event of successful mediation, his plans for the betterment of Mexico would be carried out.

"I hope so " he realized." For it is not

"I hope so," he replied; "for it is not my intention, having begun this enterprise, to turn back—unless I am forced to do so— mill I have assurances that the great and intil I have assurances that the great and crying wrongs the people have endured are in process of satisfactory adjustment. Of course it would not do for us to insist on an exact procedure for the partition of the and, for example, for that would set us up in the position of dictators, which we are sot and never shall be; but it is not our intention to cease in our friendly offices until we are assured that all these matters are on their way to successful settlement. It is a great and a complicated question, but I have every hope that a suitable solution will be found, and that the day will come when befound, and that the day will come when the Mexican people will be put in full posses-sion of the land, the liberty and the peace-tal prosperity that are rightfully theirs."

President Wilson banged the desk again.
His smile vanished and his face became

stern and set.

/"And eventually," he said slowly, "I low seeking and who will then be seeking to exploit Mexico for their own selfish ends. I shall do what I can to keep Mexico from their plundering. There shall be no individual exploitation of Mexico if I can stop it."

He walked over to the big blue globe. He walked over to the hig blue globe.
"It is a wonderful country," he said as he put his finger on Mexico, "a wonderful country! There is every advantage there for the peaceful and prosperous pursuit of happiness. Have you ever noticed that if you draw a line straight south from New York it will touch the western coast of South America instead of the eastern, and that it runs along by Chile and Peru, and the other countries on the western side of the Southern Continent?

the Southern Continent?
"Thus, with the Panama Canal running practically north and south, this brings these countries, which have been so remain. into close touch with us, and the commerce of this Western Hemisphere will brood over

Central America.

"What we desire to do and what we shall do is to show our neighbors to the south of us that their interests are identical with our interests; that we have no plans or any thoughts of our own exaltation, but have in

view only the peace and the prosperity of the people in our hemisphere.

The little clock on the bookense struck nine. The President rose. He walked down the ctairs with me and took his het to go across to his office, where there was to be a conference on the vaxing situation in Colorado. As we parted at the end of the corridor he held out his hand and said;

"It will be a great thing not only to have helped humanity by restoring order but to have gone further than that by laying the secure foundations for that liberty without which there can be no happiness."



AROUND THE WORLD

THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL

Two Grand Crainer by Sister Ships

"CINCINNATI"

"CLEVELAND" January 16th, 1915 and January 31st, 1915

January 16th, 1915 January 31st, 1915
June Nie Vest to the potential may of the world a trajector a visit to the form

135 DAYS \$900 UP Introduce of the control of the control

HAMBURG - AMERICAN LINE

41-45 Broadway, New York

1915

The same of the property of the same of the property of

Sand

11.4.1 TreedBecord Dept.

Sense and Nonsense

The Tactful Cop

CHARLES COMISKEY, who runs the White Sox ball club in Chicago, is suitely acquainted in that big town and in in day has been lavish with pusses to his will park.

Last year he gave a season pass to a young man he had helped to an appointment on the Chicago police force. Soon after this Contakey was pushing his automobile a hit beyond the speed limit up Michigan Bou-levard and was stopped by a policeman. The policeman opened the door of the car and saw Comiskey sitting inside.
"Hello, Bill!" said Comiskey. "How are you getting along since I got you your no on the force?"

The policeman coughed and stuttered.

Finally he said:
"Look here, Charlie; you'll have to go
sower with this car of yours or I'll have
to give back my pass."

Nothing on the President

APROPOS of the human side of President A Wilson, the President was out for a ride in his automobile one afternoon. The machine passed a small boy standing

"Did you notice what that boy did when we passed?" the President saked. "No. Mr. President; I did not."

No. Mr. President; I aid not.

"He made a face at me."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the shocked companion. "I didn't observe him."

"He did," said the President; "but did you notice what I did?"

"No. sir."

"Well," answered the President happily,
"I made a face right back at him!"

Two-Minute Lights

TWO-MINUTE lights for stairways and I spartment-house entrances are just oming into use in the United States, though they have been in common use abroad. When one reaches home late at light and finds the halls and stairways dark, a pressure on a push button at the door lights up the various lamps; and two minutes later the lights go out, thus giving snough light for the latecomer's convenence, but thriftily obviating the necessity for constantly burning lights.

An added attachment is a switch that will keep all the hallway lamps burning until a fixed hour, such as eleven-thirty,

and at that time turn them all out, but connect them with the two-minute control for the remainder of the night.

Caves of the Winds

CAVERNS filled with stored air are a Comparatively recent trick in mining. Abandoned drifts or tunnels through rock are scaled up and air is pumped in until they contain it at the pressure recessary for run-ning air drills and other mining mechinery. The exverns thus have stored-up power for emergency use or to help keep up an even pressure in the regular supply.

At the great Anaconda Mines this same iden has been ingeniously used to give a

perfectly regular personne. An under-ground rock receiver for the air was blasted out at the foot of a bill and compressed air is pumped into this receiver. Far up on the hill in a reservoir of water, with a pipe running down below the air receiver and coming up into it through the bottom.

The water from the reservoir would nat-urally flow down into the air receiver, but the air pressure there keeps it out. When the stock of stored-up compressed air is reduced water comes up into the air receiver, and when an excessive amount of air is pumped in, the water in the hill reservoir rises; but the air pressure in the rock cavern always remains steady.

No Place for Ladies

A FAMOUS foreign newspaper corre-spondent, a German, was stopping at a seaside hotel where the dining-room helpers, following the New England custom, were nearly all college girls, working during vaca-tion in order to keep themselves at school

the rest of the year.

The spectacied young person who presided over the table where the German excellent breeding, but alse never seemed able to remember whether the eggs were to be fried on one side or acrambled on both.

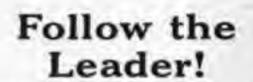
Finally, one evening after he had been served with a meal entirely different from the one he had ordered, the foreigner lost his temper and spoke rather sharply to the

young woman.
"Easy there!" admonished his table
mate, an American writer. "She's a lady,

you know, old man."
"But I do not vant a lady," said the German plaintively. "I vant a vaiter!"







All thirsty for Armour's Grape Juice—the pure juice of freshly-picked, ripe, luscious Concord grapes, pressed and

bottled where the Concord grapes grow to perfection.

Armour's is just as Nature gives it to us absolutely pure, unfermented, unsweetened, undiluted.

In quarts, pints and splits

RAPE JUICE

If your dealer cannot supply you we will send you for \$3.00 a trial dozen pints, or a dozen quarts for \$5.50.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY, CHICAGO

Bottled Where the Best Grapes Grow

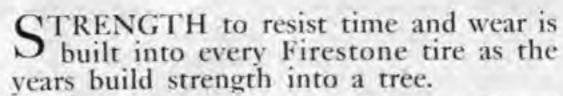


Armour's Grope Joice Factory at Matteress, Michigan

Assessor's Grape Justes Factory at Westfield, New York

Dearwa by " Penny" Ray

Digitized by Google



Like rings in the heart of the oak, the layers of Firestone rubber-filled fabric are compactly merged into one strong, rugged unit.

It requires no technical knowledge to see the value of this time-proved, natural method—the layer-built, double-cured process, which admits of minute and multiplied inspection.

The peculiar quality of Firestone Rubber is its strength and resiliency. There is no more stubborn hold than the gripping endurance of the Firestone Non-Skid trend. Its added volume indicates, too, the powerful body behind it. It requires Firestone inbuilt strength to support the massive bulk of the Firestone Non-Skid trend.

Let these sturdy, long-life Firestones teach you how far tire service has advanced. Use them on Firestone Rims, with Firestone Red Inner Tubes, to enjoy a new and higher degree of motoring comfort, confidence and convenience, with the economy of - Most Miles per Dollar.

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio - All Large Cities



The Most Important Announcement I Ever Made:

There has always been s material difference between Tousted Corn Flakes as we make them and as you buy them.

It has constantly been my ambitton to deliver the flakes to you so fresh and crisp as they are when they come from our ovens.

By the use of new machinery, we are able to offer you, at no increase in price KELLOGG'S TOASTED CORN FLAKES so perfectly sealed that, wherever and whenever you buy them, they will be as fresh, tender and orisp as the mament they left the ovens. We call this "Waxtite," the seal of quality.

This is the most important announcement I ever made.

V. K. Kellogg



Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company Independence Square Philadelphia

London 6, Henrietta Street Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914, by The Curtis Publishing Company in

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department

Volume 186

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 30, 1914

Number 48

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE THE FAKERS

ENATOR William H. Paxton, universally known as the Old Fox of the Senate, had been to the White House that morning. ad wheedled the president into promsing an important appointment to a man from the Paxton organization. and was well pleased with himself as ie walked down Pennsylvania Avenue oward the Capitol. His hat was orked a bit to one side, he swung his are jountily, and he blew little clouds smoke into the sunshine from the igar that tilted upward from one orner of his mouth. He smiled geniily at the passers-by, and added a low to his smile whenever any person se met displayed the slightest sign of recgnition, which was frequently, for uston was serving his twentieth year a Congress and was a familiar figure in the streets of Washington.

The senator was not only pleased with himself, but pleased with the olitics he had played, with the presibut who had belped him play it, with is party, his prospects and his power. irroral of his colleagues had candifates for the place Paxton had secured or his own man, and the fight had sen lively and at times acrimonious. ty a judicious scheme of elimination ad some cleverly disposed charges gainst the others he had brought his we candidate into a front position. nd, choosing this particular morning s the psychological time, had decended on the president, persuaded in that the matter should be settled, hat the only safe way to settle it was a appoint the Paxton applicant, and ad won. He contemplated with seresatisfaction the meetings he would ave with the senators who had lost, ad framed the speeches of joking

undolence he would make to them. As he passed the corner of Sixth Street he heard the clutter and clang of an ambulance chind him. He turned. The wagons and carriages on the broad avenue slowed down, ad is common with all those on the aidewalk the senator stepped out to the edge of the sphalt to watch the ambulance go by and to wonder what unfortunate was in it or miting for it and the young doctor who sat behind. Apparently the case was an urgent ow, for the driver was leaning forward and the clamor of the warning gong was incessant. he ambulance was halfway down the block between Seventh and Sixth streets when he senator reached the curb and joined the people who fringed it, staring at the optusching conveyance with that mixture of curiosity and terror the progress of an mbulance always excites.

Paxton, a masterful man, had taken a sort of a supervisory mental control of the ituation. He saw a little boy, whose mother had forgotten him in her interest in the rogress of the ambulance, start across the street, dedging between two wagons. The man irving the ambulance did not see the child, for he made no attempt to stop his horses or o turn them.

"Look out, kid!" shouted a man on the curb. "Look out or you'll be run over!" The mother screamed. The hoy ran ahead, laughing at his escape from restraint.

The ambulance came swiftly, the gong beating a strident tattoo.

The mother screamed again. Then Paxton, pushing ahead of half a dozen men who tarted forward, stepped quickly out on the pavement, scooped up the boy and, holding im in his arms, carried him back to the curb and gave him to his mother. He received or profuse and tearful thanks graciously, bowed, expressed his polite pleasure over what * called a slight service and resumed his walk to the Capitol.

"That's Senator Paxton," said one man in the crowd. "The Old Fox."
Everybody was interested. "Senator Paxton," the onlookers said one to another; "did Fox Paxton." And as Paxton passed out of view the bystanders spoke of him in ntimate terms, as if they all knew him well, after the manner of Washington people,

It was halfpast ten o'clock when Paxton reached his committee room. T. Marmaduke lie's, his assistant secretary, was in the outer office opening letters and sorting the ommunications into piles.



"Morning, Tommie," greeted the senator. "Much grief in the mail this murning?"

"About the usual amount," Hicks answered, "with one particularly pitiful wall from Primston because you don't land that job for him."

"Fixed it today. Wire Primston to come on. Bring in the letters I need to see in about fifteen minutes. I want to look at the paper first."

Paxton walked into the private office and closed the door. Hicks slit another envelope with his opener. opened it dexterously, took out the letter that was within, glanced at it and tossed it on one of his piles. Then the telephone on his desk rang.

"Helio," he said, as he put the re-ceiver to his ear. "Yes, this is Senator Paxton's committee room. . . Who's talking, please? the Evening Dispatch. . . . What's that? . . . Somebody telephoned in the senator rescued a child from death this morning? Hadn't heard of it. . . . No, the senator isn't here yet—expect him any min-ute. . . . Sure, tell him to come down, we'll be glad to see him."

Bicks bung up the receiver and whistled. "What do you know about that?" he asked himself, and knocked on the door of the private office.

"What is it?" asked Paxton as Hicks entered.

"The Evening Dispatch just called up and said they hear you rescued a child from death on the Avenue this morning."

Paxton laughed.

"Bosh!" he said. "Where did they get that yarn?"

"But didn't you?" asked Hicks, his disappointment showing in his voice.

"No. I didn't rescue a child from death, or anything like it. I'm no hero dashing into the street at the peril of my own life to snatch a babbling, prattling, golden-haired infant from beneath the pounding boofs of wildly galloping horses. What I did do was to proceed in a decorous and elderly manner across the asphalt at Sixth Street, pick up a little boy who had strayed out there in the way of an ambulance and restore him to his mother. It was no beroic or thrilling rescue. It was simply a precautionary measure, for the ambulance would have stopped anyhow, and that's all there is to it."

"But a Dispatch reporter is coming to see about it. What'll I say?"

"Tell him just what I have told you, and ask him to forget it," and the senator resumed the reading of his paper.

Hicks returned to his desk much grieved. He sensed a story. Hicks liked stories. He realized the advantages of publicity. He had planned to depict the rescue to the reporter with many exciting details and great declamatory effect. He felt the senator was overlooking an opportunity.

The reporter same. Hicks knew him well - Garson, the man who covered the Senate

end of the Capitol for the Dispatch. "Senator in?" asked Garson.

"No," Hicks replied. "He was here, but had to go to a committee meeting."
"Our people telephoned up to me they have a story that the senator rescued a kid from death down on the Avenue this morning. Heard anything of it?"
"Yes," said Hicks; "he told me about it. Good story too."
"Well, they've got the yarn and they want me to verify it. Can't get a statement

from the old man, can I?"

'He isn't here," repeated Hicks; "but it's true. What have you got on it?" "Oh," said Garson casually, "I don't know the details. All they told me was that the old man was coming along the Avenue simultaneously with an ambulance that some fool of a driver was pushing past the speed limit to pick up a souse or something that one of the intelligent first-aid corps had diagnosed as a fractured skull. A kid ran in front of the horses, and Paxton chased out and grabbed the kid just in time to save it from being run down, and restored it to its distracted mother, as our story will undoubtedly say."

As Garson talked, Hicks fashioned the incident into narrative form, aided by an active and useful imagination.

"That's right," he said, "those are about the main points. The ambulance was coming to heat the band, and the driver didn't see the kid. It was only a little bit of a boy, just able to toddle along, and there wasn't a chance. Everybody was paralyzed with fear—that is, everybody except the senator. He dashed out, plucked the goldenhaired child from beneath the pounding hoofs of the wildly galloping horses"—Hicks had seized on the senator's irony—"and jumped aside just in time to escape death or severe injury himself and to save the child from being awfully mangled on the pavement. The senator carried the child back to the curb and gave him—I guess it was a him—to the hysterical mother and resumed his walk to the Capitol, amid the enthusiastic cheers of the witnesses of the heroic deed."

"Say," commented Garson, "you talk like a man in a best-seller. Back up! What's the kid's name?"

"He didn't stop to inquire."

"But it's straight goods, is it?"

"Sure, and it's a good story. It isn't every day a senator as well known as Senator Paxton pulls a thing like that."

"All right," said Garson. "Let me use your phone, will you? They want it in a hurry for a flash in the noon edition."

Whereupon Garson called his office and verified the thrilling rescue, unconsciously repeating some of the phrases used by Hicks.

"Tell them to put some feathers on it," whispered Hicks.
"Oh," said Garson as he bung up the receiver, "they'll
do that all right. There isn't anything else in sight for
a flash."

Hicks waited impatiently for the noon edition of the Dispatch, which went on the streets at a quarter to twelve. He was highly gratified to find a large black heading across the entire top of the front page, reading: "Senator Paxton Rescues Child From Horrible Death," and a much-paragraphed story beneath reciting, in the most vivid language at the command of one of the desk men on the Dispatch, the circumstantial story of the rescue, wherein the principal figures were the famous senator, who was "heroic" in every other line, the weeping mother, who was "distracted" as frequently, and the child, who was a "prattling, sunny-haired babe" proceeding laughingly to his inevita-ble and frightful doom had not the heroic senator boes on the spot and quick to act. There was a four-column picture of the senator, hurriedly taken from the cut rack, and the smaller headlines screamed of herolem and courage and bravery and modest deprecation on the senator's part.

"If that ain't a peach I don't want a cent," commented Hicks. When the second edition came up Hicks was sorry to observe the seven-column head had been dropped, the leads taken out of the article and the picture of the senator reduced to two columns in width; but an artist had drawn a decoration to go with the picture of the senator—a beld freehand sketch of that agile statesman reaching beneath the upraised hoofs of two infuriated borses and taking therefrom a child that looked up with joyful trustfulness into his steel-blue eyes.

He was a little uneasy, however, for Paxton, though not averse to publicity, was particular as to its character, and he awaited the senator's coming with some apprehension. Soon after three o'clock Paxton stormed in with a copy of the Dispatch in his hand.

"Hicks," he shouted, "what sort of rot is this?"

"What do you mean, senator?" asked Hicks innocently.
"This—this hysterical balderdash about me being a hero."

"Oh, you mean that story in the Dispatch?"

"Yes, I mean that story in the Dispatch! I thought I told you to stop it."

"How could I stop it?" protested Hicks. "They had it. I didn't give it to them. What's the matter with it? Isn't it a good story?"

Paxton laughed. "Good story," he repeated. "I should say it is a good story. It's so good that forty senators have already advised me to apply for a hero medal and have offered to testify to my general heroism, and I won't hear the last of it for weeks."

"But," insisted Hicks, "I don't see how it will do you any harm, and it may help you a lot out home."

Paxton looked curiously at Hicks. He crumpled the paper and threw it on the floor. Then he laughed again. "Hicks," he said, "you didn't try to stop it, now dld you?"

"No, sir: it was true and I couldn't see any harm in it. It's fine publicity."

"In fact," continued Paxton, "you rather pushed it along,"
"Well," confessed Hicks, "I may have added a thrilling
detail here and there."

"Thinking, no doubt, that you are working for an actor instead of a senator, or that I do a high dive in a circus and need attention from the press?"

"Oh, no," protested Hicks, "not at all. It occurred to me that it would be a shame to waste the incident, especially as there can be no political comeback, and I let it go. I would be glad to have a story like that printed about me."



Hicks Found the Study of Cobe and Littleton and Kent a Tedinas Business

"I am sure you would; I am sure you would," said Paxton, and he sat down, lighted a cigar and looked at Hicks for a long time, watching that young man as he worked busily at his typewriter.

"Hicks," said Paxton finally, "you are too good to be wasting yourself here as an assistant secretary."

"That's what I think," assented Hicks, turning quickly from his desk and facing Paxton expectantly.

Paxton smiled. "I am glad my views on the subject coincide with yours," he said. "Well!" prompted Hicks after a moment's slience.

"Oh, nothing," Paxton replied as he rose to go into his private office. He stopped at the door. "I'll study it over," he said. "I have an experiment in mind I think I can work out with you."

11

TOMMIE HICKS changed his name and style of appellation from Tommie to T. Marmaduke in his senior year at high school in Salestown, a county seat in Senator Paxtoo's state, where Tommie was born and lived until he came to Washington. To be sure, notody in Salestown took the change seriously and all his boyhood friends continued to call him Tom and Tommie, but in Washington he used T. Marmaduke for himself and found it was accepted without question. They are familiar with such things in Washington.

He was a delight to Senator Paston, who saw in him undeveloped traits of demagogism that he was sure, with to gain a success in politics. Paxton bated demagogism but he enjoyed demagogues. He made friends with the fakers who came to Congress- and there were many of them - and took a hage pleasure in urging them to greater efforts for the relief of the common people and all the quackery that goes with the professional propaganda of that sort. It was a pastime with him, not dangerous, for at the time the Republican organization was so firmly in power in the Congress and in the nation that even the astute Paxton could see nothing ahead but years of uninterrupted rule for the conservative organization of which he was one of the leaders. Paxton had great private contempt for the people as a mass, holding that they allowed themselves to be fooled so easily that they deserved nothing more than they allowed themselves to get, and using as examples

and proofs for his arguments various political charitans who attained and held political place entirely by the charlatenism.

Hicks was a type. Even as a small boy he liked to be conspicuous and aspired to lead, and was indifferent as to the methods he used to gain his ends so long as he succeeds! He invariably proclaimed himself the leader in every boy ish enterprise, and often had force enough to hold himself at the front. He never went to a party without rescring to little expedients to make himself stand out from the other children at the gathering. At a picnic he was the boy who did the loudest shouting. He insisted on being the captain and pitcher at the ball games, and always but it excuse ready for his failure to pitch winning ball. [another boy swam farther than he did, Tommie, observing his defeat, immediately organized a cramp within hims! and gasped with pain when he reached the shore. | another boy ran faster than he did, Tommie said his for hurt. When he told his tales, with his companions to present, Tommis always caught the most fish, gatherei the greatest number of hickory nuts, knew where most birds nests were, and he never by any possibility acknowledged he was not entirely familiar with any topic of current boyish discussion.

A great egotist, he was not particularly offensive, even with all his proclaimed smartness, for he was good saturd and affable. Moreover, he was smart. His mind we brighter than the minds of most of the other boys, and though he never did get the highest marks in his classes is always made the showlest recitals and never failed to take advantage of a situation that would lead to his own elevation in the classrooms of the school. He skimmed through everything he could skim through, claiming all there we in sight, but, if put to it, he often could and would make good his boasts. And he had a talent for publicity. Thomas Wentworth Hicks, his father, a judge of a load court, often looked at Tommie speculatively and wondered where he would come out. The father hesitated to goes. Tommie's sisters were awed by his showiness, as were most of the other girls of his age, and Tommie's mother shock her head over him and complained: "He's too smart."

Tommie continually thrust himself before his elder in the hope that he would get a few commendatory work. He listened to the conversations between his parents and the people who came to his father's house, storing in his retentive memory what they said, in order that he might show off later by repeating the wisdom of the comment to his bey companions and claim it for his own. He cultivated the big men of the village as much as he could, and hum about law offices and his father's court, trying to impreshimself on the men who were there, and was supremely happy when some lawyer or merchant patted him on the shoulder and told him he was a "bright kid."

Tommie edged his way through high school along the lines of least resistance. He studied Latin and Greek because his father wanted him to, but he hated both layguages. He was one of the first in his class to find out about the use of translations, and when they reached Clove and The Anabazis, after he had somehow mastered the intricacies of the readers and prose composition and conjugations and declensions, and had a dim realization of veris and their roots, he procured interlinear translations and often read from these books instead of from the text when called upon to translate in the class. His nerve carried him through. He found a book that contained the English equivalents for his composition work in these language and used that instead of studying; also, at examinate times, he resorted to these translations and boldly copie! the answers to his questions, regardless of the fact that the students were supposed to be on honor. He was prominent in the literary societies, having taken great pains to be elected to the oldest and strongest one, and he developed himself into a rather fastidious dresser, wearing better clothes than his companions, and being the first boy of these of his particular set who donned a cutaway cost.

He was rather fond of feminine society, largely because he could make more of a personal impression on the your ladles than be could on the boys, who probed into his superficiality farther than the girls did; and he never lost in opportunity to associate with men older than he was, but did he fail to try to impress himself on them as their invilectual equal. There was a lecture course at the high or seven platform orators came each year and six talk to the students. T. Marmaduke invariably sought and these lecturing stars and introduced himself to them. In his senior year be contrived to have himself elected manager of the course for that year, and he took great pains meet the orators and always referred to them as his friends No man of prominence came to the village who was no besieged by young Mr. Hicks, usually with a request is his autograph, and led into a conversation that would enable T. Marmaduke to say later, in some company where he could make an impression: "I was talking to m friend, Mr. White. He's a member of Congress, you know, and he said to me -

He showed an ability for florid orstory and, though a did not shine particularly in the debates of the literarsociety, he was much superior to most of his classmater in declamation. He could string words together so they sounded well, and his perorations always were flowery and usually cribbed from his father's set of Notable Speeches and Debates. His graduation oration was highly commended. It discussed The Trend of the Times elequently and learnedly, and Tommie stole most of it from a bound copy of the Congressional Record he found in the office of a young man friend of his who was studying low.

He wanted to go to college and had selected Harvard as the institution of learning on which he would confer his talents; but his father died soon after the younger Hicks graduated from high school, and college was out of the question. Some years before he had decided to become a lawyer. He felt he had a talent for the law. Also he was interested in politics, and he knew that most of the politics of the country—the showy part of it, at least—is in the hands of the lawyers. So he entered the office of Judge William Percival Smith, the lawyer of Salestown, to study law, and after the proper period of apprenticeship to take he examinations and be admitted to the bar.

T. Marmaduke Hicks, aged nineteen at the time he began the study of law, was a tall, good-leaking youth who had taken earnest and frequent stock of his personal attributes. He were his hair long, brushed it back straight from his forehead and affected gay ties and clothes of extreme cut. When trousers were baggy T. Marmaduke's were baggier than any of the baggy ones worn by his associates; and when trousers were tight T. Marmaduke's were the tightest in the village. He went to the city as often as he could, and was the first to appear in a straw hat with a brilliant ribbon on it. He denied himself some necessities to buy a pair of patent-leather shoes with pearl-colored

tops, and he was the first young man in those parts to wear spats.

Hicks found the study of Coke and Littleton and Kent a tedious business. He much preferred the appearances he could make in the minor courts, and never failed to be at the courthouse when the various terms of court were is progress. He took his prerogative of sitting in the indosure devoted to members of the bar with a grand air, and became acquainted with all the lawyers of the county and with those from other sections who came to try their rases there. He had a smatlering of legal phranes which be used on every occasion. He spent little time at his desk. His father left some money, and T. Marmaduke lived at home with his mother, who thought him the most spoderful person in the world and supplied his financial needs as well as she could, londly looking forward to the lay when he should take his ather's place at the local bar.

The presidential campaign f 1896 gave Hicks a further xeuse for neglecting his law tudies and an opportunity or mingling in politics. He oully supported the gold tandard, was vociferously for McKinley as against Bryan, eganized the young men of is village into a first-voters' hib although he was not yet first voter himself, and wrote nany letters to state and utional headquarters telling the good work he was doing for the cause." He proudly xhibited the replies he reeived, and by dint of peristent effort and many letters nanaged to secure a brief ommunication from Mark danna himself, thanking him or the interest he was showng in the loyal endeavor to edeem the country from the Jemocracy, and, as Mr. lanna's note had it, "saving is from the ruin and disaster hat will inevitably arise if we dopt the heresy of free silver is preached by the enemies of he republic."

When there was a big speaker in the neighboring city he borrowed enough money from his mather to enable him to go to hear him, and he never came away without shaking hands with the orator and saying a few kind words for himself. He would loaf for hours about a hotel corridor awaiting a chance to edge up to a spellhinder and grasp him by the hand.

by the hand.

"Aw, come on, Tom," a companion said one day;

"what's the use of sticking round here just to shake hands
with that hot-air artist? He don't care anything about
you."

"I know that," Hicks replied, "but I care something about him." And he waited.

The speaker, who was Senator Paxton, came down into the lobby. Hicks rushed over and extended his hand.

"I am Mr. Hicks, senator," he said — "Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Salestown: and I want to shake you by the hand and tell you how much inspiration I get from your magnificent speeches."

The tired compaigner looked at this ardent young man curiously.

"Well, son," he said, "I'm glad you like 'em. What did you say your name is?"

"T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Salestown."

"Glad you like 'em," repeated the senator. "Come and see me if you ever happen to be in Washington." And he moved away.

"There," exulted Hicks to his companion, "you see what that means. He asked me to come and see him in Washington. Like as not he'll get McKinley to give me a big place after election."

"Huh." scoffed the other, "I can see him giving you a place! What a nerve you'd have to ask him for one."

Hicks looked at his friend compassionately. "Charley," he said, "maybe be won't give me a place, but you can bet your life it won't be because he won't have an opportunity."

"Do you mean you're going to ask Billy Paxton for a job?"

"Sure!" Hicks replied. "I'm doing a lot for McKinley and I know darn well that I won't get anything for it unless I do ask. Besides, he told me to come and see him."

"Told you to come and see him," mimicked his friend.
"Why, I heard him tell that to forty other people."

"That may all be," assented Hicks genially; "but perhaps the other thirty-nine won't accept the invitation."

AFTER the election Hicks wrote another letter to Mark Hanns, recalling his own efforts in the campaign, but generously giving Mr. Hanns due credit. He received a short reply thanking him for his congratulations, a short letter signed with a facsimile signature done by a rubber stamp. Hicks carefully traced the rubber-stamp signature with a pen, giving it the appearance of an autograph signature, and showed the letter round Salestown as an evidence of his political acquaintance with Hanns. Also he wrote to Senator Paxton, congratulating him on his "noble efforts which had borne such glorious fruit" and saying therein that he contemplated an early visit to Washington, when he intended to call on the senator and congratulate him in person. The senator wrote that he always was glad to see his constituents, and Hicks carefully preserved that letter.

He had decided to go into politics, to get an office, to become a statesman. Judge William Percival Smith advised him to take up stenography and seek a secretarial position

first, and Hicks thought that might be a good idea. He stopped loafing, abandoned his law books and applied himself to shorthand. He could work when he wanted to, and he spent hours over his stenography and practicing on a typewriter. By inauguration time he was fairly proficient at taking dictation and had a good speed on the machine.

"Mother," he said at the dinner table one day late in February, "I think I'll go down to see McKinley inaugurated and call on Senator Paxion."

"That will be nice," assented his adoring mother.

"Probably," continued Hicks, "I shall not come back."

"Won't come back? Why, Temmie, what do you mean?"

"Oh, I guess I'll take some place under this new administration. Mark Hanna and Billy Paxton will get me a good job. I have letters from both of them, you know."

"Mark Hanna!" gasped his mother. "Do you mean Mr. Mark Hanna?"

"Sure, Mark Hanna; old friend of mine; fine old chap too. He knows I did a lot of work for McKinley."

"What place will you take?" asked Mrs. Hicks, gazing at her son in frank admiration.

"Oh, it's too early to say about that. Something good."

"Don't you let them appoint you ambassador," warned Mrs. Hicks. "I couldn't allow you to go away off to a foreign country."

"Of course," responded Hicks, holding out his plate for another piece of pie, "if they insist on my taking an ambassadorship I suppose I would have to oblige. But," and he smiled across at his mother, "you needn't worry much about that, I guess. I'll pick out something, and put up such a fight they'll have to take care of me."

Continued on Page 40)



He Came to Dinner Ten Minuter Late, and Made an Impressive Entrance

THE SQUAREHEAD



For a Manth the Palgrane Buthed the Westerlies

KRAGERO gasped in wonder when, as winter was setting in, Eric Sigurdsen returned to take away his widowed sister, Besla Svensen, and her little daughter, Hildigunn of the Sea Eyes.

Life in the Norse fishing village paused in amazement just to behold him. Many a son of Kragero had fared out of its flord and gone down the Skager-Rack, but never had one come back like this.

It was hard to believe that this man of the world, with a diamond as large as a hazelnut on one of his ropelike fingers and another, its mate in size and refulgence, in his magenta satin scarf, was the tow-headed fisher bay who ten years before had gone away to sail on deep water. Kragere saw nothing at which to smile in the ornateness of these gens—no incongruitles; no had taste in Eric Sigurdsen's apparel. It had no esthetic conscience to be upheaved by magenta satin ties and green plaid tweeds and yellow-topped shoes.

To the unsophisticated villagers these things were but the habiliments of the mirscle that had happened: but what drew and held their imaginations above all his other belongings were a thick golden watch chain across his wide chest and, hanging midway on it, a nugget charm the size of a pigeon's egg. This chain and this nugget were symbols of the miracle. They were literally a part of the golden hoard he had wrested from the mountain breasts of California. That nugget was the first of his riches the earth had given him.

"As you see this nugget so I found it!" he loudly boasted to the oldtimers on the one night he spent with them in the inn of the Northern Light.

And for the most part they were old men, who awesomely passed the nugget and chain from seaworn hand to
seaworn hand. The past three seasons had taken beavy
toll of Kragerö. The youngest there was Olaf Greig; and,
being the youngest, it was to him that the nugget and chain
came last to beft and to admire; but without so much as a
word he returned them to Sigurdsen and his silence went
unnoticed, for the parting drink had been tapped and stood
ready. Otherwise the fact that Greig had nothing to say
would have occasioned no comment. This sea orphan was
not one to talk. Since the great fleet disaster two years
previously of which the lad was one of a handful of survivors, who owed their lives to him, he had come to be
known as Olaf the Silent. It was this disaster that had
widowed Besla Svensen.

"It's like one of the Edda tales—eh?" said Old Jon Thorsen a few minutes later, turning from closing the inn door on Sigurdsen and as he spoke slipping into his trousers pocket three goldpieces, which the miner had left in his knotted pulm. A murmur of assent was answering him through the pips-smoked atmosphere when his gaze picked up Olaf Greig in Iront of the hearth. "There!" he exclaimed, pointing at the lad. "Just as you see my smark partner now so I saw Eric Sigurdsen ten year ago! Standing that way at that very fireplace he was!"

All eyes centered on the boy at this. Olaf, his back toward the company, was staring down at the flames, lest in a study of their play. Against the yellow, lesping light his tall, sea-hooted form stood out like the trunk of a young oak. Thorsen had to call him twice to bring round his curl-matted blond head.

"But Eric was never the makings of such a man when he was eighteen never!" said the bust of the Northern

By William Brown Meloney

CITERTED AT ANTON OTTO FISCHE

Light, beginning the distribution of a freshly filled set of mugs, an installment of Sigurdsen's largess. A chorus of indorsement answered this comment, for it was known of all there that no man or boy in Kragerii, or for miles up and down the coast, was Olaf Greig's equal in strength.

In this moment the lad became aware that he was the subject of discussion. He shifted uneasily, self-consciously returned, with something of defiance, the drink-fuddled gaze of those who stared at him, and then, jamming on a storm cap, made for the street.

"Going home," was the answer he gave to Thorsen's query as to whither he went. He did not drink and nobody sought to detain him, but he paused a second in the closing of the Northern Light's door. Jon Thorsen was speaking.

"It's like it is in the Scriptures," was what he said:
"'Many are called, but few are chosen.' Eric Sigurdaen is

one in a hundred thousand. Aye, one in a million!"

Sigurdsen had left behind him at the Northern Light the price of much drink, and so it was not until an early morning hour that Thorsen tacked homeward. A blur of light from the window of a shack by the waterside, which Olaf shared with him, was his leading beacon; but this morning his partner was not eiting up with a book. By a candle's spluttering glearn he was putting the finishing tauches to the rigging of a model brig, a dainty thing to be held in the palm of one hand. And an hour later, while old Jon lay snoring. Olaf stood on the quaybead waving goodby to Hildiguan Svensen—Hildiguan of the Sea Eyes—where she stood between her uncle Eric and Besla, her mother, at the rail of the steamer that was carrying them away from Kragero.

The model was in the girl's hands, but Olaf could not see that her tears were falling on it like rain: the distance was too great. Besides, there was a mist in his own eyes, which had come there when he had put the little brig in her clusp and she had reached up and kissed him full on his broad mouth. With the exception of his Tromso mother, whom he could not remember, this girl of twelve was the first woman to touch her lips to his.

Eric Sigurdsen had spent but two days and three nights in Kragerö. There were some who said they would not believe he had been among them if it were not that Besla Svensen and Hildigunn were gone and that so many had strange American goldpieces to show for it. His coming and going were like the passing of a comet, and like the passing of a comet he left old men and women nodding and whispering of the past; but also be left a boy stargazing.

Winter's hard clinch was loosening on Kragerö, its tattered white cloak drifting down the Skager-Rack, when a letter—the first he had ever received—came to Olaf Greig from Hildigunn of the Sea Eyes in far-away California. His blue eyes glittered as he spelled from the childish scrawl the message that she would never cease to think of him, and finally this tremendous sentence:

"Uncle Eric says that if you should come to California there would be work for a man like you. Come!"

In the hour that brought that letter Olaf found Jon Thorsen in the Northern Light and told him he was going away. And Thorsen said, as he had before:
"'Many are called, but few are chose.
Eric Sigurdsen is one in a hundred thousand—in a million! Better stay herefoling, Olaf." And there he paused at what

he saw in the youth's eyes—that light of long far-her dreams that freezes the tengue of age. His last well attempt at argument was: "How can you go? You have no money to pay for your travel."

"I'll go to the Golden Gate as a sailor goes—road its Horn!" the boy answered; and when May was yet you; be had found him a California-bound ship, an Englishmu, and was sailing out of Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

On the last day of July at midnight he was stanging his feet in the forecastle of the Falls of Dee and besting his arms round his body, like the rest of his watch, in a endeavor to make the blood flow again in frozen toes not fingers. For six weeks the Falls of Dee had been trying to weather Cape Horn; for six weeks she had been bucking the dreaded westerly gales of those latitudes; for six web the voices in her had been lifted in blasphemy—but new once had Olaf Greig complained. He was smiling now what all his mates were cursing their lot with gall-stept

"What makes you smile—eh?—always as at a jok?"
demanded an old cockeyed Swede who, during these land
times, had more than once marked the unvarying happiness of the boy's expression. And, foolishly and youthlike
boasting, Olaf answered, using his own Norse tongue, he is
knew little English:

"I go to sea no more after this. In California I go to work in the gold mines."

With a scotling laugh the Swede translated this to its forecastle and the forecastle remembered it.

Suddenly one September midday Olaf Greig saw the land of his dreams ahead. He saw it from the highest point in the ship—from where he had been sent to reeve the halyards for the Falls' house flag. Standing on the min-skysuil yard, with an arm round the hare pole, and swaying with it as though part of it, his eyes smatched it to him. And of a truth it was a golden land. The Marin Hills and the Coast Range, which loomed up at the end of the yata formed by the gleaming Gate, had already put on their autumn garb. With the sun shining through a shimments hage on this brown dress, they seemed, in fact, burgeoning of the yellow riches of which the watcher had come it ravish them. Nor as the ship sped landward did the likeness grow less.

"Won't Hildigunn be surprised, and Besla and Editoo?" he was repeating for the twentieth time in his except of joy, when a hall from the deck started him descending

As he reached the crosstrees, his eyes cast down by suilor and waterwise though he was, paused in fascination of such small boatmanship as he had never believed possible. Little open craft, some carrying two and other three passengers, were reaching up to the lee side of the Falls of Dee and fastening to it with long iron books. For a second one of the narrow cockleshells would ding to the huge surging hull, risking destruction, courting death, and in that second deliver an occupant or two over the ship rail. The next instant the cockleshell, apparently fit may for a summer lake, but now ten miles from land in the deep sea, was safely trailing astern at the end of a long line attached to its iron book. It made Olaf's sailor blood by

with admiration. This was a great country to which he was coming—a marvelous land, indeed, whose watermen rould do things like that!

Some of the strangers ran aft to where the captain stood beside the pilot, and the boy saw them force cards into his hands. One knocked another down. He guessed they must be traders, the Yankees who, Jon Thorsen had told him, could outwit a Stockholm ship chandler; but he had no more than a moment of his wonder to give them. Another cockleshell was riding almost flush with the Falls' rail amidships. In the instant that he caught his breath, expecting to see the boat crushed, a man in such a garb as government folk wore in Norway—a long black coat and a tall, shiny hat—leaped aboard. And he had just time to mark that this man landed on the deck with an ease and lightness that none of the others had shown, when a hail from the mate stopped his descent and sent him climbing aloft again to furl the slatting skysail.

Once again in the hour that followed the boy glimpsed the man in the tall, shiny hat talking to the captain on the took. And he could not know that this person, whom he took for somebody of importance, was Bull Wilson, king crimp of the port; but, even had he known it, he had no time or interest to give to what went on below him. There was the welcoming land for an eye feast and the furling of

many sails for his hands.

Not until the ship lay anchored in the stream of San Francisco did Olaf's feet touch deck again. As he awarg out of the rigging, drunk with the drink of his dreaming, the man in the tall hat and frock coat met him and, more wonderful than all, hailed him by his own name.

"Yub bound fer th' mines—eh, Greig?" he asked in English, only to repeat the question immediately in a

bastard sort of Norwegian.

"Oh, jes-jes, sir," stammered the boy, removing his mp and not daring to look above the diamond sparkling in the middle of Bull Wilson's blue necktie. "Ay go buy Eric Sigurdsen's—bay Coffee Creek in day County Trinity."

"Right enough!" And Buil Wilson pretended to read from a card: "Got yuh on m'list. I'm Sigurdsen's agent his labor agent. Your is de kind dey need in de mines!"

The kindly pat on the shoulder that accompanied the last brought Olaf's abashed gaze up to Bull Wilson's face, but he did not mark then its thin, cruel lips, or the small, crumpled ears—cauliflower ears, princfighters call them. This important person was simply a part of the whole wonderful golden scheme of things that was enmosting him.

"'Ere, me square'ead pal, 'ave a wipe!" cut in a Cockney sailor, reeling between them and pressing a whisky

fask to Olaf's lips.

The boy gave the sailor a push that sent him twenty feet. It was an exhibition of strength that brought a low whistle from the crimp; but there was no time to be lost.

"It's all right! Yuh dunnage's in de hoat. Quick—'fore is skipper comes for'ard an' stops yuh!"

There was no danger of interference from that quarter, bough, for it was money in the ship's pocket to let the rimps take her sail-

m; by their deserion all they had arned on the passage at would be forfeit a ber. And, eager to put foot on the here of his dreamand, congratulating wreelf that he was so con and so easily to scape the vessel on which he had signed intil she should each England again, Mal Greig dropped wer the side into one I the Whitehalls he rad admired so much stsea. The Cockney vas already there, ind with him was he cockeved Swede.

"Ay got a yob bay lay mines!" cried he Swede at sight of haf. "Ay goan to nake fave tollar a lay too!"

And thereat the soy's imagination caped. Five dollars i day! That was wenty kroner! For me day's work in his land of gold a was to receive as much as a month in be home fisheries rought!

As these figures raced through his brain the boat passed under the stern of a big merchantman at anchor and an near that he spelled her name and port—the Scafarer, of London. By the few men he saw aloft bending sail and by her deep lading he knew her for an outwardbound, and his heart was stirred of pity for her and her sailors. They were going away from the golden shore! Why could not they know enough to stay?

That night, as the city clocks struck ten and the bells in the harbor echoed the hour, Olaf Greig stood against the bar of Bull Wilson's bourding house, the Bowhead, gazing into the blue eyes of Olga, the crimp's wife. They were

alone. The few whom drink had not put to bed on the floors above had gone seeking adventure along the adventurous Barbary Coast. For nearly an hour this woman had held the boy in conversation, held him by an attraction with which he had never yet reckoned. He thought he liked her and that his heart had opened to her because her hair was yellow and her eyes blue, and because she was the daughter of a woman of Tromso, which was his mother's hirthplace.

Often, as he talked or listened, his eyes went to the street door expectantly; for when Bull Wilson had gone out he had told him that it was to purchase the railroad tickets to carry him and the other sailors to the mines in Trinity County. And always the woman's eyes followed the boy's, but not with expectation of her spouse's return. Suddenly she leaned far across the bar, the light of a strange desire in her face.

"You are a pretty boy, sailor—do you know that?" she laughed tremulously, and one of her hands closed on his. Otaf reddened; his breath caught at the insimuation. With a feeling akin to fright he drew his hand away. The woman frowned; and then, laughing tremulously again,

she whispered:
"I believe you now—that you've never touched a

woman's hand before."

There was hardly anything Olaf had not told this slattern Circe about himself, even including that. And as he was struggling to save his senses from the spell that was closing on them—he felt like one who had been under water too long—the street door banged open and Bull Wilson entered.

"Come, sallor!" he called, ignoring the woman and signaling the boy to follow him into a dimly lighted hallway

that led toward the rear of the Bowhead.

"Don't go with him!" Olaf thought he heard the woman whisper; but, without fear and glad to escape her, he

obeyed the crimp.

With the utterance of that warning whisper, Olga Wilson hesitated a second and then stole from behind the bar and into the hall after them. She overtook her husband as he bade Olaf enter the silencing room, a dim, gaslit, sound-proof hole the ice-chest door of which stood open on his right.

"Please, Bull!" she pleaded. "Don't do him up!"

"Gwan! Beat it! You're soused!"

"He'll shanghai you! Run! Run!" she shricked at the boy in his own and her mother's native tongue; and her arms encircled her husband's.



"I'll Go to the Golden Gate as a failer Gees - Round the Horn!"

At this warning Olaf Greig instinctively leaped toward the door, only to pause as he saw one of Bull's fists strike the woman and fell her. In that instant all the chivalry of youth lighted the fire of a consuming, berserk rage. And above the roar of this blaze he heard the primitive racial call. He was Norse. This woman was Norse. Her mother, like his own, had been a Tromsö woman. With the cry of a wild beast he flung himself at Bull Wilson who, sneering as had been his wont in his prize-ring days, certain of the outcome, calmly waited to receive the attack.

There could have been only one result of that clash. The skill of fist, the brain cunning, the cold blood, that had made Bull a champion of champions, were still his despite his forty-odd years of age and long retirement. He ground the Norse boy as a mill grinds grist. Thus it happened an hour afterward that

Olaf Greig, triesd hand and foot, and unconscious, was sold, with the Cockney and the cockeyed Swede, across the main hatch of the Seafarer, of London, the ship to whose people his beart had opened in pity only that afternoon. And thus it happened that as this Liverpool-bound merchantman cleared the Gate in the morning light it took the strength of her three mates to prevent this aquarehead from jumping overboard and to tie again the hands and feet they had loosened to put to work.

Toward the end of the day the captain and chief mate, with pistols in hand, freed him again and lifted him upright where he had been lying prone beside the hatch on which he had been sold. He was dazed; his strength was spont. His limbs trembled under him. A handshove would have toppled him over; and, realizing this with something of shame, his masters put their weapons away. As they pocketed the pistols a lurch of the ship dropped him on his buttocks. He did not attempt to rise. The shock sent his bruised and swollen hands to his chest, which gaped black-and-blue with heelprints through his reat shirt. From the chest they went uncertainly to his raw face and finally

clasped his rocking head; but he uttered no sound, not even when the captain leaned over him anxiously and, with no tender hands, felt of his ribs and his limbs for breaks.

"Seems all right," he announced, finishing the examination.

"But we'd better not turn him to till morning, sir," suggested the mate doubtfully; and with that, their voices sunk to a murmur, they went aft together.

Where they left him there he continued to sit until, of a sudden, the breeze freshened and bore down the yessel's lee rail to an angle that revealed a low, indefinite shadow along the ocean's rim to the eastward. That shadow was land. It stirred Olaf's bewildered, groping brain-gave it something to fasten on.

Slowly, painfully, he rose to his feet, and as he reached



A West They Had Been Fighting Their Way Toward the Land

his full height his face came on a level with a glistening, brass-bound glass port in the house at his side. In its mirroring surface he saw himself, and the memory of what had happened returned like a floodtide—engulfed him. That receding coast in the distance was the land of his dreams!

His blackened eyes leaped toward it. A low moan escaped birn, and as his puffed lips shut again the setting sun's blood-red disk dyed sea and sky and coast a crimson hue. A reddish glow shot through the sails of the ship. All the world was incarnedine, even as was the soul and brain of Olaf Greig. In that moment he was ten thousand of his Viking ancestors aflame with blood lust—an unquenchable desire of vengeance.

"I will come again! I will come again!" he swore, his right hand uplifted in witness. By the gods of his heather forebears he swore it—by Frey, by Njord, by Odin! By Odin's ravens of thought and memory, Hugin and Munin, he dedicated himself! The Christian God of his own

childhood had departed from him.

Barnacied, foul of bottom, undermanned, the Seafarer made a long passage home. It was the end of September when she cleared the Golden Gate. March was a week old when she went up the Mersey. As her last mooring line was made fast a blond-headed young giant known fore and aft as the Silent Squarehead went over her side, alone and pennilses. Under one arm he carried a thin bag of clothes purchased from the ship's slop closst. It represented his part of the earnings for the half-year's toil. The rest had gone to make up the blood money the ship had paid Bulk

Wilson for him.

Twenty-four hours later Olaf Greig was outwardhoused for San Francisco. Three months' wages he had signed away to a Norwegian boarding-house keeper for the chance. What manner of ship the Palgrave was mattered not to him. She was bound toward the Golden Goto. That was sufficient. He had not paused to write so much as a line to Jon Thorsen. Eric Sigurdsen, Besla Svensen, Hildiguan of the Sea Eyes—all in Kragero might never have existed; in fact, there were only two persons in the allent red world in which he was living now—himself and Bull Wilson.

The one link that connected past and present was little Hildigunn's letter, now a year aid; but no tender thought, springing from the days when she had called him Olaf the Happy, prompted his keeping the blood-stained acrap of paper. It was the symbol of his noth, the silent accepte of his terrible passion. It was the one thing Bull Wilson had not taken from his pockets the night he had beaten him and sold him as they sold cattle at the

Summer, the season of his own Northern summer. But the whiterines of the South, found him ugain off Cippe Horn, in an less shouthed abip. For a roomb and until her faremant work by the bound the Palgrave burled the westeries. Their also put took to the Falkland talkeds. August now her of the lesses the Partie. A September hursioner food bor three topmasts from her to the westward of Vidparains. A wall work up from low foreseasts.

"This iron backet'll never forch Frisent" proclaimed an Irinkman the marring the ship's head was furned toward the Chillenn port to sock repairs.

"Jas, we great time by Friencia good time," said Olaf solemnly in the broken English that was now his. And for the rest of that day the Larrength had something size besides lift took to talk about, if was the first time that any body there had ever heard the Squarehead that wish he called us he had been on the Scatarer and on the Falls of Decide to top for any open than Jetur No.

More than half the crew descreed to Valparate, but that Greig warned one of those. The Palgrave was bound toward the Golden Gate. She would have been sinking before he could have thought of braving her. The Palgrave finally would carry him to where his enemy lived and traffiched; nomer or law rate would set

him down there, and then

With his bare, unwerponed hands be
planted to we at his very ance, and the
bread day was to look on. And after he
had beaten and trampled Bull Wilson, as
the crimp had beaten and trampled dyraand breaken area who are assent would
break weller, the arm with a had, be find
by by the Wesser also had world to
be brigged him.

The plan or the main

of consequences. The death of his enemy would be the end—that was all. The course of his passion was like the irresistible motion of one of his native glaciers. Of the law, of what might happen to himself, of the possibility of his own death or life, he held no comprehension. That accident or death, or any other agency, might remove the boardingbouse master from his vengeance never suggested itself.

After two months' delay in Valparaiso the Palgrave sailed a third time for her destination. Baffling winds stayed her passage through December; contrary gales beset her in January. It was on November second, nearly eight months out from the Mersey, that Olaf Greig, on the lookout at daybreak, sighted the Heads of San Francisco. And though they loomed up gray-browed and white-toothed under the onelaught of a westerly storm, he nevertheless strained his eyes to discover a small hout carrying a man with a tall, shiny hat; but no boat came off from the land to board the Palgrave. No small boat could have lived in the men that was practice.

lived in the sea that was running. Not until the ship lay anchored in front of the hillsprawled city did the crimps and their runners appear; and as he realized that Wilson was not among them something akin to doubt assailed his passion. It began to pass in a moment, however, for the second man to solicit him and offer a flask was a Wilson runner. Olaf wanted to ask him where Wilson was, but he dared not. He was fearful his purpose might be guessed. He remembered nearly all the runners, but the fact that they did not recognize him made him suspicious. Perhaps this was but a pretense on their part; so he got another sailor to make the inquiry, and when this man brought him word that Bull Wilson was not only alive but more prosperous than ever the Squarelead scuttled into the ship's dark sailroom and sat there alone for nearly ten minutes. As suddenly as he had

Wilson's runner, said:
"Ay go syone veet you."

Without a belonging he west over the rail into the Wilson Whitehall; and, swing him do this, the Palgrave's skipper and her young chief mate could not believe their eyes. They had a warm feeling for this Norse blond hand, who had attack by them and the ship with an incredible loyalty. They hailed him from the peop, beckened him hack, shouled warnings against the crimps; but his only answer was a dogged shake of the head.

disappeared from the deck he reappeared and, going up to

And the runner, fearful that this sailor might change his mind and demand to return to the ship, signaled the hoat puller to lay to his own the while he patted the giant familiarly on the back and whispered him ruby promises. The runner knew that he had accomplished a feat worthy of Bull Wilson himself—the pulling of this seaman out of a ship that owed him eight months' wages. He had done something to brag about in this season when the whaling fiset was paying a bonus of two hundred dollars a man but in the glow of his artistic pride—and let it not be forgotten there is urt in all things—he did not mark that this squarehead listened with no eagerness to his panderer' tongue. Silent, grim, his jaws clenched, his hands locking and unlocking where he held them between his cramper kness, his eyes half shut, his head nodding now and then Olaf sat until they reached the shore.

"Take it from me, sailor, yuh'll git a real welcome at di Bowhead," said the crimp, exhausted by Olaf's silence. As he spoke he was hustling his game into the covered wagon that awaited them at the boat landing. "Bull Wilson' de man tuh treat yuh right."

"Jes," assented Olaf, taking a seat on the bottom of the wagon and letting his legs hang over the tailboard. He underly, the runner, were the only passengers, but with decisive shake of the head he refused to ride beside him of the driver's seat. It was thus he had ridden the first time through Sap Francisco's crowded downtown streets to the Bowhead. He remembered how easily he had alighted a the wagon had backed up to the curb in front of the boarding house. He wanted to be in readiness to apring. This was one of the things he had thought about in the darknes of the Palgrave's suitroom.

The wagen had made half the distance from the vatefront toward the Bowhead when a messenger boy, with bundle, attempted to crawl up beside the man on the talheard, missed his footing and fell sprawling. Burt as spiteful, he picked up a stone and hurled it straight i Olaf. It clipped the Squarehead cruelly on the chin as drew blood.

"That rat hit yes, sailor?" called the driver, pollic up and looking back to where Olaf ant as motionless as rigarature Indian.

rigarstore Indian.

"Naw," he answered, his gaze balefully fixed on the laraming round a corner. Nothing must delay him not and, as he wished it, the driver whipped up his her again.

And five minutes afterward the wagon stopped sadden and began backing. It was in front of the Bowhead, as standing in the open door, with his silk hat area's I shortly cropped gray head and a larger diamond than evin his blue-striped shirthosom, was Bull Wilson. He wsmiling the stage smile with which he was wont to me that covered wagon when it returned from a ship. At t

vehicle's end squared with the curb advanced on it. In the second that put out his stage hand of welcome human avalanche, uttoring a wild, articulate cry, hunched itself at him

A quarter of an hour later—not men Bull Wilson was kneeling beside the conscious form of Olaf Greig where? on the floor of the room with the ke-ch door. At his side, watching what he c stood Olga, his wife, and Crocky, runner.

"If he'd eyer landed on me once!" dat," said Bull, shaking his head, "der have been a wake in de Bowhead ! night!"

He was holding up the imp ami which he had just driven a hypoderm morphine. It was bare to the about Below the elbow it was of the his bronze; above as white as Parian mar Michelangelo must have had sad model for his Moses. But it was in pacity of terrific strength, not its latiful formation, that made Bull Wirun a hand lovingly along its length

"Gee, what a pile driver!" he claimed in admiration, patting the round biceps. "Wid half a head an's like dese dis squarehead cud clean u Nigger an' Jeff an' a couple o' John-hin a night—make'm all look like the night." Take a pipe at dat chest!" pulled back the torn front of Olaf'ss." "It's a hunderd-gallon bar'!!" Twith a sigh, he dropped the arm standing up, added: "An' tah the's jest a plain nut!"

"What's gettin' me, though," en Crocky, "is, what set him nuts on y Bull? Sure yuh never seen him - n handled him?"

"Maybe I've handled him. 1 dm but I ____"

The woman interrupted:

"It's that young Norwegian you upan'shanghaied more'n a year agoone that wanted tuh go tuh th' mir

(Continued on Page 52



With the try at a Wood Board He Flore Himself at Rull Wilson

The National Pastime—Indoors and Out By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

A BASEBALL fan would he all right if he could forget it once in a while. Whenever I meet one I'm reminded of that line in Huck Finn—"Harmless when not out of his head."

A fan is usually a good fellow; but he can't understand that the man who plays baseball for a living doesn't want to eat it, drink it, sleep it and talk it. I appose I've met thousands and thousands of fans, ranging all the way from true sports to the rednecks who want to lynch you for kickisg away a close game, and sot one of 'em would ever et me talk anything but saseball. I try to be polite to 'em, because it's better to have boosters than mockers sitting over beund third base; but the ther day I handed a fan i jolt that he'll remember

He was a nervous little arty with noseglasses and whiston which he weeded all the time with one hand.

The whiskers prejudiced me against him at first, because I've lever been able to figure out why a man should go to a lot d trouble to raise a crop of hair on his face when it grows wild on the top of his head. I met him on a street car.

"Excuse me," says he, edging up alongside, "but you're dike Purcell, aren't you? I've watched you play ball for o long that I feel as if I know you. The very first week ou joined the club I said to the hoys: 'There's a shortstop or you!' It's hard to fool me on a ballplayer. I can tell a

tar as far as I can see him."

Well, that was fair enough. I'm always willing to listen a say man who starts in by telling me how good I aroome of the boys pretend they don't like that sort of stuff;
ut, take it from me, they do. Whiskers handed me his
ard and it turned out that he was a statistician or somehing with an insurance company. Figures were his long
ad heavy suit; and, say, he certainly had 'em trainedfe could make 'em lie down, roll over, double up, and
arch in a column a mile long; but the best thing he did
as to string 'em out five points beyond the decimal.

He passed me a line of talk so full of figures that it bunded like a census report. Part of the time I was treading water and the rest of the time I was coming up for air. he best I could do was to look wise and ned my head nee in a while. He had a new system of figuring fielding rerages that would be a wonder if anybody besides inself could understand it. By and by he started in to smonstrate to me just when and where we won the World's ross from the Panthers. He was so darned sure about it at I had to break in on his argument.

"No," says I; "your dope is all out of line. We licked to Panthers the second week in September."

"Eh?" says the human multiplication table, digging into s whiskers as if he wanted to pull 'em out by the roots. But the World's Series was not played until October!"

"Right you are," I says; "but, even so, we licked the anthers in September. If you're ever in St. Louis go to a Transcontinental Hotel and you can see the table that is World's Series was won on. It's in Room Three-meteen."

"Table!" says he, rooting into his whiskers harder than

"Mahogany table," says I, "with burn legs and a arble top."

Then I got off the car and left him standing there, tensing a whiskers with both hands and trying to make up his ind which one of us was crazy. Unless he reads this he'll ever know that he was being tipped off to some inside

That World's Series was decided a month before it was ayed, and it was won on a marble-topped table in Room bree-nineteen at the Transcontinental Hotel, in St. ouis. Here is the story:



We needed another winning pitcher. I've never yet seen the ball club that wasn't in the same fix. Winning pitchers can't be bought—they must be developed. They can't be bought because the mints don't work nights. There isn't enough money in circulation to pay for one. If you think this is a joke sak to see the price tag on Matty or Walter Johnson.

We not only needed a winning pitcher but we had to have one or drop out of the first division. We had three good men in Jim Ainslee, Tod Shoiter and Mylee McNabb; but McNabb—the best one of the trio—was getting old and be could work but once a week. That left a gap in between, and to fill it we had only Ainslee, Shoiter and a flock of has been and never-was-ers.

We needed another good man the worst way; and it was up to Silvertip Jamieson, our manager, to rustle up one if he expected us to have a fighting chance for the pennant. He turned the ivory-hunters loose, with instructions to go the limit.

It is remarkable what a number of pitchers a few scouts can scare out of the tall timber between the Twilight League and Southwest Texas. A scout is a good deal like a detective—he thinks he's got to find something or the boss will accuse him of laying down on his job. If he can't find the real thing he digs up a counterfeit and gets credit for being busy.

Pitchers came rolling into the training camp by the carload, and some of 'em couldn't be trusted to pitch hay into a barn. There were tall ones and short ones, fat ones and thin ones, righthanders and lefthanders; and there was one foolish boy from Oklahoma who pitched with either hand and called himself The Amphibious Wonder.

Fatty Fitzgerald, our retired catcher, who does nothing now but coach young pitchers, gave the bunch the onceover and roured like a lion.

"I want a commission in lunary to sit on these scouts of ours," says Fitz. "The pitchers they have shipped us so far are worth about seven dollars a ton on the hoof."

One recruit pitcher reported late—a long-legged, lopsided Shanghai rooster of a kid named Doty—Maxwell Doty. I think one of the scouts caught him in a beartrap somewhere in Wyoming. He had all the earmarks of a farmer and he walked as though he was used to following a plow; but, suffering centipedes! How that kid could pitch!

He had an audience the first time he began to warm up and get the kinks out of his arm, and before he started for the shower room the jury was for him sixty ways. It seems that he had been working some all winter and his arm was in first-class shape.

His fast one was better than Jim Ainslee's best and had more of a hop to it; and he knew where his slow one was going when he cut it loose.

Give a man a good fast ball, a good slow one, and absolute control of 'em both, and there isn't much more to it - except, of course, the heart and the head. It's necessary for a pitcher to be game and he ought to be able to think every so often. We didn't know much about Doty's beart, and his head was shaped too much like a turkey egg to suit me; but he seemed to have everything else that he needed. After the third day with Doty old Fitz was going round with a broad grin on his face.

"If this fellow's nerve is all right," says Fitz, "we've got a winner sure. It don't make any difference whether he's a pinhead or not—the catchers can do the thinking for him. All they've got to do with that boy is to show him where they want him to put the ball. I can give him a sign, shove the mitt down and shut my eyes—bang! right into the cup every time. If

be can keep that control—even when he's scared—he'll be all right. A whole lot depends on the start he gets. Let him lick a few second-division ball clubs and get confidence, and after that you can shoot him at the tough ones. Yes, sir—he looks like a million dollars to me!"

It's queer about pitchers—you never know when a star is going to turn up or where he'll come from, though it's a safe bet that it will be some little whistling station that nobody ever heard of. The best pitchers in the world come from the small towns—very few of 'em are big-town boys. Every so often a kid is born with the ability to throw a stone where he wants it to go—the rest of it is training and practice, though all the training and practice in the world won't make a pitcher unless he's born to be one.

It took Doty some time to get acquainted with the gang. He was the most bushful chap I ever saw in the beginning; but the boys didn't josh him much. We all wanted him to have the best start possible. A pitcher is bound to go a lot stronger when he knows that the men behind him are his friends. If Doty had been an infielder, say, trying for somebody's job, it wouldn't have been made so easy for him; but he was a pitcher and we all knew we were going to need him. It makes a difference, you bet!

At the training camp Doty used to come up to my room and look on when we played poker. He would sit on the bed for hours and never say a word. Once we asked him whether he wanted to play, but he blushed and shook his head.

"I don't know enough about the game," says he; "but I'm learning. By and by I'll be able to give you boys a whirl."

That tipped us off that he was broke and wouldn't have any money until the season opened. It was a cinch he wouldn't have any too much then, because it's only the pitcher with a strong minor-league reputation who gets a chunk of coin out of his first season in the big league. Doty had no more reputation than a rabbit and nobody had ever heard of him. As a matter of fact he signed for two hundred dollars a month—and I'll bet he thought it was a lot of money.

11

WE OPENED the season away from home and Silvertip kept Doty on the bench for quite a while, waiting for something soft. In addition to that he wanted him to get used to the crowds and the noise. We all took turns shooting confidence into him, because we wanted him to win his first game. A licking right off the reel might have set him back a whole season. You have to figure all these angles with a green pitcher. There's nothing in the world like a good start.

When we got up against the Canaries—the weakesthitting team in the league—Silvertip turned Doty loose on 'em. "If he can't beat these lizards," says the boss, "he can't beat anybody! If he does beat 'em he'll feel just as good over it as if he'd trimmed a sure-enough ball dub."

Doty won his opening game all right enough: but, at that, there was some credit coming to us. We stepped up there in the first half of the first inning, before Doty even took the ball in his hand, and we whaled in four nice juicy runs—and that's the stuff that puts heart into a pitcher.

Pitching winning ball for us isn't like doing it for a weakhitting outfit, where a pitcher knows before he starts that
he's got to be fifty per cent better than the man he's up
against in order to get an even break. We wallop the ball
behind our pitchers, and when we start hitting we generally
go right down the line. Our twirlers walk into the box
with a certain amount of confidence. They know they're
going to have help in winning the game, and a run or two
by the other folks won't lick us.

We staked Doty to four aces, and the kid pitched like a veteran. The Caparies got him in the hole twice, but Monk Mundon, our first-string catcher, stendied him down with a little talk; and Doty braced up and pitched himself out of trouble in a way that was beautiful to see. The Camaries got only five hits off him, but they didn't even get foul tips when men were on the bases. Monk called for the fast one,

up round the neck, and Doty put it there a white streak under the chin. They didn't score on him and nine of 'em fanned. It was a happy bunch that went to the clubbouse after the game. It was a toss-up as to who was the most tickled—Silvertip, Futty Fitz-gerald or Doty binsself.

The kid said the hig lengue wasn't as tough as he had expected, and that was taking quite a lot of credit for licking a lot of cripples; but we let him get away with it. We told him that so long as his fast ball was working, shoulder-high and inside, all clubs would look alike to him. It annoys a latter quite considerable to have to pick a ball off his ear and hit it somewhere.

That was the beginning of Doty's winning streak—fifteen games in a row and nine of 'em shut-outs—and there's no telling how far he would have gone if we hadn't booted the eixteenth away behind him. He let the Game-cocks down with three hits in eleven innings, and we lost by a two-to-one score.

All the sporting writers in the country had bysteries trying to dope out how a raw kid, with about as much intelligence as a rabbit, could go on licking the best-hitting clube and the wisset heads in the league game after game. They haven't explained it yet; and the only point where they all agreed was that Doty didn't have any license to do it. Any fool could have told 'em that.

Some of 'em took to analyzing his pitching motion and printing photographs of the way he gripped the ball. If they could have found out where he was different from other pitchers they would have laid his winning streak to that peculiarity. I think they were all bark-

ing up the wrong tree.

I've studied Maxwell Dety just like a kid studies a new monkey in the zoo, and I believe the secret of his success as a pitcher isn't in his right arm at all, but in his number sizand-five-eighths head. He wins baseball games because he thinks he can. There's a whole lot in that. Take it from me, mental suggestion works on hallplayers just the same as on other folks. I'll grant you that Dety

can put a lot of stuff on a baseball; but so can Billy O'Day and Billy hasn't won a game this season. He's afraid be's going to be licked—and be is.

Take another instance of what mental suggestion will do for a ballplayer: Jack McShane, our pinch hitter, used to play regularly until his legs went bad. He never hit over .270 in his life. Silvertip asked for walvers on him, and while Jack was waiting on the bench the boss sent him up three times to hit in the pinches. Jack pocked of a double, a triple and a home run. He's getting four thousand dollars a season now just for going to the but two or three times a week—and he's worth it. He can't field a ball to save his neck; he can't outrun an applementan; and he's not even a good coacher, because he is mostly bone upstairs—but how he can helt 'em in the pinches!

There isn't a pitcher in the league who doesn't hate to see McShane come up out of the pit, dragging his big black bat behind him. Why! Because deep down in his gizzard Jack really believes that he's got something on the best pitcher that ever lived. He thinks that Matty himself isn't able to throw him a ball the can look at two and the can look at two and the can look at two and the system of the fence is a caution! His system.

worrying. Three tim-

Explain it? I can't

Doty is another Jack McShane. After he had licked three teams in a row he got the notion jammed crossways in his little teacup of a head that there wasn't a club in the league that rould beat him. He had it settled in his own mind that the batters were more afraid of him than he was of them, and that's a mighty useful idea for a pitcher to have. It keeps him from choking up when the bases are loaded, the rount is three and two, and the next one has to be over.

Call it confidence if you like; it's really a deeper and stronger feeing than that—more like what the out specialists call a fixed delusion. And what difference does it make whether it's a delusion or not, so long as it produces effects and wins ball games?

The thing that you're afraid of is the thing that will get you in the long run every time; and they say that where there's no fear there's no danger. I can't go so far as to indorse that last statement in full, but this much I do know: Doty isn't afraid of the most dangerous batter in the league. I've seen him stand up there, three and two on the Dutchman, and the bases loaded for bear, and laugh at Homm as he let the big one fly.

It's a queer proposition all round and I don't pretend to understand or explain it. I've looked at it from several

"It's Bard to Foot Me on a Rattologer. I can Tett a Jun as For at I can Jee Bim"

angles, and I've come to the conclusion that mental suggestion works better on a fellow with just room enough in his head for one idea at a time. I've tried it on reyself, but it didn't get me snything.

I can't hold a thought in the face of a lot of other notions when they come crowding in. I can go up there to the but with my mind all framed up for a hit, but I get to thinking about the amount of stuff the pitcher has got on the bull, and double plays and infield flies and blind umpires—and the original thought gots lost in the shuffle. In the end I have to dig my spiles into the ground, grit my teeth and pray for luck.

WHILE Doty was sinning half games he was losing out at the indeer national pastime. We got our first paychecks in Baston, and as soon as he could get his cashed Duty was right on the job, hunting up poker games.

Silvertip isn't so cranky as some managers. He knows that, rules or no rules, a certain amount of poker is sure to be played. He bars a table-stakes game, but with a decent limit and eleven o'clock as the deadline, be never says anything. I've heard that before he was married be paid better salaries than he does now—and got most of the money back in the poker games.

Duty went hunting for trouble and he found it. It wasn't exactly the sort of a game that an amateur would

have picked out. There are some fairly tight poker play with our clubs—sure-thing boys who can wait all right the cards to come, and bet 'em good and hard when t do arrive.

I've heard that I play 'em pretty close to the cl myself—but I've got to do it, with Walker, Owly Elliott Jib Smith in the game. Those birds won't spend a wichip to help out a short pair; a raise before the draw me aces-up or better, and when they begin tossing in the and bloss afterward you can put three kings back in deck without regretting it in the least.

This was the sort of a contest that Doty picked out himself. A lamb in a slaughter-house would have sto better chance. We sold him a ten-dollar stack and it lahim almost as long as his cigarette. The poor boob alv wanted to see the next three off the top of the deck; to make it worse, he had a notion that everybody wastr to bluff him. Then, when he got off loser, he went cr

There are a few baserunners in the league who will down from first on anything. We say they run hog Duty was a hogwild poker player. When he was lost which was pretty much all the time—he would draw cards to an ace, back-raise on a pair and call with any thing whatever. That system will break a Rockel.

for, though you may catch a man blu once in an evening, the rest of the time likely to have 'em.

Just to make it more binding Doty couget rid of the notion that poker is mluck anyway, and that it's the cards yofor in the draw that do the work. Ucertain conditions there may be an elemluck in the game, but in the long runplaying with a bunch of hardshells, icomes nearer being an airtight cinch.

Doty's first check lasted him two night then he had to horrow a ten-spot to tide over the next two weeks. When the scheck came it was the same thing over a but he lasted a little longer. One nighad a lucky streak and lost only about dollars. When the cleaning process waished he went to hed with his lowhanging, and we held a council of wwanted him barred from the game.

"Playing poker with Doty," says grand larceny from the person. If I is the money I wouldn't mind shakin penniss out of a kid's bank, or I might bag a blind man and empty his tin cup separating this poor loon from his pay is my notion of rotten sport. He ou be playing five-cent limit with the wo-

"Listen to him, boys!" says Elliott. sore because Doty paid five dollars to d a pair of treys and took in another trey pair of queens against his pat flush!"

Well, I don't pretend that I had for the circumstance. It makes a good player sere to have a sucker take a blin and hook up the winning hand when an with sense would have stayed out. The worst of a hogwild player. Sometimes I a thousand-to-one shot over on you—as himself on the back for using judgmen

We had quite an argument about we ought to do. Most of the boys though if Doty had the gambling fever the on was to let it run its course.

"He'd only carry his dough to an a game or lose it shooting craps. Myou're so stuck on getting rid of his dan't you tip it off to Doty on the q. t. that he's a

outclessed in this company?"

That was Walker's suggestion and I acted on it, the thanks a fellow usually gets for a disinterested Doty didn't say it in so many words, but it was plain that he thought we didn't want to give him a chance his two hundred back again.

He had fixed delusions about poker, too, one being that luck is bound to turn sometime. He exthat much to me.

That made me sore and I washed my hands of hir can't save a fool from his folly or build a moral ferwill keep habit within bounds. The born gambgamble, whether you provide tools for him or not. I had all the money I've seen won and lost with twof sugar, spotted as crap dice!

Doty became a regular contributor. Every pay walked right in, laid down his check, and walked riagain. For all the chance he had he might just have indersed it and mailed it to us to be split fiv-When he went broke he played on tick and ran taus, paying up every two weeks.

The poor kid didn't even hold out enough money a new summer suit. All the rest of us blossomed pin-striped flannels and Panama hats; but Doty w same old heavy thing he brought to the training r March—a double-breasted blue serge suit made by some bick tailor who probably hadn't seen a fashion card in ten

Because he always looked shabby and never spent a nickel. Doty got credit for being close-fisted. One of the hoys caught him going into a cheap-lunch joint for dinner, and after that he was called the miser on the sly. You see, when a ball club is on the road each man is allowed three dollars a day to eat on—and he's supposed to spend the three dollars for food. A penny-pincher will eat waffles and coffee for breakfast, a bowl of soup at noon, an Irlsh stew at night—and sink about two and a quarter to the day. That's what they figured Doty was doing; but I know now he was holding out that money to gamble on. Tod Sholter, who roomed with Doty on the road, had a hunch how things were going and made a few sarcastic cracks from time to time—but not when Silvertip was about. We've never had an informer on the payroll.

You'll recall there wasn't much of a battle in our league that year. It was more like a pursuit race. Doty was stacking up victories every time out, Ainslee, Sholter and McNabb were all going great guns, and the team was hitting hard and consistently. There are seasons when all the breaks in the luck are with one club, and this was our turn. In July we had such a long lead that it seemed as though nothing but a trainwreck could beat us; and naturally we began to count on the World's Series money as already in our pockets—twenty-five hundred dollars apiece at the owest estimate, and from that up to four thousand dollars.

It's funny how the spirit of extravagance hit every one of us about the same time. Shalter began talking about the piece of property he was going to buy out near Walla Walla, where his folks lived. Fatty Fitzgerald paid nine follars for a hat—marked down from fitteen because the cason was half over on straws. Silvertip gave his wife a pair of diamond earrings on her birthday. My wife ordered a mahogany sideboard for the flat, and I loaded up with dother and things.

Thinking about that soft money coming to us in October ad unsettled our notions of economy—we were spending t in advance.

The poker game got a little steeper and once in a while we played table-stakes. Doty's I Q U's got bigger. The

"Oh, well," says some fool at the table, "that's all right, od. Charge up the difference against your split of the World's Series."

"Is—is there any objection to that?" asks Doty, looking.
from one to the other of us.

I wanted to object; but I remembered how he'd acted selore and I kept my mouth shut. It didn't seem right to me o let the boy run up a tab against money that he only hoped o get and which a switch in the luck could beat us out of. "No objections?" says Doty. "All right, boys! Put me on the slate for a couple of stacks and I'm playing fifty behind 'em. I feel lucky this evening."

IV

WE WERE at home the last week in July and the first half of August. When the team isn't on the road I'm as quiet a married man as anybody and I don't play much poker. In the first place, my wife won't stand for it. In the second place, if I do play she finds it out and asks for the winnings. That sort of thing makes a losing session come high.

While we were at home I lost track of the paker bunch, but I understood the game had been running three or four nights a week, with the roof for the limit and Doty slipping his paper to everybody. I had a couple of his I O U's myself—one for fifty and one for seventy-five; and, as it turned out, I didn't have a chance to get any more.

My wife, still thinking about that soft October money, invited horself to go West on the last trip of the season. I'm not what you'd call a seasoned and hardened married man, but I've learned some things in two years—and one of 'em is that when Besa wants to do anything I save time and trouble by saying Yes right off the reel. I knew her being with me meant no poker and, to tell the truth, I wasn't sorry. I was a winner on the season and satisfied to keep that way.

Our first stop was with the Canaries—still at the tailend of the lengue—and we figured to wallop 'em four straight and pass on without drawing a long breath. Doty had had their number all the season, so the boss sent him in to pitch the opener.

Before the game I overheard stratches of a talk between Duty and Owly in the clubbonse. Owly was arguing and Duty seemed to be begging.

"I'm only telling you what the boys think," says Owly.
"But—it ain't fair!" says Doty. "It ain't fair! Can't
you see it don't leave me a chance? And look how deep—"

After Doty had left the dressing room I asked Owly what was doing.

"We've burned him from the game," says Owly. "Confound it, we had to do it to keep him from owing us a million dollars!"

"Is he hooked in deep?"

"Deep enough! I wish this I-O-U thing had never been started."

I knew then that if those hardshells were getting conscience stricken they must have the kid gaffed for further orders.

Well, sir, there wasn't but just room enough for his troubles in Doty's little peanut of a head that afternoon. Whatever the thought was that he was holding crossways in his beliry, it certainly didn't have anything to do with

pitching winning baseball. The kiddidn't have a thing in the world and he couldn't locate the plate with what he did have. He pitched like a sandlotter, which means that he was even worse than a busher. Silvertip yanked him in the sixth; but by that time the game was gone.

All good pitchers have had days now and then. I didn't really begin to corry about Doty until the fourth day, when the boss sent him back to close the series and fight for an even break. The Conuries had licked tas two out of three and were. twittering about it. Between his garnes the kid. had been mooning round the botel, smoking cigarettes and looking as though he'd lost his last friend. He tried to persuade the poker players to let him have a final whirl, but they stood firm.

His second game against the Canaries was even worse than his first. His control was gone and so was his nerve. He showed that by walking out of the box to talk with Monk Mundon every time he got in the hole. The real Doty would have laughed at those weak batters and fed 'em



A Long-Legged, Lopelded Thoughoi Rosster of a Kid Named Bary

the fast one between the ear and the shoulder. Once more Silvertip palled him out; and the Canary coachers told Doty that he was about through and that they knew when he broke in that he was too lucky to last.

"I dunne what's the matter with me," says the kid as he started for the clubhouse. "I guess I'm all in."

"Forget that!" growls Silvertip. "You'll be all right when we get to Chicago. There's a team you can beat by just walking into the diamond."

But in Chicago they knocked Doty out of the box in the second inning—and you can bet that gave us something to think about. I don't know of anything that can worry a ball club like having the winning pitcher go wrong; and we had something special to worry about.

With Doty in shape for the World's Series, we figured on a cinch with the Panthers. Those fellows have always been suckers for a righthander with a good fast bull. With Doty out of it the

tattle would be a desperate one, with the odds the other way. It meant a matter of twelve hundred or fifteen hundred dollars to every man on the team—the difference between winning and losing the big series.

The newspapers were full of Doty's collapse, as they called it. Three games in a row he'd been taken out or knocked out. Some of the critics explained just how it happened and what made him go to pieces. It's queer how a newspaper man who can't catch a foul tip in a clother banket can pick a real player apart joint by joint and find out exactly what ails him!

Silvertip was as much worried as anybody and as puzsied. I suppose the real answer never occurred to him certainly he wouldn't have believed that five or six men who should have known better had made the kid a nervous wreck by winning a big chunk of his World's Series money in advance.

This was the situation when we reached St. Louis and rulled over to the old Transcontinental Hotel. We won the opening game with McNahb in the box, and as I was leaving the rlubbouse Tod Sholter touched me on the arm.

"Mike," says he, "Max Doty owes you some money. Come up to my room as soon as you get to the hotel. I want to see you."

"What business is it of yours?" says I. "Where do you come in on this?"

"It ain't where I come in—it's where the kid is going to come out that counts. If you don't want to see me you can see Silvertip about it."

Well, I didn't want to see Silvertip. I knew what he'd say; and, besides, I'd been feeling rotten enough about my part in the Doty business. When I opened the door of Tod's room, Walker, Jib Smith and Owly Elliott were sitting on the bed, and Hetherington and Dowling were over in one corner.

"Hello!" I says. "Is this a mass meeting of Doty's creditors?"

"Just that, exactly," says Tod. "Sit down."

Sholter is one of those serious-minded, slow-talking country fellows. Without raising his voice once or giving anybody a chance to interrupt him, he told his story.

"Boys," says he, "I've known right along that there was something doing with Doty, but I never knew how serious it was until the other night in Chicago. I went upstairs late and found Doty crying over a lot of torn paper on the writing desk. He didn't want to tell me what was the matter, but I made him. It took me two hours to get at the truth.

"That kid has got a girl out in Nebraska somewhere it doesn't seem possible, but he has—and she expects to marry him after the World's Series is over. He'd been trying to write her a letter to say that there wouldn't be any wedding—first, because he wouldn't have enough money; and second, because he was all in as a pitcher.

"He talked a lot of nonsense about his ruined life and how he'd be better off dead and all that sort of thing. You know what notions a kid gets sometimes. . . . I'm not going

(Continued on Page 37)



She Plays Casino With Him and Beats Him Out of Atl His Small Change

PULLING OFF A BIG DINNER

How Organization Feeds You Occasionally at Ten Dollars a Plate





Oyeler Openers Preparing Oyelers to be Jarved at a flig Banauet

Where Das Thousand Cuests Diagd With Prints Henry of Prussia

The steward of the Van-Waldorbilt took down a bulging letter file. It held several hundred sheets of thin paper, each bearing the type-

written menu of a dinner given at that hotel during the past winter. "There's the story for the season," he said; "but it isn't finished, because the season isn't over yet. Some of these were small private dinners of a dozen plates, but most of them represent public banquets of a hundred plates and upward. Half a dozen hotels in New York now do as large a business as ourselves.

"Not so long ago," the steward added, "a dinner for seven or eight hundred guests was an event with us—a great hig banquet. We had maybe two or three of that magnitude in the winter and looked forward to them with anxiety. The chef's department and my own had busy days ahead, and when the night finally came the boss stayed down until everything was safely over. Our mechanical equipment for handling the food still needed improvements, and the human organization to handle the equipment had to be built up. Everything was excitement and tension. Nobody knew what might happen. Sossike made in taking the flashlight picture might mysteriously disappear in the hotel's ventilating system, to energe later in a guest's room and cause trouble. The kitchen force might alip up or the waiters fall down.

"Nowadays, however, we serve a dinner of from one thousand to fifteen hundred plates almost as a matter of routine; and, though we now call fifteen hundred people a big banquet, everything goes off on a smooth schedule."

New York's dinner industry is a hig one. No accurate statistics have ever been compiled to show its magnitude, but there are some interesting estimates.

Just after the guests sit down to a banquet, and while the tables are still in nice order, a flashlight photograph is taken. One concern in New York makes these pictures at all the large hotels, and the manager estimated that seven bundred and eighty thousand diners had been photographed by his concern during the season of 1913-14.

Banquets for Fifteen Hundred

THE New York public-dinner season lasts from October to April, about six months; though, of course, banquets are being given throughout the year. One of the largest hotels serves no average of three banquets each week night during the season, or a total of about five bundred. There will be an average of one hundred and lifty guests at each dinner, or average of one hundred and lifty guests at each dinner, or average of one hundred and lifty guests at each dinner, or average of one hundred and lifty guests at each dinner, or average of one hundred and lifty guests at each dinner, and nearly half a million diner, and the business in the smaller botels and restaurants will probably being the grand total up in a million. At an outlay of ten dellars a plate, therefore, there is no expenditure of ten million dellars—if exact figures could be gathered probably it would be much more.

The disser industry is constantly growing, for discoupley a vital cart in the business, social and political interests of the town. All the industries have arganized to promote their interests.

New York is a favorite city for convention, and and movements of one sire of another and the ingo invariably wind up with a date. There is

By John Mappelbeck

of professional men, college graduates and fraternities, natives of the different states and loreign countries, and many other kinds of organizations that make a practice of assembling at least once a year for a dinner. Local organizations dine as often as once a month in the winter; business houses bring their executives and salesmen together for conferences and dinners; truffic men and others whose work keeps them on the move find periodical dinners a means for keeping in touch with each other.

If a personage comes to town a public dinner is the best way of according him recognition, and also enables plain John Smith to see and hear the animals for from five to ten dollars a plate. Affairs are started and finished with public dinners, and important announcements are made; and when there is no other excuse for dining. New York will get together on an anniversary or a birthday—and so the industry thrives and expands.

A dinner for fifteen hundred guests is considered a big one, and about New York's limit in size; for if it is given at one of the botols prominent in the industry the great ballroom must be used and some of the diners must be placed in the gallery. Fifteen hundred persons is about as large a number as can hear the speakers comfortably, because the ancience is scattered round small tables; so the size of a public dinner tends to be limited by that condition. Moreover, it takes a strong organization, like one of the great college alumni associations, to bring out such a gathering, or the attraction of a very notable guest of honor.

The hig dinner starts when the hotel receives an order for approximately so many guests on a given date. First, the prim of a plate is settled. At the prominent hotels this will not be less than four dollars, without wine. From that it may range upward to any figure. Theoretically the only limit is the sky, but practically the charge for a large affair is seldom more than ten dollars; for guests pay for their own dinners, or small parties are made up, with one man acting as host at a table—and so the expense must be kept within reason.

Higher prices prevail where one man gives a small dinner for some purpose. The motive for spending is then entirely different, and the sourcease may cont more than plain John Smith's dinner at a large public affair. The fact often plans months about, and the sourceast may be a privately printed book omytaining portraits and information issuring on the occasion, or specially designed articles of plate or jewelry.

Probably the most inturious public dinners given in New York are the sof the shariff spary panels, which are made up of new procedured in the city's life, who are fixed whenever they tall to serve when drawn for duty on the shariff a juriou. These firms are specifing dinners, at which the control of the control of the control of the their

For the clad and diagrees coming them to exemple calls for a submang them will be the first a factor, or all the factors and credi-

from abroad. For every dinner the chef likes serve something scarce or fine. Boats have because to catch a particular kind of fish, and hunte to get strange game for hig dinners. Those specialties not rally take some time. New York's cold-storage reserv afford many unusual food products, such as Egyptian quand kangaroe talls, and the canning industry new provid novelties like palm hearts; but when the chef is asked serve reindeer steaks or elephant's foot he appreciates it be is told a few days in advance.

It is a common belief that all the food for a big distribute the cooked many hours before it is eaten. That in have been necessary in the early days of the distributery, but it is not today.

Supplies are bought by the steward's department a turned over to the chef's men the day before the dine so that all the raw materials may be in hand; but actual cooking is done mainly while guests are at tables, and most of the dishes are handled just as the fifteen hundred patrons had suddenly walked in from street, sat down, looked over the menu, and given the order to the waiter, with directions to burry it up.

Making the Final Count

THE soup requires longer cooking than anything claration that is started on the morning of the day set for dinner. Grapefruit can be cut and oysters opened a hours shead; so that is denound they are placed in the hot cold-storage rooms, to be ready when wanted. The I reasts and broiled meats, however, are cooked on a solute governed by the time the dinner starts, and the stables are cooked with them. As the waiters serve schedule, the flashlight picture is taken on achedule; even the tables are set, the decorations arranged and music played on schedule. There is really but one clem of uncertainty about a big dinner—the guests. How maked there be, and at what time shall they sit down?

Half past six in the evening is the time and all rest tables set, first course prepared for serving, orchestra band, flashlight apparatus in place, the waiters in botel, who have had their own supper. It is highly imtant to feed waiters well before they go to work; other they would est half the dinner themselves.

Men in evening dothes stroll in through different of ways of the hotel, check hats and overcoats, and awkwardly in the anteroom. Lights and mirrors do clawhammer coats offer no refuge for hands, and they cautiously round in the crowd until friends are acquaintances made or an attendant puts them at with a rocktail. The number grows, and all the with count is being kept and word sent down to the kitch

"Now they're coming in fast—eight hundred: a t sand; fourteen bundred. There will be fourteen bun and ninety in the final count. Now they are going in they are sitting down."

First cames the flashlight picture, taken just as guests are seated, an admirable product in itself, mad a highly developed separate industry. The cameras have been designed especially for this purpose. The made with self-locusing features that give almost flexibility of a snapshot camera, and in compact for

aluminum, so that they may be carried about easily. The flashlight powder has been perfected for this work and is set off in fireproof cloth bags, which retain all the

At seven-fifteen the photographer says, "All ready!" and fires his shot. In an emergency he could quickly make another exposure. Three minutes later he is in a taxicab with the camera, and on his way to the darkroom maintained in the heart of the Dinner Belt for convenience. Ten minutes after exposure the plate is developed, in tuelve minutes fixed; and after five minutes' washing it is put into wood alcohol and quickly dried before a hotair blast. Twenty minutes after exposure it is ready to print, and three minutes after that a proof is taken and in the hypo.

Two minutes' immersion serves to fix it so it will last for a lew days, though from ten to fifteen minutes are needed for a durable print; and not much more than half an hour ater this proof is being circulated round the dinner tables and orders taken for copies. Sales of pictures must be made while the interest of the dinner is fresh, and so the photographer delivers all pictures the next day. If the linner happens to be one of great news interest an enlargement of the speakers' table will be made for the newspapers and perhaps be started running on the presses before the zinner ends.

While the flashlight is being made, waiters are lined up satside with the grapefruit and enter on signal. About that time the fish goes on the fire, and then come oysters: the soup is sent up from the kitchens piping hot, and other courses are cooked on a schedule governed by the progress of the dinner. Even roast fowl will not go into the overse until the meal is well under way, and everything s done to a nice turn, dispatched from kitchen to table in he shortest possible time, and kept warm on big trucks, with covers that protect the food. These trucks are cheeled bodily into the ovens and heated, and then go frect to service elevators which land them on the banquet loor in a few seconds.

The serving room is as busy as a factory. Usually this is he anteroom where, twenty minutes before, guests were etting acquainted. The moment they enter the banquet nom there is a quick shift of somery. Rugs come up, palms and furniture disappear, trestles are laid and converted into long serving tables, and a force of kitchen men in white pops up from below to deliver the food to the waiters. A great deal of space is needed, for while waiters are serving one course it is necessary to spread long lines of trays for the next, so that they can get everything simultaneously and take the food to the tables hot from the fire.

When the waiter battalion marches into this factory annex for the next course it is a good deal like the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, for everything is done on signal, by number, together. The black-coated waiters pour out of the dining room in a long column of twos, bringing armfuls of dishes, which are set down, seized and whisked off, while they pour back with fresh plates of hot

Each waiter serves eight guests, but can usually carry food for only four; so the brigade makes two complete assaults on the trestles for each course, and there is a tremendous rattle of china and silver, prodigious bustle and joking, very apt to get into the blood of anybody who likes to be where things are going on fast in a large way. Probably that is why banquet walters are regular war horses at the game, working night after night through the season. going from one hotel to another, and piecing out earnings by serving at downtown restaurants during the noon rush.

To serve a dinner of fifteen hundred places requires a force of more than six hundred workers. There will be two hundred table waiters; a hundred wine waiters; a service force of ninety men to portion out food as it comes up from the kitchens; a staff of one hundred twenty-five cooks in the rhef's department; and seventy-five helpers under the steward, who cut butter, prepare vegetables, fruit, nuts and other aundries, wash dishes and carry on odd jobs. This makes a total of five hundred ninety workers directly engaged and does not include controom helpers, messengers, supervision, bookkeeping and overhead generally.

The upstairs work on a big dinner starts about two o'clock in the afternoon. At that hour one waiter in every ten reports for duty, sets up the tables, lays them and makes preparations. The others arrive in the evening, have their suppers, make a few final touches to the tables and are assigned to places.

It was once difficult to get the large number of trained waiters needed for a dinner of more than a thousand places, and extra men were recruited; but nowadays the seasoned banquet waiter is available in greater numbers and understands his trade so well that a dinner of the largest size goes off smoothly. His service is skillful. He takes his place almost automatically, according to the scheme laid out for the occasion, and performs on signal many little tasks not perceived by guests.

When the flashlight man was ready, for instance, there used to be a hitch while word was passed round to remove the number cards on the tables, which hide faces and spoil the pirture; but now a signal is given and each waiter lifts his numbers, retires out of focus and replaces the cards when the flash is over.

The table waiter works about four or five hours in serving a hig diener and is paid pretty good wages-two dollars and a half a night in the leading New York hotels, or three dollars if he comes to work in the afternoon. As soon as cigars are lighted and the speaking begins he is free to go home, for the regular hotel force clears the tables after the guests leave. As he goes out the timekeeper pays him for the night's work, because in six nights he may serve dinners at six different places.

A big dinner calls for an interesting investment in tools and equipment. For a ten-course affair, served to fifteen hundred guests, there will be needed about six thousand knives, six thousand spoons, eight thousand forks, fifteen thousand plates, twelve thousand glasses, two hundred tablecloths, fifteen hundred napkins, and a miscellany of other tableware. The investment in tableware alone amounts to several times the whole charge for the dinner.

As an illustration, take the silver-plated trays used by walters. Two hundred waiters serving a large dinner will need more than seven hundred trays, for while they are carrying in one course another is being spread on extra trays to facilitate service, and odd trays are necessary for incidentals. These trays cost ten dollars apiece. So plain John Smith, who pays five dollars for his banquet, must be served from ten dollars' worth of tray.

Another costly item is chairs. Hotel chairs cost anywhere from ten dollars to forty dollars apiece, and in a big establishment a thousand chairs are as nothing. So the seating for a hig dinner represents an investment of from fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars; and the money

(Concluded on Page 27)

THE STORY OF A HARLEQUIN

TIS as natural for me to be a harlequin as it is for a duck to follow the tendencies of ts aquatic ancestors. It was ominme. My father, George W. Smith, was the greatest urlequin of his day-today I on the only harlequin in the world. He was taught by Fanny issier and the great Sulvianroperly spelled Sullivanshom he succeeded. At the Frand Grignol, in Paris, may w seen a picture of George W. emith and Fanny Elssler dancng and, as a matter of fact, I ave a slipper - the first toelacking slipper - worn by that sdy when she danced with my

My father was born in the lity of Brotherly Love, otherrise called Philadelphia, and hat dancing agreed with him pretty well established by he fact that he lived to be dnety-seven; and he was eaching and producing as a swiness and attending balls nd parties for the sheer fun of until a few days before he lled. Naturally he was in great emand. He danced with all he premier dancers who visited merica in his time, even as I ave danced with all the great lancers who have come to this ountry in my time.

wer went through a thorough school of dancing-that is, arlequin dancing, which is the most artistic, the most lifficult, and withal the most dangerous of the terpsichocan arts. You will wonder at the word dangerous used in panection with dancing. But more of that later on. My ather firmly believed in the European system-a system

By JOSEPH C. SMITH



Chinese Maxine -Impravised by Jaseph C. Smith and Rite Juliest, Lending Woman With 1900 Years Ago

My father and myself were the only two Americans who now gradually being abandoned—that of handing an art down from father to son, and so gave me the real French schooling, with the benefit of such inventions and eliminations as he had made.

He was better than any school-teacher I have ever known, both in dancing and in speaking, and a self-educated man at that. To illustrate: When he was the harlequin with

the great Revelles, and I was only a little boy, he wanted to teach me to be a harlequin; but I did not want to be one-doing all those quick movements of head and body and having everybody laughing at me, I urged.

My father would listen to my protestations and then, just to throw me off my guard, would say: "Oh, well; I must rest a while now."

Then he would sit down and yawn and stretch his body, and do all the funny little movements of the harlequin. That was his way of amusing me, of engaging my interest, of making me like a thing I did not like-in brief, of teaching me to be a harlequin without my knowing it.

When my father was dead and gone, and they wanted some one to play the barlequin, they came to me. I was twenty-two years old; and, though I had never done any little boy, yet I had never forgetten a single detail of what he had taught me, and was able to go on and do the work.

Once he tried to teach me to do a double turn in the air. I do not mean a double somersault, which is comparatively

easy, but springing erect into the air and whirling like a top. I kept falling all the time and at last rebelled.

"It can't be done!" I cried.

"Can't, eh?" said he. "Come to the show with me tonight!

When we got there he pointed out an Italian who was doing a one-and-three-quarters turn.

"What one man can do another man can do," he said, which was his way of exciting the spirit of rivalry in me.

I was only a boy at the time, but I went to the theater next morning, practiced a bit, and actually, did a triple turn before my father got there. And I can do a triple turn today, though I am feath were old.

today, though I am forty years old.

My father was not only a great dancer but a great producer of pantomime. Among other famous productions be put on The Black Crook and during the run of the piece danced with seven premier dancers at each performance, which was some work, believe me! Among these dancers were De Rosa, Diana and Bon Fonti. Bon Fonti is now teaching dancing in New York at eighty years of age, which fact also tends to refute the idea that dancers die young because of excessive heart tax and the like.

That my father was a strict disciplinarian was shown by his treatment of the great dancer, Countess Lola Montez, whom he taught and brought out. That lady had a very uncertain temper and used to indulge her penchant for horsewhipping everybody she did not like; but my father would not stand any of her nonsense. One day at rehearsal she had just begun one of her violent outbursts when he

grabbed her, bent her over his knee, and soundly spanked her in the presence of the whole company.

My father never intended me for the stage, but when I was a little boy I was very delicate and he started to train me for my health. He first put me on a horse; in fact I learned to ride before I learned to walk. He used to hold me in position in order that I might learn the horse's motions. So I got to be quite a rider; and when I was ten years old I was the first one to leap from the ground to a horse's back and stay on—a horse fifteen hands high. It was a running jump—a dash across the ring and then into the air; and when I struck the horse's back I stayed there. I never touched him with my hand. As a matter of fact, it was due to this training that I was at one time the greatest high jumper in the world.

Circus riding is very difficult and one should begin early to learn. There are few child circus riders today. The training is too severe; it is considered crueity. Today they put a strap round the youngster's waist and he is supported by a pole that goes round like the arm of a derrick as the horse gallops. In my day the child had to stand on the horse's back without any support, and every time he fell off he got cut with a long whip, which sometimes drew blood. Many a time I have fallen off a horse's back and hung on to his tall, his hind legs kicking me, and then struggled up on to his back again rather than touch the ground and get a cut frem the awful whip.

Years of Fencing and Dancing

EVEN when I was a little chap of five, before I had become a full-flestged circus rider, my life was exceedingly strenuous. I used to get up at seven o'clock and at eight was riding a horse. Then I went to school from nine until two. In the afternoon when I came home I put on the gloves and sparred. Then I would take the swords, the combat, the quarterstaff, the single-

stick, until I was able to handle every kind of sword known.

I kept up this sort of thing for ten years before my father would admit that I amounted to anything at all.

When I was fourteen years of age, and was just about finishing school, an Italian dancer came to this country and wanted a dancer to go to Europe in a hurry. He took me to Italy with him and I was made premier male dancer over ten Italian dancers at La Scala, in Milan. There was a young woman there who got so jealous of what this young foreigner could do—I had grown to be a very busky chap—that when I used to hold her up in the air as we danced she would shake herself and wriggle and try to fall, so that I should be blamed for it. And, as Kipling would say, "I learned about women from her."

While I was still very young I was engaged at a theater in New Orleans where there was a skating built—all Frenchmen—who performed on roller skates. One day one of these performers was injured and I was asked whether I would help out the following night. I promised to do so, though I had never had a skate on my foot. The next morning I went to the rink and practiced for an hour or so, during which time I got a few pretty savage bumps: but got on to the way of the skates all right. The rehearsal was at ten o'clock.

"Have you ever had akates on before?" said the principal Frenchman.

"No," said I. "Give me a pair and let's see what I can do."

I put them on and fastened them while the Frenchmen stood round and laughed.

"Watch the Yank break his neck!" they said.

The Yank did not break his neck, however, Instead, he took a whirl round, and that night he went on and made a

big hit. It would have been quite impossible for a man who had not had my early gymnastic training to have done that.

The harlequin originated in Italy. His art is unique. It is the finesse of pantomime. The eight characters that are in all plays start from the harlequin. He is, for instance, the leading man and the juvenile. Then comes Pantaloon, the grouchy old father; then the clown, who is the comedian. Columbine is the souhrette, the prima donna, or whatever else she may be; and the fairy queen is the peacemaker in the family. The fop is the dode of today, the English fool. He is always the butt-in, the one father likes best for the daughter because he is an aristocrat; but he has no money. He is always coming in and getting beaten and batted about; they all go up and hit him with a stick, or something like that. The old witch is the mischiefmaker, who comes in and upsets things; and the devil is the villain.

The work of the harlequin is dancing, facial expression, pantomime. He never speaks. His every pose or movement of the head, hand or foot has a meaning of its own. These various movements are called animations. When his



Finale of the Musice as Ganced on the Stage. When Donced in a Drawing Room the Man Ruises His Furiner Only a Few Inches From the Finer

mask is down over his eyes he is invisible; when it is up he is visible. The old nursery rhyme expresses it best:

> Take this mask; when over your eyes No one can see you if he tries.

The harlequin is the sleight-of-hand man, the arch magician. He taps a enalscuttle and lo! it changes into a wagon or whatnut; he taps the wall and a bed comes out; he taps the bed and it disappears. He pulls the rose of Pantaloon and coins tinkle out, much to that gentleman's amazement and the delight of the children out in front. He is the marvel of wonder-workers. He picks up a quarter and it becomes half a dollar right before your eyes.

His dress is no less brilliant than his accomplishments. The colors on it represent the seven different passions. Black is death; if any one must die the harlequin points to this particular spot. White is purity; blue is truth; green is envy; yellow is jealousy; and red is love or passion. These colors in themselves give the harlequin quite a dumb vocabulary, and taken in combination they afford him an unlimited means of expression.

To make this wonderful dress was no mean job in the old days. They used to put tights on the artist and then sew each putch on separately. My father used to stand for hours while my mother thus built him up, patch by patch; but nowadays they weave the colors in, which makes the dress very expensive indeed. Also, the woven suits are very heavy and difficult to jump about in.

The most difficult thing in a harlequin dance is whirling in the air with the feet off the ground. Compared to this a double somersault is easy. The acrobat who does the latter makes a run and leaps many feet into the air and lands several yards distant. Again, he turns in the same direction which he is going, thus availing himself of the momenta acquired as he leaps. But the harlequin jumps straight a into the air and then turns quickly at right angles. To be sure, he is able to gain direction and some momentum below he leaves the ground; but he must maintain the momentum by contortive work in the air, which is about the nearest be lifting oneself by one's bootstraps of anything I know

A double turn in the air is very difficult; but, as | sai | I can do a triple turn, and I am forty years old. I do not do this often. It is done so fast the audience does not relize it and does not applaud me when I do it; but if I do a double turn they can follow it and they always round applaud. So what is the use? Another thing, I can pay my feet eight times in the air; but when I do, the actual so fast the audience cannot follow me and does not applaud. A six-pass, however, they will applaud every time. So tarrely do the eight-pass except when Harry Disey, and appreciates it, is my audience. I never notice the star audience.

In a pirouette you always look at a light or some one object, and it is your head that does the pirouetting-me

is, you hold the light with your eyes as log a possible while your body is whirling, then boar your head round quickly and catch the less again. This turning of the head gives mousture to the body and, if done quickly enough has to appearance of wringing one's own neck, Yes start in the second position—that is, with its leg out straight-and hop round until you pe perfect balance: then you bring in you be and start with your head. You have get to be absolutely rigid. You dare not move from the position after you have started. If you my your chest an inch you will fall backward. Whe I am in good condition I can pirouette to skyfour bars of music, probably one hundred us twenty times.

The Art of Pirouetting

THE Frenchman and the Italian begin sixty
and work up to top speed in pirouetting, see
ping instantaneously at the very height of the
velocity they have attained; but the Russia
does not know how to turn a pirouette. He surwith a fast spin and turns until he dies down.

The dangers a harlequin encounters are such as the general public would never dream of Ke have heard of men falling and breaking thering or ribs on highly polished ballroom floors. The harlequis must guard not only against slopes but against many other dangers. For instance in piracetting, though he stops with elecsuddenness, be must stand motionless. It was never do for him to go reeling about the moafter he ceased to pirouette, seeking to repair balance. The effect and beauty of the morment would be lost. It would be grotesque T get this absolute control and balance is the work of years. I have known only two men beide myself who could do a triple turn in the ar, and one of them broke his neck at it at last,

The harlequin wearing soft-soled shoes always has the terrible dread of getting a tack in history. Once I had just taken my first step in the danger

when I landed on the point of one of those little devil's datgers and did fourteen jumps into the air before I could stap driving the deadly thing farther and farther into the hall of my foot with each jump. My friends had to take pinns and pull the tack out of the bone.

In a dance like this, which requires the finest balance all adjustment in every way, it is necessary to have an absolutely secure and reliable floor from which to start. The public does not realize the difficulty and danger I am assolutely be a from lack of this prime requisite. Where I am dancing be they put on three floor cloths, one on top of the other, inche of five minutes, and when I jump from the staircase as land on these I slide. I cannot get any purchase on the with which to leap into the air as I should from a bare floor but even when dancing on a bare floor you are set to encounter a bad board, one that is not absolutely seem. The dancer, however, can detect that sort of thing the instant he touches it and is careful to avoid it thereals.

Changing from theater to theater has its disadvanture. I may dance one week on a perfectly flat stage and proceed to the same and proceed to the same and the sam

The least thing will take your mind off your work, put the shifting of a featherweight will throw you off your later when you are in the air. For instance, the lights you and the scene is changed; then the lights come of you have to begin your movement before your sight adjusted to the new glare. Or some slight change in the

neation of things will throw you off. One night, as I made hat leap off the stairs, one of the fellows happened to have he mag a little too far front, which, trifling though it seems, sould have thrown me out had not my brain, trained to nect just such emergencies, automatically adjusted itself o the unexpected conditions and saved me.

There is also danger of the rope or wire, by which the urlequin is sometimes suspended or swung in doing his urious stunts, giving way. A wire when straight may tund a great strain, but if it be bent or kinked it is greatly

reskened and becomes very treacherous.

Once I was playing in Denver, in The Statue Blanche, was the harlequin and was supposed to steal Columbine at run away with her. The crowd pursued; a balloon arise by with a trapeze attached, which I grabbed as the stated hag swung into the air and was carried away, with he girl under my arm. As a matter of fact, the girl was ally a dummy. I knew that I must rise forty-five feet to the air before I was swung into the wing. I had got input that high when I heard the wire going Pin-n-n-g! [1-n-n-n-g!] You always have warning of a breaking wire, a it stretches it makes that little pin-n-n-g—such a sound a you would make by touching one of the wires of a piano ith the point of a feather very, very lightly, but instantly aight by the ever-listening, apprehensive ear of the an who has to do that kind of stunt.

I knew that I must act at once. It would never do adopt feet first and drive my legs up into my body. I dropped the dummy figure, doubled up round the ar, bent my head forward and clasped my hands round by kness—in short, made myself into a ball; and as as wire broke I dropped to the stage forty feet below, riking on my thigh. I cannot tell you how hard I ruck, but instantly my whole body began to turn black. bey put me into an alcohol bath in the star dressing on and I was back on the stage within two days.

The Dangers of the Star Trap

Of ALL dangers that threaten the hariequin, however, that of the star trap is the most terrifying. The star ap is an octagon-shaped contrivance let into the stage, has eight points of half-inch oak and is designed to rate the illusion that the harlequin is bursting through a very surface of the earth, so to speak—an illusion at was impaired by the old square trap, which every-say in the balcony and boxes could see.

When the harlequin says Go! the men underneath ill the belts, the weights are released, and he is shot to the air. His head hits the points of the octagon, liftg them; and, once he has passed, these immediately il back into place. This is the most dangerous trap the world. If anything should go wrong and it should be slowly you might in your descent strike this hale of the descending oak points would run you through the spears of a borde of savages. There is one way avoiding this danger. If you see that you are comg down straight on the trap spread your feet and they are each side of it. Or something may happen so



Mr. and Mrs. Smith Turkey Tretting

that you are shot only halfway through the trap, in which case you can quickly put your hands on the stage and rest your weight on them, thus saving yourself from being pinioned.

There is always the possibility of something going wrong in the working of the trap under the stage. The contrivance from which you are catapulted up through the octagon-shaped opening is something like an elevator weighted down. If this is released ahead of time the performer is apt to be banged against the stage. On one occasion I had just stepped on to the trap and was not quite in its center when the word was given to let go, and I was thrown up against the stage so hard that I forced three boards loose and my back was nearly broken.

Pantominists are more jealous, I believe, than any other professional people, and this quality sometimes forces them to the most deadly extremes in dealing with rivals. This is another very definite danger that must be reckoped with.

I started the present dancing craze in America. A hall in Thirty-ninth Street was the cradle of the mania. I used to go down there and dance the Turkey Trot, which I had just invented or, rather, adapted. I did this dance in Chicago when we were putting on Madame Sherry at



Another Step of the Chinese Musice

the Colonial Theater. Then I put it on at Wallack's in A Certain Party, and later on used it in The Country Girl.

The Turkey Trot does not come from the Barbary Coast, the orgy zone of San Francisco. As a matter of fact the original of this dance is a hundred years old, and goodness only knows how much older! I got it by watching the negroes on the banks of the Mississippi. Down there the darkies go along the levess carrying their bags or sacks, moving with a slouthing, swinging, half-gliding, half-loping gait, and singing or, rather, intoning: "Tote lon-n-g! Tote lon-n-g! Tote long!" There you have it—the Turkey Trot. That is where I got it. Variations of this dance are called the Bunny Hug, the Gobbler Glide and other names; but they all come from that "Tote lon-n-g!"

I was the first to do the Tango in this country. I brought it over from Spain, where the natives have danced it for generations. It is nothing more or less than the Spanish Fandango modified and adapted for ballroom purposes. The claim that the Tango was brought from the Argentine Republic is absurd. Even the Cubans have been dancing it for a long time. Really nobody invented the Tango: it just grew and came to this country in the natural course of events.



Mr. Imith Wearing His Father's Harisquia Bress

It is curious that a dance like this can have such a tremendously popular hold in one country and not be taken up by another; but when we consider that golf was the great game in Scotland for centuries before it was developed in England, right next door, we cease to wonder. It is curious how these wonderful things are confined to a small territory for centuries, and then quite accidentally burst into a world-wide craze.

When I first brought the Tango here I put it on at the Winter Garden and everybody laughed at it—the funniset and the most absurd thing they had ever seen, they declared. Now it is the rage of the world. Maurice saw how it went here and started it in Europe, and now it is all the rage there, where it has practically forced every other form of amusement to the wall.

The Apaches of Paris

THE Aparbe Dance is another modernized, debarbarized and transplanted form of the terpsichoremart. There are probably more claimants to the foster parentship of this dance in America than in any other case. Though many foreigners in Paris witnessed this dance, I claim to be the first to have discovered from its crude and villainous form in the dives there the possibilities of beauty and grace; in fact some of the persons I taught to perform this dance have most vehemently protested their authorship of it.

There are twenty thousand low, murderous, cowardly, skulking characters in Paris called Apaches. These men are, in a way, like the gangsters of New York, though neither so cowardly nor so treacherous—that is, they do not betray their pals to save their own miserable

skins. Many of them work during the day. You may have one in your employ and not know it. Perhaps he is a salesman in your shop, with well-manicured nails and snave manners—a dandy.

All day he stands behind your counter and waits on your customers—susvely, manicuredly—and at night puts on the red bandanna and black sash, the signs of his avocation, and goes forth to join the boys.

The Apache used to hold up his victim in a dark street; but, since he has got the police of Paris demoralized, his audacity or bravado leads him to attempt coups in the most frequented thoroughfares. However, where murder is to be his means, he tackles his victim in a lonely street, throws his red bandanna over his eyes, makes him hold his hands over his head and ties them with his black assh; then he moves round behind his victim and thrusts a knife into his bank, letting go of the instrument instantaneously and stepping back as the blow falls. Thus he avoids getting blood on his hands; and his precaution of blindfolding the man and turning his face away helps to prevent the identification of the murderer.

This, in brief, is a description of the Apache and one of his methods of procedure. There are many others that no

(Continued on Page 28)

Corporal Billy's Come-Back

HIS thing of bravery under fireshould be better understood. We may not all be cowards at heart; but we are

gifted with a mighty discretion that would stamp us such if we were not too cowardly to give it play. Fearing our own cowardice we sham a valor we have not. It works out like one of those scrambled-looking algebraic affairs with plus and minus signs that finally equal something you were looking for. The more cowardly, the more reckless- in proportion to our conceit. This has averaged high enough thus far to insure plenty of reckless behavior on battlefields. The men who run away are merely honest

men who very modestly crave no undeserved applause. Private Hicks hates to be shot at; but he would rather be shot at than have Private Henderson beside him know how he hates it. And he believes, of course, that Henderson. really loves being shot at. It never dawns upon him that Henderson's bravery is like his own, assumed to impress Hicks and the other privates and the officers and the war correspondents and the falks back home. If they understood each other there would be fewer fool charges and less of that pretty but uneconomic flagwaving nutside the trenches. And fewer wars, to be sure. If the current brand of Scotch philanthropy - with a side-line of armor plate-had run to a Palace of Truth instead of a Peace Palace which is a nice enough place for squabbles, soldiers might by this time be coldly refusing to let the powers make fools. of them for the sake of proving to each other that they are not something which each man knows he is. Any ordinary union psychologist should be able to show them in twenty minutes that they all equally hate to be shot at, and if ever they come to see through each other's little game

No, it isn't a war story; no sples with cipher messages; nor two brothers fighting on opposite sides at Shiloh: nor the sergeant in the Philippines who has an affair with a beautiful native girl and gets cut to small bits all but what the head-hunter wanted-with a sampan or a jabot or one of those things. None of that, although the tale does sound a martial strain here and there and the dominant theme was heard in the opening bars. Let us be on,

through a diminished seventh, to the real trouble.

The ancient Corporal Billy Safford, G. A. R., lightly hummed Marching Through Georgia, as he turned the sizzling pork chops under the hostile glare of another and much younger military character. The atmosphere of the small living room back of Corporal Billy's cobbler shop, redolent though it was of the kindly aroma of browning chops, was tense with a smoldering animosity. For the other military character had heatedly averred that the only way to cook the chops was to broil them out in the open over a fragrant campfire, about which, when the meal was done, stories of adventure would be told. Indeed, preparations had been made for this fire in the backyard and then Corporal Billy had put his foot down. He was too busy that evening to fool round. They would have supper right there in the house and let that end it! Didn't he have to shave right after supper and then get into his uniform to attend the meeting of the Decoration Day committee? Certain

people seemed to forget that he was the sole surviving member of his G. A. R. Post in Ophirville, and that much

was expected of him on the morrow.

The other military character, slumping far down in his chair until he seemed to sit on his shoulder blades, scowled moodily down the sides of a stubby and freekled nose and into the gleaming teeth of the range. He was no other than Cyril Naughton Webster, captain of Boy Senuts, who had been put off upon his defenseless Uncle Billy Safford for a whole summer because it was feared by his mother that one more vacation in Oakland would secure him the unwelcome and perhaps enduring notice of a harried constabulary. We have scant knowledge of the lawless activities that incurred this sequestration; yet all too much may be safely inferred from the bare admission of his mother in her letter to Uncle Billy: "He is undeniably a boy of high spirits." When a mother will say this of her first born, how much it eloquently leaves unsaid!

But Corporal Billy was old enough to have forgotten about boys. He had fatuously agreed that the placid upland town of Ophirville was just the place for a boy of

undeniably high spirits.

And in the main he had found the association not without charm. Their military careers formed a bond between them. Captain Webster, as he preferred to be addressed indeed he promptly fought any one of his own weight who addressed him as Cyril - had quickly learned what might and what might not be attempted within the municipal confines, baving become a keen appraiser of the police spirit in any place where he abided. And, moreover, the wooded hills beyond the town and the foaming river that threaded them had lured him from the streets. There he

By HARRY LEON WILSON



boy-scouted tirelessly, and in his lighter moments hunted and fished. And he ardently preached this open-air life to

He believed, and said, that his Uncle Billy was getting out of condition by reason of his close application to workwhence the disagreement of the moment, because Uncle Billy would not cook supper out where it ought to be cooked. And yet the trouble was less simple than this, for the matter of the Indians preceded it.

A mile below the town on a grassy flat sojourned for the fishing the family of one Joe Twohead - consisting of that reverend ward of the government himself, Sarah Twohead, his wife, his son, Eura Elk, and the latter's consort, Annabelle Elk, nee Swampy. These peaceful four, being observed by Captain Webster the day of his arrival, had fired him to high endeavor. He had behaved in their hed terrier quently pleased him to believe that they were hostile Indians, that they came to buy supplies from the Boston Cash Store merely to ascertain the town's most vulnerable point, and that they traitorously meant to attack it on the first moonless night. Captain Webster meant to foil them if scouting would do it. He had trailed them furtively through the forest; he had baunted the brushy outskirts of their camp; and be had more than once unexpectedly confronted them, steely-eyed and threatening. He had left them no peace. They could make no move except under his surveillance. And then the distressing affair of the twenty-two-automatic of which more at once,

Corporal Billy removed the supper from the range to the table, neatly spread with its red-and-white checkered cloth—the sizzling pork chops, the fried potatoes, the stewed tomatoes and the pot of steaming coffee. He took his seat and Captali Webster drew his own chair to the table stimulated by the food, yet still moree

"And Sheriff Kritzler swears," resumed Corporal Billi sternly, as the meal began, "that if you make one monbreak at them Indians he'll put you in the lock-up and keep you there. What in time did you mean by it anywe! Wha'd you want to go and shoot one for? Answer me the Cyril Webster! — No, I won't call you 'cap'u' age less'n you act like you had some judgment."

"I never tried to shoot him," denied the captain sach "I was just tracking him through the forest, and he never saw me because I moved stealthy from tree to tree. The he stopped a minute to pick up a package of tea or seething that had fell out of his bundle, and I thought what bully shot that would be if he was only on the warpith of I covered him with my rifle, just to see how fine I code draw a head on him. But I never meant to pull the trigge honest I never did; I just barely touched it. And it die: hit him anyway-just snipped off a twig beside his bad But he let out an awful yell and jumped round and have to before I could vanish into the underbrush and make posmy escape. Then by the time I got back to town, herether all four come and was after the sheriff to have me arrests or something. What kind of a way is that for an Indian act? They swore I'd tried to kill that old one, and that sheriff he says

"I know well enough what he said," interrupted in listener. "He paroled you in my custody and I'm reco-sible for your peaceful behavior, mind that now. If hadn't 'a' been a well-known and prominently respects citizen you'd been tried and sent over there to Folion # hard labor for attempted violent murder, that's whitysive 'a' been! Undeniable high spirits! My land, I should think so!"

"Huh!" sniffed the unabashed captain. "Nice way he Indians to act, wasn't it. Every one knows they're cowardly race. They can act brave enough in the morabut look at how they do when it comes to a showdow; or in the open us man to man—they run right off and lattle to a Dutch sheriff, that's what the cowards do!"

"You got no right to pester them Indians," ware Corporal Billy, spearing his second pork chop. "They's peaceable, quiet folks, jest like you and me.

"Yes, and we'll all be scalped in our beds some nich that's what," continued the captain. "I seen the up gleam in their eyes when they was trying to have he sheriff arrest me

You let 'em alone!"

"Oh, very well! I'll let 'em alone for the present to mark my words, a time will come and I'll show 'em nomeny If one of 'em ever crosses my path again he'd better have care. I'll put a dose of cold lead through his craves but that's what I'll

S-sh! That'll do -

"Why, say," went on the captain, brightening, "jot and I alone could go down there and make 'em all bite the

dust. Just before dawn is the best time to attackt—"
"Look ahere, my lad," said Corporal Billy desperant you do any more of that and the sheriff 'll have you inside lookin' out, that's what he'll have you. And)# for the way you talk, you leave that gun of your rall here to home for three days. Now I guess you'll talk so

"Want me to go out unarmed, do you?" inquired in captain bitterly.

'That's just what! You'll go unarmed until you was some discipline. How'd I ever gone through the wat i'll been like you, shootin' up people right and left?"

"Oh, all right," growled the captain, gloomily engage

Corporal Billy pushed his chair back from the tall emitted a long sigh of repletion and gnawed relishing) his plug of tobacco. The captain observed this with at disapproval.

"Tobacco is a filthy habit," he began oracularly

"My growth is had," retorted the corporal.

"And poisons your systems. See what it's done to you already. Look at the way you carry yourself! You say some setting-up exercises. Bend over and touch your [9] a hundred times, morning and night, and get seets let dumbbells -- Oh, well, if you don't want to listen -

For the corporal, with elaborate disregard, was ashumming Marching Through Georgia, while he massed shaving apparatus before the small mirror above the Undoubtedly he needed setting-up exercises as much a any man of seventy-five ever needed them. He was the sized, with a wisp of a white beard, dim and sorrowf eyes and bent shoulders, and his limp was pronounced Tobacco may have been the cause. Then again forty) of cobbling might be accused.

Yet the corporal now went about the almost tragic usiness of shaving with real elation. Relentlessly he lought the blade over his lined old face to a sinister depth. He did not shave so much as scarify, but his ensuing greans were cheerful. For this was the one time in the rear when Corporal Billy was the central and resplendent gure of the town. This was the eve of his great day. fonight was the meeting of the Decoration Day committee, be program of which never varied, from the introductory ration of the mayor to the declamation of the Gettysburg ddress by a girl pupil of the high school and the perunctory election of Corporal William Safford, late of the Iwenty-third Indiana Infantry, to the post of grand marshal if the parade - Corporal Billy on a safely prancing horse, milormed, embellished with a gorgeous such! Year after our it had been thus. He sometimes pretended to be ored by the regularity of the thing, but he was Ophirville's or surviving veteran of the Civil War, and could he unless to a decay of his public spirit? Not Corporal Billy! Captain Webster from his seat had watched that fearome ordeal of shaving with mingled hope and alarm. It ad seemed inevitable from the first gash that the old man rould do something fatal to himself with that razor; but he operation was amazingly completed with only some ninor casualties. Thereupon Corporal Billy, in the tiny djacent bedroom, proceeded to bedeck himself in his mart blue uniform. It was this uniform that won back he momentarily difficult respect of Captain Webster and estored his waning enthusiasm for life. He noted with oproval that the old man became more erect, lifting his ead pridefully, and the limp was hardly to be noticed. he captain himself brushed the fatigue cap and experineed a thrill in doing it. Corporal Billy set it firmly upon is lifted head and coyly approved himself in the mirror. be captain was undoubtedly respectful as he also surveyed be result.

"It's a bully uniform," he declared; "and I'll bet you ere a corking good soldier. I'll bet you were the bravest us in all your regiment."

"Shucks?" muttered the preening corporal. "Not at Il lots braver than me."

"Oh, I know you've got to be modest," the other con-

eded; "but how about those times you told me of!" But for the recent shave, a blush might have been berved to mantle the jowls of Corporal Billy. It was rue that in certain expansive moments since the captain's rival he had recounted two or three little adventures in hich he had played snything but a coward's part. But he boy was insistent for stories, and they might inspire im to brave deeds of his own; and if you were going to

il a story at all you ought to tell it right, oughtn't youod little ornamenting details here and there. Still, with he old uniform actually on, the corporal somehow regretted

ne or two of the more daring flights. "Shucks!" he muttered again in self-disparagement.

"Say," urged the now glowing captain, "tell us again tout that big six-foot rebel that you shoved your hayonet can through the chest of, when he was just going to shoot re down in cold blood

"No time for yarns," said the corporal shortly, "We

at to harry to the c'mittee meeting."

Here the captain had to search at length for his own cap, hich always became mysteriously lost the moment he stend the house. Corporal Billy waited impatiently atil this was found in the wood-box back of the rangend then they were out in the main street of Ophirville

making a notable progress to the town hall. Corporal Hilly strade with a military alertness, stiffly saluting such of his fellow townsmen as engaged his notice. Captain Webster stalked stiffly at his side, with frequent upward glances of pride, a pleased unit of the spectacle. A block up the street they encountered Mrs. Honora Kelly, a lady of billowy amplitudes, also garbed ceremoniously and wearing her best lilac bonnet above a high-colored and cordial face. Mrs. Kelly was the relict of one Michael Kelly, also a veteran of the Civil War. When Ophirville had hoasted enough civil war veterans to maintain a fraction of a Grand Army Post, Mrs. Kelly had been the president of the local ladies of the G. A. R. But now of the post there remained only Corporal Billy, and of the local ladies only Mrs. Honors.

"Evenin', Mis' Kelly!" The corporal lifted his fatigue cap with a flourish. "To the c'mittee meetin', I take it?"

'Tis not so many more Dec'ration Days we'll be seeing, Corporal Safford," observed Mrs. Kelly with an effort at

"The Grand Army is passin' on," he retorted gallantly. "but the ladies of the Grand Army are ever young and fair, as the poet said."

"Be still with your jests," returned Mrs. Kelly, and the best honnet was tossed coquettishly. Each year she angled for this compliment, and the winning of it never failed to brighten her.

As they walked on Mrs. Kelly waved an eloquently insulting hand toward the opposite side of the street.

'Tis the Spanish war vets, would you look now!" she

Corporal Hilly glowered at three youngish men in blue shirts and khaki trousers who conversed earnestly in front of the Boston Cash Store. True enough, they were veteruns, but Corporal Billy's glance seemed to say that this term was too elastic.

"Vet'rum of the so-called war with Spain, I believe," he remarked grandly. It is unquestionably the way of Corporal Billy and his like to sniff at the opera-bouffe campaigns in Cuba and the Philippines. By them the propriety of allowing the younger veterans to participate at all in the observances of Memorial Day is still mooted in many sections.

"An' wearin' gur-rand medals on the chests of them!"

pursued Mrs. Kelly.

"Metals!" Corporal Billy sneered wickedly, "What them boys went through wouldn't 'a' been camp sports to what me and your husband and our cumruds went through, Mis' Kelly. And they got two medals aplece for their skylarking. Me? I got two medals myself, only I can't. exhibit 'em to ladies. One in my shoulder - that's a salver cut. One in my leg-that's a minule hall. They sin't a mite showy, but nobody can pull 'em off's me.'

Would you think they was talkin' of us now?" demanded Mrs. Kelly. "Seems like, the way they're lookin' over here.

"Like 'em!" growled the corporal. "Wha'd the mayor have to go put 'em on our c'mittee for? 'Tain't right for such as them to be messin' round the graves of our cumrads, Let 'em wait till they got some graves of their own to mess

"They'd wait long," observed Mrs. Kelly crisply. Their health was never threatened, though I believe one of them did catch a hard cold in Porty Reeky.

They were still companionably muttering this grievance when Corporal Billy handed Mrs. Kelly into the ball, followed by the now subdued Captain Webster,

> who was tasting his fill of reflected glory. The Mayor of Ophirville, as chairman of the





"I Walked Gut With You and Gut Pit Jeap"

and looked formal. The superintendent of schools sat at a small table beside the desk to record the formidable minutes of the meeting. The town clerk, the sheriff and prominent citizens to the number of a dozen were also present. The Spanish-American war delegation filed in after the G. A. R. representation and found seats near the town clerk, with whom they held earnest speech in whispers.

"Meeting of the committee on arrangements for Memorial Day will now come to order," announced the mayor. He coughed gracefully and sipped from a glass of water selicitously tendered him by the alert superintendent of schools. "We are met together on this occasion to arrange for a fitting observance of the day set apart for honoring the nation's heroic dead. Needless to say that while our thriving little city is not so large as some other cities in this broad and united land, nevertheless its public-spirited citizens are not found wanting in respect in the matter of honoring the nation's heroic dead. On the morrow we shall pay a just tribute to those who so nobly haid down their young lives-

At this point Mrs. Kelly wept audibly in tribute to Michael Kelly, who at the age of sixty-eight had been killed in a mine shaft.

"True for you, may'r!" she sobbed approvingly.

"Nominations," concluded the slightly annoyed mayor,
"are now in order for the honorable post of grand marshal of the Ophirville Memorial Day parade."

Corporal Billy Safford tried not to look self-conscious at this. He had made the effort for years. He was running over in his mind the set little speech by which he should accept the honor to be feisted upon him.

The town clerk arose, but he did not look in the direction of Corporal Safford. He looked straight at the mayor. Something appeared to be wrong with the meeting. He was the brother-in-law of a Cuban veteran.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen," began the town clerk urbanely. "Ophirville has always seen her duty on this day of days, and need I say she has always met it -

You need not," hissed Mrs. Kelly, already clairvoyant to his design.

"Every Memorial Day," continued the orator, after an iry stare at the insurgent widow, "has done our thriving little city and its public-spirited cohorts abundant credit, and far be it from me to intimate an intention of-er-Intimating that we could have done it better otherwise than in the manner we did do it. But this year, though far be it from me to cast undue reflections

"It'd better be!" threatened the watchful widow,

it is my pleasure and my duty to propose an innovation. The grand marshal of our parade has heretofore been a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, that glorious organization without which, as the poeriess Webster said -

"And who should it be but a G. A. R.? Come now!" demanded Mrs. Kelly in full-toned wrath. Corporal Billy choked strangely and there was a curious buzzing

"Order!" demanded the mayor sharply.

"The innovation which I have to propose," continued the orator, indignant because he had wished to quote Daniel Webster on liberty and union and now realized that he had forgotten the lines, "is the election of a member of the Spanish-American War veterans to the honorable post of grand marshal of the Ophirville Decoration Day parade. I nominate Sergeant Sam Gates, of the First California Regiment, for that post."

"Second the nomination," mumbled one of the

younger veterans in khaki.

Corporal Safford, G. A. R., cowered as from a blow. Mrs. Kelly was on her feet with truculent fists aloft.

"I nom'nate Corp'ral William Safford," she shouted deflantly.

There was a painful silence. Corporal Billy, listening intently, looked about him with dumb appeal.

"Any second to the nomination of Corporal Safford?" demanded the mayor briskly. There was no response.

"Then Sergeant Sam Gates stands elected to the post of grand marshal," concluded the mayor, brutally flouting the manual of Cushing.

Corporal Sufford rose unsteadily to his feet, holding to the back of his chair. Then abruptly he straightened as if he had heard a command.

He clicked his heels together, put on his fatigue cap and marched stiffly from the room.

For a block he continued to march stiffly, head erect, with the rhythmic tread of a soldier. But then he wilted to the cobbler's stoop and again he limped. He did not realize that he had been followed until he felt Mrs. Kelly's hand on his arm.

"The snakes!" she said simply. "But don't you take

it to heart, my boy.

"I'm not, Mrs. Kelly." The old man straightened once more. "Maybe they're right and I'm too old for a grand marshal. To tell you the truth, I ain't felt so very fancy on horseback this last two-three years. But, anyhow, you'll be representln' the ladies of the G. A. R.'

"I'll not that!" she flashed. "I walked out with you and out I'll stay. What would our cumruds be thinkin', especially Mike, rest his soul."

"Our cumruds," murmured the corporal, as they walked on in silence.

Captain Webster, of the Boy Scouts, marched excitedly beside them. He was mentally dramatizing an Indian foray, in which the red devils should descend upon the settlement at once and scalp every one of those smarties back there who had rejected his Uncle Billy for grand marshal-"given him the hook," was the captain's phrasing of this process.

Back in the little kitchen Corporal Billy went mechanically about the washing of the supper dishes. He did not hum Marching Through Georgia, though at moments he affected a lively interest in the scraping of plates and the heating of dishwater. Nor was he unaided in his task. Captain Webster, despite a career of hardening adventure, was not without his human side. Indeed, as he deftly helped with the work there was something almost softly human in the glances be stole at the outworn veteran. He spoke but little, however, until the kitchen was once more neat. Then, as the corporal drew off his long kitchen apron and hung it on its nail, the captain, for purposes of light conversation, brought up a matter which had nothing to do with the affair of the evening.

"Now if I could take my rifle out just for an hour tomorrow morning—that Mrs. Kelly said she'd like me to shoot two of her young roosters and I think we should always try to perform little services for those about us and make their lives brighter."

"All right, but you bring that rifle right back when you've done it, mind that!" And Corporal Billy sank wearily into a chair to regard on the wall opposite him a steel engraving in a walnut frame of Abraham Lincoln striking the shackles from a kneeling slave,

"I wonder if it was worth while," muttered the old man grimly. The reference was lest upon the captain, who

was nevertheless sympathetic. "You could come back all right," he announced cheerfully. "Come back? Back from where?"

"Oh, you know come back. They think you're down and out, but you could come back,

Uncle Billy."

"Oh, I'm a has-been all right." He continued to glare at the engraving, but Captain Webster was persistent. He planted himself before the old man, feet apart, head tilted, eyes half-shut in calculation.

"No, sir; you can come back, I tell you. If you'd just put yourself in my hands and give up chewing tobacco and take those bending exercises and breather deep in the open air and drink pure spring water between meals, I'd make a new man of you. I got a book tells all about how to get hearty and rugged. Of course you're older than I arn, but you can come back enough to make this jay town set up all right, all right. I'll bet you're the bravest man in this whole county today, bar none. I'll bet you

wouldn't be afraid of anything you could think of. Now you bend over and touch your toes a hundred times and -

"Bedtime," interrupted the corporal, who had been a poor listener. "And you can stay out all day tomorrow after you bring that gun back."

"Not unarmed?" queried the captain. "You don't mean totally unarmed?"

The corporal deigned no response to this.

"Well, can I take this old pistol? That'll be something." He took from the table the ancient army revolver that had long reposed in the trunk containing the blue uniform. It was a weapon large and long, of a battered grimness. The lock was broken, but its aspect was impressively sinister. It was at least three sizes too large for a boy scout, but, as the captain had observed, it would be something.

"I'll keep the shop shut tomorrow," said the corporal, "but I won't go out myself—I'll be busy round here. Yes, take the pistol." With a heroic effort at pleasantry he added: "And you can shoot all the Indians you want to with that." "Very good, sir!" said the captain, and formally saluted.

Decaration Day naturally saw the shops of Ophirville closed; but the shop of William Safford, its wooden boot swinging above the door, seemed more tightly closed than any other. Not only was the door locked, but the curtains were closely drawn. The place had the air of being bermetically scaled. Nor was its owner to be seen on the street mingling with his fellow-citizens in the pleasant bustle of preparation. There were those who said he sulked behind his darkened door, being deficient in public spirit. The town clerk, that wily politician responsible for the corporal's humiliation, said bluntly in front of the post office that no man who would not bow to the will of the people, veteran or no veteran, was worthy of a post of trust and honor. Grand marshal elect, Sam Gates, who was trying out horses up back of the livery stable - he wanted one that would prance nervously when the hand played-announced that the town needed new blood, and that if the old fomil wanted to be huffy, why let him! From which it will be seen that there was scant public sympathy for Corporal William Safford. Such as there was came from Mrs. Kelly, who had her own curtains drawn and kept herself behind them,

The parade, starting from the town hall at two o'clock, vas duly impressive. Grand Marshal Sam Gates, having discovered a sufficiently neurotic mount, rode at the head, encircled by a rainbow of fluttering such and carrying a creps-bound baton. He was followed by the Ophirville silver cornet band, which played very slowly Flee as a Bird. Came the mayor in frockroat and silk hat, the Order of Rebekah in full regalia, the uniformed Knights of Pythias, school children carrying bouquets of wild flowers, a platous of national guardenes and the ladies of the Spanish-American War-four of them in the depot back. Prominent citizens trudged in the dusty rear.

Grand Marshal Gates caused his charger to do fancy steps as he passed the cobbler's shop, whereat the band played with an added emphasis, especially the E-flat cornet, who was related by marriage to the grand marshal. And so the line wound its way to the cemetery.

Inside the closed shop Corporal Billy sat at his bench, his withered shoulders hunched forward, his head in his hands. The music became fainter; even the strains of the taunting cornet expired. Sadly the veteran arose and threw off his leather apron. In his bedroom back of his shop he arrayed himself in his G. A. R. uniform, carefully as if for a public appearance. He brushed the worn fatigue

cap and adjusted it before the mirror. Last of all he asduced a saber of an obsolete type and buckled the bet about his waist. Then, back in the dim light of the mon he waited tensely.

From the distant hillside where lay Ophirville's onetery there came at length the muffled crash of a volley of musketry, then another and another.

With a brisk rattle Corporal Billy drew his saber from its sheath and smartly swung it to "Present!" Faintly, swell; came the bugle-call of "taps."

"Cumruds, I salute you," murmured Corporal BL, So he stood a moment, dreaming back to the days of its fighting youth. Unsoldierly tears welled to his old sys. And then he slumped to his bench, drooping in every line his head again in his hands. A long time he sat there. Ho need for the setting-up exercises recommended by Captain Webster had perhaps never been so apparent.

In the depths of his despondency he lost track of the hours. He was dimly aware that the parade had returne and scattered; the revived street life came faintly to to dull ears. And then, mingling with this came shape, unaccustomed notes, the gallop of a horse, two horse shouts; the hurried, excited speech of two men before his door, and swiftly running feet along the sidewalk. At last he became alert to this flurry. He stepped to the dor. turned the key in the lock and stood out in the glare at in afternoon sun. Citizens in unwonted haste were specify from all quarters toward the town hall. Here and there two would pause briefly for speech together. Weel of some novel event ran among them. Two of these nor is

door were halled by Corporal Billy.
"What's doin'?" he asked.
In unison they spluttered at him incoherently. He was obliged to demand the news of two others before he can prehended it. The thing was simple enough. Seavy, the negro murderer, a life prisoner over at the Felson pertentiary twenty-five miles distant, had escaped early the morning. The single telegraph wire being down, the new had just reached Ophirville. He had taken to the hills and it was thought that he would not easily be recaptured &: the guards from Folsom were tracking him and already Sheriff Kritzler was forming a posso. The hunted man su known to have started toward Ophirville.

Instantly Corporal Billy was thrilled to a foolist and tion. He would show them! He would be a member of that posse. He would let them see that veterans diff flinch from danger. He might be in at the capture. Is might distinguish himself. He might "come back," at 18 boy scout had put it. Accoutered as he was, he set out is the town hall. On his way he gathered bits of information that might have daunted a less foolish cobbler of seventy five. Seavy, an enormous black fellow, had swen by would not be taken alive; he had throttled a guard who the to prevent his escape. Once in the hills, he had left a valof destruction-be had murdered a rancher, the rander) family, two families of ranchers, burned their howes. He was savage, wild, mowing down all who opposed his Such was the gossip Corporal Billy encountered. Anstal glimmered within him that perhaps he would be of small use to the posse; that perhaps, while there was yet are. he would do better to seek once more the dignified seli-sion of his locked shop; but he was helpless—his feet or ried him on. He felt that his feet were his masters. It could no longer control them.

And then he was pushing a way through the crowd shoul the sheriff's office. It was an excited crowd, each man of

seeking to voice more local than his neighbors his plan for taking the prisoner, for each man, it seemed, had shrevel guessed his hiding place. Atd yet Corporal Billy for a mount quelled the eager voices. Seething in his military bearing an uniform must have done it. rested a hand upon his saler [2] and saluted Sheriff Kritzler val frowning with fat impertars. paused to stare amazedly at in-A dozen mounted men, the Spanish-American veterals among them, were on the 00 skirts of the group armed with rifles and revolvers, awaits word from the sheriff to be of And Corporal Billy held them !.. until he could speak his lines: "Corporal William Saffeed

formerly of the Twenty-thi-Indiana Infantry, reports # 1 volunteer, sir!"

The sheriff gasped and frowned importantly: "(a: bother with you. Safface Posse's big enough already

There was a marmured redorsement of this reply he Continued on Page 43



MEN WHO LIVE ON NOTHING

70U know Rupert Vallon?" said my wife as the butler was bringing in the coffee.
I nodded, tossing away the match with which I had

ighted my cigarette. Of course I knew Rupert Vallon.

"I mean, do you really know him, anything about him?" "Of course I don't really know anything about anyody here in New York," I answered with absolute truth.
"Well," she went on, "there's some mystery

hout Rupert. What do you suppose he does or a living?"

"My dear Clare," I replied, "I never ask the andsome gentlemen who sit in the boxes at be opera what they do for a living. It might mbarrass them. Moreover, it doesn't matter, hat I can see, what they do or whether they do mything. Generically all rosy young eligibles ave always been in Wall Street-that is, they sere until the Supreme Court began to construe he Sherman Law. I suppose now they are on ifth Avenue. But what about Rupert?"

"I tried to get some one to fill a place at our inner tomorrow night- Tom Hartfield has been aken down with pneuroonia, you know-and alled up the Stuyvesant Club. You instructed se always to ask old Peter, the doorman, who in the club; so I told the boy to send him a the telephone. 'Is that you, Peter?' I said. This is Mrs. Marathon.' 'Yes, ma'am,' he rewered. 'What can I do for you?' 'I'm aving a dinner tomorrow night for Lady Van irchid, said 1. 'Some one has given out and sant to fill his place. Will you kindly tell me to is in the club?"

There was a confused mutter at the other ad of the wire, from which I gathered that eter had said he'd go and look at the page the doorlist. He came back in a moment. There ain't nobody here at all, ma'am,' said e, 'except Mr. Wiggin - and I'm sure you don't ant him! None of the ladies ever do. Oh! seuse me-there's Mr. Rupert Vallon just ming in. Shall I ask him?' 'By all means?' acquiesced, much relieved. A moment later eter informed me that Mr. Vallon accepted with course Mrs. Marathon's kind invitation to

She paused, her eyes smiling with mystery. "I don't see anything extraordinary yet!" I remarked. "Wait!" she ordered excitedly. "The Stuyvesant Club on the corner of Thirty-third Street and Fifth Avenue,

n't it? How far is that from here?"

ne the next night at half after eight o'clock,

"Two miles and a quarter," I estimated,
"How long would it take a strong-legged man like spert to walk it?"

Hall an hour-if he kept going right along."

"Listen! Five minutes after I had called up the rlub I ent out for a little stroll before lunch and ran right into r. Rupert Vallon at the corner of Sixty-ninth Street and ifth Avenue. 'So glad you are coming tomorrow night!' said, without thinking. 'Ah! Yes!' he answered in a ther vague way. 'Delighted!' And then I suddenly alized that if he had actually got my message himself he ust have flown from the club in an aëroplane in order to standing there talking to me within less than ten minutes. "I'm not a clever talker, as you know. If you'd been ere I'm sure you would have got at the truth of the atter; but before I could frame a leading question be u off on the opera and the opening of that new dancing are the other night, and I forgot all about it until after had gone home."

"Gone home?" I queried.

"Yes I invited him in to luncheon and he came."

I laughed.

"I fancy you will find that you've invited two separate d distinct individuals to fill Hartfield's place. You misunderstood the name, and Peter h

"No. I didn't!" my wife asserted.

"Anyhow, it doesn't seem worth taking much trouble out," I commented, "So long as he got the message and

coming to dinner, why does it matter?"
"I'll tell you why," she replied with sudden seriousness.

Rupert's rather a pal of mine. I like him. I've-we've th known him for years. He's visited us at Newport. ne on motor trips with us, and is always dining and aching here. Superficially he is apparently one of the st friends we have. He's a dear, too-kindly, courteous d faithful. Yet it is a fact that I don't know a single ing about him - and, what's more, I don't remember at is minute where I first met him!"

"We met him at the Osgoods', on Long Island," I

swered.

THE PET CAT



"I beg your pardon," my wife retorted: "we've known him ever so much longer than that. I remember now-I met him at Helen Happood's at tea and he walked home with me."

tions in the Brains

"Monstrous!" I cried. "And this is the viper I have taken to my bosom!"

"What does he do for a living?" she persisted.
"I don't suppose he does anything." I admitted: "in fact I always supposed he had an independent income."

"I'm going to find out," she asserted. "Here is one of the few people who would really care if I were suddenly killed in a railroad accident—one whom I introduce to all my friends and for whom, to a certain extent, I am a social eponsue

"You, with fifty other women!" I interjected.

"Who is a constant visitor at my house and who knows practically all there is to know about me!"

"Thinks he does!" I smended cruelly.

"And, while giving the impression of having withheld no confidence, is as much a stranger to me as my butler!"

"Well," I replied, "what do you propose to do about it? What do you care how he exists, so long as he is, as you say, faithful and courteous and kindly? You may go prying over this castle of friendship and suddenly find yourself in a secret chamber full of murdered wives. Be careful! So long as you don't know anything about Vallon

and he doesn't borrow money, let well enough alone!"
"You're perfectly horrid!" she cried. "You ought to

"But you yourself have just said that you propose to solve the mystery of Rupert's existence!"

"You lawyer!"

"And how are you going to guess the riddle of this social. sphinx?" I continued.

"Leave that to me!" she exclaimed, "I've a plan." "All the same, I don't like the idea of your encoping into a friend's affairs like this!" I insisted. "I don't see the excuse for it."

You don't?" she queried. "Well, suppose he wanted to marry Myra?"

Her answer staggered me. Myra was my wife's cherished younger sister, a mere haby of twenty-three—and a beauty.
"I never thought of ——" I began.

"Don't worry!" she laughed. "He doesn't. But, after all, she's been out four seasons,"

During the next two mouths I heard nothing more of my wife's proposed activities as a society detective. Vallon, except as one of innumerable Vallons, passed out of my mind. Yet he was forever at the house, filling a place at luncheon or dinner, making the extra man in our operahox, and performing the absolutely necessary function of gentleman-in-waiting to Her Majesty My Wife. In these

modern days, when the ordinary New York society woman lives more luxuriously than did the queens and duchesses of medieval times, she has need of some one round her to play the part

of page, courtier and jester.

We have our measurvants and our maidservants, but we must have our minstrels and our gallants as well. Hence the development of the Pet Cat in a social system that in the older generation had its beaus, its dandles, its Ward McAllisters. The grandam of fashion the world over has always had her court, with its attendant. gentlemen, its parasites, its sycophants; and in a lesser degree this has been true everywhere of those whose wealth enables them to entertain lavishly and to throw open their houses to a large. circle of people.

Thackerny has pictured, with a master hand, English society under the Georges and during the early Victorian era; but until the comparatively recent concentration of wealth in America our social system did not afford opportunity to the merely ornamental to make a living.

Twenty years ago men like McAllister were regarded as human jokes. The society man was the daily butt of the paragrapher and the squib in the comic paper. We boasted loudly that we had no leisure class. The shadow of the Puritan still stalked abroad. We feit in a vague way that it was wrong to be happy and domnation to be gay. To admit that one did not work at some productive form of task was to plead guilty to general worthlessness and neglect of duty as a child of God, an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven, and a citizen of the United States.

Things have changed surprisingly in the last couple of decades. Social life may not be any happier, but it is vastly gayer. We may not be any better and we may be a good deal worse-

let others decide but we are indubitably better company, behave more naturally and are better informed, except possibly from a purely pedantic point of view.

A girl of eighteen today is a far better equipped human being than she was twenty yours ago in almost every respect. She is more cosmopolitan, better able to look out for berself, and less amenable to social bank than her mother and her mother's friends were at her age. The girls of today are not easily fooled. They are not deceived by the shams of a society that glitters but does not satisfy and they play the social game for only what it is worth.

And because their college friends, whom they will eventually marry, are hard at work in law offices, hospitals, banks and factories, and have small time or inclination for the more trivial social frivolities, the requirements of our young ladies have given rise to a class of men of ambigtimis age who year by year keep the social ball rolling and do the work which the younger fellows have too much sense

The dearth of presentable young males in New York society is such that anything which wears clean linen, can speak in an intelligent dialect and has not been convicted of crime need never go hungry. The less known about him the better. If he is a foreigner he leaves nothing to be desired; and if he be young besides, his life will be all pink roses and yellow satin-until he is foolish enough to marry or enter some employment that will interfere with his rounds at five o'clock.

adult ove finds his business life. engrossing and fatiguing. If he is able to tear himself away from the office before it is time to dress for dinner he usually has only leisure enough to drop into the club for a glance at the paper and a cocktail.

Moreover he is too tired to make a particularly agreeable companion over the teacups. Hence calling has gone out of fashion-not because the women do not wish to have callers, but because the men are too busy. And as it is out of fashion the men who are not too busy make that an excuse to stay at the club and play billiards or bridge, instead of performing what used to be regarded as their social duties.

The fact, however, that the men who work no longer make calls only makes the others the more welcome; and by assiduously leaving pasteboards on his new acquaintances a comparative stranger in the city will find that he has immediately roused in the hearts of the ladies whose doorbells he rings a grateful and responsive regard.

There is no true woman who does not like attention, and few women care what the underlying motive of their pseudo-admirers may be. Alas! there are few, also, who will not accept it blindly as a tribute to their personal attractiveness rather than to the excellence of their dinners—as it more probably is.

Though the majority of the five-o'clock-tea men are not the ones of her acquaintance whom the hostess would prefer to see, she is nevertheless glad enough to get them. whoever they are. Most men have a natural distaste for laying themselves open to the accusation of being toadies. and their tendency is to neglect their women friends rather than hazard the chance of being classed with the Johnnies; but the foreigner has no false pride and calls regularly.

He knows women. To do so is part of his stock in trade. and his flattery is often no more insincere than our own crude compliments. His hostess is grateful to him for not being afraid publicly to recognize the fact that she is a charming woman, and to say so. The blush may spring to her faded cheek, but the marquis inevitably stays to dinner.

Of course the women are not the only ones. 'Tis an old maxim in the schools

That flattery's the food of fools; Yet now and then your

wen of wil Will condescend to take a bit.

After all, who would not prefer to be told she is rapissante than to receive the somewhat ambiguous compliment of looking "rather fit"? And so when my lady wishes to fill her opera box or country house it is the flattering foreigner to whom she first fondly turns; then to the good-looking boy just out of college, who has not yet found a job and who hankers after the fleshpots; and then, in default of others, to old reliable Mr. Pet Cat, who is young enough to be agreeable and is generally old

enough to be quite safe-even with Myra. The seething currents of New York society, with their dangerous undertow, are too complicated for adequate analysis in a few pages; but society in America is primarily a show window in the Bond Street of matrimony, and its psychology can truly be understood only by accepting this simple major premise.

Each succeeding season brings out its galaxy of girls of charm and heauty. The choicest dozen of these are absorbed into the whirl of adult society, where wealth is almost an essential; the others marry inconspicuous men, go away, or gradually drift into the buckwater of mere respectability. The circle of respectable people in New York who are socially impeceable without being at all fashionable is enormous.

In a word, smart society is the survival of the fittest, and it exists for the ultimate purpose of satisfying woman's craving for admiration. To this end man is indispensable. Without him society would lose its ultimate object-and his years make no difference. Hence the Pet Cat is of all ages from eighteen to sixty-five. He is always a Tom and he has nine long lives.

In France, Spain and Italy, to exert an attraction for women is a thing to be hoasted of; while in Anglo-Saxon countries the term ladies' man has inevitably been one of mild repreach, carrying with it the imputation of effeminacy. Carpet knights have always been pictured as coxcombs.

Even today, for a man to overdress is the quickest and surest way to excite hostile criticism.

All these things make easy the path of the man who lives on nothing. He has but to possess the conventional swallowtail, a toothbrush and a safety razor to challenge in the lists the most arrogant son of the plutocracy. The rest depends on himself alone. He will work his passage and purchase his rations with a smile. The man who lives on nothing! Who shall say that he does not pay for all he gets and for all he loses?

According to an old story, which bears the earmarks of authority, Mr. John L. Sullivan once fistic champion of the world and proud holder of the Diamond Belt-had a certain inseparable companion who, whenever the great man went into a saloon to buy a drink, always stationed himself at the hero's elbow. Sullivan, much too fine a

gentleman to bother about change, invariably threw a dollar bill on the counter in payment for his refreshment and turned grandly away; but his friend, having no such absurd scruples, carefully swept up the despised coins, put them in his pocket, and by so doing amassed a comfortable fortune, on which in due course he retired. Thus ran the tale

One besitates to speculate on the number of drinks involved in the accomplishment of this result. I believed the story as a boy and I refuse to disbelieve it now. I have seen too many similar instances among my contemporaries to doubt its substantial accuracy. I doubt not the great John carried many a poor man to affluence on his

Even in Nature we find the prototype of this friend of the presperous. The rhinocens hird, whose performances are vouched for by our naturalistic ex-president, otherwise known as Ruphaus crathrorkyncha-I refer, of course, to the bird-is familiar to the reader as an African sturnoid hornbill, which takes a free ride on the back of the unsuspecting rhino in order to partake of the parasites that infest the hide of the larger snimal. And there is even a

Metropolitan. Vallon himself dines and goes to the open every night of the season. He is in great demand; for y knows the plots of all the operas, the intimate pricehistories of the prima donnas, and all the scandals of &-Diamond Horseshoe. He is a genuine musical hariboo and saves buying a libretto.

"Do you notice that young chap-directly appoint he asked me once during a performance of L'Amon to Tre Re. "The fellow with the sandy mustache when just come in-shaking hands?"

"What about him?" I inquired. It was during to

intermission after the first act.
"Watch!" said he, smiling.
The curtain went up—the lights went down. Using a glass I could see that the box already contained a persons - two women and four men; but the revene remained seated unostentationaly in the rear sine throughout the act. Just as the barytone was confiden his final aria the visitor disappeared. Once more light appeared and the boxes moved and swayed like recent in a breeze. Vallon touched my arm again.

There he is," he remarked, "in Mrs. Vann's box new

I looked down the Horseshoe. Yes an friend had shifted le position to our side a the house and was to ready bowing over the gloved hand of a latjust on our left. I'm dently he was bill of merry quipa and casia. for his boston and he companions laughet constantly at what in was saying.

Ten minutes pased Once more the mestreamed back down the nisles, and the leader of the orchestra returned to his year anif a scattering of applicafrom the galleries. The lights sank again. To young man board, reand moved into the back of the box be. as before, he remains! there throughout the act only to disapper just before its onelias: "To see is to know."

remarked Vallon, "The young gentleman gets opera de luze at a dollar a nightthat is, when he does not get it for nothing."

"Just how do you mean?" I asked, my mind still = entirely clarified.

Vallon gave a deprecating shrug.

"Perhaps I ought not to disclose trade secrets," said to "That young man, when he is not invited to the sponbuys an entrance ticket for a dollar. Very likely he per without his dinner to do so. He stands in an inconspicaro place during the first act—or perhaps he does not amountil the first act is over. Then he checks his hat and cut. pulls on his white gloves and pays his first visit to see a terre box-only he doesn't leave it when the curtain reup, but sits there throughout the act until it is almost time for the curtain to be rung down; then he beats it to atom

"Necessity is the mother of polite invention!" I we've "Why own an opera box?"

"Why, indeed?" said he. "If kind hearts are more than coroneta!"

All of which brings me to my good friend Vallon hims. the intimate companion and social shadow of my wile, in mirror and mentor of fashion, her younger sister's over lier, my comrade in travel, the haunter of my fresh-Vallen, who has his own peg on my hatrack and walalmost have a latchkey to my door -could have if be said for one!-Vallon, who would walk behind my coffin at all funeral and execute my will.

One would suppose that the description of such a one friend would be an easy thing, but it is not; for wise come to the actual drawing of the picture I find that some strange reason there is no salient feature to limitprominent characteristics; no definition. I find his thinking of Rupert all in negatives. I cannot truthill describe him as handsome, brilliant or cultured; but he distinctly not bad looking, dull or uneducated.

The casual stranger would see a rather muscular mat / five feet eight or so, with ruddy complexion and black the plastered carefully back from a part exactly in the milof his rather high forehead. Vallon's features are to means classic, and yet neither are they insignificant. in has an alert, good-natured face, a ready smile and aima superabundance of manner. He talks a good inmakes conversation, I believe the phrase to be limit



piscatorial sycophant, which follows the shark wherever he goes and fesats whenever the latter makes a killing.

> o, naturalists abserve, a flea Has smaller flow that on him prey; And these have smaller still to bite em-And so proceed ad infinitum.

The Pet Cat, like the rhinocerus bird, serves a useful purpose. Indeed he is not in most instances a parasite at all; but just as the hard and jester paid their heard in older days by their songs and horseplay-and on rare occasions by their wit so he pays his by coming when he is hid, playing cards with his elderly patronesses, chaperoning the débutantes, and being neverfailing in his attentions to the entire family. One may pity his choice of an occupation, but at least give the poor devil his due.

My first suspicion of the existence of a leisurely class of gentlemen who live on nothing was when I caught an ancient member of one of my clubs surreptitiously removing some paper and envelopes from a receptacle in the writing room. At a safe distance I observed him smuggle the lost into his ample pocket and stroll innocently away. I held my peace. Rankin was a friend of my father. But I inquired of the captain on the library floor how much writing paper was used in the course of the year. He looked at me in a scandalized way.

"The pyper an' benvelopes some members swipes is sumthin' hawful!" be whispered. "That old gentleman— Mr. Rankin, now," be went on complainingly, "'e tykes 'ole quires!"

I left him burriedly. I did not wish to hear more of the sins of the antique Rankin. But what did he do with it? Carried on a claudestine currespondence from his bedroom probably. Poor old Rankin! He is always at the clubthe earliest to get the evening papers - the first to scutile into the dining room when the club has a free supper. I often see him in a corner drinking a glass of milk and eating a place of crackers while the rest of us are going upstairs to dinner. And he smokes a pipe! I wonder about Rankin! Perhaps, after all, he is the uptown brother of the Bowery gentleman who lives by the grace of the free-lunch counter.

I am straying from Vallon. However, I shall get back to him. I remember now that it was he who told me how some younger men got their music de lure at the endily and gives the impression of always being thoroughly a home and enjoying himself. I am giving his convex.

He is inevitably on the job-Johnny on the spot. He nakes it his business to know everybody he ought to know, and to know who everybody is whom he ought not to know. le convoys débutantes to and from their dancing parties and the opera. He is Rupert to all of them. He is the atural trustee of their reputations-and he has given no and. He is the friend of the old as well as the young, and s always to be found on Sunday afternoons in the drawing ooms of the dowagers. He has a soft, thick, flannel-like pice, some sense of humor and great tact.

In a word he is a useful person to a very large number of seful people and is disliked by nobody-which, now that come to analyze it, is probably equivalent to saying that e has all the superficial qualities which make a person tractive, and few of the deep or profound characteristics

hich make a man either loved or hated.

Vallon is the greatest common divisor in society. He is opular not for what he is but for what he is not. He never ays anything elever or very amusing; but, on the other and, he never says anything impolite or caustic. Rupert always smiling. If there were no smile on his face I metimes wonder what would be left,

He is not distinguished exactly, but he has an air about im an elusive suggestion of class. He is a good sport, lays all games well, and is an expert with rod and gun. te is a handbook of useful information, equally at home in

se woods or the crosstrees.

He will follow a moose all day on snowshoes over a heartreaking crust of snow, cast into an eddy with a thirty-sixunce rod for eight hours on a stretch, and sit in a blind in z icy wind from starlight to sunset walting for ducks that ever come. After you have camped and cruised with a an time and again, with never a cross word, you get to ave a peculiar fondness for him- and that is what we all

Moreover, he has an excellent position and has a distinct nd well-recognized value merely as a social asset. More an one débutante owes her present vogue to Rupert's reful and diplomatic generalship. And, when all is said od done, a fellow with no corners is a good sort to have and at the end of a hard day's work, or when you are ying to pilot a female family across Europe in a cranky

otor.

Yet, with all my fondness for him, I did not, as I truthly told my wife, really know anything about him. There as no need to know anything about him. Nothing would we made any difference. One felt instinctively that, no atter what his origin, his connectious or his sources of come, he could not be any the less the gentleman he was. nd so he remained a friend taken for granted, a somewhat ysterious friend-none the less valued. And he dined at ir house several times between my wife's laughing chalage to my ignorance and her first report as a society

"Well," she announced more than a month after our first "Wonderful! Marvelous!" I

ted-a Doctor Watson to her

"Rupert, I feel sure, has some rt of understanding with old ter at the Stuyvesant Club. I and it out rather eleverly, I think. ou see, Dorothy Post and I both spected something; so we agreed at she should call Rupert up at eclub and invite him to dinnerien we knew he wasn't there."

icity!" I growled; but Clare ent on unperturbed.

re yesterday?" I nodded.

"I called up Dorothy as soon he arrived and she at once telephoned the club and asked Peter who was there. As usual he said the club was empty, or something; and then after a minute he added that Mr. Vallon had just come in-and wanted to know whether he should ask him. Dorothy said yes; and pretty soon Peter came back to the telephone and said that Mr. Vallon would be delighted to dine with her on Thursday. Then she called me up and told me."

"You young devil!" I cried indignantly.

"Oh, that's not all! I've sunk to far worse depths of infamy than that," she retorted. "So instantly I asked Rupert to dine on Thursday, too, just to find out whether he'd accept; but he was too smart for me-said he'd left his engagement book at the club and should have to let me know later. Sure enough, about five o'clock he telephoned that he was surry to find that he had a previous engagement to dine with Mrs. Post!"

"From which you infer," I began, rather amused in spite of myself, "that Rupert has a deal with Peter to the effect that if certain people call up the club and want an extra man for dinner, Peter will accept the invitation for him?"

"Of course that involves Peter's having a list of all his engagements," she commented; "but that's simple enough."

"Well, suppose he has such an arrangement-what does it prove?" I demanded.

My wife laughed.

"It proves that Rupert wants the dinners pretty badly. doesn't it?" she saked.

"Lots of people want dinners!" I muttered; but, in spite of myself. I felt annoyed with my wife for having been guilty of tricking a friend-and amazed at my friend for

having attempted to trick my wife,

After all what did it matter? Yet-the thought refused to remove itself from the back yard of my mind - why should Rupert care so much about being miked out to dinner? He was the most inviid man in New York! I knew of my own knowledge that inside of two weeks he was going off in a private car to spend a month on Jack Sheppard's housebout on the East Coast of Florida; that on his return he was sailing for Algiers, to be gone on a six weeks' motor trip with the Churchills in North Africa; that he was booked for the June salmon fishing on the Restigouche with Charley Keene; was to spend July on a yacht; and was full up with visits at Newport for August and early September.

I knew all this because I myself had tried to get him to go with me on a camping trip to New Brunswick and told him to fix his own time. So why did one with such a surfeit of friends and pleasures stoop - was it a stooping? I was not quite sure - to an intrigue with a club servant to get an

eatre invitation or so to dinner?

In the whirl of the closing social sesson, however, the matter passed from my thoughts and I saw on more of Vallon save to hear of him distantly as shooting alligators in Florida and photographing Arabs in the environs of Biskra and Tunis. Then came summer, and Clare and I donned khaki and plunged into the primeval forests of the Canadian wilderness.



The Foreigner Hat No Pales Pride and Calle Regularly

Lean, hard, mosquito bitten and happy, having fought with salmon and toyed with trout. lured the moose from the ridges to the bogun, and photographed him at sunrise, we emerged from the burnt land, paddled down the Tobique and reached Plaster Rock after an absence of twenty days, hungry for news and white-man's food.

The day was just beginning to fade as we beached our canoes just below the log drive and pitched camp for the last time, half a mile above the town. Tomorrow we should take the railroad and the day after be back in New York.

A hundred yards beyoud our campfire stood a small lumber mill; and near it, in the river, a stalwart old man with a white heard was climbing round on the floating logs and poking at them with a pole, As Clare and I approached he leaped ashore and, leaning on his pole. accosted us good-

naturedly. He was a lusty specimen of the frontiersmanthin and spare, with keen gray eyes and a lurking humor about the corners of his mouth.

'Lookin' fer a camp site?" he inquired genially. "Make yourselves to home anywheres ye want-only be keerful to

put out your fire in the meraing."
"Much obliged," I replied. "We'll take good care to
put ours out. Can we buy some eggs round here!"

You can get all you want down to the store," be answered. "Been long in the woods?"

"Three weeks."

Where be you from?" was his next question.

New York City.

"Don't say!" he remarked. "That's some ways off. 've never been thar. I'd like to go sometime 'n' see Harry Thaw and the Tombs and the guomen, and all the rest of it. I had a good chance last year to get reduced rates to the Sportsmen's Show in Madison Square Garden; but times is hard. My son went instead. But the rich food upset his stomach. What might your name be?"

"Marathon," I answered. "And yours?"

He turned to the mill and waved his hand toward a large sign over the door, which neither Clare nor I had noticed before. It rend:

VALLON BROTHERS-LUMBER

PLANKS, DEALS, BOARDS SHINGLES, SCANTLINGS, PULP, CLAPROARDS KINDLINGS, BOXWOOD, BAWDUST, ETC.

FOR SALE

"I'm Vallon Bros.," he said. "I'm the only Vallon left on the river. Know any folks by that name in New York?" "Why-yes," I hesitated. "It isn't exactly an uncommon name."

The old man took out a corncob pipe and shaved a filling

from a plug he took from his pocket.

"I've got a nephew down thar," he continued rumina-tively. "I ain't seen him in ten years. Rupert's his front name. Ever run acrost him?"

I caught Clare's eye.

"Oh, yes," I answered. "We both know him-rather ill: but I never knew he came from New Brunswic

The old man grinned good-naturedly.

"Oh, Rupert-he'd fit in most anywhere, I guess! I ain't got nothin' agin Rupert. Nice feller to talk to-but he never was no great shakes to work. He never cared none for the river and he had all kinds of highfalutin idees, How's he making out?"

"I don't know anything about his affairs," I returned; "but he seems prosperous. He has plenty of friends."

"Rupert always made friends!" assented his uncle. He looked pensively across the logs, which choked the river from shore to shore. Then he shook his head. "But he'd never have made a riverman!" he concluded.

Was he born here?" asked Clare,

The old lumberman pointed with a bony index finger to a frame house fifty yards below the mill.

(Continued on Page 57)



Did He Jee Himself

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription \$1.58 the Year. Five Ceans the Copy of All Newsdealess. To Canada - By Subscription \$1.75 the Year (Except in Toronto, \$1.55). Single Coppes. Pive Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: Fite Countries in the Forest Union. Single Subscriptions, \$8.15. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Under

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 30, 1914

Food From Argentina

TO SHIP a bushel of corn from the interior of Argentina to New York costs about the same as to ship it from Buffalo across the Empire State. If you go some hundreds of miles farther up the Plate River, the rate thence to New York is about the same as from Chicago to New York. To Galveston, of late, the rate on corn from upriver ports in Argentina has been considerably lower than from Kansas City.

Taking the average of the last five years Argentina produces about six per cent as much corn as we do—less than one bushel to our fifteen. While we use all of our own corn, and this year some more, the southern republic exports considerably more than half her relatively small output.

Argentina also slaughters something over two million cattle a year—so many, in fact, that her herds have not increased at all during the last five years and have probably decreased. Beef from that country constitutes about four-fifths of the imported supply of England, or about one-third of the total consumption of the kingdom. A little of it has come this way for some years. And since the new tariff act went into effect the Argentine supply has amounted to something over one per cent of our total consumption; but every pound of Argentine beef sent here tends to increase the London price and so attract South American shipments back to that market.

Argentina is bound to be an almost negligible factor in our food supply; but in a time of relative domestic searcity the pantry may be replenished a little from that source.

About Washington

EVERY novice who feels called on to describe the National Capital begins by saying that Washington is unlike any other American city—which, considering its chief function, is a terrible indictment of it. The energy of other cities is expended in buying and selling goods, borrowing and lending money, practicing the professions, building libraries, paving streets.

Washington's energy is most conspacuously expended in discussing other energies. The dominant motive there arises from a struggle for party advantage, which is something that other cities concern themselves with—in a more or less incidental way—about once in two years. The Capital has its special atmosphere, which is mainly a compound of this struggle for party advantage and a scramble for social recognition; and neither of them is a particularly promising element out of which to make an atmosphere.

Nowhere else in the United States are the men who carry forward the major work of a city made so constantly and scutely aware of Mrs. Notch-Higher's dinner invitations and Mrs. Topshell's receptions. Nowhere else are the motives from which men habitually act so roundabout and uncertain.

Citizen Jones knows exactly why he is going to put a new plate-glass window in his grocery—because it will help his trade. Congressman Brown is going to vote for a certain measure because the party leaders whom he regards as the best guessers think it will be popular, or because thereby he can get Congressman Thompson to vote for a bill that possibly may induce Citizen Jones to vote for Brown at the next election.

A charming place, of course—in early April one of the most charming in the world. A delightful place to visit and in which to loaf round. Going from it to Chicago or New York, we sometimes get a queer impression that if it were drawn to scale with other cities the domed building on the hill would fit nicely in the show window of a toyshop.

Government Pensions

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "A hill before Congress provides for the pensioning of superannuated Government employees in the classified civil service. In Congress and the press there is a wide difference of opinion as to the need of such a law. What do you think of it?"

Not a great while ago we happened to be in a Govern-

Not a great while ago we happened to be in a Government office on hosiness. Its chief was an aged and alling man. His appearance suggested an infirmary rather than an administrative deak. In apologizing for the office the chief's superior said:

"That office is a drag on our whole work. But what can I do? The old man has been in the Government service many years. I cannot turn him into the street, and while he is on the payroll I cannot put another man in his place. It would pay the Government to grant him his full salary for the short remainder of his life and send him off to a sanatorium, and put an efficient man in his place."

There are a good many such cases.

The Whole Truth

A BEILLIN dispatch says: "A banker representing many members of the Bourse applied to-day to the listing committee to exclude any further listings of Canadian Pacific stock, because the prospectus issued by the company in Murch for sixty million dollars of new stock contained no mention of the case pending for the reduction of freight rates."

The railroad mentioned issued some new stock and gave a description of it from which investors might deduce an opinion as to its value. A freight-rate bearing was pending at the time. An adverse decision would injuriously affect the road's earnings. Some time later there was an adverse decision and the stock fell sharply.

The road can plead that it is not customary in mention pending litigation of that sort; but it ought to be customary. Every fact that has an important immediate or contingent bearing on the value of a security should be set forth. A prospectus ought to centain just what an impartial investment expert who was examining the security for an individual client would show in his report. If water will spot a piece of dress goods the intelligent merchant says so when be sells the goods. In the long run he finds

it pays.

No one road is more blamable than another, for to set out truthfully the good points of a security is all that custom now requires; but if present or contingent bad points are known to the prospectus writer they should be stated.

Regulation and Vexation

NEARLY every issue of the Congressional Record illustrates a unique condition in the United States—namely, that persons who know nothing about business are saying how business shall be conducted. No parallel condition, we believe, is discoverable elsewhere in the world.

Business should be regulated. Public-service concerns should not be permitted to charge more than reasonable rates. They should be required to safeguard the lives and limbs of their employees, to compensate for industrial accidents, and so on; but all that is quite different from reaching into the mechanism of business and shifting the cogs to suit one's uninstructed famer.

Our statesmen's readiness to feel with the works known no bounds. We have no occan-carrying trade. England and Germany have immense businesses in that line. Yet, in the very field where we have dismally failed while they have brilliantly succeeded, we do not hesitate to tell them how they must organize and conduct the trade—and all on our own closet-spun theories as against their actual

Regulating a clock so that it will run true, and tying a flatiron to the pendulum on a theory that that will make the days longer, are quite different things.

The Historical Argument

FROM Neah down men have used and abused intoxicants; but that signifies nothing whatever. From Neah down men have done all sorts of fool things, and as to some of the things have gradually learned that they were follies and so exchemed them. George Washington drank rum before breakfast. There is no more reason for sticking to George's rum than for cupping and bleeding patients for every illness. The use of tobacco is much more general than the use of intexicants. That human nature does not require tobacco we know from the simple fact that it got along very comfortably for several thousand years without it. That normal human nature does not need alone or know equally well from the millions of men and women who do without it—and female human nature has always bee able to subsist without getting drunk.

The historical argument is bogus. The modern drinker need not be considered at all; for if a mas is truly, moderate drinker, alcohol is of such slight account to be that its presence or absence can make no difference. Me who really want alcohol are not moderate drinker although a great majority of them so miscall themsing Rational men, if they drink it at all, do so precisely in micro become intoxicated in some degree or other. They drink it because they want to have its warmth and sile and cheering lies in their brains.

Public Bookkeeping

THE Census Bureau has been asked to devise a standard system of state accounting. Perhaps that is not to best way to go about it, but we do need an intelligent and uniform method of bookkeeping for states and cities. Bureads are obliged to keep books after a standard patter formulated by the Interstate Commerce Commerce Every road must treat every like item in the same with Consequently every railroad report has a precise mentage and is strictly comparable, not only with the reports of the same road for precise other roads but with reports of the same road for precise.

States and cities keep books in any way they choose and, in spite of notable improvements in the last thee of four years, many of them choose the worst possible walls plain language, some state and city accounts an rail furgeries that would well entitle the perpetrators to peak servitude if they were used to decrive commercial crediminates of merely to decrive voters.

When there is no standard for accounting it is conenough to juggle receipts and payments from one holds another and conceal the fraud under a mass of meanings, non-comparable figures. Your report may disclose that the policy department bought eighteen papers of tacks of three cents each and conceal the fact that five hundres additional jobs have recently been created in the soon department.

State and city reports should be not only accurate a intelligible, but comparable. We hope the House of limernors, if it is still extant, will take up the subject a standard state accounting.

In the Right Direction

HERE are two fiscal reports by Obio. The older on a mess. It consists mainly of a great mass of semplained and unintelligible details. Every petty transition is set forth and the essential facts about the size condition are buried in a maze of figures. The state's foolyear ends November fifteenth; but the preparation so publication of this huge obscurantist report task so we'll time that the volume was not off the press until so the end of the following fiscal year. Of course make had any interest in it then, even if anybody could be understood it.

The plan on which the newer report was compiled a sufficiently indicated by this paragraph in a letter for the auditor: "Government reports should contain our such matter as is of public interest and only so much will receive public attention"—that is, the essential for briefly and intelligibly stated. This report was publicated within six weeks of the end of the fiscal year, and size is publication the auditor's office has received from fift a hundred requests a day for it. People want it because they can understand it.

Not only should every state make a concise, intelligible fiscal report, but the reports for all states ought to a strictly comparable—made up in substantially the same way and embracing substantially the same items. That I Indiana had an economical government and Illines a extravagant one the people of the latter could put that fingers on the difference.

Capital Punishment

THIRTY-FIVE boys, all under sixteen years of age was gathered in a boys' club in a social settlement on the East Side of the city of New York. They were—says I'm Survey—exceptionally keen, ambitious and clean-minora a few of them wage-carners, most of them in the publishment of the city of the

A member aged fifteen addressed the chair as folker.
"I move that the whole club stands for two minutes of honor of the four guamen who died to-day!" Which of club did. Many of the boys commented, with the admiration, on bow gamely the murderers had died of related at much length in the newspapers.

Making boys' heroes out of hired cutthroats sees

dubious proceeding.

WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

Scrious and Frivolous Facts About the Great

uplift provider; but it has happened mostly that he has confined his efforts to the retail trade. statesmen.

SENATOR William Squire Kenyon, of Iowa, is an earnest young man, and typically so. Indeed, it may be said that William Squire Kenyon is The Earnest Young Man.

Life, to the senator, is merely one darned problem after another to be solved; and he is the Eurnest Young Mun who always has a solution ready for any and all that come in such unending proression. He is not to be set down as an indiscriminate problem solver, for the prollems he solves are usually the problems that come within the purview of his immediate gaze; but there exists no problem that he will not solve if given an opportunity-provided, of course, it is a problem that has none but an uplifting effect on the voters of Iowa.

Though the senstor is a problem solver who has few peers, he,

the other hand, takes a few peers himself into the politd aftermath of such problems as he may have it in mind solve. There is nothing reckless about the senator shing at all. He is no harum-scarum solver. Rather t it be said of him that he is a good, steady, equilibratory former, who looks before he leaps to relieve the woos of a body politic.

Plant for Reforming Jennines

Two of the principal objects or subjects of his reform ork have been and are the Senate itself and the District Columbia—both, no doubt, sadly in need of regeneration, of peither having any votes that may be last to the

nator if his reforms ould happen to be omerangish in effect. e is in the Senate witht right of question, til 1919, and can go as r as be likes with the making and reclamsm of that body. So so with the District of dumbia. He has nothg to lose there - which. the way, is the intense tuating motive for that ditional grand galaxy statesmen who desire make Washington a odel city, but seem to tertain no such desires ncerning the suffragelding cities of their me states.

I do not intend to cree an impression that a senator is not willing d anxious to enter on y reform work of any aracter that may be cessary. He certainly

His is a temperament at will not permit an use to exist or a wrong go unrighted, proded the exigencies of a case are not exigent an lowa sense, for extiple. He is an all-round to leade problem solver if a buse corrector and

mostly that he has confined his efforts to the retail trade.

Did you ever walk through a field, carrying a cane or a
twig, and as you walked enap tops of weeds here and there?

Thus with Kenyon. He sees, to his great abhorrence, a
governmental field wherein there is a rank growth of weeds

governmental field wherein there is a rank growth of weeds of one kind and another; but not for him, as a reaping machine, to cut them all down, though he is a good reaper at that. Instead, he proceeds across the field and snaps the head off a weed now and then—or what he considers to be a weed; and at the end of the session he has done

considerable cleaning up.

One of the principal objects of the tendencies of the senator is the very Senate of which he is a member. The Senate is an institution that has been making its dignified progress across the space of years in its own accustomed manner. It has its faults, maybap, but those faults are its own faults and very dear to the Senate. Likewise it has had its little perquisites and pie. Still, there can be no manner of doubt that it has long been susceptible of reform; and it occurred to the Honorable William Squire Kenyon that he was the identical reformer to reform it.

The Strategic Reformer

HE WAS a member; and regeneration, to be enduring and valuable, must come from within and not from without. Casting about for a snitable place to begin, his fearless eye chanced to fall on the barber shop. There, gentlemen, was a valuable starting point! There was a blot on the 'scutcheon of the Senate! There was an abuse, an outrage; for not only was the luxurious Senate and the luxuriant members thereof maintaining a barber shop, but also the same Senate was maintaining a series of baths wherein aged and dilapidated follows might be rubbed together each day by skilled masseurs, who, it may have been, were carried on the rolls as clerks, in order that these statesmen might go through another day without falling into pieces ere the shades of evening fell.

This, it seemed to Kenyon, was a clear subversion of the Constitution and a gross and profligate waste of the money of the people. Also, being sparsely provided with whiskers and naming a safety razor, and not one of the barbers or bathmen voting in his state, he determined to call the Senate to a halt on this iniquitous outlay. He entered into this crusade so vigorously that the Senate bathmon is no more and the Senate barber shop is a more reminiscence, a mere fleeting exhalation of witch-basel; whereas in the gay old days there was always attar of roses there for

the whiskers of Eugene Hale and pomade for the luxuriant treases of sundry other statesmen. He had help, but that only proved the justice of his contention—a great and advantageous reform!

More recently he has sought to reform the Senate in other ways, and principally as to executive sessions. Almost coincidentally with his earnest crusade against free telegraph facilities for his fellow senators, Senator Kenyon tackled this question of executive sessions.

It came about in this way: The President nominated a man for the Interstate Commerce Commission. There was opposition. The senator was of the opposition. However, steam-ruller tactics were adopted and the candidate for the commissionership was confirmed. This so fixed in the mind of the senator from Iowa the Iniquity of secret sessions, wherein his contention lost, that he hastily determined to reform the Senate in that particular and now demands open sessions for the consideration of executive nominations. Once secured, this will be a remarkable reform, and it will have no political reverse English on it, or any effect in Iowa in 1919, at which time the senator's present term expires.

These and other similar measures are in all probability aimply the beginning of the senator's plan to make over the Senate to suit his own ideas on the subject. What we must have, as he views it, is a Senate that shall operate along lines laid down by William Squire Kenyon; a Senate that shall shave itself and cut its own hair; a Senate that shall not use the wires when letters will do as well; a Senate that shall be compelled to wash its dirty patronage lines in public and its membership at home, instead of in the Senate hathroom; and a Senate that in all other respects shall conduct itself in accordance with the austere and earnest convictions of W. S. Kenyon, of Iowa, aged forty-five, and having completed his third reconstructive year in that body.

And it is well. The Senate has been in existence since 1789, and struggled feetly along until April 24, 1911, in a desultory and aimless fashion, without the guidance, supervision and reformatory measures of William Squire Kenyon. Since that day, when he took it in hand, it has gone steadily forward; and there is every reason for the hope that by 1919 it will be completely Kenyonized.

You observe the picture of the senator that accompanies these lines of tribute. It is regrettable that the senator was not depicted when engaging in some notable work of reconstruction. As it is, he is shown in a preparatory attitude, carrying in his hand a roll of paper containing outlines of various other projects for the betterment of his colleagues, all drawn down to the scale of his own

thinking-or about

seven to the inch. The senator was prosecuting attorney for Webster County, Iowa, for five years and then became a district judge, which position he held for two years. He was made a local attorney for the Illinois Central Railroad in 1904, and in 1907 was promoted to a general attorneyship, which he held until 1910, when he became an assistant to the Attorney-General of the United States. He had to do with the beef investigations and, after Senator Dolliver died, contested the election Young, who held it by appointment, and was elected. He was reëlected in 1913.

As I have said, he is an earnest young man. He is also a clever young man, and will never be found promoting any project that is likely to be too vexatious in Iowa. He is a strategic reformer as well as an earnest one; and strategic reform is rarely schismatic—back home!





THE LAME DUCK

Viewe of an Innocent Byetander

WASHINGTON, D. C. DEAR JIM: One of the minor but always attendant borrors of war as it If always attendant horrors of war as it is conducted in Washington, or of rumors of war as they are inducted in the same, is the story of the split in the Cabinet. It always arrives along about the third day, or the fourth day, when the keen edge is off the news and the editors are howling for stuff they can sell extras on. So the correspondents take out their tom-toms and the Cabinet bloom upon strictly in the diamatches.

net blows up—strictly in the dispatches, Jim—strictly in the dispatches, "Secretary Lane pulls out a bunch of Secretary Redfield's whickers and a grave

Secretary Redfield's whisters and a grave crisis results!"

"William G. McAdoo intimates that Josephus Daniels is no better than he ought to be and redgnations are expected!"

"Entire Cabinet opposed to President's policy and disaster is imminent!"

"William J. Bryan tells Lindley M. Garrison that 'War is Hell,' and L. M. Garrison tells W. J. Bryan to go to it, which must work great delay in war plant!"

"President steps on the face of his Secretary of Labor and disposed in his test at "

"President steps on the face of his Secre-tary of Labor and discord is hinted at!"
And so it goes. Take it from the corre-spondent boys, who are required to furnish the stuff for the red-ink headlines and the extrus, and a meeting of the Cabinet in war-time, or heavy-variance, as the common laboration.

extrus, and a meeting of the Cabinet in wartime, or hear-wartime, as the case may be,
begins with a general denunciation of everything the President proposes by all others
present, and an insmediate renunciation of
everything all others propose by the President. From that sort of start it works up
to a free light, in which none of the rules
of warfare as countenanced by divilized
nations prevail, and in which maybern is the dightest of the attentions paid by statesmen

Why Cabinets Do Not Split

Hence there must be a split—of a cer-tainty there must be a split. Resignations are demanded by the circumstances. These sterling patriots the President induced to become members of his official family can

become membere of his official family can never sit by, it is stated, and not make a vigorous protest against his suples or otherwise policy by giving up their portfolios. The situation is very dark and smells like cheese, and internal dissensions predicate external dissent.

However, the split doesn't come. It never has and it never will. The reason for that, my dear James, may be imported to you in a few words. The reason there isn't a split in the Cabinet is because every man in the Cabinet would rather lose his right leg than his job. You couldn't get that launch of patriots to quit unless the President ordered them on the firing line; and I guess they wouldn't quit then, but would take the official carriages and drive down slowly and trust to time to straighten things out. The men in the Cabinet are not trying to get out, Jim. Their principal concern is with staying in:

ataying in.

When a Cabineteer pounds the table at another of his set, however, it is immediately taken as an evidence of the gravest of row. I have learned, after long observa-tion, that what a Cabinet member may think privately of the policies of his Admin-istration, or of the plans of any one or all of his colleagues, doesn't count much in bring-ing about u split. Plenty of times they shout at one another, but it is entirely spectacular and momentary.

Founding the table at one another doesn't mean resignation, and usually does mean that after the Chief Person, at the head of the table, has said soothingly, "Now, boys, you behave?" the disputants will go out and get a drink at some convenient and not too public place, and forget it - unless, of course, said disputants happen to be Mr. Bryan and Mr. Daniels, who will seal a new compact of eternal friendship with beakers of

buttermllk. Don't you worry about splits in the Cabinet. There are no such things—officially, I mean. It is quite true that certain members of this Cabinet have rather set opinions concerning certain other members, but that sort of thing doesn't provoke a split or even



Learn the Secrets of Famous Chefs

On page after page of Cox's New Manual of Gelatine Cookery are revealed the many little "knacks" by which you can serve just as appetizingjust as attractive dishes as a che can serve. Here are dishes for formal occasions and disher for everyday use-all distin guished from the commonplace So carefully explained and so easily understood!

Jellies, puddings, creams frozen dishes and other dessert are given in endless variety.

Cox's New Manual of Gelatine Cookery

is indeed a storehouse o indispensable recipes. A remarkably complete book compiled by Marion Harri Neil, head of the Philadelphi School of Cookery, and cov ering every course from soup tdessert. We will be very glad to mail you a free copywith our compliments - if yo will but ask us.

THE COX GELATINE CO. Dept. E. 100 Hadson St., New York Cit

Sale Agents in U. S. A. for I. & G. Cax, Lis Edinburgh, Scatland,



"There's the coffee we use— Barrington Hall, the Bakerized coffee. You can generally count on things advertised in this magazine."

SEND for a trial package. Then you can see for yourself that it is not only better and purer, but that it costs less per cup than ordinary coffee, as it makes more cups to the pound.

A Trial Can Free

WRITE us your grocer's name and we will ernd you a trial can of Barrington Hall, enough to make aix cups of delicious coffee, and lacklet, "The Evolution of Barrington Hall" This explains the three stages of progress through which this formous coffee how passed.

BarringtonHall The Baker-ized Coffee

At first Barrington Hall was sold whole of ground as ordinary coffer is haday, then steel cut with the bitter chaff resolved, and finally Baker ized. In it as have retained the good points of our other methods and adopted new frustures (explained in booklet) that make it exmany without economising. A largey not at the expense of booklet, but one that is an aid to correct itsing.

Baker's Steel-Cut Coffee

Soul-Qui Coffee backs a little in quantic and in symptom of granulation when compared with Baker and Beautigns Hall, but the that with its eligethmobile taste is regarded from it alone. It is an appearing to the so-saled (at online) that are effected in prototion of likely hald Coffee.

Our Crifice is for sain by gracers in all different inset tirees. Where not for sale, we will send to be Passed Post prepaid and arrangements on he made with your gracer to sain a you

HAKER IMPORTING COMPANY 116 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y. 246 No. Second St., Minovapolis, Mino.



a splinter; for, when it comes down to brass tacks, the only opinions held in that Cahinet worth considering in their final form are the opinions held by the President. In-asmuch as the President has it is his power to demand resignations, there may be polite differences, but there are no here a where-I-quit features. You couldn't jar one of those men out of the Cahinet with a blast of dynamite. They are pleased with their jobs. They are not splitting with anybody or over anything.

anything.

The most circumstantial story of the lot concerned the resignation of Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State. There are two reasons why this story is not true. The first is that Mr. Bryan doesn't intend to resign—now or at any time in the near future. The second is Mr. Wilson does not intend that Mr. Bryan shall resign. Inasmuch as the President and the Secretary of State are the two high contracting parties in this business, it may be set down that Mr. Bryan will remain in the Cabinet indefinitely and that Mr. Wilson intends to see that he so remains. Inasmuch as Mr. Wilson put Mr. Bryan in the Cabinet for certain, definite reasons, largely political; and lnasmuch as Mr. Bryan went into the Cabinet by the same influences; and inasmuch, again, as those certain, definite political reasons are us powerful now as they were in the fall of 1912, Mr. Bryan will stay where he is and Mr. Wilson will keep him there.

Many persons have said they cannot sectiow Mr. Bryan can stay in a Cabinet that
is staging and managing a war, owing to his
well-known peace proclivities. These persons do not stop to think what the effect on
Mr. Bryan, Mr. Wilson and the Democratic
party would be if, right in the midst of a
situation like this, Mr. Bryan should go out
or Mr. Wilson should put him out. Mr.
Bryan is sincerely enough for peace, and so
is every other man who thinks twice about
what war means; but Mr. Bryan is in
exactly the same status as a man enlisted
for a war. He has enlisted and be will not
let his fondness for peace bring him to the
desertion of his chief, and all that would
mean as the Democratic party is now constituted. Mureover, Mr. Bryan likes his jeb,
even if we do show some symptoms of war.

Peaceful War Preparations

Nevertheless, though there are no splits in the Cabinet, there have been occasions, numbering two or three, when certain sections of the Cabinet rather put over something on rertain other portions—that is to say, though there was no particular show of opposition in regular Cabinet meetings, there have been moments when the army, for example, rather resented interference from other quarters and did a little of its own. There was that little question of restoring the embargo on arms. Though it is quite true the Administration has high hopes and pleasant anticipations of the friendliness of Carranza and Villa and the other Constitutionalists in Mexico, there was a measure of doubt of some of those eminent statesmen and soldiers in the minds of some of the army people, who knew them and their soldiers. It was not beyond the possibilities, these army people said, that the arms which this country allowed to go across the border to the revolutionists might, in turn, be used against the soldiers of the United States; and the army people thought, as things were at a crisis, it would be well to stop the shipment of arms and munitions of war.

Now, Jim, I am telling you this story as it came to me. Perish the thought that I should even intimate that the War Department took any step not fully decided on by the Administration! Perish the thought—

but listen to the story:

The question of restoring the embargo was warmly discussed. There was opposition to it by certain members of the Cabinet. It was pointed out that this might mean the severing of friendly relations with the Constitutionalists, who needed the arms and who had large orders in this country in process of filling. To be sure, the American gun makers and ammunition makers, to a man, patriotically and immediately notified the Government that they would cancel all orders for cartridges and rifles, and didso; but there were arms and ammunition in transit.

Considerable debate ensued and considerable delay. So, as I hear it, while the debate and the delay were on, somebody somebody, name not known, but a highly efficient person none the less—sent an innocent telegram to General Bliss, commanding at the border, which was to this broad general effect:



A little more "grape"— if it's Welch's

No other drink than Welch's could so typify Americanism. Welch's is the pure unfermented juice of the finest Concords. The Concord was originated in America and Welch's originated the popularity of Grape Juice as a beverage.

You get the Nation's best, and Nature's best AT its best in

Welch's

Keep a case of Welch's in your home, and be prepared always to give your family and friends a treat they will enjoy. Try one of these favorite ways of serving Welch's:

> Welch Julep Fill an ordinary size numbler full with usint leaves (do not use the sterns). Add a temporally of super. After this has "drawn" for about two minutes, strain into a tail glass filled with its cracked the size of a valout. Add two sloes of mange and serve with springs of the minueticking out of the glass.

> Welch Punch for a dainty unformented punch, take cause, one pint of Welch a, one quant of water and one cup of water. Add sliced consegue and pinespile and serve cold. This punch has become a standard of excellence.

A Suggestion

To extend the use of Welch's, June 29 to July 4 is "Welch Week" in the stores of the principal distributors of Welch's.

A Welch Week or at least some Welch "occasions" will be appreciated by your family and friends—don't forget the youngsters.

At the party, at that verands "affair," at the picnic on the Fourth—nothing quite so good as Welch's.

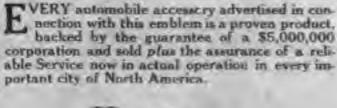
Look for the store with the Welch display, The National Drink for the National Day.

Get the Welch habit it's one that won't get you

If unable to get Welch's at your dealer's, we will send a trial dozen puts, express prepaid east of Omaha, for \$3, Sample tour-ounce bottle, 10 cents. Booklet of recipes free.

The Welch Grape Juice Company Westfield, New York





26





The Signal that spells SAFETY

Without wires, without command-suspending net our of priles, the Long Hors grew the

thin responses. the morrow it transies or 69 - I may

Your hand de albow furnishes the only orative power required, plied you can make your watering from a present the property of the property o

you cannot effectively also with the plantin regnal.

The Ling House one and trans needs Sarny. thew's mi or for property All

the involvement to in one indearmentals not describ under your control Ball bearings, ma laws one hard-eard man, bull or re-

SERVICE. BRANCHES

Affects Arlanta Baltimer Budlish Charletin Dicer Cleveland Dellani THE CHY Lin Ang Londonilla

Promode W. J. Name Officers feet York Philippine witness, Gra Printerior. SCHOOL STREET D. Peul

State Labor City San France Yalods: **Yerkindra** Willest Raves

PERM. CANADIAN B. W. KORKE MANVELLE COMPANY, US

Minmage **Finkliny**

Other Johns-Manville Automobile

Brief Spredmett. J.M have Non-Breeze AM Nomborn Braha Lining

Accessories

Julius Manyster Shine. Abmehan

J.McMagger Stud-Front J-M Mehilm Elmini

Laston John Dies Batherine

Appelli Chartte Vice-ADDR

Plan Jobs A grammilithe Tayon

G-P MAITH ON ON Treated Drivers & French LAN BUY BURNE



Who Accepts Responsibility for your Carburetor's Performance?

Whether you are an experience of the second and are likely as report to inspect to the manufestation of human purhassion of comy. But of the

CARTER CARBURETOR (Maltiple Ist Principle)

is the recalifiched serv er of the Johns Manville premisentes, in each of whose 49 Serv. ice Hymoles there is a carbacetur expect ely to refer to your of all carboners care. Thus service, on it applies to editationests, is see

dereil atministry with Out charge. CAUTE COMPLETON ! impre in that the local

freely baryes with ou gios speed on buly subsent programmes and or of the Thurst of Inc. Thurst of the Thurst of

VILLE CO.

"We understand large quantities of arms and ammunition are being snuggled across the border. Please investigate and report." General Blies is a citizen who instantly can tell a hawk from a handsaw. Also, he

can read between telegraphic lines. Also, be knew what might happen if these arms and munitions of war went in. Officially he had been warned that smuggling was going on; and far be it from so good a soldier as Tasker Bliss, commandant at the border, to

allow any emuggling.
So he sent out men to see whether there was smuggling and stop it by seizing what was being smuggled, especially if the smug-glers were smuggling guns and cartridges. Naturally this took time. Investigations of that moment cannot be concluded in a moment. The exact amount of time it took to gather in all the guns and cartridges was seven hours. He sent a telegram that read

seven hours. He sent a telegram that road semewhat like this:

"I have the honor to report that I tonk your telegram to mean that all arms about to be sent over the border should be selved; and I have maked them."

When that telegram came to the War Department there was consternation. Here was a general of the army who had actually seized arms before the embargo had been restored. It was amazing! Also, it called for long discussion, and great cure was ex-sected in replying to the general. After four hours and a half the War Department.

resovered from its amazement sufficiently to send a telegram to General Bliss, which was somewhat like this:

"Oh, our dear General, what have you done? Fie on you! Canader this a slap on the wrist. You were fully aware that the embargo was not restored when you took this summary action. Bully boy! But in future please regard our instructions more future please regard our instructions more carefully."

You see, the War Department knew Hilm and knew what it wanted; and while the Cabinet was debuting the question the War Department took a twelve-hour advantage of the situation.

War According to Hoyle

One of the most interesting features of the situation, as it developed, was the vast and public fondness displayed by the spokesment of the Administration for Villa.

It seems that Villa, who had been of the opinion that war is a business of fighting and fighting is a business of killing, was told by General Scott, not long before the battle of Torreon, that he should not conduct his part of the war on the broad, general theory that every one of the anemy who fell into his hands should be slaughtered immediately. "Why not?" asked Villa. "That is what we are righting for, isn't it?"

"But, General Scott replied, "there are certain rules of war that are regarded and practiced by all nations. You should neek the good opinion of the world by observing those rules."

those rules."

"What rules!" asked Villa. "I never heard of any rules of war except to kill as many of the enemy as I can and keep from getting killed myself."

Whereupon General Scott gave Villa a book on the rules of war, which Villa, having learned to read English when he was in prison, read with interest, and which be had translated into Spanish for his generals. The result was that at the battle of Torreon, when the Federal general proposed a truce when the Federal general proposed a truce so the wounded might be taken care of, Villa sent word that he needed no truce as all his wounded were in the hands of dactors and nurses. It developed that he had fitted up a train, with a tile-lined operating car, in charge of a surgeon from Johns Hopkins, and that his wounded were cared for as

soon as they were brought in.

This sort of thing gave Villa a fine mark with the Washington people and they depend more on what he may do in the future than they care to say. They think he is the one real friend this country has among the fighters in Mexico.

But, returning to the question of discord in the Cabinet, I am given pause by this item I read in a local newspaper:

"The President left the White House early this morning for the Virginia golf grounds and played mineteen holes with Doctor Grayson.

You know what that nineteenth hole at golf is, Jim; and I'm wondering how the President will explain to Bryan and Daniels when they hear about it! However, let's hope be enjoyed it. Yours, for a tall glass,

Delicious Appetizing Satisfying

KETCHUP

Keeps after opening From red, ripe tomatoes piquantly seasoned with pure spices

Gintains only those infinitents Recognized and Endorsed by the U.S. Government

Our Soups, Jams, Jellies Proserves, Meats, Cannot Fruits and Vegetables are equally as high quality and satisfying as our Blue Label Kelchup





Digitized by Google.

CONTROL OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

On your vacation

On your vacation to year take a London made

Ensignette Camera

It is shown mady for their unexpected picingle to apply planed and adopted a to the moving like a none bank. It is no original faile log Capara and less our

the bound falls by Capture and his notice. The politics ordering perfectly.

In al Cameras only 1 to a 5 to a 3 to 5, weight to prove have been dead the propose of the prove have been dead the popular "London" Energy on the cost only 26 to present Assertance on the \$15.000.

tong Camma otroor every field of Plumgen. Write as for new Catalogue.

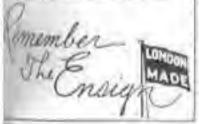
Natur Vork. 24 East 13th 3s.
Ghinne Chinaso, 320 5 Welqueb Acc.
San Franceison, 620 Mose... 31
example section from the oct Co.
le internacione Plan Carlabia Filosoperatoral Importibute others.

2 th every Camera.

to the start will employ them.

It is refine, write us. We will see that

with method, write us. We will see that





G. O Man Street, Piles, S. S.

PULLING OFF A BIG DINNER

(Concluded from Page 13)

constantly tied up in chairs at a hotel would finance many a prosperous business.

Then there are depreciation and loss. If a waiter drops a tray of dishes it furnishes a laugh for the diners and bright remarks about deductions from his wages; but the loss from dishes broken by waiters is a mere incident, a pleasantry of hotel management compared with the relentiess breakage of china and glass that goes on in the kitchens. One large New York hotel has losses of this kind amounting to more than a hundred thousand dollars yearly.

If an efficiency expert could prevent breakage in the dinner season alone it would be equivalent to a magnificent salary, for the weekly crockery bill then often rises to four or five thousand dollars. Most of the breakage occurs in dishwashing. A chip or crack in glass or plate is as effective as a complete smash.

From time to time the attempt has been made to feed pigs on hotel swill, but with little success, because no way has been found of separating from it the bits of glass and crockery which kill the pigs. Not only glass and china go out in the swill but knives, forter arrange and other plated ware.

forks, spoons and other plated ware.

The depreciation and loss on silverware are high, and the loss in linen amounts to more than a thousand dollars a week during the dinner season—not from wear alone, but from burned tablecloths and torn capture.

The plant downstairs is a comprehensive factory for the manufacture of good cheer. Separate cold storage is provided for supplies like milk and cream, butter and eggs, fruit, vegetables, meats, poultry and game, fish and oysters.

Ice is made; water bottles frozen solid; ice shaved, crushed and cubed for table use; frozen desserts prepared.

frozen desserts prepared.

Machinery is everywhere, run by the clean, flexible electric motor, delivering energy wherever wanted at any rate desired, from one-twentieth of a horse power up. Potatoes are peeled by having their jackets ground off quickly and economically. Bread is sliced by apparatus that makes several cubs at once—and vegetables too.

cuts at once—and vegetables too.

The steward goes to market looking for long cucumbers, which lend themselves to results under such a continuous process. There are machines for washing, mixing, kneading, whipping, grinding, cutting and making food ready in countless shapes and

When plain John Smith pays ten dollars for his place at a big hanquet he wants to see and hear the animals, and also to feel that the occasion is out of the ordinary. Perhaps he does this only once or twice a year, and he expects a certain degree of luxury and even extravarance.

luxury and even extravaguace.

A big dianer is staged to give him full value in that way, besides in good food and entertainment; but behind the scenes, after all the costs, risks, losses and other items have been figured, there is no extravagance at all. The dinner industry produces its goods on a staple manufacturing basis and sells them at a pretty close staple profit.

Sponge Muscles

RUBBER-SPONGE muscles is a vivid to description of a new method of filling up a hole in a person's hody caused by accident or perhaps by a surgical operation. Some operations leave a hole that in size is serious, and that can be repaired with difficulty—if at all—by one of half a dozen surgical methods; and the only time the rubber-sponge method has been tried on persons, so far, is after such operations.

A rubber sponge accidentally left in a wound was found months afterward with new flesh grown all through its cavities. Experiments that followed, during the past two years, show that, at first, a rubber sponge in a wound causes a swelling; but soon the flesh begins to work through all the interstices until the sponge becomes a solid plug, which does not seem to cause inconvenience of any kind. Lately the idea has been used to obtain the flesh plug needed after some operations.



TRUMBUL

CYCLE

CAR

You could write an almost perfect description of this wonderful little car just by putting down the car qualities you have wanted for years: lightness, low fuel cost, lowest possible tire cost, the rugged strength of a truck and the graceful, stream lines of an imported racer, all achieved without freakiness or experimental vagaries.

The Trumbull is an evolution. It stands for all that is known of automobile design and construction. Every mechanical device that insures strength and durability, every refinement of design that has been developed in the automobile industry, is incorporated in the Trumbull. Nothing is lacking.

To read Trambell specifications is to recognize them as the specification of a highly developed obta-modes automobile. The only difference is at size. Machanical starter? Yes. Electric lights? Yes. Combet? Ample for two, with compartment in reas for two hundred punted of laggage. Four-cylinder water-cooled unter. Splitched high-tension magnets. Non-skid U. S. Tors. Top, windshield, electric lights and hom, mechanical self-starter and tools are



The Trumbull Cycle Car was designed by an eminent automobile engineer. These designs were checked over, down to the minutest bolt. Then car after car was built solely for testing purposes. There is literally not an ounce of metal in the Trumbull but has been proced.

The motor is a marvel of compactness.

S. E. Stan, New Robsts, Ct., Science Designation, Sciences, Ct.

Le Union Sentented Co., 168. Unit Arts, Nuttle Minister etc. Mine.

M. F. Bill Commer Co., 278 Sprage Str., Springs, Work.

France Carrier Car Co. 275
Forbassa S., Greenshers
N. C.
Misses Supring Control
CCC. 20 States for Admir.
Cor. N. L.

Sample Company Day, 478-100 Keep Dir. Milangkee, Min.

Lee E. Green For, Say, 218 For-

Composite Minner 152 Majoriti, Springfold, Maria

two C finds in Wattaging

Crown W. Agr. M. Edisobary

Done & Taxan Carleson, S.L.

Bure of hyper Co. Number Va.

M. L. Frankert, Sell-East-Fills.

Walter & Str., Olevata, N. Y.

S. E. Carteril, Common Phila Burne I. Mare Fort Wester, Inc. The motor is a marvel of compactness and reliable, silent power. It speeds the carfrom forty-five to three miles an bour. The control, brakes, transmission, steering gear, are perfect. The mechanical starter is operated from the seat.

In appearance, the Trumbull is elegant. Proportions finish and little niceties of detail are adequate beyond your keenest anticipation. It is a car you will be proud to drive and display to your friends. It sents two people, with ample leg room. But above all—it's economy: It runs thirty-five miles on a gallon of gasoline. Tire cost very low.

Trumbull Cycle Cars are on exhibition in various sections of the country. Write to us for the name of nearest agent and for full description and specifications.

The American Cycle Car Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

New York Office: 2000 Broadway, Corner of 68th Street

GENERAL MOTORS COMPANY

TRUCKS

GMC Gasoline and Electric trucks are solving the delivery and haulage problems of hundreds of merchants and manufacturers.

Our line is so broad and comprehensive that you can select a GMC truck that exactly fits the conditions of your business.

And whether you need a small electric delivery wagon or a massive gasoline dray-you can feel confident that the GMC truck you choose is a high-grade commercial vehicle.

There are no better trucks built than those going from our factory every day. They are sold at reasonable prices, but are absolutely of highest quality, both in material and workmanship.

Our prices are low because of quantity production and a sound factory policy that reduces overhead expense to a minimum.

45.00	Capacity	Bride
Gasoline	1% Time	\$1500
Chants	2 Torre	1900
	3% Tons	2250
	3% Tona	2506
	5 Trems	2750
0.00	5 Tons	3000
Electric	1000 Nov.	\$1000
Chassis	2000 lbs.	1.500
Lene Blattery	3000 thus	1430
	4000 the	1560
	5000 the.	1900
	8000 Hm.	2104
	20000 Ibs.	2559
	3 2000 ths.	2590

Investigate and learn for your-self that there is a GMC truck to fit your business at a price you're willing to pay.

Inquire of our nearest distributor or write us direct for catalogues and detailed information.

Correspondence invited with dealers of financial responsibility.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK CO. One of the units of General Motors Co. 51 General Mutors Bidg. Pontiec.

Brunches and Distributure New York, Hoston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, Kansars City, St. Louis, Portland, San Francisco, Scottle, Lon Angeles, Pittaburg, Minneapelia, Salt Lake, Galveston, New Orleans, Birmingham.



THE STORY OF A HARLEQUIN

Continued from Page 15)

decent paper would print; but this is enough

to show the desperate character of the man. When I first tried the Apache Dance with Louise Alexander her hair arcidentally fell down, which greatly added to the effect of the thing. "A good idea!" I exciaimed. "We'll keep it for America." So I had hig bone hairpins made, with weights to them. These she were, and they would drop out and her hair would fall down during the

From the original Whirlwind Dance, which I invented, I got the reputation of being the first man to dance on the stage in a dress suit: but such reputation, as well as the invention of the dance itself, was quite a matter of accident. I was dancing in London at the time. One night I was late in getting to the theater. I was supposed to dance in tights, but was so late I had no time to change and had to rush on the stage in my dress suit. In turning I grabbed the girl with whom I was dancing more quickly than I intended, not being accustomed to dancing in anything but tights; and, having lost my balance, her weight pulled me over. To regain our equilibrium we had to get up great speed, like spinning a top. My constrails began to fly in this furious dance and everything was wild and hillarious.

Later the manager came back to me and

"That is a wonderful idea! You are going to wear your dress suit right along

"No," said I; "that was an accident,"
"Don't wear your tights again," said he; wear the dress suit.

did not work half so hard after that; in fact I could not work so hard in my dress suit as in my tights.

An Accidental Success

Another dance I was credited with having carefully worked out was also a matter of accident. This dance was put on really in the last set of Madame Sherry, and was called the Dance of Danger. Derothy Jardin was playing the part of the manish woman. They had put a song in the last act to bol-ster the thing up, but when Lesieve heard

it he said:
"I dun't think it will do."
"Why not fix a dance in there!" I

suggested. "Do so," said he.

Then something occurred to me and I said to Lederer: "Leave it to me!" And this he seemed quite glad to do.

Just before we sent on the stage that night I said to Miss Jardin;
"I'm going to pick you an and throw you

"I'm going to pick you up and throw you round, but don't be scared—I'll put you hack on your feet every time." She weighed

one hundred and fifty-five pounds.
"All right—I'm game!" said she:
Well, we danced like mad; and every now and then, with the change of music, I would pick her up and whirl her round. The dance was a scenation; but my desire to help got me into trouble, for when it was over Lederer said:

'Great, my boy! Great! But you'll have to go on and do it every night. She's such a tall noman, and so large, mobile else can hundle her." And I had to do it! Again, in this same Madame Sherry, encof

the most important things was more or less arridental. Lederer was opposed to putting in the piece Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own, which is a dates accompanied by a song; but I urged him so hard that finally he consented. "Very well; I'll ring up the curtain with it," be said, which is the worst insult you

can offer in one in the profession.

I said nothing; but the answer was that
the piece, instead of being killed, as Lederer had expected, by being put on first, when there was practically no one in the house to hear it, made the hit of the show. People gut into the habit of getting there on time just to enjoy this part of the performance. Lederer was quick to recognize this and made Every Little Movement the theme of

the entire play.

I was the first to put long dresses on the stage for dancers. I did it in the extravaganza called 1492. When I proposed the thing Manager Rice told me I was crucy that nobody wanted to see gowns on the

"That may be true of the men," I urged: "but if you put long evening gowns on your ladies the women will bring their bushands and talk them into buying the same things for them. That will help the drygoods trade, I'll make a bet that the merchants will do-nate the gowns if you'll give them credit on

the program."
"I won't do it, even if you get the gowns
for nothing!" Rice said.
Notwithstanding, I went to the head of one of the leading dry goods stores, and had a long talk with him. He donated the gowns: and I put on a gavotte, with twelve girls in it, called Twelve Dally Hints From Paris. The gowns made the thing a big suc-A year later George Lederer adopted the idea, calling it the Show Girls; and then George Edwardes took it up in London. I created the first Pony Ballet; in fact I

have had something original every season. And I have danced twenty-two years consecutively on Broadway.

The Little Red Domino

My creation of novelties has not been confissed wholly to dancing. One day Mark Lucien told me be had to get a sensation for the New York Roof Garden and saled me to help him think up something. So we conjured up a scheme. We engaged Little Datey, who was then denoing at the Majes-We put a red domino on her and sent her to Europe, where we had arranged that a newspaper man should meet and exploit her. She was to travel over Europe, always

wearing a little red domino.

This she did for eighteen months, taking in Paris, Berlin and London. Wherever she went an air of deep mystery enshrouded her. She got to be an object of the keenest interest on the part of newspaper men and soon arquired a world-wide reputation as the Red Domino. Then we brought our wonderful European cutch to New York.

For days before her appearance at the New York Roof Garden she was driven through the streets in an open barouche and took daily drives in the Park—always wearing the red domiso. Nobody knew who she was but Lucien and myself.

That she made a big semantion is a matter of history. Owar Hammerstein character-ized our work as the most remarkable bit of

The late dancing craze occurred—why?

Dancing has been in the air since the world began, but few could do it well. The waitz is the basis of all parlor dancing, but it is the most difficult to learn, because to do it gracefully depends so much on perfect rhythm of movement. Therefore any modfication of this dance that was easy to learn

was balled with delight.
Dancing contributes to vanity. It makes
the old young. The Tyrolese retain their
youth by nightly dancing. It makes the
ungainly graceful. It brighters the eye and
reddens the cheek; and if there is a possibility of beauty in a homely woman it brings
it out. A woman who never knew how to
ank or correl a dress leaves to do so through walk or curry a dress learns to do so through dancing. It has made the elderly man graceful again. Instead of worrying about his business he is dancing.

No one is burred. The very old and the very young, the very rich and the very poor all steat it. Even the lame, the halt and the blind we doing it now. Speaking of the lame dancing, the most beautiful waltzer I ever saw was a man with hip disease my father taught. He was so lame that he overbalanced almost six inches when he put his foot down. When he danced he put his

his foot down. When he danced he put his weight on his one leg and with the short one worked on he tip of the toe.

Steat people are the essiest on the flour. I do not know vhy, unless it is that they feel their weight and work it into grace. There was a German woman in Philadelphia who weighed three hundred and fifty ounds. One night I danced with her and and her to be one of the lightest waltzers

Dancing is hygienic. It stimulates the quickened circulation promotes high spirits. The tired business man finds recreation in it.

for recreation means change, not inaction.
Assurely as the night follows the day the present dancing came has developed a great army of teachers an army made up of all kinds and conditions of men and women,

old, young and middle-aged.

Of all the new trackers the burbet seems to be the most aduptable, possibly because he is so slick. It would be hard to tranrelationship between the barber's

BEAVER

BOARD

WALLS AND CEILING!



Good SCAVUS SCIASTS designing and spine is critical in this interior of the of Mr. Basal Remailt, Montanizaville, O



BITAVER, BOARD to our willby a part and milled to the bare students in new tarifdings in over left, and photocol to said. It means courbe and has many other advantages.



THESE three parts of what BEAVI BDARD really is and how is used instead of late a plaster to build walls and is ings in every type of bandan new or remodeled.

Vision to Bullate and Stayler P. are committee in clied to risk out had referred and ten a first hand depoint of the BEAVER BOARD quality, by and co-operative service.

Write for the tree bookles "ELAY BOARDAOLINA Large" and paless own

The Beaver Board Compani Tabula, 482 Mail N. Crimal Co. (10) 1 Secretary to 10.



Acknowledged by the Discriminating as the Summer's Greatest Apparel Opportunity

MADE TO MEASURE S 1 SILK SHIRTS Mine and Minera

HREE exceptionally high-grade ailk afters, made startly in your individual inguarement from forequality workship tilk a for \$10,50. Smart patterns, guaraticed but colors, eports railoring and convert stale. At Filth Avenue contour continual et a da \$10.90 her a single after. That is n \$10.00 for a single shirt. This is a great all their sevent. Owner year apply at once direct form the probetty fant the difference in pour to rowcharles direct from designer to motive

We'de and headard in their blue in all their oppositence of the sort has wreer hear effected to you better.

Dat There is the to Out of the format in the large of the country of the country

W. A. LANIGAN CO. 51 feet took 51

THE APPLICATION OF THE PARTY AND THE PARTY A



The"No-Time-Off" Pencil

Clerks who stop frequently to whittle lead pencils soon learn to take time off for other things as well. Don't start them wrong equip with Blaisdell Paper Pencils.

Blaisdell's will save 15 to 33%

of your wooden lead pencil purchases. Write us for the facts. Blaisdell 7200 (hard or soft) in-

delible copying pencil yieldsseven copies. Order by number from your stationer.

There are Blaisdell pencils of every kind for every purpose Pencils specially imprinted for advertising purposes-

dancer's arts; but the aforesaid gentleman seems to be nimble-footed as well as nimblefingered, spider-legged, sprightly and alert of movement—all of which lend themselves to dancing. The fact that one of these spindly persons could be a good dancer would be quite as accountable as that a grasshopper could dance well; but that a car conductor or a policeman should be able to dance gracefully, with his notoriously hig feet, is quite as difficult to imagine as it would be to funcy a broken-arched ex-headwaiter doing it. Yet all these and more are posing as teachers of the Tango and the Turkey Trut—all hanging out their shingles. But people who themselves dance badly often make good teachers.

And those of the unemployed who do not teach spend their time in dancing in the

cabarets for what they can get out of it.

But they're all fooling the public, for the present-day dances are nothing but graceful walking. You go into any of the cafes and you will see people dancing on the floors—guests—who are better dancers than those who are better dancers than those who are hired to amuse them.

New Dances Easy to Learn

These mushroom dunning teachers—ob-viously to boost prices—dilate on the diffi-culty of learning the Tango and the Turkey Trot; but that's all rubbish! I will guarantee to teach any normal person a one-step, waltz, Tango, Turkey Trot, Maxise—sny-thing they are doing today—in one hour! There is a vast difference between danc-

ing and teaching dancing. After I had spent ten years working with my father he

Now I am going to teach you how to

The first emential in teaching is mover to

lose patience with your pupil, and also to keep him from losing patience with himself. Do not start by teaching your pupil to watch your feet or to watch his own. If watch your feet or to watch his own. If you do you will get him into the had habit of looking down when he dances, like a mourner at a funeral. Tell him to keep his head up and you will be respensible for his feet. I can tell hy looking at the eyes whether the feet are going wrong. Impress on him that dancing is done with the brain and not with the feet. However, after he has learned the steps, it is a good thing to practice before a mirror. By teaching your pupil not to look at his feet you help him to overcome self-consciousness.

These mushroom teachers do not know

These mushroom teachers do not know These mistroom teachers do not know anything shout all this. They cannot explain a point. They cannot tell a pupil why it is difficult to take a certain step or what is the remedy. Yet they go on teaching and protending to get all kinds of fabulous prices for doing so; but the fabulous prices generally resolve themselves into a matter of fifty cents an hour. cents an hour.

Anybody can learn to dance. Age has nothing to do with it. And I have already shown that neither lameness nor obesity stands in the way. It is not easier to teach a child than to teach a man or woman of ninety; in fact the youngster does not learn so well, has not the intelligence, is too flighty. He may pick it up quickly, but he will not

do it correctly.

Take a man who does my style of dancing, for example. Though he must begin almost as a haby, he is no good at it until after he is twenty years old, because he has not the balance, the precision, the physical control. Today, at forty, I am more finished in my dancing than I was at twenty-five.

The girl learns more easily than the bey, because she is less awkward: and the

because she is less awkward; and the woman is much essier to teach than the man, because she is a natural dancer and can more easily abandon herself to the motion of dancing. But the same may be said of the male and the female along all lines. The girl in school is always the bright one and the boy is always the dummy.

An Obliging Enemy

NEGRO truck driver backed his A into the space allotted to a rived transer concern at a railway freight depot in Dallas, Texas.

"Hey, dar, niggah!" yelled the driver on whose territory the other had transgressed.
"I'll knock yo' outs yo' house an' home of
yo' don't back up!"

"I's got no home," retorted the offendbout dat?" "Now what yo' gonna do

I'll dig yo' one, niggab-I'll dig yo' one!"



"" Way Jour spot the Swanes Ribber, Far, for every, Dere's what he of fells stay."

How You Bring Back The Tenderness of That Old Song

When Played On The Virtuolo By Instinct

NVOLUNTARILY you present the said plantation days, the sunny current middle," the first has among the busine," and "Our bery a homemory - all round the routh?" You tell the longities of the poor old darkey, transfer-

rang (to earth core, and hoping, longing, longing for his old folia at home, You have but I for clear old from days when your mother taught you that mog's kindle words, placing its unique thosts on the all naturesmin bring back the training that stirred you so you energied to her and repliced in having such a flower and such a mother.

You bring lack that true, is easy servinery which must have uttred the enon, Stephay C. Paver, when he tracked this maneryises of Sanata Jenkerous. He who also wrote "My Old Kentocky Home" (2004 Block Inc.") (Camptown Baryo 1 and monty other owigs that live very in the beave of the Asparlean people.

Yes, you long all the feeder belong back to a slade when you play "Secure Loca" on the Vermio by Innoce. Siring with almed eyes, your forgers testing on the couper Agenta buttons, you breezily open your feelings with this sware and the

Oh, the world of beauty the Vertuelo and its Instinctive Playing open up to you?

HALLET & DAVIS

THE INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

Mon the you been to have a home withthe great no. withhill next me low-village to

from the first page of their paul store.

Send Today For The Virtuals Book

45 mention processing point the Ni know armet Employable Philips og and the Vietness

Virginia and the verin Bettom Argon Hore & Dave York even his transaction was

BRANCHES:

BEST DEALERS

IN ALL CITIES

ATLANTA

CHICAGO UTICA SYRACUSE



Terms to cut you, "A presented page out on our Charge Account Plan will put a Winneste in this bond maley

med, hand still played. to many every stry in the United States. We will want you the ditter of treatment over It wouldn't he prodbackers judgment, would it, to buy a player william or four eranigating the V retunded

Send respect for the Virtuals Book molecular Track off AND SOUTH

PIANO CO.

(Established (539) HALLET & DAVIS BUILDING 1 as Bork HALLET & DAVIS BUILDING 16 East 42nd St., New York

SHE



Digitized by Georgia.



Elloworth Sylventer





Thousands of boys and girls owe their stordy development to the nourishing qualities of Raiston Wheat Food,

The 225 of them who made the greatest development. during the time they were entered in the Ralston Boys and Girls Development Contest are the prize winners. Not only did they gain in weight, height and health, but they also thoroughly enjoyed their Ralston.



Victor Lan Biorrey





Duties Medea







Washperl, Hen





What their mothers say: the last per last will as

the course there. Vyre and the course the course of the co

ACT MAN

Tanak da

Description of the second

ere e un la phisonic

Or a property of the

Morro, prowing Especial

Why not develop your children?

\$1.00 Pales fiction transfer of the control of t

\$1.00 Trians

Out-of-Doors

Your Compare-How to Use It

THE same as yourself, when I was a kid there were two questions that not even my Sunday-school teacher was able to What holds the stars up? The other was: Where does fire come from? It is not absolutely sure to me, even yet, that anybody ever has answered those questions luridly and comprehensively—so many un-swers being just different ways of looking

at questions.

Which of us does not recall lying awake at night and looking up at the stars and wondering why they did not fall down? They do sometimes, as any boy can tell; but why not all the time? Sir Isauc Nowton propounded a certain theory about it; but it is like the critic's comment on the beroine in a novel-she is not convincing. Not even my college professor could ever put the law of gravitation across with me. It is thin stuff. But, anyhow, the stars are fine to look at.

Then again, that question of the fire. How many times have we all asked mother what made the match light when you struck it? And where did the flume of the candle go when you blew it out? And if it was not before it went out, why did it not stay but where it went? And where did it go anyhow?

The dear lady never could get those questions are wered to suit us at all. Has this ever been plain to you? If you have got that and the question about the stars settled so that you understand them clearly

you are some wise. There is something mutual between the stars and the campline—that seems plain. The campline at night under the stars—who has not studied in that school and found out. that perhaps answers are not so important to life as just questions? Certainly life in the open would be robbed of all charm were

the open sould be related of all charm were it not for the stars and the first.

Where did the first fire come from? Who made it? How was it discovered? Intermiting books have been written on those questions; and some of them have paid fair royalties, though under (also protenses,. The only thing certain is that a first campine was made; and without the campine fire was made; and without the camplire there would be no sport, no geography and no history.

Father's Magic Fire Stick

Books have been written about the camp-Books have been written about the camp-fire itself—bow to make it and use it—proof that man is drifting away from that day and age in the world when every man knew how to build a fire. We face the time when the only man able to build a fire will be the panior—and he will belong to a union and be liable to walk out any minute.

In the old days father used to get up before the other mombers of the family—did be not?—and build the fire in the kitchen stove, summer or winter. He always built the first fire in the kitchen stove, because that was where the later operations of the day began.

He went out into the kitchen without much on but a pair of carpet slippers; and what he did—in a climate where perhaps the thermometer was far below zero and the kitchen floor well covered with snow that had blown in under the kitchen door was something direct, simple and highly

You can gamble father did not make any false motions about that fire. He had been building it for sixty years and knew how. Besides, it was cold.

The preparations for these matutinal pyrotechnics were made on the evening previous. Before he went to bed, father went out into the kitchen and got his kindling wood ready for the next morning. He had a trusty hatchet sacred to the purpose of splitting kindling, and with the said hatchet he would reduce certain pine The day boards to inflammable sizes. the ten-cent bundle of kindling wood, with resio on the end-the sort you buy at a delicatessen store—had not yet dawned in American family life, and in those days

people did things for themselves.

After futher had split his own kindling wood, the last thing he did was to take a straight pine stick; and with the trusty pecketkane—which at that time made part





Betreit Venue Steve Co., Datrait, Mich. DEIROII VAPOR STOVES

"HEOSOPHY"

DRITED LODGE OF THEMSOFRISTS







of every householder's personal equip-ment, for all householders then chewed tobacco instead of amoking cigarettes-raise along the edge of this stick a series of undetached shavings, which stood out fan-like from the parent stem, fine and thin at the free ends. This stick was the essential ingredient of the next morning's fire. It is

ingredient of the next morning's fire. It is very much worth remembering as a historical institution in American folklore.

The next morning rising in his whiskers and curpet slippers, father would pass through the "settin" moon, "dinin" room and pantry to the kitchen. There he would make a pass or so with the poker to free the grate of seles, take off the stovellid and insert his prepared shaving stick in such fashion that the free edges of the shavings would just protrude through the firegrate.

Over this he would place small sticks, then larger sticks, then dry stovewood; and then other stovewood—or maybe soft After that he would replace the stovelid. Then he would open the two little doors in front of the stove above the hearth, or castiron apren, which is in front of all good cookstoves.

Probably you do not know what this sort of hearth is, since you mostly have read about hearths in books that have Yuletide written on them in gold letters, and that cost anywhere from ten cents to a dollarforty, according to the value you place or the folks you send them to. A real, true, honest-to-goodness hearth is made of cast-iron and is situated cust of the conkstove and south of the two little doors aforesaid.

The Old Timer's Methods

Well, anyhow, when those two little doors were pushed open father saw the edge of his shaving stick protruding between the bars of the firegrate—not the sort of shaving stick you use, but the one he had made the night before. Whereupon he scratched a match somewhere and touched off the shavings drawing the little doors. off the shavings, drawing the little doors a trille closer together and fixing the damper in the back part of the stove so she would draw well. After this father went back to the sitting room, shook down the bac-burner, put in another had of coal, and

burner, put in another hod of coal, and went back to bed to get warm.

About this time you could hear sister begin to move round upstairs, where there was no fire, about as swift as a grasshoopper in the dew. Then sister would stroil congeniedly down and put some more wood on the kitchen fire and get the cruck out from behind the cookstove, where it had been wrapped up over night, and start in to getting the calos ready—What?

Afterward, when the baseburner was beginning to get red round the middle, buddy—also, son—would get up and before long all would meet in the atting room for family prayers. We needed them? Maybe. But then, as compared to the be-junitared

But then, as compared to the be-junitored

flat of today, I am not so sure. Still, you can find the same stars and, for that matter, can use the same old kindling that matter, can use the same old kindling stick in making a fire for yourself out-of-deors; in fact you will find it extremely useful in building a campfire—which is just what we started to remark a while back. Now, to use the same phrase you did in your first composition, there are a great many kinds of campfires—too numerous to mention. But a some of them are force.

mention. Bad as some of them are from a thechnical standpoint, none of them is any-thing but good from a human standpoint. Most of them are built by amateurs, and this is eminently fitting.

The higoted old-timer, who knows it all and insists that his way is the only good way, is of all beings the most intelerable. The amateur needs but little of his lore, but would best figure out for himself what he wants to do and how to do it - which is the

practical and usual way in human life.

One good rule is advanced by most authorities—and that is not to build a campfire too large. A small campfire is warmer, safer, more convenient and more comfortable. Of course your fire must be larger than that of the old conkstove, unless you have contrived some retaining walls to hold in its heat. A big campfire takes too much wood, is too apt to set the tent on fire, even if it does not set the woods on fire; and it is hard to put out when you leave. It will make you uncomfortable when you cook at it and it will burn the grub. Still, you will probably build your own campfire just as large as you like. Par cobicson! It is much hetter than not to build it at all.

Different camptires are used for different purposes. Suppose you were traveling



American Lady Shoe
Three fifty to Five Dollary

American Gentleman Shoe Jour to fix Dollar

NO MATTER how high your head your feet are on a level with the other fellow's. Put some distinction into your shoes and lift your feet above the commonplace. A lot of style in your shoes gives a tremendous leverage to one's self respect.

Buy the American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes and you pay a compliment to your good taste and a dividend to your pocketbook, at the same time, for these shoes combine style and wearing quality in an unusual degree.

American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes are made in all styles, sizes and widths, from Narrow A to Wide E.



In nearly every place there is a dealer who sells American Lady and American Gentleman Shoes. Look over his line-if he doesn't have the particular style you want, he will get it for you in a few feet and a style you want, he will get it for you in a few feet and a style you housing



New the Quality up" days' time. If you have any difficulty in locating him, write us and we will tell you the name of the nearest Hamilton, Brown dealer.

Send for our Style Portfolio of Shoes. Free.

Hamilton, Brown Shoe Company



A SPECIALIST IN HOMES

Philadelphia is a city of homes to a degree which is not true of any other large city in the country. Every home is a buying center. The better the home, the greater the buying power. Philadelphians have homes in the real sense of the word—not flats and tables in restaurants. This makes Philadelphia a market for everything that is bought to be used, or worn, or consumed in a home.

In every one of these homes where the buying power is measured by an income large enough to be taxed, you will find the

PUBLIC EDGER



Inst through a country, making one-night stands and cooking four meals a day. That requires one sort of fire. A permanent count, where there is plently of acod, asks for a different sort. Deep now requires yet another kind—a pleasant summer site still another. A score of things may affect the fashion of your campiles, and it is your own purt to make each fire in workmanide fashion, adjusted to the needs of the bour.

A very common rule laid down by makers of being on outdoor sports is that the camp-five should be laid between two small green logs, such four or live feet long, bewa flat on one side, and placed six inches apart—or maybe aircen inches: I forget which. That is all very well if you have plenty of time to make ween fire.

make your fire.

An Indian lives out-of-doors all his life, but he never builds a camplire that way. Neither can you build a camplire that an Indian will not take apart and make over again to suit his own notion. Some of these notions are good ones and are accepted by white men that live in Indian countries.

Suppose you are traveling with a party of Indiana or breeds, with a packtrain or cause in some Nurthern wilderness country. You will not see any of these rice little side logs out at all. Perhaps, also, you will revie your idea as to the assertion that the Indian always builds a small fire. Sometimes he does not became he is lary. Sometimes he does not became he can save time

times he does not became be can save time by not doing so.

In fast traveling, forty minutes is about all the time allowed to unpack, make a fire, cook a meal, each the dishes repack, smoke a pire, and hat the trail again. Your half-bread usually makes one of these lettle fires out of poles—long one, dry most; such as he can find already drying on the ground. He puts these poles together not is coshouse findion and not in a boom heap, but in a long pile, side by side. He will provide as kinding certain dry twigs.

Cooking With a Teastick

Sometime be will use birchbark, but most aften you will find him whittling up a rew of ment-datached shavings on the side of a stick. This is precisely father's old kindling stick. No one knows who first discovered it, but it is worth remembering by any one who needs to start a fire out-of-daser.

When Pearre has raised some shavings on the edge of bla stick, he stands it upside down under his pole pile and throws some loose, dry kindling over it - perhaps shellering it all with his hat if it is raining. Then to louistest a match to the lower edge of his chavings and by and by they set live to the solid stock, and that sets five to the twigs, which is lare touch off the whole works. And this five, begun at the counter of

Then he loader a match to the lower edge of his shavings and by and by they set fire in the solid stock, and that sets fire to the swigs, which is burn bouch off the whole works. And the fire, begin at the center of the log or pule bour, appeads both ways.

There are no side logs, because their has been no time to get them; but as the poles turn in a bright flame l'lerre bangs his bashattle in the flame, dependent from the end of a stant stick the butt of which he has much into the ground—the teatrick or quorgan stick of the Northern woods. He does not usually set the teatritle down on the poles; but perhaps he can find a place where two of linear call hold a leging pan. And at the other end of his long fore he will hang the stewkelile, which was not cleaned not start the bast mad—so offair of spairrel, rabbit, duck, partridge, rice, pointeen, onloss, or so whing else that happens as he in comp. A good stew per may largen at the first of a month and still be going thirty days later, milithern being razirs from meal is great.

Besides these three ute only, there may or may not be another in which to boil dedeater. If so there will be from for all on this long fire, which has been broked topeller with no loss of time at all.

The I offers's desiral a long, narrow trees a good one. It is only the rank top-derious also builds a car ular top, mode by lessping the transed up to the center so that the thores run entirely about. You rannot get that to that knot of iro, which is wanteful of iteal and room alike. So a general run regarding your complete is to make it long and testrow.

An Indian thes not usually books a high complete to but through the night, unless the wather a very cold. He will have fur less bed executed than a while turn and in a might blastler will show not in weather nite a single blastler will show not in weather nite a white many would purish in lour time, as much bed evening.



The old-time infewell used to give up many leadul and wooderful blobs. Carter's less have had a leading put in making blobs a recallection of the inks of other days.

Carter's link are as scientifically compounded as the most important labora-

inty serum or chemical extract. The results are uniform inkathat write smoothly and dry into records that are permanent.

Carter's Pencraft

Combined Office and Fountain Pe

Ink

Look for the

is two profess inka in core, for foundain penanal Inducall care. It writes a brilliant blue and thirm a non-ladable jet black. It is buprintely and less corporive. Various store at process from \$1.00 (quant) to 15 cents per bottle at all the best statement.

After all, no inh like Carter's.





14K Relled Gold Plate \$ 25 10K Sailed Gold 1,00 14K 1.50 Leading Leaders self them. Bookle

Krementz & Co

Microlastarers of the Backets Clearly Stude

Drink More Pure Water

At 1 a horse of fact there are the of an arests of the relative of 1.5 LELY Conder in the large of the conder in t

WANTED AN IDEA! Who can thus

The limit of simple Lising to product on the called Inc. or they may be in product on the called Inc. or they may be in they as a

Rained and Word Markey Rained and "thou to Get to

Rained and Word Markey Rained and Tal. Get to

The limit Attachers, Villal, prices, D. C.



You who drive autos are at the mercy of the brake lining.

For safety sake it must give the highest gripping power until it's worn clear through.

Thermord HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED Brake Lining - 100%

contains half again as much material as the ordinary kinds and being hydraulic compressed is the same through and through.

It is not affected by oil, water or gasoline, nor will it burn out by heat generated in service.

It is used exclusively by more makers of high grade cars than all other linings combined.

Our Guarantee-Thermoid will make good, or we will.

THERMOID RUBBER CO. Trenton, N. J.



"STANDARD TIME" LOCK TREASURE BOX



Necessary in every household and office. Suriesy freezunce at small cost, for allver, beit hooms, legal documents, get valid referespondence, etc. Estably-carried in event of the Estab heads seed Guaran treff doc so whalle Keyles Douges 10 in size 12 20, 13 in

MILLER LOCK CO., 454 Throughford, FRANKFORD, FA.

TATE NT C SEGURED OR OUR FRE RETURNED

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED COLOR FOR SECURISH DE SANS AND A DESCRIPTION OF SECURE AND A SECURE SECURE AND A SECURE SECURE AND A SECURA AND A SECURE AND

New 14-horse Motors \$19 each For alternating current, I phase, 60 cycle, 110 or 220 volt current. Several hundred other Dynamos and Motors. GEO. BENDER, 122-130 Centre Street, New York

PATENTS WANTED and begin by Manufacturers and begin by Manufacturers and 6 cents postage for

A campfire really has two purposes—it may be used for cooking or for warmth, or for both. If you cook in kettles or pots you can use the direct flame. If you are frying or broiling you want to cook over the coals and not over the flames.

There are all sorts of fads and poses in sport, as in everything else. Some of us like to affect the D. Boone and S. Kentan simplicity stunt and scorn to use anything modern. As a matter of fact, you cannot very well beat a Dutch oven as a camp utensil. At the same time, an aluminum reflector is much lighter and will cook just as good hisroits.

as good biscuits.

Also, a little folding grid, with legs that you can drive down into the ground, is something that weighs very little and is very useful in steadying a coffee pot or holding a broiler. Drive them right down over your bed of coals, so that the top will be only four or five lockes above the ground. It will be handy to set things on; and if you do not try to use too much fire it will make

a very comfortable broiler.

Neither, as I have often said, need you despise the long, wooden-handled fork of commerce, or a patent handle for your frying pan—one into which you can drive a long pole—so that you may sit off from the fire and cook without burning your handle.

Of course these things will sound effete to some, and to yet others not sufficiently effete. The latter will want to rig a stovetop or a vast gridiron made of steel bars laid across the two side logs, as recommended by the textbooks.

A Campfire in the South

If you are actually in the wilderness your fare will be rough and it will be condensed—such stuff as bears, dried fruits, and the like. It takes time to cook bears. An iron pot is best; but you can do very well with a tin vessel if you have nothing better.

Before you build your long-pole fire take the butt of the ax and knock out a trench, over which the fire may be built. It will fill with coals gradually, and after you have finished the meal you may set the beanpot down in this trench, and cover it with ashes and coals and let it cook over night—shifting your campire to some other point if it must burn all night.

Suppose you are fairly modern and fairly well equipped, that you want to have a quiet time in camp in the woods, and that you are out in the fall when the nights are used, though there is no snow as yet. Your first thought is a wall tent and a sheetiren stove. Men can winter in these conditions, but it would be hard to devise anything more uncomfortable or more unhealthy. You will be more comfortable if your tent is open in front, so that you may get the light and heat of a good campfire.

It will be all the better if your tent has

It will be all the better if your tent has a back so arranged that it will reflect the heat down. The openface camp or shanty or lean-to looks like all out-of-doors, but it is quite comfortable if your campfire is made correctly and kept up adequately.

made correctly and kept up adequately.

I proved this not long ago in the wintertime, in one of the Southern States, under
circumstances which convinced all the
neighborhood that I was crazy—and which
convinced me, on the other hand, that
everybody else was crazy who was not
privileged to sleep in precisely the same
way.

way.

It came about that a hospitable planter insisted on sending down a couple of negro boys to do the campwork. These boys pitched the tent, secured abundant hay for a bed, and provided an excellent woodpile of sound oak timber eighteen inches in diameter—likewise other oak, hickory and divers priceless materials of like sort, wherewith to light the altar fire.

I slept alone a few nights thus—the fire in front, the same old stars above. It was warm in my tent. I do not know just how it was in the shelter where the negro boys lay huddled in their cotton quilts, but it was fine, along toward morning, when the dawn was becoming gray and the fire had burned low, just to follow the advice of the old planter: "Lie still and holler for the colored population!"

I have never found a scheme that beat this, though it is not in the textbooks. It was a trifle hard on the youngsters, but they were used to it anyhow; so they would get up, build up the fire, cook a very decent breakfast of broiled quail and bacon, with a good cup of coffee—and then stand round, afruid to wake the boss up for breakfast. Can you beat that for a camptire? You cannot?

Smooth Riding Rough Roads



That enviable pleasure of comfortable motoring—regardless of how rough the roads or how fast you drive—is yours, made possible by

Koad Smoothers

Quickly applied to your Ford Car

THEY take the coughness out of the read and eliminate the pitching, awaying and vibration that racks and shortens the life of your cur. K-W Road Smoothers seem to sevel off the high places and fill up the low places. Wherever you ride the humps and jobs are some—ironed out by the K-W Road Smoothers. They give you hig, heavy car comfort, combined with light-weight car advantages.

What K-W Road Smoothers Do

They save fire falls by keeping the wheels on the road where they belong

They sald to the life of your car by acopping vibration.

They and greatly to your safety by making the var wheels cling to the road. I have more associate hills because the weight of the car down't have to be lifted out of every hole and over every hump in the road. It is only the wheels thus token the contour of the road's partace. The body and its load of passengers travels along on the weel, "just like floating through the uir."

The "anti-relational decharacter" prevents the relation of the spring. It is in countries for the anti-relation and bound swig to the K. W. Road personations.

The "anni-mis-continulinks" of the K-W Road Smoothers prevent tide rucking and eyes; when sureing a marri, and pre-mis admiral any traditions an akid,

Divine are no venering party or britishe undereganishmently to uthing no packing inpress to accounty. No extension required after bestallarion.



K-W Quality Throughout

It-W Road burnelism are built of the very best materials obsentials. We can no clean visitings but meterial, high-grade, host-treated drop forgings. Our species are made of electric modeled chrome, Variadium collection the most expensive upong word that money will have they will not break they oil not fore their easy riding qualities because K-W quarry is built into them all the way through.

\$25 SET OF FOUR

The principle is right—the design is right—the workmanship is right—and the price is right.

K.W. Road Superfluor are sold to priciple dealers, resolute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will are a set diver to you on receipt of pairs. Dur't contact these with ordinary short absorbers. Write the tree buildest—"Taking and the Blimps." We will ally end it management.



THAR'S two things I want when I go fishin'fish that bite an' tobacco that doesn't. I can't be sure about the fust, but I can Velvet goe about th' second - I allus take along a tin o' VELVET. ABITE in VELVET is as rare as hen's teeth and for the same reason—"there ain't no sech animal." But VELVET doesn't depend on bitelessness alone for its popularity. VELVET has all the flavor and smoking qualities that Nature puts only into choicest Kentucky Burleythe one kind we use—the Burley de Luxe. VELVET is really the "Smoothest Smoking Tobacco," with an individual aged-inthe wood mellowness about it, Se Bagt the result of over two years 10e Tina One Pound careful curing. Glass Humidora There's a big "catch" of pipe comfort and satisfaction waiting for you if you bait with VELVET. Coupons of Value with

VELVET

Liggett a Mysen Johnce Co.

TOBACCO

Sense and Nonsense

Steel Windmills

WINDMILLS are now recording some WINDMILLS are now recording some victories in the battle with gasoline engines that has been waged in recent years, a struggle which threatened the disappearance of the pictures que windmills of Holland.

Steel windmills, with steel towers and steel sails, are displacing gasoline pumping engines in some parts of Holland, the gasoline progless in some parts of Holland, the gasoline progless is writed displaced the old wooden.

line engines having displaced the old wooden windmills. They are used entirely for pump-ing water in keeping the low-lying fields well drained.

A Portable Boundary

A NEGRO trooper of the Tenth Cavalry, spick-and-span in his uniform, was walking on one side of a street in Nogales,

walking on one side of a street in Nogales, the Arizona town that is partly in this country and partly in Mexico.

A Mexican, walking on the Mexican side, called to the trooper:

"You going to invade Mexico?"

"No, saih." the trooper replied.

"You going to fight Mexico?"

"No, suh." said the trooper.

"What you going to do?"

"Well, suh." said the trooper, pushing out his chest, "as soon as then folks up in Washington gives us orders we is jist naturally goin' to take this yere border line right up in our hands and never stop with it until we has laid it down on the other side of the we has laid it down on the other side of the Panama Canal."

Water With Meals

TESTS on a paison equad have recently shown that the common belief that drinking much water at mealtimes tends to make one fat is apparently without foundation, Students were given carefully controlled diets for fixed periods, and every drop of water and ounce of food was carefully measured and recorded.

After a preliminary period they were required to drink water copiously at every socal; and then followed another period during which they had little or nothing to

drink with their meals.

The compared results showed that in same instances there was a very slight increase in the utilization of fat in the food

during the water-drinking period; but this was about balanced by negative results in other cases, so that the final conclusion was that the amount of fat and carbohydrates utilized by the body from food eaten was opporently uninfluenced by the amount of water taken at mealtimes.

Defying the Bullikin Board

APROPOS of the war spirit Represent-ative Hefin, of Alabama, tells of a orgre who, at the time of the Spanish War, was much afraid he might be sent to Cuba to fight.

He was told that if he went to work he would not be drafted; so be got a job ditch-ing and kept at it faithfully. One day another negro came along and called: "Hey, Jim, we-all mus" go to war." "Not me," said the ditcher, bending to

his work.

"Yes, suh—you an' me an' all de res'. It's up on them bullikin boards that we-all mus' go to war."

"Not me." persisted the ditcher. "Ise got my wuk to do."

"But th' Maine's done bin blowed up!" "I don' care if de mane an' de tail too is blowed up—lee not goin'!"

A Round Trip

THE attorney for a street-railroad of I pany in a Kentucky town was examining I pany in a Kentucky town was extending a skinny sixteen-year-old negro boy who had sued for injuries ostensibly incurred in a collision on the highway.

"You say," he asked, "that when this street car hit that wagon you were riding on the front seat of the wagon?"

"Dat's what I said," answered the little

"And you say the force of the blow knocked you up in the air?"
"Yas, suh—way up in de air." "Well, how long did you stay up there?"

demanded the attorney.
"Not no longer dan it tuck me to git
down!" answered the truthful complainant promptly.

Union Repartee

LABOR unions are strong in the West and especially strong in a city where, or Halloween, the hoys pulled a lot of pickets off the fence belonging to a house in which a union barber lived and made a bonfire of

The barber bought some new pickets and nailed them on his fence himself. Where-upon he was promptly fined fifty dollars by the council for doing carpenter work which should have been done by a union carpenter.

The barber thought over this for some time. Then he presented the Carpenter' Union with a bill for thirteen hundred and

seventy-five dollars.
"What's this for?" asked the chief of the Carpenters' Union,
"Why," the barber replied, "that's what's due the barbers because the carpenters shave themselves."

His fine was remitted.

Some Prosperous

"SPEAKING about prosperity," said Fred B. Lynch, Democratic National Committeeman from Minnesota, "I have

the prize story.
"A merchant who runs a general store is a town in the middle of my state came in to see me one day.

"'How are things, Bill?' I asked him.
"Fine,' he replied. 'I've just closed up
the season's business and I've made twentytwo thousand dollars. I had some extra expense this year too.

"What extra expense?' I asked.
"Why,' the merchant replied, 'I had to hire a faotman to stand outside the store to open the doors of the automobiles in which the farmers' wives brought their produce."

Divorce Teamwork

KANSAS woman, weighing two hun-A dred pounds and as strong as a female White Hope, came before a Kansas lawyer with her puny, one-hundred-and-thirty-pound husband and said they desired to

pound husband and said they desired in get a divorce.

"On what grounds?" asked the lawyer.

"Extreme cruelty," said the woman.

"But," said the lawyer, "that is absurd.

Here you are, big and brawny, and you say this little, weak man has been tyrannical and cruel to you. You must do better that that. You could turn him over your knew and spank him and not half try!"

"That's all right, Mister Lawyer," broke in the husband. "I agreed to let her have an extra thousand dollars in alimony if she would put that in. You see, I want to send

would put that in. You see, I want to send the petition back to my folks in Ohio. When they read it they'll think I have spunked up to beat the band since I came West."

An inexcusable Error

CYRIL MAUDE, the English actor, and his pretty daughter, who supports him in his plays, were the guests at a tea given by the American Dramatists' Society is New York not long ago.

A newcomer inquired of an earlier arrival who the two guests were. The second person, desiring to be humorous, said gravely. "That is Cyril Maude, the English actor and his daughter, Miss Maude Cyril."

A hand plucked at his elbow and from behind him a member of the imported

behind him a member of the imported English company spoke in tones of well-bred

surprise:
"Pardon me," said the voice; "the
young lady's name is Marjory Maude."

Logical Reasoning

A PRIMARY-GRADE teacher in New York—so Bayard Veiller says—was describing a horse race to a class of in-tensely interested little foreign-born Americans. She explained that, though a certain horse was first under the wire, the jockey fell off him in the home stretch, so that the purse-fifty thousand dollars went to the horse that had finished second.

"I know why that was, teacher," put in an eager youngster. "It was because the horse was so much lighter after his jocks' fell off that he could run faster." "Naw; that ain't it," spoke up little Herman Feldsberg. "Wot would a horse

do with all that money?"

THE NATIONAL PASTIME-INDOORS AND OUT

to tell you what I think of a lot of grown men, experienced curdplayers, who would st down night after night to gamble with a half-baked kid. Some of you are getting five and six thousand a season. You didn't need

his pitiful little two hundred a month.
"Mike has asked me where I come in on this. I come in where every other man on the payroll comes in. You sharks have won a lew hundred apiece from Doty at the outside, but you've put the rollers under the best pitcher we've got—the pitcher that rould win the World's Series for us if he was right. Where do I come in? On the differonce between sixty and forty per cent of that gate! That's where I come in! Your tradie-robbing poker game la liable to cost

or about thirty thousand dollars!"

Tod stopped for breath and we looked ut such other. There didn't seem to be anything to say. It was a true bill. Walker reached for his pocketbook and took out

thing to say. It was a true bill. Walker reached for his pocketbook and took out half a dozen slipe of paper.

"Hell!" says he, "I didn't know it was as bad as that, Tod, I've been wanting to do this ever since the kid blew up!"

"Hold on!" says Tod, "Don't destroy 'em! That won't help matters any. Doty is a fool, but he's an honest one. He's got a record of every cent that he owes and he'll pay to the last nickel. Tearing up his 10 U's won't square this."

"I guess that's right," says Owly Elliott. "We'll have to find some other way—but how?"

"Huh!" says Jib Smith. "The easiest proposition in the world! You know how Daty has been holdering for a chance to get even. We'll, he'll get it in my room tomorrow night—three-nineteen. There's a log round marble-topped table in it that's just the thing. We can tell Doty we've devided to give him one more session—and only one—with the blue sky for the limit.

"I don't know how much cash I've won from him during the sesson, but I'm willing to tose some bread on the waters and look for it to come floating back in October, buttered on both sides. I'll contribute fifty bucks to the conscience fund basides the I O U's. A little dough in his

ribute fifty bucks to the conscience fund besides the I O U's. A little dough in his packets ought to brace him up. If his poker debts are all that keeps him from pitching in his oldtime form it's me for easing his mind right away—quick. What d'ye say, boys?"

"But—suppose he doesn't win?" sake sholter.

Sholter.

Smith laughed—the first real laugh of

the evening.
"He'll win, old son-don't you worry shout that! The only question is, how much -eh, boys?"

We figured it out between us, and every man pledged a certain amount of each for the conscience fund, as Jih called it—and you could pretty near tell how much of a conscience each fellow had. As near as we rould come to it. Doty had lost between as and seven hundred dollars into the game.

we and seven hundred dollars into the game. We made up an even three hundred dollars. The I O U's amounted to pretty near two thousand. No wonder they barred him!

"All right, fellows!" says 'Tod. "I knew I wouldn't have to do any mere than explain matters. Be careful in pulling this poker game. Silvertip is beginning to suspect that Doty's smash was due to gamning. He was buzzing me about it this afternoon, but I didn't tell him anything. When you pail this game, pull it on the When you pull this game, pull it on the

Quiet. Do you get me?"

We got him, and later we got Silvertip too.

The old boy rounded us up one at a time and talked to us like a Dutch uncle. He warned us about playing eards with Doty, and said that if we did - and he found it out — he'd soak every man in the game with a fine of one bundred dollars.

If I had the goods on you I'd fine yo now!" says he.

ON THE dot of eight o'clock, which was the time set, Doty showed up at three-nineteen—white round the gills and very nervous, but itching for action. He re-minded me of Daniel in the lions' den. He brought his last salary check with him, laid it down on the table, and piled a little silver on top of it.

We were all present and waiting for him. As a matter of fact we'd been there for some time, rehearing the miracle that was to happen when the game warmed up. There were six of us, and the vacunt chair at Jib Smith's right was reserved for Doty.
"What kind of game shall we play?"

asks Doty, trying to keep his chin from wabbling, but not getting away with it.
"You name it, kid," says Owly. "You're the guest of honor."
"Table stakes dollar ante jackpots go with the back."

with the buck.

"Fair enough!" says Walker, who was riffling the deck. "Jib is banking. Whiten one dollar—reds five—blues ten."

Of course we all bought chips to the of course we all fought chips to the extent of our conscience money, and then Elliott pulled not his wallet. You understand, the theory of table-stakes poker is that a man may bet just as much as he has in front of him, but no more—unless he declares himself as playing a certain amount behind his stack.

"I've you some collateral here that's just

"I've got some collateral here that's just as good as cash," says Elliott. "Doty, you don't care who collects these I O U's, do

you? I'd like to play 'em behind my stack."

"Sure! Play 'em!" says Dowling.

"They're just the same as cash. Is that satisfactory to you, kid?"

Doty nesided and swallowed a few times, and the I O U's came out all round the table. By this arrangement nobedy was liable for more than Doty owed him and the amount of his conscience money.

the amount of his conscience money.

We had a tough time getting the kid started. Evidently he had been doing a lot of thinking and had made up his mind to play a conservative game. He stayed out of the first four pots—and that was a world's record for him—but when he did come in on the fifth everybody chipped and drew cards. Doty bet five dollars after the draw and four of us called him—me among

"Tem and sevens," says Doty,
"That wins!" says Dowling, showing me

queens and sixes.

I put three jucks back in the deck without saying a word and Dety was off to a flying start. The idea was to fatten Dety to the point where most of the chips would be in front of him; so whenever he barned into a pot it didn't make any difference what he had—it was enough to win. An outsider watching that game would have seen some mighty queer things.

Along about nine o'clock Doty began to prattle like a aid will when he's excited and happy. He was about two hundred and fifty to the good. There wasn't any sense in prolonging the agony or taking a chance so being raught by Silvertip; so when it came Jib's turn to deal a jackpot he gave us the wink and we went through with the sketch as it had been reheared.

as it had been rehearend.

As Jib began to shuffle the cards I called Doty's attention to my new seal ring with the monogram on it; and while Doty was trying to figure out the letters Jih went down in his hip-pocket and dug up a cold deck, with seven of the hottest poker hands in it that ever appeared in company. It took us half an hour to stack that deck and

you can bet we did an artistic job.
"Cut 'em!" says Jih; and he slid the

"Cut 'em!" says Jih; and he slid the warm deck over in Doty.

The cold one was under Jib's left hand and the switch was made without a fumble. When I picked up three kings and a pair of treys I knew the stacking was correct. I heard Doty suck in his breath as he looked at the last one. He always picked up his cards one by one, which is a sure sign of a bad poker player. Elliott, on Jih's left, had the first say.

"Boys," says Owly, "I hate to do this—

Boys," says Owly, "I hate to do this right under the gun; but here's a hand that won't play itself. Five little castiron dollars to associate!"

"Just to keep out the pikers," Hetherington, "I'll make it ten.

"Piker your own self!" says Walker, and

he hurls a twenty-dollar I O U into the pot. "Play to that!"

Dowling saw the twenty and so did I, which put it up to Doty. While we were stacking the deck we had quite an argument as to how he'd play that hand when he got it — whether he'd go wild and bet his head off before the draw; or whether he'd be foxy enough to let everybody draw against it, which is the correct thing to do when you've got a hand they can't beat by



"Eat Sunkist Oranges"

Nature made them for you and your children. She knows how good they are. So does your physician - ask him.

People who fast to improve their health eat only oranges. And orange juice is one of the first louds that the timest ballies get.

Suskist Oranges - solidly packed with thiusands of tender little juice containers - are lieaviest, most buscious, aweetest and most healthful non-

Easy perling, richly flavored. Tree-ripened Sunkist Oranges are glove picked in California every day the year round, tissue wrapped and shipped right from the tree by fast freight. No matter where you live you get them fresh.

Keep well this summer on Sunkist Oranges. Eat them at meals, between meals and at bed-time. Oranges now and then are of only temporary benefit.

Learn the permonent health-giving qualities

of Simkist Oranges through regular use.

The world's most perfect froit is offered you in Sunkist Oranges at trifling cost, so see that you get "Sunkist."

Sunkist Oranges Sunkist Lemons

Get Sunkist Lemons, top-juicy, full-flavored. practically sendless.

The most appetizing looking lemons with the most appetizing tang. They make the prettiest appearance im the table, sliced or quartered and served with fish or meats.

Try "Sunkist" lemonade. Use "Sunkist" lemon june in place of vinegas in salads or any other dish that calls for vinegar. Many noted theta add the connoiseur-touch with lemon juice.

See what you can do.

Dun't forget. Don't ask any langer for merely "oranges" or "lemons." Say, "I want

the Sunkist brand,"

California Fruit Growers Exchange

Growers, pickers, graders, nurbers and shippers of the world's finest aranges and lenung

Dept. E 139 N. Clark Sr., Chicago

And as this congent and tenand and purpose complements.

The trans in the bank, the with liver

110 ways of using Surked Changes
and Lagrant Year will also recurs
our Control premises have somely
tells you low to units Stakes surgering
transitional active. Send that control or tall in the slower address.

Address

California Fruit Growers

Exchange



He Mops In Misery Without B. V. D.

TYPICAL summer day - a typical office scene - a round of smiles at the mingled discomfort and discomfiture of the man who hasn't found out that B. V. D. is "the first uid" to coolness. You, of course, have B. V. D. on or ready to put on. If not, march to the nearest store and get it.

> For your own welfare, fix this label firmly in your mind and make the salesman show it to you. If he can't or won't, walk ant / On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed





B. V. D. Con Co. Vermins and Kare Knoper Diamera, No., Vin., No. 20 and \$5, 50 the patricial 6. V. H. Princi Soly (Pm. H. F. A. a month Science William St. M. St. M. ann \$4,000 me from

The B. V. D. Company, NEW YORK.

Source Strong Assess v. Mr. Assessmelver, B. T.





American fore Municipal Co., \$4.5 Clocks Co. Affect Lon. Mills



Mount Clemens The Health Resort of America, Famous for Its Mineral Water Baths

TOWHERE in all the world are waters that excel the Mount Clemens Mineral Springs for their health producing properties.

ation with health building, reinvigorates tired muscles, restore soverstrained nerves. rebuilds blood tissue and stimulates the circulation, rejuvenates body and mind,

The attractive breation of Mount Clemens, its balmy atmosphere, fresh breezes from the Great Lakes, driving, motoring, fishing, booting, golf and other untrisor amusements have usade Michigan's Bath City popular throughout the country as an ideal health and pleasure resort for vacation parties, overworked business and other men, and somen who are overbandened with the cases of domestic life and the exactions of society.

Mount Clement Bath: combines rocre- Nowhere in the world can you find a more delightful place for health, rest and resuperation. Excellent accommodations to suit any purse are offered by the many hotel and boarding houses. Open all the year round.

Mount Clemens is a suburh of Decreet, located on the Grand Trunk Railway Through trains from all directions. Detruit interurban cars every 15 mountes. Beautifully file-trains likek of Mount Clemens marked free, Address

CLIFTON D. JACKSON, See'y Business Men's Association 7 Chamber of Con Mount Clemens, Michigan

taking the rest of the deck and going as far as they like with it.

"I-I may be beat," says Doty, "but-I'll have to see that twenty!

I felt like patting him on the back; he was really learning something about poker after all. Jib Smith put up his twenty, and Elliott and Hetherington made good—"on

Elliott and Hentering percentage," as they said. "Lucky is the dealer of a large Johnpot!" "Lucky is the dealer on the derk. "Cards, sings Jib, picking up the derk.

Elliott studied a while and then took two.
Hetherington said one would suit him.
Walker stood pat; Dowling took one; I said I didn't need any—and Jib looked at Doty, who was still squeezing his five cards with all his might.

"I-I'll play these!" says he, clearing

his throat.

Jib whistled.
"Three put bands!" be says. "If I make fours you'd better run with 'em. Dealer takes a couple off the top. Now then, Elliott, it's up to you." Owly scratched his head, counted what

chips he had left, sorted over his I O U's and cussed a little under his breath.
"This may be had poleer," says he, "but this was a good hand before the draw and it's better now. I helped it some, and—I'll hast step down and het a elittering soll." just step down and bet a glittering gob! Weak sisters to the fire-escapes! One hundred is bet!"

hundred is bet!"

Hetherington, Walker, Dowling and myself did considerable acting, but we all managed to get one hundred dollars into the pot. The bet nearly cleaned me—I didn't have as much paper as the rest.

"Well, kid?" says Jib to Doty. "Be careful what you do, because there's a lot of money in this pot!"

Doty didn't say a word. He laid his left hand flat on his five cards and nicked up his

hand flat on his five cards and picked up his salary check with his right. It looked for a minute as though all he was going to do was to call—but maybe he was just think-ing. He gulped once, and his Adam's apple moved up and down like a slide on a trommoved up and down like a slide on a from-bene. Then he dropped the check on top of his chips and shoveled the whole pile into the center. If Jib hadn't made a quick grab Doty would have mixed up the pot then and there.

"I raise it!" he croaks.

Well, sir, my statistical friend with the whiskers would have appreciated the figur-ing that was done after that bet. Roughly speaking, there was about twenty-two

speaking, there was about twenty-two hundred in the game, divided in seven equal parts. Four hondred of it was in cash— Doty's salary check for the half month and the conscience fund. The rest was in

collateral security.

Doty tried to count his chips without letting go of his cards, but he was too servous; so I audited the pile for him. He had raised us two bundred and thirtyseven dollars-more than enough to wipe the table clean. That was the main idea

of course—to get every chip and every I O U into the pot, one way or another. "Kid," says Jib to Doty, "if you're trying to steal something you're in a bad fix. Let's see—three hundred and thirty-seven dollars to call. You've got a customer; and

if you're out on a limb I'm certainly sorry for you!"

The call traveled slowly round the table and I never heard such a lot of beefing and roaring in my life! It sounded like a real poker game at that. Efficit and Dowling started an argument, and Dowling offered to bet Efficit a thousand on the side that he had him beat. Walker and Hetherington pretty near got into a fight; but all the time the I O U's were coming to the center. Those who didn't have enough to make the call borrowed from those who had too much; and when it came my turn I swept the table bare and took a short interest in the pot,

Jib. who is a great stage manager, ined on stopping the gam tong enough to figure out how much would be coming to me in case I won-and that was cruel, because poor Doty was sitting there shaking like a

man with the ague.

"All set!" says Jib. "Turn 'em over! I don't mind saying that I can beat an ace full!" He boarded four sevens.

"No good!" says Elliett. "Four nines.

"Walt a minute! Wait a minute!" says

Dowling. He had a straight flush in bearts, from the deuce to the six.

Duty couldn't stand the suspense. "Look at 'em!" be yelled, and his voice eracked like a whip. "Look at 'em! A royal flush in diamonds!"

Well, that was what we had given him because we wanted him to have something he could play with confidence. It's the ser of hand that you can't best -and one in million years you may tie it.

It was half an hour before Doty was fire leave the room. The nervous reaction gave him a terrific jolt and I never saw a luminosing go to pieces like it in my life -1 hop-I never will again. He wanted to hap and cry and talk - all at once. Then he insisted on learing up each separate 101 and making a ceremony about it. Abothat he thanked each one of us for gauge him the chance to get even. him the chance to get even.
"I was sure the luck would turn sometime!" says be.

"Listen to me!" says Dowing pa-tending to be very sore. "Such luck a yes had tonight comes only once in a lifetime You beat a straight flush for me and if you played a thousand years you couldn't deter again. To show you what I think of your luck, I'll never turn another card wat you!"

You won't have a chance!" says Date.

"I'm done!"

Doty shook hands with us all round as

said he had to go and write some letter.

He was on his way to the door when a opened in his face—and there was as Silvertip, fairly bristling.

"Aha!" says the boss, looking round in room. "And I warned you fellows to: Doty, have you been playing poker—alter what I told you?"

"Yes—yes, sir," stammers the tid.

"Yes—yes, sir," stammers the kid.
"That's right! Tell the truth and many
the devil! You're fined twenty-ave su-

"Yes, sir," says Doty. Never having been fined before to dis: know that it would be deducted from his next salary check. He reached down in to pocket and brought out a roll of bile of thick as his wrist. I thought Silvering eyes would pop out of his head. Don skinned off two tens and a five and hade the bills to the boss. "Get out of here!" says Sliverip. " want to talk to these pirates!"

Doty was only too glad to get away; and then Silvertip turned loose on us. Thirds that I've heard many a good ross in me time, but never anything like that ou. Silvertip picked up where everybody ele-quit and went on from there. Body smatchers was the nicest name be called a Jib Smith butted in once when Silverti;

Jib Smith butted in once when Silverby ran out of adjectives for a second.

"But, boss," says Jib, "you—you den't understand! You—"

I kicked him on the shin good and hely and he quit. We had done a fine piece of work, but we couldn't get any credit for without explaining why it had to be done.

"I fine every one of you one handred dollars!" says Silvertip when his versitalizery petered out on him.

There was considerable silence and it lot of deep thinking after the door disset.

lot of deep thinking after the door deed

behind him.

"Well?" says Owly.

"Boys," says Jib Smith, "there's only one way out: Mr. Doty has got to find his pitching habits again between here sail October. A piece of bread on the wair is all right—but heaving in a whole lod's wasteful. Yes; we've got to ready him up for that series!"

AS EVERYBODY knows, it wasn't a ber investment. Doty told me on the bench before the first game started—the his girl would be at the telegraph offer a North Platte waiting for the returns.
"Give her something to cheer about

kid!" says I.
"Watch me!" says Maxwell. "They
tramps will be lucky if they get a loui of
me today!"

as the thought he took into the box with him and he never lost it through the entire series. He worked in two game and had those Panthers pulling their chill out of the way of his fast one from start to finish

The difference between sixty and ferry per cent amounted to \$1375.23 a man. " we all cleaned up nicely on the poker game in Room Three-nineteen.

Doty is married now and his wife trans-

with him. She plays casino with him in the evenings-at five cents a game-and bear bim out of all his small change. On this first wedding anniversary we are good ? chip in and make 'em a present of that marble-topped table.

"SIXES" RUN 32.8 MILES ON ONE GALLON OF GASOLINE

NINETY-FOUR CARS MAKE STARTLING AVERAGE IN "FRANKLIN" TEST

"Stock" Machines With Three Passengers Each Make Simultaneous Record Runs in All Parts of United States

VICTORY FOR LIGHT-WEIGHT IDEA

Many Dealers, Sold Out, Compelled to Borrow the Machines of Local Owners to Take Part. Varying Weather Conditions Met.

Syracuse, N. Y.—On May 1st, 94 Franklin dealers in the United States and Canada, in 94 Franklin Six-Thirty stock touring cars, regardless of weather conditions, made a test to demonstrate the best possible mileage on one gallon of gasoline.

The rules required that the finish be as near the starting point as possible. Each test was made with two official observers, and results sworn to before a Notary Public. The test represents the average of 94 cars, 94 drivers, various road conditions, all kinds of weather, different grades of gasoline and, therefore, what can be obtained by skillful driving in the scientifically light-weight six-cylinder Franklin car.

The highest mileage was made by Wm. F. Sanger, Milwaukee, Wis. (See list.)

The different conditions under which the tests were made are graphically shown by the following telegrams:

Salt Lake City, Utah - "40.1 miles. High wind and wet reads or could easily have nade 50."

Laramie, Wyo.- "32.1 miles. Weather cold. Roads rough but hard."

San Diego, Cal. - "33.1 miles. Roads very slippery. Drizzling rain during run. Rather cold. Country drove. Top and glass front down. H. C. Covell, Club representative, Louis Elingren, Fire Chief, observers. Car with load weighed 3385."

Georgetown, Texas—"Made 17.2 miles. Top and windshield up. Wet and badly vashed pike roads. Very little wind. Three passengers and car weighed 3310 including accumulated mud. Showered just before starting. Average speed eighteen miles per hour. Affidavit follows by letter."

Bangor, Maine - "21.5 miles. Dry dirt roads, rough in places, and hilly. Weather told, thermometer 31 at six, 45 at end of run. Strong wind. Driver, Hall. Weight 3250. Glass front and top down. Snowed lightly during night. Started at ten, finished at eleven-thirty."

Newark, N. J.—"On official test obtained 34 4-10 miles. Roads dry, fair condition. Weather clear, mild. Driver, Walter Parcella. Weight of car including passengers 3320 pounds. We doubled back over identical course. Course contained 15 hills (grades from 2 to 8 or 10 percent). Demonstrating car used, run total 5,000 miles covered period 6 months."

York, Pa.—"Made thirty-seven and nine-tenths miles on turnpike which was covered one-tenth of way by deep blue stone. Can do forty-five miles if roads are in good condition."

Kansas City, Mo.-" Williams makes forty-two and eighty-eight hundredths miles on one gallon gasoline. Weather cool. Slight wind. Roads good."

(Continued in booklet, sent free on request by Franklin Automobile Company, Syrucuse, N. Y.)



THE SYRACUSE TEST CAR JUST IN-463 MILES ON ONE GALLON

THE CERTIFIED INDIVIDUAL RECORDS:

Car	City	Dealer	Weather	Record
EBANES IN	MILWAUKEE WIS.	C. M. WORTHINGTON	FAIR	81.2
PRANELIN	AERON, GOLO	C. M. WORTHINGTON A ASSESS. C. O. HEEK GEOWGF PL LEGNARD W. F. E. NEIP CDWIN O. HALL PRED L. NAVACE	WINDY	45.5
FRANKLIN	ALBANT, N. Y.	C. C. HUEK	WINDY	33-1
FRANCIS	WALTERSCOP AND	GEORGE PL LEGNARD	WINDS .	36.6
PRANKLIN	BANGOE ME	COWIN O. HALL	WINDS	21.5
PRANKLIN	BAN HANDON, ME.	FRED L. BAVAGE	FAIR -	36.1
PRANKLIN	BONTON, MANS	OTTO A LAWTON	1216	49.5
PRANKLIN	BREDGEPORT, CONN.	ARTHUR L. KLARK	WINDY	34.4
PRANCING	ARRON CHUC ALBANT, N. V. ALBURN, N. V. BALTHIDDR, MD. BANCOE MR. BAR HARRON MR. BIRDGEFORT, CENN. BUTTALO, N. V. CANTON, GILD. CHARLOTTE, N. C.	FUED L SAVAGE 6. II. LEWIS OTIO & LAWTON ARTHUR L TANK CLOREGE DITTERSORE CLOREGE DELINE		27.7
PRANKLIN	CANTON OHIO CHARLOTTE, N. C. CHICAGO, BL. CINCINNATI, OHIO COMORAGO SPRINCES, CULO. COMBERLAND, MD.	GEO W. BELDEN J. B. WDODSIDE F. D. SANDERS	WINDY .	36.0
PRANKLIN	CHICAGO ELL	F. H. SANDERS	FAIR	- 31.3
PRANKLIN	COLORADO SPRINCS, CULO.	G. W. BLASE	BAIN	30.0
PRANKEIN	CUMBERLAND, MD.	W. BLASE G. W. BLASE A F. CLINAN W. G. LANGERY F. C. COLLEN B. FEATHMAN F. C. COLLEN B. FEATHMAN G. R. WOOD	- EAGE	50.9
PRANKLEN	PATTON, OHIO	F. D. MEATHMAN	FAIR	53.5
ERANBIAN	BENYEN COLO	E COLLON	RAIN	- 26-3
PEANELIN	EAU CLAPER, WIN.	G. R. WOOD	WITH THE PARTY	30.7
FRANKLIN	ERMONIUN, ALTA.	The state of the s	\$200	30.3
INTERNATION -	EAST PA	Transfer Commence of the	WINDY	41.7
PRANKLIN	CONCRADO SPRINCE, COLO. COMBERLAND MB. DALLAS TERAS DATTON, OHIO DELVIE COLO DELVIE COLO DELVIE WIS EXPRONICION ALTA. EXPRONICION ALTA. EXPRONICION ALTA. EXPRENICION ALTA. CONCRETON TERAS GRANCESTOWN TERAS GRANCESTOWN TERAS GRANT FALLS, MONT. GREAT FALLS, MONT. GREAT FALLS, MONT. GREAT FALLS, MONT.	W. W. M. CARROLL J. CANWELL JOHN VIASBLOM	tell -	26.2
FRANKLIN	GENEVA N. V. CALL	W. W. MICARROLL	EAUE -	46.7
PRANKLIN	GRAND BAPERS, MILTI.	JOHN VLASBLOM	FAIR	21.5
FRANKLIN	GREAT FALLS, MONT.	E.D. WHITTEN	CALE.	21.5
PRANKLIN	HAGERSTOWN MD.	E. D. WHITTEN E. I. TURNER H. E. BAKER H. F. SEYMOUR	PAIR :	30.7
ERANKERN	HARTFORD, CONN.	H. F. SEYMOUR	WINDS	33.4
FRANKLIN	HOUSE N. V.	FORM MOSELEY	FAIR	26.5
PRANKLIN	KANDAD CITY, MO	P WILLIAMS	COOL	45.8
ERADRIAD .	EINGSTEIN, N. Y.	WILLIAM M. DAVIS	WINDY .	31.7
FRANKLIN	GROWGRYOWN TRAAS GRANT BARDS MILTI GREAT FALLS, MONT. GREAT FALLS, MONT. GREATHNIAME, PA HACERSTINN MD. HAR FORD, CONN. HOOMICE, N.Y. HUTCHINGON, RANG, RANGAS CITY MO BINGSTON N. T. LA CROSSEE WES. LARAMIE WYO. LOS ANGELS, CAL.	E LOVEJOY	FAIR	32.1
ERADENIS -	LOS ANGELES, CAL.	WILLIAM M. DAVIS ALFRED JAMES E. LOVEJOY R. C. HAMUN GEORGI M. YOUNGER	BAIN	25.4
PRANCISM	LITTLE BOCK, ARE.	LE JONES	FAIR	34.1
FRANKLIN	LOS ANCIDES, CAL. LOSSISSITUS, CAR. LOSSISSITUS, MINN, MEMBER, M. J. AUWERE, M. J. AUWERE, M. J. MEW HAVER, CONN, MEW HAVER, MEW HAVER, CONN,	GEORGE M. YOUNGER . J. P. JONES L. A. MCKAY W. L. MALLON GEORGE MASON COWLES TOLMAN	FAIR .	48.6
PRANKLIN	NEWSCHICH, N. V.	GEORGE MARON	FAIR	93.9
PRANKERN	NEW HAVEN, CORN.	COWLES TOLMAN	FAIN	40.0
PRANELIN	NORWICH, N. V.	A. M. JUNES	WINDY	30.0
FRANKLIN	DAKLAND, CAL.	FRANK BARTELS	. WINDT .	31.6
PEANELIN	PENDLETON DRE.	J. S. HUGHES J. W. M-CDRMMACH S. K. HATFIELD JAMES SWEETEN, JR. GEORGE HAGEMAN W. MICHELAS J. C. BRALY WILLIAM M. DAVIS	- PAIN -	53.A
PEANERIN	PHILADELPHIA, PA	S. N. HATFIELD	- PARK	32.9
FRANKLIN	PROUNTS, ARIZ	GEORGE HAGEMAN	BAIN .	28.4
ERANEMO	PHOEDITE, ARIZ. PHYSHURC, PA. PORTLAND, ME. PORTLAND, ORL.	W. MURRAY CARR	FAIR	- 30.5
FRANKLIN	PORTLAND, ORL	L C. SHALY	PAPE.	20.2
PRANESAN .	PORTLAND, ME, PORTLAND, ORL. POUTHEREE, R. I. RESING SUN ONID ROCHESTER, N. Y. AAN ANGELO, TEAAS SAN ANTONIO, TEAAS SAN EREGO CAL. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. AAN MISE, CAL. SANTIL LARE CIT., STAH SCRANTON, RA. SERTIL, WASH. SHULE CIT., IA. SHORE FALLS, S. D. MILLEGYGAN, WIS. SHREVEPORT, LA. SPOKANE WASH. SPRINGIPLED, MASS. ST. LOUIS, MG. ST. PAIL, MINN, SYNACUSE, N. Y. TULSA OKLA. UNIONTOWN, PA. LITICA, N. T. VICTORIA, B. C.	J. C. BRALT WILLIAM M. DAVIS WALLACE L. WILCOX O. C. BEGEWORTH JAMES M. KALMACH E. D. B.	WINDY	31.0
FRANKLIN	PUTNAM CORN	O. C. BOS WORTH	WINDY .	24.4
YEANELIN	BEADING PA	JAMES M. KALMACH	FAIR.	27.8
PRANKLIN	BOCHESTER & V	O. R. MacCOLLON	WINDY	24.0
PRANKER	BAN ANGELO, TEXAS	M. C. RAGSDALE	BAIN	26.3
FRANKLIN .	SAN ANTORIO, TEXAS	E. F. BIRDSONG	HAIN	30.4
PRANKLEN	SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	WILSON B. BMITH JOHN F. M.LADI L. NORMANDIN	WINDY -	36.1
PRANKLIN	NAN JONE CAL	L E LANGFORD	WATER -	34.9
FRANKLIN	SCRANTON, PA.	D. D. DeWITT	FAIR	31.2
PRANKLIN	SEATTLE WASH	D. B. DAWLTT	FAIR	- 43.0
FRANKLIN	5100X FALLS, S. D.	KNAPP BROWN	PAIN	23.1
PRANKLIN	SHEBOYGAN, WIS.	N. P. BANGON	WINDY .	28.4
PRANKLIN	SPOKANE WASH	W. H. JOHNSON J. A. NICHOLS, JR. W. W. ANDERSON JOS. B. DRYER	WINDY	42.5
FRANKLIN .	SPRINGFFELD, MASS.	W. W. ANDERSON	- FAIR	- 26.A
FRANKLIN	ST. PAUL MINN	A. H. CLARK	FAIR	32.5
PRANKLIN	SYNACUSE, N. Y.	T. A. YOUNG	WINDY	40.3
FRANKLIN	UNIONTOWN PA	W. P. CHAPPLE C. W. JOHNSON W. W. GARABRANT	WINDY .	18.4
FRANKLIN	LITICA N. T.	W. W. GARABRANT	WINDS	30.4
FRANKLIN	UTICA N. T. VICTORIA B. C. WALLA WALLA WANK. WASHINGTON D. C. WASHINGTON IA. WATENIOO, IA		WINDY	34.0
FRANKLIN	WASHINGTON D. C.	E. H. TUTTLE DAVID S. HENDRICK SUDNEY S. SMITH	WINDY .	22.4
FRANKLIN	WASHINGTON, IA.		WET	24.2
FRANKLIN		WILLIAM S. LEE	. WINDY	31.4
FRANKLIN	WILKES BARRE, PA. WINNIPEG, MAN. WORKENTER, MASS.	V. J. ECKRERG	WINDY	34.5
PRANKLIN	YORK, PA YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO	T. S. DEFEIFFER	WARRIES.	27.4
FRANKLIN	TOUNGSTOWN, UNID	A STUHLDREHER	WINDY .	20.0
		Average		32.8

FRANKLIN SIX-THIRTY, 2725 POUNDS, 41/2 IN. TIRFC



National

Beauty, Luxury and Utility

OUR advanced design, the on the new "SIX" are of the Canti-lever type, which, combined with the -beautifully and distinctively original-reflect your good taste and judgment.

The smart, sloping hood and pointed effect of the National (due to the body converging towards the radiator) adds a distinct note of attractiveness. The wide metal guards are enclosed, continuous and unobstructed. These points of refinement and care help to give the National its ensemble effect of a long, low, graceful craft.

The admitted mechanical superiority of the National, added to its comfort and convenience, gives you the ideal combination of a quality car, built and guaranteed by an old, reliable and suc-cessful institution. The rear springs National's wide, deep, resilient, spa-cious body and general balance, enables you to enjoy unexcelled comfort in riding. The left side drive center control, convenient and simple dash equipment and easy access to all four doors add to your comfort and satisfaction.

National cars are built for service, proved by their fourteen years of dependability and reliable performance; their ample reserve force and speed when you need it, or two miles an hour if you prefer,

We my "you don't have to raise the hood" because the National's success justifies your confidence in our mechanical

The one and only American-made car that remains superior to all foreign cars in the Inter-national 500-mile rates is the NATIONAL.



Write for illustrated catalogue. Department L.

SIX--\$2375 FULLY EQUIPPED NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE CO. INDIANAPOLIS, IND.





The Fakers

"Do you mean you won't be a lawyer?" and Mrs. Hicks' voice broke a little, for she had earnestly wished her son might follow in his father's profession.

"No," Tommie said as he rose from the table, "I'll be a lawyer all right, but this properties in the page of the last."

opportunity is too good to be lost."

That afternoon he went down to the office of the Salestown Bencon. Grandison, the editor and proprietor of the Beacon, was busy with some auction bills that meant ten dollars cash when delivered, and he was not very cordial when Hicks entered

the composing room.

"Mr. Grandison," began Hicks, "I am going down to Washington to attend the inauguration and see my old friends Mark Hanna and Senator Paxton."

Grandison was cutting some leads and he stopped and looked at his visitor. "You don't say." he commented.
"Yes, and it is quite probable I shall not return for some time. In fact I expect to enter the Government service."
"Do tell," said Grandison, resuming his leadertime.

leadrutting.

"I thought," continued Hicks, "that you might want to make mention of my departure in the Beacon.

departure in the Beacon."

"I'm busy, gol-durped busy."

"I see you are, and I thought I might help you by writing the notice myself."

"Go ahead," said Grandison; "go as far as you like. There's copy paper in there."

"Oh," said Hicks easily, "I brought down a little piece I fixed up on my typewriter. I'll out it on your desk."

writer. I'll put it on your desk."
When Grandison had his auction bills on
the press he went to his desk and read the
Hicks communication. He laughed a little and hung it on the copy hook. Grandison liked Hicks and so did almost everybody in Salestown. Hicks attended to that. He desired to be everybody's friend, and was; and though he welcomed reciprocity in his friendships he did not demand it as a requisite of continuity. He paid no attention to rebuffs, or to ridicule, or to ansers. If a man tried to be sarcastic at his expense Hicks blandly took the remarks at their word value and was grateful. He was ubiquitous and urbane. Some of the village folks said his hide was as thick as the hide of a physograps, and Hicks heard these hide of a rhinoceros, and Hicks heard these comments with a smile, and invariably

sought a way to say something compli-mentary about the detractor or do him a favor if the opportunity came.

When the Hesicon came out on Thursday Judge William Percival Smith read the notice about Hicks to Col. Seth Howard, an old crony who spent much time in the judge's office. "Listen to this, Seth," chuckled the judge, and he began:

"'Our esteemed fellow townsman, Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks, has in contemplation a trip to Washington, the capital of the nation, to participate in the inauguration ceremonies incumbent on the installation of William McKinley as president of the United States. Mr. Hicks was active in the campaign that culminated so gloriously in the election of Mr. McKinley, and his nowthe election of Mr. McKinley, and his powerful efforts have been recognized both by Chairman Mark Hanna, of the Republican National Committee, and by Senator William H. Paxton, of this state. Mr. Hicks has letters from both of these distinguished statesmen inviting him to come to Washingstatesmen inviting him to come to Washing-ton, and it has been intimated he will receive from the new administration an ade-quate measure of reward for his valiant services in the cause of the gold standard. We congratulate Mr. Hicks on this auspicinus and well-merited recognition both of his Republicanism and of his success as a pulitical leader."

"There's only one thing lacking so far's VIND NW commented Col. Seth Howard after the judge had finished the puragraph. "What's that?" asked the judge. "It

seems to me to be a pretty reasonably com-plete statement of the case."

"It ought to be signed by T. Marmaduke

"Probably," continued the judge. "But you must say this for Tommie-be cer-tainly doesn't lack the nerve to push himself in anywhere he wante to go, and I wouldn't be surprised if one of these days he got somewhere."

"He'll get somewhere," agreed Colonel Howard. "I don't know whether it will be in the Senate or in jail, but he won't stand still, you can bet on that."

"Oh, pshaw, colonel!" laughet the judge; "don't be too rough on him. He's clever boy, and the Congress of the United States, for example, is all cluttered up with men who have developed to a paying poliical basis just these traits we observe a

our young friend Tommie."

I tell you he's a demagogue alread;
and he ain't hardly dry behind the ear ye. I met him the other day and what do you think he said to me-what do you think

he said?"
"What did he say?" asked the judy.
"Tommie is likely to say almost anything pleasant. Told you you are getting younge every day. I suppose, and that you are ex-of the great men of Salestown, whose exa-ple and dally walk and convenation are as

"Well," admitted the colone rather sheepishly, "he did show some sense those remarks, but he got to taking painties and he said something like this"—and the Colonel rose stiffly and assumed at

oratorical position:
"'Colonel,' he said, 'Colonel, I feel tizz there is a great opportunity for me in pub-lic life. I have made a study of condition and I have firmly resolved to espone un-cause of the people, to help lift the turiens of the toiling reasues, to relieve them of the oppressions that now dismay them, to led

them into the sunlight of a happier day."
"Hooray!" cheered Judge Smith.
"Yes," he said, "the people are to be on first concern. I shall address my shifted to the improvement of their political are social conditions. I shall labor for them and the said. social conditions. I shall labor for them and with them. I have decided to enter politics for no other purpose than to protect the toiling masses from the cruel and rapaces oppression of the classes."

"Hooray!" shouted Judge Smith again. "And what I want to know," continue the colonel, "is how he squares that sort is a program with his support of McKinley and the goldbugs."

"My dear colonel," answered the judge, "he doesn't have to square it. If he get a job under this administration he'll topp it. If he doesn't get a job he'll have not-

it. If he doesn't get a job he'll have not-ing to square, for that naturally will be in platform in the circumstances."

"A demagogue," insisted the colorel again, "a demagogue before he's dry behind

the ears."
"Well," answered the judge, "I goes that's so; but so far as I can see from the angle there seems to be a better market angle there seems to be a better market angle there seems to be a better market and the religious transfer and transf for demagogism than for any other political

commodity in these days."
"Humph!" retorted the colone, who could think of nothing better to say, and stalked out. He met Hicks at the foot of the stairs that led to the street from July

Smith's office. "Going to Washington, I see," the colonel greeted him.
"Yes, colonel; that is my intention."
"Going to take a job under McKinley!"

"It may be."
"Now look here, young man," and the

colonel was indigment, "how in blaze are you going to join out with this golding administration and believe in all that stall

about the common people you handed to me the other day?"

"Why, colonel," Hicks replied survey, "reforms can be more easily accomplished from within than from without the party

organization. If the people — "Great Scott!" shouted the old manufacture it! Don't insult my intelligence by that sort of rot. I'll tell you where you be long—not here in this community, but as in the prairies with the Populists. Good afternoon."

Hicks looked after him and laughed is little. "There might be something in that too," he said to himself.

Hicks made his preparations and went ! Washington, where he arrived with many thousands of other people on the night of March 2, 1897. He had written to a fried who had a place in one of the departments and had the address of a good boarding the state of the state house. He secured a room and spent the next three days in happy enjoyment of the crowds, the clamor, the parades, the works, the glitter and the glamour of an ir auguration and its aftermath. He called by Senator Paxton, found him out, but serure from Paxton's secretary a gallery ticket in the ordinary sessions of the Senate. and jammed his way in on the busy March that and saw the burly-burly of the closing hars







The first way you will take a long. It is not post have well to it? It is not post have well to it? It is not post to rest blood of the respective to the long, and The like reserve soften and one of the reserve soften and the res

Signal Pongeplay

The off separate of the separa The state of the section of the sect

Hilker Winchers Mig. Co. 1205 Bloom Aye., Racing, Wit.

of a Congress. He watched the proceedings carefully, tried to pick out the famous sen-utors on the floor, and was somewhat hurt because Senator Paxton did not send for him and give him a ticket admitting him to the inauguration ceremonies in the Senate ever, he was up early on March fourth, se-cured a good position in the crowded plaza, and was much impressed with the ceremony that made Mr. McKinley president and outred Grover Cleveland to private life.

Senator Paxton was busy, exceedingly busy. The change of administration from Cleveland to McKinley brought many pat-ronage problems to him, and he was early and eagerly trying to find places for some of his leaders in the home state. Hicks called three or four times a day at his office, but each time was shunted off. He stood for hours in the corridor waiting for Paxton to come out, unconscious of the fact that the senator had a side door to his office through which he except from the office seniors. which he escaped from the office-seekers. Hicks carried himself jauntily, although scretly much depressed because of the tordy recognition of his merits and claims. and exerted himself to make the Paxton and exerted himself to make the l'axtoncorps of clerks and secretaries his friends.
He sat a good deal in the outer office of the
l'axton suite, reading the papers and waitling for the senator, positively refusing to be
turned away by any of the subordinates
who constantly assured him there was no
chance for him and that he'd better go home.
One day as Hicks was sitting in the outer
uffice, about two weeks after he arrived in
Washington, the door to the inner room.

wifice, about two weeks after he arrived in Washington, the door to the inner room opened and Senator Paxton came out with a great bunch of papers in his hands. "Look here, Madden!" the senator shouted to his secretary, "you're a thousand miles behind with this correspondence. What's the matter? Can't you keep up with it?"

"I'm doing the best I can with it," Madden answered sulkily, "You don't seem to appreciate that since McKinley came in your correspondence has increased about aix hundred per cent and you are making us

hundred per cent and you are making us handle it with the same old force."
"That's so," admitted Paxton. "I hadn't thought of that. Get another stemographer or a typewriter or something, and clean

or a typewriter or something, and clean it up."

Hicks started engerly from his chair.
"Senator," he said, coming forward, "let me take hold of it."

"Who are you?" asked Paxton brusquely."
"I never saw you before."

Hicks winerd. "Oh, yes, you have," he replied. "I met you out in Salestown and you wrote to me. I have the letter here."

He took out the well-worn letter. Paxton planeed at it and amiled. "That won't see

He took out the well-worn letter. Paxton glanced at it and smiled. "That won't get you very far," he said. "Who are you!" I am T. Marmaduke Hicks, of Salestown. I am a competent stenographer and typewriter and I want a job with you." Paxton leeked at him. He saw a tall, well-dressed young man, his eyes alight with engerness, a young man who had a tright face and an agreeable manner. "From Salestown, are you?"

From Salestown, are you?

"Yes, sir." "Whom do you know there?"

"Everybody. I have studied law with Judge William Pereival Smith." "Studied with Billy Smith, have you?

Well, that's a good start. Will be recom-mend you?"
"I think so."

Paston turned to his secretary. "Mad-den," he said, "wire Judge Smith at Sales-lown and ask him about this young man-if he's all right put him on extra in the morning. We've simply got to get this mess
of stuff cleaned up. Meantime try him out
on the typewriter and see if he is any good.
Give him some of the form-letter stuff."
Paxton turned and went back to his
room without another look at Hicks. Mad-

ten said: "Pull off your east, young man, and get busy. Take that machine over there and use these addresses for this letter." He handed Hicks a printed form. "Copy is exactly," he ordered, "and do them as

reatly as you can so each rube will think he has a personal letter from the senator.

Hicks took the form letter and the list of addresses and began work at the typewriter ssigned to him, but his heart was heavy within him. His letter from Senator Paxton had been a form letter also.

JUDGE SMITH telegraphed to Senator Paxton that Hicks was honest and mart, came of a good family and had no ad habits. He wrote at length detailing





They'll think chains, accompand; must and make things move faster, house they

A Kalaha & Myera "STANDARD" has use good intentment. It if pay big divi-ces in the second of and of second of the second of the STANDARD. For it considered as increasing



Robbins & Myers



Most Ermsomical

Less than the reference recovered to the form of the property of ANVIANCE of the property of t

If you all contained effect have produced a you the attack in to electric lant. Smill, the first have been \$1000 and the control type.

Write for pay from these aboveing all STANDARLY also is easily a decided from the confluction without our restor that it or above easily company the others that the area is one paths, allows of annexation and former.

Find Out Mare About II

We'll also sell two where you can see Reb-ture & Myere "STANDARD" have in destro' shows in your vicinity. Your name and posted will tring tell interestable.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio

SEESCHID-See York County, Philadelpin, St. Look, Section, Corridant, Corri Sciences, See Others, Agreeme in 4th Principal Cities.



How to get Customers' Statements Out on time and at less cost

Thousands of fusions hower have relped to to revise this Information Buffetin (1d vilition) - mill us how they get their automouts out as the firsthow they can the cost of gesting there out - how they care sinc, and clerk

"Net Profits" newalitys must come by summing and by business legenday. It is the experience that if you get your statements all our on the "fore," you get there paid more promptly. You have the new of your money while the athey fellow is will sending our his statements and talking about "dow redisctions." Von mike more moments, discount your fells more railly, and honory, but remarks the second district brought

Principle statements mean fewer bad delite, better collections; therefore, better standing at your hork

This Reflection Continues of Resembles shows how occurably housess men are saving our flatel to tion in policing cantuners' statements the floroughs may whether they get out the course of class-permy or out a bimbed. These is no three system? about it. You won't have to change your powerst silling mathematically will simply be distressed.

Fore	A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR	
strong.	processing to proceed to the control of	
Cto ed tree	0.6	
Burroughs Adding N	the state of the s	
Matters of publical and subject outside they become publication of the	Management of the Control of the Con	

Every Boy Has His Hobby

He may spend his vacation fishing in the stream below the dam for bass and suckers. He may take long jaunts over the hills with his camera slung over his shoulder. He may be planning a wireless station of his own-and with a friend or two, rigging up his aerial and connecting his apparatus. He may be building a shop in the backyard so that, when winter comes, he'll have a place to work on stormy days. But whatever it is, it's his hobby - and his heart's in it.

Now, good fishing tackle and camena are expensive. So are the detector, tuning coil and other odds and ends that go to make up a wireless until. A carpenter's chest with guaranteed tools - this costs ood money, too. Every hobby has a little expense attached -

But that's no reason why you shouldn't own what you want and need-and without paying a cent for it. There is a small army of a ert, entitumentic boys represent-ing Tur. Curtis Puntismus; Company in cities, towns and villages throughout the country. Like grown-up salesmen, each has his own circle of friends and "business orquintances" to whom he tells his goods — the Curtis publications. On Pop and Journal days he is eagerly assaited as he makes his rounds with the current issues.

Each cupy he delivers nets him a cush profit; many of our boys earn from two he also receives a lot of premiums selected from our Book of Relates, an Illustrated catalogue describing over five hundred spiresfiel prizes. Whatever his hobby is, here he can secure what he needs.

Every hey has his hobby. You have ours. Whatever it is, let us hear from you. You can then see for yourself how these thousands of boys are earning morey by selling The Saturday Evening Past, bow they have secured the articles they reanted more than anything else - how you can serure what you want. Address your fetter to

Sales Divining, Ban 5.11

THE CURTIS PROTESTING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA

me of the Hicksian personal characteristics, and Secator Paxton read the letter, Isughed and asked Mudden: "How's he

doing?"
"Pretty fair," the harassed Madden replied. "He's a reasonably good typewriter, seems to be intelligent, is willing to work and to learn, and is companionable enough round the office, although he doesn't under-

round the office, although he doesn't underestimate his own abilities any."

"Judging from what Hilly Smith says,"
commented the senator, "he has several
kinds of pep in him and may be worth
watching. Put him on temporarily and
give him a good work-out."

Whereupon T. Marmaduke Hicks because an attaché of the office of Senator
William H. Paxton at a wage of sixty dollars a month. Madden thought he might
remain two or three months, until the great
rush was over. Paxton dismissed him from rush was over. Paxton dismissed him from his mind. Hicks himself had no other idea his mind. Hicks himself had no other idea than a permanent billet in the office, and he was right. He gree expert on the type-writer, practiced stenography assiduously, cultivated Maddon in every possible way, was willing to labor nights and Sundays, and at the end of the third month was a fixture and had his pay raised to a hundred dollars a month. This was done by the simple Faxtonian expedient of placing him on the senate roll as an amistant committee clark. senate roll as an amistant committee clerk, which not only gave Hicks more money but relieved Paxton of the necessity of paying Hicks sixty dollars out of his own

Hirks had a natural bent for politics and he studied Paxton's methods carefully. He had a retentive memory and applied it to all of the minor matters that came up in the office. He remembered names and dates and hept close track of the files. He studied state-patronage questions, briefed applica-tions, watched the Senate when be could, read the newspapers assiduously and kept in touch with all important measures, and especially those in which his chief was interested. He started a little clipping bureau of his own, reading the state papers closely for all articles and editorial comment having a bearing on Paxton's activities, saved up small items for the correspondents of the botton newspapers, and before he had been there six months knew as much about the imide routine of the office as Madden did,

who had been with Paxton for fifteen years.
One morning he arrived at the office at eight o'clock and to his astonishment found Senator Paxton there, Jussing and Juming

for a stenographer,
"Where's Madden?" saked the senator

"He down't get here until nine o'clock."
"Damn!" exploded Paxton. "I want to

dictate a few paragraphs of a speach."
I can take it, "said Hicks eagedy.
"Are you a stenographer?"

You, mr.

"Come on, then, and don't hash it any

more than you can help."

Paxton dictated swiftly for half an hour.

Hicks concentrated every atom of intelligence he had on his work, and when Paxton had finished and ordered, "Make a carbon of it," he went nervously to his typewriter and began to transcribe his notes.

He handed the typewritten sheets to the senator and stood anxiously by while the great man read them. Every time the senator made a pencil mark on the paper Hicks felt his heart sink within him, but he was radiant when the senator said, after he had finished reading: "Not so had." That night at the boarding house he told his table companions that he was now the confidential stenographer for Senator Paxton.

Six months later this statement became reasonably true, for Hicks made himself so useful and worked with such currectness and seal and intelligence that Senator Paxton appointed him assistant to Mad-den and increased his salary to sixteen hundred dollars a year by and with the aid of a friendly contingent-expenses committee of the Senate, of which the chairman was an old friend of the senator's.

This enabled Hicks to move to another boarding bouse, and he chose the establishment of Mrs. Lake.

Washington is freekled with boarding houses. There are sections of the capital that resemble Bloomsbury in London. Row after row of what were once fashionable residences are now, and were in Tommie's time, establishments of varying merit as places of entertainment, occupied by various grades of boarders, ranging from is nursuus or prevarious statesmen to clerks. and other employees in the service of the Government.

The house conducted by Mrs. Lake an her daughter was on a good street and a cellent of its kind. Mrs. Lake was to widow of a man who had had some proerty and more debts, and had been our pelled to support herself after the lawyer had finished settling the estate. She was well bred, a good housekeeper and a wanta of attractiveness and ability. She was wise boarding-house mistress. Her paro and her dining room and her hall were we furnished. She knew the charm of shok lamps and cozy corners and employed the both numerously. Her rugs were good. He pictures were copies of old masters, her ser pactures were copies of our massers, her ser-ice careful and expert, and her food, those not lavishly served, was of the best quali-and well cooked. The brass docknot always shone brightly, the small regro wi-opened the door was immarulate in a bi-uniform and white cotton gloves, and in uniform and white cotton gloves, and in a welcoming smile that was an essenti part of his training. Occasionally Mi-Lake entertained transients sent by sor former boarder, but most of her peo-stayed with her for long periods. Tommie took a small room on the n

Temmie took a small room on the timor, which he secured for sixty dellar month, a sum quite insignificant, is Mi Lake maured him, when compared with a social advantages he would enjoy structer her roof. These social advantages he would requirement dawned on Hicks on the first Friday sighe dined at the boarding house. Everyboard dressed for dinner on Friday nights. It was the custom of the establishment.

To be sure, Mrs. Lake and her daught dressed for dinner every night and marregal state at a small table near the dathrough which the waltrenses came into room, thus giving a "real swell tese" the establishment, as Mrs. Lake put it, it the other guests—not boarders, guests ate in their usual day costumes. Mrs. Larather insisted that the modish resource the artible house.

rather insisted that the modish resources the establishment should be displayed one night of the week, and it had come be accepted that the guests should tog of in their very less on that night. Usual in order to give an added air of distinctions. Lake served a canapé of caviar the night instead of beginning the med a

night instead of beginning the meal at the customary soup.

Tommie did not know of this customad he was abtounded when he came do to dinner on his first Friday night a found the women, some of them in low-bodiers and some in bodiers with guint removed, and the men rigged out in discouts, evening coats and stiff white all fronts. Even the Texan, who had made tenet of his politics not to wear a dress a compromised between his principles. compromised between his principles; his politeness by wearing a low-cut was coat beneath the long and flowing in coat in which he made his impassion appeals for the welfare of the people the floor of the House of Representation and the stared a little at the unwendisplay of slegance but was neither concerted nor dismayed. Instead he not concerted nor dismayed. Instead he not concerted nor dismayed. Instead he not concerted nor dismayed. cheerfully at the men and women who wastting stiffly in their chairs and toying their minute portions of caviar, and a ceeded easily to the table where Mrs. L

and her daughter sat, both regally array
"My dear Mrs. Lake," he said, "o
didn't you tell me everybody would di
up tonight?"
"Why, Mr. Hicks," that lady repl
"I supposed you know."

"I supposed you knew. I am very sorr "Oh," laughed Tommie, "it is a mat of small consequence. I'll know next tim

Next day Hicks started on his search sext day flicks started on his search suitable attire. After much considerat he decided to buy a dinner coat, commising between the demand of his posit and the supply of his purse. Tommie his friends called the coat he bough tuxedo. It was a good tuxedo and it fit him well after a few alterations. Tom knew Senator Paxton had his clother m in New York and hoped to be able to natr in New York and hoped to be able to patr ize the same tailor one day; but for present he concluded a ready-to-wear

He spent an afternoon in the stores F Street shopping for suitable studs cuff-links and, after beginning at the lan jewelry store and pricing real pearls, ished the expedition with the purchas some imitation pearls and buttons t matched. The shopkseper told him the tations could not be told from the genexcept by an expert. Tommie was a

He had consulted a friend at the Cap about a high hat, or at least a crush hal

(Continued on Page 45)

Continued from Page 42

p with his evening clothes, but the friend him he could wear his derby and to agood form, and that gratified Tommie. But, some the less, he almost bought a much hat. He had seen pictures in the nagazines that presented tall and exquisitely dressed men carrying crush hats in cones modish crush-hat positions, and he iditional give him much added distinction the could come down to the hig assembly som in the hearding house with his hat conessly but gracefully disposed beneath he are, and when going out could open it at the door with a flourish and a pop.

On the following Friday night he came than to dinner ten minutes late in order to so the others amake time to be at their

On the following Friday night he came too to dinner ten minutes late in order to go the others ample time to be at their lines, and made an impressive entrance and a his new clothes. He had placed his ancilerchief in his sleeve, for he had observed that an under-secretary at one of the chasies, whom he had clossely scrutinized the that rising young diplomatist was taking to Senator Paxton, carried his handwested that way. Tommie looked round to som. So far as he could observe, no pease there had his handkerchief in his lever, and Tommie saw to it that all near an were made aware of this crowning such of slegance. Indeed he took out his tandkerchief so often that one of his table conjunions, the motherly wife of a reposentative, asked anxiously whether he lad a rold and offered to supply him with senedy.

Hicks spent the next year and a half I semiortably with Mrs. Lake, laboritudy with Senator Paxton, and profitably a timed in a way, for he skiftered through lasted a law course in a sort of a law school, issuing two nights or three a week to the semulation of such legal knowledge as yes depended at this institution. He made a serious study of the law, because serious said of any subject whatsoever, save that of he own aggrandizement, was foreign to be mind of Hicks.

He bought notes of lectures from impertables digs, flattered and cultivated the reasons and lecturers, delivered semiration when called upon to tell what he have, and was on his way toward his degree

lie did not care for the law, but he felt he seed the law as a peg on which to hang is pelitical ambitions. He made a close stay of politica, watching Paxton's every portuent.—Paxton was a master political—and had it vaguely in mind to go enterhere, after he had saved a little story, open a law office and depend on his fall as a handshaker and his general alertness of mind and lack of scruples to advance him in politica. He knew most of the sua political tricks, for politics was his passes, and he essayed the various artifices employed by the men who seek votes for the values as votegetters rather than for the showing of principle and principles. Sicks had learned one thing. He never effected any person who might possibly do

Ricas had learned one thing. He never cheeded any person who might possibly do imany good, and took whatever came from tan sources with smiles and thanks; and is sever failed to impress on those whom he nestifiered on terms of equality with himself his own advanced ideas of his personal injectance and ability. His affability and trianity were famous in clerical circles at the Capitol; his polite attention to his better made him many friends; and his complainance and readiness to do what was represented in semi-important affairs. Madden of course was the real operator for Paxton, the man who stood with broad shoulders is any ready for any shifted responsibility, who may such risks as there were and who was seloyal as he was pilable.

Fatton's attitude toward politics and

public service was that it is a game, with the people as pawns. This also was the attition of the men associated with Paxton in the leadership of the Senate and the direction of the House. That was the atmosphere in which Hicks worked and the atmosphere he absorbed. Paxton himself was a view and likable person who never went further in his philosophy of politics than to usert the theory that the end justifies the mean and that power must be retained by the regarization at all hazards. He was willing to do for the people whatever would have the organization in the doing, and almost every act of his and of his controlling associates in the Congresa was predicted on the political effect that act would have to the personal and political fortunes of himself and his friends.

Long years of experience with the selfish motives and desires and practices of the men in politics, and long years of observing the case with which these selfish and self-seeking men deluded the people, had given him a sort of good-humored contempt for the people as a whole, especially as to their politics and the practice of it. He had accumulated a fortune through politics and he had assumed a philosophical view of the game, as he called it, and took nothing seriously that did not threaten his own continuance as a leader of those who played the game with him. He was under no delusions as to his colleagues. He knew just how shallow their pretenses were, how much of lip-service there was in their resounding promises on the stump and on the floor of the Senate, how bogus it all was. So he continued at it for the fun be had and for the power it gave him, and though he was as bogus as the rest of them, so far as regard for the general good was concerned, he had the redeeming quality of knowing himself exactly how bogus he was, and not assuming virtue.

He had a sense of perspective, a sense of

He had a sense of perspective, a sense of humor, and a full working knowledge of all the weaknesses, follies, ill-considered sentiment and lack of knowledge among the

timent and lack of knowledge among the populace.

"Undoubtedly," he said to Hicks one day, "undoubtedly, Tommis, Mr. Lincoln was right when he said you cannot fool all the people all the time. But the limit hasn't been reached. A large number of men in the politics of this country have been at that business of fooling the people for a great many years and haven't been caught yet. In the long, the ultimate, run the contention may be right, but no one of much consequence as a fooler has been stopped thus for to my terrester."

yet. In the long, the ultimate, run the contention may be right, but no one of much consequence as a fooler has been stopped thus far to my knowledge."

Hicks pondered this and similar sentiments from the cynical and contemptassus Paxton. He watched the operations of the organization leaders in the Senate and saw them doing things day after day that were planned carefully, and so executed, for the effect they would have on the political and other fortunes of the party and with small regard for any popular merit except such as might incidentally accrue. He accepted this as the proper theory of politics and the wise theory, and be shaped his own plans and actions thereby. He intended to be a politician, to enter politics, and he had no other idea of entering politics than the steadfast idea of getting everything possible for Hicks by whatever means might present themselves. He formed the Hicks party, with himself as sole member, solely to profit thereby, and resolved to operate along those lines.

He was encouraged in his attitude by his occasional visits to Salestown, where the village people locked on him as some sort of an extraordinary person who was shaping the destinies of the nation in conjunction with the famous Senator Paxton. Hicks tried out on his old friends some tentative poasts and assertions of his importance and was amazed to see how unquestioningly they took as true everything he claimed. Once he made a speech at an Old Rome Day dinner. He began, rather modestly for him, his recital of his activities at the capital, but, on observing the pleased acceptance of his assertions by his auditors, threw off all restraint and proclaimed himself as a most potent power behind the throne.

"It is my good fortune," be spouted, "to be associated with these great men at Washington who are directing the affairs of this nation, to act with them, to consult with them and to be consulted by them; and I want to say to you, friends of my boyhood days, that no one knows better than I the unselfishness, the clear-aighted patriatism, the high nobility of purpose and the unfaltering determination of these statesmen to conserve the welfare of the people."

There was load appliance from everybody except Col. Seth Howard.

"Tommie," said that unbeliever after the dinner, "I thought the constitution provides for no more than two senators from

a state."

"Why, so it does, colonel," replied Hicks.

"That's the way I read it," continued
the colonel, "but I take it from your remarks our state has three."

"Why, no, colonel; only two."

"I'm glad to be reassured on that point, for I gathered from what you said that you are acting as a senutor for un also."

are acting as a senator for us also."

Tommie laughed. "Oh, colonel," he said, "I am afraid you didn't listen closely to what I said."



The Joseph & Feiss Company

Francis of all Chief Malor of Man's Chales in Amount 420 St. Clair Avenue, N.W. Cleveland, Sixth City



O'R Marine Oil is to the life of your Motor Boat what our Motor Oil is to the life of your Car. Each oil is made only of sne uniform, base crude of tested quality and lubricativeness, and is manufactured by a special process which preserves the molecules of the oil and consequently its lubricating value. Thus while they are thoroughly filtered of free carbon and impurities, they nevertheless hold their potency and life.

By forming an even film of oil between the metal parts, it preserves the life of the Motor and increases its efficiency. This lubricating oil "cushion" eases the contact between parts and leaves the least carbon deposit upon them, because it burns up evenly and cleanly. Frictional lusses are thus minimized.

Sold on Lund at the Garage, General Store or Greery W. at the Moser East Club or on the Foot

If your dealer connot supply you, get it Irom us direct.

Buy the Oil in the Blue Can. 2 Five-Gal. Cans to the Case. Tell Us Your Make and We'll Tell You Your Grade.

INDIAN REFINING CO.

Dept."A"

NEW YORK



in the bull's-eye:

Fragrams.—that is, not "No bin, no sting"— "Packed only to allow and without any artificial bin "To keep the other fresh pure from the growing of the color of th

Convenient Perhaps. The Handy Mellikan I-Case Tim the Fig. Star patient Tim the Point and Half-Hound The Humblers and the Proxit Close House

FISHERMEN, HO!



Good Luck Wobblers

(Where a Palenta, formarly known as Wilson's Waldson.)
The semantion of 1983. They got a first when had had had. Now study in your of thes. Firsted and Wilson's Firsted Waldson study or semantion of the Moreon solid tail mentions of live minutes. Wilson's first tail mention of the minutes. Wilson's first tail mention of the minutes. Moreon solid tail mention the delever with right mention. Moreon solid right part of the part of the minutes. No keel plated brooks. Benefit they exempted into the minutes. No keel plated brooks. Benefit they exempted the mention. No keel plated brooks. Benefit they exempted the brook had to be the solid Links Several Lakes Reveal and they two Continues Links Income that the theory is the second thin seamples from our received.

BASTORIS SPORTON GOODS WOLLS, See Mrs.

COLORADO

Where Every Vacation Joy is Multiplied a Thousand Fold

Let me tell you have little the cost will be—board unity \$7 to \$100 per week —what to me and do when you get there, and all about the "Bocky Mountain Limited," the finest train between Chicago and Calculation. Other fast trains irons. Chicago, Nr., Leone and Memphis—perfect dising our styles—finest made to all stead equipment.

Bors Island Travel Surrous to all important caller.
Our representatives are travel experts who will help you plan a wonderful and expensional recommend recommend processes and look after every detail of your trip. Write-Island to L. M. Allen. Rock Island Lines. Room 729.
La Saffe Super Station. Chicago.



"That's the trouble," snarled the colonel. "I was about the only one who did listen closely"; and he stumped away. Tommie saw to it that the Beacon had a

report of that speech, and when the paper came in put a clipping of it on Senator Paxton's desk.

Parton's eyes twinkled when he sum-

moned Hicks to his room.
"Temmie," he said, holding in his hand
the clipping from the Bencon, "I see that
you have begun to inculcate the true faith

in the minds of the people."

"What do you mean?" asked Hicks.

"Why, I have just been reading this report of the speech you made up at Salestown. I couldn't have done better myself in portraying the high and patriotic aims of such workers in the vineyard of the com-roon people as are the instruments here at this capital for ameliorating their wees.

I coogratulate you."

Madden read the clipping also. "Say,"
he said to Tommie after he had finished
Hicks' glowing account of his own performance; "you are wasting your time round here."

"What do you mean?" asked Tommie to slarm, for Madden was a powerful factor in that office.

"I mean you're too good to be working so a stenographer to a senator—any sena-tor—or snybody else. A young man who can get away with that sort of guff as well

can get away with that sort of guff as well as you can ought to be out among the dear people. You are not deluding anybody here, you know, but it is different outside."

"I don't understand you," Hieles replied.

"Oh, all right," continued Madden, "but I understand you. Now don't attitudinize to me. I tell you there is a future for you in politics if you get the right field."

Madden stopped, lighted a rigar and tooked out of the window,

"I have been here for twenty years," he said, as if talking mostly to himself, "and fifteen of those years I have served with the

said, as if talking mostly to himself, "and fifteen of those years I have served with the secator. I've seen them blow in, blow up and blose out by the hundreds. If there is any kind of bunkn artist, faker, charlatan, demagague or other professional friend of the people I haven't run across in my time, it is some new sort just invented. I tell you, Hicks, you've got the sarmarks and all the tendencies and all the traits for a sur-cossful curvet as a public and self-accrificion.

the tendences and all the traits for a successful curvet as a noble and self-sucrificing citizen who is actuated by the sole desire to aid the common people. You could bring yourself to love them. I know it."

"But ——" began Hicks.

"Oh, but nothing!" interrupted Madden. "There are no buts about it. If there ever was a man born to handshake and talk his way to a good place on the payroll, that man is yourself, Hicks, and I don't say this to your disparagement, for I admire your abilities. You are a born friend of the people. Moreover, you are rapidly acquiring all the knowledge and details of that pious profession, and it's a chame for you to stay here pounding the typewriter when you might be out uplifting the dear common people from the slough of despond, to your own subsequent advantage both politically and financially."

"It high you missingly may Mr. Madden."

and financially."

"I think you misjudge me, Mr. Madden,"
Hicks began again. "I certainly do not feel
that my principles should be weighed in
any such serdid scale..."

"Misjudge you!" broke in Madden.
"That line of talk you have just begun
stamps my judgment as infallible. Let me
have those letters about the Redding case."
Hicks brought the Redding file. He
thought a good deal that day of what the
senator and Madden bud said. In his opinion their ideas of his abilities and tendenries, to say nothing of his ambitious, were course, to say nothing of his ambitions, were couched in terms that might have been more delicately put, but on the whole he was not dissatisfied. Fur if two such experts were beginning to consider him adroit enough to make his way with the populace,

And when the correspondents came in that afternoon to see if there was any news for home consumption. Tommie handed each of a type n excerpt fro the Beacen's account of his speech. He had early learned that political success depends to a large extent on the proper appreciation and cultivation of the source of publicity, and the reporters liked him. They all made puragraphs about the speech, which went with the day's news grist, and some of these were printed, to the great delight of Hicks and to the great amusement of Senator Paxton and Madden.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



A Name and a Trade Mark

"Champion" on the porcelain and the Globe trade mark on the package are two features worth remembering when you buy a spark plug-

Your dealer has our Car Index, which will tell you the "Champion" you should undorder to get the greatest efficiency from your motor.

is in probable that the magnificture equipped your car with "Champion" originally, as they are factory equipment for 75% of all the cars made in America today, including the Fool Overland, Studebaker, Maxwell, Meta-

"Champions" on tell year the "Champion" and "Champions" only for all replacement of the example of the following the judgment of the example of the example of the example of the "Champion" of the Port high the "Champion" of the Overlands, and "Champion" 5 for Studebaker, print \$1 storywhere.

Y ware district can tell your than "Champion" which will plice the base spaces for two-bloom Cor, Matter Ettech, Managingtie, Scattering Medica or Arrespitation.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG CO. Expert Seprensitatives Automobile Sundiver Co., 18 Broadway, New York.



Soles Made Flexible and Tough

by our special tanning give your children comfort and withstand the hardest wear.



the state of the standard rest - make the flowers - card and has meet the flowers - card and had the weight of ordered to be sufficient. All the flowers in the sufficient flo

Ashby-Crawford Co., Dept. B, Marlborough, Mass.



Genuine All Hand-Wove Unblocked PANAM!

Can be ween in the codition by Men, Weins
and Children. Fast
this keelings says List
Weight. Very doubte. It
because at \$1.00. Money refembles it paid and from it
weights to Menney settlember it paid and the
Weight of the Control of the Control
Weight of the Con

PARAMA HAT CO., Dest. A. 536 Broadway, New York Co.

CORPORAL BILLY'S COME-BACK

the crowd. Corporal Billy was all right, but at his age what would he be doing on a posse after a desperate murderer? Better sick to his last! More than one wit audibly suggested this, and the sally evoked laugh-ter. defore it had died the posse was off, with a final word from the sheriff, who was remaining right there because he felt that was the place for a sheriff.

Corporal Billy turned away. It was the apreme insult! He who had marched to be ringing strains of We are Coming, Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand More, to be refused as a volunteer to a little Caliirnia mountain posse. And they had hoghed at him; in fact they had laughed a his uniform—insulted the blue! Corpond Billy was near to an unseemly outbreak when he grasped that. He had turned back to the remnant of the crowd, wild words on tistips, when a low, tense voice at his side artested him.
"Hist!" said the voice.

He turned and confronted Cyril Naughion Webster, the intrepid captain of boy

"Hey?" asked Corporal Billy. "What

Hist!" repeated the captain. "A word "Hey?" queried the corporal again.

"Aw, com'on over here away from those rules where I can speak to you," said the spiain, irritated into a relinquishment of tis official manner. By one blue sleeve he togged Corporal Billy beyond earshot of

What's all this?" demanded the cor-

"You'll find out soon enough," flashed he captain ominously. "You've got your we'k cut out. Now not another word!

sork cut out. Now not another word! simply follow me. One incautious word may spoil all."

"All what?" demanded the corporal.

"Who knows what the day may bring forth?" parried the captain, ingering the appled army pistol at his belt. "Trust in me, no matter if the skies seem dark. And cone an! Hurry up!" He turned and marched briskly down the street. Carporal filly gazed after him briefly and was slocked to a sudden alarm.

"My good land!" he muttered; "he's gone and done it! He's killed one them indians! He's takin' me to the body!" He started after the swinging figure of the captain, a sickening fear in his heart. Through the town the pair made their way. The captain did not look back. The corporal parased him. Wrath was growing within pursued him. Wrath was growing within him, even above his fear. He devised a aries of ingenious punishments for this yeath of undenliably high spirits.

At the edge of town the captain turned of and skirted the railroad track. Corparal Billy removed the fatigue cap to wipe a steaming brow, and followed his leader. From time to time he shouted ahead impatent demands for details, but the captain merely waved back a silencing hand. After half a mile beside the track, he leaped ightly up the bank and paused at the edge of the wood. Into this wood and ascend-ing the steep hill Corporal Billy observed i well-marked trail; it was the trail leading to the Indians' camp. He was breath-less when he reached the captain's side, not slone with his rapid walk but with rage and siarm. The captain stood coolly there, but pirriously restraining with vast effort some ubterranean excitement.

"I knew you were the bravest man in these parts," said the captain before Corporal Billy was equal to speech. "I knew you wouldn't be afraid of anything." "Where you got him?" demanded the orporal, visualizing a murdered Indian. "Never you mind! I got him all right to tight! But I'm—of course I'm not draid—but I thought I'd better have you." "You young foo!! Whe'd I tell you?" "Say, you've got a giant's strength.

"Say, you've got a giant's strength, aven't you," asked the captain, curiously

"Well-of course I used to — What I have?" replied the corporal savagely.

You told me you once felled an ox with that? You know you did. And you're brave as a lion; you can't fool me. Gee whiz, if I could grow up to be as brave as

"Look here! What's this mean?" But the rage of the corporal was sensibly molliThe captain turned to ascend the trail.

"Not a word above a whisper," he bissed, "and don't make a sound."

"Now look ahere —" But the cap-tain was stealthily climbing and the corporal followed him perforce. For twenty minutes he toiled up through the gloom of the spruce and pines, stumbling over boulders in the ancient trail, slipping on the damp earth-mold, once more heartily dis-paraging the first born of his only sister. And then, twenty paces beyond him, the captain left the trail, beckoning to his follower, and dove through a dense wall of manzanita shrub. The corporal pursued him at some cost to his uniform, sadly impeded by

the dangling saler.

Beyond the manzanita the captain pointed mysteriously downward and surprisingly dropped from view. Making his way to the spot the corporal looked over a wall of rock to where the captain stood on a ledge some six feet below. His upward glare was so tense, the finger on his lips so eloquent, his beckoning gesture so potent, that Corporal Billy, once more under his apell, dropped precariously to the ledge beside him. The captain thereupon descended to another projecting bank another descended by the second of the second bank and the

feet below. It was only a narrow bank and of soft earth, affording a most perilous fewthold, and even to sustain this they had to grasp for partial support at the bushes growing above them. Corporal Billy did not discover the insecurity of this perchuntil he stood panting beside the captain. "Look ahere — "he began indignantly, but the answering his was again so truly ominous that he broke off. The captain now firmly grasped a bush and leaned far over the edge of their narrow foothold to peer intently below him. Then Corporal Billy recognized the spot. They were back at the railroad track, still ten feet above its level, and on the verge of a bush-accessed semi-circle that a spring had hellowed out of the hillside.

The captain squirmed farther forward for a clearer view into the depths. Then suddenly he resumed his upright position beside the corporal, the keenest pleasure irradiating his ingenuous young face.

"Still there," he housely whispered, and delightedly dug the amused corporal in the side of the arrivalest fact.

side with a grinding flat.
"The Indian?" demanded the corporal,

whispering in turn.
"Indian? Aw, wake up! It's that big
coon they're huntin' for!"

coon they're huntin' for?"

Corporal Billy's heart set up a pounding that he thought must reverberate for miles through the forest. He could feel his scalp contracting, though there was little hair for it to move. With a dinzying distinctness there can through his mind the items be had gleaned back there on the street—"In for murder, hig fellow, savage, wild, already killed half a dozen people since he broke away, won't be taken alive." He swayed lightly and reached for a stouter bush to lightly and reached for a stouter bush support him. A hit of earth crumbled be-neath his feet and rattled down the sheer bank. He drew a shuddering breath and glanced upward.

"He's sound asleep," whispered the

"How we goin' to get back up there."
whispered the corporal with no want of
caution in his tone. "We can't get back," responded the captain promptly. "I figured out this was the way for you to get him. You got to item on him."

jump on him."
"My good lands!" grouned the dismayed

corporal.

"What would you want to get back for anyway," again hissed the captain. "You want to go back there and give those rubes the credit, when all you got to do is jump on him and take him in by yourself?"

"Jump on him!" repeated the corporal

"Sure, jump on him-if he makes any resistance just tear his beart out." The captain grinned fiendishly. The corporal

shuddered. "I wouldn't trusted any one but you to do it this way," continued the captain. "I knew you were braver than that whole bunch rolled into one. It'll seem like old times, like when those three rebs come at you and you laid 'em all out," be concluded

Once more the captain peered over the bank. Corporal Billy had not yet dared to do so. But now in his ordinarily discreet





The Extra Quality

You'll know genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" (Guaranteed) by the sewn-in label. Buy by the label.

The label means extra quality in materialsbetter yarn than needed. It means extra care in making-reinforced seams, asuble-seamed by cover seaming —extra stitches every where: It means cleanly making, in a spick-and-span, modern mill. It means underwear fit, comfort, voolness.

This Label on Every Garment - Ask your Dealer



Chainers "Purodenit" is made in all styles—for man, for boy. (The Union Sults are expecially conductable.) Open in tenture, and of soft, absorbed years is keeps you nest by absorption and evaporation of perspiration. Your pures levelle the needed of. The years's soliness elimi-nates tritation of the day.

Our Guarantee With Every Garment:

"If any garment bending the genuine Chalcers' Perceivat' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will runlays it or refund your money, including postage."

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

FOR MEN Any Sayle 50c

FOR BOYS 25c

10'3 Buylon St. NEW ORLEANS, LA

FOR MEN \$1.00

Zow France

Links Buits Any Style

FOR BOYS 50c

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY I Bridge St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needla Billshad Union Suits, Full and Winter Weight

New Orleans' Wonderful Candy





SUCRETE NURSERIES TAMPA, FLA.







and sensible mind there loomed the image of a gloriously intropid Corporal William Safford, a superb being, primed for feats of the most grandiose daring. Of course it was the sudience that in an instant made this reckless fool of him. And the yeath of the audience aggravated his folly. With a man of his own age beside him Corporal Billy would doubtless have relied upon the other's understanding in such matters and acted with a wiser restraint. But who of us would confess to cowardies, even to the tempered orwardine we call discretion, when the calmly believing eyes of youth are upon us, so adoring, so absolute in their trust? Corporal Hilly drew a long breath and peered over the edge of the bank,

Ten feet below him in a preson uniform a giant negro lay sleeping on his back. The immetise legs sprawled over the damp ground in a weary abandon; one powerful arm partly shielded his face. His mouth

arm partly shielded his tace. He mouth
was half open. The very snore that issued
therefron was terrifying. Corporal Billy
drew quickly back.

"It back the bravest man in these parts,
that's what I said to myself," whispered
the captain. "I saw him sneak in there and
climbed up here and watched him awhile,
and then I thought I'd give you all the
credit. I knew you'd make light of it, with credit. I knew you'd make light of it, with

your strength."

Corporal Billy assumed an expression

which he boped was gratitude.

"He's stirring," warned the captain.
"Quick, draw your sword!"
Corporal Billy stiffened, listening in-

Corporal Bully stiffened, lottening in-tently, but did not snove. The captain him-self drew the antique saler and thrust it into the other's hand. The hand was nerve-less, but somehow the fingers closed upon it. "Get ready!" urged the captain. Dis-cretion shrieked alarm to the corporal, but

there was confident youth at his elbow, and dimly a background of those who had thought him done for, not even man enough for a grand marshal. He did not flinch; yet he did not advance. So tenuous are these lines of bravery that accident may easily earn a credit it does not receive. Again the corporal period over the edge of the bank.

The captain peered with him.
"Take this," directed the captain, and thrust the wrecked pistol into the corporal's left band.

Below them the vast bulk stirred uneas

by, a grean was heard, and two immerses
fists rubbed the shut eyes open.

"Jump!" commanded the captain in a
firm, loud tone. The eyes below them
looked upward in afright. They beheld,
poised across the heavens, a formidable figure is uniform, arms outspread, one hand grasping a saher, the other a powerful-looking pistol. Even as the fright grew in socking pietol. Even as the tright grew in those eyes the terrifying figure descended with a demon's yell, for the captain had with one foot neatly scoured the soft earth from bereath Corporal Billy's feet, and the corporal, feeling himself going, had made the best of it. The captain had never questioned the iron of Corporal Billy's purpose; he had, divining that the moment had arrived membry feared heatation. He had arrived, merely feared hesitation. passed but a moment to look below before scrambling down the bank. Two yells had scrambing down the bank. Two your had sevended to him, Corporal Billy's and the one inspired thereby. This had emptised the lungs of the hunted one even as the man from the sky had fallen upon him.

When the captain reached their level.

When the capture reached their level.
Corporal Billy, in a sitting posture, was rubbing both his knees. The negro, gasping
fearfully for breath, lay half unconscious
from the assault. Corporal Billy arose,
picked up his fatigue cap with his sword
hand and carefully donored it. Captain
Webster regrettably forgot his dignity as an
officer and a contleman and danced wildly officer and a gentleman and danced wildly about the two

"Hurray! Hurray! You get him, Uncle Billy! You get him! I knew you could do it. I knew you wouldn't be afraid!" It was music to the ears of the corporal,

and yet he perceived that this was no time for music. Their victim gave a final shuddering gasp of restored breath and essayed to sit up. Standing above him, Corporal Billy kicked out vigorously. The recumbent one yelled in supreme pain and grasped both ships. Corporal Billy kicked again, em-phatically and with effect. Then he stood off and turned the ancient pistol upon his

"Look here, you!" he challenged grimly.
"Yes, suh! Yes, suh, Mistah Gen'ral!"
The Corporal felt relieved. The reply had come with a pleading white.

"You listen. Get up and walk straight down that track into town. I'll be ten

inches behind you, and if this gun goes of it'll blow the whole top of your head off and

then I'll cut you to pieces with this sword.

Do you understand?"

"Yes, suh! Yes, suh! I undastand."

His eyes flitted over the uniform. "My
Lawd! They got the ahmy out aften me.

Yes, suh, Mistah Gen'ral."

"Get up."

"Get up."
Slowly, with many groans, the huge hall cas partially raised. While he still crouched

was partially raised. While he still crouched his eyen flashed aside furtively.

"Rick again!" warned the lynx-eyel captain, and Corporal Billy again kicked, emphatically and with a deadly aim. A yell of utter submission was evoked, while the big hands nursed the abraded shin.

"Get up," directed the corporal in steely tones. "Walk down that track and don't forget this gun is right at your head."

The prisoner had been hunted for a day. He was weary and bruissed and spiritles. And the uniform of the corporal, no less than his fearful weapons and the cool authority of his manner, had been of hypnotic

thority of his manner, had been of hypnotic

Slowly he gained his feet. Corporal Billy held the pistol upon him. "If I have to shoot ——" warned the

'Aw, don't shoot him, Uncle Billy pleaded the captain. 'Just fell him with one blow like you felled the ox!" The prisoner flashed a glance of extreme

disfavor at this officer. "Throw him down and tear his heart it," urged the captain. The prisoner flinched and tamely bowed

his head.
"March!" rang the command.

At the edge of town an excitable small boy observed Ophirville's second paradethat day and dashed ahead to the townhall with the news of its coming. The shorid stumbled down the steps, hurried and increduleus. Remnants of the crowd surge sagerly back. Corporal Billy, behind the prisoner who towered above him, murchely parted to receive them. With military precision the captor raised his saber to "powent" and declaimed: "Corporal Safford Twenty-third Indiana Infantry, report one prisoner, sir."

The sheriff called frantically to the crowd:

The sheriff called frantically acrowd:

"Hold another gun on him, somebody!"
Corporal Billy permitted himself to sheer. Then he is unched a final kick at hi prize, a hard kick truly aimed. The crowgraped and a cry of pained protest can from the victim.

"A real soldier don't need to hold a guest his kind," appounced the corporal is

"A real soldier don't need to hold a guen his kind," announced the corporal itones of rich contempt. "I brought him a the way in without a gun, except for the there old fool broken thing the kid's beplaying with. Are you afraid of him, she iff? Shali I kick him again for you?"

There was another howl of protest for the prisoner, a howl of appeal from the military to the civil authorities.

"Oh, Mistah She'ff, doan' let that so juhman rough me up no mo'! He bestbusin' me. He sin't got no right!"

"We got bim! We got him!" shouts the dancing sheriff. "Put these irons a him, some of you."

"Three cheers for good old Billy Sa

him, some of you."

"Three cheers for good old Billy Sa ford!" shouted the town clerk, who we ever an opportunist. The cheers ranged vehicinently from the enlarging three Corporal Billy blushed and essayed to slir off, but they crowded about him, cheeric him again and again, proudly wringing hand. He knew that he was now perpetu grand marshal of all public functions. Ophirville, but he suffered acutely as I saw his captive led away to the jail. I was wishing he hadn't been so rough withe fellow. "I kicked the poor devil show off," he muttered. "I'm jest a for smarty! If only I hadn't kicked him the last time!" He looked about him for it face of one who would truly understan and brightened when he saw Mrs. Kelbeaming afar on the outskirts of the crow She would know just how he felt.

"Hist!" said a law target water of the crow.

She would know just how he felt.

"Hist!" said a low, tense voice at helion. He turned to see Captain Cyl.

Naughton Webster, B. S.

"Hey? What's that?"

"Hist!" repeated the captain. "The Mrs. Kelly wants us to come up to helions to supper. She's got fried chicken.

And it was even so. And it was even so.

But let us learn from this that braves may be one thing; then again it may



Emancipation for the engine!

Do you realize that—ten chances to one-you are today putting up with certain handicaps which limit the performance of your engine?

Do you realize that your power at slow speeds should be far greater than at presentyour maximum speed appreciably highercontrol far simpler and more automatic, - and that starting should be a mere matter of an easy turn without "spinning"? Those handicaps are avoided in cars using

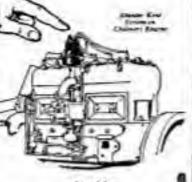
Atwater Kent Ignition System

with Automatic Spark Advance

Hisberto you have associated a certain performence with certain cylinder sizes. Furget it! It was not the natural performance of the engine, but only of the ignition equipment. The angine will do far better if it has a chance !

Try any of the latest cars in the list herewith-do not choose your new car until you have done so. You will gain a brand-new conception of power, flexibility, smooth running and easy control. You will wonder at the limitations you have suffered so long.

The simplicity and endurance of Atwater Reut Ignition have been proved by alm years of service. 21 in cars carry it tuday. Over 50,000 are being added in 1814. Will you be one of the fortunate mass to secure its benefits? Ask any agent of the care named above to full information, or write us direct.



Used by Chalmers Paige King Saxon Norwalk Westcott Meteor

Corbitt Leaington-Howard

What they say t

Transactive standing energy with mortalist accounts, again of the hadden blooms ()

Date give to recent t

"Green fails as exact, power as leggle speeds and norms as less greens that the speeds that the starting Carmen par failed that carry with restrict fire out."

[All process Processor C.

Circl westelly power at for the enter team (to be feet thereon Morres and the

"Seperated the end of auto-mal equations, or man a pool many other endors." Charge entores Co.

Atwater Kent Mfg. Works Philadelphia

FNART'S Playground Apparatus

For Public Parks and School Yards

Made of steel integriculated understable either through use, ultime or constant expansed. It secures that safety which the Manicipality must guarantee to us cushion.

MEDART'S PLAYGROUND APPARATUS

THE HEDART HUME OF WASHUM ------

Fred Medart Mig. Co. St. Louis, Ma-



the tare in tarily while on the tar and process the rables. Actuals makes on they give book other.

SUNFFEFAX U Inmale the rear post to expense and to rear our post to expense and the real post to the post to the real post to the pos

BUSTALO SPECIALTY COMPANY MUTTALD, N. Y.

WANT

Passe ! FATENT A

Servery west frie da sen

THE SHOWING

We desire to give him a chance to earn as much spending mores as you are willing that he should have and at the same time get a lot of the sort of premious which every loss mants. During some of his lecture time this summer he will have a spleatful chance to ears be spending money and to get an experience which will be of inestimable value larges (fe. Theories) of other boys will do the same thing - m fact they are done; it took, selling The Same day Evening Past and The Ladies' Home Journal. If he'll write to no, we'll tell him all about it.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE SQUAREHEAD

(Continued from Page 8)

Bull Wilson swept the form at his feet

with a glance.
"Gwan!" he growled at her. "This un'd runke t'ree o' dat kid." Then, chuckling, he nodded her and Crocky out of the room. As he closed and locked the heavy door he called to the woman as she went toward the bar: "I've allus had a sneakin' idea yuh was selt on dut squarehead kid, Olga."

A light laugh was her answer; and it was so dark in the narrow hallway that Bull Wilson could not see that his wife and Crocky were holding hands.

In the dead of that night Bull Wilson

opened the ire-chest door again to bring forth the thing he had to sell. And as day broke Olaf Greig opened his eyes in a coffin-like space, which created and moved as though being borne by stumbling men; but consciousness did not return all at once. For a moment he believed himself in a coffin and being carried to his grave. Then he imagined himself in the tight berth that had been his on old Jon Thorsen's fishing smark. This thought suggested the sea and proved a spark. It exploded the mine

of memory.

The mist in his brain was swept away. He brought himself up to the point where he had leaped from the wagon in front of the Bowhead. Bull Wilson, the man in the tall, shiny hat—his enemy—had been within his grasp and he had just taken a deep breath before crushing him when— Something had happened then. He could not remember what. But here he was on a ship. This was a forecastle bunk in which he was lying. He was at em. He had been shangbaled again. He had been cheated of his vengeance!

With a cry of ruge which choked, half sitered, in his purched throat he harled himself from the bunk and went staggering toward the souttle through which the new day was beginning to drop a square shalt of light. His way led over a corduroy road of prestrate men—some steeping in drink, some under the influence of drugs.

As he came to the gangway ladder a form darkened the scuttle opening. Upward he plunged, red-eyed, unseeing. With a side lunge he sent the man in the forecastle entranen sprawling on all fours and kept on until be come to the waist of the vessel. He was on a whaler-a steamer called the Karluk. Then he stopped short. He knew where he was. There was no swimming ashore from here. Over the side were the Faralismes Islands, their light tower shedding its final night ray on their bleak and lichesed rocks. Astern full thirty-five miles away, lay the coast behind a base. There was Buil Wilson—safe!

Yet Ay vill come again!" he was crying when the saller he had knocked down as he herst from the forecastle scrittle seized him by an arm and faced him round. "Yuh hig bum! What'd yer mean by dropping me!" he demanded in open

Hub? Vat?" stammered the Squarehead in fewilderment, compelled to bend down to meet the other's lack of height.
"Hub!" repeated the smaller man

asgrily.

With that, his right fist crashed on the point of Olal Greig's juw. A repetition of 'Vat?' was followed by the left under his chin and the Squarehead measured his length on the deck. He started to rise, got as far as his ellows, and there pursed, smiling, the while his opponent bade him stand up and fight. He was smiling because this little man, whom he could have broken in two, had crumpled ears like Bull Wilson's, and because he remembered that with lightwhere he was now, his eternal enemy had twice encompassed him. In that moment curning was been in Olaf Greig.

An officer came running forward, swing-ing a peace-invoking belaying pin, and closed the incident.

"I'll take th' fight out o' ye in th' next seatern months?" he flung at Olaf; and thus the Norseman learned the term of his

The following night he was at the wheel and overheard the chief mate say to the captain of the Karluk:

That rat with the cauliflower ears in my watch a Stanfow Larkin. Used to be champion lightweight of the world-greatest of

ero all. But be's a bad ---"
Then they passed out of hearing, but they left the Squarehead smiling grimly.

A week afterward Olaf and the Shadow were put at overhauling the whaler's points supply. Neither had spoken to the other since the first morning at sea. Both lived in a silence apart from the rest of the crew without cronies. This silence continue now, though they were side by side, unti-Olaf suddenly touched the Shadow and without a word, directed his gaze to a large

without a word, directed his gaze to a large potato, solid and firm and edible, lying in the open palm of his outstretched righthand. "Well?" snapped the Shadow. "See!" answered the Squarehead; and his hand closed, crushing the tuber to applp. "Whatcher tryin" on, ch?" excisined the Shadow, snarling and leaping to his feet. "Tink yuh can run a bluff on me wid bull stren'th?"
"Naw. Ay lake he franch wit work.

"Naw. Ay lake be frands vit you, Ay lak you t' learn me boo t' praze fight." A scornful laugh burst from the Shalow: and that was an end of the conversation, for the mate separated them, sending the Squarehead aloft to a job that required his real sailor skill. During the rest of that afternoon, however, Olaf Greig made no more that encaped the terrierlike eyes of the former charmeter.

former champion.

A potate had started Shadow Larkin dreaming. And his dreams took new wings and inwardly he glowed when, at the end of the day's work, he beheld the Norseman standing stripped in the Karluk's waist and aloshing himself with sea water. Never he-fore had he seen a man made like this, and he was familiar with the prize-ring masters of twenty years past. In comparison the other bathers were but grotesques beide

this blond giant.

"If dis feller's only got a heart inside he can clean up de wolld! He's de White Hope!" murmured the Shadow.

As he watched Olaf dress he asked him

why he wished to learn how to fight.
"Ay yust lak to knaw," answered the Squarehead.
"Yuh want tuh lick somebody, chi Ala't dat it?"

Ain't dat it?"

"Jes," was his simple reply; but neither then nor afterward did he reveal the identity of his enemy to Shadow Larkin.

There and then began the Norseman's first bexing lesson. The mates and the cree thought the Shadow and he had respect hostilities until between puffed lips Olai explained he was Larkin's pupil and that they were the best of friends. Every evening after that, except when work or the weather ferhade, it became the custom for the ship's company to foregather to watch them. It was rare, fascingting sport for the rough.

It was rare, fascinating sport for the rough and moticy onlookers just to see the Shales in action. They knew what his fame habean; but to see him, a lightweight, a was of a man compared with Greig, play will the giant and strike him where he willows uproarious fun. As the Karluk's chie engineer put it, it was like watching a New foundland pup trying to catch a flare but while the spectators laughed and madjokes the Shadow held his peace. He was jokes the Shadow beld his peace. He was exploring, endeavoring to find out whether his pupil possessed the two essential qualities for ring success—heart, or what becalled sand, and head. And on a Sueday a the month's end he decided that the Square heard was the characters for the same and the same and

the month's end he decided that the Squar-hend was the champion for whom the work was waiting. Not once had his crucle blow stepped the Norseman, not once he the giant lost his temper. So the dream that had started with potato sprang into the form of a wend drawn and misspelled contract, in white Olaf Greig agreed with James Larkin the for the next lifteen years the said Lark for the next fifteen years the said Lark should be the manager of the said Grei and share and skare alike in all the earning or prizes that should come to the said Gre and, further, that the said Greig bound his self during that time not to engage wit anybody in any fight or athletic conto without the written consent of the sail James Larkin. But when the Shadow in finished reading this composition to Norseman shock his head.

Norseman shock his head.

"But yub goin' tuh he a champeen!" prested the Shadow. "Every champeen he gotta have a manager. Champeens don light grudges ner mix wid nolsedy 'cep' i de riog an' fer coin. Yuh t'ink I'm gin tuh teach yuh an' train yuh, an' den ha yuh give me de rinky-dink? Nix!"

"It is roug dat. Virgeny. A commission

yuh give me de rinky-dink? Nix!"
"It is naw dat, Yimmy. Ay promise à
no run avay," answered Olaf. "But voc Ay fight vit von faller, und yon -Nobody can say me nutting!"



is the best tobacco we Pattersons ever made

We've blended many brands of smok-ic tolaccos—tome of the most popular rancon now on the market were origisaid by the Pattersons.

But all of these brands have to take their intent to "Whip."

They are good tobaccos and have sized millions of men, but their biggest size is that they have made "Whip"

They have been stepping stones for "Wap," that have led to this finest of l making tobaccos.

The refinements we have brought into no production of "Whip" make it a de-ple to every smoker. They glorify the

for with new degrees of pleasure, First of all, "Whip" is the mildest smale-waked ever produced. It is so mild and could that you can smoke it all during you waking hours without "freiling it." And "Whip" is so deliciously frages, so tasty, so cool and refreshing int you will want to keep the old pipe

puring all day long.

So free of bite and burn, that there in't a nore tengue in a carload. We fromous originated smoking tobaccou "Whip" the "no bite" process is lengh to a state of perfection.

OUNCE TIN PREE

A potal card bearing your mans and alters and the name of your dealer, all bing you a full 1-or, can free, "Whip" is put up in one-ounce time

it 50, two-numer time at 100, also in-ballone Pottery Patented Self-Mulat-ning Pound Humidors.

Pres't.

Tobacco Co., Inc. Surnon Bros.

Richmond, Va.
the index of "Queed"—the big 31-j or, 16c,
the interpretation "Whip" mink we besee, this better than many Los, 10c, tobaccos. Delivered Po FREE



END NO MONEY

OWEST PRICES A



The Squarehead's eyes blazed like live coals as the last words burst from him: and if only the Shadow could have looked into his brain at that moment he would not have

his brain at that moment he would not have pleaded for hours to turn his decision. At last he gave in and interpolated in the final clause of the contract: "except one fight."

"A couple o' years, Dutch, an' we'll be on Easy Street—on de sunny side!" he exclaimed as he watched Olaf affix his strawl to the agreement. The Shadow was jubilant. "De kink o' Norway'll have nuttin on yous! All yuh gotta do's cut hooze an' women, an' de woild's yours!" Then, patting himself on the chest, he added: "An' here's one ex-champ dat's goin' tun come here's one ex-champ dat's goin' tun come back wid bells on!"

The Norseman for a moment studied him

"So mooch money ve make—so mooch as Ay can make tay de gold mines?" he

The Shadow doubled with laughter, and The Shadow doubled with laughter, and at the sound of it many an eye went forward to where he and Olal sat together on the forecastle head. It was the first time Larkin had been heard to laugh since coming aboard the Karluk.

"As much as yuh sud make in de gold mines!" he chuckled. "Dere's a mint!" He slapped the hack of one of Olaf's big heads. "An" dere's anudder!" And he slapped its mate.

hands. "An" dere's anudder!" And ne slapped its mate. Olaf looked away at the sea and pondered

this for some time.

"You bane champeen vooce, Yimmy," said he, turning round again. "Vay you come here? Huh?"

The jubilant light went out of the Shadow's face; his square, pugnacious jaw set, and his small black eyes became pin-

set, and his small black eyes became pur-points as he met the Norseman's gaze.

"If I wasn't here, Dutch, dey'd have me in jall back dere—see?" he answered eva-sively. "Dey's a indictment 'gainst me in Frisce fer votin' four times too many last Tection day. But yuh don't unnerstan' dese t'ings. Yous is a furriner. But I'll fix dat indictment up wid de feist poise yuh

The Shadow was right. Ofaf did not understand any of this, except that his ques-tion had not been answered, and stolidly be

repeated it.

"Vay, Ay ast, Yimmy—vay sir you be more day champeen praze fighter?" was the way he put it; and the Shadow's wit

failed bim.

"John Barleycorn!" he snapped in answer. "Hoose, Dutch, an an a an a woman.

Come un an take yuh lesson!"

And that evening the Squarehead felt a new sting in the Shadow's gloves, the beating gloves they had improvined from pieces of canvas and stuffings of oakum. They cut like knives, bruised like slungshots; and the master was savage, merciless. Yet

his pupil made no complaint, though he wondered much at Yimmy's mood. That night, as they turned in at the end of the second dogwatch, the Shadow, who was already in his bunk, suddenly drew a battered heart-shaped locket of silver from

under his pillow.

"Dere she is, Dutch—de goil what trun me down," said he, holding out the locket toward where Olaf stood unbuttoning his coat. "I'd be champeen tub-day ef she'd

coat. "I'd be champeen tuh-day ef she'd stuck. She was me wife—oncet."

The Squarehend crossed the forecastle to the guttering lamp which dimly lit the hole. As he raised the heart to the light it fell open loosely on a worn hinge, and he lound himself looking into the face of Olga, 2nd Wilson's wife and thereuses he Bull Wilson's wife; and thereupon he understood much. Silently he handed the heart back to its owner.

"A feller what I was good tuh w'en he was down an' out -- he stole her, Dutch!"
whispered the Shadow.
"Vay you have have billed det toll

"Vay you naw have killed dat faller, Yimmy?" asked Olaf with solemn mien; hot be was a seething furnare inwardly. "I'll have tuh do it some day! I'll have

The rest was smothered in his pillow; and, all attemble, the Squarehead climbed into the bunk over Jimmy Larkin's, but

not to sleep. The Karluk fished her way into the Arctic by way of the Kamehatkan coast. By June she was up with Wrangel Island. Thence she went off to the eastward and the world heard of her no more until one September day the lookout on the rocky brow of Point Barrow sighted two specks far off

to the northward in the ice-packed sea.

The revenue cutter Bear, taking aboard the last home mail in the harbor below,



tray of resistance [

Norther, Absolutely nothing) She would be helpino—helpino to a lette child, Get her the "fluman second"—the new Savage Accountie. We call it a pinul, her, in reality, it should be called a "human protector"—a framan protector in the condensed form of pocket som. It converts your home from a helpfror, defrontless egg-olicii of a place liste on amend. It converse your selfs, mother or nitter into a homan amenal. It actually makes a woman able to put up a crack abin's defense. For any norther can aim it as expently as any stack shot. Show her have the can shoot once for each reigner pully here also can tell at a plante or a timich if it is leaded.

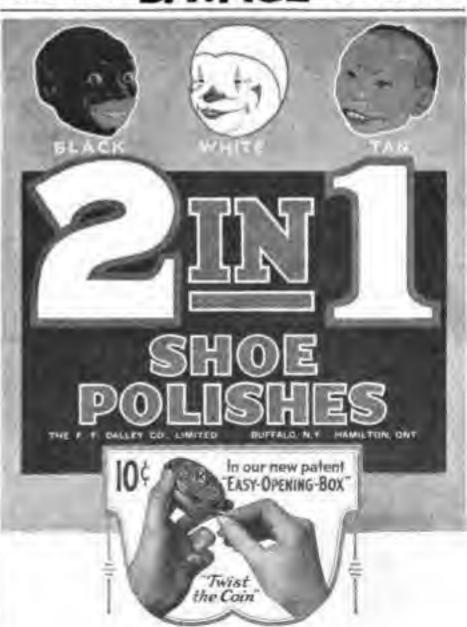
Shows ton these - Analis the number of an ordinary revolver, two more than other assumation. The only automatic that grands her against the old excuse, "didn't know it was haded." Made in 12 and 13fts caller,
Send today for five looklet "It You Heave Burglet" - written by a number detective.

A Brand New Savage Rifle!

This 22 Tubolic Repeater has all the original havage features - hammerless, trainlesse serion, solid breech, solid tip, side ejection, etc. Price \$12. Send hie circular.

SAYAGE ARMS COMPANY, 25 SAYAGE AVENUE, UTICA, N. Y.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC





Do You Want a College Education?

PHILLIPS-JONES COMPANY, Makers, Dept. O. 1189 Brendway, NEW YORK

JONES and are disputed from lot will be some the parties for PHILLIPS

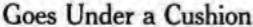
JONES and are disputed, friendly, Jack Rabbin and OLCS SHIRTS.

A full course in any college, conservatory, business school or agricultural college is offered by The Saturday Evening Post in return for some work done in leisure hours this summer. It you would like to enter college nest fall at our expense you can obtain full information how to do it by dropping us a line of impury.

Educational Division, Bas 520

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

is a neat, compact little coil of 14-inch Yellow Strand wire rope designed especially for automobile towing. Attached instantly by special books and manila slings. It extends about 25 feet between cars, giving abundant margin for safety. On the road, coiled for carrying, Autowline



out of sight and knowledge till some road trouble makes a pull out or tow homenevestary. Then, you bless your lucky stars that Autombine is right there on the job. The best time to get an Autowline is before you need it. Why not right now? Ask any supply dealer. Price rust of the Rocky Mountains, \$3.95.

FREE Afine pictorial Antiveline

Broderick and Bascom Rope Company

811 North Second Street, St. Louis, Missouri New York Office, 76 D. Warren Street

Makers of Jamous Yellow Strand wire rope

forthwith smashed out through the floes and a couple of hours later came up to the specks-two boatloads of all that remained of the whaler Karluk's company. A week they had been fighting their way toward the land from where the bergs had nipped their ship.

In the stern sheets of the first boat sat the Karluk's captain, in command and alone. In the stern sheets of the second sat a giant Norseman in command, but not alone. Cuddled up against his side, where the Norseman had tried to keep him warm and where death had turned him to ice, was all that was mortal of the once great Jimmy Larkin, surnamed by men the Shadow.

A fortnight afterward the Bear went south through Bering Strait, carrying Olaf Greig, a person distinguished among all her company simply because he had been a friend and the pupil of the Shadow. Such is fame! Dead though Jimmy Larkin was, yet he lived again as the attractor. yet he lived again, as the cutter's crew saw it, in this Norseman, when they heard the Karluk's survivors tell how the Shadow had proclaimed him the White Hope. They gave him of the best of their bedding and food; they gave him shore clothes and money. A king could have commanded no

But silently the Squarehead accepted all that was thrust on him, and this silence was construed as a proof of the greatness to which be was considered heir. Such is the fetish of hero worship. Yet never for a moment did Olaf Greig's mind open to one thing extraneous to the vengeance he had vowed and renewed again when Jimmy Larkin's farewell breath, calling "Olga! Olga!" froze against his ear. against his ec

He and Bull Wilson were alone once more in the red world he had entered on that September day, two years before. Still, often as he counted the Bear's screw throbs, every one of which carried him closer and closer to his goal, he felt that he was not alone. Sometimes he even imagined he could hear a voice whispering: "He stole her from me, Dutch; an' I was good tuh him w'en he was down an' out!" And, with this whisper, always a battered silver heart would fill his vision, the heart with which the Shadow, his friend, slept in Point Barrow's key flank.

Barrow's icy flank.

It was on a Sunday morning, a new October day, sparkling with sunshine and bius of heaven, that the Bear went through the Golden Gate. It was a day to make the soul soar. The tang of new and heady wine was in its air. Down from the city on the hills the sound of many worshiping bells floated to the sea. Now and again the laughing and calling of children at play came off from the waterfront streets.

Aboard the Bear the men whom she had

Aboard the Bear the men whom she had saved from death saw and heard and were thankful, and thought deeply of the life that lay ahead of them. All save one cast their thoughts in this wise; but his life's course ran only so far as the door of the Bow-head, a sailors' boarding house in Drumm Street. That door was the portal of the end.

An hour after the Bear anchored in the stream one of her boats was landing the Squarehead and the rest of the Karluk's survivors at the wharf float where, with only kindness and dreams in his heart, he had first come ashore. Greig, with cunning, cluded his companions. One moment he was among them; the next they stood in bewilderment, wondering whither he could have disappeared. And while they looked round and made inquiries the Norseman was holding toward the Bowhead. As straight as a bullet he went, ignorant though he was of the streets. he was of the streets.

Had he been blind he could have found

his way. A thousand, a million thousand times he had traveled it! And suddenly the Squarehead halted. Across the street was the Bowhead, and in a chair to the right of the swinging bar door sat Bull Wilson. There he was in his shirtsleeves, basking in the sunlight. A boy flying a kite ran along the sidewalk, obscuring him for a second. As the youngster passed on, Olaf Greig started on a run toward his enemy; but as he reached the opposite curb in front of his prey he stopped as though he had butted into a brick wall.

The chair in which Bull Wilson was sitting had wheels under it, and his legs were wrapped in a rug. His hair was long and gray; the florid countenance of old was now a pasty, sickly white. The diamons stud was missing from his blue-striped shot front. The silk tile was roughed and its

black nearly green.

"Hello, sallor!" hailed the crimp, with
an effort at his old stage heartiness. "If
yuh lookin' fer a good boardin' house de
Bowhead's de place tuh bring yuh dinnage." He did not recognize Olaf; but if he had it would not have mattered. From his point of view—and everything is in the point of view—he had not wronged the man. In the true crimp's scheme of thing it is foreordained that sailors are born to be bought and sold; and that is all there is to be bought and sold; and that is all there is to it. "Come ahead, sailor," Bull went or, "an' I'll blow yuh th' drinks—only yih gotta wheel me inside."

While he had been talking the Square-bead had been slowly, almost imperceptibly, drawing closer and closer to his enemy. Now he stood over him. He had but to

Now he stood over him. He had but to open one of his elenched hands and close it open one of his clenched hands and close it again on the scrawny, dewlapped throat, and this thing in the chair would speak to more; and one of the big hands started up and opened—only to fall back inert. The man was broken, helpless. The Norseman could not touch him.

"Have anythin' yuh want, sailor," Wilsen was saying. "Whisky, wine, heer. But pub me gently through th' door—th' threshold's high. Gotta have it cut down. Doctors as:

high. Gotta have it cut down. Doctors at I'll never get outer dis chair. Hell an't it' Fell from a ship's side intuh a boat at months ago — both me legs paralyzed."

The earth was slipping from under Out. He could not touch this man, and yet be could not leave him.

could not leave him. His threat was rising, his gaze darting round seeking a mean of escape. His impulse was to run, but is could not. Instinct called to action.

could not. Instinct called to action.

At this moment his roving eyes with over the Bowhead's swinging door, and at the end of the bar he saw Olga kissing the runner who had brought him from the Palgrave. Crocky's arms were round her.

"Ain't yuh goin' tuh roll me in, sallor?" pleaded Hull.

"Jes," answered Olaf, but quite as preconscious that he answered the crimp as he was of taking hold of the wheel chair and pushing it through the deorway. As he seed

pushing it through the doorway. As beween t spinning across the bar floor a screech of belpless rage from Wilson broke Olga's lips from the man to whom she was rendering

Laughing loudly, like one in drink, Out Greig staggered out into the street. An eddy of a passing Salvation Army procession drew him into its wake, and he marched with it willynilly until a corot player called him a drunken beast and pushed him anide.

And have the reliable of the control of the corot.

And here the eddy of another processor, a benevolent society of some kind, pienic bound and marching like an army with banners, snatched him up and carried him along to the gates of a ferry, where he are hurled back because he had no tides. Somebody seized him and pushed him laside a railing, before an over window.

a railing, before an open window.
"Where to?" snapped the ticket seler

Olaf looked in at him dumbly, as one in a

"Where to? Where to?" repeated the ticket seller; and thereat the Squarehead plunged his hands into his pockets and broughtforth a fistful of money—the money the Hear's sailors had contributed to Jimmy Larkin's White Hope. Among the coins was a discolored and tattered piece of paper. The man in the window greatched it and The man in the window snatched it and opened it. It was Hildigunn Svenser's

"Coffee Creek, Trinity County, is"

read the agent.
"Jes!" said Olaf eagerly.

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place? Here! Hurry! Shake a leg! That's your train boat!

A kindly policeman standing by caught the Squarehead by an arm and rushed him through the closing gates. A moment later the ticket seller was saying to the cop:





MEN WHO LIVE ON NOTHING

"In that house," he replied; "and he went to school right in Plaster Rock. The went to school right in Plaster Rock. The truth is Rupert got his money too young. You see, his pa and ma both died when he was fifteen, and Rupert got his share of the mill profits from that time on. Kinder turned his head. Money's a bad thing for a boy and Rupert has always had his five bundred a year. That's what give him the idee of goin' to college. That finished him for good!"

"Oh, come!" I protested. "There's no use in talking about him like that. He's all

use in talking about him like that. He's all

Rupert's uncle shook his head. Evi-dently he felt the lack of conviction in my

"I suspect Rupert's kind of petered out?"
he answered meditatively. "Still, you know him better'n I do, I guess, Anybow he went to Harvard, and when he came back he was no good, to my way of thinking. He hung round a while summers, but he wasn't any use in the business, and he talked of nothing but books and the folks he knew; and so I told him he'd better try his luck where his talents would be more appreciated." He gave a dry laugh and looked at us quizzically.

"He's very much liked in New York," said Clare with a show of warmth. After all, Rupert was her friend!

"Oh, I min't got nuthin' agin Rupert!" he repeated, "I guess it's in the bloost somewheres—this wanderin' streak. His mother's people was sort of unreliablelite. ing. He hung round a while summers, but

mother's people was sort of unreliablelike. She was a De Grégoire from up the coast. They came over from France 'way back— God knows when! My wife was a MacMurtie from Aberdeen. Most of the folks along the river are Scotch, with a few French. Rupert's more like a feller out of a book than the rest of us."

My wife looked at me quickly. That was it Rupert was like a fellow out of a book. And yet what a riverman he would have made in a red shirt and bottes soumost Strange are the usages of inherit-Covenanter, and Rupert would have been a

Covenanter, and Rupert would have been a lumberjack; while a drop or two of the atavic De Grégoire strain made him, in fact, a modern chevalier loitering away his existence amid the fair women and luxuries of the metropolis—just as his ancestors had perhaps done under the old régime.

"Anyhow, I send him his share of the profits—two hundred and fifty dollars—regular every six months to some club in New York; and I never git a word from him," finished Uncle Vallon. "But give him my regards when you see him. Yes; it's going to be clear weather tomorrow. Good-night!"

He turned and sauntered away through

He turned and sauntered away through the lumberyard, leaving the sweet, harsh odor of his pipe hanging on the chill air. "Well!" I chuckled, gazing at my wife sidewise. "How about Mr. Rupert Vallon

"Well!" she answered. "Didn't I tell you I'd solve the mystery? I have!"

We strolled back along the bank toward our campfire in the growing dusk of the early autumn evening, our minds full of frange thoughts.
"Whoever would have imagined ----"

"Whoever would have imagined began.
"But that's what makes it so interestsg!" she interrupted eagerly. "Don't you see? Rupert's nothing but a nobleman in finguise. Can you reconcile the idea of one in whose veins flow the united streams of the blood of the Vallons and the De Gréphires spending his life working in a lumber will? He could have conquered the wildermest was fought with Indians and wild ness yes, fought with Indians and wild mimals, struggled against disease and amine; but once the frontier had been tester back, and the craving for adventure tould no longer be satisfied, then the love % esse and luxury, of gayety and amuse-ment, became uppermost in his nature. "To hear that old man talk took me back

to the voyages of Champlain and De Guast. No doubt some of Rupert's ancestors sailed with them from France and helped well the company of nobles, priests and

idventurers who sought their future in the new world!"

"How romantic!" I retorted cruelly.
"From what I have read they were more ikely a rare bunch of gamblers, cutthroats, isreputable young blades of the court of Henry IV and thieves fleeing from the gal-47s. In which class do you tuck Rupert?"

"Poor old Rupert!" she sighed. "And his uncle thinks that he's been ruined by five hundred a year!"

We were late in getting back that winter, and Thanksgiving was over before we moved in from our Long Island country place. Vallon usually kept the feast with us, but we heard nothing from him and assumed that he was away hunting or duck shooting. Even after our town house had been opened Rupert did not put in an appearance.

Inquiry at the Stuyvesant Club elicited no information; and old Peter, the door-man, assured us that Mr. Vallon had been seen there only a few days in October and had then gone off somewhere; that his mail had been accumulating ever since, and that he had left no instructions about having it forwarded. Peter was plausible and convincing. So Clare had to look round for other gentlemen to balance her single ladies, and even the despised Wiggin was requisitioned in Vallon's place on more than one occasion.

Gray November had stretched into a raw Gray November had stretched into a raw and blustering December when one evening after dinner our butler came to the drawing room and announced a person to see me at the front door. The visitor had given no name, he said, but had stated that I would know him. A furious storm of sleet was drifting through the side streets, and the wind was shricking and rattling at the French windows. the French windows.
"Goodness!" I exclaimed to Clare.

"Whoever it is must want to see me pretty badly! Even a beggar deserves something

for coming out on a night like this."

So, cigar in mouth, I descended to the front hall. There, standing snow covered by the freplace, holding a carriage umbrella nearly as big as himself, stood a little ahriveled figure that I recognized with difficulty as Peter.

"Bless my soul, Peter! What are you doing out in this storm?" I cried in amazement. "Won't you have a glass of something hot?"
"No; thank you, sir," replied the old servant, who had stased at the door of the Stuyvesant Club ever since I was a boy. "I bee your pardon for disturbing you." "I beg your pardon for disturbing you; but it's about Mr. Vallon-I think he's

dying."
"Dying!" I felt a sudden remorse in which was mingled a certain incredulity. One could not imagine Rupert as dying. "But I thought he had gone away!" I added in feeble protest.

Peter glanced significantly at my butler,

who was lingering within earshot.
"You may go, Merton!" said I, and he

"That's what Mr. Rupert told me to say, sir," answered Peter miserably. "You see him and me's been such good friends, sir-"You see, that is, as much as a servant can be to a gentleman. You didn't suspect he was poor, did you, sir? And he was too proud to let anybody know. Sometimes he hardly had enough to eat. And he wouldn't tell anybody where he lived. I was the only

anybody where he lived. I was the only one who knew—just one little room in a furnished-room house, at four dollars a week. Why, I pay six for mine, sir! But he's a fine gentleman!

"Do you mind that three days' storm we had? Mr. Rupert didn't have a proper coat. He spent all his money on tipe in Newport. I offered him one of Mr. Grosvenor's, who's gone to California and left it in the coatroom; but he wouldn't take it—not him! So he caught a shockin' cold, sir. I went over to see him and fetched him. sir. I went over to see him and fetched him a doctor. 'Don't tell anybody I'm sick, Peter!' he says. 'Tell 'em I'm gone away.' So I did as he bid me.

"Then he got worse and the cold moved down into his lungs. All his food had to be brought in from outside from a cheap restaurant. The doctor said he must go to a hospital-a free one; but Mr. Rupert refused to go on any account. I think he was afraid people might find out if he went there. That was ten days ago. And his room was terrible cold, sir only a wretched gas stove, sir; and it leaked at that. Two days ago be developed pneumonia. And now he's dying!"

He wrung his wrinkled old hands, the tears trickling over his furrowed cheeks.

I rang the bell for Merton and directed

him to order a taxi in a hurry. Then I dashed up the stairs three at a time and







SECOND YEAR

TIRE MILEAGE CONTEST

\$5,000 IN PRIZES

SO great was the success of the first Ajax tire mileage contest, recently concluded, that we are moved to repeat it, and to offer again 208 cash prizes totaling \$5,000. Winners of the first thirty capital prizes in this initial contest averaged 10,323 miles, and the 208 prize-winning contestants averaged 6,906 miles. The higher in-built worth of "Ajax guaranteed in writing 5,000 miles" tires is thus demonstrated, and a full confidence is inspired.

How to Enter the Contest

It costs nothing to enter the Ajax Tire Mileage Contest. The simple requirements are that your car be equipped with an Ajax tire, and a separate entry blank, signed by your employer, for each individual Ajax tire be filled out. Entry blanks and final report blanks are to be had of our branches and Ajax dealers, or are mailed on request. Enter NOW and take advantage of the full time allotted to the contest. The contest is open to employed chauffeurs, and prizes will be awarded to those who realize highest mileage by the contest's close, March 31st, 1915. In case of ries, a prize identical with that tied for will be given each tying contestant.

To the Chauffeur

Alax tires are guaranteed in writing for 5,000 miles. This should be the minimum milenge, providing you give your tires the same care and attention you give to the car. Guard against under inflation. Give immediate and prompt attention to small cuts and graines. Avoid running in car tracks. Use the throttle more and the brakes how, and conserve the mileage of tires.

To the Car Owner

The great proportion of tires which have short life rome to their untimely, end through lack of proper care. We are prompted to repeat out for mileage contest, with \$1,000 in prices, because of the sorress met in the first contest, revently chand. Our unn compensa-tion comes in the actidaction which every Afac the will give, and in the continued patronage of actioned owners.

"While others are claiming Quality we are guarantising it."

AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER COMPANY

1796 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Branches in 18 Leading Cities

Factories: Trenton, N. J.

Guaranteed 5,000 Miles



We will pay cash to school teachers

N June school closes. Ahead are from two to three months the teacher can employ just as he or she chooses. If your profession is teaching and if you choose to do so, you can earn over Une Hundred Dollarra month by representing the Curtis publications. About a hundred of our teacher-representatives earned over two hundred dollars a month last summer. We will work with you and advise you. You cannot help making money even if you work but a few hours a week and you can make the total as large as you wish. Write of inquiry. We'll tell you about our plan.

PUBLISHING COMPANY POSSESSE P.

told Clare to get into her wraps. Rupert dying! Good old Rupert! I might have known be would not have stayed away so

long unless something was wrong.

It was a strange ride—the strangest Clare had ever had—that one to Rupert's lodgings; for old Peter sat inside between us pouring out his wretched old soul and apologizing every few moments for pre-suming to have the feelings of a human being. Clare sobbed quietly all the way. It seemed hours before the taxi stopped

in the middle of a shabby brownstone block west of Eighth Avenue, and when we arrived there an ambulance was already waiting at the door. We stumbled hurriedly up the three flights to what Peter said was Rupert's room. But others were before us and they were carrying something out—a man on a stretcher.

My heart falled my. A brisk sharm farmed

My heart falled me. A brisk, sharp-faced young man had hold of the front hundles. He had the front handles of the whole

"Are you friends of this man?" he de-"Are you friends of this man?" be de-manded. I nodded. "Time you came!" he mapped. "He's got double pneu-monia—bare chance if I get him to the hospital alive; and I'm taking him by main force. Stubborn as a mule, he was! But he's out of his head now and doesn't know. Give us a hand, will you!" I grasped one pole of the stretcher, and I was shocked to find it feather light. I could not see Rupert's large, for the doctor

could not see Rupert's face, for the doctor had thrown his cost over the upper half of his body. God knows how we got him down the narrow stairs and down the steps.

down the narrow stairs and down the steps.
On the sidewalk I mustered courage to accost that steel trap of a doctor.

"Can't we take him to my house?" I asked. "We've only just found not. He was too proud to let us know. Why, we didn't even have his address!"

"You don't say!" answered the doctor more genially. "Queer case, all right. I never met such a man. Certainly the ambulance can take him there. And bless you!"

you!"

In the sunny hospital room at the top of our establishment Vallon jay for two days and nights struggling for life. Death came out of the closet and becknowl to him, but Rupert's vigorous constitution rallied to his decisies and he lought the specter off.

The crisis came nod passed. Weak, hollow cheeked and wan, he lay helplessly in the sunlight while Clare and Myra hovered over him and fed him with beef tea and chicken broth. With two such nurses his convaluecency was rapid and in a week he was sitting up by the fire, almost his old self.

A strange and contradictory phase of the situation, however, was that while he had been utterly prostrated and confined to the bed be had seemed a different man from the Ropert we had known before. He had been grave, simple, direct—as though his true personality, long submerged in artificiality, had at last floated to the surface. But now that he was up again, in dressing gown and slippers, with his hair neatly parted, all the old mannerisms, the tricks of speech, the chronic smile had returned.

The man was slowly disappearing and the Pet Cat was coming back! And, delighted as I was that his life had been sayed, I wondered after I had gone downstairs into my library whether in fact we had done Rupert Vallon a good turn or an ill in last letting him dis as he had nighted with not letting him die as he had wished, with as he supposed — his secret buried in his own breast, leaving behind only the reputation a gallant gentleman.

of a galiant gentleman.

We had spoiled all that; had cheated him out of his ending; had rained his little tragedy with an anticlinux.

It was a queer world! I pitied Rupert from the bottom of my beart. For one reason or another he had preferred to watch the game rather than to play in it. He had carried the ladies' wraps and sat on the side lines. Had be been a roward—afraid to take his rhance in the rough-and-tumble of life? Or merely a lover of laxury who familied that there was nothing in existence but motors and yachts, dances, dinners, int motors and yachts, dances, dinners, wine and crears-who thought "the sovereign'st thing on earth was parmaceti for an inward bruise"? A little of both perhaps.

He had tried to play safe- to have his cake and eat it too; to make sure of his fun while he had the chance, before he had earned it. But is anything fun unless it is escraed?

Poor old Rupert! He had sarrificed swrything that makes life really worth living in order to grasp those superficial and



Skulston Line Oxfords - by octoral test the gree tical way to make a low shoe for

WHY wear leather lined oxfords when every Florsheim low shoe is Skeleton Lined? They keep your feet cool, fit better, wear longer-and no slipping at the heels, Made over "Natural Shape" lasts in 200 styles, Priced at \$5 -and up to \$7.

The Floreheim dealer will show you the annual's current atyles.

Free on Royand "THE MON OF CORRECT STYLES"

The Florsheim Shoe Co. Chicago, U. S. A.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES



ATHLETIC SUSPENDERS

25c the pair

Guaranteed for one whale your

They are made to fix the shoulders problems beining to give perform account and one year's service. The comb limits back and one year's service. The comb limits back and promy all the comb limits back and promy account of the limits. The comb are made sources. Services comb, they are bother restral and we'll and break.

All the contail pette are zero numbs been added been contail pette are recognished to the petter and are promising and show purposes are solved. They are composition to the deligated breaks into the comb anguage.

Lift A A 11 ft E/IC convenies are made in the spile, and who in these lengths, and whether you had the second of your wanters appared. When you had the convenies appared. When you had been proportionally the second proportion of the second propor

When LITTLA ATTALETY supposition and of deaths who he were remove. It years dealer bases than a well-small them to you see recent of the or, and ever dealer's mane

UTICA SUSPENDER COMPANY UTICA, N.Y.

DATENTS That Protect and Pa Waters E. Columna, Poten Linger, Washington, B.

Errepin Around

Avery Cohing Course Seat Co., Minmorroy, Min.



New-Skin, for cuts-

to prevent infection

Carry it with you or you wind the correct court-plainer.

New-Skin to untimplie mal germ-killing. It projects the round and keeps it stean while it heals. It is a liquid, - when applied it dries and turns a costing that is transparent, flexible and waterprove.

Bur li motar !

the good 25s, store. As designists, first and good from white given during the trade. Because the trade of the control of the

DOWNERS LOWDING





Do Your Printing!

momentary pleasures that are as unsatis-fying and ephemeral as smoke rings! Rupert had no home except his club, no-

where to lay his head but a bedroom in a furnished-room house; he had no wife to share his pleasures or disappointments, no one to whom he could turn in hours of sadness or regret; no children to love or teach the lessons he had so hardly learned him-self, to care for him in his old age or keep

that old age young. He had no real friends, bound to him by ties of mutual endeavor toward right living; nothing to give an edge to the only life that he would ever lead; no aspirations toward anything higher than a visit to Newport or a trip to Havre-de-Grace after ducks; no dangers or chances save that he might lose a dinner at a millionaire's table, no ambition but to be invited again, and no

zest for the dinner itself.

The love of woman, the warmth of genuine friendship, the fleron thrill of competition and of struggle, the glow of achievement, the exultation of success, the antisfaction in work well done or of doing one's best even when one has failed, even the bittermes of

sorrow - he had lost them all!
Did he know? Was he conscious that
he had played too safe? Did he see himself as he really was—a straw man?—a human being with legs and arms and a stomach, but illied with sawdust instead of red blood? A "little brother to the rich" who paid for life with a debused coinage supplied by

others who held the purse-strings? A fool!
Ropert continued to improve. His color
returned; daily he put on more flesh. Soon
he was the identical Rupert we had always. known. And he also continued to remain our guest, sitting in the sun in my silk dressing gown and smoking my cigara-justed over and read to by my wife and Myra.

Once he may have felt the undertone of disapproval in my conversation, for he cracked a feeble joke about soon being with Street & Walter—and being able to get a job. A job? Did he really mean it? Was it possible that his recent experience had given him a new vision of his responsibilities, of the meaning of life, of all that be had lost?

But my wife laughed when I repeated this threat to her. "Rupert get a job!" she said. "Why, what use would he be to anybody? He can't help being what he is. And why should he? After all, he's a dear, sweet fellow—just as I've always said. I wish there were a lot more men in the world like him."

him!"
"I don't see anything to admire in a Pet Cot," I demurred, "a fellew who doesn't even doze to fall in love for fear he'll have to go to work and support a wife!"
"It takes a great many different sorts of people to make a world," answered Clare. "Perhaps we need a few cheery souls like Rupert who are only fitted for the task of telling you the sun is shining."
"That's a devil of a job for a grown man!" I grunted.

man!" I grunted.

"Do you remember Emerson's Essay on Manners "I she asked. "I was reading it today. Hesays: 'It is easy to see that what is called by distinction society and fashion has good laws as well as bad; has much has good laws as well as bad; has much that is necessary and much that is absurd. Too good for banning, too had for blessing, it reminds us of a tradition of the pagun mythology in any attempt to settle its character. "I overheard Juve, one day," said Silenus, "talking of destroying the earth. He said it had failed; they were all rogues and vivers, who went from had to rogues and vixeus, who went from had to worse as fast as the days succeeded each other. Minerva said she hoped not; they were only ridiculous little creatures, with this odd circumstance, that they had a blurred or indeterminate aspect, seen far or seen near; if you called them had they would appear so; if you called them good they would appear so; and there was no one person or action among them which would not puzzle her owl-much more all Olympus—to know whether it was funda-mentally bad or good." "

I took a long pull on my eight. I did not pretend to be any philosopher. I liked Rupert and I did not deny his attractions, but I did not understand the reason for my wife's defense. So I tried an argumentum

ad hominem.

"Anyhow, you wouldn't want him to marry Myra!" I announced conclusively. A curious expression came over my wife's face—one that I had never seen there before.

"He is going to marry Myra!" she said.

"Well That's Fine!!"



'IME is an important factor with busy self-shavers, and many Time is an important factor with the credited to a poor or indifferent shave. You catch the car or train easily if you use a GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR with a Gem Damaskeene Blade, for it assures both speed and safety, with the preservation of serence temper. Every satisfied self-shaver is using a GEM.

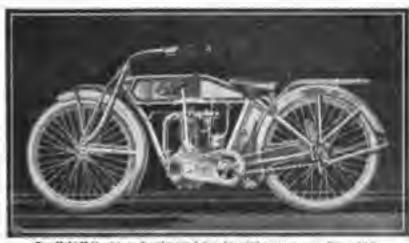
> CEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR putfit complete with 7 Gen Danasteene Blades, in genuine mo-rocco leather case, \$1.00. At all up-to-date desiers.



Ask year dester to those you different makes of refers received from pure them with the Gen — you if buy the Gen;

One Dollar Outfit

Gem Cutlery Co., 210-218 Eleventh Ave., New York



Lighten your work and double your pleasures

If you work indoors ride there and back on a Pope Maturcycle. If you have an outdoor job the Pope will make your work easy and save you time, strength and money.

Spend your holidays on a Pope and make the most of them in health and enjoyment. The Pope Model M-14 will give you the maximum service—and the most fun. Today it is a model of convenience, effi-riency and reliability.

The Pope Model M-14 holds the read like a six-cylinder automobile. The famons Pope rear spring suspension invalates frame, motor and rider from road shocks and imures a steady, forward motion. It is as nearly "jarless" as a motorcycle can he made and perfectly balanced - a wonderfully condortable machine to ride.

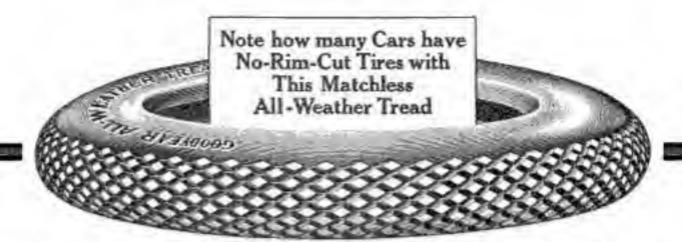
The results of many contests prove Pope's superiority. Pope stack Motorcycle smashed World's Dirt Track Records, Bakersheld, Cal. Mile, 51 seconds. Hour's distance, 67 miles, 4500 feet - March, 1914.

Model H is built for the man who wants a light, reliable markins. Costs practically

Other Pope Models: \$150, \$200, \$250 and \$285. Write for catalog. Pupe Bicycles have been the standard of quality and reliability since 1877—the plo-peers and leaders in the field. Today there are 50 distinct models, suiting every taste and meeting every requirement. Write for catalog.



THE POPE MANUFACTURING CO., 14 Cycle Street, Westfield, Mass., U.S.A.



Goodyear Prices What They Buy

At Goodyear prices, this is what you get today in an automobile tire:

The tire which—starting from a tiny factor—won against some scores of rivals the topmost place in Tiredom.

The tire of which more than three million have been put to the test of use. And which this year—after those millions of mileage comparisons—has jumped 55 per cent in sales over last year.

The tire which scores of experts—working in laboratories—have spent years and years in perfecting. They have built thousands of tires in thousands of ways to learn how to better this one. In these ways they have spent \$100,000 yearly to attain the farthest limit in low cost per mile. And all their achievements are embodied today in this Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

You get the tires which once cost users one-fifth more than other standard tires. They retain the same costly features. And today—as then—No-Rim-Cut tires are the only tires which have them.

Four Exclusive Features

Our No-Rim-Cut feature is found in these tires alone. That completely stopped rim-cutting, the major cause of tire ruin. And it brought you this saving in a feasible, faultless way.

Our "On-Air" cure is employed in no other tire. It adds \$1,500 per day to our tire cost. But it saves our users the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. We final-cure on air-filled tubes, under actual road conditions.

Our rubber rivets are created in these tires only. Hundreds are formed, during vulcanization, to combat loose treads. Thus we lessen this danger by 60 per cent.

All-Weather treads are exclusive to Goodyears. These are double-thick, tough anti-skids. They are flat so they run like a plain tread, yet they grasp wet roads with deep, sharp, resistless grips.

Note again those four exclusive features. Mark that

they cover the four greatest tire troubles. Together they have made No-Rim-Cut tires the most popular tires in the world. They've saved motorists millions of dollars. And no other tire, whatever its price, offers you one of them—or anything that fairly compares with them. You get them all in No-Rim-Cut tires, and you get them at Goodyear prices.



Higher Prices How They Come

Now comes a condition where 16 makes are being sold above these Goodyear prices.

Some are nearly one-half higher. Numerous makers charge for three tires as much as four Goodyears cost. Tires which once undersold No-Rim-Cuts now cost you \$4 to \$15 more than these per tire.

It has come about in this way:

In the past few years No-Rim-Cut prices have been cut in two. Last year alone these prices dropped 28 per cent.

Other makers shared our lower cost for rubber. But we made other savings. We built new factories, modernly equipped. We invented and built money-saving machines. We employed efficiency experts.

Our output doubled over and over, until it lately exceeded 10,000 motor tires in a day. Our overhead cost dropped 30 per cent—labor cost 25 per cent. All because of this matchless output.

Profit Down to 61/2 Per Cent

With multiplied output came the need for less profit. Last year we brought the average down to 61/2 per cent.

The result of all is this year's Goodyear prices. They have come down so fast and far of late that most others have ceased to follow. And the paramount question in Tiredom today is this question of extra price.

The self-evident truth is this:

You get in Goodyears the utmost in a tire. Their place and prestige prove that. Their amazing sales, after years of comparison, show what men have proved about them.

You get in Goodyears four great features which no other maker offers. Each adds to our cost but reduces your upkeep. And no extra price can buy one of them.

As for "quality" in a tire—that can mean only minimum cost per mile. And all our tests show that we have that. Any item of "quality" which means higher cost per mile is something no user wants.

It is folly to add to your tire cost. Get Goodyear tires at Goodyear prices. Almost any dealer will supply them.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada

London, England

Mexico City, Mexico

Dealers Everywhere

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber



MUNSING UNION SUITS for Men, Women and Children

THERE'S A SATISFACTORY MUNSINGWEAR GARMENT FOR YOU

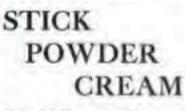
For Samples of Fabrics, Style Illustrations and name of Munsingwear Dealer in your town, address

THE NORTHWESTERN KNITTING CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Hôlder Top Shaving Stick

> How much difference "little things" make in one's comfort and happiness!

The metal cap, for instance, in which Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick is securely fastened, which forms a holder and enables you to use the Shaving Stick until the last available bit is gone; or that peculiar creaminess and the soothing, durable lather of Williams' Shaving Soaps are little things but they add immeasurably to your comfort and satisfaction while shaving and afterwards.



Hölder

Stick

ring

punt

facts

the ter

unts

tus. dent lens

our

rgas inat also or vix ina or vix ina or vix ina or vix

10

-50

the

Add to

por af

rian

Send 4 Cents in Stamps

for a miniature trad tackage of either Williams' Staving Stock, Powder or Cream, or 10 tems for Assortment No. 1, contaming all three grocles.

Addresa

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.

Williams' Jersey Cream Soap, and our extensive line of high grade Toilet Soaps, have the same creamlike, delightful qualities that have made Williams' Shaving Soaps famous. Ask your dealer for them



the key of its front door because it en-versed a writ of many pull with successful don't be don't

i will be the liveliest the

Talc



Rase

Violat

That Williams' Tale Powder is prepared by the makers of Williams' famous Shaving Soaps guarantees the "Williams quality." It has been one of the most popular Tale Powders for many years and is constantly growing in favor with discriminating people.



THE YOUNG WOMAN OF TODAY

finds it a convenience to have in her pocket or chatelaine bug a little Tale Powder and mirror.

A Williams' Vanity Box supplies just what she needs. It is beavily silver-plated, fitted with powder puff and mirror, and is a little gem.

You will be surprised that so attractive an article can be had for so trifling an outlay.

Send 14 Cents in Stamps

for this Vanity Box or 16 cents in stamps for the Vanity Box and a miniature can of Williams' Tale Powder, either odor.

Address
THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
Tale Dept., Glantonbury, Com.

The apparent leader of the party and

TIE SATURDAY EVENIG SOST

Four A. D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin



PUBLIC OWNERSHIP By Walter Roscoe Stubbs



Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Independence Square Philadelphia

London: ö, Henrietta Street Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A'D 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright.1914, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 186

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 6, 1914

Number 49

Public Ownership of Railroads, Waterways and Water Power



Grand Central Terminal Yurds of New York Central Lines, New York, in 1905

Present Firm of Terminal Tords, Lacking North From Practically Jume Viewpoint

HE conclusions reached in this paper have been forced on me by the logic of events during the ten years last past, reënforced by practical knowledge ained in regard to the cost of building rail-

onds and to the method used in financing and operating them. My experience in railroad operating began with driving a mule team in a grading camp and ended more than a core of years later with the completion of certain railroad construction contracts, ggregating in value several million dollars.

If any one at that time had said that I should come to believe in government ownership / railroads the statement would have seemed preposterous; but my experience as a public ficial during six years of service in the state legislature and four years in the governor's flor caused me to make an exhaustive investigation of the whole transportation question,

avolving rates, service, operation and apitalization, from a public-service inequity, and this investigation has even me an entirely new view of the slation of railroads to government in he nation and the several states.

As a member of the legislature of 108 I saw a big railroad system force he election of a United States senator vho, as a member of the lower house of longress, had voted with that particuar railroad against a president of hiswe party in the settlement of obligaions involving millions of dollars due he Government for aid in construction. saw this senator fulfill a preelection greement with another great railroad y recommending to the president of be United States the appointment of its general counsel as a judge of the United States Circuit Court, though the latter was not of his political faith. Fortunately President Roosevelt prevented the consummation of this agreement.

As speaker of the Kansas House of Representatives in 1905, I saw the same influence secure control of a majority of the Senate—a bipartisan majority, called the Senate lodge.



atate politics; the same roll call in the legislature that opposed the law reorganizing the railroad commission opposed the law taking the state charitable institutions out of politics; the same group of men who begged the governor not to push the railroad freight bills importuned him to accept a weak primary law. Whenever the people of Kunsas desired to effect a political or economic reform of any kind, whether or not the reform even remotely affected the railroads, the lobby organized by the railroads and directed by their attorneys always led the onslaught against that reform.

The state at that session witnessed a most shameful betrayal of the public trust, and after the legislature adjourned rewards began to follow. A leader of the Sonate lodge

moved out of a small law office into the law headquarters of the Standard Oil Company of Kansas. Another member, who came to Topeka impecunious, blossomed out as a capitalist after the session and made a grand tour of Europe and the Orient.

It was not merely anti-railroad legislation

that this Senate lodge fought. The same

crowd that opposed the two-cent fare fought

the introduction of a civil-service law into

Whenever a Federal judge was to be appointed from the West I saw the railroad attorneys of Kansas flock to Washington to line up senators and representatives for their man. The value in cash to the railroads and corporations of a Federal judge for life, who has the corporation viewpoint, is well known. The railroads are in politics for business.

The Wall Street interests that finance the railroads and dominate their political policies have also financed the big business consolidations, combinations and trusts of the country. They are all so interwoven and interlocked that dissolution decrees of the Supreme Court of the United States now seem to help rather than hinder them, as witness the rapid rise in market value of the Standard Oil and Tobacco Trust stocks when the Supreme Court dissolved them,



Washing on the P. C. & St. L. Res. Three Miles East of New Compressions, Okia

The Federal Government can never effectively control monopolies until it controls the source of the political influence that makes unlawful combines and trusts possible.

If the political power of the railroads in the several states does not now stand between the people of the United States and a responsive representative national government, it certainly is a menace to our form of government.

The Outlook of July 30, 1910, said editorially: "The railroad question is another form of the fundamental issue between oligarchy and democracy." Every passing year makes the absolute truth of this statement more apparent.

There was a period when it seemed to me that rigid control would be better than public ownership; and, though forced by the logic of events to see that the railroads were governing the country and that the little brigandage of our state capitals was duplicated in national affairs, I still hesitated before believing that government ownership was necessary to remove this evil and dangerous influence.

It seemed that the achievements we had made in railroad building, the advance we had made in many matters of transportation over certain other countries, would warrant giving the old system further trial; but as one goes more deeply into the facts, under the surface of things, be is compelled to question the wisdom, justice and soundness of the policies and principles underlying private ownership of our railroads. Not only is the transportation question involved in this problem, but it is closely allied with many other great questions disturbing the country.

Therefore, having come through the long. slow way of circumstance and events to my present belief, it seems wise to justify that belief with such facts as investigations bave disclosed and such arguments as the facts adduce. The fundamental idea of American government is that it should be conducted in such a manner as to benefit the largest possible number of people. It is a self-evident fact, and needs no proof. that anything which tends to carry out this idea is not in conflict with our institutions.

The Question

GOVERNMENT Gownership of railroads means simply venting the title of our

railroad properties in the Government for the benefit of all the people alike. Private ownership of the great railroads of this country means the vesting of the title in a corporation and holding it in trust for the benefit of the few. Railroads are and always will be an actual public necessity and a natural monopoly. The question I propose to discuss is, whether it is best for the American people to have the title to our railroads held in trust by the Government for the benefit of all the people, or whether it is better to have the title to all this vast property vested in corporations and held in trust for the benefit of private individuals.

In considering the general welfare, comfort and convenience of the people, we find that only the soil on which we live is more important than is the question of efficient, economical transportation service for all persons and property on equal terms and conditions. During the year 1913 the railroad companies of the United States received in revenue \$3,171,000,000. There are in this country approximately twenty million families of five persons each. The average cost of living for these families last year was approximately \$625 each. Railroad transportation cost each of these families an average of \$158,50, or a quarter of its total expense. President Waters, of the Kansas Agricultural College, recently said: "Last year one-fifth of the average cost of living in the United States was due to freight and expressage, or an average of \$125 for each family."

Our highways of transportation, of commerce and distribution are now in the hands of private interests whose selfish welfare is opposed to the common welfare. Under public ownership the Government of the United States, acting for and representing all the people, will condemn and purchase the railroads at their true value and operate them on the basis of equal service, without discrimination between persons, cities and communities.

All the railroads need not be purchased at once. They were not so acquired in Germany and France. It is quite

often assumed that all the railroads of the country—about 250,000 miles of them—would be taken over at the same time. There is no reason for such an assumption. A dozen of the greatest railroad systems of the country have a valuation of not much more than three billion dollars. Control of these roads by the Government would mean virtual control of the railroad business of the entire country. If the railroad corporations, with their record of reckless financiering and stock juggling, can sell railroad bonds and stocks and provide money to build and equip the railroads of the country, certainly railroad bonds guaranteed by the Government would find a world market if they were not all sold quickly at home.

The Government need not bankrupt itself in borrowing money to buy the railroads. Four-per-cent nontaxable railroad bonds, in denominations of one hundred dollars and multiples thereof, the principal and interest guaranteed by the United States, can be issued under authority of Congress to pay their purchase price.

National ownership and control of the means of transportation, and the exercise of the nation's power over the distribution of its population and products, will accomplish the following results:

First - Furnish an absolutely safe investment, at a reasonable rate of interest, for millions of citizens with small capital. Under private ownership the stock gamblers and speculators monopolize railroad stock and bond markets to such an extent that conservative people cannot afford to risk their small savings, and the general public is therefore largely excluded from participating in

Fiew Showing the Present Line Through Bristal, After Straightening Curse

the ownership or control of the second largest and most

View of Line at Britisi, Pennsylvania, Ikewing Curve

Important industry in the United States.

Second—Courdinate along natural lines a great national system of railways and waterways, and will make transportation the servant and handmaid of commerce. Instead of acting on the principle of charging all the traffic will bear, it will nourish and build up the agricultural, commercial and manufacturing industries of the country.

Third—End forever the war against water transportation that has been fought so effectively and bitterly by the railways. The proper and natural development of water transportation for heavy, slow-moving traffic—such as coal, lumber, iron, steel, and their kindred products, salt, rement, grain, and so on—will reduce the cost of transportation of such commodities to approximately one-third of the present railway rate, as has been thoroughly proved by the development of water transportation on a large scale in the German Empire. Extensive intelligent development of our inland water transportation is impossible so long as it interferes with the profits of privately owned railways.

Of the need of harmony between rail and water transportation President Charles R. Van Hise, of Wisconsin University, has this significant statement in his book, The Conservation of Natural Resources of the United States: "The ideal system of transportation is that in which waterways and railways perfectly cooperate. It is comparatively easy to require such cooperation where the Government owns both systems; but in this country, where the ownscribip of the railways rests exclusively with private corporations, the securing of cooperation in place of illegitimate competition will be far more difficult, and have must be exacted that will accomplish this."

Did space permit, quotations to the same general effect could be made from the preliminary report and recommendations of the Inland Waterways Commission, appointed by President Roscovelt and making its report in 1909.

Public ownership will make railway operation comparatively safe for railway workers. There are now ever, year more than one hundred and fifty thousand persease either killed or injured as a sacrifice to profits underprivate ownership. It will benefit labor further by the betterment of wages and greater steadiness of employment. It will make service the end and object of all railway operation, management and methods, while under private ownership it is not unusual that everything including human life, is sacrificed for profit.

It required many years of public agitation, resulting in a national law, to secure the general use of automatic coplings, uniform steps, handholds, and other safety device in railway equipment to protect the lives and limit of employees; and every step in this humane program has been fought most bitterly by the financial interests that dominate absolutely railway political activities. Public ownership will standardize the management of all

Public ownership will standardize the management of all railways and stramship lines on the basis of the most efficient best-managed transportation lines of the country, not only eliminating bad and inefficient management, but also reducing overhead charges by consolidating many small railways (see one big system under one directing head, thereby effecting enormous varings.

As long ago as 1891, Collis P. Huntington said: "I am satisfied that the best results will not be reached until substantially all the transportation business of this country is done by one company. . . What is wanted is not more than two or three—one would be better—great carrying companies. . . . With the best talent in the country

to manage and rooted such an organization many millions could be saved to those who me the railroads of the country and million to those who own them over what is now being received by the ingree ntary, hadly equipped and inefficiently managed root that, with few exceptions, now exist."

Mr. Huntington, of course, thought that one great management would be a private monopoly. We know better. If any economprinciple is settled in that private monopoly is intolerable; but the principle of unity is correct, and the management should be vessed in the people.

Public ownership will wipe out of mid ence preferential race

on raw materials and manufactured products that my favor certain localities and cities. This favoritism the inequality of rates and service—results in the longest possible haul for railways. It accelerates the crowded into cities and manufacturing districts of poorly house lill-fed, ill-clothed workers; and these conditions are producing many of the perplexing evils of our time.

Sources of Political Power

IT INCREASES the cost of food and other living expense to the wage-earners and lowers prices received by the farmers for their products; and all this is only for the propose of increasing the profits of the railways that arbitrary fix the discriminating rates. Under government owners all freight traffic between common points could be trapported over natural routes, using the shortest mileage of the lowest grades. To estimate accurately the saving the could be effected by routing freight in this way is impossible; but it is safe to say that it would be enormous.

Public ownership will tear up by the roots the new dangerous, corrupting and insidiously powerful politic influence in the United States. It will remove the politic machinery through which elections are influenced at act trelled in the interests of monopolies, trusts, combine, in every species of special privilege. It will take from the new and powerful the greatest source of their political power through which national, state and municipal legislation of Federal judicial appointments are influenced or controlled in the interests of corporations.

The most powerful political machinery in the world would be smashed if the political organizations of the railway were taken away from the brewery and liquor interest Standard Oil, the Steel Trust, the packing house, contamber, salt, and other combines, trusts and monopole. For the railways furnish the only nation-wide promise political organization available for big business.

The taking over of the railways by the Government means precisely taking them out of politics. Our cities furnish excellent illustrations of the fact that the publicly owned utilities are not in politics, in the ordinary sense, while the privately owned utilities are nearly always most emphatically in politics. It will scarcely be claimed that the water system or the fire department of the average city under public ownership is in politics, though it is notorious that the street railways and the gas companies under private ownership have been exceedingly active politically.

It is almost invariably the rule in our American cities, as it has been in European cities, that when a public utility is taken over by the municipality it is by that very act taken permanently out of politics. According to Professor Ely: "Our terrible corruption in cities dates from the rise of private corporations in control of natural monopolies; and when we abolish them we do away with the chief cause of corruption."

Galling Abuse of Sovereign Power

PUBLIC ownership will take away from the railway corporations the most gignatic taxing power in the world, and will place that power to the hands of public officers who can be removed and replaced if power is abused. The railways themselves, finding the practice unprofitable, have recently discontinuoused discrimination in rates as to persons, but they still maintain discrimination as to localities. Says Brooks Adams, in his Theory of Social Revolution:

Says Brooks Adams, in his Theory of Social Revolution:
"Now among abuses of severeign power this is one of
the most galling, for of all taxes the transportation tax is
perhaps the most searching, most insidious and, when
misused, most destructive. The price paid for transportation is not so essential to the public welfare as its equality,

for neither persons nor localities can prosper when the necessaries of life cost them more than they cost their competitors. In towns no home can be built, no crust of bread eaten, no garment worn, which has not paid the transportation tax; and every manufacturing plant or distributing agency in every city of the country must stand still or close down if its competitor's rates are enough lower to exclude its products from the markets.

"Yet this formidable power to build up or destroy cities, communities and industries has been usurped by private individuals, who have used it selfishly, as no legitimate sovcreign could have used it, and by persons who have indigcantly denounced as an infringement of their constitutional rights all attempts to

a old them accountable. High among sovereign powers have dways ranked the ownership and administration of highvays. And it is evident why this should have been so: Movement is life and the stoppage of movement is death, and the movement of every people flows along its highways."

This whole nation is now stirred to its very heart by the need of conservation of its resources. Conscience and intelligence are awake to this necessity. Conservation of burnan life as well as of national wealth is our pressing obligation in order to give to every man, weman and child in this land at least a latr chance at the tilings that make life dear.

Have we made even an appreciable start toward that condition when our cities show overcrowding and our country spaces have no considerable pertion of the population they might support in happiness?

And can we start, or can we get anywhere when we do start, until we have put into a harmonious working system our means of transportation and distribution?

Mr. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, said in May, 1914: "Whoever owns the railways of a country

determines very largely the future of that country." The German, Bhonarck, said, years carrier: "Either the government will own the reilroads or the reilroads will own the government." In Germany it has passed into a proverb that whoever owns and operates a country's transportation



General Vice of Main Waiting Room, Pennsylvania Station, New York City

to your private railroad companies. I prophesy with certainty that if you do this they will be masters of the government before ten years."

The late Mr. Justice Harlan said: "Grest and rapidly increasing corporate wealth is the supremo peril of the United

States." Of the total of one hundred and forty billion dollars of wealth of all kinds in this country, ninety-six billions have been capitalized by the corporations. On this the publie is now paying interest and dividends through the use of commodities that are necessities of life, including transportation taxes levied by the railways in the shape of freight and passenger rates. The expitalization of the railways, including stock and bond issues, approximates nineteen billion dollars.

Has the time not arrived when we should heed the warning of Justice Harlan? And where could we so profitably begin as on the most vital of all phases of corporate capital control? The transportation tax collected by the railways during the year ending June 30, 1913, was \$3,171,000,000. The

total revenue receipts of all kinds by the United States Government for the year ending June 30, 1912, was less than one billion. The total revenue receipts of all kinds by all the states, all the counties, and all the towns and cities with a population of more than eight thousand people, were also at eleven hundred millions. The national, state, county and municipal governments together collected one billion less than the single transportation tax taken by the railways.



Toughtists Century Limited Brawn by Respect Type of Electric Locumettee

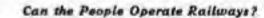
owns the country. This has been in brief the underlying philosophy of state ownership in Germany.

I have seen in a recent book, Government Ownership of Railroads, by Mr. Anthony Van Wagenen, of Iowa, this remarkable warning and prophecy by the Frenchman.

Lamartine, written as long ago as 1833:

"What will be our condition when, according to your imprudent system, you shall have constituted into a unified interest with industrial and financial corporations the innumerable stockholders of the five or six billions of securities the organization of your railroads will place in the hands of these companies? You, the partisans of the liberty and enfranch masses; you, who have overthrown fendalism and its tolle, its rights of the past and its boundaries; you, who are about to allow the railroads to fetter the people and divide up the country among a new feudality, a moneyed aristocracy! Never a government, never a nation, has constituted outside of itself a more oppressive money power, a more menacing and encroaching political power, than you are going to create in delivering up your soil, your administration, and

five or six billions of securities



TWO years ago Cleveland and Powell, in their book on Railroad Finance, said: "Within a century it is probable that the people of the United States had invested no less than twelve billion dollars in the improvement of the country roads and turnpikes; one billion dollars in river and harbor and canal improvements, state and national; and twelve billion dollars in the construction and equipment of tramlines and railroads."

The chief point of interest here is that the people have invested approximately the same amount of money in the common wagon roads that has been invested in the railways; but the railways are privately owned because there is a profit in them, while the wagon roads are publicly owned because there is only expense attached to them. I believe it was Mr. Francis J. Heney, of San Francisco, who said that the idea seemed to prevail that the public officials were intelligent enough and honest enough to run the public utilities, which cost them money, such as universities, schools, wagon roads, city parks, charitable institutions, jails, penitentiaries, sewers, and so on, but were not intelligent enough to run the utilities from which a revenue is derived, such as railways, canals, street

railways, and the like.

Railway conditions in the United States and Europe are so entirely different in the average distance freight is

are so entirely different in the average distance freight is (Continued on Page 28)



Interior of Agricultural Exhibition Car

ON ACCOUNT OF A LADY

THEN great men fall out they send for Associated Press reporters and all the world knows about it the next morning; but when the little fellows quarrel the news travels slowly and arrives late, bringing with it unquestionable proof of the large percentage of liars in the average community.

For instance, if Fighting Sammy Dugan had been a champion of the world and Whitey Wilson a challenger for the title, sharp-nosed reporters would have had the

whole truth out of one of them at least; but Dugar, and Wilson were not great men. They were only preliminary boxers of the sort known as pork-and-beaners, and that they should quarrel at all was something of a joke. When reporters are not sufficiently interested to be curious, first explanations stand unchallenged, and because of this the theory of professional jealousy went unquestioned.

The report was correct as to the jealousy, but it was not of the profeedoral variety. It was the real old green-eyed nort, which nothing but the Eternal Triangle has ever been known to produce. There was a lady mixed up in it-as there has been in nearly all the serious trouble since the apple and the snakeand in this particular case it was the brown-eyed one who presided over the cash register at the end of T-bone Riley's lunch counter.

T-hone, so called because be served the best T-bone steaks in the

world for thirty cents this was before the increased cost of living became a harning issue; probably T-bone's steaks are thinner now-was a philanthropist in his own pseuliar way. He fed all the preliminary fighters whether they had any money or not.

And why shouldn't 1?" asked Riley. "Where are these pork-and-beaners going to eat if they don't eat with me? If a fighter don't eat reg'lar he can't light; and me, I like to see good fights. I'm what you call a patron of the arts, I am: and when these birds ain't got any dough I put 'em on the state till they get some. They always settle. I haven't lost a nickel on 'em, because they ain't the kind of people that'll skin a friend."

There had always been a great deal of social freedom and personal liberty at Riley's. A man ordered his steakrare, medium or well done and are his coroanut-custard pie with his knife, if such was his custom, and nobody said anything about it. If he had the price, he paid. If he did not have the price, he held up two fingers as he went out and Riley made another entry in the dog-eared memorandum book which he called his state.

T-bone's place was headquarters for fighters, pool sharks, racetrack touts, tinhorn gamblers and pinfeather clerks with sporting tendencies. Sometimes a rank out-sider dropped in, but not often; for Riley had a way of discouraging the sort of trade he did not want. We will let the Dis-and-Dat Kid, the king of the pork-and-bean brigade, describe an instance:

I'm in Riley's - see? - chuckin' a feed into meself. In comes a Clarence boy an' sets down beside me. He tipped his mitt de minute he took off his dicer. T-bone himself is hehin' de counter because one of de regular waiters is out on a toot. T-hone gives dis Clarence party a setup un' asks him what will be have.

"'Name it, cully!' says T-bone.

"'Who do you t'ink you're talking to?' says Clarence,

some peeved. 'Don't be so fresh!'

"Den he orders a steak, medium, hashed brown, an" Java. Right away he begins to holler. He hollers about de paper napidne an' he hollers about some egg en his fork. 'Dat's all right, cully,' says T-bone. 'We don't charge

you for dat. We t'row in de egg wit' de steak - see?" "Pretty soon de bread don't suit Clarence. He wants French bread, an' be wants it split open an' toasted. An' he don't t'ink de butter is on de level. T-bene is good an'

sore by dis time.

"You got de wrong number,' he says. 'De Astor Grill is furder up de street. Dis is Riley's joint."

"'Joint is right!' says Clarence.

teak comes off de fire an' T-hone slides it brence takes one gash at it wit' his

says he. 'It's bleedin'!'

By Charles E. Van Loan

"I'm Georg to Lick That foulflasher Louis Str Telle for the Police"

> "'So'll you be in a minute!' says T-bone; an' be grabe dat strak by de tail an' wallops Clarence on de jaw wit' it. Down he goes for de count, an' T-hone comes out from behin' and puts de boots to him proper.

"'Now,' says T-bone, jamesin' de diese on Clarence's head an' turnin' him round so's he could get one more good kick at him, 'don't you never let me ketch you in here no more! Out!!'

"Did he go? Oh, no: I guess not! He on'y jumped over t'ree guys because he couldn't spure de time to go round 'em. De gall of him - puller dat highlines stuff on

This was the atmosphere of T-hone's establishment in the old days before prosperity came. Itiley did well in spite of his peculiar credit system—or because of it—and opened a bank account when his hip pocket rould no longer accommodate his savings. He bought a dismond ringnot even an expert could have told there was anything the matter with the diamond unless he put it under a magnifying glass-and later he allowed a fluent salesman to sell him a cash register.

Riley did not need a cash register any more than he needed a diamond, but he had to spend the money on something. Then, of course, he had to have some one to munipulate the machine; so he hired a brown-eyed girl named Myrtle Schmidt.

Myrtle's presence at the end of the lunch counter shocked and amazed the regular patrons and for a time freedom of speech suffered greatly. The habitus became self-conscious, but gradually this feeling of restraint wore off and they voted Myrtle a "good feller." By this they meant that she laughed at their witticisms, listened sympathetirally to their hard-luck stories and was not in the least stuck up or haughty.

Fighting Sammy Dugan and Whitey Wilson were two of T-hone's star boardens. Together they had risen from obscurity, making names for themselves by virtue of the talent that was in them. When Sammy fought, Whitey was sure to be in his corner; and when Whitey fought, Sammy assisted with counsel and advice. They were becom friends and had gone through many lean periods wide by side.

Sammy could make the lightweight limit if pressed-Whitey scaled a few notches below him; but the exact poundage of a pork-and-besner is never an important matter. Professionally speaking, they were very evenly matchesi, Summy's slight pull in the weight being offset by a longer reach. Both were rushing, tearing battlers of the slambang school, and the Queensherry followers had long cherished the hope of seeing them matched in a ten-round encounter. The fight premoter bad aften broached the subject to the boys, always with the same result:

'Nix! Whadds we want to fight for? We're puls!"

Sammy was not at all a bad-looking boy. He had crisp curly hair, snapping dark eyes, a fair nose, a good chin, and he bore few scars of battle. Whitey was less fortunate. His hair was straw-colored; is eyes were a pale, faded blue; his complexion was heavily shot with freckles, and he had a tin ear that stood out from his head like a doorknob.

Sammy might have won his way into the second flight at a beauty contest; Whitey would have been disqualified at

sight. They were the David and Jonathan, the Damon and Pythias. of the pork-and-bean brigade, and their friendship was a sermon on brotherly love.

Then Myrtle came to T-bone Riley's to operate the cash register. and her flying fingers rang up trouble for the young gladiators.

"Oh, gee! Askirt!" said Sammy. his mouth full of rice pudding. "A skirt working for Riley! Well, whadda you think of that?"

"I think she's a queen!" said Whitey.

"I wonder if she knows who we are?"said Sammy, "I see her givin' me the once-over a while ago."

"Aw," said Whitey, "maybeshe was isokin' at me." "At you!" scoffed Sammy. "If

she was she was wonderin' how a feller could have a face like yours an' keep his health!"

The rivalry began in fun, but the jest was short-lived. In fairness to Myrtle it must be set down here

that she was in no way to blame. She was the sort of girl who smiles easily because of good teeth and a dimple; and she did not reslize that danger may attend the practice. She smiled on everyhody, for she wished to be an good terms with everybody.

She was amused, though not impressed, when White: brought her a remarkable document, which he called his record. It was laboriously penwritten, with many inky flourishes; and the knockouts Whitey had administered were heavily underscored in red. Candor compels the statement that no mention was made of the knockouts scored against Whitey, thus bearing out Mark Twain's contention that no man can write an autobiography without

becoming a liar of the first magnitude.

"How int'resting!" said Myrtle. "What is it?"

"It's me record," explained Whitey. "It tells who I've fought and all about it. I wrote it out for you. Some day

when I'm a champion, you might want to take a look at it. "Oh, very well," said Myrtle, who had not the slightest idea as to what this amazing screed might be. In the same accommodating spirit she accepted a worn pair of boxing gloves from Sammy.

"I hung it on Battling Watlington with these," said the depar modestly. "They might come in handy to stick up in your room somewhere. Take it from me, this Watling ton is one tough guy? He gimme a fierce battle: but in the sixth round I tore into his pantry, an' when he dropped his guard—hang! goes the big right hook on his chin—an' be was through for the night. Sure you can have 'em! Souvenirs, you know. This blue ribbon is to hang 'ern up with.

Myrtle thanked Sammy as prettily as she knew how, but in her heart she regarded the gloves as musty things and drapped them into a convenient ashcan on the way home. The same ashcan, by the way, received Whitey's record.

Whiley witnessed the presentation of the gloves, and he heart burned under his ribs. Why had he not thought of that? There remained nothing but to belittle Sammy's gift, which be proceeded to do at the first opportunity.

There's some awful bad fighters round here," said Whitey to Myrtle, apropos of nothing.

"Yes?" said Myrtle, seemingly much interested, but really not knowing what else to say.

"Ub-huh! This Battling Watlington, he's a terrible piece of cheese. Awful! Can't fight fast enough to ge up a swent; and they say he takes a shot in the arm once in a while. Sammy was all puffed up when he knocked him out; but if he'd a took my advice Watlington wouldn't have lasted two rounds. 'Tear into him, Sammy!' I says. 'He can't hit hard enough to break a promise. Root into him un' make him quit!

"If it had been me an' that Watlington had lasted six rounds I wouldn't have done no bragging - and I wouldn't have saved the gloves, neither. If I'm going to give

inybody a souvenir it's got to be gloves that was in a real ight. Now Kid Cassidy-you saw him in my record, jidn't you?—there was some fighting wolf; but I never did know what become of them gloves." And so on.

Mischief of this sort, once afoot, travels rapidly and inds advance couriers to clear the way. Split-tooth Durcee, retired bantamweight pork-and-beaner and all-night suiter at Riley's, assisted matters materially when he epeated to Sammy a portion of the foregoing conversation with embellishments of his own.

"Whitey's doin' you dirt with the chicken at the cash.

egister," said Split-tooth.

"How so?" demanded Sammy.

"Now listen! I ain't no trouble maker," said Splitooth virtuously; "and, anyway, you got to promise not o bring me into it. My fighting days are over-see?"

"You're declared out," said Sammy. "Tell me what he

"Well," said Split-tooth, "to begin with, he says you in't never licked no regular fighters like he has. He tells er you was all swole up over knocking out Battling Watington-a feller that couldn't fight himself out of a paper

"Did Whitey say that? What's he knocking me for?" "Oh, that ain't all. He says he made you win all your ghts by bein' in your corner an' tellin' you what to do. le says you'd have quit three or four times if he hadn't een behind you - Wait, now! Don't get excited. temember, I'm out of this. I'm only tellin' you as a friend,

Split-tooth was nothing if not impartial. The next day e had some interesting information for Whitey - as before, sisting on protection. There should be no closed season

or the man who says:

"I'm your friend and I think you ought to know this." "Sammy was pannin' you to Myrtle," said Split-tooth.
"He was!" ejaculated Whitey. "Why, the dawg! That was he doing that for?"

"To put you in bad, o' course. You know what he told er? He said he hadn't never fought you because he was kind-hearted guy and he didn't want to show you up efore the public.

Here Whitey gurgled incoherently.

"Yes; he said you was only a harmless kind of nut that al kidded yourself into thinkin' you could fight. He told er he could put you out cold in four rounds any day in the cek, and if he didn't do it he'd donate his share of the urse to charity. He said he could lick you and make you ke it them's the words he used make you like it! ice! You ain't sore, are you, Whitey? I told you because thought you ought to know what was coming off behind our back. I've always been your friend, ain't I? Well ben, keep me out of it."

PHE secretary and matchmaker of the club which pro-I moted boxing contests looked up from his desk to greet Vhitey Wilson on the point of exploding with wrath and appressed emotion.

Aw, Whitey!" said he. "What's new?"

"I want you to get Sammy Dugan for me on the fifenth of next month. I'm going to lick that fourflusher atil he yells for the police. I'm going to hand him a triming that will -

"Hello!" said the matchmaker. "Have the Siamese

wins had a falling out?"

"Worse than that!" said Whitey bitterly. "He's been sing round making cracks that he could put me out in four junds. Make it any distance you want four, six or ten: I don't stop him I won't ask for a nicket! Not a nicket!"

"But suppose he doesn't want

to fight you?"

"He'll have to!" squealed Whitey. "He can't get away, I'll fight him in the street-anywhere! You can lock us in a cellar and drop the key down a well! I'll git him -

"Easy! Easy!" said the wise official. "Don't get excited. Never give away anything that you can sell, Whitey. If there's a real grudge fight in sight let us stage it, and we'll all make some money. What started the trouble between you?"

"He's been lying about me!" said Whitey. "He's been tellin' all over town that I only think I can

"And you won't think so long!" a third voice cut into the discussion.

Fighting Sammy Dugan stood in the doorway. After the initial out-

burst he ignored Whitey and addressed himself to the matchmaker, speaking with labored politeness.

"Greetings and salutations!" said he, "Sign up this windbag for me. I'll fight him-winner take all; and if I don't make him jump out of the ring I won't ask for a cent."

"Me-jump out of the ring!" acreamed Whitey. "He better look out I don't make him jump out of the ring!" "Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" said the matchmaker. "Don't start anything here. Shake it up, boys; but don't spill it. Save it for the fifteenth. Now about the

purse -"Any old way sults me," said Samny.

"Winner take all!" suggested Whitey.

"One hundred dollars - winner take all," said the matchmaker. "Is that astisfactory?"

"I'd fight him for nothing!" said Sammy.
"That's what you'll get!" said Whitey.
"This is the resi thing," reflected the matchmaker. "What a pity the reporters aren't here! They could make

quite a story out of this." Later in the day they did make quite a story out of it

under headlines proclaiming the sundering of friendship's bonds and the dissolution of a partnership. Professional jealousy was mentioned as the contributing cause, which explanation appealed to the sporting humorists and they made merry with the topic. Whitey was interviewed by a representative of a morning paper - a great honor, which almost overwhelmed him and made him nervous and woluble.

"Say, print this, will you?" said he. "Put it in the paper that I'm going to fight this Dugan just to show him up-se? Just to let the public know he never was any

good! Don't forget that,

"Here's another thing you can put in-better write it down so you won't forget it-I'm going to meet him coming out of his corner and if I ever take a backward step I hope I don't get out of the ring alive. Got that? I'm going to hit him so hard that it will make his grandfather's head ache. I'm going to -

"Yes, yes!" said the reporter soothingly. "I know you are; but what's it all about? What started the row? You

used to be pals, didn't you?"

"Sure!" said Whitey excitedly. "Sure, we did! That's what gets my goat. I've cut up my last dollar with Dugan



Don't forget that." The reporter did not forget, and Split-tooth Durkee saw to it that a copy of the paper containing this remarkable interview was handed to Myrtle Schmidt, who read the article with wide eyes.

STREET, SQUARE,

"Morey sakes!" said she, "They must have had a

quarrel!

"Yeh." grinned the diminutive Durkee; "it does kind of look as if they've parted doll-rags." He stepped closer and lowered his voice insinuatingly. "And I'll bet you don't know what it was about or nothing. Oh, no! P'fes-sional jealousy! That's a hot one - that is! Say, you could tell these reporters a thing or two-couldn't you, kid?"

"Miss Schmidt to you if you please!" snapped Myrtle. "And I couldn't tell anybody unything, because I don't know anything. What's more, I don't want to know! If anybody mixes me up in a fuse like this they'll be sorry. I attend to my business, and I'll thank you to attend to yours!"

"Just an you say," hered Split-tooth wickedly. "Just na you say, girlie. You don't need to get sore about it. Nobody's trying to mix you up: but it's kind of queer when two old pals bust up like this and -

"The cook is calling you!" interrupted Myrtle. "And on keep away from this end of the counter-do you hear? Bother me once more and I'll speak to Mr. Riley!"

Split-tooth enarled as he moved toward the range, Goin' to holler to T-bone, eh?" he muttered to himself. "She ain't had no use for me since the night I ast her to go to a movin'-pitcher show. Bawled me out good! I

wonder who she thinks she is? Too stuck up for common people - yes, sir! Coming right up! Ger-man fried, wasn't it? There you are, sport!"

ON THE eve of battle, as the sporting writers so happily phrase it, the Wilson-Dugan match divided interest with the main event-an elimination contest in the White Hope division. All the world loves a grudge fight-sad commentary on our boasted civilization - and for days the reporters had bombarded their readers with articles on the approaching combat between the Siamese Twins of the pork-and-bean brigade-"side-kicks once but strangers now," as one sporting writer put it,

Professional jealousy was still the only explanation offered, and at T-bone's place there was but one topic of conversation. The White Hopes were forgotten-it transpired later that they deserved to be-in the discussion of the relative merits and abilities of Fighting Sammy Dugan and Whitey Wilson.

On the night before the fight there came to Riley's one Ed Faraday, a sporting writer who tossed a nimble quill for an afternoon paper. He was seeking a T-bone, rare, French fried potatoes, apple pie and coffee. The hour was late, patrons were infrequent, and Split-tooth Durkee, having delivered Faraday's order to Saginaw, the night cook, lingered to gossip.

(Continued on Page 45)



THE FLOATING LABORER

Some Humble Biographies—By Will Irwin

ORMERLY we looked on the tramp with a sense of romance or of shame, according to our individual dispositions. The man who begged for a breakfast at the door of a farmhouse; the travel-stained individual we met trudging along the country roads; the soldier of misfortune we glimpsed swinging on or off a brake beam at the station, was the picturesque outcast.

The laborer digging trenches in our city streets, pitching hay on our farms and rolling logs in our sawmills was, on the other hand, the noble American workman, for whose greater prosperity the Republican party maintained the protective tariff and the Democratic party wanted to revise the coinage. We did not know that the two classes were loosely interchangeable—that the tramp of today is the common laborer of tomorrow, and the common laborer of today the tramp of tomorrow. Such observers of picturesque fact as Walter A. Wyckoff and Josiah Flynt hinted at the truth; but the whole truth is just beginning to dawn.

Those same tramps of the dusty roads-they understand. However, they had no power to force their under-standing on the rest of us. In the nature of things they were inarticulate. They had no union to enforce their just or unjust demands. They had no organizers to put their

case before our parliaments and our press. Now and then, when hard times came, when the shoe of industry pinched too tight, they rose in such picturesque and futile movements as Coxey's Army, and attracted for a time the attention of a somewhat puzzled people. Then the return of prosperity, in which they never fully shared, would put such movements to sleep. The members of the army would drop back into the old routine of hard work varied by hard tramping and only too often by hard

In a previous article I tried to sketch the history of one John Smith, a typical American laborer of this floating type. I have shown him beginning life as an average man, with the average amount of will power and ambition. I have shown how a life of short, broken spasms of unemployment broke his will power and made his ambition a mockery. I have shown him caught in a web of circumstance-drifting from one short job to another short job, with intervals of tramping, of living on organized charity,

I have shown just where drink came into the scheme of his life; how this curse of the workingman was in his case an effect and not a cause. I have shown how life denied him marriage and children; I have shown him burned out in his middle thirties - half his actual working days so far, all his potential working days in the future, lest to industry. I have tried to show, also, that this same John Smith was not a defective, as the outworn sociology of twenty years age would have called him, but a normal man in physique, in mentality and in will power,

An Army of John Smiths

TT REMAINS for me to prove that John Smith's case is A not exceptional, but typical; and the proof, so far as it goes, comes mainly from the notes on American society by one Peter Alexander Speek, investigator for the Commission on Industrial Relations. This new government department. was born of the agitation that followed the McNamara case and other like revolutionary movements in labor. It was begotten of a dim feeling in our legislators that there was some factor in American labor which no one understood. It started out to find what labor really wanted and needed - which of its demands, under the present organization of society, were just, and what society might do to relieve the pressure. It aimed to study the psychological factors in its problem-to put heart as well as head into

The members of the commission realize that these floating members of the industrial body most need their study and their help. For a year Speek has been living among



The Rund of the Broad Line

laborers, noting the conditions under which they work and getting from them, as accurately as he can, the story of their individual lives.

He brings to this task a singular equipment. Speek is a Russian-to be exact, an Esthonian. A university graduate, he started a newspaper in his home city, took the liberal side in the abortive revolution of 1905, and left Russia, when the reactionary party snuffed out the revolution, with a life sentence to Siberia hanging over his head. In his early American wanderings he himself was a partner in human misery. His wanderings led him into Wisconsin. By this time he had found he could make a living by writing for the Russian magazines. Houttended the University of Wisconsin, took a degree in sociology; and from the university he proceeded to this task of finding out for America what is wrong with her labor.

Speek has the art of gaining confidences; further, being Russian, he uses five or six languages. In the course of his investigation he has gathered hundreds of life stories from American laborers. In substance they do not differ from the story of John Smith. This one factor is common to them all—among the laborers whom he has interviewed, in grading camps, employment offices, workingmen's lodging houses, and similar institutions, he has found carcely one who ever held a steady job for a period of even two or three years. The tale is always the same-spurts of work lasting from three days to three months; the search for a job; more hunting, ending often in a period of balf starvation; more work.

The hundred or more biographies in Speek's collection should be read as a whole in order to get a picture of the casual American laborer. Their effect is cumulative. However, let us look at a few of the more typical histories.

Take the case of James Ryan-in this and all future instances I shall disguise the name-thirty-five years old, a native Irish-American from New England. His father had been alternately a sailor and a farmer. He bimself began life as a sailor on the Great Lakes. The work was irregular. Of course there was little employment in winter and none whatever in midwinter. Being a union man he joined the seamen's strike on the Great Lakes. After living for many weeks on strike benefits he gave up sailoring as too irregular, and tried to get a land job at any kind of common labor. His biography proceeds as follows:

He found a job in a Chicago restaurant as a porter. He worked twelve hours a day for seven days a week at seven dollars a week, with meals, paying for his room. He worked on that job three months; quit because he found a better job with a telephone company. He was employed as a common laborer, putting wire pipes into the street. It was a non-union job. He worked nine hours a day for thirty-five cents an hour. . . . In six months the job was finished. The muney he carned was paid to his sister. Three weeks out of work; his sister kept him. He was always watching for jobs in the Want Ads. He then found through a newspaper advertisement a hodearrying job-eight hours a day, forty cents an hour. This was a union job,

Though be was not a union min. still the foreman took him, saying that the job was only for six webs and that a union delegate would come next day to collect three de-lars for a union card. The union

delegate never came.

After six days' work the for-man kept back from the pay of every non-union man one dalar and fifty cents, promising to pay
it to the union delegate; but if
the beginning of the next werk
Ryan was unexpectedly decharged because a union man hal taken his job. He thinks the lor-man kept the money. Such a trick is often played by forme. This happened in February. He wan two weeks out of work. The next job he found with the Education Electric Company, passing to for the firemen. He worked to hours a day seven days a week for fourteen dollars a week. The work was dirty, heavy and duty He worked at this job too months; then the veins of his fee became swollen and one we broke. He was seven week at the city hospital. When he is the bospital he was still west an could not work for two months and lived with his sister.

The next job he found through

an employment office. It was an employment office. It was a odd job, cleaning floors, beating carpets, washing window, and so on. He worked continuously two weeks; then the job played out. He was five weeks out of work. Every morning he was at the newspaper offices, watching the Help Wanted advertisements in the windows. When is saw a job advertised he either ran or took a car to the place. Very often a crowder was waiting. The stronger is place. pushed the weaker saids. He finally secured a job through an employers' employment office to pass coal in a big argonds store at four-teen dollars a week for nine hours also He worked at this job for seven weeks. He quit because cramps in his feet. The next job he secured through a be employment office—it lasted two and a half days—days a basement for a contractor.

And so on, down the line. Ryan, though he has so tracted the drink habit and has occasional spress whech is in funds, is still able to hold a steady job — if he coulder it

The Hardships of Loafing

MARTIN CASEY is another, a little older, but of themer class. He did some sailoring in his youth, and might even now be an ironworker had it not been for an injury by received early in his service with that trade. He institute suit for damages, which closed his connection with the arr pany. He has never received any damages. Then he drifted into casual labor. Here is a passage from his biograph

In September, 1910, he saw an advertisement is to paper for men in the woods. He got a job there deared away logs for a road—nine hours a day at thirty dollars away logs for a road—nine hours a day at thirty dollar month. Meals were good . . . but the bedding bad. No laundry or bathing accommodations. After months and a half the job played out. He then went is farm to pick potatoes. . . . He earned three doing and fifty cents a day for a month, when the work was ished. He then jumped a freight train to a town in low Here he got a helper's job on a new building—eight work a day at forty cents an hour. After four months the played out. He jumped a freight train to Milwater Here he got a job as helper with a construction compatible did not like the job. The foreman was always species up and using profamity to his men. After two months quit. He got all sorts of jobs from the State Free Employer. quit. He got all sorts of jobs from the State Free Empley

Notice this: Several weeks of short-time jobs, lastitt few weeks or at most a few months, and Casey quit! first really steady job he had had for some time. When held a regular position in the iron trade he was probable capable of steady work for life; but desultary wers, vill workless periods, had become a habit he could not but Casey, one would say, is on the downgrade. It is not be fault; but the fact remains.

Here is another man, slightly younger, who may or an not be far down the grade. His reasons for quitting after job may be sound; perhaps he has had only an extradinary run of bad luck. Heaven knows that condition in some construction and grading camps are bud so 121 It may be, on the other hand, that he has reached the that

where he is incapable of continuous employment and that his successive quarrels with the conditions in the camps are but an execuse:

A year ago he was replacing rails on a railroad. He found the job himself. He worked nine hours a day at seyentees n and a half cents an hour. The boss worked them pyertime and also on Sundays. The company furnished camp and board for four dollars a week. The commissary store belonged to the same company. The prices were almost store belonged to the same company. The prices were almost three tirnes as high as in the city and the men had to buy from the company's store. He slept in a box car. Bedding ans poor; no washing, laundry or tollet accommodations. The board was poor—frozen potatoes, cheap, half-spoiled neat, and canned stuffs. After four months of work the foreman put the young immigrant men to work in the switches. They did not know how to handle heavy becaus; so the work became dangerous to life and limb. There he was unemployed for a month. . . . During his time he looked for work, asking for it personally, vatching newspaper advertisements, applying at employvatching newspaper advertisements, applying at employ-nent offices.

Finally he found ice work in a city near Chicago. He worked ten hours a day for one dollar and seventy-five ents a day, and paid four dollars and fifty cents for board and bed. The job lasted only eighteen days. He went sack to Chicago. After a week he was shipped to a railroad construction camp forty miles away—ten hours a day, one lollar and seventy-five cents a day, three dollars and fifty ents a week for board. Living conditions the same as in he camp on the other railroad. He quit at the end of a seek the camp of the board and because he thought the board. reck toecause of the board and because he thought the boss vas speeding-up the men—he wanted more work than the my was worth. He best his way to Minneapolis and got, brough an employment agency, a job laying steel rails on new track. . . . After two months he injured a too.
ie as ked for medical aid, but was refused; therefore he uit. After two weeks he was shipped out on another allroad-construction job. . . The men were forced o work late at night without lights. They demanded ghts and twenty cents an hour for night work; but the ompany refused and they struck. He rested two weeks in direct and they struck at two dellars. firm empolis. Then he worked two weeks at two dollars and fifty cents a day, breaking old cement. He was disharged for reporting late one morning.

When Unemployed Spells Unemployable

W E COME finally to the habitual drifter, typically with the drink habit, who has been at desultory labor so long hat he finds himself incapable of sustained work. Here is short passage from the working life of such a man:

Her was shipped free to Buffalo to work on a railroad in nextra gang. Hard work; ten bours a day, one dollar and any—five cents a day. He refused to work because there ould be no money left and the work was horsework. He ent to the Seamen's Institute and applied for a job as reman on a ship, but did not get it. He then jumped freight train to a town in Ohio where he hired out to a arrier to plant potatoes; got one dollar and fifty cents a sy and board. It was fine work and the farmer was a good ari. The work was finished in three days. In another hio town he got work on the streets laying blocks. . . . le worked one week and quit. He jumped a freight train a Cleveland. He found no work there. After wandering orn town to town in freight cars and on brake beams he ot a job with a circus as tent man; pay, thirty dollars a

Illinois, where he got work on the streets.

After five days he quit again. He then went to work on an ice wagon for two dollars and twenty-five cents a day. As he was on another man's job it lasted only three days. He got a job as deck hand on an excursion steamer. There was no sleeping place or other accommodation; pay, one dollar a day with hoard. After six days he became sick of this job and quit. The next place was on a freight steamer. He worked for three days at a dollar a day. This landed him in St. Paul. He then worked about a farm, picking potatoes. The maand the job was fin-ished. He returned

to town. A farmer picked him up in front of a salson and hired him as farm hand at a dollar a day. This was in August. It might have lasted until the end of the season, but the whisky fever got hold of him and he quit.

And so on, month after month, the same story. Yet, from the naive account be gave to Speek, it would seem that in his youth this man was just as capable of holding a steady job as any other man.

To present any more extracts from Speek's collection of humble biographies would only be to repeat unnecessary details. The story is always the same; but please note the age of these men. The oldest is forty. The three others have not yet passed thirty-five.

All the men whose biographies I have quoted so far are Americans, save one of Irish parentage who came to this country so early that he may be considered an American. Twenty years ago the casual laborers of the United States were almost all native-born. Such foreign laborers as we had worked usually in gangs under pudrones. Shallow social philosophers used to hold up their thrift, frugality and economy as examples for our own laborers

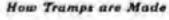
Times have moved fast since then. The casual European laborer has appeared. The man trudging the dusty roads with a blanket on his back is just as likely to speak Lithuanian or Polish or Italian as English. These immigrants have their own problems, of which their ignerance of our language and institutions is the chief; and the same destructive forces are making them first casual laborers, then unemployed laborers, and finally unemployable laborers. Take the case of Ivan Witknwaki, a Polish boy picked up among the applicants for work at the Milwaukee Free Employment Agency. He is strong and healthy, and only twenty years old. He left his native land, as so many other immigrants do, to escape military service.

Like the rest, he looked on America as the land of golden opportunity. He had mastered the elements of tailoring, but he found conditions and methods of work so different in America that be must learn his trade again. He had no money to support himself during apprenticeship; he became a common laborer. In a little more than a year his wanderings took him from New York to Milwaukee. This is the story of the last part of that year. It begins in a city west of New York:

He joined the crowd of men looking for work in front. of a factory office. He and nine others were selected and put to work carrying boxes. The work was not beavy; ten hours a day, one dollar and seventy-five

camts a day. After thirteen and a half days of work he quit and went to tailoring. One of his friends had directed him to a shop where they made sults to order. He was employed as helper and worked thirteen hours a day. The tallor promised to teach him the trade and pay him five dollars a week; from that he must provide his own board and lodging. He worked two weeks and got his pay, but for the second two weeks they made him take in lieu of payment an old suit, which he believed was not worth more than four dollars. He could not live on such terms and quit. . . . He found his way to Milwaukee where he was four days without work. A countryman directed him to the employment office, where he got a job working on the roads; twelve hours a day, pay thirty dollars a month if he worked less than a month and thirty-five dollars if he worked a month or more. . . . The winter came on and work was stopped. In Milwaukee he was out of work for a week, when he secured a job for one day cleaning the surroundings of a house. Looked for work for a week. The State Free Employment Office got him a job loading and unloading fruit on ships. The work lasted two days; thirteen and a half hours a day, thirty-five cents an hour. He registered at the State Employment Bureau for another job.

When interviewed Ivan expressed the opinion that Russia is a better country than America, because in Russia you get steady work. Speek has gathered several other biographies of foreigners, which tell the same story with varying details.



WEN making allowance for the fact that every unsuccess-E ful man is a constitutional kicker, one cannot read these biographies without an indignant sense of the constant injustices imposed on such laborers. We read occasionally an expose of peonage conditions in a lumber camp in the West or South. I should say now that these are only examples of a system that is pretty deep-seated. That this should be true squares with reason and with human nature,

The tendency of power is to tyranny. Any man less than a saint, appointed to govern other men without check or control, unconsciously takes more than his share, unconsciously becomes an oppressor. The government clerks who perpetrated the Congo atrocities were in the beginning nice little Belgian boys, with a good sense of morals and of honor. Unlimited and unchecked power made them what they were.

These casual common laborers, without organization, without any means of expressing their grievances, are apparently the prey of this tendency in buman nature, Crooked employment agencies send them to nonexistent or impossible jobs, or ship them to the dangerous and often degrading job of strike breaking without informing them that there is a strike. Railroad companies and lumber companies fred them improperly at company boarding houses that are paying their toll of graft, mulct them at company stores, reduce their vitality in camps unfit to be occupied by human beings.

Some corporations wanting a new force of laborers circulate rumors that bring to their factory gates ten times as many men as they can possibly use. Trade-union men or even factory operatives, confronted with such conditions, would strike, and strike hard. They have unions; they have behind these unions the whole organization of regularly employed labor. These casuals are without organization. When conditions grow too hard they can only quit peaceably, which is a very different thing from striking.

Through all these biographies run such common experiences as these: "The bunks were not fit for a white man to (Continued on Page 61)



Men Waiting Call to Work an the Docks at Hobeben



The Head of the "Ihoe" Line

ROOKS ALL By HARRY LEON WILSON

T WAS green May in Paris. The terrace of the Café de la Paix was crowded to its outmost table. Latins were sipping of France's milder distillations, mitigating even the slight alcoholic potency of these with floods of carbonated water. Only Anglo-Saxons took whisky and soda-the English and Americans, who by brute force must be raised from a native moodiness to the Latin's normal gayety.

As I scanned the ranks for a seat an alert waiter beckoned me to a chair just vacated. It was almost at that corner celebrated for its outlook on a shifting world. Sit there for so long as one hour and there will pass before you people you had thought were in Panama or Pittsfield, Ohio, or the Orient. Sit there for an afternoon and it is said you will see quite all the people in the world whom you may ever have spoken in passing.

Faces loom from the surge to take on familiar lines. There is the man with whom four years ago you traded tea for tobacco on the White Horse Trail; behind him is your next-door neighbor at home. There is the American couple of middle age who crossed with you, hotly disputing how the Louvre can be both an art gallery and a department store. Follows the saturnine Englishman who had the row with the customs man at Boulogne. Like all Englishmen here, his expression denotes: "Oh, yes, fairish—but, of course, it's not London!" A tempered sun flooded the boulevard with gay

flashes of color struck from the weaving throng. I settled in my chair and surrendered to the hypnosis of that human flow, to the rhythmic scuff of shocleather on the pavement. the cool play of light and shade on Paris gowns, and always. the faces of that endless film—the world-faces gathered

here to pique or mystify.

Absorbed in the human play, I had not observed my nearest neighbor, noting merely that his chair occupied that precise magic corner which is directly under the & la Café on the striped awning; but when I heard his voice, a hearty Middle-Western voice, I saw that my compatriot was an old acquaintance.

"Garsawng, porty moy ung fresh pot of teat" com-

manded the voice,

I did not at once invite his attention. This might or might not be desirable. That is as happens. For one thing, Duc is not nice to look at. Herr Nordau, at sight of him, I dare say, would burst into tears of sestasy. If Doc lacks any of the well-known criminal stigmata the omission has yet to be noted. His face simply shouts evil; a presiatory cunning, boundless greed, ingenuous iniquity. His body is of a rounded stoutness, with short arms and huge, clumsy hands. A ten-year-old boy glancing once at his fattish face, with its keen little eyes and its vulture heak, would scorn to trust Doc with his cheapest marble.

Yet the shrewdest of adults come to telerate him after a second or third glance, and for a very simple reason: It is too incredible that any man should be so evil of purpose as Doc frankly seems to be; impossible that Nature should have been so erudely obvious. Many of these students of human nature swiftly convince themselves, therefore, that he is a babe for guile and must carry a heart of gold. This reasoning flatters their perspiculty and they forthwith warm to the rugged cattleman from Oklahomz, which is often oh, regularly often!—to their cost; for Doc is Denver Doc and has most amazingly the precise character his face says he has. You see the paradox and I have tried to expound it. I can imagine no other line of reasoning in his victims to explain Doc's very notable success as a buccaneer - one of the modern breed that go about the sea in ships for the sole purpose of playing at games of chance with their fellow passengers.

In common with those who now and again traverse the great white waterway I had often speculated as to the look and manner of these craftsmen, picturing them as plausible, tastefully garbed, insinuating villains, who would be thought anything but what they were. And Denver Doc drew another picture.

In crossing the year before I had encountered him and his two adjutants, encountering also my wise friend Ben, of the New York Central Office, retired. Ben promptly catalogued the three for me: Doc, in his slouch hat and



country-tailored suit, bung profusely with the insignia of all known fruternal orders, from scimitar to ella's teeth; old Sam Joyce, a shade less alarming than Doc, but still rather incredible for the president of the First National Bank of Kansas City, or Galveston, or Fort Worth, as might be; and Velvet Eddie, tall, decemps, subdued, with the chastened geniality of a funeral director. And Ben did more than entalogue the trie: he so dismayed them by the mere sarcastic overlooking of their first merry games that they surrendered more or less gracefully the second day out and thereafter made him a fourth in innocent games of easing, chatting amicably meantime of low finance.

And if I record that Ben relented, as to one passenger, it is written merely to show that Denver Doc was an executive of no mean order. On our printed list shone the line: "T. Walsingham Wadleigh and Valet." The mere words had incited Duc's evil fancies to their fallest play. With moist eyes he showed us the name in the smoking room one night and pleaded for the victim.

"Lamp it, Ben," he tearfully urged. "Do you get it?-

and Valet. Say, let me prong him, just for that!"
"Who is he?" demanded Ben, himself no more than human about names.

"Why, the Claude settin' right at your own table in the dining room - the one with the sorks.

"Him? You sure?" asked Ben. "I pledge you my word- and wears his handkerchief up.

his sleeve.

"Go to it!" said Ben grimly.

I gathered that the person in question had in some obscure fashion, perhaps by the possession of too much manner, affronted Hen. Anyway, it was delicately conveyed to me later that he had disembarked at Plymouth much lighter of purse after a coinmatching bout of heroic dimensions with the wealthy cattleman from Oklahoma and the president of the First National Bank of El Paso, which exposed T. Walsingham Wadleigh's need of more than a valet to travel with him, both men looking enough like prosperous burglars.

And here on this spring afternoon was Denver Doc, far from the raging main and gulping hastily of tea while the careless world paraded before him. As I studied his nefarious profile I saw that he reviewed the passing show with a weightier purpose than mere entertainment. His glance ever durted to question the faces of the oncoming throng. His sharp little eyes took toll not only from both sides of the boulevard but guarded the Rue Auber on his left. and distantly scanned the frontiers of the Place de l'Opéra. Twice he half started from his chair as though one he sought had shown in the offing; but each time he fell back with muttered irritation. I touched his arm.

"Looking for some one?"

He turned on me the good-fellow smile of his calling.

"Well! Howdy? Howdy? It's certainly good for sore eyes to be you here." He paused and the smile faded into a not-too-cordial look of recognition. "Oh! It's you, a at Wasn't you with Ben Lockwood to the George Washington last year! Didn't get you at first."

His manner proclaimed that is would have been as well please not to get me at all. His eyes roved back to their quest. Plainly I sale fered in his esteem for my ferme companionship with a man who had hurt husiness for him.

Ben didn't come over this year," I ventured. "What sort of trip dd you have?"

He turned to me heavily.

"Say, on the level, I only wish Bewas bere. Ben's a square guy. Red help Eddie and me.

"Velvet Eddie?" I suggested. "Yea; him and me made it alone this time. Old Sam had to lay over a trip to get some pivot teeth put in. A hardware man from St. Long done it. Say, you'd thought the eight hundred dollars of his we his right eye, and old Sam two his age at that - the coward! But he dentist said he could give Sun a swell new front. Anyway, Eddiesol me say, I might as well tell we about it, long's you're a friend of Ren's." He seared his throat wat the fresh ten and breathed he "Gee, but that guy's got me famy in the fighting-top!" he mattend

"You were going to tell me Doc's eyes continued to sound the human stream. He spake adeptly from a mere corner of his roomy mouth.

Yes, sir; me and Eddie has been played about the worst lowdown trick you ever heard of, and by a ma: w trusted right down to the ground. But that's the way it this world. And I kept saying to Eddle—if I said it world said it a dozen times - Eddie, I says, 'that guy may is all right, but I think he's crooked. Mark my world! You give him a chance and he'll throw the spear into us.' Be Eddie's right back with the Tut! Tut! stuff, telling no don't know a straight guy when I see one, and pull a mess of words about this here physiology, or whatever the call it, that shows how a guy's wheels go round incide hi

"Eddie's the great boy for that. You might call it is hobby with him. 'I'm a student of physiology,' he are 'and that guy's as straight as you or me.' So I had to Hit go at that. But you can lay chips to coppers Eddin talking nine different ways from that since last Wedieday. He's back is London doing 'Little Mabel, with he' face against the pane'; and I'm waiting to see if the gu won't happen along here. If he does - say, they's liab be a low, brutal murder right here on the sidewallthrowing down his only friends like that!

"Yes, sir; Eddie and me befriended him. We was not to stick by him through thick and thin, understand what mean? There wasn't nothing we wouldn't have done him. And what gratitude does he show, what sense a decency? I ask you that! Well, this is what he show: He ducks out over in London last Wednesday with if: thousand dollars hard cash money belonging to Edde and me-about every cent we had, too just took it ave from us. That's what he done! You come right down to

it, he sin't no better than a crook!" I looked amazement and sympathy.

"Fifty thousand!"

"Not a cent less. And here I been three days drink tea till I'm tanned inside like a leather trunk. Sometime I think he won't show up. Maybe he beat it for Egypt ? Buenos Aires. A guy as low as him is liable to fool) al from soda to bock."

Doc quaffed of tea once more. Even over the raised an his eyes kept to the crowd.

"How did you happen to trust him with so much! Ex-

a psychologist -

We was on that new boat, understand. Everithing looks fine; a full passenger list and a bunch that looked if money bores them stiff. You'd have said yourself bewe got past the Hook that a good time was going to be hall by all present. Me and Eddie would have giggled at >10 if you'd offered us two thousand for our taking. Wi didn't even bother to be strangers to each other. It was

one of them leery crowds that begins to get about half wise in a game, so that me and Eddie has to act nervous and call attention to the little card about gamblers and denounce somebody as a card sharp. They all look easy and liberal, and anxious to start something, so we waited or it, playing casino at two bits a side, getting all excited about it and asking people to look at our hands when they

oafed up-you know!

"And then the whole thing went blah. Yes, sir; I'm a illas with neck whiskers if one o' that bunch would touch card the whole way over! I tell you they ain't been tothing like it since Hall was hanged in Troy. Seemed like one of them ever saw the ocean before. They'd hang ound out on deck playing silly games, or they'd lean over he rail and count the water as it went by: or if they set fown they'd wrap up in horse blankets and read these sere trushy novels with a girl on the cover. You bet, if I vas running one o' them big rafts you wouldn't catch me etting one o' them hooks be fetched on board. And me and Eddie dealing our lonely casino and listening to the toarse growls of the smoking-room stewards, who wasn't naking a cent either, understand. It was against Nature, hat's what it was. Of course I don't believe in superstiions, but you can't tell me they wasn't something queer bout our having to walk under that ladder with the two minters on when we got to the dock.

"The second day out we give up. We'd been done. Faat steamship company had took our good money and i we us nothing for it. We copped three, four pools; but wen that was like ditchdigging and didn't run to carfare, Frat with the rake-off that had to go belowstairs. Nothas went right. We run into a storm and it done us no od on earth. What couldn't stay on deck went to bed. and, just to show you, when we bought the low field in hae pool that night, having got the office that we'd lay up Evout three hours for repairs to the shaft or something ext morning, the most we can win, side bets and all, is inty-two dollars-and two thousand would have been unt fair. Parties taking their own autos across would bet is much as two whole dollars. Well, it was enough to make

tood sore; you know how you'd feel -I nodded discreetly.

"And I worried about Eddie too. He gets low in his ind when they don't come right. Take him when the cetting is good and Eddle is as nice people as you'd care os meet, bur none; other times you'd think the world was e n feet under snow and the shovels had give out. Well, I at him talk to me for hours at a time, thinking it will beer him. He's always after me to wear sidewhiskers and e more quiet and refined, but I tell him 'Handsome is as andsome does'; and them that I do are plenty. Only his time I promise to do everything he says and quit rearing striped vests-kidding him along, you understand. even got one o' them disgusting novels for him to read rhile I played Canfield-and I lose eight thousand to nyself at that; so you can see the gypsy's curse was sure on us. Say, it was about as funny as a sidetracked freight car on a rainy day!

Then one afternoon in the smoking room Eddie looks up from his book and comes to life. I seen the same look in his eyes one time on the Mauretania. when a pat straight flush was dealt him-dealt by a perfect stranger, understand Well, I look round to see what has shined up his lamps. They was a fat old couple, man and wife, that played dominous every day till they broke up in a row; and a bridal pair drinking ginger ale, sneaking sips out of each other's glass just to be vicious; and a grouphy-looking hick that always kept his gloves on and read magnzines-say, he kept up that reading day in and day out till I could have choked him; and then they was an oldish kind of guy that I hadn't noticed before. I seen it must be this one had brought Eddie to life;

so naturally I give him the once-over.

'He was little and skinny and stoop-shouldered, and had sandy-gray sidewhiskers, close trimmed, with a kind of a thinnish little mouth that looked like a buttonhole in one of these here yellow overenats. His clothes was like they keep to wear to church and them places: black cutaway coat and vest, and gray pants that bagged some, and Congress galters-yes, sir, the kind with elastic in the sides that you pull on and shine them yourself out in the woodshed Sunday morning; and a black felt hat with a crease in the top; a stiff white shirt with little gold studs; a black satin bowtie; a gold watch-chain and mother-ofpearl cuff-buttons. I was looking how none of his clothes was new and how he seemed sickish. Then he took out his watch, and that give me his number; he kept it in one o' these shammy-skin bags—a watch he had to pop open to see what time it was.

"'Now it's the hour for the dyspepey dope,' I says to myself. And over he toddles to the little bur-place and asks for a glass of plain water. He shook a powder in and drunk it, while three German stewards looked at him-say, if looks could kill!

He wasn't taking a chance on having to let go a tip. "'Do you get him?' says Eddie, kind of eager, and putting the velvet in his voice.

Sure! I says. 'Who wouldn't? But why the heaving chest and flashing eye? They's no bug under that chip,"

I says.
"'I admit he puzzled me momentarily,' says Eddle: but then, of course, I'm only a novice in them realms where you pervade. I can't be expected to penetrate those denser obscurities whence you boast the blinding glare of a searchlight,' he says, or something like that; 'so suppose you enlighten me as to why and how and when is you gentle stranger who has taken his meddy and is now about to settle down for a hot old time with the Christian Bulletin."

"Why sure!" I says, coming right back at him. 'You do well, little one, to come to me in your trouble. First, you

know, you are on a great big choo-choo boat sailing across the bright blue son, and if you was to go out and walk off you'd get as wet as anything, and like as not a shiny black fish would swim up

"Go on, tell me!' he says, and I seen he was getting more excited every minute, watching this old gink with his paper. So I says: 'Very well; but don't you ever dare to breathe a word of it to a single soul or I'll never tell you another thing so long as I live. His name is Jusper Q. Hemingway, and belives in Cleveland. or Buffalo, or one of them jaytowns. He's secretary of the Y. M. C. A., superintendent of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday School, president of the North Side Building and Loan Association, and vice-president of the Farmers' Mutual Trust and Highly Cooperative Insurance Company, with offices in the Empire Building, where he gets most of it. Counting the ten-thousand life he carries and his salary, the house and lot on North Elm and the street-car shares he grabbed just before they put through that deal for the franchise, his beirs will be fighting over about two hundred thousand dollars tomorrow if that boy up in the wheelhouse gets careless.

"And it might be a little more,' I went on; 'for I see by his heart line that last October he lets loose of six hundred dollars to a cousin of his wife's that invented a patent churn; Cousin Jas, here, taking fifty-one per cent of the stock for his. This is the first vacation he ever had and he's sorry he took it. He wishes the boat would turn round. He knows things are going wrong in the office and him away only four days. The doctors there can't tell him what's the matter with him; so



his wife buffaloed him into trying Carlsbad. And he's mad because he's on to himself. He knows they sin't a thing on earth the matter with him but meanness. He is a snappy little companion. He knows what year everything happened, who invented electricity, what rubber is made of, and how to act in case of drowning. On his person this minute is cash and paper for about one thousand dollars. The cash is ninety dollars in his inside vest pocket and the pocket is pinned with two safety-

"'I could tell you a lot more about him, Eddie, but some way,' I says, 'I don't feel it's quite nice of me to set here talking so free about a perfect stranger. I will only add that he would skin prettyvery pretty, indeed-but it can't be done. No one has ever took a nickel off him since he started with his tin bank at the age of three. Now let's watch some one else,' I says. 'Looking at this one thoroughly, I ain't had such ugly thoughts since the wet winter in Pioche.

"Well, all this time I'd been guffing to Eddle, trying to get him cheerful in adversity—understand what I mean? he wasn't doing a thing but keep his eyes on the old boy. freezing to him like one o' these here spotty bird dogs

that's got hep to a flock of patridges,

"You ain't bad on the rough work, Doc,' he says, 'I give you good for the obvious generalities. With a few trifling exceptions, such as that he's New England instead of Cleveland or Buffalo, and that his main graft is banking stead of insurance, you get him good as far as you go; but you ain't went far. You pulled up just before the waterjump. Now I'll show you,' he says, 'the advantages of studying physiology' or whatever that there word is which enables the patient student to tunnel under his victim and ground-sluice him while he slumbers in funcied security. Watch me shake the tree of intuition,' he says; and when the ripe fruit drops into our hats you'll have something to meditate profoundly about during the long winter evenings that will soon be on us."

"Shake on, perfessor,' I says; 'and I got another hat

besides this one.

"'Already I touch the bough gently,' he murmurs; and, sure enough, I see the old party is getting the fidgets under Eddie's gaze. He'll uncross his legs and flap his paper about and pull off his hat to look inside, and finger his necktie and twist on his sent; and then he'll settle again to reading, but only for a minute. And he never looked straight at us, but you knew he was wise to Eddie's eye. Pretty soon he can't bluff it out another minute; so he gets up and stumbles round, pertending to be delighted with the nice new furniture. He works kind of aimless over toward the door and when he gets near it he's outside

"It was kind of funny; still, any man's liable to get all nervoused up if you give him the eye steady like Eddie

"'Now I guess you're wise,' says Eddie.

"'Oh, in a way,' I says. 'I been told so once or twice by

people I could trust."

"It just goes to show,' he says, 'if I hadn't got powers to look below the surface I wouldn't be any wiser than what you be. My mind works strange,' he says. 'It registers people whether I want to or not. Now I caught this boy the morning we come aboard and paid no attention to him; but here my mind's been working on him ever since and just now it tells me all about him like I'd been through him with a dark lantern. It's great to have a mind like that,' he says. 'Sometimes it scares me.'

"Does this conclude your part of the evening's entertainment, perfessor?' I asks, seeing him light a eigar like

he had finished.

"'It does, my good man,' he says; 'but yours is only just beginning. I hate to trust you with it, Doc. Honestly, I've often thought the only job you're qualified for is night watchman in a department store, where you could get a nice long sleep in the made-up bed they keep in their Bijou Flat Furnished Complete for \$89.99. But I suppose I got to rely on you; so do what I tell you—no more, no less."



"If You Bare Any Reart in You, Show a Little Marcy?"

"'It must be terrible to know as much as some folks," I says, 'especially if you got to tell it all every time you think of it. I must see if I can't get you some throat

lozengers; your voice is roughing up.

"Go on out now," he says, paying no attention, 'and walk about on the plazza till you come up with this lad. When you do-now listen!-just stall round like you hadn't a thing above that eighteen-inch collar of yours. That won't be hard for you. Do whatever he does. If he walks you walk-about six feet back of him. If he sets down cop a chair-not too near him. If he leans over the rail you do the same. Don't look much at him, but about every ten minutes give him the cold once-over till he gets it; then look away quick and hum something kind of soft. as if you hadn't wanted him to catch you. The general idea,' he says, 'that I'm trying to smuggle into that sacredly guarded ivory temple of yours is that you're watching him close, but you don't want him to know itonly you're so much of a dub you give the snap away. And don't speak to him whatever he does. If you say a single word to him I'll have you put in from. Now heat

it, while I do something else.'
"'Yes; and I know what it is you're going to do, too,' I says, 'You're going up on the roof and show the captain how to run the ship. I understand he was scared stiff till

be found out you was along."

"'Go on,' he says, 'and remember every word I told you. If I find out you've bungled it they's likely to be a

"Well, out I go feeling like a fool, because I know this old guy wouldn't play any game on earth for fun, money or marbles. You can tell the kind-never touched a card in his life. You knew he wouldn't het apples was red, not if you was to give him 'way above track odds on it. But I was willing to humor Eddie, you understand.

"And maybe that little dried apricot didn't give me some walle! First I went all round two decks-say, it's like walking twice round the fairgrounds at home-and no sign of his nibs. Then I climb up to the boatdeck and there he is, hid up back of a ventilator, his hat down and his collar up. I stop about six feet off and let on to be looking out over the wet. Pretty soon I give him the eye, like Eddle says to, then look away quick when he gets me. That happens twice and he moves off, trying to go careless. I move careless too, understand. When he stops I stop. I had to admit it was kind of funny. He stood the eye three or four times, then down he toddles to the next deck and walks that, me trailing him like he had me on a string. If he stops to let me go by I stop too.

"After he tries me out that way some few times he just settles down to walk, and some walker he was, believe me and me having to kind of favor my feet. I says to myself: Look here, it's all right to humor a friend, but I want a

sweater and some spiked shoes if this Jasper is going to pace me. What I really had ought to have, I mays, 'is a taxi,' Still, it was kind of interesting, understand, to see the way he'd shiver and squirm every time he valehet me lump him. His eyes never hit mino; they'd touch me about the hid or the neekthe. And all at once it come over me like a flush that this old buy is alraid of me, But why? That's what causes me to meditate performily, on Kiddin mays.

"Well, anyhow, he walks and walkstill I'm reasly to above him off if I get a chance. Then all at more he sware her treade and trice to loss me bidging aparel down them narrow ballways between staterosum. And, of sourse, me close up-Then he makes down worde pussage and stops at a stateroum door to unfact: it. At that I wasn't knowing upon to not but the opposite door opens and out page Eddle, not fooking at the old one; but giving me the high sign and saying. all volvety:

"Ob, there you are, Daysor! I've had the steward change on to this statement. I fancy we can do our work better here." late stayer.

"Certainly, Colonel,' I says. 'I think you made a wise move; we seem to belong right here."

"By this time the old boy had got looelde and shut his door; but we could bear him breathing hard. Eddie wed too walk off a little ways.

"'Look here, I says, 'if they's to be much of this gumaboo smill I stought jost to have roller-skutes. My left tire is

> to me one bright look and attful need he's coming

> > I mays. 'All I tranof me.

"'You ought to go to a good oculist,' says Eddie, 'the minute you land if that's all you can see. But just now you fly up and get into dinner soon's they open. I'll stay on watch. Remember, from now on this lad can't poke his head out that door without one of us being here and sticking to him like wallpaper."

"'Well,' I says, 'if the little rascal starts walking again you want to get a dogteum and about a thousand dollars' worth of peromican. As a walker, that boy has got old

man Weston looking like Buby's First Step. 'Save your monologue,' says Eddie, 'till you can get

the big time for it, and hurry up and eat."

"So up I go, stopping first to get into a pair of easier shoes, and leaving Eddie to loaf round by the door. And I'm in to the table as soon as they let me. I get through soup and fish all right, and I'm mushing round in a dish of this here German goo, and looking mernly forward to some roast goese and a few other things on the bill, when in comes the old boy, followed by Eddie.

"Eddie goes right to his table 'stead of coming to ours; but the old boy don't seem hungry. He orders a little and watches Eddie sideways when he orders for himself, and I can see Eddie paying no attention to him while they walt. They no more than get their dinner when the old joker shoves his plate back and beats it, like he couldn't bear the sight of food. Friend Eddle makes horrible signs to me; so I follow, with a low cry of despuir, because the

rest of my dinner has just come.

"I catch up with the lad at the top of the stairs and, say, he looks sick-understand what I mean? He ducks out on deck and in a minute there I am, humming lightly under my breath, though God knows I didn't feel like singing. I was afraid the old devil was going to walk from the Rat-tery to High Bridge again. He did start, but I give him such an awful glare he heads into the smolding room and just stood there in the middle of the floor. All right, I thinks, and I sunk into a chair where I could regard him in an evil manner. Then he tetered over to the far side and set down. I take another seat near him and he makes the bluff with his newspaper again; but his face is yellow.

"After a white Eddie comes in and sets down by me, and the lad gives in again and wanders about the room, trying to make out we wasn't there at all. Eddie and I stand up and he can see we're discussing him in low tones. At least that's what it looked like. What it sounded like was me telling Eddie I'd had about coough of the old farm and was going up to the big city where the squirrels didn't hits people, and a man could finish his dinner and get a chance to set down in the plush rocker once in a while now and then from time to time.

"After a minute or two of this out the old dodger goes egain and Eddle after birn.

"'I'll take him now for a spell,' be says, 'It's good to change on him, and he's coming awful pretty,"

belong I'll come see you every week; bring you marmalade and take you out to see the goldfish in the fountain, and let you tell me how you're Roosevelt or the King a Europe. I don't think you'll be violent,' I says. "So I get my feet up and settle down to a good smela and try to figure out what hand Eddie's holding so clear to his chest; but all the further I can get is that the guy In about an hour Eddie shows up alone. "'Our little playmate has gone night-night,' he says 'so come on-we got to go too. "'We got to tuck him in and sing Hushaby!' I says 'Of course I understand that; but you got a sweet ten voice yourself and likely it would fuss him to have the tw

"'All right,' I says; 'and when they get you where you

"We got to retire to our stateroom,' says Eddie firmly so's he can hear us conversing in low, eager tones, an planning to keep watch on his door all night.

"'If he listens good he'll hear me tell you some lov eager things about yourself that may puzzle him-by they'll be plain enough to you,' I says.

"Eddie just give me one look and says:

"I never believed it until this minute, what the explore tell, about there being a tribe in the interior of Africa : debased that they can't count beyond three. Now seems God's ruth to me."

"I saw it wasn't any good reasoning with him, so dow we go and prop our door open and converse quite a lot, wit Eddie saying loud after a while: 'He must be saleep by the time. I'll take the first watch till two-thirty, then call you And finally we did get to sleep, me being pretty sore, account of Eddie's not tipping his hand to me.

You can believe it or not, but I pledge you my son understand, that Eddle makes us keep that same thing t all next day; has me ready and dressed in the morning so I am right there when the old boy comes out. And one us was glued to him every minute after that.

"Finally I begin to get excited myself because of the w our actions is telling on this party. By three o'clock th afternoon he's a pale, sickly green, and he don't dare we any more. He sets in the smoking room and counts ! fingers, giving us a quick look about every thirty minus He was certainly coming swift, like Eddie said; but whe was be coming to?

"'Tell me this much, anyway,' I begs Eddle that nig after dinner; 'Do we do it here or after we land?' - here! this was our last night out.

"And Eddie just says:

"That's up to our anxious little friend. We do it wh he asks for it and not a minute before; but I don't mile telling you I apprehend his speedy request for a remail tion. That's the superb delicacy of my method. I making him do all the fighting and he's licking himsel!

"Of course that mess of words left ! knowing a lot more than I had belo with a copper on the chips; so I shut and worked the eye harder on the boy. It was about nine o'clock and was setting across the room from kicking the table legs and gnawing fingernails.

"'It's all over!' says Eddie in a minu

What did I tell you?"

"The old guy gets up and does one his nervous runabouts. When he's to the door he turns and gives us a se look over his shoulder and motions w his head just before he goes out. Say was silly for a minute; but Eddle gr me and out we go. He pulls me up the deck and says:

"Now you remember you're it nobody but old Doctor Mum, of Ma burg. All you got to do is to keep ! and look mean. Part of that will be a

for you.

"The next minute he rushes me in and down that gangway to the dost this party's room. He didn't knock; just grabbed the knob and pushed in l a farmer opening a barndoor in a but And there stood our lad had to grab the bunkrail. Eddie s the door and just stood a minute lo ing down at the little old lollop. Il be turns to me.

"Search him for weapons, Doctor he orders. So I frisk the old boy : make sure he ain't got a gun.

"'All right, Colonel,' I says to Edi and at that the guy sort of sloshes do on the couch like he didn't have a hi left in him and begins making who gurgles in his throat.

'Our chase is over, Doctor,' s Eddie. 'We have our man, Inc. (Continued on Page 57)

in million



AN AMERICAN VANDAL

Being Guyed and Guided-By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. MICUTCHEON





DURING our recent scientific explorations in the Eastern Hemisphere we met two guides who had served
the late Samuel L. Clemens, one who had served the
ste J. Pierpont Morgan, and one who had acted as courier
oex-President Theodore Roosevelt. After inquiry among
smons who were also lately abroad I have come to the conlation that my experience in this regard was remarkable,
of because I met so many as four of the guides who had
stended these distinguished Americans, but because I met
o few as four of them.

One man with whom I discussed the matter told of havng encountered, in the course of a brief scurry across brope, five members in good standing of the International association of Former Guides to Mark Twain. All of them ad their union cards to prove it too.

Others said that in practically every city of any size idded by them there was a guide who told of his deep tachment to the memory of Mr. Morgan, and described ow Mr. Morgan had hired him without inquiring in dvance what his rate for professional services a day would e; and how—lingering with wistful emphasis on the words long here and looking meaningly the while at the present atton—how very, very generous Mr. Morgan had been in estowing gratuities on parting.

Our first experience with guides was at Westminster thbey. As it happened, this guide was one of the Mark. wain survivors. I think, though, he was genuine; he had

ocuments of apparent authenticity in his common to help him in proving up his title. In how, he knew his trade. He led us up and down those parts of the Abbey which are see to the general public and brought us nally to a wicket gate, opening on the royal bapels, which was as far as he could go.

Royalties on Royalty

THERE he turned us over to a severelooking dignitary in robes—an archishop, I judged, or possibly a canon—who,
a payment by us of a shilling a head,
souted our party through the remaining indiscurs, showing us the tombe of England's
queres and kings, or a good many of them
myway; the Black Prince's belinet and
reastplate; the exquisite chapel of Henry
he Seventh, and the ancient chair on which
ill the kings sit for their coronations, with
the lamous Scotch Stone of Scone under it.

The chair itself was not particularly imressive. It was not nearly so rickety and lecropit as the chairs one sees in almost any london barber shop. Nor was my emotion tarticularly excited by the stone. I would inguge to get a better-looking one out of the landiest rock quarry inside of twenty minster. This stone should not be confused with the ordinary scones, which also come from Scotland and which are by some people regarded as edible.

What did seem to us rather a queer thing was that the nuthorities of Westminster should make capital of the dead rulers of the realm and, except on certain days of the week, should charge an admission fee to their sepulchers. Later, on the Continent, we sustained an even more severe shock when we saw royal palaces—palaces that on occasion are used by the royal proprietors—with the quarters of the monarche upstairs, and downstairs novelty shops and tourist agencies and restaurants, and the like of that.

I jotted down a few crisp notes concerning these matters, my intention being to comment on them as evidence of an incomprehensible thrift on the part of our European kinspeople; but on second thought I decided to refrain from so doing. I recalled the fact that we ourselves are not entirely free from certain petty national economies. Abroad we house our embassies up back streets, next door to hird and animal stores; and at home there is many a public institution where the doormat says Welcome! but the soap is chained and the roller towel is padlocked to its little roller.

Guides are not particularly numerous in England. Even in the places most frequented by the sight-seer they do not abound in any profusion. At Madame Tussaud's, for example, we found only one guide. We encountered him just after we had spent a mournful five minutes in contemplation of ex-President Taft. Friends and acquaintances of Mr. Taft will be shocked to note the great change in him when they see him here in wax. He does not weigh so much as he used to weigh by at least one hundred and fifty pounds; he has lost considerable height too; his hair has turned another color; his mustache is not a close fit any more, either; and he is wearing a suit of English-made clothes.

The Land of Pet Murderers

O's LEAVING the sadly sitered form of our former Chief Executive we descended a flight of stone steps leading to the Chamber of Horrors. This department was quite crowded with parents escorting their children about. Like America, England appears to be well stocked with parents who make a custom of taking their young and susceptible offspring to places where the young ones stand a good chance of being scared into conniption fits. The official guide was in the Chamber of Horrors. He was piloting a group of visitors about, but as soon as he saw our smaller party he left them and came directly to us: for they were Scotch and we were Americans, citizens of the happy land where tips come from. Undoubtedly the guide knew best.

With pride and pleasure he showed us a representative assortment of England's most popular and prominent murderers. The English dearly love a murderer. Perhaps that is because they have fewer murderers than we have, and have less luck than we do in keeping them alive and in

good spirits to a ripe old age. Almost any American community of fair size can afford at least two murderers—one in fail, under sentence, receiving gifts of flowers and angel cake from kind ladies, and waiting for the court above to reverse the verdict in his case because the indictment was shy a comma; and the other out on bail, awaiting his time for going through the same procedure. But with the English it is different.

We rarely hang anybody who is anybody, and only occasionally make an issue of stretching the neck of the veriest nobody. They will hang almost anybody Hamanhigh, or even higher than that. They do not exactly hang their murderer before they catch him, but the two events occur in such close succession that one can readily understand why a confusion should have arisen in the public mind on these points. First, of all, though, they catch him; and then some morning between ten and twelve they try him. This is a brief and businesslike formality. While the judge is looking in a drawer of his desk to see whether the black cap is handy the bailiffs shoo twelve tradesmen into the jury box. A tradesman is generally chosen for jury service because he is naturally anxious to get the thing over and hurry back to his shop before his helper goes to lunch.



The judge tells the jurors to look on the prisoner, because he is going away shortly and is not expected back; so they take full advantage of the opportunity, realizing it to be their last chance. Then, in order to comply with the forms, the judge asks the accused whether he is guilty or not guilty, and the jurors promptly say he is. His Worship, concurring heartily, fixes the date of execution for the first friday morning when the hangman has no other engagements. It is never necessary to postpone this event through failure of the condemned to be present. He is always there; there is no record of his having disappointed an audience. So, on the date named he is hanged rather extensively; but after the hanging is over they write songs and books about him and revere his memory.

Our guide was pleased to introduce us to the late Mr. Charles Pease, as done in paraffin, with créped hair and bright, shiny glass eyes. Mr. Pease was undoubtedly England's most fashionable murderer of the past century and his name is imperishably enshrined in the British affections. The guide spoke of his life and works with deep and sincere feeling. He also appeared to derive unfeigned pleasure from describing the accomplishments of another murderer, only slightly less famous than the late Mr. Pease. It seemed that this murderer, after slaying his victim, set to dismembering the body and boiling it. They boil nearly everything in England. But the police broke in and interrupted the job.

Our attention was directed to a large chart showing the form of the victim, the boiled portions being outlined in red and the unboiled portions in black. Considered as a murderer solely this particular murderer may have been

deserving of his fame; but when it came to boiling, that was another matter. He showed poor judgment here. It all goes to show that a man should stick to his own trade and not try to follow two or more widely dissimilar callings at the same time. Sooner or later he is bound to slip up.

We found Stratford-upon-Avon to be the one town in England where guides are really abundant. There are as many guides in Stratford as there are historic spots. I started to say that there is at least one guide in Stratford for every American who goes there; but that would be stretching the real facts. because hearly every American who goes to England manages to spend at least a day in Strutford, it being a spot very dear to his heart. The very name of it is associated with two of the most conspicuous figures in our literature. 1 refer first to Andrew Carnegie; second to William Shakspere. Shakspere, who wrote the books, was born here; but Carnegie, who built the libraries in which to keep the books, and who has done some writing himself, provided money for preserving and perpetuating the relies.

Speaking Polar and Schweitzer

WE FOUND a guide in the ancient schoolhouse where the Bard-I am speaking now of William, not of Andrew-acquired the rodiments of his education; and on duty at the old

village church was another guide, who for a price showed us the identical gravestone bearing the identical inscription which, reproduced in a design of burnt wood, is today to be found on the walls of every American household, however humble, whose members are wishful of imparting an artistic and literary atmosphere to their home. A third guide greeted us warmly when we drove to the cottage, a mile or two from the town, where the Hathaway family lived.

Here we saw the high-backed settle on which Shakspere sat, night after night, wooing Anne Hathaway. I myself sat on it to test it. I should say that the wooing could not have been particularly good there, especially for a thin man. That settle has a very hard seat and history does not record that there was a cushion. Shakspere's affections for the hady must indeed have been steadfast. Or perhaps he was of stouter build than his pictures show him to have been.

Guides were scattered all over the birthplace house in Stratford in the ratio of one or more to each room. Downstairs a woman guide presided over a battery of glass cases containing personal belongings of Shakspere's and documents written by him and signed by him. It is conceded that he could write, but he certainly was a mighty poor speller. This has been a failing of many well-known writers. Chaucer was deficient in this regard; and if it were not for a feeling of personal modesty I could apply the illustration nearer home.

Two guides accompanied us as we climbed the stairs to the low-moded room on the second floor where the creater of Shylock and Juliet was born —or was not born, if you believe what Ignatius Donnelly had to say on the subject.

But would it not be interesting and valued information if we could only get the evidence on this point of old Mrs. Shakspere who was undoubtedly present on the occasion? A member of our party, an American, ventured to remark as much to one of the guides; but the latter did not seem to understand him. So the American told him just to keep thinking it over at odd moments, and that he would be back again in a couple of years, if nothing happened, and possibly by that time the guide would have caught the drift of his observation. On second thought, later on, he decided to make it three years—he did not want to crowd the guide, he said, or put too great a burden on his mentality in a limited space of time.

If England harbors few guides the Continent is fairly glutted with them. After nightfall the houlevards of Paris are so choked with them that in places there is standing room only. In Rome the congestion is even greater. In Rome every other person is a guide—sometimes twins. I do not know why, in thinking of Europe, I invariably associate the subject of guides with the the subject of tips. The guides were no greedler for tips than the cahmen, or the hotel helpers, or the railroad hands, or the populace at large. Nevertheless this is true. In my mind I am sure guides and tips will always be roupled, as surely as any of those standard team-word combinations of our language that are familiar to all; as firmly paired off as, for example, Castor and Pollux, or Damon and Pythias, or Fair and Warmer, or Hay and Feed. In the future when I think of one I know I shall think of the other. Also I shall think of languages, but for that there is a reason.

Tipping—the giving of tips and the occasional avoidance of giving them—takes up a good deal of the tourist's time in Europe. At first reading, the arrangement advised by the guidebooks, of setting aside ten per cent of one's bill for tipping purposes, seems a better plan and a less costly one than the indiscriminate American system of tipping for each small service at the time of its performance. The trouble is that this arrangement does not work out so well in actual practice as it sounds in theory.

In Venter Even the Jimple

Condeller Has a Secret Under-

standing With All Brunches of the Retnil Trade

On the day of your departure you send for your hotel bill. You do not go to the desk and settle up there after the American fashion. If you have learned the ropes you order your room waiter to fetch your bill to you, and in the privacy of your spartment you pore over the formidable document wherein every small charge is fully specified, the whole concluding with an impressive array of items regarding which you have no prior recollection whatsoever. Considering the total, you put aside an additional ten per cent, calculated for division on the basis of so much for the waiter, so much for the boots, so much for the maid and the porter, and the cashier, and the rest of them. It is not necessary that you send for these persons in order to confer your farewell remembrances on them; they will be waiting for you in the hallways. No matter how early or late the hour of your leaving may be, you find them there in a long and serried rank.

You distribute bills and coins until your ten per cent is exhausted and then you are pained to note that several servitors yet remain, lined up and all expectant, owners of strange faces that you do not recall ever having seen before, but who are now on hand with claims, real or imaginary, or your purse. Inasmuch as you have a deadly fear of being remembered afterward in this hotel as a piker, you continue to dip down and to fork over, and so by the time you read the tail end of the procession your ten per cent has given to twelve or fifteen per cent, or even more.

As regards the tipping of guides for their service, the on a fairly satisfactory plan, which I gladly reveal here to the benefit of my fellow man. I think it is a good then offer the guide, on parting, about twice as much as puthink he is entitled to, which will be about half as much as he expects. From this starting point you then work town each other, you conceding a little from time to time he abating a trifle here and there, until you have reached a happy compromise on a basis of fifty-fifty; and so you put in mutual good will.

The average American, on the eve of going to Europe thinks of the European as speaking each his own larguest the conceives of the Poles speaking Polar; of the Helinder talking Hellandaise; of the Swiss as employing Schweizer for ordinary conversations and yodeling when address friends at a distance—and so on. Such, however, is ruch the case. Nearly every person with whom one come of contact in Europe appears to have fluent command of everal tongues beside his or her own. It is true this does not apply to Italy, where the natives mainly stick to Italian but then Italian is not a language—it is a calisthenic.

Our train, going from Florence to Rome, stopped it a small way station in the mountains. As soon as the like locomotive had panted itself to a standard the train

hands, following their habit, pad of the cars and engaged in a trementsconflab with the assembled officials: the platform. Immediately all its loafers in sight joined in. A droug hillsman, muffled to his back hards a long brown cloak, and with business his legs such as a stage bandit wan, was dozing against the wall. Haloson as though he had stepped right at a a comic opera to add picturesquences to the scene.

Acrobatic Tongues

HE ROUSED himself and joined a so did a bearded party who. judge by his uniform, was either a Knight of Pythias or a general is the army; so did all the rest of the tree! In ten seconds they were james in gether in a hard knot, and going it w the high speed with the muffler of the white teeth shining, arms flyntshoulders shrugging, spinal course writhing, mustaches rising and ldla. legs wriggling, sculps and ears foliable suit. Feeding hour in the pared or at the Zoo never produced anything it so noisy and animated a serothese parts acute hysteria is not a symptom - it is merely a state of miss.

A waiter in soiled habiliments butted up, abandoning chances of trade of the prospect of something infinitely ment exciting. He wanted to stick his or into the argument. He had a fer pregnant thoughts of his own creek.

utterance—you could tell that; but he was handwips into a state of dumbness by the fact that he needed by areas to balance a tray of wine and sandwiches on his less Merely using his voice in that company would not be counted. He stood it as long as he could, which was very long, let me tell you. Then he slammed his tray down on the platform and, with one quick movement, jether to coat sleeves back to his elbows, and inside thirty seems he had the floor in both hands, as it were. He counted mainly with the Australian crawl stroke, but one is while switched to the Spencerian free-arm movement of occasionally introduced the Chautauqua salute with the effect.

On the Continent guides, as a class, excel in the gift tongues—guides and hotel concierges. The concierges hotel in Berlin was a big, upstanding chap, half Russ and half Swiss, and therefore qualified by his breding speak many languages; for the Russians are born with speak many languages; for the Russians are born with tongues and can give cards and spades to any talking on that ever lived; while the Swiss lag but little behind the in linguistic aptitude. It seemed such a pity that the six was not alive when the hands knocked off work at it Tower of Babel; he could have put the job through with Cextending himself.

No matter what the nationality of a guest might be and the guests were of many nationalities—he could go with that guest in his own language or in any other at guage the guest might fancy. I myself was sorely territe to try him on Coptic and early Aztec; but I held at 9. Coptic is not what it once was; and, partly through have

and partly through carelessness, I have allowed my command of early Aztec to fall off pretty badly these last few months.

All linguistic freakishness is not confined to the Continent. The English, who are popularly supposed to use the same language we ourselves use, sometimes speak with a mighty strange tongue. A great many of them do not speak English; they speak British, a very different thing. An Englishwoman of breeding has a wonderful speaking voice -- as pure as a Boston woman's and more liquid; as soft as a Southern woman's and with more attention paid to the r's. But the Cockney type-Wowie! During a carriage ride in Florence with a mixed company of tourists I chanced to say something of a complimentary nature about something English, and a little London-bred woman moke up and said: "Thenks! It's vurry naire of you to sezzo 'm sure." Some of them talk like that-honestly they do!

Though Americo-English may not be an especially musical speech, it certainly does lend itself most admirably to slang purposes. Here again the Britishere show their inability to utilize the vehicle to the ball of its possibilities. England never produced a Billy Baxter or a George Ade, and I am afraid she never will. Most of our slang means something; you hear a new slang phrase and instantly you realize that the genius who coined it has hit on a

sappy and a graphic and an illuminating expression; that at one bound he rose triumphant above the limitations of the anguage and tremendously enriched the working vocabulary if the man in the street. Whereas an Englishman's idea of baging slang is to scoop up at random some inoffensive and well-meaning word that never did him any harm and apply t in the place of some other word, to which the first word anot related, even by marriage. And look how they deliberitely mispronounce proper names! Everybody knows bout Chalmondeley and St. John. But take the Scandiiavian word fjord. Why, I ask you, should the English usist on pronouncing it Ferguson?

American Stong From British Peas

AT OXPORD, the seat of learning, Magdalen is probounced Maudlin, probably in subtle tribute to the condition of the person who first pronounced it so. Generaldiminsion day is not the day you enter, but the day you wave. Full term means three quarters of a term. An orlinary degree is a degree obtained by a special examination. An inspector of arts does not mean an inspector of arts, but a student; and from this point they go right ahead,

etting worse all the time.

When an Englishman undertakes to wrestle with Amercan slang be makes a fearful hash of it. In an English bagazine I read a short story, written by an Englishman the is regarded by a good many persons, competent to udge, as being the eleverest writer of English alive today. The story was beautifully done from the standpoint of emposition; it bristled with flashing metaphers and whimical phrasing. The scene of the yare was supposed to be hicago and naturally the principal figure in it was a milionaire. In one place the author has this person saying, I recken you'll feel pretty mean," and in another place, I recken I'm not a man with no pull."



Another character in the story says, "I know you don't cotton to the march of science in these matters," and speaks of something that is unusual as being "a rum affair." A walled state prison, presumably in Illinois, is referred to as a "convict ramp"; and its warden is called a "governor" and an assistant kneper is called a "warder"; while a Chicago daily paper is quoted as saying that "larrikins" directed the attention of a policeman to a person who was doing thus and so.

The writer describes a "mysterious there" known as Pilgrim's Pond, "in which they say"—a prison official is supposed to be talking now—"our fathers made witches walk until they sank." Descendants of the original Puritans who went from Plymouth Rock, in the summer of 1621, and founded Chicago, will recall this pond distinctly. Cotton Mather is buried on its far bank, and from there it is just twelve miles to Salem, Massachusetts. It is stated also in this story that the prairies begin a matter of thirty-odd miles from Chicago, and that to reach them one must first traverse a "perfect no man's land." Englewood and South Chicago papers please copy.

Getting back again to guides, I am reminded that our

Getting back again to guides, I am remarked that our acquaintanceship with the second member of the Mark Twain brotherhood was staged in Paris. This gentleman wished himself on us one afternoon at the Hôtel des Invalides. We did not engage him; he engaged us, doing the trick with such finesse and skill that before we realized it we had been retained to accompany him to various points of interest in and round Paris. However, we remained under his control one day only. At nightfall we wrested ourselves free and fled under cover of darkness to German soil, where we were comparatively safe.

I never knew a man who advanced so rapidly in a military way as he did during the course of that one day. Our own national guard could not hold a candle to him. He started out at ten A M. by being an officer of volunteers in the Franco-Prussian War; but every time be slipped away and took a nip out of his private bottle, which was often, he advanced in rank automatically. Before the dusk of evening came he was a corps commander, who had been emobled on the field of battle by the hand of Napoleon the Third.

He took us to Versailles. We did not particularly care to go to Versailles that day, because it was raining; but he insisted and we went. In spite of the drizzle we might have enjoyed that wonderful place had he not been constantly at our elbows, gabbling away steadily, except when he excused himself for a moment and stepped behind a tree, to emerge a moment later wiping his mouth on his sleeve. Then he would return to us, with an added gimpiness in his elderly legs, an increased expansion of the chest inside his tight and shiny frock coat, and a fresh freight of richness on his breath, to report another deserved promotion.

The Brigadier's Boast

AFTER be had eaten luncheon—all except such portions of it as he spilled on himself—the colonel grew confidential and chammy. He tried to tell me an offcolor story and forgot the point of it, if indeed it had any point. He began humming the Marseillaise Hymn, but broke

off to say he expected to live to see the day when a column of French troops, singing that air, would march up Unter den Linden to stack their arms in the halls of the Kaiser's palace. I did not take issue with him. Every man is entitled to his own wishes in those matters; but later on, when I had seen something of the Kaiser's standing army, I thought to myself that when the French troops did march up Unter den Linden they would find it a tolerably hard trip, and if there was any singing done a good many of them probably would not be able to join in the last verse.

Immediately following this our conductor confided to me that he had once had the honor of serving Mr. Clemens, whom he referred to as Mick Twine. He told me things about Mr. Clemens of which I had never heard. I do not think Mr. Clemens ever heard of them either. Then the brigadier—it was now after three o'clock, and between three and three-thirty he was a brigadier—drew my arm within his.

"I, too, am an author," he stated. "It is not generally known, but I have written much. I wrote a book of which you may have heard—The Wandering Jew." And he tapped himself on the bosson proudly.

I said I had somehow contracted a notion that a party named Sue — Eugène Sue — had something to do with writing the work of that name.

"Ah, but you are right there, my friend," he said. "Sue wrote The Wandering Jew the first time—as a novel, merely; but I wrote him much better—as a eatire on the anti-Semitic movement."

I surrendered without offering to strike another blow and from that time on be had his own way with us. The day, as I was pleased to note at the time, had begun mercifully to draw to a close; we were driving back to Paris, and he, sitting on the front seat, had just attained the highest post in the army under the régime of the last Empire, when he said: (Continued on Page 65)





THE LANTESCANE ROSES

PERSIS pushed her coffee cup away and leaned back in her chair with a little frown. She was distinctly though vaguely unhappy, as no one has right to be on a terrace, with the Mediterranean spread out below, a blue tent of air above, blossoming cleanders nearby, and a viny pergola in the distance. Let us add, also, a well-spread breakfast table before one.

A well-spread breakfast consists precisely of a pot of coffee, another of hot milk, a tiny one of cream, a pat or a square of butter, and two crisp brown rolls. The remains of exactly this ideal breakfast, multiplied by two, which is the only known means to improve it, stood at this very moment on the table between Persis and her husband.

I have forgotten to mention the husband before. Yet he was very much there; and really there seemed to be no reason, at first blush, why he should not be included in the list of causes why Persis ought not to have been even vaguely unhappy. Yet Tom More, innocent as he both looked and was of the fact, was the very essence of his wife's discontent.

For Persis had hoped for a thing that had not come to pass, a thing almost as vague as her unhappiness because it had not come to pass. She had fendly fancied that when Tom and she were once in Italy together something would happen to their lives. Just what, she herself hardly knew, but something—a something that would render existence quite different from existence as it had been in their fairly expensive apartment in New York.

For one thing, there would be less business about it; it would be that much farther from Tom's office and Wall Street. As a matter of fact, Tom had nothing at all to do with Wall Street, except to bank there; but to Persis that served as a convenient synonym for all Business, with a big B, which devoured her husband's days—not that she had anything to

complain of specially or was of a complaining disposition; she had been very reasonably happy during all the years of her married life, but she wanted more—to be unreasonably happy. And it is to her credit, or to that of those who reared her, that she preferred to be so with her own husband. She nursed no secret flames; she had really never seen anybody she liked better than her husband.

Tom More was essentially a good fellow—even his wife thought so; but she had expected her husband to be something more than a good fellow, at least as regarded herself. She did not for a moment question his loyalty or devotion; it was patent that he loved her—in his own way—only sometimes she would have liked to be loved in another way. And latterly it had struck her that she detected in him the faint first beginnings of a certain matter-of-courseness which she justly resented, seeing there is nothing less a matter of course than marriage.

For his part Tom seemed satisfied enough. He was busy; that was the real difference in their case. There was between them that great and growing gulf which America makes between the keen man of business and the cultured woman he marries, who goes on culturing on his money, Tom's days were spent chiefly at his office, making money, and Persis' days were spent in spending. With the money Tom made she attended functions, clubs, lectures, theaters, operas; taking in with an admirable catholicity of spirit whatever came her way—Grierson, Ibsen, Bergson, the Academy Show, the Futurists and the Russian dancers.

Tom was pleased that she was amusing herself, and proud of her culture, even when that a little amused him. He had conscientiously tried to fulfill the American man's ideal of giving his wife everything she wanted, never doubting that what she wanted must be good for her to have; and, therefore, when she wanted a European trip he immediately offered to send her over with anybody she would name. Persis, however, wanted a European trip precisely with him. There were in her, unsuspected by her his land, certain loyalties of sentiment.

By Grace Ellery Channing



It had not been an easy thing for Tom to get away, even for two months; but Persis' augmenting unrest, culminating finally in a visit to an eminent physician, who had addressed a few cryptic sentences to Tom in private, had led Tom to see new light on his duty as an American husband. The trip, the doctor had said with a shrug, might save a pervous breakdown.

Tom had been horrified at the very notion of Persis' having nerves. He remembered hastily all the nervous invalids in their circle, and that Persis had indeed been what Tom charitably called almost irritable more than once of late; and he instantly subordinated business to Persis. Between the two there could not be a moment's question. Business, after all, existed mainly in order that Persis might be suitably supported. He spuke cheerfully to Persis of the European trip.

"Anything to make you happy, Persis!"

And they had a really good time planning it. They had had a good time carrying it out as well, as two well-bred and well-meaning persons are likely to do in traveling through interesting places. Once having come, Tom had thrown himself into the trip with the same energy he would have devoted to Construction—which was his branch of Big Business—at home; his thorough and tenacious grasp of Baedeker at times almost got on those nerves that Persis was supposed to have left behind. On the whole, however, they had had a very good time indeed. Persis had no just cause for grievance or discontent; merely she had made the disconcerting discovery that they remained substantially the same persons in Italy they had been in New York.

Up to now nothing had happened materially to alter their relations to life or to each other, and now they were on their lingering way up to Genoa, to take their steamer back—back to the same colorless life as Persis saw it; back to the same gorgeous and varied world where things were done according to her husband's vision of it.

And all the time Italy was getting more colorful every hour, with an arder of conscious life to come that made all Persis' untried capacities for living cry out for satisfaction, for something to happen to her too.

With the vague hope of making it happen, she opened the one note that was her meager portion of their mill glanced through it and laid it down

"We are just going to miss Jane! Seabury," she observed languidly.

Her husband, from the midst of his letters, without looking up, mermured an absent "That so?" Tasy had just made connection with their mail, and his was, speaking connentally, of a largeness. Peniglanced at it with resentment. By the printed letterheads she know they were business—that business she hoped they had left behind a America.

Persis frowned once more; and her discontented eyes, wandering arrethe terrace background of the anioleanders, were suddenly caught an arrested by another pair of eye, belonging to the only other occupanof the terrace.

They were dark eyes—naturally, Persis would have told you, since they belonged to an Italian; actually there are plenty of blue-eyed Italian, beginning with His Majesty, the king—but these were the perfect dark Italian eyes of fiction, of the opera, of one's dreams in one's early Italian period. They were set in a very handsome face to match and were fixed on Persis without any effort on the part of their owner is disguise his interest in her.

It was quite a moment before Pesis, absorbed in her train of though, woke to their import; then she turns her own deliberately away, drawing herself up, at the same time, ver slightly in a way that carried reprod. Not for nothing had Persis been well brought up.

The owner of the eyes smiled, ever so slightly too, beckened to a water paid his score, rose, bowed like a wellbred foreigner to their table impresonally in passing, and went on he way. Now that he was not looking

Persis' eyes followed him thoughtfully. He was undensity suited to the landscape—she could not say why.

She fell to studying her husband. He was a fine, clear and lean American, as typical of one type as the India was of another. One felt that Tom More's cleanness rollike the scarlet thread of the British navy, all through His hair was brown; his color fresh, but not ruddy, because he was American, not English; his teeth were white, and his blue eyes held ever imminent the glint of their radiand inimitable humor, unmistakable as the Celt's, by usually were serious and determined as a man's must be who wars daily for his own bread and his wife's diamond and automobiles.

Really there seemed to be no reason why he, too, might not have fitted into the landscape, thought Persis, a only ———She sighed ever so little. Immediately be husband looked too.

bushand looked up.
"Tired?" he asked with concern. "Didn't you sleep
last night?"

Persis shook her head, which might be an answer a either question, and returned one of her own:

"What are we going to do to-day?"

"Whatever you like," replied her husband promptly qualifying with—"just as soon as I've dashed off a few notes. These"—he indicated some of the obnoxious leaves heads—"have been twice forwarded. Burton must be dancing in the air by now."

"Oh, take all the time you want," said Persis police; She took up her parasol. "I'll stroll toward the Pinza I think; it looks like a pretty place."

"All right; I'll overtake you somewhere. Can't les oneself in a place the size of a pocket handkerchief."

Persis made no reply; she did not even turn her bad. It was the only sign she gave of her annoyance, but he bands acquire a sixth sense; and, by the pricking of he sixth sense. Tom was led to look after his wife, vagos; questioning. He even hesitated a moment, but those letters were quite too important—they meant more made.

cars and things for Persis in the future; so he compromised by rushing up the hotel steps to dash them off at top speed, as the best concession to a divided duty. Persis was just

disappearing down the winding Way.

She dawdled on, twirling her parasol hundle impatiently to she went. She was as nearly annoyed as she ever allowed herself to be. A Way barren of all happenings stretched before her mental eyes, sheer up to that steamer plank in Genoa and down on the other side to Broadway. Nothing would ever happen, she knew now.

That section of it immediately under her vision was, however, a very pretty Way indeed, consolingly so. It ran in curves above the cliff, bordered on one side by highwalled villas and on the other by a line of oleanders and tamarisks, through which the blue, marvelously modified by the rose and green and smoky mauves, played an astounding color scale.

Persis was no student of color, for all the Academy shows and the Futurists; so she merely felt the charm- but she did feel it. Over the villa's walls roses smiled and the tops of promising trees beckoned, and every now and then she came to an iron gateway which, closed or open, equally promised mysterious things within. To stroll down such a Way on such a day might, thought Persis, under certain circumstances mean a great many things, and she sighed.

The air streamed its filtered sunshine down; there were sounds within the sounds, odors within the fragrancesand all this was thrown away. Here she was, sauntering alone, and Tom fathoms deep in business, for all the world. as though she had been—as she usually was—alone in New York and Tom in his office! Tom responded to none of these influences. Just what effect she expected them to have on him she hardly knew; but some effect. And already she perceived this was a delusion.

She had come in her wandering to another iron gateway between two posts, through which great masses of roses waved jubilantly to her. She drew nearer to read the name on the enameled plate.

Villa Lant - Lantes " She tried the syliables aloud. "Lantescane," pronounced a voice for her.

She looked up. It was her neighbor of the breakfast table, who smilingly corrected her pronunciation, his eyes on her face. And now he removed his hat politely.

"It is my villa," he said with a strong accent, adding quietly: "I am Count Lantescane, at the signora's service." Persis blushed crimson.

" she began stupidly. "I was only looking -

"At the roses?" he politely interrupted her. "Every one does. But will you not enter? The grounds are open to the public." Persis hesitated, looked once up the road, saw no signs of Tom, felt what is community called a just resentment and entered.

"It is no longer what it was," said the count with a slight sigh; "but the park is pretty. We have a rather good fountain and in the house a few really good pictures!"

He walked beside her with a simplicity that put Persis instantly at ease. After all, it was a very simple

thing. The grounds were open to the public, for presently they encountered other strollers, and the count's manner was irreproachable in its courtesy. If his eyes dwelt on her as the eyes of an American man never do, it was with a perfectly respectful homage. He might have, and as a matter of fact he would have, looked at her exactly the same if Tom had been there.

Now the peril as well as the charm of such looking - to the looked-at - is that the more one looks at you thus, the better worth looking at you become. The eye of the beholder does in such a case bring beauty with it, and to both the bringer and the

brought there is a pleasantness in the result calculated to lead to and even to justify courting the means.

In her own country Persia was a pretty, graceful woman, who passed unnoted among a million more; but by the time she had made the tour of the little park -she refused to enter the house-and was coming out of the gate again with her arms full of deep-red roses, she was a raving beauty -or, at any rate, near enough it for Tom, hastening with long and conscience-stricken strides along the road, to halt with extreme abruptness at the sight, and pull off his hat with another odd pricking of that acquired sixth sense of his. The count raised his hat and Persia briefly presented the two men to each other.

"I have been giving myself the honor of showing madame my little place," said the count.

"Giving her your garden, too, I see," remarked Tom. "Thanks, very much; flowers are a passion with my wife."

'Ah, indeed!" murmured the count, as though be heard it for the first time, letting his eyes stray meditatively from one to the other of them. "She must not lack them, then, in San Carlo. You are staying some days?"

"More or less," answered Tom, ruising his hat,

"In that case we shall meet again."

The count bowed courteously, bringing his heels together, allowed his eyes to rest for a discreet moment on Persis,

and turned away. "Seems a decent sort of chap, the count," observed Tom cheerfully, poss ing himself of Persis' parasol and holding it dutifully over her head. Versis did not immediately re-

ply. She was still experiencing the exhibitation that comes of meting oneself in a flattering mirror, and felt subtly young and excited. As it was not un emotion also could share with her husband, all sought and found an outlet for it in an artistically worked-up enthusiasm for a necklace of beryl and amethyst scarabs, strung on a wire of gold, in a curio-shop win-

dow to which they presently came, and beneath the awning of which they halted for protection from the blazing sun. She expressed so much admiration for it that Tom went in and priced it, returning with a fabulously named price, which Persis, ashumed at the success of her insincerity, vetoed,

Tom himself pronounced it rather a faded show for the money, and suggested a cab back to the hotel, mopping his brow the while. He was amused to have his suggestion gracefully accepted-not that Persis was tired. It was a long time since she had felt so untired, so gayly alive; but she sat back against the carriage seat and let her gaze follow the dreaming sea below, while the red roses in her lap wilted apare.

"You'd better throw those things away and let

me buy you some more," said her hus-band, observing their state as he handed her from the carriage at the hotel.

"Funny these roses can't stand their own climate better! I don't blame them, though; they look just as I feel."

"It is the Lantescane rose; it has been in the count's family for generations," said Persia, a trifle piqued. She did not add, as the count had done, that he did not give it to everybody.

"A family rose, really!" said Tom with a grin. "They

run that family racket harder than a Bostonian, don't they? Family trees I know; but a family rose tree

Persis did not reply; but she took the roses up to her room and put them in water, and when she dressed for dinner that night she fastened one to her gown. Then she stepped out on the tiny balcony, throwing the casements wide to the evening breeze. After all, it had been rather a nice day—aimost as if something had happened. Below them the gulf of blue water, now opalescent, was studded with the looped-up sails of boats drifting home. And the boatmen were singing; somebody was playing a mandolin.

"Oh!" exclaimed Persis, flinging out her arms. "Isn't it wonderful!"

Tom, standing beside her, gave the scenery an honest and appraising look.

"It is certainly mighty pretty," he conceded.

Persis turned on him.

Daubt Be Filrted With Every American

Who Came Along

"Confess! This is better than Broadway?" The hint of a smile parted her husband's lips.

"They're rather different, aren't they? I admit this is prettier; but if you want me to say I honestly prefer it -I

"Well, I do!" flashed his wife with emphasis. "I could live here forever!"

Tom looked apologetic and slightly troubled; he did not want Persis to live here forever. When he spoke it was diffidently.

"Well, I dare say if I had been caught young-young enough - I should feel that way too; but as it is, honcetly I think a little of it goes quite a long way. I'm used to being busy, you see," he explained apologetically. "It's different with you." To make a complete job of it he added: "And, after all, I don't see that it's so awfully much better than the Hudson."

The Hudson! And being busy! For a moment Persis wished they had never come. Her silence was eloquent and affected her husband as eloquenes is meant to do. He followed her humbly down the stairs. Persis was all at once wondering whether the count dined in the hotel.

He not only dined there, but was their opposite at the table d'hôte; and, though he addressed himself almost exclusively to Tom, he made Persis aware, by forestalling all her little wants, that he lost no movement of hers; and his eyes told her that his Lantescane roses became her.

After dinner the two men smoked cigarettes in the garden and struck up a kind of acquaintance. Pensis did not smoke she severely disapproved of it for women; but to-night, following from her terrace the moving lights of the cigarettes, she half regretted her piety. Men were such companionable creatures! They seemed to find plenty to talk about. The count was a very intelligent man and a gentleman: Tom, by that birthright of the American man of affairs, was eminently a good mixer. Persis sighed and went to bed.

The next morning she woke with the sense of a little new interest in life, though it was some moments before she could remember what it was. She looked out a fresh waist from her store, fluffed her pretty hair with unusual care, and stepped out on the terrace to order coffee, while Tom stopped to get the mail.

She did not know what she expected, yet there was expectancy in the glance that swept the terrace. Nothing was there save an orderly array of tables, chairs and waiters; but on one of these, precisely that set apart for Tom and herself, flamed a great torck of crimson roses. Then at once Persis knew what it was she had expected, and her cheeks sent forth a tiny answering flame. She asked a quick question of the waiter who respectfully drew forth her chalr.

"Da dose?" It was almost all her Italian, but she supplemented with it a gesture even more Italian.

"From the garden of the signore conte," replied the waiter respectfully, accurately shoving the chair under her with an advoitness born of a lifetime of chair shoving. And at



'I Am Count Lantescans, at the Signora's Isrolco"

that moment the noise of another chair being shoved caused Persis to glance up, to meet the eyes of the Count of Lantescane, with a little smile in them, as he glanced from her to the roses and bowed. She asked no more questions, except of herself. Ought she to tell Tom? She decided that she ought-at least if he showed the least symptom of noticing, and she waited for his approach with indecision.

He came with downbent head, reading his letters as he came, and handing hers silently sat down, without observation or comment, and fell to an intent perusal of business. Persis watched him with mingled exasperation and relief. After all, it would be time enough if it happened again, she reflected. Meantime she kept her own gaze discreetly on her plate; and it was only when he paused for a brief morning salutation on his way out that the count's eyes found an opportunity to tell her she was even more charming this morning than she had been yesterday. Persis estentationsly left the rosss on the table.

The next morning there were fresh ones, and a fresh smile from the count as he openly regarded them and her in turn. Persis decided she would speak seriously to Tom if he betrayed even the smallest sign of intelligence in the matter; but he betrayed sone. Apparently he supposed roses grew glued to their breakfast table or else that a benevolent Italian landlord furnished them free and fresh; or, more likely, thought Persis, he never even saw them at all. Something was happening to steel and iron just then, and Tom read his way unseeing through most of his meals. Persis decided to wait.

Every day thereafter fresh Lantescane roses appeared at Perals' plate, and each morning the dark eyes of the count saluted her with their little secret smile of deepening understanding. That was all, but it was enough. It was, indeed. abominably too much! To have an understanding, a continued understanding, with a man about which your husband knew nothing! The count, however, contrived to throw about it an amazing glamour of naturalness. His manner to Tom caused Persis alternately to shrink from his duplicity and to admire his command of the situation. And Tom went on reading his letters and Baedeker.

At first Persis told herself that to mention the matter was to make too much of it; later she came to feel there was quite too much of the matter to make it mentionable. She had tacitly accepted the roses by the mere fact of not rejecting them; she had also tacitly accepted the count's smiles by the mere fact of not rejecting those. Tom would wonder why; he might even resent it.

Well, Persis resented the presence of the big B, which prevented him from seeing what she had certainly taken no particular pains to hide. She carefully cultivated this resentment she had to; it was her only justificationuntil with this simple and slender implement of wrath she had accomplished marvels. Not only did it enable her to go on accepting the roses, but it eventually permitted her to return smile for smile as she exchanged how for how, while Tom was unfolding his everlasting paper.

And here is the curious point: to have accepted smilingly the count's bows, smiles and roses would have been as nothing, the mere commonplace of polite intercourse, if Tom had been a party to the transaction; the whole quality of the adventure lay in Tom's ignorance, his willful ignorance, thought Persis severely.

The count was the great man of San Carlo, she had discovered. The last of his ruined family, he retained the

almost feudal prestige of a time when the little village had been an appanage of the Lantescane lordship. His acquaintance with them, distant though it was, gave them increased importance with the people of the hotel. And he was more than discreet. If he looked at Persia he talked with Tom - when he talked at all only now and then addressing a few phrases to Persis; but those few phrases were spoken in another tone of voice and with another manner. which subtly conveyed that the rest had been but chatter and it was these few words with her that counted. It was impossible not to watch for that fittle change of voice.

Altogether and in spite of a guilty conscience, or perhaps because of it. Persis was enjoying herself. enjoying herself almost indecently. She grew prettier and younger every day. Tomsaid theclimate agreed with her, and Persis had hopes that he would propose staying on longer therefore; but he did not, and she herself could think of no tolerable reason to produce looking to a change in the sacred schedule by which her hushand inexerably moved. They had laid out the route beforehand; it was the only way, Tom said, to get the whole out of anything-just make up your mind and stick to it.

So Persis saw, with an unprotesting sigh, the approaching end of her little idyl on that day when Tom reminded her it was time to pack her trunks. Of course she had expected it to end; and they had certainly exhausted San Carlo. It was impossible to explain to Tom that she would like to stay and hear a man's eyes tell her daily that she was more charming every day, especially when she was not the very least in the world in love with said man-not the very least in the world! Though why it would have been any easier to tell Tom if she had been is no plainer to me than it was to Persis herself, except that she may rightly have felt it would have been more respectable. She packed the trunks, only leaving out her very prettiest dinner dress, which she presently donned for their last dinner.

"I shall mise my roses," she thought with a sigh, as she

fastened one for the last time on her gown.

She was all in white, having indeed made a quite unwarranted toilet for the occasion; but she would have been shocked to death if told that she was dressing for any man except her husband.

What she told herself was, she was dressing for the weather, which was certainly very warm-even Tom had remarked it; perhaps she was not to blame for not being able to distinguish it from the count's eyes, which were also warm. Warmest of all were her own cheeks when she joined her husband in the dining room.

"Aren't you unusually gorgeous to-night?" he commented gayly; and she murmured that the dress was cool.

The count's eyes at once told her she had not dressed in vain. No one ever does dress in vain for a foreigner. Had he had the opportunity he would have told her in conventional terms that her gown became her, taking as much conscientious pairs to do so as an American would have taken to appear oblivious. As it was, his eyes told her respectfully-and it became more becoming on the spot. Decidedly she was going to miss those roses!

She had already begun to do so the next morning when she came down ready for departure. The count was there. She saw him give one quick inquiring glance from her bat and veil to the baggage, and then saunter slowly up to the desk, where Tom was paying the bill and leaving a forwarding address for Junet Seabury. The count said a few words to Tom; and then, when Tom went out to see the beggage stowed in the motor car, she saw the count stoop and copy something from the hotel register.

Persis pulled down her veil and decided to pass down the hall without stopping; but the count, but in hand, was waiting deliberately to salute ber, and before she knew it she was standing before him, with her veil thrown buck. For a moment she looked straight into those sumber wells of light that were the count's eyes. The next she was giving him her hand and saying under her breath;

"I shall miss the roses.

The count, who had bent in European fashion to kiss her gloved fingers, straightened himself and hoked back into her eyes. "Chi at?" he said with an enigmatic smile,

"Perhaps not. Chi ea?" he repeated before he released her hand and turned, smiling, as Tom drew near.

"All ready, Persis!" announced Tom.

The two men exchanged a handshake, and the count's good wishes and the count followed them to the door. where the entire population of San Carlo apparently had gathered, nominally to wish them a "buon riaggio!"-in reality to reap an impatiently expected harvest. While Tom was engaged in scattering this, Persis from the depthof the car looked up once more to the top of the steps. where the count was standing bareheaded, but no longer smiling. He was still there when the car bore them away.

"Really, he's a very decent chap," Tom declared. "! gave him my card-told him if he ever came over to look us up." Here he extracted a Baedeker from his pocket. "I hope our rooms will be all right in Genou; had to vire for them ahead." Receiving no response from Persis he subsided into what is known to good tourists as the Book

There was nothing the matter with their rooms at Genta, and no regrets kept Persis from healthy aleep that night; only the next morning the image in her glass did not flatter her quite so much, and she was aware of a certain flatness about the going down to a hotel breakfast, as of already tasted food. One hotel breakfast is exactly like another

It was not until she was fairly in sight of the table reserved for them by a beckoning waiter that she regained her animation and color with a rush. There on the table was a flaming torch of roses-red roses-Lantescane roses; and when Persis raised half-frightened eyes she knew fatally what they must encounter before they actually met Count Lantescane's smiling at her across the room. He must have seen her come in and he bowed with a perfecself-possession; but Persis turned suddenly from hot to cold.

After all she was from New England, and this - nobody would call it at all nice! She resolved to speak to Tom a once, and the only reason she did not was that he caught sight of the count as he entered the room and stopped to shake hands with him cordially before he came over to her. After that, to say anything seemed abourd. She remembered, too, and for the first time gladly, that they were sailing at noon; the count would certainly not follow them

"Quite funny—meeting the count again!" vouchsafel Tom genially. "Came up on the midnight train, he says. to look at a little rigad he has up here; but it's odd we struck the same botel,"

And Persis answered wealdy:

"Oh, I dare say every one comes here,"

"Baedeker gives it a star," said Tom in explanation He made no observation concerning the red roses, probably being convinced by now that they formed an integral part of an Italian breakfast, and Persis hurried through her coffee and did not encourage conversation. As soon as possible she went off to put on her hat.

But she was not to escape the count; the two men were talking together when she presently returned.

"And you are sailing, then, at noon?" she heard the count ask, and Tom's reply, with an ill-feigned attempt to conceal his joy:

"At noon, by the Savoia."

Then they caught sight of her, and two hats automatically removed themselves while the count's beels as auto-matically clicked together. "It is a fortunate destiny that

enables me to salute you once more, eigeora," be said, with his gentle and melancholy gravity of tone, "and to wish you farewell." His eyes said all the rest. They said it so well that against her every resolution Perso once more held out her hand to be kissed.

"That is the last of that nonsense!" she told herself severely behind bet veil on the way down in the boat.

And while Tom went to look after table stewards and deck stewards she hunted up the room stareard and went to her cabin prudently to forestall the future. On its threshold a whiff of fragrance met her and she stopped appalled. There on the stand was a superb mass of the Labbescame roses,

"Who brought these." she asked the steward.

"A signor Haliane: doubtless a friend of madame."

Continued on Page 69



Digitized by Google

OUR CONTINENTAL POLICY



POSTO, DO PAGE THEORYGON, AND THEN GO

A First of American Warthips

By Melville Davisson Post

HE situation in Mexico brings the Monroe Doctrine forward out of the region of academic speculation. We have had

such discussion of the Doctrine and its application to the arious courses the United States was advised to follow store our decisive step at Vera Cruz; but the air has not sen cleared. Confusion, for the most part, results from sture to recognize the precise limitations of this policy—differentiate what President Monroe defined it to be from a vague notion of a continental protectorate so insistently the public mind.

There can be no greater hardship than to live under definite laws. The greatest safeguard of the citizen is let the laws shall be so certainly defined that no question in arise about their meaning. There is a like peril when ational policies are not certain. If we are to consider the cm Monroe Doctrine to be synonymous with the terms ational Honor and General Welfare, or the like, then it simply out of the question to undertake to say how any slicy may affect it. These latter are terms that change ith education, ideals and public sentiment. No man can be what our conception of national honor or public welfare ay be; therefore no man can say what acts of foreign itions may be taken to contravene these vague ideals.

If however, we define the Monroe Dectrine to mean that a land on this continent shall be considered as subject to reign colonization, and that no foreign nation is to be smitted to impose its system on any American state at is to say, no land of any American state shall be taken any European Power, and every American state shall permitted to work out its own governmental policy, dependent of European Intervention—then we have tablished a measure we may apply accurately to any oposed national act.

The Army of the Allies at Peking

ME United States was urged in the beginning to regard Mexico as in a condition similar to that of China during a Boxer Rebellion—a country in a condition of internal acc, with no responsible government, and with the lives of property of foreigners at the mercy of flying squadrons bandits. The President was advised to call a conference the Powers of Europe and march on the city of Mexico we marched on Peking.

It was pointed out that this armed intervention in him was accomplished as a concerted action and without by grave clash between the different authorities. In the arch on Peking there were Japanese, Russians, British, insticans, Germans and French. This force was, without ifficulty, put under the general command of the highest reign officer in China, who at that time happened to be ield Marshal Count von Waldersee.

The legations besieged in Peking were relieved; order as restored and maintained until China was able to guarattee the general safety; and then the troops were withrawn. China was impressed by the fact that the nations the earth were determined to put down anarchy wherever might appear, and to insist on some form of orderly overnment everywhere in the world.

In the beginning certain authorities urged the United tates to take precisely this course with Mexico. There were

a to the subjects of all the great Powers in Mexico; their lives and property were in jeopardy. And it was pointed out that has not these nations should be as willing to care for their unofficial subjects as they would be for the personnel of official legations; and consequently the same duty devolved on them to restore order in Mexico as to restore it in China.

It was further indicated that if one nation abould act alone—for instance, the United States—all patriotic Mexicans might resent it; but they could not resent allied intervention.

If Mexico were a country unaffected by the Monroe Doctrine, or what it is imagined to be, this course might have been undertaken long ago; but the Monroe Doctrine was generally considered to stand in the way of such a plan. It is interesting to consider just how far this position is tenable.

Mr. Roosevelt said to Congress, in discussing the Monroe Doctrine:

"We do not guarantee any state against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of an acquisition of territory by any non-American power."

And, again, he said to the Fifty-ninth Congress:

"Moreover, we must make it evident that we do not intend to permit the Monroe Doctrine to be used by any nation on this continent as a shield to protect it from the consequences of its misdeeds against foreign nations. If a republic to the south of us commits a tort against a foreign nation, such as an outrage against a citizen of that nation, then the Monroe Doctrine does not force us to interfere to prevent punishment of the tort—save to see that the punishment does not assume the form of territorial occupation in any shape."

And Mr. Olney said, during the Venezuelan controversy: "It [the Monroe Doctrine] does not relieve any American state from its obligations as fixed by international law, or prevent any European Power directly interested from enforcing such obligations and from inflicting a merited punishment for the breach of them."

Mr. Roosevelt was clearly of the opinion that Southern states could not use our policy to protect them from European Powers if they flagrantly outraged the rights of any foreign nation. It therefore happened that he did not consider the Monroe Doctrine to be involved when the ports of Venezuela were bombarded by German, English and Italian warships.

He took the position that if any Southern states refused to follow the usual customs of civilization, in their foreign relations, they must suffer for that defiance; and that, so long as territory of the state was not actually taken, our policy was not involved, no matter how severely the offending American state was punished for its misdeeds.

It is therefore certain that, so far as the Monroe Doctrine is concerned. European nations have the right to punish Southern states for gross violation of the ordinary humane customs of civilization, and they have the right to protect their citizens and their property. The main point is that European nations shall not occupy the territory of those states. We seem to have made a distinction: their ports

may be bombarded, but marines ought not to be landed—the idea being that the Monroe Doctrine would not be violated by the land-

ing of troops in Southern states, but that European nations, having once occupied territory of an American state for a rightful purpose, might remain for a wrongful purpose, And to continue to occupy territory would be a violation of the Monroe Doctrine.

Some years ago European nations were about to seize the custombouse of the Dominican Republic. The United States undertook to act for them and took charge of the custombouse of that government, on the theory that if Santo Domingo were once occupied by European Powers it might continue to be occupied by them. A permanent occupation of the territory of any Southern state would be a violation of the Monroe Doctrine and would call for our interference.

The landing of European troops on the soil of a Southern state is not regarded by us as a violation of the Doctrine, but as a thing that may lead to a violation of it. It is not the act that contravenes our policy, but the probable result that may contravene it.

Intervention Under American Leadership

IT SEEMS, therefore, clear that if foreign powers, independent of the United States, were to undertake to make a concerted march into the interior of a South American state, we might be forced to protest against it on the precedent of Santo Domingo—that is to say, on account of the fear that the Monroe Doctrine might be involved by the refusal of some one of the Powers to withdraw its troops. If the United States, however, were assured that these forces would be withdrawn and that no permanent occupation of the territory of the Southern state could result, then the Monroe Doctrine would not be drawn into the question. It would be no more involved than it was involved by the bombardment of Venezuela.

How could the United States be certain that the Powers would withdraw their troops? It would seem that if the United States should lead in any required intervention, and the whole expedition should be under the leadership of a superior American officer, as the Chinese expedition was under the leadership of Field Marshal Count von Waldersee, the difficulty would be removed.

It appears practically certain that the Powers could make no valid objection to a plan of this character if they should ever find it necessary to enter a Southern state. Small forces of Great Britain, France, Germany, and of other nations, associated with a larger American force and under unquestioned American leadership, might make such a joint intervention without infringing the Monroe Doctrine.

If it does not violate the Monroe Doctrine for European powers to protect their rights by bombarding Southern ports from warships, it is difficult to see how the policy is violated when foreign nations protect their rights by landing troops, if it is certain that the troops are to be removed after the wrongs have been corrected. If a concerted action by warships, in which we do not join and over which we have no control, is no violation of the Doctrine, how can it be a violation of it to have a concerted action of troops in which the United States takes the leading part?

Digifized by Google

If the whole expedition were under the command of an American general, as the whole Chinese expedition was under that of Field Marshal Count von Waldersee, it seems exceedingly unlikely that any portion of this command would be able to remain on Southern territory if the American officer commanding the expedition deemed it advisable to withdraw.

The current idea that Mr. Olney and Mr. Hay expanded the Monroe Doctrine to mean that the United States must alone settle all internal affairs of America, without interference by or suggestions from European Powers, is not sound. The Doctrine never meant anything like that. It meant precisely what Monroe said in his message. Mr. Olney's dictum that we are practically sovereign on this continent was gratuitous, as are the efforts of later secretaries of state to make the Doctrine vague and general. We are under no obligations to accept them.

There is no more reuson why the United States should accept these modern theories as definitions of the Monroe Doctrine than there is reason for our accepting those of Polk and Grant as properly illustrative of it. President Polk suggested that we ought to seize Yucatan, because, under the Monroe Doctrine, we were bound to take over any territory that a European Power might be tempted to annex; and that was the theory adopted by Grant when he wished to seize the eastern end of the Island of Santo Domingo. It was a novel and ingenious conception of the Monroe Doctrine, but not one likely to appeal to us; as though one should say to his neighbor: "A highwayman may take your purse; and therefore, to prevent that mis-

fortune, I shall take it myself." A piece of irresistible logic! There can be no doubt that a concert of the Powers to police all disorderly places of the world is an advance. It shows that the human race is beginning to move vaguely as a unit and to consider the welfare of all. That it may lead to universal peace, to a sort of federation of all peoples, is a hope not entirely of the fancy. Every concerted move, then, looking to the welfare of all is to be encouraged. The joint action of civilized nations carries more weight and incurs less antagonism than that of a single Power. It is the force of united national opinion. As a man is more influenced by the concerted act of his neighbors than by the act of one, so a nation must be more impressed by the joint act of all the great Powers about her.

The Nation Not Bound by Heresies

IF THE United States should be of the opinion, then, that it would be wise for all the Powers interested to intervene at any time in Southern affairs, for the purpose of establishing order and protecting the lives and property of foreigners, it can be done under the dominating leadership of this country without affecting the Monroe Doctrine.

The fact cannot be overlooked, however, that this policy is not accurately understood by the people. Unfortunately the conception of it is uncertain. The general impression is that we have forbidden any armed European foot to touch, under any pretext, the soil of a South Amerlean state. This is a feelish, dangerous and profoundly erroneous idea. That is not the Monroe Doctrine-it is a hereny superimposed on it; but it is widely believed and is the current opinion of the average ritizen.

Therefore it must be recognized that if, in the beginning, the Administration had undertaken to negotiate joint inter-

vention of all the Powers in Mexico it would have been subjected to the gravest criticism. Those opposed would have marshaled a vast patriotic sentiment. A popular appeal would have been made to patriotic motives. The Administration would have been charged with the abandonment of American ideals and a surrender to European domination.

All this criticism might have had no base in reality, but it. may very well be doubted whether any Administration would dare to undertake the experiment of stemming such a current of misunderstanding. It might be that a great executive, sufficiently in the confidence of the whole people,

would have been able to go forward with it, and so to clearly define the limitations of the Monroe Doctrine that the people would have been able to see that no national policy of this country would be violated by such a course.

Looking at the situation from all quarters, however, one must admit that the undertaking would have been extremely doubtful. Old wars, especially with Great Britain, have left their heritage of bitterness. Emigrants from oppressed countries have brought with them their sentiment against the dominion of monarchies. Any policy that would seem to conciliate or invite a joint action of European nations on this continent would inflame this sentiment.

This sentiment is anachronistic and a pressure against federation of the human race, but it exists and must be reckoned with. Even the great peace movement that Count Mouravieff inaugurated on the twenty-fourth of August, 1898, at the direction of the Emperor of Russia, has, from time to time in this country, been opposed by this sentiment. The pressure of it was so great that the representatives of the United States declined to sign the twenty-seventh article of the Convention for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes, except with the reservation that nothing therein contained should be conatrued to imply a relinquishment by the United States of America of our traditional attitude toward purely American questions-thereby excluding the United States from the obligation of submitting any American question concerning this continent to The Hague Court.

If the Chinese and Japanese had excluded any Asiatic question, and European Powers any Continental question, international questions to be settled by arbitration would have been difficult to find.

However, if any Administration were powerful enough to substitute in the public mind the actual Monroe Doctrine for the current Monroe hereay, the joint intervention of all Powers, when such a course might become necessary in South American affairs, could be had without violation of any American ideal.

We have seen that the United States could hardly permit foreign Powers to intervene in Southern states exclusive of ourselves-not because the Monroe Doctrine would be thereby violated, but because it might be violated by the refusal of some one of the Powers to withdraw its forces after the necessity for them has passed. And we have seen that the United States, dominating a concerted movement of the Powers, could intervene in Southern states without violating the Monroe Doctrine, but at the peril of rousing a great sentiment that might destroy the Administration which undertook it.

A measure to avoid the pressure of this false sentiment lies in the plan of settling disputes on this continent through the mediation of American governments only, and the recent efforts along that line are a decided advance. Such stable governments as Argentina, Brazil and Chile could very well join with the United States in maintaining order where it is necessary, and to protect the lives and property of foreigners. Such a cooperation of American Powers with the United States could, of course, in no way affect the Menroe Dectrine or any American tradition. It is probable, also, that it would provoke less resentment on the part of the American state so entered than if the invasion were by European troops.

It is by no means a mere fancy that we shall be able in time to effect a confederation of Southern states, which,

with the cooperation of the United States, shall underside to settle all American disputes without the interventing any European Power. This would be an ideal solution of the difficulties on this hemisphere. A good deal has bedone toward such cooperation, and it may be accomplish-It is an end well worth every reasonable effort.

It must be admitted, however, that to make such miseration permanently effective we must get rid of the imment against us in the South; we must get rid of the bear of a protectorate and the unsolicited elaboration dis-Monroe Doctrine gratuitously made by some if or officials the idea that we sit as a sort of overlori, at that all Southern states must maintain the kind of goverment we think is suited to them, or the sort of grylling we deem advisable. We should have to make it our that we take the Monroe Doctrine to mean precisely wir.

It is proper to remember that, if the United States sen to effect a permanent working cooperation with the Sea. American governments for the purpose of settling digital on this continent, the Monroe Doctrine would in to use be violated; but the modern acceptance of it, nor attributed to Olney and Hay, that there is an obligation. the United States to settle the internal affairs of Annua. heraelf, without interference and suggestions from a other Power, is heresy. It never was the Monroe Ductor and it cannot be taken to be the Monroe Doctrine to-la. except by the use of that elastic construction for which is courts are famous.

The Egotism of Mr. Seward

THIS brings us to the inquiry as to whether the limit States is, in fact, under any obligation to take any active course toward a Southern government usless our sales. honor is involved or our citizens are in peril. The letter notion that because the United States decline to percha European Power to colonize any part of America w what troops for the purpose of oppressing any South America state, or impose its system on it, we are therely use obligation to police Southern countries, is error.

By the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine this must does not undertake to establish order in any South Aurlean country, or to collect the debts of any foreign Free. or to force any Administration to meet its obligation

Our traditions do not obligate us to send an involve army into any South American state unless on or national honor demands it. We have not undersite a Mr. Roosevelt has pointed out, to protect any Section state from the result of its wrongdoing. We undertake protect it only from foreign colonization and from her forced to adopt a form of government suggested or input on it by a European Power.

Thus we stood calruly aside and allowed England for many and Italy to bombard the ports of Venezuiz wi before that, in 1861, outrages on foreigners beam to flagrant in Mexico that they led to a treaty of joint like vention. Great Britain, Spain and France felt it seems to intervene. Later Great Britain and Spain within their troops; but Louis Napoleon remained. Attent the United States pressed France to withdraw to top which was finally done.

It seems strange that Mr. Seward, in presenting request of the United States, made no mention of the

Monroe Dectrin has been explaint that this aross from the egotion of the official, wto :himself to be u.s. thority to great a Monroe and by Cabinet

At any rate, and the Mouroe Dortin Was announced in accepted, European nations they gir fered in Southern states for the purpor of protecting its rights of the zens and ther (**) erty; and we have felt it our daty object only who there was dates like these foreign Pour would remain F American sol Our only mu-

for putting the retombonse of Ser Domingo vale American cratt was the fer thi

(Concluded at Page 77



View Over Mexico City Fram the Tower of the Cuthedral in the Central Iquare

THE FAKERS By Samuel G. Blythe

TICKS remained in Mrs. Lake's boarding house, but he expanded a hit. He took a larger room on the second floor, and fitted this up as he thought a room should look. He had a banjo on the wall, though he couldn't play a note on it. He had a guitar standng in a corner, and so far as he was concerned it might as well have been in sergambia for all the music he could nake on it. He had Indian clubs over he mantel, and couldn't swing them to ave his life. A pair of foils hung under a sicture of No Cross No Crown that went with the room, and Tommie didn't know which end he would grasp if he had to use

He had picked up a snowshoe and it ms displayed conspicuously near the door, and he had no idea whether snowshoers sed one or two shoes in their progress.

A pair of Harvard pennants had the duce of honor opposite the entrance. ticks always considered himself a sort of Harvard man, for he would have been me if his father had not died, and he poke of "Dear old Harvard" whenever is was sure no one was present who had sen to Cambridge. Once, while looking n the window of a pawnbroker's shop, he ud been sorely tempted to go in and buy a lresk-letter fraternity pin displayed there, at he refrained. He knew he might one ay run across a member of the fraternity stitled to wear that pin, and he felt he ran't quite up to negotiating a grip and ussword and all that.

One day, while browsing in a secondand store, he came across a framed photoraph of President McKinley, which was igned "Yours truly, William McKinley, cly 16, 1897." It was one of the hunrade of such photographs signed by every resident, and it had fallen into the hands the junkman. Hicks bought it, had it sframed and hung it in his room. He toke of the picture frequently and told ow President McKinley gave it to him. then he visited him at the White House. An old friend of mine from boyhood up," e would say, as if he were on the closest erms of intimacy with the president. agraphs to his collection, but put up

one but pictures of prominent men. As oon as a picture was bung, the pictured one became the

mg-time friend of T. Marmaduke Hicks, He was popular in the boarding house. In addition to sing good looking and lively he had an emphatic way of peaking, using many gentures to make his point, which almost every instance concerned himself, and never esitating to exaggerate to make himself heroic. He was kilful at this, and usually managed to have an element f truth in what he said in case any one disputed him too arshly. He was an adroit flatterer and paid particular ttention to the ladies, talking to them and fussing over ben; and they to the last one pronounced him a most harming young man and sang his praises wherever they ent. He would let an old lady bore him for an hour with quavering story of her troubles and pains and aches, if he bought she would say a good word about him sometime. and she always did. When he was talking, and saw an spression on the face of one of his listeners that betokened oubt or even incredulity, he immediately shaped his conersation to convince that doubter and directed the force (his argument or narrative to him.

It was customary at Mrs. Lake's for the boarders to ather round the piano at night for a little close harmony. licks had a voice with two or three good notes in it, but e could not carry a tune or sing anything alone. He knew ext when these notes would carry, and he used them every me he had a chance. He never knew the words of a song, ut faked them, humming along until he could throw in ne of his good notes. When he was asked to sing a solo he vighed and protested he couldn't think of it. Modesty

The custom of dressing for dinner on Friday nights he rupulously observed, and, discarding his ready-to-wear inner jacket, he had secured a full-dress regalia and wore with much effectiveness. He was tall and of good figre, and attracted attention at any outside functions he ttended. These were not many, for Hicks did not seek



"Jau-ru-en-tem!" Whispered Hicke, "Thut's the Must Isunning Woman I Ever Jun"

much after society. He was busy studying politics and law, besides doing his work for Paxton. He had been to a White House reception or two and went occasionally to the theater, taking, in regular succession, the various unattached ladies who lived with Mrs. Lake

One Tuesday night, after all the regular guests were seated in the dining room and Hicks had begun to explain learnedly to his table companions what was the exact political significance of a measure pending in the Senate, Mrs. Marnie, a business woman who was one of the regular boarders, interrupted him with a long-drawn: "Ob-h-h!" Tommie looked at her. She was staring at a man and a woman who stood in the doorway. Tommie turned and stared also, as did everybody in the room. The soup was

The woman entered, followed by the man. They walked down the center of the room, apparently unconscious of the presence of any persons there save themselves.

"Gee!" said Hicks half aloud. "A corker!" The woman was tall and dark. She wore with much effectiveness a black spangled gown cut in a low "V" both front and back. The trail was long, and the spangles, which shimmered softly in the shaded light of the dining room, were so closely set together that they gave out a little soothing, rustling sound as she moved. Her arms were bare and white and round. Her gown was molded so closely to her figure that every curve was accentuated, and she carried herself with grace, advancing with a glide rather than a walk. Her neck and shoulders were creamy white, her black eyes flashed brilliantly, and she exhaled a slight perfume that seemed to be the combined odors of many flowers. Her purplish-black hair was arranged in an elaborate coiffure which held a rhinestone ornament that glistened and sparkled. She wore no color of any kind save one red rose at her waist, a little on her cheeks and plenty on her lips, which were vividly crimson and contrusted sharply with the healthy pallor of her cheeks.

"Jee-ru-sa-lem!" whispered Hicks to Mrs. Marnie. "That's the most stunning woman I ever saw."

"Sh-h-h!" Mrs. Marnie whispered back. "Don't talk-look."

The man was big and blond. He wore evening clothes correct to the smallest detail. When they reached their table, which evidently Mrs. Lake had allotted to them previously, he pulled back the chair for her with elaborate courtesy, bowed to her after she was seated and helped her arrange her draperies.

"Merci!" she said to him prettily, look-

ing up and smiling.

Lucky dog!" thought Tommie.

The man bowed to Mrs. Lake, made another bow that included the rest of the room, sat down and began a conversation in French with the woman. He talked in a low voice, but all those in the room heard him, for no other person said a word and all were staring. The woman replied vivaciously in the same language, using her hands in pretty gestures and shrug-ging her hare shoulders expressively and frequently. Apparently the man's conversation was interesting, for she punctoated what he said with frequent tinkling laughs and often turned to him in smiling enjoyment of some particularly entertain-

ing remark.
"They've just come back from abroad," Mrs. Marnle whispered to Hicks, for Mrs. Marnie went to Paris frequently in the course of her business and knew French. "They are talking about some of the places they have been to and the big people they have visited. He has been recalling a time when they were at a villa at Denuville staying with some French fashionables, and they've said some things about

being in Russia too."

"Not Americana, then?" saked Tommie. "Oh, yes, I guess they are," Mrs. Maroie replied, "but they have been abroad for a long time."

The man and the woman paid no attention to the others in the room, although it was apparent that the woman was acting a little to make an impression, and she was successful. Some of Mrs. Lake's dinner was uneaten that night. The waltresses came and went, removing halfconsumed food, for the other women in

the room were too engrossed in awaying the newcomer and commenting on her among themselves to have much time left for eating.

"Looks like a regular Frenchwoman to me," said

You never can tell," the wise Mrs. Marnle replied; "but that's a French rig she has on, you may be sure of that."

After they had finished their meal the man rose, helped the woman with her chair, waited deferentially until she had preceded him, and, bowing again to those in the room, followed her as she swept out, her spangles rustling in cadence to her graceful movements.

As soon as they had passed through the door the room huzzed with comment. "Who are they?" chorused the boarders at Mrs. Lake.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hugo de Mountfort Lester," Mrs. Lake replied. "They are here for a short stay and are foreigners, I think, for they talk mostly in French."

The boarders gathered in the big hall round the fireplace and discussed the Lesters. The women took acute stock of her costume, her figure, her hair, her general appearance, her reddened lips, her gestures and her shrugs; the men contented themselves with the general statement that Mrs. Lester certainly was a peach. The Lesters did not come down again, and at ten o'clock Hicks went up to his room. He repeated the name over many times-"Hugo de Mountfort Lester."

"By George!" he said as he turned out his light; "I'd like to know that woman. She's a corker-a regular

stunner. I wonder who they are."

Hicks dallied over his breakfast, hoping the Lesters would come down, but they did not. Mrs. Lake explained, after he had made a casual inquiry about the new guests, that they had arranged to take their breakfasts in their room, saying they had lived in France so long that they preferred the continental meal of coffee and rolls. They were discussed again at the tables. The women generally concluded that Mrs. Lester was French, although one or two thought she must be a Russian, as she had used a few phrases of that language, or of what they took to be that language, the night. before. Theman undenlably was an Englishman.

All were agreed upon that.

Tommie usually ate his luncheon at the Capitol, but he made an excuse to Madden about some papers left in his room, and came to the boarding house in the hope of having another look at Mrs. Lester. As he turned in at the house Mrs. Lester came out on the porch. She was dressed in a blue tailored suit which displayed the numerous perfections of her figure to the best possible advantage. She were a chic little French hat and she was altogether the best-dressed and most charming woman Hicks had ever seen. She had a big, squat, ugly bulldog on a leash tugging along ahead of her, and she was saying pretty, endearing things to him in French, calling him her baby and her darling. and otherwise lavishing affection on him that was not appreciated, for the dog tried valiantly to get away from his mistress to proceed on adventures of his own up the street.

Mrs. Lester's eyes sparkled, her cheeks showed just a touch of red, her manner was vivacious and her one-sided conversation with the bulldog animated. Tommie racked his brain for something in French to say to her. All he could think of was à la curie, and he knew that wouldn't do. Mrs. Lester apparently did not look at him. She leaned gracefully back against the tugging of the dog on the leash, a fascinating

picture.

Just as she started down the short flight of steps leading from the porch to the ground

Tommie had a thought, "Bongjoor," he said, lifting his hat.

She turned her head and smiled a bright little smile. "Good morning," in musical English she saluted cheerily and ran along with the dog. Tommie was quite pleased with himself. He didn't know exactly what his borgjoor meant, but he thought it had answered the purpose. That night he sought an opportunity to talk to the Lesters, but they went immediately to their

room after dinner and next day they left. Mrs. Lake said they had been called out of town. The picture of Mrs. Lenter and her dog remained long with Tommle. He often thought about her and wondered if he ever would see her again. So far as the boarding house was concerned the Lesters vanished completely. They did not tell the landlady where they were going, and presently everybody forgot them-everybody but T. Marmaduke Hicks.

THE Spanish war came with its exciting days. Hicks was kept at the Capitol with Senator Paxton almost continuously. He thought of enlisting in order to gain a war record to aid in his future political adventures, but was deterred by stories of long waits for ambitious and embryo heroes at camps where the principal fighting seemed to be with typhoid fever, and by the assurances of Senator Paxton that the war wouldn't last long enough to enable anybody to get any glory out of it. Besides, Tommie was intrinsically no hero. His conception of the situation was that he could be of greater service to his country-and himself—by confining his fighting to the bloodless arena of polities rather than by going to the jungles of Cuba for that futile purpose,

Peace was concluded. The Cuban and the Philippine problems obtraded, and then came the morning when Senator Paxton made his rescue of the child on the avenue. A few days after Hicks' presentation of the episode through the columns of the Evening Dispatch, Paxton called

Madden into his office.

Madden was on the most confidential terms with Paxton. He had been with him for fifteen years, and had come to be the senator's political executive as well as his intimate adviser. Paxton had given him every test for loyalty, and Madden never failed to prove true blue. His principal interest in life was to be of service to Paxton, and his chief ambition to do as Paxton would have it done each task Paston put upon him. He had much of political shrewdness and, though he lacked initiative, once instructed, he was a marvel at performance.

"Bert," said the senator, "have you sounded out young Hicks lately?"

"What do you mean?"

"Have you had any conversations with him about his future? What has he in mind?"

"I think he intends to pick out some place in our state or another, take up the practice of law and go into politics." "Has he selected a city?"

"Not yet, so far as I know. He is saving his money and plugging at the law, but I suppose he wants to stay here for a while yet."



"Oh, I don't want to get rid of him. He interests me and he's useful too. It isn't often that an old, track-sore, tired politician like myself finds both amusement and aid in an assistant-not thinking of you, Madden, not at all: I like him."

"So do I," said Madden. "And, take my word for it, he'll glad-hand and talk himself into something good one

"That's my idea. He's fresh, of course, and a bit blatant, but potentially he's the ideal fake friend-of-thepeople politician. He's smart and adaptable—I might say ductile-and I never knew a young man who so continuously kept his eye on the main chance."

"Nor I. What he wants is to get along, and he'll get along too if he has half a show. He's the brightest kid we've had in this place since I've been here, and he does his work well. And when it comes to getting publicity the climbing mother of a fashionable débutante is a mere amateur compared with Hicks. He took part in a most court the other night, and you'd think, to see the accounts of it, it was the president himself instead of Hicks who was there!

"I have observed that phase of his activities, and I've half a mind to trust an experiment with him.

"What sort of an experiment?" asked Madden, wondering what whimsical idea his chief was harboring.

"The experiment of proving that a man of his poculiar abilities can make a great success in politics by following a certain course of action in a certain way. It has been proved aften enough, but not scientifically, Bert, not scientifically. Hundreds of men have done what I have in mind for him to do, but their actions and the results therefrom have been sort of haphanard except in a few instances. They just happened on the scheme that gave them success.

What I want is to prove my theory that the greatest popular success of a certain kind in politics can be attained by entirely superficial methods. Do you follow me?"

Not exactly."

"Well, take a look round the Senate. There's Jaxon, who is nothing but a noise which is always noisiest when the dear people are concerned. And Bogardus, as arrant a demagogue as ever came to this capital, and he is returned times without number because he is continually blatting about what he is doing for the general uplift. Watch McPhyle for a little. Totally without ability except for stringing words together, he has talked himself to the top by the simple expedient of proclaiming himself the only honest man. What do you think of Somerset, who is tied up with a dozen emporations, and who gets away with it by constantly braying his antagonism to all trusts not specifically on his list of retainers? And Austrutter, who

secures his by his reputation of rugged, sterling honesty and his assumption of the plain-an-aold-shoe pose, when he is luxurious as a sybaric and crooked as a dog's hindleg?

"There are dozens, scores, hundreds more of them in politics-four-flushers, trimmers, hypocrites, humbugs-playing both ends against the middle; posing as religious and pious, when a reality they are foul and vicious; howling for restriction of the liquor traffic because restriction is indorsed by the good people at home and doing their best to restrict it here inc elsewhere by drinking all they can buy or m: get others to buy for them; espousing emp measure favored by church people, yet living up to none of them in their daily walk and coversation; grafters, who yammer of their purity and pester to death for money some of us who are not so virtuous and are willing to sell the votes for it; men who roar from every storie about their labors for the people and tur behind the closed doors of every committee room and their own offices for their share of the graft; men who are so cheap they can be bought by special favors and by a few filthy dollars: men who haven't an honest conviction on any subject and who are willing to resort to almor. any expedient to hold themselves in office; But why go on?"

"What have these to do with Hicks?" asked

Madden as the senator paused.

"This: There are certain processes by which these men retain themselves in politics. Most of them are crude workers. They all begin with about the same raw materials Hicks has, and have developed them each along his own lines Each has his good points as a political fake and each has his weaknesses. Now here is what I have in mind: Why not, knowing these met and many others like them as we do-why not make a scientific, exact compilation of all ther excellences as fakers, discarding their west points, and then combine all those good points in the practices and purposes of one man?" 'Do you mean in Hicks?"

"Hicks is exactly the person I do mean. He is the biggest potential political faker I ever

saw. He has it in him. He can get about anything he wants if he will play the game as I shall outline it to him."

"I am afraid I don't understand."

"Well, let me make it specific: Suppose I say to He'o that I'm interested in him and will finance him to a reasonable extent and send him out to some good town, to live there and practice law. Suppose I get some fun out of it by coaching him, and as the result of my coaching-reyours, Madden, for you know this game-and his natural abilities, we make a foray into politics, Hicks to get the rewards and Paxton to have the fun. Don't you think w could put something over?"

"It might be done," answered the conservative Madden "Might?" exclaimed Paxton. "Where's your imagine tion, Madden. Might? Why, man, it's being done every day of every year by men who are working by impulse instead of being scientifically directed and managed. Mr. are getting to Washington who are mere clumsy amateur at this friend-of-the-people game. With Hicks properly located and properly instructed, there would inevitable result a triumph of political fakery that would amaze ever us, accustomed as we are to the outcome of such propganda. I tell you, Madden, we can erect, direct, own and operate a first-class tribune of the 'pee-pul'."

"By George!" said Madden, "We could, and have a bay of fun out of it too. But what do you want Hicks to do!

"Nothing, nothing on God's green earth he wouldn't @ himself, with this difference: What he does he will accurately; those he does he will do scientifically, without lost motion or scattered effort and in full accord with the latest standards. He will have the expert instruction at William H. Paxton, who knows a few things about the great, bogus game of politics and is pretty thoroughly disgusted with it; more so, Madden, than you images "Oh, I don't know about that," said Madden. "I a

pretty well aware of that phase of it."

Well, then, why hesitate to give your approval to issocio-politico-Hicksico experiment? Come on, we organize a corporation and I'll be the board of directors and take my dividends in amusement. Hicks can be the promoter and reap his reward in promotion profits, and you can be the advisory committee and get the subsidiar/ Increment. What do you say?"

"All right!" Madden was enthusiastic-for him. "It has possibilities. But-" and his natural caution sttruded-"do you think Hicks will stay put?"

"Oh, I guess so, but even if he doesn't, that is one of the phases of the game. You must take a chance. I think !will, for he knows where his interests are better than and other young person of my acquaintance."

"Have you talked to Hicks?"

"Not yet, but send him in when he has some leisure." Madden went to the outer office. Hicks was filing letters. "Tommie," Madden said, "the senator wants to see you." "Do you want me, senator?" asked Hicks soon after-

"Yes. Sit down."

Hicks took a chair, wondering what the senator had in his mind. He hoped he was to get an increase in salary. He was fearful he was to be disciplined for the rescue incident.

The senator looked at his assistant secretary for half a minute. He noted the long hair, brushed back from the forehead; the flowing tie; the general air of a modified political make-up. Then he took an inventory of Hicks' face. He saw a broad, low forehead, a fair nose, a clean complexion. The lips were large and full and the lower one slightly pendulous. The chin was just a chin with no strong characteristic. Paxton dwelt longest on the eyes. They were small eyes, set close together, hard eyes with greenish glints in them. Hicks smiled. He had a pleasant smile, that lighted up his face and made him appear affable and good natured. But there was no smile in the eyes. With a better mouth the face would have been a fairly strong one, but with those eyes and that mouth it was the face of a youth willing to do whatever was necessary, and to consider necessary whatever there was to do.

"Tommie," Paxton asked finally, "what are your plans?" "Nothing new, senator. I am studying law nights and

trying to fit myself for practice."

Where?" "I haven't decided. I am considering several places."

"Probably you have an idea of entering politics also?"
"Why, yes, I have thought of that." Hicks wondered what the senator was leading to, for he knew Paxton never wked such questions to gratify a casual curiosity.

'Have you looked over Rextown?"

"Rextown? Why, Rextown isn't in our state!"

"I know, but it may be that opportunities exist elsewhere in this great republic than in our imperial commonwealth?"

"Possibly," Hicks replied, at a loss to understand the drift of the

conversation. "Probably," continued Paxton. "Now I happen to know some things about Rextown, and it seems to me an ideal place for a young and sapiring lawyer to make the scene of his operations."
"Is it?"

"Yes, it's just the place for you, particularly if you desire to go into polities, os you say you do and as I think you should do. Let mesuggest that you go to Rextown and join the Democratic party.

Hicks jumped from his chair. "Join the Democratic party!" be exclaimed. "Why, senator, I am a Republican, my father was a Republican and Felped organize the party, and you are a Republican. What do you mean?"

"I mean exactly what I say. Go to Rextown and join the Democratic party."

"But I am a Republican and so

are you," protested Hicks.
"I know: I know. I am too old to reform, but you are not. You are young and facing the future. I am elderly and principally concerned with trying to forget the past. I have been attracted by your good mind and general adaptability to your environment. I have thought a good deal about you. I suggest Rextown entirely in the capacity of an old and mayyou up on a mountain and shows you things below that you may obtain. You have ambitions. I have nothing better to do at the moment than to make a few suggestions in an entirely friendly manner that may help you to realize those ambitions. Do you know anything at all about Rextown?"

"Not much." "Well, it is a fine, thriving city of about forty-five thousand peopie, and so strongly Republican that no Democrat has been elected to anything there since the war."

"Then what's the use of being a Democrat?"

"I expected you to ask that. As I say, Rextown gives an overwhelming Republican majority and the outlying towns in Corliss County are practically unanimous for the Grand Old Party. The result is that every young man who goes there and all those who have grown up there are Republicans, either from conviction or for the sake of policy. This is especially true of the young men and the older ones who have office in mind. There's no sense in being a Democrat there, looking at it in the light of getting an immediate or a possible something out of politics for oneself, for a Democrat hasn't a chance. Of course I assume you think you would take a nomination in the fullness of time!"

Yes. "No doubt of it, not a doubt. However, there is a phuse of that situation that may not have occurred to you. In addition to yourself there will always be scores of other Republicans who think the same—who are, in their own minds at least, entitled to office. Now you can see what that means. There will be vast competition for the nominations, much work and worry, and, taking previous services and claims of natives and older men than you into consideration, it is likely to be a long time before you can make enough of an impression to get a chance. It will be years before it is your turn."

Hicks looked incredulous. "Why," he said, "I think

"I know you think you can, but you can't. Party service and party obligation go a long way in determining selection for the prizes of politics. Also consider the fierce competition from these hordes of other Republicans, all of them as eager for political increment as you will be. My way is surer than that."

"But you are a Republican," protested Hicks again. "I know I am, and I suppose I have no right to be advis-

ing a young man to desert my party. "I'm afraid I don't follow you," said the amazed Hicks.

"It's simple enough. Here is a city largely Republican and a county almost unanimously so. There are hardly any Democrats. Still there are enough to keep up a semblance of an organization and to nominate men for the principal offices. These men are named time after time, and time after time go down to defeat." "And you think I should join that party? What for?

can't win anything."

"That's where you make your mistake. Inasmuch as you already hold certain practical ideas about politics I am showing you the way to get results. Be a Democrat, I tell you. There are only a few of them. They will welcome a recruit, especially an alert young chap like you. It will be the easiest thing in the world, after you get some acquaintance, to secure any of those worthless nominations you may choose, to become a local Democratic leader, to be prominent in the party there and in the county."

"But what good will it do me?"

"None for a time probably. But, my son, sooner or later in every community like this there comes a turnover. Always there is a shift. The people become disgusted with the party in power. They get sore on the leaders. They rise, blindly, but effectively, and turn out those leaders and that party. That is where you would come in."

Hicks was leaning eagerly forward in his chair. 'Do you mean," he asked, "that if I join the Democrats

and stick it out I can win quicker that way than if I stand by the Republican party."

Exactly. The law of political averages proves it. It is as certain as sunrise. All you have to do is to hang on, take such nominations as you can get, and then, when the auspicious moment arrives, you can point to yourself as the patriotic person who has made all these sacrifices in the past, you can demand your reward when there is a reward in sight, and you can land topside up."

"Do you think so, senator? Do you really think so?"

T. Marmaduke Hicks was excitedly interested.

"I know it. It is politics. It is history. You can do it, provid-

Providing what?" "Providing you can bring yourself to abandon the principles of the Republican party, which you revere, the party your father helped organize, and become a

Democrat. Well -

"It's not so difficult," Paxton continued. "Haven't you often, as a result of your observations here, considered the step of joining the opposition in order to relieve the country of this saturnalia of profligate extravagance and criminal disregard of the fundamental rights of the people displayed by the plutocratic Republicans? Haven't you about made up your mind that, in basic principles of government, the Democrats have the more patriotic and the more logical foundation for their political beliefs and practices?

"Haven't you always considered Thomas Jefferson as one of the greatest of Americans?"

"Yes, to tell the truth, I have given the matter consideration from that angle," Hicks answered, without a flicker of a smile.

VIII

HICKS thought much over what the senator had said, and every bour of thought he gave to the proposition added to his eagerness to make a trial of the senator's theory. Backed by be, be felt he could not lose.

When the senator came into his office next day he stopped for a moment by Hicks' desk.

"Disciple of T. Jefferson, I salute you!" he said cheerily. Then, more seriously: "I am quite sure you have arrived at the very wise conclusion that a man is entitled to change his political principles when he is convinced of the greater patriotism, the greater statesmanship, the greater regard for the plain people shown by the other party. It would be mere blind partisanship, which is

(Continued on Page 49)



The Men Contented Themselves With the General Statement That Mrs. Lester Certainly Was a Peach

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY INDEPENDENCE SQUARE GEORGE HORACE LORIMER. EDITOR

By Subscription \$1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Unpy of AS Newadoulers. To Canada - By Subscription \$1.75 the Year (Except in Tuesans, \$1.50). Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Poens' Union. Single Subscrip-figur, \$3.15. | Kamittancos to be Made by International Poetal Muney Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 6, 1914

The People Want to Know

CONGRESS apprepriates thirty-five or forty million dollars a year for improvement of rivers and harburs. The bills are passed on the time-honored purk-barrel plan. That the expenditures involve huge waste of public funds, and that a considerable part of them is nothing better than graft in an especially obnexious form, is commonly believed.

If it were generally accepted that such misuse of money derived from the general public obtained in any other field say, in the railroad field Congress would immediately order an investigation. Congressman Frear proposes in a concurrent resolution that the House shall order a thorough investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission of river and harbor expenditures. An investigation by a body independent of Congress would be better, but the Interstate Commerce Commission is acceptable.

We feel warranted in assuring Congress that the public would like to know approximately how much of the hundred and fifty millions or upward that has been spent on river and harbor improvement in the last five years has resulted in any tangible public benefit, approximately how much has been wasted, and about how much represents a form of political graft.

We say this without prejudice. A great part of the expenditure may have been quite justified by tangible public benefits resulting from it. The waste may be inconsiderable. But people generally believe that an important portion of the hundred and fifty millions or upward is just a tapping of the public till for the political benefit of individual Congressmen.

Surely that circumstance requires an authoritative investigation. Congress commands extensive resources for investigating. Let it employ them in this case at home.

The Independent Banks

WE WISH nobody would ever again repeat the foolish statement that country banks are dependent on Wall Street and subject to dictation by the financial institutions of that sinful center. The fact is, Wall Street banks are dependent on those in the country. Their relations to the country banks are precisely those of a wholesale merchant to his retail patrons. Many of them employ drums invite the trade of country banks. At every bankers' convention you see representatives of the city banks, hat in hand and wreathed in seductive smiles, wooing the favor of country banks.

Last full the berrowings of country banks were extraordinarily large. At the time of the August report those in the national system owed eighty million dollars - mostly to central reserve banks in New York, Chicago and St. Louis; but, at the same time, these country banks had on deposit with city banks-mainly in New York, Chicago and St. Louis-six hundred million dollars. In short, for every dollar the country bank owed the city bank, the latter owed the former seven dollars and a half.

Nor does borrowing from a city bank establish any dependent relationship. City bunks make their profit. by lending money. When a country bank borrows from

a city bank it owes the lender nothing but the money. If any institutions in the world are free from Wall Street domination and direction-as to which some statesmen in Washington evidently entertain grave doubts-the country banks are in that position.

Unlocked Directors

ONE section of the new antitrust bill provides: After two years no one may be a director of a railroad to which he or his firm, or a corporation in which he is a director, sells equipment or supplies. No banker or director or officer of a bank may be a director of a railroad whose securities the bank underwrites or sells as agent of the road; or if the bank purchases from the road issues or parts of issues of securities. No private banker or director of any state or national bank having more than two and a half million dollars capital and deposits shall be a director of any other national bank having more than two and a ball million dollars capital and deposits. No private banker shall be a director of a national bank in any city baving more than a hundred thousand inhabitants; nor shall any person be a director in two banks in such city, one of the two being a national bank, except in cases where the entire capital stock of a state bank is owned by stockholders of a national hank. No person shall be a director of any two or more corporations engaged in interstate commerce, and having more than a million dollars capital, when the businesses of the corporations are so nearly alike that an agreement between them to eliminate competition would be a violation of the Sherman Law.

Such is the substance of the proposed law to abolish interlocking directors. No doubt, if enacted, it will prove essentially harmless and futile; but the remarkable point is the limitation as to size that runs all through it.

What is the difference in principle between a man's acting as director of two banks with assets of two and a balf million dollars and of two banks with only one and a half million dollars' assets? Why should two industrial companies with a million dollars capital be forbidden to have a common director, but not two with only eight hundred thousand dollars capital? Do not the baneful effects of monopoly operate in places of less than a hundred thousand inhabitants as well as in places with a larger population?

This section of the bill dealing with interlocking directors. illustrates the old point that in antitrust legislation sin and nize are taken as synonymous.

Taxes That Bite

THE outstanding facts in the new British budget are the increased taxes on large incomes and large estates. The new inheritance tax, if it had been in force in this country, would have taken thirty million dellars from the estates of John Jacob Astor and E. H. Harriman.

In dealing with ewollen fortunes England bites, while we only growt. The present political complexion of both countries is much the same. In both the dominant political fact is a fight by little capital - more or less allied with the better-paid labor on big capital. We wage the war by attempting to upset the machinery through which big capital mostly operates and by which it is partly produced. England wages it by direct taxation. Their unearnedincrement and inheritance tuxes show a deliberate purpose to break up the big family fortune in land which dominated the country for centuries.

The heavy inheritance tax will reduce any other inactive large fortune to moderate proportions by the time it passes to the third heir. The English convern themselves hardly at all with the mechanism of business; but when the product reaches a certain size they appropriate a generous slice of it. The chief fault in our method is that upsetting the machinery of big capital throws little capital's works out of gear, while big capital is by no means restricted to the particular set of operations we attack. The chief fault with the English method is that it may involve a considerable destruction of capital.

For example, taking thirty million dollars from the Astor and Harriman fortunes, to be spent by the Empire State in public buildings that fall apart in the course of construction, or by the Federal Government in pork-barrel appropriations, involves a not loss to the country. On the other hand, the English method does get tangible results.

The Protected Defendant

THE indictment charged two defendants with murder by I "choking, strangling, and by beating and striking." The judge's instructions to the jury said that if the defendands arted in concert it would make no difference which "uctually struck the blow or choked or smothered" the victim. On appeal the higher court held this to be a fatul error, entitling the convicted murderer to a new trial, because strangling, as charged in the indictment, was a different thing from smothering,

Such instances occur frequently; but the fine technical points on which murderers are liberated or granted new trials were not invented in a lunatic asylum. Strange as it

may seem to a layman, there was once a reason for then. In most jurisdictions the defense can appeal on any tags nical point, but the prosecution cannot appeal at al; a defendant convicted of manslaughter, say, may demuni: new trial, and on the new trial he cannot be convicted a murder, no matter what the evidence shows.

The maze of technical advantages to the defendant that survive in our criminal law is a product of past centurie. when stealing a sheep or a piece of cloth was punishillby death and when criminal courts were used by sid. tyrants as James II for the purpose of political venguinor private malice.

Almost any device that sheltered the accused from the rigors of the law was then justified—and we retain if the devices, though the reasons for them vanished long ago.

Our criminal jurisprudence operates on the theory that the governor of a state may at any time attempt to per a score or so of citizens to death because they led the opposition to him in the last campaign.

Declining Prices

OUR old enemy, the high cost of living, is on the retrait.
It is no unseemly rout; nothing in the enemy's newmenta suggests panie-stricken flight. However, these persons who make it a business to dog his footsteps with tupeline and microscope are able to unnounce that ere: month since last October his toe has receded a little well at this writing the distance by which he has gone bad a fairly perceptible to the naked eye. To express the ditance mathematically, put down a decimal point follows by four, six, nine and a cipher,

We should like to claim this wavering of the toe a : tangible result of tariff reform; but in England, where car they follow cost of living with tapeline and microscope, and where there has been no change in tariff, the bin number, which is a complex of the prices of leading memodities, has declined, in the same period, just about a much as in this country. It is easy enough to trace the course of pricess. To say what any given factor counts is in the price movement is decidedly more difficult.

A College in Politics

FROM Wisconsin comes a plercing cry to rise and reput political liberties that have been lost. Shackled voin of that state are told:

"Under the old caucus rule, with all its fault, you could come together in district and county conventors and voice your opinions. Under the primary you in a silent as the dead. Then, when it came to making a pixform your delegates set forth what you stood for Nov you have not a word to say. Formerly every legislate was master of itself. Now we have forty-six rings cale: commissions, in which is concentrated control over over

And, to remedy this appalling political seridon: "If a Progressive shows his head for office anywire spot him! Vote out the Progressives in either party. Far up conservative men. Then, whether Democrate Republicans win, you will have a safe, reliable lot of the men in the legislature."

This is only one among many passionate demands for a revival of the precious caucus, convention and bost regard under which Wisconsin's legislature did indeed conjusa safe, reliable lot of hired men. No doubt the denim are very comforting to gentlemen who did the hiring.

For the ruthless destruction of their former libertie to bosses very properly lay much responsibility on the State University. In the campaign that seems to be shaple a return to the old regime, Progressives and university professors are coupled in denunciation.

"The university," says one spokesman for the safe it! sane, "should devote its entire time to education." By education is exactly what killed his crowd.

Paying for War

To Finance our war with Spain the Government borrowed two hundred million dollars, increased in taxes on spirits, beer and tobacco, and levied stamp tass. Revenue from spirits rose from ninety-two million delarin 1898 to ninety-nine millions in 1899 and one hundred of sixteen millions in 1901. Revenue from beer rose for thirty-nine millions in 1898 to sixty-nine millions in 1897 and seventy-five millions in 1901.

Revenue from tobacco rose from thirty-six milicate 1898 to fifty-two millions in 1899 and sixty-two million ? 1901. Stamp taxes produced forty millions a year.

Since 1898, however, consumption of spirits has increased from eighty-one million gallons to a hundred and fati millions; and of beer, from eleven hundred million rale to two thousand millions. War taxes on those articles well be correspondingly more productive.

Judging from the experience of France, where there is a state monopoly, that commodity alone could be made to yield a revenue of one hundred and lifty million dalart a year in this country.

WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

MILES ME ME

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great

You may say what you like about William Jennings Bryan—and many persons are availing themselves of the privilege—but he surely does remember the boys who stood by, and particularly the hoys who stood by oratorically.

Those, as Mr. Bryan putsit, who live by the spoken word shall be exalted thereby, naturally provided said spoken word or words shall have concerned and consecrated the person who has the exalting privileges—who in a certain department of our Government is none other than Mr. Bryan himself.

Nor is this to be wendered at, for Mr. Bryan is by way of being a word purveyor himself, and it need occasion neither remark nor rejoinder if he shall judge qualifieation on the output of words to the minute

The New Legal Talent is the of words to the minute of words to the minute as a basis—of course, a basis—of course, sa basis—of the minute of words to the minute

restles with international law.

Appreciation, to be sure, is valued of all men and has its efinite worth, which is evolved on a sliding scale that

sry of State said, or might have-and I care not who

egins with opportuneness and ends with appositaess. A fitting thing said I a fitting moment has a virtue; but if it is said I the right spirit and at he exact moment, then hat thing stands preminent as a matter entitled to reward.

Therefore, allow me to scall to your memory the emocratic National Conention at Baltimore in 912, and the first senion thereof, when the Jemocratic National ommittee proposed for emporary chairman of hat gathering Mr. Alton I. Parker, sometime derated for the presidency in nalmost unanimous maner, but a leading Demorat none the less, and not verly radical in his views, ot overly; in fact a man shose habit of mind might onservatism.

Mr. Bryan, after the preiding efficer, Mr. Norman

Z. Mack, who presided
with great dignity and in
whisper had put forward
Mr. Parker as the choice
of the committee, leaped
soldly to the platform, exding language of protest
it every pore, and began
o say Judge Parker nay.
Indeed he began to say
nay not only to Judge
Parker, but to Judge
Parker's sponsors, to Wall

Street, to the vested interests, and to va-

rious other persons, things and considerations he held to be good nay-saying objects. He said them may for quite a spell and offered John W. Kern, of Indiana, as his idea of a nifty and noble temporary chairman. Immediately John W. Kern, his chin whiskers waving like a gonfalon in the breeze created by the impassioned nay-nays of Mr. Bryan, passed the buck right back to Mr. Bryan and nominated Mr. Bryan himself.

Whereupon much oratory ensued and it was clearly apparent that Mr. Bryan did not have the votes. However, there came a moment when a tall Texan scrambled to the lee of Norman Mack and whooped a series of resounding whoops. Inquiry brought forth the information that this tall Texan was none other than Cone Johnson, and Cone certainly gave Mr. Bryan a fine recommendation.

Cone began with an allusion to a few natural phenomena, not perhaps considered in their true significance at the time, owing to the excitement that prevailed. "The tides yonder," he said, "rise and fall; night follows day and men sleep to wake again." Having made this clear, he said a few kind words for T. Jefferson, A. Jackson and A. Lincoln, and then hopped right into his reason for being present, which was: "You cannot do this thing to W. J. Bryan."

High Tide in Nebraska

OF COURSE they did do that thing to W. J. Bryan; but, just the same, Mr. Johnson told them they could not, and he referred to Mr. Bryan in these burning words: "The rising tide"—a great man for tides—"of trust creations, strangling the freedom of trade, and the riot of ill-gotten wealth roused a giant from Nebraska's plains"—the inference being, of course, that Mr. Bryan was the giant the tides awakened from his nap.

There was some more to it. G. Johnson assured the delegates, who were waiting to do what G. Johnson said they could not to Mr. Bryan, that the Democracy must not loiter on the shore. Contrariwise, the Demmies were exherted boldly to put their barks to sea, "and the Republican ship will go down in the gale of November, lost in the weltering tempest of a nation's just rebuke."

That was not all. Mr. Johnson informed those delegates further: "The fight is on, and Bryan is on one side and

Wall Street is on the other." And he concluded in one grand, gorgeous whoop to this general effect: "For this convention to put Bryan to the knile of defeat will send a chill to the hearts of six million

and a half Democrats in the United States."

Sad to say, they sent the chill at the moment; but nothing serious came of it and something pleasant resulted to Cone Johnson, for when that other eminent orator, Mr. Joseph W. Folk, transferred his services from the State Department to the Interstate Commerce Commission, lostantly Mr. Bryan telegraphed to Cone Johnson to come up and take the place of Solicitor for the State Department. He was solicitous about Cone and he solicitod him to be solicitor. Cone came. He was just as solicitous about it as Mr. Bryan was, if you must know. And thus do we rediscover that verbalism is its own reward.

Aside from all that, however, Cone Johnson, of Texas, and now official custodian of the legal machinery of our State Department, is not entirely voice and vocabulary. Indeed, he is a capable lawyer and a rather distinguished Texan.

Mr. Johnson comes from Tyler, which they used to call the Athens of Texas, on the one hand, and the abiding place of the Tyler Gang, on the derisive other. At one time the Tylerites held about all the worth-while political offices in the state. Johnson was of the younger generation, but he learned his politics from the astute Tyler persons who accomplished all this.

He was active for a time, dropped out and hunted foxes and practiced law, and then, about ten years ago, he was changed, through attending a revival, from a passive Methodist to an intense and active one. He preached a sermon that attracted wide attention, and traveled up and down delivering other lay sermons. He changed his view on the liquor question, always the most political of the issues in Texas, and became a fighter for prohibition.

He had been against prohibition earlier in life; and once he had a notable debate with Representative Joseph W. Bailey, who was at the moment in favor of prohibition. Politics changed Bailey's view and religion changed Johnson's; but there were no more debates between himself and Johnson on that issue, the reason being that Johnson rather put a muffler on Bailey in the previous encounter.

Later, however, Johnson went after Bailey again. This was on the issue of whether Bailey should go to Denver as

a delegate to the national convention in 1904. Johnson, as leader of the Progressive Democrata in the state, opposed Bailey, and Bailey went home from Washington and fought for himself. Both Johnson. and Bailey are great campaign speakers, and it was a ding-dong for some weeks. Bailey won by seventeen thousand votes in a total of three hundred and sixty thousand, but he has never been the same since; and he is now in private life.

Johnson was for Bryan. The Bailey followers opposed Bryan, and that led Johnson to Baltimore at the head of a delegation that gave Wilson forty votes on the first ballot all they had-and on each ensuing ballot until he was nominated. Also, as I have shown, it led Johnson to make the speech to wh some fleeting reference has been made herewith, and, furthermore, it led to the presence at this moment of Cone Johnson in the State Department as the solicitor thereof.

It is quite impossible to print here what Mr. Bailey thinks of Mr. Johnson; but there is no doubt Mr. Bryan thinks he is a fine man which he is, physically and mentally; and, as it happened, Mr. Bryan had the appointing power.



Getting Back to a Competitive Backs

The Natural Question Not to Ask By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

HE man who writes special articles is a sort of war correspondent in time of peace. This was especially true, of course, during the muckraking days when all writers had to be fighters or cuttlefish and discharged oceans of ink at the

public enemies.

The life had its compensations: it was exciting, it was always changing, and it paid. It had its disadvantages, chief among them being the syncopated friendships the affections that never grew to full size—the delightful though transitory intimacy with acquaintances who would have become bosom friends with two more weeks, but who stayed acqualntances and were forgotten. And then there were first chapters of romances that never got so far as a second, and tantalizing experiences of all sorts which left an unsatisfied curiosity in

I recall many such. Once, on my way to the City of Mexico, I met a Frenchman who had found treasure on an island in the Gulf of California. He was an archa-

ologist of vast erudition and the most amazing memory I have ever known. He had a keen analytical mind and knew all about inscriptions and secret ciphers and codes. He told me, by the way, that the best cipher code in existence was that used by members of the Rothschild family for personal matters-not their commercial code, which is composed exclusively of words of four letters.

The codes of the various foreign offices, he said, would not require two minutes to find the key. I amused myself telling him some of the Sherlock Holmes stories and he always guessed right-except in two instances in which, by reason of my not having given all the clews, he evolved explanations infinitely superior to Conan Doyle's.

He had raised two hundred and fifty thousand france among his professional colleagues and was going to bring back the treasure. He promised to write me on his return.

Never heard of him again!

I ran across a slender little Englishman, with a hyphenated name, whose life was one of those Kiplingesque affairs so many of his countrymen can show. He was starting on a rubber-hunting expedition to Bolivia. After that, he said, he was going home for good. There was but one life between him and a historic earldom—and that life was lost later and-I read in the Graphic-the heir was not found. Never heard of him again!

I met one of those seedhunters of the United States Agricultural Department, who was a great folklorist on the side. He was going after a specimen of the legendary Mictian corn. Mictian, in Aztec, means the Place of the Dead. The corn was said to be very white, the ears large and weirdly regular; and each plant was supposed to bear four perfect ears and each ear fourteen rows. The ear did not taper.

He was inclined to believe the legend and thought he might be able to prove that the Aztec priests had gone in for seed selection for generations. He was going to a wild region in Mexico. Never heard of him again! The Department, when I inquired in Washington, had lost track of

I met a Belgian baron on the train from Chicago to Salt Lake City. We became pretty good friends and took our dining-car meals together. He owned some mines in Utah. We went to the same hotel together. A cablegram was waiting for him at the hotel office. He opened it, read it, got red, and began to swear in French. I asked him what was the matter and he told me:

"I must kill him. This man, he has gone with my wifemy brother writes. I must return!"

"A duel?" I asked.

"Oh, no. One does not fight dogs! One kills them!" He had grown calm. "Oh, yes!" he told me quietly, "It is the end for him!"

He was a well-known Belgian nobleman and very wealthy. I watched the papers. Nothing!

In San Antonio, Texas, I once made the acquaintance of a Mr. Metzger, whose daughter Nettie took a particular liking to me. She was sixteen, and very pretty, with big black eyes and black hair, said to be inherited from her grandmother, who was a highborn Mexican. All Mexicans that marry into your family are highborn. All others are greasers or yaller-bellies.



In the Two Hours I Ivant With the Metagers, Waits Did Not Juy Two Words

Nettie was a nice girl, very romantic at the most romantic of all the ages of a girl, and very talkative. When I say very of a talkative woman I mean exactly that,

When I had finished my work I left San Antonio, I sent the Metzgers Christmas cards in the following December, and later-in April-made another trip to the Southwest to do an irrigation story. I stopped at San Antonio on my way back, to get a line on a certain phase of a petroleum muckraking special, and I looked up my old friends, the

They were very glad to see me. Old man Metager, with a wort of proud affection that later made me feel like a silly ass, took me to Nettle's room and showed me, on the girl's bureau, an oval silver frame, inside of which was a half-tone reproduction of a photograph of myself.

He had cut it out of the advertising pages of a magazine I had honored with a series of articles, and she had begged for it. He had given it to her; but it was really the family's, he assured me. They were very proud of me for being so famous and of themselves for knowing me.

Nettie was still talking. She told me about her fellow-Whitey Waite a quiet young chap, with curious, discon-certing eyes. They always looked as though they were staring at you and yet they were not wide open enough for that. They were pale blue in color and so very clear they reminded you of turquoise beads. They had a tinge of that gray which you see in some Persian cats.

They called him Whitey because he was so blond - almost

In the two hours I spent with the Metzgers, Waite did. not say two words; but often I caught him looking at me with those unblinking pale-blue eyes of his, with a sort of meditative expression, as though he had not made up his mind what to do to me. They suggested, also, an absence of eyelids and incessant thinking going on behind the sockets-thinking to which you got absolutely no clew, though you felt the thinking concerned you,

The eyes did not seem to be a part of his body, but a part of his mind; and they buffled you as a snake's eyes buffle you, because you always think a snake is looking straight at you and is prepared or preparing to do something to you. Look out for a man with those eyes. He either is loyal to the death, or else he does not think your death of any more consequence than enting an apple.

I congratulated Nettie on picking out a man who hated to talk and did not seem to object to listening by the hour. Bottling up a woman's speech is fatal to happiness.

"I suit him, all right," she told me defiantly.
"How do you know?" I trused her.

"I know!"

"He never told you!" I asserted.

"No," she admitted rejustantly, "he never told me; but I know it, just as well as though he had told me for breakfast, dinner and supper ten years ronning."

"Nettie," I said to her paternally, "next to your reticence and your taciturnity, what I most admire in you is your penetration and your modesty.'

"I do!" she averred stoutly. "He just looked at me and I knew he knew I - I was crazy about him. And I knew he cared for me; so it was all settled."

"But didn't he say anything" I asked her.

"Yes, indeed!" She spose indignantly. "Do you think is is a mute? He can talk!"

'Can he?"

"Yes, he can; and he dan too."

She happened to see me graning and she laughed indersively, as women do when they wish you to know that they see the joke and enjoy it -only the really do not see and do not enjoy.

"Ah!" I exclaimed very sen-ously. "He talks! And prowhat does he talk?"

"I think you are mean," she said, with hurt dignity.

She was so serious about it that I saw she thought the one man she knew who came from the great outside world of book and romantic people and navelous magazine makers ward nice to her -or to the one man in all the world for her. Sol and contritely:

but really your remance is not extraordinary - and very best! ful. So it is all settled?"

"My dear child, I was jesting.

"Oh, yes!" She smiled happily at me and looked a though she could talk about it for fifty years steadily. "Then he must have said something to your folks."

"Oh, no! He said it to me." "Nettie, just what did he say?"

"He said: 'I reckon when I get that Panama job will get married and ge down there together.'

"He said all that?" "Yes, he did!"

Z CHEMONER X

"And that settled it, of course?"

"Of course!"

I looked at her and clearly perceived that, so far is its was concerned, it was settled indeed. I spoke to her father a little later.

"Nettie tells me she and young Waite are going to set married.

"Yes." He did not seem exactly tickled to death over h.

"Don't you like the idea?" I naked.

"I don't like the idea of her going to Panama."

"Then why do you let her go?"
"Well," he said dubiously, "well, I ——" I could so he had never before thought about his reasons. "Well," is finished, "Whitey said he was going to take her down that after they got married." He had not the faintest notice of dreaming to think of daring to oppose Whitey. It was wry remarkable.

I more or less desultorily asked for information abut young Waite and heard nothing against him. I leave that he was a quiet, honest, industrious sort of chap, neither very popular with anybody nor especially distiked auwhere. He had always lived with his mother, except when he was working on a ranch in the Panhandle country-I forget just where,

I left the next day and the Metzgers became one of the hundreds of nice, friendly families I had met in my travel-

no more, no less,

Some years later a magazine wished to find out how Und Sam had become Papa Sam to a lot of ditchdiggers. At experiment in government control of everything, include: the cost of food and wages, had created a demand in character sketches of men who were handling million o the hundred, tackling problems by the thousand, tain; chances with life like intelligent heroes, living like deat men and guessing like geniuses.

I therefore went to Panama. I was watching the recating of the railroad - this was before the Gatun Dam vamuch more than begun-and as I walked along the trad! heard a calm voice say:

"I reckon you had better get a rustle on."

It was a drawling voice-almost purring; but for see reason it reminded me of the soft velvet sheath of a partiularly sharp knife. It was a voice that greatly interested me. Everything is interesting to a man who make is living by writing about anything.
"Who is be?" I asked my cicerone.

"That's the roadmaster. Did you notice how this Jamaican coons bustled?"

"Did I? I consider it the most remarkable thing on its Isthmus, bar none. Why, that man has just got 'em sone. to death! Oblige me by looking at them."

The negro tracklayers were indeed working like madmen. One of them, a tall, sculpturesque husky, was positively maniacal in his activity.

"That big buck yonder," I observed, "probably could

teur the roadmaster in two. It shows

"Hold on, before you make a break! I'll tell you what it shows: it shows love! That big Jamaican swears by Whitey. Come with me. I'll show you. Hello, Roberts!" He spoke to the lunatic. "What's your work today?"

"I don' know. Arsk Mars Wee-yet!" he replied in the queer jargon of the British West Indian.

Mars Wee-yet approached us.

"How do you do?" he said to me, as though I were an inspector on one of his regular daily routine trips. "Nettie will be glad to see you."

I shook hands non-committally and presently recalled Texas, the Metzgers, Nettie, whose father had cut my portrait out of a magazine, and Whitey Waite.

I hung round a bit longer, but he had nothing more to my to me, his remarks-few and gently spoken-being

"I'll see you again!" I called to him.

"Dinwiddle knows the house. Nettle is there. I'll be

nome at eleven," he answered.

Dinwiddle, my guide, one of the engineers of the division, took me to the Waite cottage. I found Nettle at home. She seemed glad to see me in a subdued sort of way. She told me the latest news of her father and mother; but I noticed she only did so in answer to questions. She volunpered nothing. There was nothing to hide, but her girlish oquacity was gone. This made her a new Nettie.

At first I thought her taciturnity might come from living a the tropics; but I recalled other American women I had net in the Zone and they had not been made reticent by the climate - quite the contrary. Therefore I concluded that Whitey had something to do with it.

"Nettie," I said, "you were an awful chatterbox as a id. Now you are what novelists would call a saturnine foung woman. Why?"

"Most people talk too much," she answered.

"And say too little?" She nodded.

"You are happy, of course."

"Yes."

"Does Mars Wee-yet talk to you evenings?"

She smiled—and nodded! She had not lost her sense of simor-only her penchant for talking. A woman does not sy silly things when she does not talk at all. Nettie had equired much wisdom.

We conversed—or, rather, I talked in a more or less esultory fushion; told her about some of the things I had one and places I had visited since our last meeting in San intonio. She listened with interest and, I like to think, ith intelligence.

In one of the pauses she rose and went into the housere had been talking, American fashion, in rocking-chairs n the mosquito-screened porch. She returned with a

undle of old magazines and weeklies.

"He saves everything of yours he comes across," she said roudly-like a mother trying to speak dispassionately bout her prodigy. "I read them aloud to him evenings."
"That doubtless gives your vocal cords all the exercise

hey require," I said. She nodded - twice! Then she shamefacedly took the recious literature back - possibly she felt she had been too

alkative with her nods.

Shortly after eleven Waite came in. He was tanned a rick-red and his eyebrows and hair showed sunbleach.

His curious pale-blue eyes showed the same disconcerting immobility of the eyelids, but were less staring.

I decided that this came from the effort to keep himself from blinking in the awful glare of the tropic sun. You saw the infinitude of little wrinkles, such as you see about the eyes of old sea-captains - and also the inscrutability you see in the eyes of people who do their talking in silence, as it were.

He washed leisurely and then came out and shook hands with me-in silence. Somehow I did not feel that I had to supply any conversation, and yet I could swear I was among friends intimate enough to be silent with for months at a stretch. We do not have many such friends-have we now?

After breakfast, which they called lunch, he said to

"I had to see the colonel." It was so plain he was apoloizing for being late that when she nodded understandingly did so too. He went on: "I've asked for three months' leave of absence."

She opened her eyes wide and stared at him. He was looking at the floor, so her eyes could not ask his eyes anything. She fell back on her tongue:

"I thought vacation didn't come until February."

He took a letter from his pocket. The envelope was edged with black. She turned very pale when she saw the mourning stationery and her lips moved silently, but I easily read: Mother! Her hands trembled as she took over the letter.

She read with unpleasantly wide-open eyes and quivering lips; then she began to weep softly. Whitey had pushed his chair back from the table and was staring at the tips of his boots.

I looked inquiringly at Nettie, my features composedas well as I could manage it-to what you might call a general funereal expression. I did not know who had died or when. She understood and for all answer said:

"George-his brother!" She nodded toward Whitey. Whenever she said he or him she meant her husband. Childless women always talk that way-God bless 'em!and girls in their first love affair.

I shook my head sadly. I had never heard of George Walte; but he was the brother of a man I had met once, for an hour or two, six years before. Whitey looked up at his wife and said calculy:

"I gotter get 'im!"

She drew in her breath sharply, with a frightened little gasp. Then she stared unblinkingly at him, dumb with error, fascinated into utter petrification by what she saw in her husband's eyes. Then she nodded-exactly as if a powerful hand had grasped her head and made it bow!

He looked at me. I looked at him. I got no definite message—only an unpleasant goosefleshing along the spine; but because this always was a bouse of silence and now also was a house of death I bravely raised my sysbrows and whispered:

What?

"Man got George. Gotter get him!"

The gooseflesh left me and before I knew it I asked:

When do you sail?

"Tomorrow! New Orleans!" he vouchsafed.

He rose from his chair and beckoned me with a motion of his hand to follow him. I immediately did so- and felt glad to do it. I do not know why. Really I do not! As he passed his wife he stopped, patted her head and said quietly:

"You can't come with me. I'll cable when."

I could stay with father and -

"No! Here!" he said emotionlessly and walked on.

Ifollowed, still vaguely glad to follow. He took me into his garden. It was his hobby. There were no vegetables-all flowers.

"Most of them from Texas seed," he told me. "Getting 'em acclimated."

He metioned to me to remain where I was, and I did-without the slightest impatience. He went back into the house and called:

"Net!"

"What?"

"The automatic!"

Presently Nettie came out with an automatic pistol in her hand. He took it, nodded his thanks and walked to the rear of the little garden. I saw a target of heavy plank, faced with boiler plate, leaning against banked earth. He painted the target rings afresh with



That Store Made Me Think of low-Cold Thoughts

a brush he took from a can he kept behind the target, and then began to practice both drawing and firing quickly from the hip, and deliberately as at a French duel. He was a very good shot-not the hest I have ever seen, but very good indeed.

"I've learned to shoot with the sun in my eyes," he explained. Then I understood why he practiced.

"Look here, Walte, do you really mean to say you're going North to kill -

He interrupted me and, with a complete absence of heat, said:

"I gotter get the man that got my brother!"

"Yes." I agreed, "you've got to!

I could not help it-and I could not ask any more questions. A man told me that the only pale-blue-eyed Mexican he ever saw was by profession a bandit and never had the slightest trouble with his followers. They always obeyed him-no mutiny.

I left the Waites feeling that our friendship had never been interrupted. Nettle had begun to pack up his things. She did not stop packing long enough even to shake hands; but she said apologetically:

"I'm sorry I couldn't show you any more attention;

but, you see, it was -"Nonsense!" I said, "I didn't come to be entertained, but to see you. I'm very glad I came."

"Me too," she said. "Good-by."

"Remember me to your father and mother when you write," I called from the front steps.

She came to the door, smiled at me amicably, nedded and went back into the bouse.

Dinwiddie, the young man who had been detailed to act as my cicerone, was waiting for me at headquarters. He told me that Whitey Waite had received a letter, read it, and instantly went to the superintendent and said he had to have three months' leave of absence.

The superintendent began to explain that such a thing was utterly unthinkable- because it was absolutely impossible. Nobody could get the work out of the Jamaican gangs that Whitey could, and

"I'll speak to them," said Whitey. It settled it in

his mind. "Nobody can-and you know it," protested the super-

Then, according to Dinwiddle, Whitey just went up to his chief and said a few words in a low tone of voice. The superintendent jumped back and yelled:

"But you can't, celd-blooded -

And Whitey cut in, saying:

"I just gotter!"

"And," finished Dinwiddie, "I'm a goat if the super didn't say:

"'All right-damn it! All right-hell! All right-blankblank! But you tell the colonel. You know how anxious he is to finish that relocating work."

"And then Whitey said:

"'No need—I'll just tell my gang what they gotter do.'
"And then Whitey just goes to the gang of Jamaican niggers and says:

'I'm goin' No'th to-morrow. I reckon you'd better rustle some while I'm gone.' "The gang began to shake. I swear it. Then Whitey

says: "'You heard me?'

(Concluded on Page 74)



Digitized by Google

Wilson Chros Athletic Union Suit

Licensed under the Klosed-Krotch Patents

Loak for this lubel

HE favorite undergarment for the active men who desire the maximum of comfort and neatness. The closed crotch prevents binding and chafing-no edges or buttons between the legs. Front and back openings are separated and cannot gap openalways orderly and smooth. Combines freedom, coolness and lightness-the ideal undergarment for miltry days. Willson (3 red Athletic Union Suit is the only garment of its kind licensed to be made under the Klosed-Krotch patents. Comes in a variety of woven fabrics. \$1.00 and up for men; 50c and up for boys.

Other furnishings bearing the Willsoft Decil mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Nesk-wear, Handkershiels, etc.

Wilson Bros

Licensed under the Klused-Krotch Patents

Made with the same patented closed crotchlike the Philison Core; Athletic Union Suit. A superior open-mesh fabric, airy, absorbent, elastic. Long sleeves, half sleeves and sleeveless; ankle, three-quarter and knee length. \$1.00 and up for men—50 cents for boys. At your furnisher's.



Wilson Gros Chicago

Public Ownership of Railroads, Waterways and Water Power

Continued from Page 5

moved, the capacity of cars and locomotives, the cost of rights of way, the classification of traffic, and the general customs, habits and methods of the people engaged in manufacturing, commercial and agricultural pursuits, that comparisons between privately owned railways in this country and publicly owned railways in Europe are of small value; but Germany, with publicly owned railways, and Great Britain, with private ownership, furnish an excellent demonstration of the comparative value of the two systems.

The total capitalization of the railways in Germany is \$109,000 a mile, as compared with \$265,000 a mile in Great Britain. The actual average passenger rate paid a mile is ninety-five bundredths of one cent in Germany and one and a half cents in Great Britain. The average freight rate a ton-mile is 1.41 cents in Germany under public ownership and 2.33 cents in Great Britain

ownership and 2.32 cents in Great Britain under private ownership.

Mr. Anthony Van Wagenen's book on Government Ownership of Railman's says:
"It costs \$5.72 to transport a ton of hardware from Birmingham to London, while the cost for the same class of goods over the same distance in Germany is about \$2.25. Cotton goods from Manchester to London cost \$8.76 a ton; in Germany, over the same distance, the cost is from \$4.86 to \$5.60. General machinery from Leeds to Hull costs \$6.03 a ton; in Germany, over precisely the same distance, \$1.09."

Referring to other conditions, the same authority says: "It may be said that these are not important differences; but what is important is that the German railroads must carry these goods over two hundred miles for about \$1.22 a ton, whereas in England it costs from twice to four or five

times that to earry it one hundred miles."

No people less abundantly endowed with natural resources than ours could ever have withstood the ecorpsous waste, plunder and larceny involved in the methods employed in financing the railways of the United States. If this reads like the emphasis of sverstatement, let it be boldly declared that statistical and court records prove more against private ownership of the railways of this country than any mere list of

nouns and adjectives can imply or set down.

An empire of 247,093 square miles—over 158,000,000 acres—of the public lands of the United States has been given to the rall-ways to aid in their construction and maintenance. This is a domain more than equal to the German Empire in extent. In the words of Secretary Lane, who furnished the figures as istely as January, 1914, to the Congress of the United States: "These land grants equal in area a territory as large as the combined areas of the New England States and New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia." And Secretary Lane continued: "How much other public aid has been given to private railroad building, in the form of rash bounties or subsidies or guaranteed interest and principal on bond saues, cannot even be approximated with any degree of certainty."

Railroads Under Receiverships

In this connection Douglas County, Kansas, my home county, with twenty-five thousand population, has contributed more than half a million dollars in bonds and cash to aid the construction of railways in that county. Missouri contributed thirty-eight million dollars and received six millions from the railways, making the net loss to the state thirty-two millions.

the state thirty-two inillions.

In spite of these enormous public subsidies, in spite of high rates, in spite of the frequent control by the railway politicians of Congress and legislatures and courts, 735 railway companies, operating 136,156 miles of road and involving nearly eight billion dollars of stock and bonds, have gone into the hands of receivers. In other words, until agencies of the Government took hold of more than half of the reads, squeezed a part of the water out of them and compelled them to be temporarily honcest, they could not run successfully. The operation of railways under government receiverships has been surprisingly successful and furnishes an argument of no small value for government ownership. The actual

general manager of some of these railways under receiverships has been a Federal judge, not a trained railroad man.

Efficiency? Has not Mr. Louis Brandels, in his brief to the Interstate Commerce Commission, pointed out leaks of many million dollars, not to mention the assertion of experts he examined, who declared that three bundred million dollars a year could be saved to the railways by more efficient management?

Efficiency? Is it efficient management to kill or injure every year one trainman for every nine trainmen employed? Think of it! In nine years every trainman employed in the operation of railway trains in the United States would be killed or injured if there were no new men to fill in the gaps and share the burden of killings and injuries. And inefficiency is only one indictment of the American people against the railways.

Waste goes along as one factor of inefficiency. Waste is inherent in the system itself, waste that would be almost entirely eliminated by the mere fact of changing from private ownership to the unity of national public operation. For their legal departments alone the railways expended last year about twelve million dollars; and that sum did not include the salaries of many highly paid general solicitors and counselors. A large share of this expense would be unnecessary if a bureau of the Government, with its corps of assistants from the Department of Justice, had the management of the rail highways of the country.

The Cost of Getting Business

The Interstate Commerce Commission asserted recently that the railways lose annually at least fifteen million dellars by giving free service to industrial companies. This is not only waste, it is also a fraud on the shippers who are competing with such industrials.

simply for getting the husiness by their traffic departments, the railways are spending fifty-six million dellars annually. The soliciting that makes up the bulk of this expense simply enables one railway to take business away from another. For the most part it is pure waste. For the year ending June 30, 1911, the people, through the United States Government, paid the railways fifty million dellars for transporting the mails. In the same year the people, through the express companies, paid the railways seventy million dellars for transporting parkages. The railways middlemen profits in those transactions amounted to many million dellars.

The enormous profits made by the Pullman Car Company, enabling it to swell its capitalization from one million dollars in 1867 to one bundred twenty million dollars in 1910, are waste, chargeable to private ownership of the railways. In this country the railways pay the Pullman Company for routing sleeping cars over their tracks. In some European countries the sleeping-car owners pay the railways. So, also, are the great profits taken by private refrigerator car companies and express companies chargeable to waste. If the railway had owned and operated the Pullman, express and refrigerator-car companies, the enormous profits that these companies have absorbed could have been used to lower freight rates for the benefit of the public.

The total of these wastes runs between two and three hundred million dollars annually. Some of them cannot be stated in exact figures, because of the juggled accounts and the varying contracts the railways have with the allied companies.

I have mentioned larceny as one count in the indictment of the methods that have been so generally used in financing our railway properties. Is that too harsh a word for the almost countless repetitions of acts infinitely worse in their effects on general property rights and more criminal in their intent than most of the acts for which common criminals fill our jails and penitentiaries?

"Reliable authorities have stated," said Secretary Lane in his letter to a congressman, already referred to, "that the actual cost of construction of the Union Pacific Railroad was approximately fifty million dollars. The cost to the railroad company



Recognized

as one of the world's finest cigars,

Preferred

by thousands of experienced smokers, because of its deliciously mellow, unique blend of fine Havana filler and matured Broad Leaf wrapper.

Distinguished

by its uniform workmanship and unvarying quality.

The National Smoke

HAWANA AMERICAN CO NEW YORK



Duff-built means Duff guaranteed

EVERY genuine Duff-built Barrett Jack is built to give efficient and satisfactory service for term of years, and carries a guarinternational defect claimable within a full year from purchase.

This Duff guarantee is called to he attention of motorists who have rouble with other makes of jacks. It is distinctive of the Duff standard—as is the superior service and lependability of all

Genuine Duff-built

BARRETT AUTOMOBILE JACKS

Auf builds a jack for every type of ear. From he Barrett No. 345 Light Weight Jack, to the larest No. 360—the finest and most powerful six made for big pleasure cars—Barrett six represent the highest type of automobile six service.

Owners, makers and dealers should send for the Barrett Auto Jack Cutning. Cupy free un request.

DUFF is the largest maker of jacks in the world, and Duff service covers every thou requirement known to engineering—sum a capacity of 300 tone per jack down.

Duff-Built High Speed Jacks

re the world's standard for milrouds, rapid unit lines, locomotive and car works. Write a Doff literature on any form of lifting rearreness.



FOREIGN DESTRIBUTORS

Cont Britain - WHITE - COLERAN

ROTORS, LTD., Barber St., Cambro

con London, B. W.

Trems Combant - ARMAND D.

of High Sont Bull Decesors Jack with Cytor Livering Devicetion 17 true Pet. N. 17, Uand Mch. 14, 14. of this construction was ninety-three and a half million dollars, nearly forty-three million dollars being taken in profit by the contractors and the Crédit Mobilier." A long time ago that, some one may say. Yes, it was; and railway high finance has not improved since then. Instead of the Union Pacific's beggarly plunder and swag of forty-three million dollars, the swag and plunder that wrecked the New Haven road in this present period has been estimated at two hundred million dollars. The Frisco's wreckage was brought about in the same time by the grafting of still unenumerated but certainly many millions. If such things he not larceny they are as flat burglary as was ever committed.

Through all the railway years the way is marked by such deals as these and by such so-called legitimate deals as Jay Gould's watering of the Erie to half a million dollars a mile; by E. H. Harriman's waterlogging of the Chicago and Alton, and by his use of the credit of the Oregon Short Line to traffic in stocks and bonds of other lines, and pile new millions on millions of fictitiously created wealth, on which the public pays interest. The space of a magazine article can scarcely enumerate the deals by which the railways of the country have been used to pile up ill-gotten fortunes instead of to develop the land for the people.

Even waiving every other advantage and need of government ownership and operation, I believe firmly that private ownership and operation cannot much longer perform the necessary function. I mean

Even waiving every other advantage and need of government ownership and operation, I believe firmly that private ownership and operation cannot much longer perform the necessary function. I mean that the present system will break down if it has not already broken down. I mean that the Government itself is the only organization strong enough to perform the transportation service adequately—as adequately as it will have to be performed to meet the demands of our commerce.

Mr. Hill's Prediction

Consider the statement made by Mr. James J. Hill, of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific and Burlington Railroads. It was made in an open letter to the late Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, in 1906, the year of a memorably disastrous car shortage. It was repeated in November, 1907, in an address by Mr. Hill to the Commercial Club of Kansas City. In that speech he said: "A year ago I said it would require five and a half billion dollars, or one billion one hundred million dollars, so one billion one hundred million dollars a year for five years, to make our railroad facilities equal to the demands on them. The figures are staggering, but twelve months have confirmed them and enhanced the difficulty of securing such investment. In the last year the railroads have raised in one way and another in the neighborhood of a billion dollars. Much of this has been obtained on short-time notes at a high rate of interest. Most of it has gone into terminals, renewal of old equipment and purchase of new, and other necessary improvements. It was a forced investment, the funds for which were raised not to make our railroads adequate to their task but simply to keep them at their present working level.

"It has been used to keep the wheels of

"It has been used to keep the wheels of industry from slipping backward, but there has been very little new construction. The needs of the moment were too severe for that; and, though substantially the amount of money suggested by me as indispensable has been collected and spent, the railroads have barely held their own and the future remains to be provided for. Not less, but in the opinion of competent judges perhaps fifty per cent more, should be spent annually for the five years to come."

That was more than six years ago, and the indispensable demands on traffic facilities have necessarily increased. On their ownshowing the private railroad companies are utterly unable to perform the functions that must be performed. If that is not true then they and their spokesmen must stand convicted of the grossest misrepresentation in order to force increasing rates to support new stock and bond deals.

The railways themselves fear their own deficiencies and the consequences of their own wrongdoing. They fought the Alaska Railroad Bill as they fought the Panama Canal, for they do not wish the proof given of what the Government can do in the way of railway construction and railway management, even under the most unfavorable conditions. The railways themselves have brought the government ownership issue to the front in seeking to head off that step by a persistent campaign of misrepresentation and one-sided discussion of it.



See What This Versatile Machine Will Do For You!

In these days of rising business costs, when stock must be moved more quickly than ever before to maintain your profit, when costs must be known and distributed more completely to insure operating economy, you must have some way to get the vital facts about your business quickly and surely when you want them. Details heretofare neglected must be studied, analyzed and turned to account.

The Wales provides an easy and simple way to do this,

By enabling your bookkeeper to get and give you information otherwise unobtainable or hard to get, it protects your interest and saves your own time and energy.

At the same time it saves money in your bookkeeping department by preventing mistakes and by doing away with bookkeeping drudgery. And it is so versatile—useful in so many ways—that it soon pays for itself in any business.

Some of the ways in which a Wales will pay for itself in your business are described in our recent booklet.

Let Us Send You This Latest WALES WAY Booklet

The latest addition to the East Way Library
the product of recent investigations and analyses
to the Wales Way Buteso—which explains how
there it is to control every detail of your lusttion without being submerged by detail.

Other recent "Easiert Way" burdless

Other recent "Easiert Way" buoklessere "The Easiert Way to Start a Perpetual Inventory" and "A Simplified Bank Staretuent System."

THE WALES
Visible

Any or all of these broklets will be sent on request without whilesttion of expense to you.

Samply write at pan the coopen to your letterhead.



Check and pin to your letterhead

The Adder Machine Co. The Bare Bare

Sml mo-

British Was to Amilyer Voice Britished

"The Samest Way to Source Perpenyal Seven-

"A Smillow Bank Sinconst System"

Pairs use on your mailing lot in receive other builded War beginning to the buildings.



MOTOR TRUCKS

PACKING HOUSES

find in Federals their cheapest, most efficient delivery system

Probably in no business are delivery problems more difficult than in the packing of meat products. Deliveries must be prompt, efficient and regular; the loads, as a rule, are heavy; and the location of customers necessitates driving under all sorts of road conditions.

It is also true that hardly any other business has such a thorough accounting system, such a complete knowledge of delivery costs.

When, therefore, packing-houses in all parts of the country are discarding all other forms of delivery in favor of Federal trucks, it speaks volumes for the efficiency and economy of Federalized transportation.

Federal trucks, to any packer, will mean not only a considerably smaller investment in delivery equipment, but a very much smaller

We are prepared to prove this to your satisfaction by the experience of many other concerns in your line; and shall be very glad to go into your own delivery problems in detail.

Write for interesting booklet applying especially to packing-house delivery.

Federal Motor Truck Company

104 Leavitt Avenue

Detroit, Michigan

The experience of other countries - those having government ownership-has borne out the teachings of our own opposite experience. "The rapid extension of industry in Germany has called for a parallel development in the facilities for transportation, Consul Norton, writing from Chemnitz in 1907, reported. "In most respects," he continued, "this growth has been more harmonious and better adapted to meet the natural economic needs than has been the case in the United States under corresponding conditions. This is due in large measure to the fact that most of the railroad lines are under government control and to the consequent uniformity in management and

consequent uniformity in management and avoidance of unbealthy rivalry."

The square-deal effect on all railway labor, and incidentally on all labor, with one central management of the whole transportation system in government hands, would be a prodigious benefit of government ownership.

United States statistics show, as Professor Scott Nearing has set out in his Wages in the United States, that twenty-two perment of the market one and three-quarter mile.

cent of the nearly one and three-quarter mil-lion railway workers in the United States receive a wage of less than eight dollars a week. The figures are for 1909, but they have not changed sufficiently since more than to make up for the increase in the cost of living.

Fifty-one per cent of the railway em-ployees of the entire country receive less than six hundred twenty-five dollars a year. Only seven per cent receive more than a thousand dollars; and of the few high-priced railway men or operatives none receives more than all in that limited class would receive under government owner-ship, and probably none of them receives as

It is a real menace to the country that more than half of the workers in one of the most useful occupations in the world should receive less than a living wage.

Saving on Bond Interest

If it owned the railways, the United States Government could guarantee to every rail-way worker a wage that would at least way worker a wage that would at least support him and his family up to the stand-ard of the average American home. It would not get the money for this by level-ing down the wages of the high-priced, better-skilled operatives. It would get it from the savings represented by the lower rate of interest that the railways would rate of interest that the railways would have to pay on railway bonds, principal and interest guaranteed by the United States, as compared with the sum total of interest, dividends and surplus earnings the railways now pay to their stock and bond bolders; and from the savings of the vast waste that has been partly enumerated earlier in this article, resulting from inefficiency, the duplications of expenses, the traffic departments, the virtual rebates to industrials, the profits over the actual cost taken for mail transportation, express cartaken for mail transportation, express carriage, Pullman and refrigerator car service, and so on. Who shall state with complete accuracy just the number of bundreds of millions of dollars these possi-

ble present savings would represent?
Of the first item alone, consider that the earlies interests, dividends and surplus earnings for private benefit amounted to \$833,734,871 for the year ending June 30, 1911, as shown by the last published report of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Now in a letter read to the United States. Now in a letter read to the United States Senate by Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, on January twenty-first of this year, Mr. Clifford Thorne, of the Iowa Railroad Commission, states that the United States Government would have to pay in yearly interest on bonds representing the full present market value of all the railway securities, including stocks and bonds, \$419,-075,201. The difference between this latter sum and the \$833,734,571 now paid to private beneficiaries is \$414,659,370. Mr. Thorne's figures are based on a government rate of interest of three per cent; but, using a four-per-cent basis for railway bonds guaranteed by the Government, the saving would amount to approximately three hundred million dollars annually.

The saving, regardless of interest rates, in that one item would be vast, nor does all this offered present saving take into account the future saving. Here and now I can only indicate these. The "unearned increment" of land values in city terminals, country right of way, and so forth, are piling up hun-dreds of millions of "capital values" that the railroad rates under private ownership must also return interest upon. The other

The Smuggled Calabash

A Tale of Crime and Reparation

Jones of Philadelphia (not the Jones you know) had business in Detroit. Belon in turning he crossed over to Windsor with the fell notion of buying a swell calabah 220 bringing it back without paying duty.

He got away with it, with much less from than he expected. But Jones was affected with a conscience. He was sorry before in got to Mansfield and it was a contrite fuer who left the train at Broad Street States

At home his wife made it worse. She sail it sounded downright dishonest, and ever time the postman rang she jumped only terror at the idea of Custom mes. U.S. marshals, Federal prisons and things.

Poor Jones couldn't make that pipe take right. He never enjoyed smoking it -put n pleasure out of it. He almost gave it ave once, but instead he stuck a \$5 bill is at envelope and sent it to the Detroit Com-House, hoping that would ease his conscious

He had no sooner mailed his letter than in found that he wanted to smoke. He felche his tobacco but he had none, so he we'led

over to Harrison's less and asked for a portal and got it from lies on's tin.

He lighted up with trembling linger Would his comcies: money spent make the beautiful pipe tare a is should—as he had Oh, Joy! Oh, Blue

Oh, Rapture | Thepes tasted glorines, the sanuke was incompa-

able. He leaned back in his chair and and into a reverie of pure pipe pleasure. Sudden he roused himself.

"Harrison," he burst out, "would youl-lieve it? Now that I have repented and pul Government the duty I cheated it will all

this pipe, it gives me the sweetest, name. slickest smoke I over experienced."

And Harrison said, "Oh, forget it" This pipe got good because I gave you some for worth—if you had started in snobal Edgeworth you would be ahead the \$5 to

you just dropped down the mail chare." Now the question is, Was it conscious of Edgeworth that made Jones begin to color

We'll let you decide this by testing Edg-worth yourself, and we'll furnish free is. tobacco for a thorough test.

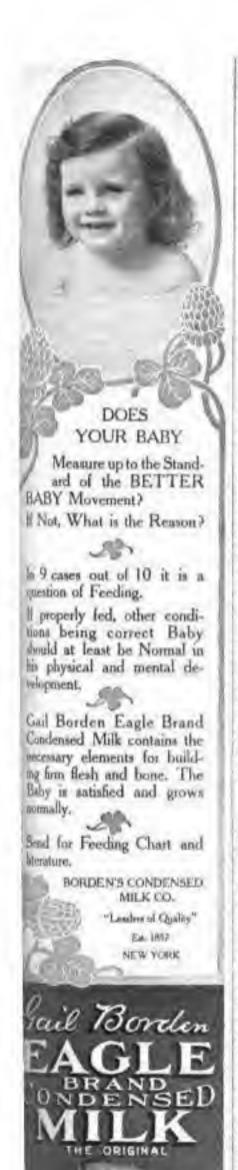
If you will send us your address and no dealer's name on a post card we will porpoa sample package for you to try. We will you to try Edgeworth for the same resethat you would want people to try any prouct that you had spent years in perfecting and that you made as well as you knew his So send and get your sample.

Edgeworth is made from the finest Borly that grows on the ground and comes is two forms-Sliced Plug and Ready-Rubbed,

The retail price of Edgeworth Rosh Rubbed is 10c for pocket size tin, 50c far large tin, \$1.00 for humidor tin. Edgewed Sliced Plug is 15c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. [13] on sale practically everywhere. Mailed popaid where no dealer can supply.

If you want the free package, write at Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street Richmond, Va. This firm was established 1877, and besides Edgeworth makes served other brands of smoking tolxacco, include the well known Qboid-granulated plug-s great favorite with smokers for many years

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: 11 ye jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Laris A Bro. Co, will gladly send you a one of the dozen (10 cent size) carton by prepaid panel post at same price you would pay jobbo-



"increases" that result from the great tractive power of locomotives and the vast increase in carrying capacity of freight cars—these benefits now inure to private parties instead of to the people, as would be the case if the public were the owner. With these increments piled up on top of speculations and excessive capitalization, is it any wonder that the following dialogue concerning the railways' present demand for increased rates took place in an Inter-state Commerce hearing! COMMISSIONER LANE: Is there any reason to believe that these increases would stop with the present increase if it should PRESIDENT WILLARD, of the Baltimore and Ohio: Increases in rates? COMMUNICONER LANE: Increases in rates; PRESIDENT WILLARD: No; I think not. think the tendency of rates will be to continue upward.

COMMISSIONER LANE: You think there will have to be a progressive increase?

PRESIDENT WILLARD: Yes, sir.

I wonder whether the tremendous importance of an increase in freight rates, with further advances in prospect, is generally appreciated. I fear not. Many regard the proposed increase of five per cent as a very slight matter; but the cold facts are: A five per cent increase for the Eastern roads, involving fifty million dollars, is but an opening wedge, that in the end will mean a general increase for all the railroads in the country, aggregating one hundred fifty million dollars. These increased charges will be paid primarily by the merchants, and finally, in the higher cost of food, clothing, shelter, coal, lumber, and so on, by the public. The most prosperous year for the railways was 1913. Their total income was the largest, and their profits would have been the greatest in history if they had used the same proportion of their revenue for permanent improvements and maintenance that had been expensive proportion of railways received. provements and maintenance that had been expended during preceding years. The excessive proportion of railway revenues invested in cars, engines, terminals, tracks and improvements during 1913 represents profits, but in the form of property instead of cash. There was not the slightest justification for the advance in freight rates demanded by the railways and refused by the commission in 1910 and there is now no institutional or an increase. The facts subjustification for an increase. The facts sub-mitted by the railway officials themselves condemn the whole scheme.

The Public Suspicious

There has been an immeasurable increase in the wealth of the world and we are en-joying comforts and luxuries undreamed of by our ancestors, chiefly on account of useful inventions and the advance from the cruder methods of transportation to the present system. These are the factors which have contributed most largely to the marvelous advance in our material civilization during the past hundred years. But are we come to an end of this advance so are we come to an end of this advance so far as aid from cheaper transportation is concerned? After the age-long forward march, are we now to face the other way and retrace our steps? If the cost of everything we buy, including transportation, is to advance, it cannot mean anything else but that we are nearing the end of the increase in the comforts and luxuries of civilization. And I for one refuse to believe that transportation cannot be made very that transportation cannot be made very much cheaper and very much better than it now is. I believe it can be made so under government ownership and control. I see

no such hopeful prospect otherwise.

Even if an increase in freight rates were as imperatively required as the railway people claim, it would be exceedingly difficult to secure the higher rates sought. The people are justly suspicious of the correctness of the arguments advanced for the proposed increase. They do not believe all the facts are in their possession. They think it is likely that the New Haven and the Frisco, and possibly other roads, need more money right now, but they are ex-ceedingly reluctant to furnish the added money in the shape of higher freight rates Under government ownership the people would know or could learn all the facts at any time. If an advance or reduction in rates were needed it could be easily made. In Beigium and Germany the fullest publicity is given regarding railroad rates and





The lovely lady of the little village

will win one of the 50 cash prizes Ansco Company offers-\$5,000 in all-for photographs of "America's 50 Loveliest Women." You know the lovely lady of the little village or the lovely lady of the big city. It is your duty to photograph her, or have her photograph taken and enter it for a prize in this nation-wide competition,

Every corner of the United States and Canada will send its loveliest women's photographs. Interest is tremendous. Bear in mind that the portraits chosen will be shown at Ansco Company's exhibit at the Panansa-Pacific Exposition, which opens at San Francisco, February 20, 1915.

\$5,000 for Photographs of America's 50 Loveliest Women

Fifty prizes! The first is \$500 - not one less than \$50. That should interest you, who know a lovely woman, be she a wife, a mother, a sister or sweetheart. Here is her opportunity for fame and year opportunity to win a prize! The Jury of Award, who will select the winners, has been chosen with great care. It will delight every contestant to know that it consists of

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE Distinguished Actress

HARRISON FISHER L'elebrated Artist

ALFRED STIEGLITZ

Critic, photographer, publisher, whose fame is international

Your Ansco dealer will give you all sorts of interesting information regarding the contest, and will gladly supply entry blanks which name the few and very simple conditions; or write us if there is no Ansco dealer near you. This Ansco contest is open to everyone. There are no restrictions as to make of cameras, film or paper.

Contest opened May 1, 1914. You have not a moment to lose.

ANSCO COMPANY (Dept. D) Binghamton, N.Y.

Producers of Anaco, the amateur camera of profes-stonal quality: Anaco color-value film; Cuba, the paper that gives prints of rich, soft quality that never fade, and Anaco photo chemicals. Their value in producing superior results has been process many years.

finances. Is it any wonder that Mr. Bran-deis, in his brief for the shippers and con-sumers against the increase, said: "Let the consumer beware of the vicious circle of ever-increasing freight rates and ever-increasing

All this illustrates, too, the deceitful character of the arguments of private rail-way advocates. In one breath, when talking to those out of sympathy with the rights of labor, they say government ownership would make rullway employees politically arrogant and economically overpaid and lary. In another breath, when talking to the railway workers, they say the employees under government ownership would be underpaid, servile and afraid to unite und strike for their rights.

Strike for their rights.

The courtesy, efficiency and manliness of the employees of the Post-Office Department is a sufficient reply to such charges.

Would there not be a much greater incentive to diligent work in all departments of railway employment when the men were given a square deal than now when a preponderant proportion of the men do not surn a fair wage, and when most of the real benefits go to those who are not workers at all? Would there not also be a greater incentive in the increased safety to life

under government operation?

It is said that rallway service would not be developed to its full capacity without the incentive of private profits. The truth, proved over and over again, is that the governments of the world have to do those things they dare not intrust to the incentive

things they dare not intrust to the incentive of private profits. They have to chart the seas and light the shores to keep the ships operated by private owners for profit from being wrecked.

Block signals were opposed, and now steel cars are being opposed, because they interfers with profits. The Government of the United States built the Panama Canal under the direction of a man who was paid fifteen thousand dollars a year, and it will fifteen thousand dollars a year, and it will be operated for the world's benefit and convenience, regardless of profit. In Alaska, private railway building failed and the Gov-ernment had to go into that pioneer field. What public convenience or service that is in private hands has been run as efficiently and with such wide-awake enterprise as has the postal service, without regard to profit?

And so one might go on.

Mr. Andrew Carnegle said to the Ways
and Means Committee of the House of Representatives in the tariff hearing of 1908;

"Gentlemen of the Committee, allow me to "Gentlemen of the Committee, allow me to address you in one word: Figures will do nothing but mislead you if you do not apply your brains to such questions as these on which I address you." He said also: "There are more ways of liguring cost than there are ways of killing a cat. It is a simple matter of bookkeeping." And he added: "Well, gentlemen. I have told you over and over again that I do not judge by figures given by interested parties."

Capitalization Per Mile

And so, in keeping with that advice, I have laid the emphasis in this paper on the broader facts and principles involved—facts and principles that no clever book-keeping can get round. I have used figures only as they have taid their own unevadable story. And it is on the broad physical facts that the threaten records are notice. facts that the American people are going to solve this base between transportation for service and transportation as only an incident to profit. And let me say that the figures, too, yield to analysis and tell the same story as do the broad physical facts. They tell that the railways' capitalization in Europe is larger than the average capitalization here, because, not only do the railways there have to buy expensive rights of way through thickly populated regions, but the roads there have been brought to a far greater standard of efficiency and equipment than have the roads here.
The official report of President Arthur

Twining Hadley and others of Mr. Talt's Railroad Securities Commission furnishes ample evidence of this.
"The average capitalization of the rail-

rouds of the United States is about ninety thousand dollars a mile," said Secretary Laze, of the Department of the Interior, in a letter, dated January 19, 1914, to Congressman Houston.

"The 2042 miles of government owned and operated railroads in Canada show a capital cost to the Government of an average of \$47,237 a mile,"
Wirconsin made a physical valuation of

all the railways in that state and found the

present valuation per mile to be \$35,490 or June 30, 1911. The railways of Wisconsz represent more than an average in cost of construction and equipment to the mile as compared with the average cost per mile of all the railways in the country. In making their valuation the engineers in the employ of that state included within that valuation Wisconsin's proportionate share of the cost of the terminals in Chicago, St. of the cost of the terminals in Cheago, St. Paul and Minneapolis, and also of all the terminals in the cities within Wisconsin. They also made an estimate of the cost of reproducing all the railway lines in Wisconsin from absolutely new material, paying the present price for materials and rights of way, and found that cost to be \$44,597 a mile.

a mile.

The Union Pacific Railroad in Kansu is a high-grade property. The State Railroad Commission, under state laws, placed the physical value of this railway at less than forty thousand dollars a mile. The total capitalization of the Union Pacific System per mile is \$146,012.60.

Increases in Dividends

There are very few railways in the United States that are so well built equipped and managed as the Santa Fe. It has extensive and expensive terminals a Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Sar Francisco, Denver, Fort Worth, Dallas Houston and Galveston. It traverses the mountain ranges west of the Mississippi, are its cost per mile of construction and equipment is certainly higher than the average cost of all the railways of the country. In total capitalization of the Santa Fe amend to only \$58,346 a mile and its stock sells a to only \$58,346 a mile and its stock sells at the market at about par. It is well know that a large amount of the common stoc issues of the Santa Fe was used for promi-tion purposes and does not represent ou-paid into the treasury of the railway or un-

paid into the treasury of the railway or an physical property value.

After making fair allowance for depression in the value of care, engines, track bridges, buildings, and so on, on account-age, service and wear and tear, fifty the sand dellars a mile would be an extravaga-estimate of the reproduction value of the railroads in the United States.

Statistics show that the amount of ra-road stocks yielding dividends increase from \$2,668,969,896 in 1900 to \$5.781 250,326 in 1911, how the average rate dividend-yielding stock has increased fro 5.23 per cent in 1900 to 8.03 per cent 1911

1911, and how the average rate of returnial stock has increased from 2.39 per ce in 1900 to 5.43 per cent in 1911.

The figures on all the bodgepodge of rawill show the most glaring injustices, a surdictes and wrongs that most communitations of the said that all these evils will yet to regulation, the fact remains that the

to regulation, the fact remains that the have not yielded to regulation. Taxation? The railroads merely cha-it as one of their expenses that freight a

passenger rates must pay.

Franchise taxation? The courts to held, notably in the Consolidated Gas of that if the people tax a corporation in thise they have admitted its value. rate-making purposes

Court review of railway charges? We that is one of the chief weapons of the reway against the public. Mr. Justice Brewin deciding the case of Smith versus Ansaid: "If it be said that the rates must such as to secure to the owners a reasonable magnetic to the owners a reasonable magnetic to the owners as reasonable magnetic to the owners. ble percentage on the money invested. it be remembered that many things have a pened to make investment far in excess of actual value of the property—injudici contracts, poor engineering, unusually a cost of materials, rascality on the parthose engaged in the construction or unagement of the property. These and mother things, as is well known, are far that have largely entered into the invented with which railroad properties at charged." Contrast that record with clean, honest, efficient government coast. be remembered that many things have h clean, honest, efficient government const tion of the Panama Canal.

Regulation? Right now the railways trying to have the Interstate Comm Commission empowered to pass on all ! stock and bond issues, in order that as Rallroad Securities Commission warned as others have warned, their securities

have a practical guaranty of face value the United States Government. Regulation? No; it does not regulate in spite of the splendid service of the is state Commerce Commission and thele though able service of the several s

commissions. A few years ago, as some one has pointed out, everything was going to be made all right by allowing the railways to coperate, pool or unite with the interlocking directorates, under government superrision and regulation; but now everything is going to be made all right by breaking up railway cooperation and pooling and unity

tes. And so it has gone!

President Ripley, of the Santa Fe, and many lesser lights in the ruilway world are stating without reservation that govern-

ment ownership of railways is coming, and they are predicting that all kinds of disasters will happen when it does come.

If private ownership is a success, if regulation is effective and satisfactory, why is there such a widespread demand for government ownership of railways and no cenard at all for private ownership of parel post? Universally, railway systems have been founded by private capital; but today practically every country in the world, except the United States and Great Britain, have entered on the project of public ownership.

No railway system once taken by the Government has been permanently returned

to private ownership.
According to Professor Richard T. Ely:
"Our American railroads are incomparably nore in politics than the German railroads.

President Hadley, who is opposed to puls-lic ownership, says: "In judging the rail-road policy of Belgium by its results, all must unite in admitting that they are in many respects extraordinarily good." Travel in Germany is six times safer than in the United States, and it is fifteen times rate in Belgium.

ader in Belgium.

Mr. Acworth, the leading English author-ly, admits, as do other English authorities, that is spite of over three thousand regulaare enactments by Parliament in a country size laws are made to be enforced regulaton does not regulate. Private ownership in England emphasizes the tendency everystere under such ownership and control toward concentration of wealth; while pub-ic ownership and control, as in Belgium, Germany, Denmark and New Zealand, tend toward diffusion of wealth.

If the question were submitted to the voters of the United States, how many men and women would vote to turn over our pestal service and parcel post to the express companies or to the railways, or to Mr. Sockefeller or to Mr. Hill? A fair compar-ion of the Post-Office Department, where service is the end and aim of its methods. banagements and operation, with the railmay companies and their paraettical parior az and express companies, where profits are dint and service of secondary importance, vil be valuable to those who are unprejutied and interested only in the greatest god to the greatest number. Is there anything so blind and stupid as the familiar but arthinking statement made by defenders of invate privilege in this country that the roved by the postal service?

If Rockefeller Carried the Mails

Where did these critics of the postal service get the idea that this service compites unfavorably with railway service or with big business of any kind in private

In what respect does it compare unfav-stable? Not in price; if anything is self-stident it is the statement that if Wall Street financiers were running the postal up for a letter from Chicago to Liverpool or London would not be two cents, but

learer ten cents. Nothing in the world is more certain than that if John D. Rockefeller or J. J. Hill sere running the postal business, and if soybody were during enough to suggest that they extend free daily delivery to the lams, Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Hill would Phythat the suggestion is ridiculous on its as: that any one should know that free fund delivery every morning could not pos-sibly pay; that it must result in a constant deficit and therefore is not even to be consdered by a same business manager. Free tanyroral mail delivery under private postal management would not be introduced in this country before the year 2000, if it were ever ptroduced.

The best proof, however, that the postal to loss proof, nowever, that the part of the last in the last of constantly declining charges at a three when the price of everything else has enamed; it is not in the fact that the

postal service is a real service and considers the convenience and the interest of the whole public first and profit afterward; it is not in the fact that, though constantly reducsing charges for postage, the service is con-stantly broadening, as in the case of free rural delivery. It is rather in the decisive fact that the postal service is the only big business that touches everybody in the United States against which is no general

Consider these remarkable facts a moment: Your mail does not go astray. It is not unduly delayed. It is brought directly and promptly to the very door of your

It is, considered as a system, satisfactory service. The American people are not slow to complain when things do not go right and they would raise loud complaint if the postal service were unsatisfactory.

To many government ownership seems new and strange. Even if it were new, that would not necessarily be a presumption against it; but, as a principle, it is not new. The Government that may regulate railway rates and service may own and operate railways if such ownership and operation be in the public interest. It is a principle always recognized by our courts that the railway right of way is a public highway, to ise used not primarily for the benefit of the owners of the railway but primarily in the interest of the people.

The Paramount Question

A railway company may get its property by condemnation proceedings. The prop-erty it gets and properly gets for its own use in this way was evidently not the prop-erty of the previous private owners in such a sense that they could do with it what they hose: In fact, no such property rights exist. Much less is railway-owned property the property of the railway to do with as they choose. Property acquired by the railways by condemnation proceedings may surely be taken over by the people collectively under similar proceedings. The public interests— the general welfare of the preamble to our Constitution-is really the only question involved.

The implication of the words general welfare is pretty wide. It is becoming increasingly clear to all our people that there is nothing that makes for the general welfare which the people may not do. We are hearing less often than formerly that the people the Government—may not do this or that which it is desirable in the public interest

Occasionally some belated person is heard to say regarding some proposed measure that it doubtless would bring benefit to the public, but that it example be put in force because it examples our form of government.

What is our form of government for? Do we exist for the sake of a form of government or is our Government in all its forms simply an instrument by which we may serve the best public interest?

In considering this question of government ownership of railways and of the municipal ownership of local public utilities, it should be remembered that the only really important question is the people's rights and interests.

We shall do well to keep steadily in miod the famous saying of Lincoln that "There are no rights against the rights of the people." Of course it must be understood all the time in this discussion that there is no intention of doing any injury to any one. It has always been recognized by our courts that to take over any property for a public or a quasi-nublic purpose. or a quasi-public purpose, at a fair rate of compensation, works no injury—no legal injury to the dispessessed owner.

There are two main functions of government—one is restraint, the other service.

Doubtless there should be as little restraint on individuals as possible, and none at all, except in the public interest; but who shall set limits on the service the Government. may render the people? Certainly no one except the people themselves. The limit cannot be set by any philosophical theory

of government. There are numberless sound and valid reasons not referred to in this paper why the public should own and operate railways, waterways and water power; but it must always be remembered in discussing this subject that the only way success can be assured is to keep these utilities absolutely free from politics, and apply the same business principles to their management which were used in the construction of the Panama Canal.

Two Great Efficiency Features make the PARKER JACK KNIFE SAFETY PEN Leak-Proof

You can handle a Parker Jack Knife Safety as carelessly as you like - the ink cannot ooze out. It can be carried upside down, right side up, or flat -- in a man's trousers', vest or coat pocket -lady's purse, hand bag or work bag-or tossed care-

lessly into a trunk tray. It is ready for use the instant you want it and positively will not leak. The Lucky Curve Ink Feed and Patented Ink Lock are the two great efficiency features that make the Jack Knife Safety Pen leak-proof. You will find it a wonderfully handy and loyal companion on your travels or summer outing. Geo. S. Parker.

Jack Knife Safety FOUNTAIN PEN

The Lucky Curve Ink Feed, borrowing nature's wonderful law of capillary attraction, draws the ink back into the barrel after you have finished writing, instead of allowing it to be pushed out by expanding air caused by the heat of your body when returned to your pocket, as with ordinary

fountain pens. Only Parker Pens have the Curved Ink Feed, which is the clever idea that prevents the leak and ink-stained fingers and linen.

The Patented Ink Lock shuts in the ink tight and fast so that even when the pen is carried bottom side up ink cannot get out.

The new Parker Press-the-Button Pen extends the usefulness of the Self-Filler

This new self-filling pen has a perfectly smooth barrel - no outside projections of any kind - nothing to interfere with your grip or impede writing. It fits snugly into your pocket

Lucky Caroestops

leaks by Capil-

a harrel of Bekelite, a

me transparent sub-

stance that exactly

You can look right through the barrel and

watch the Lucky Curse

how much

inkthereis in the bat-rel and fell leadyame when the pen with need re-tilling.

Offing.

drain back the ink-

lary Attraction

The Transparent without bunching and. there is no chance of an BAKELITE Pen accidental flow of ink. shows how the Pesitive in operation easy to fill and use. Simply take off shield cap at end of barrel, drop penpoint into any inkwell, press the button and it fills itself in two seconds. A new and clever idea in self-filler construction that is winning widespread favor on account of its simplicity, efficiency and femar handiness.

Any of the 15,000 Parker Pro-dealers will be glad to show you the new bell-filler, Jack Knife Safety or Standard Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pens. More than 100 or ylux—\$2.50, \$4, \$4, \$5, and history.

PRESS THE BUTTON FILIS. TWO SECOND'S

biglion. Vos can be sure of getting a Parker Pearthat will suit you exactly. With a UK-tight disp, which decaptwars to kern all harm when you write. It's rains. It you cannot locate a dealer, write an and we will send you on flustrated catalog showing all styles.

PARKER PEN CO., 90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

Von are condically imposed to many our New York Relaid Stone in the hig Il commonly Building and are mony oxyle at Parket Pon an manufacture.

COMMUNITY SILVER SEST PLATED WAPF SAIN DESCRIPTION OF PERSONS THREE ARISTOCRATS 511 Teaspoons \$215 (Freeway exect) h Comb \$22 de sour Service he 50 Years

OUT-OF-DOORS

In the Junk Closet

THE most wholly delectable place in the bouse, as any outdoor man known very well, is that certain apartment, room or recepture usually by the real head of the nose called the junk closet. There is where your true outer stores much wealth of doth-ing, game, rifles, role, fishing tackle, foot-wear, cooking uterails, and the general gear war, cooling attends and the general gear to classifies among his chiefest treasures. You have such a place yourself althout dealst. It is full of interest, instruction and history. For instance when, just the other day, while logging at a bootlace on the top shelf,

you called down on your head a blackened and bactered lettle—the stewpor that ac-comparied you on many tours—it might to another have mented empty at the time. Not as to you! On the contrary it held many things. There is much that a welleducated stewpot can teach any man, savage or civilized, outdoors or ladeors.

Not long ago, for want of anything bet-ter, I went rabbit hunting with a man who had a nort of shark out in the country, where semetimes he did a little trapping or shooting or honing at this or that time of the year. We had walked hard and were hargry; so presently we repaired to the shark aforesaid to make us up a west. No

one had been there for some days.
We found a loaf of bread: very dry, and mens coffee berries. Besides, we had some rubbits. It does not sound like much of a resal. Perhaps our banquet del not cost us over ux cents a place; but, quite sutside the suddexy appearse, the point in he made is that it really some good to est, and, with no better equipment, you also, in a like case,

We did not have time in our hanting to scop to make a sice; so for the time we fell back on that American stand by, the fryingpun Armetican and susteful, just as the stewped is European and economical. Our rabbit was rather freshly billed, to be sure, but fresh corefed rabbit, when young, is good to est. The proprietor of the shack, one of those outdoor men who not naturally lake to doing things right, proved this to our contust mentalectors.

One Way to Cook Rabbits

He half a fire in the coolescove and beated up abundance of het lard in his frying-gam. Into the to put sections of the choicer gate of a graphe of rabbits, which in choicer rate of a recipit of raidsite, which in a low research were similing but and dis-posed to be golden brown to color. The point is thus in did not simply try he rat-tit and then take it off, more or less tough and strings. On the contexty, after it was need exclude in poured some water in, with the fried rabbit, put on the cover of the pun, and allowed it to stress for a few mo-ments. This is a trut worth remembering. It made the rabbit wery tender and secon-It made the rubbit very tender and seconmuch butter than it would have been if semply fried and left more or less promy.

Our rook had reured off seem of the gream infore pasting in the water, and now he pre-emission and thou and a tribe of salt, with the result that he falcented a very occellent gravy for the trade; catchill. Meantime in had rad some slore off the dry load and placed them to a stripping-poor, which is slart up to the over. To my own intelli-gence they did not some individual of bread, awinted to total.

ther must percently apened the over door and appreciated the alonely browning sizes of toroid wall water. "That if make her ten-derer," said by and so it did. The bread are very valuable and sweet, as was the rabbit. The point is that water and steam. are of one to building fresh rabbit or dry sterog with it puchage you have con yet rissorvers. What with these two thems and a good pot of colles, we would not have agreemented our barroast plates for ex dollars and to that is sure?

We led to tabling of street, regretting that we had not from to the time to overgallen that we had not from to the time overgallen that we had a feather a big time to that we make the control have a big that we have a big that we have a big that we had a begin the owner of the

" and on I get about set that ear

Since we could not have our stew at the time, it was agreed between us that we should devise meantime a formula for a real stew, to be executed in town the following day. It was so devised, formulated and executed.

And here we come to direct proof of the virtues of the stewpot proper.

We called our stew a Brunswick stew, using the name of a compound as famous as it is various, which seems to have come down from the past to the great good of those who hunt or those who like game. Properly speaking, it is a game stew. As to its dimensions, ours filled perhaps two-thirds of a three-gallon stew kettle. The compounding and cooking created great excitement in a certain household for the better part of a day.

We had, as it chanced, a squirrel, besides abundant rabbits. More squirrels would have been better; but in a hunter's siew of this sort you are to use what you have-ducks, rabbits, qualls, grouse, or whatever has fallen to your how and spear. Meat such as venison you can stew, but perhapin that case you will not get so delicate and tasteful a compound as we certainly discovered ourselves to own.

What Went Into the Stew

We put in our solltary squirrel, as well as the hind legs and saddles of about three rabbits, more or less, carefully cutting out the bloodabet portions and throwing away the flanks and most of the foreign. The remainder of the meat was washed clean while we took up the vegetable side of the problem

Into our kettle we poured the contents of one can of mock-turtle goup-real gree turtle would have done quite as well -a ran of tematoes, one of corn, one of red lodgey

of tematoes, one of corn, one of red indexy beans and one of green pens. We poured off most of the liquor from the pess, but added a quart of water to the contents of the kettle and then put in the meat.

Meantime other departments of the contents were active. We had about a pound and a half of bacon—salt pork would have been as good or better—and this was contributed as with a hunting knife, clean through to the rind, so that it fell apart in they cubes not over an eighth of an inch. tiny cubes not over an eighth of an inch across. Notice we did not dump these indiscriminately into the stewpot.

On the contrary we fried them thoroughly in the frying-pan and poured off most of the grease, leaving only sufficient grease thoroughly to fry three large and succulent onions, which gave off fragrams of exceeding excellence. The contents of the frying-pan next went into the stewart Some one thought it would be fine to put in plenty of salt; we so put in about three

Some one thought it would be fine to put in plenty of salt; we so put in about three tablespoonfuls. It was not too much. A stew needs plenty of salt. We also towed in a teaspoonful, I should say, of pepper. Nor was this all. The stew needed some thickening and richening. All the ingredients we had used —meat, bacon, vegetable and all—were first class of their kind and all—were first class of their kind. Fresh vegetables would have done as well no doubt, but we did not have them. Now we took about half or three-quarters of : pound of fine butter, and about a teacupts of flour, and mixed these thoroughly en a plate. The compound resultant, whateve it may be called, also went into the stewper

There seemed to be nothing else we could put in at the time; but a glance happening to fall on a bottle of table sauce, which stood near by, we put in a tablespoonful of that for luck—and it was an inspiration Added to the abundantly spiced nature of our can of mock-turtle soup, we now had a nea compound, the proc

of which was in the eating.

of which was in the eating.

It was now one-thirty by the clock. Reverently we placed our stew kettle on top of the stove, with a good steady fire benead it, of heat just sufficient to keep it simmering steadily. Then most of us went about the business. The pot was watched four time to time during the afternoon. Sometimes it was stirred to keep the flour for sticking to the bottom. It was only with sticking to the bottom. It was only will the utmost difficulty that the assistant als did the stirring could refrain from falling ence on the contents of the kettle, so appeal ing had its fragrance become within the

space of two hours. At seven-thirty that ame night we ate about a gallon of it. It

was delicious!

Take our word for it, if you make a stew on precisely the foregoing lines it will be a specess. Also, it will be a square meal. It vill be first aid to the injured and a balnced ration all in one. Fed on this manner I manna—or manna of manner, as they would say in New York—you shall go forth and prevail mightily in the land. As to that such a stew as this would mean to party of tired coonhunters at midnight's oly hour — Hush, man! Let us not peak of sacred matters!

Our camp cook, the hunter and trapper,

eclares himself of the intention to set up he Brunswick stew as one of the instituons of his shack, winter or summer. He iys that in the summertime they often atch a good many mud turtles in their nets, ad he is of the belief, in which I concur, that artle flesh will be excellent in one of these

irtle fiesh will be excellent in one of these lows. So would quail or grouse be excelmt; and in camp one could add beams or
ce, or such vegetables as offered.

Perhaps the tin of commercial mockprite soup is not ethical; yet, like other
methical things, it is mighty practical.
There is something in the high flavoring of
the tinned soup that makes the whole commentioned tasteful. Perhaps even half a tin of
the soup would be sufficient. For most
sets, however, the seasoning mentioned stes, however, the seasoning mentioned heve will prove very alluring. All of which matters very naturally come

your mind when your pet stewpot falls If the top shelf in the junk closet and lands

your head. What is the best stewpot for camp use? bylously the one you happen to have, ou may use an iron kettle or a Dutch oven a powder keg, or a square oilcan or lardse. Or, if you are lucky, you may have a aluminum kettle. Do not get a stewpan ith the long handle on the side, for you an neither cook so well with it nor handle so well. Only, remember that your fire so well. Only, remember that your free cooled sever be extreme and that your cooking of the stew must extend over several cars' time. Indeed, a good hunter's stew an imperishable and perennial thing ou may put fresh stuff into it every day ad keep it going throughout the senson if ou like. Do not burn the stew. Take your me about it. me about it.

For the enting of a stew a large tin cup is excellent receptacle, or a deep tin plate. to not try to make your own dishes out of ork and such stuff in camp. You might do but it is not necessary. Also, you can make fire by twirling a hard stick on a piece of ourd; but it is much simpler to strike a satch on your pants. This is a practical age.

A Thousand-Dollar Secret

As to that large wooden-handled fork and that long-handled spoon so often rought to mind, see that they rest by your reside; and when you are moved to fabriste a stew take the aforesaid long-handled. oon and bend the top of the handle into hook. Then it will not allp down into he kettle. This idea is known to but few not is worth at least a thousand dollars to

ny man. Do you remember the time in the mounins when you killed your first elk, the one ou had longed for those many years? And hen you came into camp long after dark, red and happy, leading your own saddle-orse with the elkhead lashed on it, do you of recall the fragrance which rose to your estrils where the camp fire was making ook was going about getting things ready, nce he had heard you coming? And do you remember that in the kettle

e had a stew of meat and vegetables hich he had put on that morning when ou started out? This perhaps was the our rifle against the spruce tree and loosned your belt at the close of the day. The iew and the coffee, and the grilled elk-ribs pasted in front of the fire-even the bit of

ver done in the frying-pan—something of memory—eh? What? And it all came back when the stew-ettle dropped and smote you on the occiphal portion of your cranium, nut or coco.

Nor was that all that happened. When
you were putting the kettle back on the top
helf whence it had fallen you knocked from ne of the hooks another precious possesion. It was fragrant alike in memory and fact, fragrant with the smoke of the camp

nd the memories of the open-your wekskin shirt.

It all depends on what you want to do. In church or at a directors' meeting or at grand opera a buckskin shirt is not particularly appropriate. The hunters' clubs of the great cities sometimes give buckskin dinners for the lark of it. These big gameclubs are now active and growing institutions in some of the larger cities—bodies such as the Hunters' Fraternity, or the Campfire Club, or the Boone and Crockett Club, of New York; the Lewis and Clark Club, of Pittsburgh; the Hunters' Fra-

ternity, of Chicago—and so on.

Most or many of the members of these
clubs will sneakingly admit the ownership of a buckskin shirt and confess inability to name a proper place to wear it in these modern days. It is the most impossible and yet the most impeccable garment of the

sportsman's trousseau.

For the Simon-pure incorrigible there is no smell in the world quite so fine as that of smoke-tanned buckskin. It is as imperish-able as attar of roses and far more sweet— the smell of the smoke that lingers with it. When the stew-kettle fell on your head, and when the stew-kettle fed on your head, and you stooped to hang up your wholly absurd, wholly useless huckskin shirt, you esuid hardly keep from pressing the shirt to your face and taking a deep, strong inhalation, if only for the sake of the pictures in it.

In the old days of the weekly funny papers of America one of the erstwhile lamous humorists wrote a story about the

famous humorists wrote a story about the man with the velvet mot. It was his allegution that every man, no matter what his station in life, had at one stage or other of his career either owned or yearned to own a velvet coat. Now that I recall it, I wore one myself when I was very young. Did not you? Therefore, as to a buckskin shirt, of course you have one, or want one, or are going to have one.

The Wonders of Buckskin

What a map of the nutdoer world hangs in the little junk closet! Here are rolls of buckskin from almost everywhere-Kostenai buck, white and fine; and Blackfoot bighorn, soft tanned; and Crow-tanned elk; and Microse mouse; and caribou from above the Arctic Circle; and other mouse from the Peace River country - what a waste of time there has been for some of us, to be sure! But who would part with any one of these useless rolls of buckskin, whether soft and white and odorous, or yellow-brown and rich in smoke? After a while—sometime one is going to make something out of one or other of these skins. Is it not true?

However, take buckskin just as an articie, as a fabric, as a product—an industrial product. It has not only history but exseedingly interesting history. Moreover, it has utility, even where it does not own the stamp of fashion. So far as I knew at the time, I was the first man of my acquaintance to have my shoemaker make me up over a regular last a pair of shoes built of moosehide, smoke tanned by the Croe Indians.

There was never a better pair of walking above made than those. Of course they would not turn water; but, made as they were with a flexible sole, they were the softest, coolest, warmest, dandiest boots I ever wore! I made a present of a similar pair to a friend in Winnipeg. They laughed at him—until winter came. He did not need overshoes. need overshoes.

Then again, perhaps you have noticed mudame, with her fine white boots to go with her piqué costume in the summertime-boots made by her own bootmaker over a private last. Being white, perhaps they make madame's feet look a little bit large; but even feminine vanity will condone that in view of the extreme case of wear, Her bootmaker has sold her buckskin, white buckskin, made by a white man, not worth the tenth of Indian-tanned buck, yet excel-

You can make your own buckskin if you are a regular woods rat. I cannot think of any accomplishment more utterly useless than an ability to make buckskin; but it is the utterly useless things of life that give us nearly all the fun we get. The best teacher you can have is an Indian woman. Indeed it is much better to let the Indian woman aforesaid do all the work of making the buckskin. No white man can really pitch a lodge so it will not smoke, or make buckskin of an even and permanent softness and color. It takes an Indian woman to do

Your Indian has no conscience and he knows the best buckskin is summer-killed doe. Buck leather from elk is not so good.



CAR with every refinement, ample in power, exquisite in line, and with the same relative proportions, on a smaller scale, as the famous Oldsmobile Six.

It is a car to delight the eye, for it has the same general appearance and body lines, and the same faultless finish as the larger car that has during the past season brought added prestige to the Oldsmobile name.

There is a carefully developed idea behind the production of this smaller Oldsmobile. We know there are thousands and thousands of customers waiting to buy this car,—customers who have long been looking for a light high grade, quality automobile, a car that promises all the distinction, beauty of design, refinement of detail, abundance of power, and general mechanical excellence heretofore characteristic of only high-priced cars.

Power in abundance. The motor is a unit power plant, three-point suspension, overhead valve type, all valves enclosed in Oldsmobile aluminum silencer. There can be no doubt that this car develops as much power in proportion to weight as any other four on the market.

Equipment complete, including Delco electric starting, lighting and ignition systems.

Ask for Catalog B, describing the Oldsmobile Four. There are many who prefer a six-cylinder car to a four.

We have been supplying the demand for sixes in increase ing number every year, and will continue to do so-with what we believe to be "The Greatest Six-Cylinder Motor Car Ever Produced."

Combination 4 or 5-passenger Phaeton, touring body type, \$2975; 7-passenger touring body \$175 extra. Limousine \$4300. Catalog A, describing the Oldsmobile Six, sent on request.

> OLDS MOTOR WORKS Lansing, Michigan



This haphazard expression is common among inexperienced motorists. It often brings costly penalties.

The motorist should never rest satisfied simply because he area no

You cannot spare time to frequently examine your wrist-pins and bearings. Nor can you, after each run, inspect your cylinder walls and piston rings for signs of faulty lubrication.

Every good automobile motor is built to stand abuse-for a time.

No matter how inefficient your oil is, your motor for a while will "seem to work all right."

But high fuel bills often point to power-waste-sometimes directly due to incorrect oil.

And the poorly-lubricated motor which "seemed to work all right" too commonly is headed for the repair

Lubricating oil, to prevent powerwaste and premature motor wear, must have two qualities.

- (1) Its body must be suited to your feed system, piston-clearance, bearing design and many other important factors which differ with different
- (2) Its quality must give full protection to the moving parts under the heat of service.

How can you make sure that your inbricant to correct in budy and high in quality?

A sale, scientific guide will be found in the carefully studied recommendations listed in the Lubricating Chart, printed in part at the right. Each recommendation in this Chart was made after a careful engineering analysis of the car's motor.

For a number of years this Chart has been the standard scientific guide to correct lubrication.

A copy of our complete Chart will be sent you on request.

On request we will also mail a pamphlet on the Construction, Operation and Lubrica-tion of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove Iree carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

It is safest to buy in original barrels, halfbarrels and sealed five and one-gallon cans See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of numulacture, is on the container.

For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office. The city address will be sufficient.

Correct Lubrication

196		1940		1964		1911		50	
Suchary	Water	Sections	Winter	Besteat	Wisited	Penning.	Wlades	Sentition	- April 1
A	4	A	in.	A	An.	A	60	Art	Ä
4	Aire	F	Mn.	13	(Ami	4	An	ě	18
13		12	1	13	(Ret)	1		1	Ę
12	ŧΞ	12	ю	10	12	-	1	G	ķ
12	1	Ã	12	Ã.	Ja.	Ã.	100	A	A
Au.	1	12	4	15	N.	14	1	1	A
A	12	l â	Am.	I A	Ani	2	Sec.	A	Ç
15	-	å	Ar.	'n	10	iii	1	á	П
	10	X	1	1	1	4	Sec.	65.	ž
W.	A.	Č.	14	l.	J.		-	*	ľ
A	100	6	(An)	12	A	15	A	B	'n
*	1	15	15	-	No.	1	lan.	1	Ŀ
8	Arri.	12	选	12	5	Ä	2	Ä	U
ı.		15.	D.	J.A	(Acres	12	(Am)	×	k
00	1	10	(Marie	10		I.O	55.4	0	ŝ
a.	An.	4	æ,	12	(Acres	2			à
Am)	Ann	-	an.	þ.	a.	1	m	100	b
100	-	-	(01)	60	10	4	(April	4	×
100	g:	ic.	12	80	B¢:	Ä.	2	A	H
2	8	2	L.	12,	12	×	ai.	(5)	Ŀ
A	40	A	Ast.	X	40	×	Ar.	ű,	Ä
20		30		100				Ä	13
35	30	in.	10	险		Ser.	200	Ť	Ü
1	F	12	6	10	18	Fin	5	(iiii)	K
10,	1	IC.		C.	100	2	Ar.	9	B
10	-	10	*	1	14	4	4	â	×
A	A	Ā	A	Æ	Æ	Æ	A	ò	li
1	1	4	*	1	10	1	40	÷	И
12	1	Ä	6	X	100	2	A	A	k
2	E	£	10	2	(Agir)	A	Anc	*	F
E	E	445	Arr.	Am	Arti	April			5
4	Am.	A	Arr.	2	Act	A	An.	*	à
^	*	^	An,	^	Air.		An.	A	b
A	E	1	Am.	*	*	401	40	A.	Įź,
2	4	2	A	A	A	A	A.	A	k
A	B.	4	Ani.	0	Am.	April April	Arri	Ari.	, to
E.	A.	Apr	Art.	1	营	40	常	A	u s
	No.	April	100	10	Am.	4	Art.	Ari	A
del 1	Mes.	4	Arr.	G.	Apr.	April April	APL	Atr.	à
· A	10	Ä	M.	Ä	20	Ä	祭	A	ř
4									'n
Ã	1	Â			En.	Â	Ani	0	A
2	6	9	10		300	9	44	Ä	k
Am.	Am.	4m	Am.	80	m	M.	Arci	(time)	ä
No.	E-	100	6.4	1	E-i	A	Aer		Ď
Sant	Lie.		100	Ã	.A	A	A	B	Ų
Arc.	Are		A	10	A	A	A.		F
-	K	A	2	A	A.	A		-	1
100	15	100		Mic	(Alte)	Sec.	Airc	2	G
1	100	196							
4 4				10		^	100	E.	á
	es in inites can . All mees . A institute and a sessiff in sesses all in	THE FIRST AND SECOND OF SECOND	THE REPORT OF MEMORY RESIDENCE OF MEMORY RESIDENCE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROP	THE PROPERTY AND ASSESSED FOR THE PARTY OF THE PARTY AND ASSESSED FOR THE PARTY OF	THE PARTY AND TH	PRINCE ALLACA A LACADE LANGUE LACADE	THE STATE OF THE S	THE STATE OF THE S	THE STATE OF THE S



VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

(OMESTIC BRANCHES: Pulladelphia

New York Minnespoise

Chicker Pilitabungh.

Moose makes far better leather, especially for moccasins. If there were any antelopes left you could even use their hides. The whitest and softest buckskin, for so we still must call the native product, was made from the skin of the mountain highorn. That was the skin of which the Indian women fifty years or more ago made their finest dresses, genuine works of art of much value today—the sort that once were covered with the now priceless teeth of

It was marvelous how white the leather was often made by these Indian artisans. Today in the Far North, north of fifty-five, you may go into an Indian's dirty tent and, by proper inducements, find at length, hid under the ragged blankets or odds and ends scattered on the floor, a bag inside of which is a snow-white skin of caribou leather. That is the sort the Indian women use for the tops of their fancy moccasins. They smoke it then; but if they are using it for an ornamental band or flap they leave it snow-white, embroidered with fine silks or oreamented with heads.

I do not know how they make this white tan; but very probably they do it by repeated washings and wringings and rub-bings. Perhaps they use a little soap. I do

hings. Perhaps they use a little soap. I do not think they use any alum.

In general, Indian-tanned buckskin means the yellow-brown smoked article. Perhaps you remember grandpa's buffalo robe. It was sort of dark colored on the inside and it was split up the middle and sewed together. That meant it was a genuine Indian-tanned robe, the best ever made. A large buffalo skin was too big for the Indian woman to handle well in tanthe Indian woman to handle well in tanning: so she split it, tanned the two halves, and then sewed them together with sines thread, the same sort of thread that Lizette, a woman of the Loucheux, on the Mackenzie, has used to sew her white caribou these

Laughing Water tanned her buffale bides by the same process she used on elk or sheep. The only ingredients she used were sheep. The only ingredients she used were braites, muscle and patience; beyond a little smoke, that was all. And the greatest of these was patience. Of course the buffalo robe retained the hair. It was stretched flut on the ground, flesh side up, and then scraped, pared and chipped thin by the Indian weman with her little hone or iron-edged hoe or scraper, a tool you could never learn to use, but which in her hands did magic. She did not salt her buffalo hides and she never had seen alum, that hape of and she never had seen alum, that hape of good for often used as a ready aid in ama-teur tanning. She simply used patience and musele, and maybe smake.

The Indian Woman's Art

In buckskin proper the hair must be removed, of course. If the Northern Indian is making a caribou coat for warmth the hair is left on and the hide is tanned as the old buffalo hides once were. For moccasin or shirt leather, used for tobacco pouches and the like, buckskin proper had to be made. The first thing in the making was to get the hair off.

The savage tanner had no vata. She

knew, however, some running stream or muddy pond. Her first step in getting the hair off a hide was to bory it in the water or in the mud for from three days to a week. Usually in four or five days the hair would slip off readily. Then Laughing Water would take her buck hide and throw it over a low or pole, and working from the neck a log or pole, and working from the neck down, with the grain of the hair, either with her little iron hoe or with the back of her butcher knife, which she used as a graining tool, would remove every trace of hair literally with neatness and dispatch.

Sometimes round Chippewa camps I have found great heaps of deer hair, and it felt coarse and gritty, as though it had ashes in it. I suspect that ashes were added to the water to effect the slipping of the This was not necessary or typical in the Indian camp. Usually the process was to bury the hide in clean water.

From this time on, savage and civilized tanning lose all likeness to each other. The white man uses tanning liquids and produces leather. Laughing Water uses nothing of the sort and she produces buckskin, which is not leather at all. There is no remance about leather; you cannot grow enthusiastic over it. It is something dead. Buckskin, however, is not something dead but something alive. All its original chemis-try is still there. All the fibers are there, only they are broken, so that they are permanently sollened.

Laughing Water takes her buck hide now and reverses it on the beam. Now the begins to scrape on the flesh side. This is work of art and may be a work of genia for some Indian women are noted above on their skill in dressing hides. Here is the operation essential to the success of the Indian tan—all the integument must be removed, all the horny spots taken out, all the flesh removed. Working over the bear or perhaps more often flat on the ground and quite often with the hide head in and quite often with the hide laced in a frame, Laughing Water keeps on patiently, skillfully, with her scraping tool of this or that shape, until the flesh surface of the hide is even and soft. She may do this n one day or in several.

Perhaps the hide now has been a week a the tanning. Laughing Water is in a hurry about it. If she were tanning a bear hide in all likelihood she would lace the hide in a pole frame and use it as she would a buffalo hide. Sometimes Laughing Water spreads the buck hide across ber knees and at risk of limb or finger, trims at this or that spot which does not suit her. The Gra-Ventre squaws were said to be the most particular hide-dressers of the Rocky Mourtains. Be sure the essential application of their art was in this part of the tanning or that immediately following.

The hide is now a rather ragged-looking article, but it is not parchment or rawhide. It is becoming soft. Laughing Water now calls in the neighbora. They twist and pull the hide every way, drag it round a lodg-pole, throw it over a thick sinew rope and saw it up and down, and do all sorts of things to break the fiber of the hide—that is to any price it its investigable spain. is to say, give it its imperishable quality. It takes muscle and patience to do the Perhaps in the Far North you may have sen small apruce trees with their tranks pend iarly hewn into triangles, sharp-edget. Here was where the women dragged mos-hides back and forth to make them soft.

Tanning With Brains

The last stage but one of the Indian tanning operation had to do with the permanent softening of the hide. Laughing Water took the skull of the deer or other animal whose hide she was tanning, split open with her little hatchet, and took out the braies. She now rubbed a thick cost-ing of the crushed brains not on the flest side but the hair side of the hide, where the grain was most open. If she were tanning s large bear or buffalo hide she might have a pot of mingled brains, liver, scrapings and grease; but the real secret of the Indian tal-is animal brains and nothing else. Laugh-ing Water allows the brains to dry into the hide slowly in a cool place; she never leave it in the sun or near the fire.

After the brains have dried in the hide it again rubbed, twisted, stretched and draw-until it is thoroughly soft. The brains do not leave it greasy, but pliable. They have some peculiar property all their own. The property was discovered by the American aborigine long ago, no one knows how Laughing Water accepts no substitute. There is nothing else just as good. At any stage up to this time it has been

quite possible to wash the hide clean will soap and water or with water alone, then wringing it and stretching it and rabbing it quite dry. There cannot be too much rubbing and twisting and stretching. No white man will take the pains to do it right but Laughing Water has done it correctly and she knows that nothing now remains but to results the hids.

but to smoke the hide.

There were different ways used in smoking buckskin. Sometimes a heavy hid would simply be thrown on top of a flat-roofed frame of poles, six or eight feet about the fire. The best buckskin was not made in this way, however. Probably Laughere Water would make a little pole tepes and stretch two or three hides round the littfire in the middle of it, reversing the haras they colored. She used whatever for she could get for this, but soft or punky wood made the best smoke.

Of late years it is to be confessed the Indian women of the reservation very often use a barrel as a smokehouse—that is le say, they knock out both ends of a barre and stretch the hide over the top end, over a little fire built on the ground. This smal-ing is kept up carefully and evenly, and much of the beauty of the buckskin depoon the thoroughness of this part of the

tanning.
At last Laughing Water looks on the work of her hands and pronounces it go-Then, some day, she sits down to make a

buckskin shirt. No white man or woman can make a buckskin shirt—yet the Indian woman is imitative of the whites these days; so very likely she cuts out her buckskin shirt on the pattern of an old flannel shirt she has ripped open. It opens part way down the front and is fastened with buttons very likely, the sort Laughing Water can very likely, the sort Laughing Water can find at the trader's store. She will also execute a little collar for the shirt. Perhaps she will make it double-breasted, like a fireman's flannel shirt; in which case, if Laughing Water is a Chippewa squaw living near civilization, she will execute on the bosom the head of a large buck with flashing eyes. Then she will sell it to you for twenty-five dollars.

twenty-five dollars.

The buckskin shirt proper of the old days was simply a tunic, collarless, and not opening in front more than just enough to allow the head to pass through. Sometimes there was a little flap, which buttoned across the neck. Of course no buckskin shirt is entitled to be called such unless it has fringed seams. When the Indian woman, having rolled over her knee the threads perhaps made of the back sinews of the buck himself, began to do her wonderfully neat and accurate seamwork, she let into the seam the edge of a strip of fine leather, which was cut into

narrow fringes.
You would not love your shirt so much if it were not for these fringes across the shoulder seams and down the arm seams. Why did the savage artist put them there?

Why did the savage artist put them there? It was to protect the seams against wear and the weather. Perhaps some heartless civilized squaw has sold you a shirt sewed with thread. It is bogus. The fringed shirt with sinew thread is the only real article. How much is a good buckskin shirt worth? Perhaps five hundred dollars. My favorite is a Crow shirt for which I paid eight dollars twenty years ago. In museums you will see Blackfoot or Cheyenne warshirts of the old days which would be cheap at one hundred or two hundred or cheap at one hundred or two hundred or three hundred dollars. It was by no means the case in aboriginal life that all garments were worked down to one utilitarian pattern. There were artists, designers, persons of style, persons of quality, dandles and

Perhaps the native woman who made one of these valuable old warshirts for her one of these valuable old warshirts for her lord and master would be engaged on it many weeks. The strips of twisted ermine had to be made and let in. The little brass cylinders and pieces of shining metal had to be affixed. Broad hands of colored porcupine quills must be executed to adern the front, where was to lie the phylactery of eagle bones or the like.

Styles in the Yukon Country

Perhaps you may read about how to tan buckskin or how to make a buckskin shirt; but the white tailor does not live who could take two thousand dollars and make one of those old warshirts to save his life or his honor.

So, you see, buckskin may have considerable history and considerable romance hidden in its smoky folds. If you can get a genuine Indian-tanned and Indian-made buckskin shirt today, made on honor by an artist, do not begrudge your twenty or

twenty-five dollars.

Buckakin has more warmth for its bulk and weight than any cloth in the world. An old plainsman will tell you the warmest way to wear your buckskin skirt is inside your trousers. The Indian did not wear his so because he had no trousers, only leggings. His shirt was the tunic proper, and this is the type of the plains and the Rockies. In the extreme Northern country, among the the extreme Northern country, among the Chippewaians or the Loucheux, the cont shirt seems to be more popular, a garment open all the way down the front. This type revails in the Yukon country also today. cannot say whether it was the ancient fashion of the garment in those latitudes; but probably it was not.

There was no native product of more barbaric and interesting splendor than the oldtime warehirt of the buffalo tribes of the West. Today their glory has departed. They wear flannel shirts, and if they sell

you moccasins those are made of beef hide. The moccasins you buy in Eastern Canada of the trade as moose, and which are sold in most of our American sporting-goods stores as mouse, are in nine cases out of ten made of beef hide. They are smoked and look Indiany; but they are spurious. They do not rub soft after wetting.

A piece of genuine buckskin, whether in

shirt or moccasin, will wet through like paper, stretch like rubber when wet, shrink like flint when left to dry, and yet rub soft us a glove if you take care of it when drying. My own favorite buckskin shirt has been drenched in many a snowstorm, but it is as

soft today as ever. The best buckskin shirt for a white man has no ornamentation whatever beyond the fringed seams. As to museum value, bonce, quills and beads come first, and then the more modern silk embroidery of the mission girls. You can see these at all the Northern fur posts, clear to the Arctic Ocean. The bendwork on the Yukon side of the Rockies is more profuse and rather handsomer than that on the Mackenzie side. Considered as a work of art and beauty. however, the finest burkskin shirts obtainable today come from Fort Nelson, on the Liard River.

Buckskins Too Good to Wear

These artistic garments-and they are indeed things of beauty and not merely examples of barbaric ingenuity - are made coat or jacket shaped, edged with for down the front and at the wrists, and with one or two bands of for, usually beaver, round the wrists or arms.

Across the shoulder-yoke, down the edges of the front, and round the wrists are broad bands of stained porcupine quills. This is the most expensive of all the Indian ornamentation and the most beautiful as

There are still a few women at Fort Nelson who can do this quillwork handsomely. There was one family at Fort Wrigley, on the Mackenzie, related to the Fort Nelson workers, I think, who also could do it beau-tifully; for we must see that this is the work of artists not many in number. I have seen such shirts sell at from thirty-live to fifty deliars. The women who made them would not get five cents an hour for the time they put on them. They are beau-tiful garments, but rather too fine and good for human nature's daily use on the trail. They are to be put on when the priest comes, or when there is a grand haptizing, or when one is a-courting. The post trader may have noe, but he will not be apt to wear it very often. work of artists not many in number. I have

This porcupine-quill work was used by some of the plains tribes, but they did it coarsely as compared with the Liard prod-

uct. Apparently only the small, fine quills are used. The best dyes are the native vegetable ones.

All this fancy work, however, is part of such history of the savage races as now has to do with contact of white and red life. Perhaps in your junk closet you have more

than one buckskin shirt. The older they are, the better. And it is your oldest one, the one with little orna-mentation, the actual hunting tunic made perhaps twenty or thirty years ago—the one with the imperishably fragrant smell of the smoke still lingering in it—over which you hesitate as you hang it up once more in the junk closet.

If you are a very sloppy man, and a lot of us are a heap sloppier than we admit, per-haps you linger over it just a moment or so and look at it thoughtfully. Like many another thing near it connected with the life of the open, it was a product of evolution, the work of an artist. It has thought in it, and history, and romance, and suggestion, and education too.

In short, of the entire household this is the very one apartment, room or receptacle where precisely the best things may be found. And they are classified as junk! Ah, well—and very well! Let it be so. All art is junk, in the same fashion of speech. You cannot really use a pirture, but you can enjoy it.





Why it is so rare

A skin you love to rough is rarely found because so few people really understand the idea and its peeds.

Begin pow to take your skin seriously.

You can make it what you would love to have it because, like the cest of your hody, your skin w continually changing.

As the old skin does and new forms, you have an opportunity to make the new skin what you want it to be.

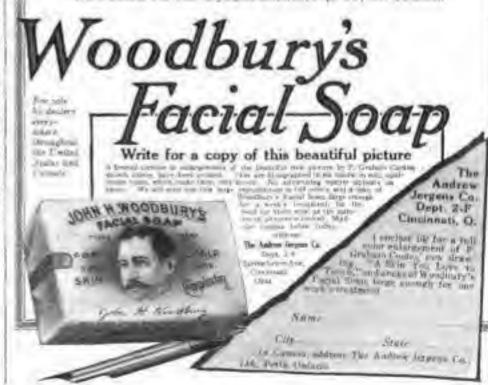
Make this treatment a daily habit

Just before retiring, work up a warm water lather of Woodbury's Parial Suap and rule it into the skin gently until the skin is saferned, the pures specied and the lace tools fresh and clean. Rises in cooler water, then apply tald water the rudder the latter—for a tall minute. Wheneren possible, esh your face loca few minimus with a piece of kee. Always dry the skin thoroughly.

Ow this treatment persistently for ten days or two weeks and your alth will-how a marked improvement. One Woodbury's regularly there-alize, and below long your skin will take on that four leature, that greater freshings and charges of "a skin you live to touck."

Woodbury's Vacual Snage in the work of a skin specialist. It costs 25c a casize. No one besitures at the price after their first calor. As a matter of fact, it is not expensive, for it wants from two to three times as long as the primary some. True off the illustration of the cake below and put it in your pure as a reminder to get Woodhary's today.

In Canada. The Wordbury preparations are now manufactured also in Canada, and are on sale by all Canada of register from coast to coast; in-lating New foundbard. If you fee to Canada, when answering our offer below address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Dept. 2-F, Perth, Ourario,





inch. Nothing but the very finest modern methods, expensive scientific instruments and costly automatic machinery can make and produce it. Parts are manufactured, tested and inspected to one two-thousandths of an steels are used.

AFTER all is said and done, the

the kind of mechanical performance

it gives in the hands of tens of thousands of owners. The car that requires practically no attention, after this most

convincing of all tests, is the kind of a car you want to buy. For the car that

takes you any place, any time, under

any condition, at the lowest cest, gives that which every buyer is after-

Up to date, we have delivered +2,000 cars of this year's allotment. Previous

unfailing and consistent service.

to that time, we had delivered over 100,000 cars. So right now there are

over 142,000 Overlands giving satisfactory service in all parts of the world. We point and refer you to these

They are our best

142,000 owners.

advertisement.

The result is -he has to buy, from some outside source, parts which we make. Thus, in producing every part ourselves, we eliminate these extra costs which the small manufacturer Then, too, our huge production of 50,000 cars makes it economical for us to use the most complete equipment of labor-saving automatic machinery. A small manufacturer could not dream of utilizing such equipment. Hedoes not produce a sufficient number of cars to offset the over-head.

only letter-perfect mechanically, but, in addition, and what is probably just And that is why the Overland is not cannot escape.

efficiency and out-and-out economy

of the Overland.

Ask them about the mechanical

Digitized by Google,



THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM GREEN

Of the Return of the Prodigale

DEAR AUNT: Hennry Begg and me are back again from spenden a week in cump verry brown and sunburnt and a grate apetight from outdores life witch is mostly eaten and sleepen and playen round in the woods with nuthen to warry about eckscept the bishup's butter witch has laded away as

a hoy's wurries genrelly do. Hennry's muther was offle glad to see him again and could hardly reckonize him becaws he was grone so mutch in a week and

su was mine. Hennry and me went to camp the day after we got your swete letter full of sim-pathy with a little scoalden and five dollers witch about eavend it up Hennry said. The five dollers ficket it so we did not

haffto walk the atten miles home for witch we were verry grateful and we had a little munney left over but we could have walked

If it was nessary.

We spent a doller extra besides our bored for gelly and pickles witch made us verry poplar in camp and a high standen among the buys who elevated Hemmy capter of the Wood Rangers for too glasses of current gelly and fore pickles.

It was a grate onner to be capten of the Woud Rangers with a star on your cots made out of haffs tomatto can flattend out and easy wurth that mutch goldy and pickies Hennry said and I could ware it sumtimes in the afternoons when Hennry was sleepen it off in the tent frum too mutch

dinner as hore sumtimes do.

One reesen our muthers were glad to see us back was becaws Hemry and me did not tell them about goen to the camp for a week and there was no way to rite frum the camp and so it was too days before enceybuildy found it out ware we were after looken in all the dry wells and emty barns for us but we were not in enny of them witch wurried our parunts quite a little and thay forgot all about spoylen the butter witch was a little

about spoylen the butter witch was a little
thing beside of not knowen ware two boys
went for a cupple days and nites.

Nouylen a cupple pounds of butter is not
so verry important beside of probily losen
two boys don't you think so?

Hennry's and my father was quite eckscited by our not commen home all nite and
the necket day and not finden us in enny of
the dry wells or emty barns and no cricks
to be drounded in so it was a grate misstery
to them. to them.

Henory ment to leeve a note in the only put so his muther would find it in the morn-en tellen them not to warry because we would be back in a few days but he lergot would be back in a few days but he fergot it on account of the hurry getten started and it was ton days before they found the trale of us witch was quite a releaf to them when Hennry's father came to the camp and found us all rite economy for circum shurts witch was may to ficks by senden sum frum home but we did not need meany close becaws of beein in swimmen a grate deel of the time and not waren mutch but pance the rest. punce the rest.

But a boy's muther thinks if he has claim shurts he is all rite but it does not warry him as mutch as it does her. It was a fine week in camp and sleepen on a mattruss full of corn husks but now and then a corncob in your back only maken you roll ever a little and not enny dammidge.

Received of not haven claim about it was

Becaws of not haven cleen sheets it was not nessary to wash our feet every nite after goen barefoot all day witch was a grate re-leef to us and did not seem to be enny harm to us frum not washen.

Hennry's stummick trubble witch he had the last time he est only haffa wottermellun and sum grene pares was all gone the furst day and he would not know he had enny stummick at all eckscept for ware it all went at meeltime.

Hennry said it would take a pretty good size wottermellun to scare him now even if it mite be a little grene witch thay sumtimes are but a boy will tackle one engyway.

Hennry said it must be a grate thing to ritch and have a bad stummick and go country every summer for pleshure boy liven in a town of too or three erd people is appto miss a grate deel of quantry for witch we ulto be verry al to you for senden us the munney

Henry and me got home all rite eckscept for pance a good deel worn out frum only one pare in the woods a week suntimes swimmen in them and suntimes climben a weathers in them and suntimes climben a tree and suntimes goen through the black bury bushes and uther things witch are more than one pare of pance will stand but by walken in the house the back way and beein careini we manuidged to make them bold together till we got home but it was a tite squease.

Henry and me went in the back dore and gave the Wood Rangers' warhoop to supprize them witch we did and our mathers came out and hugd us tore pance and all and cride and never throo up the bishup's butter witch was a grate releef to Henory

It was quite a long time getten us cleen became of goen barefoot so mutch and needen quite a lot of scouren after the wurst of our feet was acraped off and then solved for a cupple bours in but wotter supesuds to

get the rest of it off witch it finally did but did not look like the same fete afterward. Hennry and me also brought home quite a lot of woodtix witch we did not know about till afterward and were a little sore

but nother servis.

Hennry's and my mother bornt our pance in the kitchen fire for supper and a cupple of our sburts for dinner neckst day witch would hardly hold together to wash after looken them over.

Henry's nose was quite hadly pealed off frum the hot sun on it and his lip crackt open a little and one car blisterd and his other thum cut on a tin can not the one partly blone off and black and bloo in sevrel places from small assidunts and his back quite sunburnt down to ware the top of his punce would be and one of his hig toes smasht a little from a rock fallen on it on

the bank out fishen.

But he had nutben the matter with him ecksorpt those.

After his mother put sum cold creme on his nose and sum vassylene on his ear and sum on his lip and rubbed sum on his back and tide up his thum and put a politice on his toe he was reddy to eat his supper and go to bed as well as he could from so meony things rubbed and tide on but it onley takes a little wile for a boy to beel up and he is all

I was so anishus to tell you all about Henery I forget almost to tell you about Henery and me finden a woops nost in a tree out campen.

It was a verry strange thing and Hennry and me did not know what it was when we found it furst but alterward we found out.

Hennry let me carry it furst and it was verry old and dead looken but afterwurd it came to life in a grate menny difrunt places when Hennry and me opend it to see if it was ennything inside of it witch it was a grate meany of them all of witch hurried out as quick as we opend it.

Hennry and me had been in swimmen with only our pance on witch was mutch.

wurse for us becaws it was more room on us for them to lite.

A woop is a grate deel like a bee only be does not make bunney but uther things he seems to du about as well. When thay lite on you it is a verry hot and sharp pane and a hunderd of them tryen to lite on you at the same time is verry ecksciten for a boy who is just out of swimmen with onley short pance on and not verry mutch of them.

It was a grate supprize to Hennry and me and one wosps' nest will last you for a long time if you see the neckst one furst.

We slapt them on the frust pretty well but we could not slap them on the back and after runnen quite fast for a ways we came back to the crick again and dived in head furst and stade under as long as we could commen up verry slow and careful.

None of them seemd to be able to dive

witch was luckey for as but a good menny were buzzen over the wotter and daren us to come out on the bank witch we did not.

After a wile they got tired of waten and Henry and me came out and lade in the mud all curvered up witch was the furst rumfurt we had since we met them.

Hennry and me did not tell ennything about fieden the worse' nest to the uther



Preserving Time

Reprepared this year. Use strong, convenient, sanitary enamed ware utousle. They are the proper vessels for fruit and vegetable preserving.

Stands Most Abuse -Best for Every Use

Apples, traces - all froits with strong and no sufer the cooked in Chrys Was a comes to make shapes and them with steady, com-

liquides. consolidy made for proceeding, Ask forths Doya Ware Preserving

Disper with look will being on side of any vessel brandle always chanthey's Ware is best and most durable the all penking and humachold meeds

West, for our new free Break.

Columbian Enameling & Stamping Co. 106 Bush Swart, Term Plante, Ind. CHESTICHES

Use "Mum" after the bath

the snow-white, disappearing cream which gently

neutralizes the odors of perspiration

as they occur and preserves the freshness of the bath.

A comfort at all seasons-a necessity in hot weather.

25c at drug- and department-stores "Mum" Mig Co 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia





Champion "S" Spark Plugs

The Studebaker engineers con-sidered aulTranted every spark plug-mady. Champion Plugs prayed the main efficient for Studebaker para and were made standard fartury equipment.

Seventy-live per cent of all the cam produced to this country are Supplied at the factories with Champions. This includes Ford, Overland, Metz, Maxwell and 40 other leading makes.

There is a Champion Spark Plug for every automobile, motor truck motorcycle, cycle cai, motor bont, utroplane and stationary motor. For sale by dealers every-

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANT Largest Manufactures of Speek Plags for the World

K. A. Berosakan, Pres. F. D. Brusskun, Trons. 115 AYONDALE AVENUE, TOLEDO, ORGO



EXTRAORDINARY OFFER -10 July WRITE TODAY BIMAR ALENTS or Core. For Suprise the entered are received as the contract of the contract



tops because we were tired when we got tark and did not feel mutch like talken but it was a grate day for Hennry and me and motily we will not forget it as long as we are and all the places were thay lit on as we set quite gone down yet.

I gest the wosps is about all the campen you would be interusted in and Hennry and me are both grateful for haven on as mutch take as we had.

Henry and me are pretty bizzey since or came back organizen the ball nine for any games this summer.

Henry and me know a place ware we can get good hall soots for boys for a tey sense and the best made but plenty good enough for is. We can eather ware our own shoes or play harefoot witch would not be so much expense.

Hennry and me are goen out collecten the week and see how mutch we can raze among our parunts and other people itemry and me know.

A good menny peeple would be glad to gwakworter apeace and be invited to the furst cupple games free. Hennry said whoever gave us the most munney the nine would be named after them this year witch is a fine chance for sumbuddy don't you think so?

Sumbuddy could have a grate onner for maybe a doller and probily a grate menny people will be ankshus to get it when thay find out about it.

find out about it.

Hennry said Uncle William's Winners
would be a grate name but you never can
tell.

If the boys should feel like railen it after Uncle William ast him if he would acksoept. The name would last all the yeer.

Hennry and me send mutch love and are verry happy over the way everything came out and the butter appears to be all blone over witch we owe all to you.

Your affeckshunate nephew,

WILLIAM GREEN.

P. S.—Maybe a haffs doller would get the name of the ball nine but a doller would be almost shure.—W. G.

J. W. Falry.

WHAT NEXT?

Promotion Scouts

THE promotion scout is a very recent a development in the management of a large corporation, the business of the acout using to find among the employees those also are best fitted for promotion. A fundian railroad is among the first to attempt this experiment. None of the employees other than the high officials know also the security of just what methods he takes to get in touch with the men; so yemployee may have company business with him any day without suspecting his dentity.

Though it is the duty of the scout to be in the watch at all times for efficient employes, and also, in a lesser degree, to each for causes of complaint, the greater put of his work is not at all haphaxard, lesses of availability for promotion are tale up for every employee by his superior, in these records give the tip to the scout to further investigation.

If any statement is made in the record

If any statement is made in the record that as employee is not available for promount for some reason or other, the employee solitied of the fact and is permitted to lie with the report any comment he may waltomake; and the comment may attract the attention of the scout to his case.

Smalling Balt

The old belief of fishermen that some feb can smell bait further than they can see it has recently been proved positively tru in the case of dogfish, and a smelling bait for lish has now been invented. The proof of a dogfish's ability to detect the war of dinner was given recently before a meeting of the American Society of laborates.

An investigator reported that when the tetrils of the fish were plugged up it could attieted the presence of food. When food we placed near and the right nestril of the ist plugged, it swam to the left looking for too, obviously because the smell of food assurance to the left.

This evidence, however, was not needed by the inventor of the smelling bait, for he wild on the old belief to this same effect. It had it simply a soft-rubber imitation is made hollow so that it may be filled ith fish oil. The oil is allowed to leak out lovly and so notify the fish that an attraction dinner is at hand.

The Sixth Sense

THE belief of some people that they can always detect the presence of a spider the same room with them, and of other cople that they can tell when a cat is near, rousing a lively controversy abroad; and stentific study of the supposed ability as been undertaken by psychologists.

One scientist has advertised for persons

One scientist has advertised for persons the believe they have the strange powered are willing to be tested. The existence may such sense is denied by many sciential who ascribe it to the habit of noticing time a guess is correct and taking and many such as the failures. Others to expected that it may be true and due and detection of a faint odor.

Paint Alarms

FIRE-ALARM paint is coming into use abroad. At ordinary temperatures the paint is light red, but when heated it becomes darker. Long before it reaches the temperature of boiling water it becomes black. On cooling it returns to its original shade.

The principal use found for it is in painting machinery parts that are liable to overheating. An attendant needs only to glance at the machinery occasionally to know whether it is executively hot. It has, however, another application—to give warning of threatened fire.

Smoke Monitors

THE smoke monitor is an ingenious new device to serve notice in the manager's office of a factory or office building that the smokestack of his plant is pouring out black smoke. In many cities the smokemaisunce laws make the owner liable to a fine if his smokestack gives out heavy smoke, which is enough to make the manager interested in the performances of the chimney. Within certain limits the production of heavy smoke means a waste of money by improper firing under the boilers; so in many plants the shade of the smoke interests the main office.

The device is simple enough, being based on the fact that a spark of electricity cannot jump so far through heavy smoke as it can through clean gases from a coal fire. A small current of electricity is kept constantly jumping across a gap in the chimney, the jump being one that the spark cannot make in clean gas. When the smoke becomes black, however, the spark cannot make the jump and the electricity takes another path. When it takes this other path it will ring a bell in the manager's office or light a red lamp there, as well as one in the fireroom to warn the fireman,

Testing Fatigue

A MACHINE to show just how tired a man is after a light or a heavy day's work is now proposed by a noted French scientist as the best means for deciding what hours of labor should be fixed for each trade. Many tests on postmen, printers, typewriters and men following other lines of work that require moderate muscular effort have shown that the machine he uses can detect fatigue with much accuracy.

The apparatus is one common enough now to physicians—a device to record blood pressure. His experiments show an increase of blood pressure with increasing fatigue, an additional check on the results being furnished by another blood test.

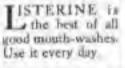
Having demonstrated that fatigue can be detected with fair accuracy in this way his next step is to find a standard of fatigue that would constitute a fair day's work—in other words, to find the number of units of increased blood pressure that would result from a normal working day.

His preliminary results showed that the amount of fatigue for an eight or ten hour working day varies considerably in different trades.









LISTERINE

not unly cleanies and purifies the mouth, and neutralizes breath odors, but is an important factor in the preservation of the teeth. For over 30 years it has enjoyed the coundence of physicians and dentists.





Sense and Nonsense

His Son's Father

GENE BULGER and Ruth Grute, the little daughters of two New York newspaper men, print a paper of their own. It is called The Bugle-Star and it appears weekly

called The Bugle-Star and it appears weekly and, in the form of manifolded type-written copies, has a growing circulation in the Washington Heights district of Manhattan. William Collier was playing at the Criterion Theater. In the supporting cast were his wife and his twelve-year-old son. During the engagement the younger Collier gave a box party at a Saturday matinee for Miss Bulger and Miss Grute and some of their small friends. After the performance the little fellow served tea upon the stage the little fellow served tea upon the stage for his guests and altogether it was a gala

In the following week's issue of The Bugle-Star the following note appeared under the head of Dramatics:

"William Collier, Junior, the greatest boy actor on the American stage, is starring at The Criterion in a new play which was written especially for him by one of our best-known authors. His work is wonder-ful from start to finish. His father, whose name is also William Coilier, is in the troope tran."

Erin Go Higher

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT, the Irish actor, was to play at the Tabor Grand Theater, in Denver, and in view of the popularity of the coming star the management advanced the price of parquet seats from a dollar to a dollar and a half.

The first man in line when the box office opened for the advance sale was an elderly Hibernian. He laid down two silver dollars

on the shelf.

"Give me a couple of good seats for Chauncey," he said.

"One dollar more, please," said the boxoffice man.

"Why so?" demanded the patron suspiciously. "I never paid mure's a dollar to see Chaucery before."

"Yes, I know," said the ticket man, "but you see Dave Warfield, who is a Hebrew actor, is playing up the street next week at two dollars. We thought if a Jewish comedian was worth two dollars, an Irish comedian ought to be worth a dollar and a half."

"Is that so!" snorted the customer. He snatched his silver back and slummed a wrinkled five-dollar bill down instead.

"I want two tickets," he roared; "and don't you give me no change hack out of that five-spot neither, young man. If a

that five-apot neither, young man. If a Jaw is worth two dollars Chauncey is worth two and a half, and not a cint less."

No Such Name

PAUL ARMSTRONG tells of a friend of his, an exceedingly deal man, who was being introduced to a young soman. The young woman was pretty, but she had a strange mann. Her name was Dinglefugle. "Mr. Smith," said the mutual acquaint-ance, "this is Miss Dinglefugle."

The deal man cupped his hand behind

"Floor pardus out," he said, "but I'm hard of hearing. What did you say the mann was!"

"Miss Dieglefunde."
"I'm antally sorry," coursement the afficted one with a strained and partial disease in his eye; "but I haven't enought it yet."
The other man raised his vectors bout.
"Miss Directed give" he bland.
Resignedly, hopelessly the deal resultance his book his bond.
"It's no use," he mid; "sorteds the Linglefunde to me." "Miss DingleIngle,"

Open or Clased?

JUST as a large Irish bicyclore scalled into a water-front salson in San Franchico trouble broke out In the buck room. There were sounds of outles, of blows, of chains being overturned and of crockery smaching.

The newcomer's eye brightened. He moletoned the palms of his baces after the approved stevedure's faction, hitched on sleeves and started for the reur. Then,

"Motor farments," to inquired softly, the a private fight or the kny-

White Elephants

ALITTLE girl walked into a grocer's store at Bayside, Long Island, and ordered a nicked's worth of animal crackers.

The clerk was in the act of putting the purchase in a paper sack when the small patron halled him.

"Are there any elephants in those animal crackers?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes," said the clerk; "lots of ele-phants."
"Then please pick them all out and put 'em back in the box again," swiered the customer. "My little brother is afraid of customer. "

The Value of Illiteracy

A NEWLY landed German immigrant who A could speak broken English applied for the job of janitor of a flat-house in New York. The owner of the building was impressed with the candidate's earnestness and appearunce, but when he found the German could neither read nor write he was forced to turn him down. Nevertheless, he liked the young foreigner's looks so much that he helped him to get work in a construction crew and took pains to keep in touch with him for a

At the end of four years the German walked in on his former benefactor. He was well dressed and cleanly shaven. He explained that he had been so busy he had not had time to acquire even the rudiments of an education, but he now owned a thriving grocery business and bad saved some

"How much money?" inquired the Assertean.

The German drew out a bankbook and showed that he had upward of ten thousand

showed that he had upward of ten thousand dollars on deposit, drawing interest.
"Good heavers!" said the American.
"Fritz, I congratulate you. You're a wonder! You can't write your own name, and yet in four years you're made this much money all clear. I wonder what you would have made if you could read and would?"

The German thought a moment.
"A janitor," he said.
The chief merit of this story is that it is cuaranteed as true by the man who saw the bankbook,

The Canny Andy

AS HERBERT COREY tells it, be went to a dinner once where Andrew Car-

negle was a guest.

"After the cating was over and the speech-making had started," said Corey, "Mr. Carnegie reached to his pocket for something and pulled out a handful of small change.

A direct was from him and full on A dime got away from him and fell on the floor, and at the first chance Mr. Carnegie gut down under the table and looked

for it."
Did be find it?" asked one of the audience to whom Corey was narrating the incident.

"Did he find it?" echoed Corey. "He found fifteen cents!"

The Daly Drive

THE late Pete Duly, whose memory is still green wherever theatrical people gather, was a great hand for staying up late. He never went to bed as long as there was anywhere else to go.

In the seft dawn of a June morning he emerged from an all-night cafe on Lower Broadway and climbed into a hansom, fillng it to everflowing, for he was a very

large man.

"Where do you want to go, Mr. Daly?"
Inquired the cabby. All Broadway cabbies knew the big comedian.

"Anywhere," marmured Daly drowsily.

Then an idea struck him. "Drive me to the Polo Grounds," he said.

The cab jugged north, bound for the ball ark, six miles away. An bour later the driver halted his horse outside a high board fence, climbed down from his perch and shook his slumbering fare by the elbow.

Here we are," be said. "Where?" inquired Daly, half opening

one eye.

At the Polo Grounds. Where'll I drive

"Drive me round the bases," sald Duly, and went back to sleep.



Thermas makes every walk of life easier. for the boans it is a wageless servain, saving without steps for factors and mather, and accounty Hally's milk clean, sweet, and refrom intestion. Afoot or afield, Thorons makes its presence felt in a thousand and one ways. No home is truly maples mult it has its **Thermus** equipment.

For the June Woolding Golf you will action the most of any inclusion to be morelling the Thomas Inc. Collins on Constalnt Juny.

Thy services has Therman stamped on the hors.

Smiles \$1,00 upward. Carafea \$3.50 upmed Jupa \$4.00 upward

THERMOS COMPANY Toronto, Canada

Pushle Cut Dut FARE



ON ACCOUNT OF A LADY

"Some fight tomorrow night," said

"Some fight tomorrow night," said
Split-tooth tentatively.
"Those big hams?" said Faraday. "No
chance—I could lick 'em myself."
"Naw—not them. Whitey and Sammy."
"Oh!" said the sporting authority.
"Yes; if this grudge-fight talk is on the
level it ought to be a hummer."
Split-tooth grinned knowingly.
"Don't worry," said he. "It's on the
level all right."
"How do you know?"
"Never you mind how I know," said

"How do you knew?"

"Never you mind how I know," said Durkee mysteriously. "P'lessional jealousy! Where do you get that stuff? You're supposed to be wise. You've been round and seen a lot of things come off. What is it that makes most of the trouble between pais, eh? What is it that makes a man want to lick his best friend? P'fessional jealousy? Bah! Ain't there no other kind of jealousy?"

"You don't mean to tell me there's a

"You don't mean to tell me there's a skirt in this!" said Faraday, pausing in the

act of spearing a pickle.

"You've been asleep at the switch a long time, but you're waking up now," said Split-tooth. "A skirt! You've said it all. Pity you didn't know about it before you wrote that bunk about p'fessional jealousy. Gee! That handed me a laugh!" Durkee

Gee! That handed me a laugh!" Durkee moved away from the counter.

"Say, come back here!" Durkee paused uncertainly. "Come here!" repeated Farsday. "You don't mean to tell me that Whitey and Sammy busted up over a girl?" "I don't meant to tell you nothing, said Split-tooth. "Do you think I want to get in had with a couple of lowbrows that have got me shaded on the weight?" "Oh, come on!" pleaded Faraday, "I'd treat it as confidential—honest, I would. I wouldn't tell a soul where I got it."

"Nothing doing!" said Split-tooth firmly. "Why, you got a nerve to ask me! You eat

"Why, you got a nerve to ask me! You eat here a good deal—you could 'a' seen it with your own eyes. Faraday struck the lunch counter with

his open hand. "The girl at the cash register!" said he.
"Go to the head of the class!"

"What's her name?"

"Myrtle Schmidt. "How old is she?" "How old is she?"

"Nineteen—say, what are you trying to do? Interview me? Nix! You've seen her, ain't you? Brown eyes, kind of dark complected, weighs about the feather-weight limit, been working here about two months — You ain't going to write anything about this, are you?"

"No—of course not!" said Faraday with sarcasm. "I'm just gathering this information for the census bureau!"

"Well," said Split-tooth with a sigh, "if you're going to spill it in the paper it ain't

you're going to spill it in the paper it ain't my fault. I can't stop you. All I ask is that you leave me out of it—see? I don't mind tellin' you a few things you ought to know-out of friendship—but I don't want no comeback. I can't go on the floor and mix with these rough-and-tumblers, and I ain't going out of my class to oblige anybody." "Mum's the word!" promised Mr. Fara-day. "Now then, how did it start?"

Pighting Sammy Dugan sat on a rub-loing table in one of the tiny dressing rooms underneath the bleachers of the boxing pavilion, swinging his heels and listening to the roar of the multitude. From time to time he inclined an ear to the earnest words of the Dis-and-Dat Kid, his chief

second and adviser.

"Now remember, Sammy, don't git mad!
Never mind standin' toe to toe an' sluggin'
until somebody drops. Let Whitey fight
dat way if he wants to. Wear him down
wit' dat left an' den wham him wit' de right.

wit' dat left an' den wham him wit' de right. Remember your reppitation, an'
The door banged open and T-bone Riley entered, a thundercloud on his brow. He beld a pink sporting extra in his hand, which he thrust under Sammy's nose.

"You're a fine pair of mutts—you and Whitey!" said he. "Look what you done!" Sammy glanced at the paper and his jaw feli. A double row of black type three col-umns wide smote him with all the force of a blow between the eyes.

DUGAN AND WILSON TO BATTLE FOR LOVE OF BEAUTIFUL GIRL!

"Wha-what's this?" stammered Sammy, aghast.

"Mighty innocent, ain't you?" sneered T-bone. "I'll tell you what it is! It's my notion of a dirty trick! Here's a girl that's all right in every way—behaves herself like al right in every way—behaves dersell the a lady, never mixes up in nothing and ain't looking for publicity. A couple of burn fighters get to quarreling over her and be-tween 'em they cook her up a press notice like this. Listen while I read you a sample." T-bone cleared his throat and read as

follows:
"The little god of love will referee
tonight's battle between Fighting Sammy
Dugan and Whitey Wilson, erstwhile friends, but now bitter enemies and rivals for the hand of Miss Myrtle Schmidt, a petite bru-nette beauty of this city.' Wha'd'ye think of that—eh? 'Rivals for the hand!' Say, do you think she'd marry either one of you

"Marry!" gasped Sammy. "Nothing like that. And they've even got her name! Oh, if I can get the fellow who spilled this,

Riley, I'll murder him!"
"You're aure you didn't?" questioned

"I've never mentioned her to a soul!"
cried Sammy. "What do you take me for?"
"Well, somebody spilled it," said T-bone,
"and now it's all over town. Whitey says
he didn't do it" he didn't do it.

'I wouldn't put it past him to do any-

thing," said Sammy.
"That's what he says about you."
"He does? Oh, wait till I get bire in the ring! Say, Hiley, do you think she'll be sore?"

"Sore!" T-bone laughed unpleasantly.
"No: she'll be tickled to death to have her name mixed up with a couple of cheap fighters! A nice girl wouldn't mind a little thing like that at all! I baven't seen her. She's on the late shift tonight; but I'd advise you to keep away from the joint until she cools out."

Half an hour later Sammy Dugan and Whitey Wilson stood in the center of the ring, blinking in the glare of the arclights, intensibly listening to the referee an honest, conscientious soul who droned monotonously about many things, some of which was new.

Said Sammy, glowering at Whitey: "What did you get that put in the paper

Said Whitey to Saromy:
"I didn't. You did it yourself—nobody else knew."
"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"You're a liar!" "You're another!"

Said the referee, extending his arms and diving between the combatants: "Here! None of that! Can't you wait till the bell rings?"

Thus, with an added cause for grievance, they waited for the clang of the gong.

The honest and conscientious referee said it was a draw, and three thousand lay brethren applauded that just decision wildly. Then they fell back in their seats, hoarse, hysterical and happy. For once a grudge fight had justified its press notices. As a matter of fact, there was nothing else for the referee to do. With both men on their feet at the end of the battle—dazed, battered and staggering, but still on their feet-he had no choice.

He could not have awarded a decision on scientific points. There were no scientific points. He could not have declared either man a winner on aggressiveness. Both had been as aggressive as wildcats. In the matter of knockdowns honors were fairly even. Whitey had taken the count six times and Sammy five. As to punishments inflicted, there was little to choose. Sammy had a broken nose, but Whitey had last a touth. Sammy's mouth resembled a badly bitten damson plum, Whitey had a mouse under his

left eye. Sammy had a lump on his jaw, but Whitey had a split lip. "And as for blood," said the referee, rue-fully regarding his soft white shirt, the tween 'em they shed enough of it to free Ireland!"

No sooner had the two soggy gloves been hoisted in the air than Sammy dashed out at one angle of the ring and Whitey hopped through the ropes at the other, thus violating all tradition. After a drawn battle it is customary for the gladiators to linger as long as possible, leaving the ring separately in order that the appluase may be sustained.



The "Ash Wagon Argument"

Free Sprinkler Systems

WE INSTALL automatic sprinkler systems free, usually taking as our compensation your insurance savings of a few years. After these savings have paid for the sprinklers and paid us our profit, we give the system to you.

And we will further give you the option of purchasing the equipment at any time during the life of the contract, at a reduced price.

Sometimes the merchant or manufacturer argues that he prefers to wait until he can put his own working capital into a sprinkler system. This is called the "Ash Wagon Argument." For, almost invariably, he lets une year after another slip by. He goes on paying the insurance companies for a sprinkler system without getting one. He goes on without protection. Almost every week some man who is procrastinating, is caught by a fire and his going business is demoralized.



Economizing

with the Comptometer

The Comptometer represents the truest kind of efficient economy-the kind that actually saves time and labor and prevents mistakes. The saving of time and labor due to the phenomenal speed of the Comptometer can be readily measured, but the value of its accuracy is simply incalculable.

It was a revelation to the executives as well as to the office loves of a large beet sugar factory, to find that all the additions, extensions, divisions and deductions of the annual audit, were easily made in 17 hours on the Comptometer. It had taken them 112 hours with other equipment.

It was a further revelation when the Comptometer disclosed figure

errors which had resulted in overpayment on purchase invoices amount ing to over \$500.00 - invoices which had been gone over and checked by three capable mental extenders.

Then came another revolution when they were shown by the Comptonies test that in 25 pages of mentally figured. statistical work requiring divisions acmester to 5 planes, only one stem our of the lot was correct to 5th place.

These are real experiences—not imaginary cases. They can be emiltiplied by the thouse to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Complements to use of the most radule factors for efficiency and morning in accounting that is beaute to the harinus sould today.



Adding and Calculating Machine

Write for Daily Ledger Control and Comptometer Trial Balance Sub-Total Sheets

These two unique and valuable accounting with and full explanation of their use, together with complete, detailed information almost the Comprements will gladly be mailed you without chiligation or expense. Make a memorandum to write for them at once.

Felt & Tarrant Mfg. Co.





Real Bungalow Books 2100

(ED YOH), The Bangalow Gullamur, 766 Bangalow Hely, Joursie Wards.

The 10th Year in The Saturday Evening Post EMPIRE CANDY FLOSS MACHINE

Stevens Hip. & Soyaly Co., Varley Building, Change, III

If you will have some leisure hours this Summer we'll buy them from you. During the time when you would otherwise be "loafing" we should like to have you look after our local subscription work. We'll pay you a liberal com-mission and salary. Write for information to

THESAPERDAY

HILLUSTPHIA, PENNA.

Two such precipitous exits were never before witnessed in that arena. "Say, you gottn have dat nose fixed up." said the Dis-and-Dat Kid to Sammy in the

dressing room.
"Plenty of time," mumbled the dis-figured gladiator. "I shaded him in every round, didn't I?"

On the other side of the partition Whitey's handlers belought him to allow them to reduce the mouse by the simple and expedient method of lancing it with the blade of a

"Tomorrow!" said Whitey impatiently.

"Where's my pants?"

It was a great race and Sammy Dugan won it by half a block. He burst into Riley's place out of breath, disheveled and perspiring freely. Split-tooth Durkee grinned behind the coffee boiler, and Myrtle stared storily over the cash register. She had put on her hat and cost, and her bag dangled from her wrist. Her nose and eyes were suspiciously

red.
"They give it a draw," panted Sammy,
"but I win a mile! Say, I want—to tell
you—I didn't put that piece in the paper.
It was Whitey did that—and—"
This declaration was interrupted by the
secused, who buried himself into the room,

also becaused, who buried himself into the room, also brenchless and perspiring.

"Don't you believe him!" he cried.

"S a lie!"

"Oh, you're both here, are you?" said Miss Schmidt coldly. "Well, I just want to tell you one thing: I wouldn't waste my time on boodlums like you. I wouldn't look at you outside of this place. I wouldn't speak to you! You're trash, that's what you are—trash!" Her voice grew audenly shrill. "The idea of you dragging me into the newspapers like this—a couple of lowdown hoodlums like you! My flancé is gaing to be in town tomorrow. He's a brakeman on the railroad, and he's bigger than both of you put together. Just wait till he catches you—that's all!"

She had stepped round the end of the counter and now swept out into the street,

counter and now swept out into the atreet, banging the door behind her. The battle-scarred gladiators looked at each other blankly. After a time they became aware of Split-tooth Durkes, who was grinning at

them from a safe distance.

"She's quit her job," said Split-tooth cheerfully—"Says she couldn't hold up her head in this joint again. And say, if what she tells me about this brakeman is right you better leave town now. He's bigger'n

Sammy and Whitey exchanged glances of deep concern.
"If that's the way it is ——" said Sammy

"We better stick together," said Whitey.

"We better stick together," said Whitey. They shook hands.
"We can lick him if he's as hig as Jim Jeffries!" said Sammy.
"You're whistling!" said Whitey.
They shook hands again.
"You're a tough hird, Whitey, old boy!" said Sammy. "I'd rather fight a champion than take you on again."
"I never got such a lacing in my life as I got from you," said Whitey, thoughtfully stroking the mouse under his left eye.
"Say, what started it anyway?" asked Sammy.

Sammy, "Why," said Whitey, "Split-tooth, over there, he said that you was knocking me to

"He told me the same about you," said

Summy. They considered the situation gravely,

turning this information over and over in their minds. Then they looked at Split-tooth, who squeaked and backed suddenly into a pile of plates, sending them crashing

"Nix! Nix!" he begged. "Ain't we al-

"You go round one end of the counter and I'll go round the other," said Sammy. "He can't get away," said Whitey.

When T-bone Riley dropped in he found Saginaw in sole possession of the premises, which bore every appearance of having been

which bore every appearance of having been visited by a cyclone.

"What's happened here?" asked T-bone, estimating the damage with a practiced eye.

"A whole lot of things," said the night cook: "Your cashier has quit. Sammy and Whitey are friends again. It was Splittooth that got that piece put in the paper. He's in the Receiving Hospital."

"Outside of that every little thing is all right!" asked T-bone.

"So far as I know," said Saginaw.

"Fair enough!" said T-bone Riley.

Where Safety ls First



Lysul is almost invariably chosen by duenors and nurses in critical carry, not as childbirth, where only the infest and most effective antiseptic can be used.

It is infinitely safer than earbolic soid or bichluide of merenry. It is also more effective, for it destroys the grow and then washes it away by its peculiar scapy character. These qualities mass



the ideal antiseptic, germicide and di-intertant for all personnal and household new, as, for instance, washing interpol run, disinfecting bathrooms, charge, or pett, sinks, garbage caus, etc. Dissu-can secrely enter a house that is guarded by Lynd.

Important - ile sure you get Lyan buch it is not up in round but the with the signature of Lebu & Fink on the label.



According To Your Income

You do not have to wait until you I have accumulated enough money to pay for standard securities in full. You can invest on the Partial Payment Plan.

If you invest money in stocks at current prices, current dividend rates well yelf of the securities.

You may buy 3 shares, 13 chares, or 102 shares— any amount to said your individual income. Free can buy Bonds, Ext, on the Partial Payment Plan.

Send for Booklet 9-"Partial Payment Plan."

John Muir & Co.

Odd Lots of Stock

New York Stock Excl MAIN OFFICE, 74 BROADWAY, N. Y.

42nd Sa. B. Brway — Loughers: Building, N. V. 17lels St. & 7th Av. — Hotel Theress, N. V. National State Bank Building — Newsch, N. V.

New 1/4-horse Motors \$19 each For alternating current, 1 phase, 60 cycle, 110 or 220 vd. current. Several hundred other Dynamos and Moson GEO, BENDER, 122-130 Centre Street, New York



THE FAKERS

(Continued from Page 23)

the curse of this country, if he were to act stherwise. Am I right?

"You are right, senator," Hicks an-retred. "I am for the people, and I believe I can serve them best as a Democrat." "Good!" exclaimed Paxton, slapping licks on the shoulder. "Now come in and tale a little dictation."

take a little dictation.

Hicks went in with his notebook and pendle, pulled out the shelf on one side of he senator's desk and waited.

Paxton lighted a cigar, fussed over some

"Politics," he began presently, "may be separated into two grand divisions: Practical politics and impractical politics. Fractical politics is the kind that wins, inpractical politics is all other kinds. Paragraph.

Politics has many aliases. It is rarely practiced under its own name, except by has who are designated as the unscrupu-ion bosses and their henchmen and heelers. all others who engage in politics so engage lecture some unendurable condition of rational or local affairs demands their groupt placing on the payroll in order that thee abuses may be corrected. Paragraph. "Next to getting on the payroll the im-pertant object of politics is power. Power

entant chiect of politics is power. Power important, because if you have power you can get the money. At any rate you can get others in the way of getting the money, and no politics is a success unless subbody gets it. Paragraph.

"Politics makes strange bedfellows. All eminations and associations you perscally make are excusable, because you crariably make them for the good of the people. Paragraph.

"Always be unselfish in politics. For exemile, if called to choose between two often always take the office to which you on be elected, even if it be the lesser one, for any salary at all you can get is better that any salary, however great, that you tan any salary, however great, that you unset get. Paragraph."

Ensot get. Paragraph."
Exton stopped, puffed a little at his dgr and then began again:
"The greatest asset of the politician is the people. Paragraph." It is well to remember that though the scole may not always be right, they are assedingly numerous. Paragraph.
"Every politician should observe care-sly what the people think they demand, by demand that thing instantly, stridently

any what the people think they demand, in demand that thing instantly, stridently sol continuously. As the people pay atsention to politics for only a few weeks each year, and the politician pays attention to politics all the time, it will soon fall out that the people will come to think the refirms they demanded and you took up are really reforms that you demanded and they took up. Payagraph.

tok up. Paragraph.

"Never refer to the people as the people. Always call them the plain people. The great bulk of the people are so plain they like to be told of that characteristic restantly. Likewise, they dote on being held up as the bone and sinew of the nation.

Paragraph.

Always be in sympathy with the wrongs of the people. Never make a speech without referring to the great toiling masses. The great toiling masses like publicity for their greatness and sympathy for their toil.

Paragraph.

"The great toiling masses would be mighty uncomfortable and unhappy if they had nothing to kick about; so if there are no outrages on the body politic think up a few threatments. Paragraph.

"The secret of successful political oratory to tell the people what they already know. If you thunder at them for two hours that botesty is the best policy and virtue is its own reward they will consider you a patriot and vote accordingly; but if you elucidate a new political or economic theory they will say you are trying to sell them out and probably will think you are a crook.

Paragraph.
"Money has no place in politics except. to defray legitimate expenses. Money is expended illegitimately in politics when you are caught expending it. Wise politicians tover expend money in politics themselves. by get some one to do it for them. Then, detection comes, their hands are unsullied and their motives cannot be impugned."

The senator stopped again and relighted he cigar. "That's all for now," he said. "What is it?" asked Hicks—"a speech of an article or what?"

"Neither," replied Paxton. "It is merely an epistle for the aid and guidance of any aspiring young man who desires to become

aspring young man was desires to become
a successful politician."

"What shall I do with it?"

"Oh, make a few copies and keep one for
yourself. It might be of use to you some
day, for it contains the condensed wisdom
of thirty years of dealing with the people
in public life."

Hicks looked in the Congressional Directory, and found that the representative from the Rextown district lived in Rextown. He went over to that etatesman's committee room and introduced himself to the secre-

tary of the representative.
"I'm T. Marmaduke Hicks," he said, "assistant secretary to Senator Paxton."
"Glad to meet you, Mr. Hicks," the secretary responded. "My name is Duffield, James R. Duffield. What can I do for you?"

for you?"

"Oh, nothing much," Hicks replied, "but a friend of mine out home is thinking of locating in some Middle Western rity and he wrote me and asked me if I knew anything about Rextown. So I thought I'd drop over and see you and get some points about the place."

"It's a good town," Duffield replied, assuming the tone of a booster. "It's the best town in the Middle West and it is growing by leaps and bounds. It has the best water, the best climate, the biggest buildings, the most complete street-car system, the finest park system, the greatest hustlers among the business men, the most expensive horses. The greatest hand clearexpensive homes, the greatest bank clearexpensive homes, the greatest bank clear-ings of any town of its size in that section. It also has the biggest jobhing houses, and it's one of the largest mill and factory towns anywhere in the Middle West."

"What's that?" asked Hicks—"a big mill and factory town?"

"One of the biggest," boasted Duffield.

"Why, our factories."

Why, our factories — "
"How do the men in the factories vote?"

"How do the men in the factories vote; asked Hicks, interrupting.
"Oh, they vote the Republican ticket. Paddy Ross, the hose out there, sees to that, Talk about Republican towns and counties! Why, Mr. Hicks, there hasn't been a Democrat elected out there since Hector was a pup, and Corliss County is unanimous for the G.O.P. every crack out of the box."

of the box."

"What is the factory vote—how much of the total vote, I mean?" Hicks asked.

"About half, I guess," Duffield replied; "maybe a little more."

"How many Democrats are there in Restown?"

A thousand in round numbers perhaps.

"Still," continued Hicks, who saw possibilities, "If that labor vote should get away from you and go with the Democrats once, they would be able to clean you up, wouldn't they?"

"Sure!" assented Duffield: "but there

"Sure!" assented Duffield; "but there isn't a chance—not a chance. Paddy Ross holds that vote for us, and Paddy will hang

on to it too, you can bet on that."

Hicks asked a few more questions, listened impatiently to another panegyric about Rextown, thanked Duffield, and hurried back to Senator Paxton's office.
"Senator," he said, "that town of Rex-

town looks pretty good to me. I was talk-ing to a young fellow from there, Malcolm's secretary, and he tells me it is a big mill and factory town and that the labor vote is about half of the total."
"Well?" interjected Paxton.

"He says there are about a thousand dyed-in-the-wool Democrats too, and there ht come a chance, on son national issue, to shift that labor vote. Then I'd win.

"Such things have been known," commented Paxton, to whom this situation was no news. "How are you getting on with no news. "
your law?"

"I'll have my degree in February. The examiners will allow me credit for the time I studied back home with Judge Smith, and then I can take the examination."

"Can you pass it?"
"Pass it?" and Hicks laughed. "Why, senator, all my studies have been directed to that end. I have inquired carefully into such principles of the law as will come up in that examination.



Hartford Fire Insurance Company

Hartford, Connecticut

INSIST on the HARTFORD

Agenta Everywhere





PATENTSWANTED

WANTED - AN IDEA! Who can think of parent! Printed your ideas, they may bring you weight. With he "Needed Invention" and "then to Get Vento Patent and Vento Memory." Ratheopie & Co. Ches. 187, Patent Asterney, Washington, D. C.



"I see, and such real knowledge of the law as you will eventually have you will obtain after you are out of law school and a member of the bar?"

"That's the idea," Hicks replied. Hicks applied himself for several weeks, secured his degree and took the examination. He passed by a narrow margin. Senator Paxton told him he would fix it so he would be admitted on motion to the Rextown bar, on the strength of his District of Columbia certificate, and Hicks swaggered about the boarding house be-cause of his new distinction. Also be let it be known generally that, notwithstanding his association with Senator Paxton, he had concluded that the Democratic party more closely approached his ideals as the party that had the interests of the plain people at heart, and that he had decided to cust his political fortunes with the Democracy for that reason. Paxton and Madden chuckled and everybody else predicted Hicks would

and everybody else predicted Hicks would soon lose his job.

Hicks sent for the Rextown papers and read them carefully, familiarizing himself with the names of the people most men-tioned in their columns. He gained a smattering of the local politics of the place and informed himself, as well as he was able, concerning the characteristics of the surrounding country and the intricacies of the city government.

the city government. Paxton talked with Hicks frequently about the plan, never going so far with him as he had with Madden, but, by skillful reference to the manners and methods of men in Congress, impressing on Hicks the basic political fact that the general public cal gullibility of the people as a mass is a natural and legitimate political asset. Hicks, on the other hand, though fully renvinced of the truth of this, both from what the senator told him and from his own what the senator told bim and from his own observations, sought to maintain, and did maintain—to his own satisfaction at least—the pose that he sincerely believed that the people needed his services, and that he rould work for them better as a member of the Democratic party. He sometimes combatted Paxton when Paxton was especially hitter and cynical, protesting that the people were not so easily fooled as Paxton thought.

Parton enjoyed this hugely, for it was evidence to him that he had not misread Hicks, and Hicks thought he was making the impression that what he had in mind was a means to gain a most desirable end, which, as he stoutly asserted to Parton, was the general good of the people, but which in reality was the immediate and continued moved of Hicks. As time went on Hicks he good of Hicks. As time went on Hicks beton had much amusement in planning the

details.
"How's the Paxton-Hicks coalition com-

"How's the Paxton-Hicks coalition coming along?" asked Madden one day.

"Fire!" Paxton replied. "Tommie has swallowed the bait and is trying to make me think he's only nibbling at it."

"He talks to me about it by the hour," said Madden. "I think he's beginning to believe be has a mission to go out and reform things. He's getting a lot of the genuine reformer's earmarks."

"Don't make the mistake of classics of

"Don't make the mistake of classing all references as bogus, Madden," and Paxton was very serious. "There are plenty of men who are earnest and sancere and honest and helpful in their efforts to eliminate a lot of abuses that have grown into our political and economic system. Not all of them are fakers by a long shot.

"I neconcile have the greatest respect

"I personally have the greatest respect The chare I detest are these canting, hypocritical, faking humbags we see round units such numbers. The great fault of our politics isn't graft or dishonesty, Madden, it's hypocretical.

it's hypocrisy." He walked back and forth across his

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "Loo round you. Put any one of nine-tenths of these hand-chakers and four-flushers under the seid test, and that one and all the rest will turn green in a second. Don't spare me. I am as bogus as the rest of them, only I admit it privately, of course, and they don't. I have been thirty years in public life, and I've made a fertune out of politics and secured a reputation, and am counted as one of the leaders of the Senate. Yet I'd be back home running a grocery store if the people hadn't made it so easy for me. They allowed me to bunko them, and I utilized my opportunities. Some day these people

(Cantinued on Page 53)



In fact, you will be money in pocket, fig-uring the many bours of time and labor you will save 52 weeks a year for many year. Not to mention the EASIER WORK, BET-TER FINISH, and LONGER WEAR of goods ironed. It will eatn its price over and over again.

If we folly realized the MANY above.





FREE TRIAL COLUMBIA Grafonola

Nothing Down Smallest Monthly Payments

Dance or other Records included Write for Catalogue and Selling Proposition The E. T. Berrowes Co., 41 Gray Street, Portland, No.



Save Work-Gain Health on can't afford to be estimated by help which at any of the borner and tile a tree of The Folding Tray-Waget

BLOOMFIELD MYG OD
BOX 43 Bloomfield In

GENTS WANTED Shines All Metals For Silver, Gold. Brass, Nickel. m. Brass, Nicket on The polish is a the cloth. Always nath cloth. Always nath a gallon of liquid polish. Price 25: he agents or by mail. Agents, write for our preparation of the contract of the mail.

Auburn Specialties Co., 27 Clark St., Auburn N.V.

Continued from Page 50

ril vale up, but until they do they themdes will be the instruments of their own meditig.

Suppose some one tried to wake them

suggested Madden.

"suggested Madden." Some one will some day," Paxton reled "but not yet and not Hicks. When
not time comes we'll all acuttle for the
agricus. Until it does come the game
all go or in the same old way, for there's
to use trying to get the yolk out of a china
agrorand, he won't try to awaken them.
Bis ides is to keep them fast asheen." His idea is to keep them fast asleep.

TWAS arranged that Hicks should start by Restown in April. Paxton told him he wasting time in the office, inasmuch as a lad his future plans so carefully condend, and urged an early beginning. The sator was much pleased with the eager tenser in which Hicks had undertaken this side actients of his and was any one of his any one of his any one of his any one of his any of his any one of his any one of his any of his yairal enterprise of his, and was anxious or the actual test of it. He felt sure he had or able and amenable subject for his minis-nious, and told Hicks not to let lack of mey lother him, as he would assist him amially at the start.

If Paston had not been frank with Hicks. sther had Hicks been frank with Paxton. cir was without a acruple and was willof to take any step that would advance to song the line of his ambitious; but be at he should not disclose these inner attivis of mind and conscience to the senator. is residered the senator's interest in him a ricedly attempt to aid a young man-shad attracted the notice of that statesanly his eminent abilities. Paxton read sitio than the preface to Paxton. Paxton of made just the sort of an arrangement of Birks he had in mind to make, and his reminary negotiations with Hicks and her working out had given him so much magning out had given him so much magning the head conceased his light file had conceased his Maracter from Paxton, and had listened l'atten's satirical lectures on the abuses the body politic, which abuses Paxton a doly engaged in making greater, with siref belief in their literalness that Hicks than used skillful dissimulation. Paxton according to the dolors of the base of the base

laughed over it. "Be a convert and a crusaler Mudden," of Paston. "I am constrained to think in T. Marmaduke Hicks will add to the

is it is the nation as time goes on."

like finished his work in the office, bade

Wathington friends good-by and left

Section to see his matter. Separate Sepator

"Good-by, Tommie," the separator said of before the train pulled aut. "good-by at good luck. Remember that from this are forward you are a tribune of the pro-A lifelong Democrat since day before corelay and a fee to the corrupt forces of mith and plutocracy. Above all, be sorted. The people must think you are in street, else you are lost. Here are a few outer thoughts I have jound down for you.

up me informed of your progress, Reharded Hicks an envelope, waved his and and walked away. Hicks found his will, arranged his baggage and opened to envelope. It contained a check for a busind dollars and this letter:

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 17, 1809.

"Der Hicks: Let me call your attention atte fart that certain trustitions and precerats in politics have been in vogue so long by they have the force of rules. Occasionly a politician arises who does not play the are according to the rules, but he can be indemned unsparingly as an unstart and magogue and the traditions and presseth thereby preserved.

Dress is an important tilling, and deand somewhat on the section from which we come Do not in any circumstances low yourself to overdress, especially as no are to make your appeal to the plain mpleto whom plain living and plain dress that marks of virtue. Went clothes milar in kind to those your published as or the bulk of them, but do not professionate the raine of a plan but and minute the value of a plug but and a of too dignified. Be familiar, but not soo

things your public carefully and he all they to all men, but be careful to be the nd of thing to each man that appeals he Lit particular man.

"For example, never take a drink with a clergyman and never fail to buy one for a ward boss. You are as good as the greatest citizen of your community and no better than the humblest one. Always remember that—when canvassing the district.

"There is ample precedent for the statement that no frivolous person ever gut anywhere permanently in American politics. It is well to be borne down by the seriousness of the situation and to assume an impressive manner of speaking. Do not allow yourself to be led into any public display of wit, and never by any chance make a public degeneratestion of a sense of make a public demonstration of a sense of humor. When stating your conclusions, state them with an air of finality that is observed when a justice of the United States Supreme Court hands down a decision.

"Neves fail to take active meaning."

Never fail to take active sognizance of any movement or issue or policy that is favored by the religious hodies. Align yourself publicly with the better elements, and go to church regularly. This will enable you to carry on, with much less danger of detection, the necessary negotiations with certain politically important

elements of your community.

"Always keep your promises. That is to say, always claim to keep your promises and always assert vigorously that you do keep them to the letter. An expert politician can find many ways for breaking promises—after he is elected; and after you are elected you have secured your reward and do not need votes for the time being.

"If you have an obvious thing to do, do it in a highly complicated manner. Befog every action. Never make a direct stafement on a matter of policy and never do.

ment on a matter of policy and never do a direct thing until you have carefully calcu-lated the consequences. Many a political career has been ruined by haste in such matters. You may have observed that the

trimmer usually lands.
"Do not be led at any time into telling
the truth about any political proposition.
Truthtelling in politics is the mark of the inexperienced politician, but he careful to lie skillfully and always remember just how

you lied.
"If you want a political place, induce several people to run for the same place. Do not select men strong enough to get the place—that would mess things up frightfully—but get expirants who can control a fow votes in the convention. This multipli-crition of expellation will help you atnot-ingly. Conversely, it will aid you to best

"Nover talk, always corder. That im-presses the people and looks like in the BOWNSHIPPE

"I leave these few final political principles in your hands, confident that you will discover their worth. These and the others have given you baye stood the test of time Physican he relied apers to be most useful. Kreys mit printed.

Firmy renounably if you need money. Good to k, and don't forget you are a life-time Democrat. Also, must important of all. to explose toke yourself seriously and the proble hiereise. "Hopefully,

"WHALAM M. PANTON."

Hicks had saved filters bundled dollars, and this added to the Paston thousand, gave him a working capital of twenty-five bundled dollars. Paston had secured for him a letter of introduction from a Demoeratic friend who knew Perkins G. Rolling. the Restown Democratic Juster, and he had a lotter to the First National Bank. He had written to his mother to have his father's law broke shipped to him, and he had in his truck his cartificate of admission to the Dutrict of Columbia bar, matty framed, also his law-school diploma and his picture of President McKinley

He arrived in Rextown on the morning of the second day, went to the Hotel Me-tropolis, which was the Liggest hotel in the place, and regulared: T. Marmadale Hicks. Washington, D. C.

Hicks know enough about the ways of small-town newspapers to understand that u man who registers in a small town from Washington, District of Columbia, is always considered as a potential newsgiver, and always is approached by the local reporters. Fifteen priorites after he was in his room a helling trought up the eard of Charles Biguall reporter for the Reatown Globs Ask hop to room up," His a said to the

heliboy, and Highall came.

"Mr. Huse!" he impured so he untered.

'You Mr. T. Mazmaduke Hicks."

'I noticed on the register you are from

Washington. Is there any ness in your





Ford Owners Ride With Velvety Ease Save Your Tires, Your Engine, Your Car With a Full Set of Double Spiral Springs

FEMCOShock Absorbers

on distinguish and appearably and only für Furd Care. Thousands of ours is death too. 0

RIGHT NOW make sure of the lexery of

riding—any others, all the time, with Tenam Shock Absorbers, designed and built specially for Ford cars only. Only \$1.75 earb—\$15 for the full set of innr—and you have tire projection, engine projection, car protection, that actually save the cost is cash many times over. And all the comfort and hovery besides.

The old painting and side priving in a taking of the part. Car baids the transit. Tempor likes a Absorbers give a partie to said down string on the mouthest gring—their up all the sharp large to partie secure —make your day ride with the buoyant separation of a large bounds. Two rest is your exc.

Stiffness Vanishes

The a 5 to A Alexandra give year our great Seaficing moved in the property of the streeting constitution of the free property of the streeting constitution of the streeting constitution of the streeting property of the streeting point of the street of th

All the claims we here made for Toponythorn Abundance are actual-properly by duty service upon theoremeds of Ford ours. We sell tries you to those accuracy in all gives of the equity. We buck every sell size our abundance gravantee of complete attacked on your above our abundance.

Double Spiral Vanadium Steel Springs

The brown quality of backgraids carings proved the second of the To-box duals and modeling in the last part to any and tented quality or milian says can have a second of the To-box detailed in the duals are qualified an element of the last of the second of the last of the second of

Sold Upon 30 Days' Free Trial **Fully Guaranteed**

The Temco Electric Motor Company 1004 Sugar St. Leipale, Ohin

DEALERS: We want you to did only in the

Naco Camera 10 Days FREE

New Typewriter \$18 \$18

CHAS. C. BENNETT LO., 397 Coder Street, Harristony, Pr. You Will Like This Underwear It Will Fit You Perfectly. Scriven's Elastic Seam Underwear ALWAYS The Protection — It is a sent the Visition of the Condensation of the Condensat

NEVER much the artists pleasing in Arming surless

We Guarantee That You Will Like It

halo. Went of word in the control of the con-

Sold by 4000 Dealars - Wests for Illustrated fundate

L. A. Scriven Co., New York, N. Y.

visit - anything official, I mean? I thought possibly you might be in the government

"No," Hicks replied, "I am not a govern-ment official, although I have been more or less in touch with the workings of the Sen-ats for some time. However, I shall be glad to answer any questions you may care to put to me on Washington topics."

Bignall asked him about a pending measure and Hicks expertly analyzed it. Fur-thermore he discussed several other live topics understandingly and with a Demo-

cratic angle and gave Bignall a good story.
"Thank you, Mr. Hicks," Bignall said,
after Hicks had finished. "That'll make a corking interview. Give me a scoop on it,

will you?"
"What do you mean?" Hicks asked.
"Why, don't talk to the other afternoon

"Why, don't talk to the other afternoon paper."

"All right," Hicks agreed amiably. "By the way," he added, as though the idea had just come to him, "you might mention that I have decided to enter on the practice of the law here and hope to take an active part in Democratic politics."

Bignall laughed. "You've got courage," he said, "to come here if you're a Democrat. Why, this town is so Republican the Democratic can't get trusted at the stores. Old Perk Rollins is about all there is to the Democratic party here."

"Well, you might add then that the Democratic party in Rextown has been doubled in size and is now composed of Mr. Rollins and T. Marmaduke Hicks."

"All right," assented Bignall, "I've got to jump back and get this in the home edition. I'll take care of you."

Hicks kept his promise to the reporter by going out on the atreet and inspecting Rex-

going out on the street and inspecting Rextown. He found it a clean, lively city with good stores, good buildings, good pave-ments and a prosperous-looking people. He walked about until the Globe came but. His interview was prominently displayed on the first page. The opening paragraph read:

"Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks, who has been identified with Washington affairs in an official capacity in the United States Senate, arrived in Rextown this morning to take up his residence here and enter on the practice of the law. Mr. Hicks is a well-known Democrat, and in discussing affairs at the Capital made the following comments in a reporter for the Globe." to a reporter for the Globe.

Bignall had written a very good report of his interview and Hicks was much gratified. As he entered the Hotel Metropolis the clerk, somewhat impressed, said: "Say, Mr. Hicks, there's been a reporter for the Leader round here all the afternoon looking

for you."
"Is that so?" asked Hicks easily. "I am sorry I missed him. If he returns I shall be in my room."

Then he went upstairs, after buying several copies of the Globe, cut out his interview and mailed one of the dippings to Senator Paxton with no comment. Two days later he received a telegram from the senator which said: "Congratulations. Apparently your face is turned toward the metning."

[TO BE CONTINUED] TO BE CONTINUED)

Outchining the Sun

LIGHTS that will outshine sunlight are new being tried for daylight signals on railroads and elevated roads in the belief that they can be made to give a clearer sig-nal than semaphores, which give their orders by the raising or lowering of oscillating arms. A gaslight or an electric lamp does not make much of a showing in the sun-light. When street lights of a thousand candle power each are tested in the daytime a passer-by would never know it unless he watched for it carefully.

Glass lenses, however, have been so developed in the last few years that for sig-nal purposes lamps can be made to defeat daylight. Daylight varies greatly, from bright sunlight to smoky murkiness, and it is this variation of daylight that gives the most trouble; yet daylight lamp signals are now being used on the new lines of one ele-vated railroad, and they are being tested for railroad use.







Smile at Miles

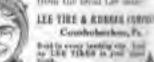
Before you think of stirling or that tour, equip with "the tourles put the care in pleasure."

Lee Puncture-Proof Passantic Tires are puncture-people Youman one these added-service presents tires are sold under a.

money-back guarantee which assures a cash refund I as tire fails to make good:

Furnished in regular road a the Lee "Zig Zag" Non-Shid all to protection against dippers, and roads. Made of the live, ency, is doubly tough

"Vanadium" Rubber





Digitized by Google

9 East 40th Street New Viel Dy Onica of AN PANISONS Worse regularit Cons. or Commission Co.

Real time-keepersnot just jewelry

Make over that the Wylorles Watch you buy is a real time-terper sewell made author your of jewelry. Land find the a seam? and only passe on the water hat ely,

memberilli all (for skil) le rece e entre gring sin all gale ment singer ha te entre gring son all the transport fraction from the entre groups of less than popular another met any time a victoria.

So, W. 3 - and an article of the property of t

on happy at water and count of the

The Grown Watch Mfg. Co.

Il Francia Survey, Cormonii, O., U.S. A. American Contract Con



Equip your Bicycle with



Coaster Brake

You'll get much more fun out of cycling. You'll be able to take longer trips than ever before



You van scam at will well then save your wourey.

You can stop your whool gradually in immunity the occasion demands.

"Curhin Control Mann Safety Assured

Sold to 2 reprinted by the sold and better the sold better the sold better the sold by the When you have a new his syrile, he more to specify the Darker Bratis. White for my 1974 Calding

THE CORBIN SCREW CORPORATION

The American flurilware Curporation.

217 HIGH ST New Britain Cons

CROOKS ALL

Continued from Page 17)

made a mistake in matters like this. Just he good enough to bring me the nippers from my bag in there; then you will take my card up to the captain and say that I

my card up to the captain and say that I desire his presence here at once."

"Well, sir, at that the old boy shoves up both hands and says:

"I beg you, gentlemen, let me have one word with you—just a word!"

"One moment, Doctor!' says Eddie. But it's no good, my man—you'd better take it gracefully; and remember anything you say will be used against you."

"The little guy puts his head down in his hands and begins to cry—he just cries. Say, it darn near made me sick.

"I might have known! he says. 'Oh, I might have known! But, officer,' he says, looking up to Eddie, 'you'll listen to reason, won't you? Oh, surely you'll listen to reason. I'll make it well worth your while."

"Where is it?' says Eddie quick.

"It's in my trunk in the hold,' he says, 'every cent; and to-morrow in London you'll have half of it if you'll just listen to reason."

"Doctor,' says Eddie to me. 'I sak you."

"Doctor, says Eddie to me, 'I ask you to make a note that this unspeakable scoundrel tried to bribe us. Are you aware,

scoundrel tried to bribe us. Are you aware, my man, that this infamy will only make it worse for you in the end? And besides, he goes on, 'it may be in your trunk in the hold, and then again it may not be.'

"'Oh, it is! I swear it is!' he says; and in a second he's down on his knees, with both his arms wrapped round Eddie's legs, begging and screeching for us to be reasonable. 'If you have any heart in you,' he says, 'I'll divide it fair and aquare. Show a little 'I'll divide it fair and square. Show a little

mercy when you see a man in the gates of hell! he says.

"Well, at that it flashed over me what Eddie's whole play had been; I don't have to have an office building fall on me.

"'Get up!' says Eddie, and lifted him by the callar back on to the seat.' Doctor,"

he says to me, 'I confess that in all my twenty-years career I have never come so near to sympathizing with a wrongdoer. Something in this man has truched me to the quick. I am sorry we ever took the case. I tell you frankly that if I saw any honorable way to manage it I should return and report failure to our employers and leave this poor wretch to enjoy his ill-gotten value."

gains." Half his ill-gotten gains, I put in quick; and I was going on to say some more, but Eddie kicks me on the ankle.
"The other half, he goes on, 'we could make restitution of to the rightful owners,

and leave this poor creature to his terment when repentance comes, as I am confident it will come. His own conscience will punish him more effectively than man-made

'At this the old boy goes dippy again, telling Eddie Heaven will repay him for his tender-hearted mercy, and a lot of stuff like tender-hearted mercy, and a lot of stuff like that, Eddie being greatly touched by it. But someway I have a hunch we ought to get action right there. I says, 'What's the matter with having the trunk up now and saving time?' But the old boy won't have it. He says he's in a nervous collapse, and though he feels moved to trust us, still we might play him false and arrest him anyway after we'd got the half that belonged to us. He wants it done on land, where he'll have a fair show. He's trusting us, he says, and why shouldn't we trust him?

"And Eddie's feeling so good over his work that he sides in with him and says it will be all right to-morrow. But that hunch

will be all right to-morrow. But that hunch of mine keeps working. They was some-thing about this lad's eyes I didn't like from the start. So I comes back and says he must have some of it there in the room, and what's the matter with kicking in with a little of it right now?

"'That's true,' he says, 'I have some of it here; and to show you gentlemen that I trust you I'll make a partial payment at

"So he unbuttons his vest and throws it. open, and there across the top was the two safety-pins like I'd said. Then he takes out some bills, and what do you think he done?

Well, sir, he hands us each a twenty.
"Say, you could have knocked Eddie
over with a match! He even lost his voice

for a minute. How would you have felt?
How would any man have felt? I says:
"Say, you must have us sized up for a couple of cheap crooks! What do you mean by it? This ain't no time to kid!"

Three Things to Remember JAP-A-LAC



And there is a particular Japon-lacespecially menobetured for curb particular acre

DERHAPS you have not yet begun to realize the broad scope of Jap-a-lac. Possibly you've only used it for renewing old or scarred furniture. Do the big things with Japen-lac, too Buons, woodwork, radiators, picture moldings. It's just as much pleasure and entisfaction-the results are just as maryelous.

But for true Jap-a-lac results be sure to get Jap-a-lacin a Green Can and made by Glidden.

THE GLIPPIEN VARNISH COMPANY

Cumbin Pursue Mal

10030 Madowe Avenue, N.W., Cleveland, Ohio PARTITION PROPERTY. Trans-

many colors. A.F.-A. L. A.C. afformation of the registronic formation of the second control of the se Total A Lay married by the country of the country o Array & Sells and

on will had be as to have the track. I allow the track. I allow the probability and the manufacture of com-



That sort of thing's not good for the average lawn hose. But that's the very kind of treat-ment Goodyear Lawo Hose is made to stand—year

to and year out. There are many Goodyear reasons for it. Read them then buy your lawn hose knowingly.



See the Ribs

Geodysor Lawn line is sure than mere conjugated hose. It has six heavy rubber ribe that run its full length. These prevent all kinking —give a mostler and genter versing surface as the line glifts over the ground or is pulled around trees, posts and catterns. They redsto the friction

The Construction

Construct Lawn blose has five distinct layers. The huner rubber table, then a farket of braided casting, then amother nobber layer, still another hashful facket, then she make tabler cover—all sheakety research—all turned to one hold, weather-

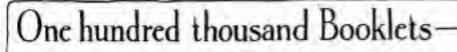
proof, knock-proof, butter-froof, wear proof unit that will give years at service.

Every fact bears the Goodyver "Wing-foot" brand — every foot is "Goodyver" Von know how wash you're getting as well as what you're getting.

Buy This Way

Buy lawn hose wisely. Say "Goodyear."
That Insures years of service—and believerexes. If your dealer happens to be out of Goodynar Lawn Hose, just send as his name. We will use that you are supplied immediately, by express, prepaid. Price in 50-loot lengths: '4 such. 20c n fore; 54-loch, 19c n fore; 54-loch, 19c n fore; 54-loch, 19c n for; 54-loch, 19c n for; 54-loch, 19c n for; 19c nich, 19c n ford.
We recommend the 54-loch. You will find its size and weight bear for average use.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. Lawn Hose Akron, O.



How many will be read?

LL the best things-best clothes, best automobiles, best paper -command instant attention. They stand out from the commonplace. So, in a booklet on CAMEO, you get a sense of distinction before reading a word. The reading matter and the pictures suggest quality.

CAMEO PAPER

a 4 Harrien Standard o

has the distinction that attracts instant notice. Its velvety, dull mated surface brings to balltones the beautiful depth of photogravures. giving you the uttermost value of money spent on engravings. Its quality of depth does wonders for all sorts of plates and type matter.

Send for Printed Specimens

and prove to yourself what Cameo can do in printing one or more colors. If you wish, we will send specimens of all Warren Standard Papers which are suited to every regarement of booklet work. You will find in them valuable suggestions for color, typography and new possibilities of paper-effects.

S. D. WARREN & COMPANY

162 Devombire Street

Digs A Direk Levels The Land

Repairs Road

The

1-Man 2-Horse

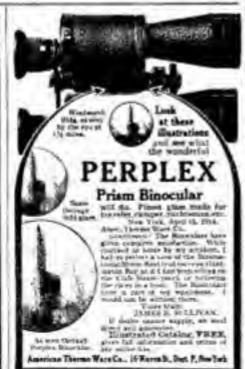
Machine FREE TRIAL

very strong

E CO.

Boston, Mass.

Manufactures of the best to stock flow of Could and Umanied Back Proper



Prote At S Your.

equal. Three

Offices so





Food-Drink for All Ages Nagrishing Delicious Digestible Others are Imitations

"And be just says: 'Why it's part of the money; I'm relying on your honor and giving it to you now, and I trust you to deduct it from your half in the morning. "Well, I was going up in the sir at that, but

Eddie just grabs me and says: 'Come on!'
"I took the two twenties just the same,
and I says to him: 'You do any of this four-

flushing with us tomorrow and you'll have your name in the papers!"
"Back to the smoking room for me and Eddie, him looking foolish and me feeling

pretty hot to think all our work was going for little or nothing.

"You can kick me, Doc," Eddie says, only you got to give me good on my system. I shot straight enough, but I got a mudhen 'stead of a canvasback. That old yap had all the earmarks of making a big getaway. I doped his physiology right, but not his caliber. I sized him for a cashler at the lowest, and here he's some chesp bookkeeper who's likely grabbed off three thousand dollars at the most! I never saw such a blow-up. Of course I had

never saw such a blow-up.' Of course I had to give Eddie good for working it up like he done, and I said so. 'And it'll serve the thief right.' I adds, 'if we take the whole three thousand for ours.'

"'Oh, I'm ton disgusted!' says Eddie. 'We'll be straight with him as long as he's been straight with us. It probably ain't his fault be didn't grab off more.' And right then I feel my hunch again. 'He may be square,' I says, 'but I don't like his looks a little bit.'

"It took me the longest time to get to sleep, account of this hunch of mine. 'Maybe it's only three or four thousand,' I says to myself; 'but, at that, he'd do us out of our half of it if he had the chance.' out of our half of it if he had the chance.

I ain't pertending to be any physiologist,
understand, but he looks crooked to me.

The last thing Eddie says is that he
couldn't ask the guy how much he'd took,
because we was supposed to know all about
it; and that it rouldn't be anything decent or he wouldn't have offered us only two twenties, which was the straight physiology of it and can't be wrong if you've studied it much, like Eddie had.

Well, we're up bright and early to land at Plymouth, and soon's we get dressed we're in to help our man. He only had half his clothes on and was all gone floory. His empty suitcase was lying on the bench, his clothes and things all over the place; and he was blubbering round that he had

and he was blubbering round that he had ought to shave off his whiskers. But Eddie says: 'Wait till you get to London; they might notice it on the boat.' So he says he will; but won't we help him pack his bag—him being so nervous and helpides.

"Eddie soothes him down and we both wedge the stuff into his bag while be dresses. And you can bet I saw they wasn't anything in that suitcase he could hold out on us, either, nor in his clothes, which I takes pains to band to him. We get all his shirts and things in and put his shaving shirts and things in and put his shaving things on top, like he saked us. Eddie was just fastening the bag when he looks up to the top shelf of the little supboard and

sees a bundle.
"What's that?' says Eddle.
"'Oh, that,' says the lad, 'that's just some old worn-out underwear I won't need any more; so I thought I'd leave it. But my initials is on it—will that do any harm?" "Sure!' says Eddie. 'They might trace you by it. You better let us pack it.' he

So we squeeze this bundle of flannels into the bag, too, which shows you how we was befriending the little dub.

Then we went down and had some colfee, and was out on the tender. We made the old boy pick out his trunk when it come down over the side and we stayed right by it, you bet!
"It's in a secret bottom I had made." he

says; 'and, dear me, I'll have to shave off my whiskers the minute we get in." He kind of chirked up, thinking about that. 'It'll make him it would sure change him a whole lot.

"He was so pitiful that we kept throwing the good cheer into him like he was a sick Just the same, that hunch of mine kept working, and I made a stiff bet with myself that he'd never get that trunk out of my sight till we'd got our money out of it. "The customs lads didn't keep us more

than a minute or two, and there we was in a comparement for London, the old boy saying over and over that he'll feel safe the minute he's shaved. We get in all right, and, say, he was that scared going out of the station we had to hold him up between us-looking for the hand on his shoulder, understand.

"We go to a quiet little hotel where Eddle and I always stop, and get the trunk inside. I stay by that while Eddle gets a room. Then the old boy grabs his bag sad

says: Now it's all right for me to shave

ain't it?

"And Eddie says:
"'Yes, for Heaven's sake go shave and
get it off your mind!"

"So he says: 'Will you come with me or watch the trunk till they can bring that up!"
"And I says: 'We'll watch the trunk if it's just the same to you."
"I think it's much better you do,' he

says; 'you can't tell who might be about.'
"And off he goes to the room to share while we waited for the porter that took hibbag to come back and get the trunk.
"It won't be much,' says Eddle—'cake and coffee for a week; but it was better they nothing."

than nothing."
"So we chin back and forth there (et about ten minutes, till I says:
"How about that porter coming back to get this trunk up?" So Eddie grab another porter and tells him to wrestle the same that I follow him right siens. trunk, and you bet I follow him right along

another porter and tells him to wrestle to trunk, and you bet I follow him right sleng "Eddie's waiting at the door of the room when we get there. 'He can't be in here, he says, 'because I've knocked!' So the porter with the trunk opened the doo with a key and, sure enough, so one i there. Just then along comes the fire porter and says our friend changed himind and went out the side entrance an off in a taxi with his bag about fiften minutes before. We was surprised at the naturally; but gee, I felt good we had ou trunk there! I knew he hadn't anything it his old suitcase. So the porter puts the trunk inside and we go in and lock the door and just look at each other.

"'I got it,' I says—'he was two nerves to shave himself, so he went to a barler.

"'More likely,' says Eddie, 'he say some one he knew and ducked out quier the another hotes. Poor little devil!" and lefall the etuff here. But we'll be squar with him. If he don't communicate we'take our bit out and leave the rest in the trunk here for him."

"'Well.' I anys. The won or any many trunk livel!' I anys. The poor in the rest in the trunk here for him."

"'Well.' I anys. The poor in the rest in the trunk here for him."

""Well, I says, like you or any ma would, I anys, like you or any ma would, I uin't greedy so long as I get a I want and what's fair and desent; but I want and what's fair and decent; but don't see how he wins a whole half of after he's left us here to do all the work Anyway,' I says, 'let's see how much a split and do the splitting afterward.'

"At that we pry the lock loose with poker and pull the stuff out of the trunk i get down to this here secret bottom."

Doc paused. Life died from his face color goes from the tropic sunset. I stared gloomily into the boulevard's ebbit tide.

"Well?" I said gently, for I saw that !

was stricken.

"Garsawng, porty moy ung other pot-tea!" he commanded in his best Franc

Then he turned weary eyes on me.

"You guessed the answer. There wan
any secret bottom; nothing but checlothes and things, and a few odds at
ends of paper that showed Eddie had beright at first. He was cashier of a bank one of them milltowns—and what do ye think he'd left with? Only a hand thousand dollars—that's all! In big hill How'd we know? Oh, we read it in the papers that same day. After fifty years strict integerty, the paper said. It also sathe Burns people was hot on his trail at the Burns people was hot on his trail at hourly expecting to nub him at New Orles

when he took the boat for Hondura Tonsilitis, or one them places. "You better believe I talked a few war-over in that room; but Eddie never in but one thing—he says: "That underehe wanted to leave on the boat ough keep him warm through several hard witters if he's careful with it, and I think will be. He seemed like a careful man "So Eddie's back there, hoping he had

ot out yet, and I'm here waiting for his But something tells me I won't see be Serves us dead right for being easy of him. We trusted him and stood by be and he ducks out with about every out? had. How a guy can expect to get also without no more principle than that— The gay multitude flowed on by us on?

The gay multitude flowed on by us only beedless way. How callously it bresh this gothic monument of woel.

"Yes, sir," muttered Doc; "if I on catch him here what I'll say to him all anything you'd care to tell round if evening lamp. A crook, is he? Why i'll guy's so crooked he couldn't walk willowstepping all near his new holders." stepping all over his own shadow!"



THE FLOATING LABORER

(Continued from Page 3)

live in; the vermin nearly ate me up!" "The food was so had that I got sick with it!" "The camp was filthy; I couldn't stand the smell!" "The meat was rotten! I was afraid to eat it. They told me the company paid for good meat, but the boss was taking his bit out of the contract."

And here is a passage from the experience of a young Hungarian immigrant. He had been a cooper in the old country, but found American methods so different

but found American methods so different that he would have to learn the trade over again before he could get work. He had lived by peddling, odd jobs, and the like, for a year, when he saw this sign in the window of an employment office: "Wanted, fifty men; free shipment; two and a half dollars a day." The story proceeds as follows:

"He applied at once and paid two dellars in advance for the job. He was shipped to a Southern coal mine, where he worked outside shoveling ground ten hours a day. He slept in the company sharty. He was not charged for the sharty, but paid two dollars a week for the bedding. He prepared his own meals, securing provisions from the commissary store of the company. He had to buy from the company. On pay day he discovered he was receiving only one dollar and forty cents a day. The only one dollar and forty cents a day. The charges for the employment office and for the bedding were taken out, and the remainder just covered his commissary-store debts. He did not know whether this job was a strike-breaking job ar not—only the boss would not allow the men to go away; he threatened to kill them if they went. So during the night he ran away and walked to Washington, and then finally to New York. He slept in fields or in empty barns. His meals he earned by taking odd jobs on farms."

From the threat of the boss it is easy to

es that this, as the Hungarian suspected, was a strike-breaking job.

Being a Russian, with a Russian's temperament and talent for subtleties. Speek believes strongly in what he calls the psychological background. He questions these men and gets from them showers answers on the strongly in the store answers on the strongly in the store answers on the store answers on the strongly in the store answers on the store and the store answers on the store answers on the store and the store answers on the store and the store and the store answers on the store and the store answers on the store and the store and the store answers on the store and the store and the store answers on the store and the store and the store answers on the store and the store answers on the store and the store and the store and the store answers on the store and the store and the store and the store answers on the store and the store and the store answers on the store and the store answers on the store and the store answers on the store and the store and the store and the store answers on the store and t points the ordinary investigator ignores. He finds, for example, that few if any of them are married—at least in the full sense of the term.

Ambitious Americans

Some married in youth, but deserted their families. Most have hoped at some time for that experience, which is the right of any normal man; most admit having known is youth some girl whom they wished to marry. They gave over that hope long ago. Homeless, lacking all opportunity to meet decent women, they take what feminine association they can get; and that association they find in and about saloons, which represent in their lives what his club, his lodge, his sitting room or his dancing class represents to the man of better luck or better abilities.

Speek has found, also, the psychological buckground for that drink habit we have lightly supposed to be the seat of all misery in the American laborer. The American is by tradition and environment rather than by nature ambitious. To the European peasant the order of society seems forever arranged by a superior power; that he should rise to a higher and more afficent social class is usually beyond his imagination. The American, on the contrary, has lived in the

land of opportunity.

The notion that any man may rise to the highest position by his own efforts has been dinned into him from the beginning of his education. As time goes on and be fails to rise, as starvation period follows starvation period, he drinks in order to revive this imagination of success that life has almost killed in him; and the fact that his losting place, his only expression of social life, is the saloon, does not bein him to cure the habit.

And this casual laborer of the type I have been trying to sketch figures in all our primitive industries. He furnishes the raw, human material for farming. The day has gone when the American farm hand was a stout young fellow who expected, after he had saved a little money, to stake out a quarter section of his own. The quarter

Stilk - Esquisite colors and patterns in durable washable silks \$3.00 to \$10.00

Madras and other desirable shirtings in specially attractive designs, in authentic styles suitable for town and country wear



What Men Know of Motorcycle Tires

In Four Years One Has Out-Distanced All

In 1910 the first Goodyear Motorcycle fires were sold. In 1911 the output multiplied itself by 32. In 1912 rates were 139 times greater than in 1910. The 1910 figures were multiplied by 183 in 1913.

And this year, three out of every four new motorcycles sold will carry Goodyears. For this tremendous gain there is but one answer—super-service proved by these thousands of tires.

115,000 Motorcycles This Year

That is the number of motorcycles that will be Goodycar-equipped in 1914. What better evidence could there be of the superiority by which men have come to know and prefer Goodycars?

Remember, too, that Goodyear Mo-toncycle tires have won and held every world's record for speed and durabil-ity. It is not enough simply to make a good tire. There must also be the Goodyear knowl-

edge by which these tires can excel under every good Rival makers say "Just

us good as Goodyears But the evidence gives you the facts.

Goodyear leadership has been won in the realm of automobile tires. These men meter

the same successful factors of leadership now come to you in these Goodyear Motorcycle tires.

What motorcycle tire, then, offers you more than Goodynars? What man can make a better motorcycle tire than Goodyear-based on actual records?

And when you consider that Goodyears cost you no more than other standard makes, why should you take

YEAR

AERON, OHIO

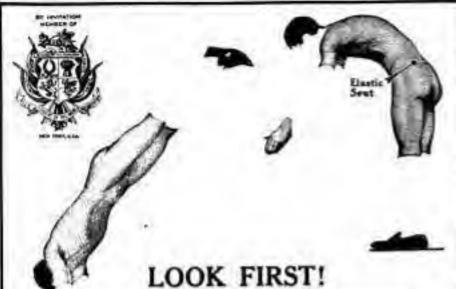
and Aguncies in 185 Principal Cities Dealers Everywhere Write Us on Anything You West in 1

Mode with a thick, autiabout tread. Made with a special fabric to prevent d separation. Diacte hold forever the place they There is a Good-

year dealer in your town. Ask him for our new book, which pictures and describes the making of Goodyear motorcycle tiresor write us today.

Motorcycle Tires their mileage. And THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, O. Mexico City, Mexico Toronto, Canada London, England

100D



Look for the actual Chalmers "Porosknit" LABEL. It means the genuine's Quality.

JOU will like Chalmers Y "Porosknit" for its soulness its comfort-elasticity. More than that, for the real quality-

But don't buy underwear just because of mere hales. There are many imitations of Chalmers "Porosknit."

Insist that the arma/ label, as shown here, he sewn in the garment. In no other way can you be sure of getting the genuine.

the made in all styles



CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY, 1 Bridge Street, Amsterdam, N.Y.

No-Limit Guarantee Chalmers "Posseknit" is guaranteed uncon-turnally (a bond with every gatement) as "If any garment bearing the Chalmers 'Perceknit' lakel, and not stamped Saconds' or Imperiors' across the lakel, fails to give you its cost value in under-wear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it to private your money, including postage." This Label on Every Garmant







sections are all taken up. The farm hand is now a casual laborer, working hard during the plowing and planting seasons, tramping or reeting until harvest time, working at bonanza wages for a few weeks during the harvest-and, when that is done, living as best he can during the winter.

Of like habits are the men who construct our railroads, dig our big irrigation ditches, cut our timber, load and unload our freight at the lake ports. No one can venture a guess at their number, but it must run into the millions; and of these millions few, if any, ever hold steady employment.

This is an American problem. Europeans, it is true, know the casual laborer;

but he cuts no such figure in their society as in ours. Conditions there are settled; society has shaken itself together. Though they have periods of prosperity and depression, the variation is not so wide as in America. Then, too, they have broken and harmensed all their industrial resources.

When an American railroad suddenly decides to double-track an overland line; when the Government or a corporation undertakes a new irrigation system; when an era of building in our pioneer cities booms the lumber market—we have a mighty shift of labor, such as never occurs in Europe. When the double track or the irrigation system is finished, when a cessa-tion of building causes a drop in the demand for lumber, we suddenly throw back whole battalions of labor into the army of the unemployed.

Again, the psychological aspects of the problem trouble the closer-living European but little. The German, the English or the French isburer does not tend to wander. He sticks to his county, canton or department. In that district dwell the few less rempelent men who represent casual labor.
They loss their places when work is elack—they are the first to be laid off when hard times arrive; but somehow, with the help of relatives and mates, they tide over the sons of unemployment.

Batter Conditions in Europe

The district is home to them; they have those normal relations with women and family that keep a man sweet on life. They manage even to marry. They have, in short, some social ties other than those fur-nished by the seloon and the scarlet woman. Their curve of life does not necessarily run downward; though Europe knows the man who, by dint of irregular living and periods of loading, goes from unemployment to un-employability, that man is not typical them. So far as we can learn, he is typical with us. The problem, it is true, includes condi-

tions we cannot wholly escape. We still figure as an agricultural country; we are still engaged in developing our resources. Agricultural labor and such other primitive labor as ditchdigging, tracklaying and building need an open season. Our seasonal manufacturers, though they proceed most busily in winter, still cannot begin to ab-sorb the army of outdoor laborers made idle by winter. Slack masons have always been

and always will be.

What we can escape is the appalling loss of time in the busy season caused by our grievous and characteristically American failure in industrial teamwork. The Cali-fornian fruit crop is rotting on the trees for want of pickers at the very time when the ag-ricultural laborers of Kansas and Nebraska are resting between planting and harvest. Often the wheat of Kansas and Nebraska is dropping from the standing stalks at the very time when a decline in the lumber market has thrown an army of Northern lumbermen out of work.

Along a certain railroad, which connects Philadelphia and New York, lies a district of passably good agricultural land, un-broasn or abandoned. Why, in the slack spring or autumn, are not our unemployed

laborers clearing that land?

And what is our society doing that it permits the headless rush of labor to unprofitable fields? Ford, the automobile roan, announced last autumn his famous profit-charing plan. He remarked, in pass-ing, that he expected soon to enlarge his factory. The news spread through the West; ten thousand laborers, most of them without mechanical training, rushed into Detroit and settled on the town for the winter. San Francisco has been advertising her Exposition. The impression got abroad that there would be much work in San Francisco. For weeks the westhound brake beams and blind baggages were crowded; before the movement ended, the charity organizations



See those holes - they are cumingly perforated in the leather so that cool ar rashes in to keep your hands free from perspiration - yet no dust can enter!

This is the enclusive Grinnell Ventions Back leature—send for a pair of three special number gloves today —

runmer glaves today.

Tame glaves give summer motoring liamorphic radayment—they do sway with the discomport of sweaty, group hands.

In addition to this great feature in Grinar televes you also have the Intions "that Fit," which gives a smug fit at the wrist, percenting the suff from masking, and "Grin-Tite," the dominic pains with correction gring non-nip grip of the streeting when and deaths wear.

Grinsell Grinsen are made of the fitters.

Grinnell Gloves are made of the figoralization Reindeer and Coltain—and a velver—and like into. They are walling to soop and enter or gosoline—dry not all and places as new.

Best gloves for every purpose-for dress-motoring-sports-work

Get a pair Act your dealer in Gracel there on approach the pairs in W in M. St. per par. It can approach the men approach the will send the strength on approach to be will send the strength on approach to be been an income of leader sent deal on sensent. With the deal to the

Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Co. 26 Broad Street . . Grinnell, Is.



the Imperial, the oblest and less Self-Henring Plat Iron. Seventime, sep-bands and produces elegant finish. To

IMPERIAL SELF-HEATING FLATIRON

contains its own even heat from gard larve dentatured alcohol. Burns gaso-Imperial Broom Mfg. Cu. 3216 W. Barrison, Sc. Red. 516 Chicago, III.





READY to wear. No "breaking in." There's comfort from the start if you wear Florsheims. High or low toe models all made over "Natural Shape" lasts. Priced at \$5—and up to \$7.

The Florebeim dealer will show you the season's correct styles.

*THE SIGN of CORNECT STYLES-

The Florsheim Shoe Co.

(IOR THE HAN WHO CARES)

The First 6,000 Are a Year Old and Still in Service—

MASTER SPARK PLUG

DERFRCTED in March, With above mention of expensive experiment.

The first 0,000 produced were planed to include tracks of Orderson automobiles free of the refe

We done to be notified as to be the come of Column on

More altigue technologic broken of or only letter from on your control.

This production to condition

For one of the back managed to the arrival of the second to the second t

Pad ter spent Fing - The supple regard - An Erst manuficultion for edg gardight.

the part deleter commut supply from hand

Interaction About the Mades Sports Plans and the Section of the tree of extends attacked with the section of the section of June 1988 and Constant

HASTFORD MACHINE SCREW CO.

ATEN'TS describe on one yes accretion to the first of their sections of the first of the first

of San Francisco were unding out warnings to their Eustern correspondents.

Only last year, at a season when work was plentiful, a railroad wanted a large force for a fortnight's rush work. By promise or high of a steady job all winter it lured thousands of laborers away from the more profitable harvest—and discharged them all when the fortnight had passed.

fortnight had passed.

The case of John Smith, the floating common laborer, downed by social forces greater than himself to industrial ruin and premature old age, abould appeal, I suppose, to the philanthropy in us; but Christianity is still far from a working theorem to dealing with social forces. And the feeling to which we must appeal in trying to improve the lot of John Smith is enlightened self-interest. He is worn-out and unless for production at thirty-five; yet he has, on a normal expectation, fifteen or twenty more years of consumption left to bim.

In some way or other society must support him until the end. Further, half his working days up to thirty-five have been lost, not only to himself but to the world; and a lost day's work, as our copy books used to inform us, is the most complete waste we can imagine. If John Smith does not need those working days, industry as a

The old-dashlored social moralist, inexpable of seeing more than the individual,
would have said that the trouble with John
Smith was a flaw in his education. Let us
teach him a trade; let us establish craft
schools. But the trades will absorb only so
many men; if John Smith had learned a
trade and prospered thereby he would
merely have pushed Jim Brown back into
unorganized ensual labor. We need common laborers just as much as we need
plembers, electricians and paper hargers.

No; it is a matter of businesses. Europe,
with a far less pressing need than our own.

Not it is a matter of beautwork. Europe, with a far ion pressing need than our own, has already put that teamwork on first. In this, as in many other problems of modern industry, we are far ishind those Europeans whose manarchie ineffections we were taught in our youth to despise. Let more, in another article, what Europe has done, and what we can do.

Editor's Note-This is the second of a series of artitles by Will Irwin. The third will appear in an unity teams.

Rain by Wireless

WEATHER control—rain ordered for mideight, day after to-morrow—may be a wireless victory in the next generation. Now it is weird and visionary: but Sir Oliver Ledge, who is in the top rank of living scientists, thinks it not improbable, and is now calling on his follows to begin wireless studies with this purpose in misd. The more there is discovered about the way wireless tolography works, the more it is evident that weather and wireless wayes are taugled with each other.

Almost every one knows that wireless telegraphy works better by night than by day and has peculiar jumps of efficiency at sunset. A wireless operator on shipheard in the far North found that during a display of the nurers borealis the northern lights were widely disturbed when he sent our wireless signals from his ship.

The growing theory concerning the way wireless waves follow the curve of the carth is, in simple language, that the apper layers of the air form a sort of magnetic cushion against which the wireless waves can bound along. Sir Oliver wishes to have experiments made by discharging very powerful wireless waves from kites under all kinds of weather conditions, in order to assertain whether the wayss will, under any conditions, make clouds condense into rain, or prevent them from condensing.

It is not to be expected, of course, that rain could be obtained from a dry sky, but normal conditions of the air would issue much opportunity for weather control if the theory should prove workable.

much opportunity for weather control if the theory should prove workable.

The total eclipse of the sun on a pain from Greenland to Persia next August is to be made the occasion for elaborate will be sent out from within the path of chadon and across the chadon, and the effect of the shadow on these signals should give more cleve to the whole problem.











OUVE observed, haven't you, that the Studebaker FOUR finish looks as bright and clear and line after a year's hard tree as in the beginning? That kind of finish fights off-depreciation.

What do we mean by that?

We mean it adds actual cash value when you sell the car and buy another.

We emphasize this finish because it typifies a score of operations on this FOUR in which Studebaker exactness goes far, far beyond ordinary practice.

Twenty-four operations produce this finish.

As many, and as linely and thoroughly done, as on the costlest cara.

Seventeen of them are pumting operations - with a sund blast first,

Why the sand blast?

F.O. R. Dutreit

To remove every impurity and make it impossible for the paint to flake.

Few cats - even among the highest priced - use this precaution.

You couldn't buy a better finish, no matter what price you pay.

Not only extra-real in painting characterizes this FOUR.

Scrupulous executes in every process, excess-caution in designing, steel-testing, heattreating, case hardening; special-care in stamping, drilling, machining, assembling,

Unite all these and you begin to understand why we feel justified in pronouncing this FOUR the best value in the world at \$1050.

> The Studebaker Proof Book describes and pictures the extensific precion of Studenteen manufacturing operations. Small for it.

Studebaker

Detroit

Serenteen painting sperattendance and them in the Wastestam - are required for the many of some Stu-Secondary hodge.

F. O. B. Walkerville, Can. FOUR THERE OF A . . BUT OX LAMBS CON

Canadian Factories: Walkerville, Ont.

CLE SHARK

Buy It Because It's a Studebaker

AN AMERICAN VANDAL

"Behold, m'sieur! We are now approach-ing a wine shop on the left. You were most gracious and kind in the matter of luncheon. Kindly permit me to do the honors now.

It is a very good wine shop—I know it well. Shall we stop for a glass together,

It was the first time since we landed at Calais that a native-born person had offered

Calais that a native-born person had offered to buy anything, and, being ever desirous to assist in the celebration of any truly notable occasion, I accepted and the car was stopped. We were at the portal of the wine shop when he plucked at my sleeve offering another suggestion:

"The chauffeur now—he is a worthy fellow, that chauffeur. Shall we not invite the chauffeur to join us?"

I was agreeable to that too. So be called the chauffeur and the chauffeur disentangled his whiskers from the steering gear and came and joined us. The chauffeur and I each had a small glass of light wine, but the general took brandy. Then ensued a spirited dialogue between him and the spirited dialogue between him and the woman who kept the shop. Assuming that I had no interest in the matter, I studied the pictures behind the bar. Presently, having reduced the woman to a state of compara-

"M'sieur," he said, "I regret that this has happened. Because you are a foreigner and because you know not our language, that woman would make an overcharge; but she forgot she had me to deal with. m on guard! See her! She is now quelled! have given her a lesson she will not soon orget. M'sieur, the correct amount of the sil is two-france-ten. Give it to her and let is begone!"

I still have that guide's name and address and recovered to the present of the present o

n my possession. At parting he pressed is card on me and asked me to keep it; and I did keep it. I shall be glad us loan it o any American who may be thinking of sing to Paris. With the card in his pocket is will know exactly where this guide lives; and then, when he is in need of a guide, he an carefully go elsewhere and hire another

I almost failed to mention that before we arted he tried to induce us to buy some-ing. He took us miles out of our way a pottery and urged us to invest in its nide—to see that you buy something and beward to collect his commission from the sopkeeper for having brought you to the cop. If you engage your guide through se porter at your hotel you will find that reters you to the shops the hotel people ive already recommended to you, but you break the porter's heart by hiring arguide outside, independently, the guide sers you to the shops that are on his own ivate list.

A Transaction in Galters

Only once I saw a guide temperarily imped, and that was in Venice. The ies were leaky that day and the weather a raw; and one of the ladies of the party we pumps and silk stockings. For the otection of her ankles she decided to buy pair of cloth gaiters; and, stating her ention, she started to go into a shep that all in those articles. The guide hesitated moment only, then threw himself in her th. The shops hereabout were not to be sted—the proprietors, without excepsted—the proprietors, without excep-n, were rogues and extertioners. If dame would have patience for a few of moments he would guarantee that she what she wanted at an honest price, seemed so desirous of protecting her

t she consented to wait. n a minute, on a pretext, he excused self and dived into one of the crooked ys that thread through all parts of tice and make it possible for one who ows their windings to reach any part of city without using the canals. Two of secretly followed him. Beyond the first ning he dived into a shoe shop. Emergafter a while he hurried back and led lady to that same shop, and stood by, ling softly, while she was fitted with ers. Until now evidently gaiters had been on his list, but he had taken steps emedy this; and though his commis-on a pair of sixty-cent gaters could have been very large, yet, as some osopher has so truly said, every little added to what you have makes just a

licum more.

Indeed, the guide never overlooks the smallest bet. His whole mentality is focused on getting you inside a shop. Once you are there, he stations himself close behind you. reinforcing the combined importunities of the shopkeeper and his ussembled staff with gentle suggestions. The depths of self-abasement to which a shopkeeper in Europe will descend in an effort to sell his goods surpasses the power of description. London tradesman goes pretty far in this direction—often he goes as far as the side-walk, clinging to the hem of your garment and begging you to return for one more look; but the Continentals are still worse. A Parisian shopkeeper would sell you the

bones of his revered grandmother if you wanted them and he had them in stock; and he would have them in stock too, because, as I have stated once before, a true Parisian never throws away anything he cansave. I heard of just one-single instance where a customer desirous of having an article and willing to pay the price failed to get it; and that, I would say, stands with-out a parallel in the annals of commerce and

An American lady visiting her daughter, an art student in the Latin Quarter, was walking alone when she saw in a shop win-dow a lace blouse she fancied. She went inside and by signs, since she knew no French, indicated that she wished to look at that blouse. The woman in charge should her head, declining even to take the gar-ment out of the window. Convinced now, wemanlike, that this particular blouse was the blouse shedesired above all other blouses the blouse she desired above all other blouses the American woman opened her purse and indicated that she was prepared to buy at the shopwoman's own valuation, without the privilege of examination. The shop-woman showed deep pain at having to refuse the proposition, but refuse it she did; and the would-be buyer went home angry and perplexed and told her daughter what had happened.

Where Desdemona Never Lived

"It certainly is strange," the daughter said. "I thought everything in Paris, except possibly Napoleon's tomb, was for sale! This thing will repay investigation. Wait until I pin my hat on. Does my nose need powdering?"

Her mether led her back to the shop of the blouse and then the puzzle was revealed—for it was the shop of a dry deanest and the blouse belonged to some parron and

and the blouse belonged to some patron and was being displayed as a sample of the work done inside; but undoubtedly such a thing never before happened in Paris and probably

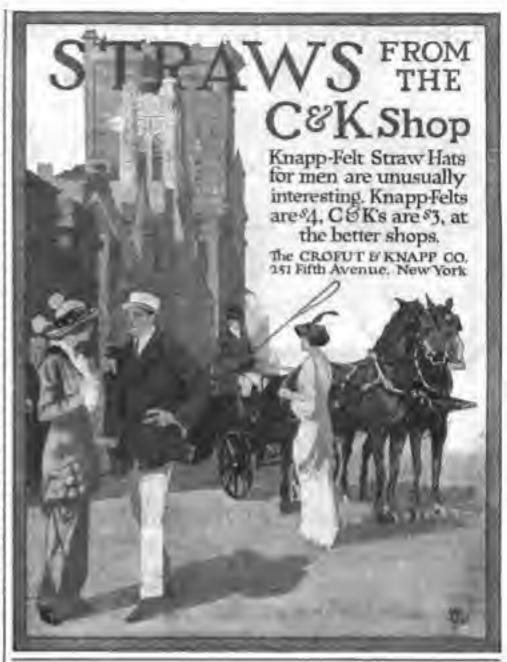
never will happen again.

In Venice not only the guides and the botel clerks and porters but even the simple gondollers have a secret understanding with all branches of the retail trade. You get into a long, snaky, black gondols and fee the beggar who pushes you off, and all the other leggars who have assisted in the pushing off or have merely contributed to the success of the operation by being present, and you tell your gondoller in your best. Italian or your worst pidgin English where

you wish to go.

It may be you are bound for the Rialto;
or for the Bridge of Sighs, which is chiefly distinguished from all the other bridges by being the only covered one in the lot; or for the house of Desdemona. The lady Desdemona never lived there or anywhere else, but the house where she would have lived, had she lived, is on exhibition daily from nine to five; admission one lira. Or perchance you want to visit one of the ducal luces that are These pulaces are still tenanted by the descendants of the original proprietors; one family has perhaps been living in one palace three or four hundred years. But now the family inhabits the top floor, doing light housekeeping up there, and the lower floor, where the art treasures, the tapestries and the family relies are, is in charge of a caretaker, who collects at the door and then leads you through.

Having given the boatman explicit directions you settle back in your cushioned seat to enjoy the trip. You marvel how he, standing at the stern, with his single our fitted into a shallow notch of his steering post, propels the craft so swiftly and guides it so surely by those short, twisting strokes of his. Really, you reflect, it is rowing by shorthand. You are feasting your eyes on





A Mere Veneer for a Union Suit



ENJOY A SEASON OF REAL UNDERWEAR COMFORT IN AN



COAT-CUT (Loose Fitting) UNION SUIT

An OLUS COAT-CUT UNION SUIT will repay a moment's thought with a whole season's comfort and satisfaction. Opens all the way desen the front. This coat-cut construction gives OLUS a genuine closed crotch, a closed back and a perfect fit from shoulder to crotch. Only one fabric thickness anywhere.

Made in all materials, including knitted. Prices \$1.00 to \$3.00.

Remember-If it isn't coat-cut it isn't OLUS.

OLUS ONE-PIECE PAJAMAS (As see and users) for hunging, resting and combretable of the same principle as OLUS Union Suits. Cost-out-closed cretch-closed back. He strings come losses. \$1.50 to \$8.90.

Ask your dealer for OLUS. If he cannot supply you, we'll need prepaid. Backlet as request.

To Dualize: —Your wholesaler carries OLUS.

THE GIRARD CO., Makers, Dept. O, 346 Broadway, New York City

Every Man who has a square yard of ground raises Tomatoes. The Man who beats all his neighbors this year will be the Man who reads

EVERYMAN'S GARDEN In this week's issue of

The COUNTRY

Five Cents the copy of all newsdealers. \$1.50 the year by mad

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

the wonderful color effects and the groupings that so enthuse the artist, and which he generally manages to botch and boggle when he seeks to commit them to canvas; and betweenwhiles you are wondering why all the despendent cats in Venice should have picked out the Grand Canal as the most suitable place in which to commit suicide,

suitable place in which to commit suicide, when—bump!—your gondola swings up against the landing piles in front of a glass factory and the entire force of helpera rush out and saine you by your arms—or by your legs, if handler—and try to drag you inside, while the affable and accommodating gondolier boosts you from behind.

You fight them off, declaring passionately that you are not in the market for colored glass at this time. The hired hands protest; and the gundolier, cheated out of his commission, sorrows greatly, but obeys your command—at least he pretends to obey it; but a minute later he brings you up broadside at the water-level doors of a shop dealing in antiques, known appropriately as antichilar, or at a mosaic shop or a curio shop. If ever you do succeed in reachcurio shop. If everyou do succeed in reaching your destination it is by the exercise of much profanity and great firmness of will.

The most insistent and pesky shopkeepers of all are those who hive in the ground floors

of all are those who have in the ground floors of the professedly converted palaces that face on three sides of the Square of Saint Mark's. You dare not hesitate for the smallest fractional part of a second in front of a shop here. Lurking inside the open door is a husky puller-in; and he dashes out and grabs hold of you and will not let go, begging you in spaghettified English to come in and examine his unapproachable assortment of bargains. You are not compelled to buy, he tells you; he only wants you to to buy, he tells you; he only wants you to gaze so his heautiful things. Relieve him not! Venture inside and then decline to purchase and he will think up new and sub-tie Italian forms of insult and insolence to visit on you. They will have brass bands out for you if you invest and brass knuckles if you do not.

The Aristocrats of Venice

There is but one way of escape from their evertasting persecutions, and that is to fee to the center of the square and enjoy the company of the pigeons and the photog-raphers. They—the pigeons, I mean— belong to the oldest family in Venice; their lineage is of the purest and the most unde-filed. For upward of seven hundred years the authorities of the city have been feeding and protecting the pigeons, of which these countiess blue-and-bronne flocks are the direct descendants. They are true aristocrats; and, like true aristocrats, they are content to live on the public funds and grow fat and samy thereon, paying nothing in

return.

No: I take that part back—they do pay something in return; a full measure. They pay by the beauty of their presence, and they are surely very boautiful, with their dainty mineing pink feet and the sheen on the proudly arched breast coverts of the cock birds; and they pay by giving you their trust and their friendship. To gobble the gifts of dried peas, which you buy in little cornucepias from convenient venders for distribution among them, they come wheeling in winged battallons, creaking and cooing, and alight on your head and shoulders in that perfect confidence which so delights humans when wild or half-wild creatures bestow it on us; though, at every opportunity, we do our level best to hunt and harry them to death.

At night, when the moun is up, is the time to visit this spot. Standing here, with the looming pile of the Doge's Palace bulked behind you, and the gorgeous but somewhat garish decorations of the great cathe-

the looming pure of the progress what some-tehind you, and the gorgeous but some-what garish decorations of the great cathe-dral softened and soothed into perfection of outline and coloring by the half light, you can for the moment forget the fallen state Venice, and your imagination peoples e splendid plaza for you with the ghosts of its dead and vanished greatnesses. conceive of the place as it must have looked in those old, brave, wirked days, filled with knights, with red-robed cardinals and clanking men at arms, with fair ladies and grave senators, elinking brayes and hired assassins—and all so gay with ellk and sotin and glittering steel and spangling gems.

By the eye of your mind you see His Illuminated Excellency, the frosted Christ-mas card, as he hows low before His Eminence, the pink Easter egg: you see, half hidden behind the shadewed columns of the long portico, an illustrated Sunday supplement in six colors burgaining with a stick of



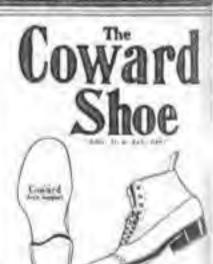
"Locating The Spark Plug"

It also mass freely off types of plantheir weakness - their strength.

After reading it you will know it your spare plugs have been to blane or poor motor performance, yourself key with a thorough knowledge of what you require - then you will get your money's worth.

A post card will bring it - say: "Souther the free backlist: "Leasing The heart Post





The friendly aid of the Count Arch Support with Coward Even sion Heel, rests the foot muscles. relieves arch strain, supports weal ankles-prevents and recreoi "flat-foot," A shoe approved by physicians and surgeons for a remedial (alue in arch troubles

Consid Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel made by James S. Coward for over 34 ye FOR CHILDREN, WOMEN AND WES Mail Online Ellil Sould for Catalogue Sold Newhore Clar

JAMES S. COWARD 264-214 Greenwich St., mear Warren St., fire ful

add extra money

—all inquiries referred to local agents. In low creates and leaves you a log reads. Rich terracy of West for agents' discourt.

Destiny Passmalic Sweeper Co., 6511 South State 9.

sniped peppermint candy to have his best friend stabbed in the back before morning; frend standed in the clack before morning; you see giddy poster designs carrying on firstices with hand-painted valentines; you ratch the love-making, overhear the noriging, and scent the plotting; you are an eventures to a slice out of the life of the nest sinister, the most artistic and the most

most annuer, the most artistic and the most nurierous period of Italian history. But by day imperious Casar, dead and am'd to day, stops a hole to keep the wind way; and the wild ass of the ninety-day but stamps his heedless hoofs over the spot where sleeps the dust of departed grandeur, shere steeps the dust of departed grandeur, by day the chug of the motor hoat routs rot old sleepy echoes from cracked and cranied ruins; the burnished golden freewed of Saint Mark's blare at you as with insen trumpets; every third medieval durch has been turned into a moving-large large, and the short keeping parapicture place; and the shop-keeping paraties bezz about you in vermin swarms and tere holes in your pocketbook until it is alone large, painful welt. The emblem of Verice is the winged lion. It should be the bill weevil.

In Rome it appears to be a standing rule thit every authenticated guide shall be a roint Socialist and therefore rampantly uniderical in all his views. We were in East during the season of pilgrimages. From all parts of Italy, from Bohemia and lingary and Spain and Tyrol, and even from France, groups of pessants had come to Emeto worship in their mother church and the bireard by the systems populated of their who bessed by the supreme pontiff of their inth. At all hours of the day they were pasing through the streets, bound for Saint Feir's or the Vatican, the women with kerticis over their heads, the men in their Sanlay best, and all with badges and tokens se their breasts.

At the head of each straggling procession soud be a black-frocked village priest, at the proud and humble, nervous and ex-ited. A man might be of any religion or of to religion at all, and yet I fail to see how brould watch, unmoved, the uplifted faces if these people as they dumped over the mobile of the Holy City, praying as they wat. Some of them had been saving up ill their lives, I imagine, against the comof this great day; but our guide—and se tried three different ones—never beheld his eight that he did not sneer at it; and on once did he fail to point out that most if the pilgrims were middle-aged or old, taking this as proof of his claim that the Churhnolongerkeptitshold on the younger

regie, even among the peasant classes.
The still more frequent speciacle of a nuching line of students of one of the holy olices, with each group wearing the dis-tivitive insignia of its own country—purple nose or green sushes, or whatnot—would take him to the verge of a spasm.

The Terrible Rollmops

Our guide in Vienna was the most stupid butan being I ever saw. He was probuildy ignorant on a tremendously wide ratio of subjects; really, he had a most complete reportoire of ignorance. He must the spent years of study to store up so much interesting misinformation. This pade was much addicted to indulgence in a peculiar form of twisted English, and at odd noments given to the consumption of a deliesey of strictly Germanic origin, known in the language of the Teutons as a Rollneps. A Rollmops consists of a large dilled number, with a pickled herring coiled round it ready to strike, in the design of the ntienake-and-pinetree dag of the Revo-"Don't monkey with the buzz saw! He tarried his Rollmops in his pocket and bequently, in art galleries or elsewhere, would draw it out and nibble it, while becaminating inaccuracies touching on pictures and statues and things.

Imong other places, he took us to the dest church in Vienna. As I now recolset it was six hundred years old. No; on aroud thought I will say it must have been ider than that. No church could possibly seems so moldy and mangy looking as hat church looked in only six hundred wars. The object in this church that interand me most was contained in an ornate case placed near the altar and alongide the relics held to be sacred. It did not suctly please me to gaze at this article; us the thing had a fascination for me; all not deny that.

It seems that a couple of centuries ago here was an officer in Vienna, a captain in talk and a Frenchman by birth, who, in midst of disorders and licentiousness,

lived so godly and so sanctified a life that his soldiers took it into their heads that he was really a saint, or at least had the making of a first-rate saint in him and, therefore, must lead a charmed life. So-thus runs the tale-some of them laid a wager with certain Doubting Thomass, also soldiers, that neither by fire nor water, neither by rope nor poison, could be take harm to himself. Finally they decided on fire for the test. So they waited until he also to those simple homes about the sold. alept—those simple, honest, chuckle-headed chaps—and then they slipped in with a light and touched him off. Well, sir, the joke certainly was on those soldlers. He burned up with all the spontaneous enthusiasm of a celluloid comb. For qualities of instantaneous combustion he must have been the equal of any small-town theater that ever

equal of any small-town theater that ever was built—with one exit. He was practi-cally a total loss and there was no insurance. They still have him, or what is left of him, in that glass case. He did not exactly suffer martyrdom—though probably he per-sonally did not notice any very great differ-ence—and so he has not been canonized; nevertheless, they have him there in that church. In all Europe I saw only one sight to match him, and that was down in the crypt under the Church of the Capachins, in Rome, where the dissected cadavers of four thousand dead—but not gone—monks are worked up into decorations. There are altars made of their skulls, and chandeliers made of their thigh bones; frescess of their spines; mosaics of their teeth and dried muscles; cozy corners of femure and pelvises and tibias. There are two classes of travelers. I would strongly advise not to visit the cryptof the Capuchins' Church—those who are just about to have dinner and want to have it, and those who have just had dinner and want to keep on having it.

The Tragedy of Two Bound Hands

At the royal palace in Vienna we saw the finest, largest and gaudiest collection of crown jewels extant. That guide of ours seemed to think he had done his whole duty toward us and could call it a day and knock off when he led us up to the jewel collections, where each case was surrounded by pop-eyed American tourists taking on flesh

at the sight of all those sparklers and figur-ing up the grand total.

The display of all those germ, however, did not especially excite me. There were too many of them and they were too large. A blue Kimberley in a hotel clerk's shirt-front or a pigeon-blood ruby on a fure deal-er's little finger might hold my attention and win my admiration; but where jewels are piled up in heaps like anthracite in a coal bin they thrill me no more than the

anthracite would.

A quart measure of diamonds of the averuge size of a big ballstone does not make me think of diamonda but of halistones. I could remain as calm in their presence as I should in the presence of a quart of cracked ice; in fact, calmer than I should remain in the presence of a quart of cracked les in Italy, say, where there is not that much ice, cracked or otherwise. In Italy a bucketful of ice would be worth traveling miles to see. You could sell tickets for it.

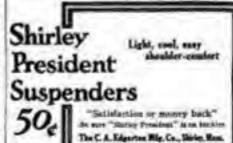
In one of the smaller rooms of the palace we came on a casket containing a necklare we came on a casset containing a necessary of great smoldering rubies and a pair of bracelets to match. They were as big as cranberries and as red as blood—as red as arterial blood. And when, on consulting the guidebook, we read the history of those rubies the sight of them brought a picture to our minds, for they had been a part of the wedding dowry of Marie Antoinette, Once on a time this necklace had spunned the slender white throat that was later to be sheared by the guillotine, and these brace lets had clasped the same white wrists that were roped together with an ell of hangman's hemp on the day the desolated queen rode, in her patched and shabby gown, to the Place de la Révolution.

I had seen paintings in plenty and read descriptions galore of that last ride of the Widow Capet, going to her death in the tumbril, with the priest at her side, and her poor, fettered arms twisted behind her, and her white face hared to the jeers of the mob; but the physical presence of those precious, useless baubles, which had cost so much and yet had bought so little for her, made more vivid to me than any picture or any story the most sublime tragedy of The Terrorthe tragedy of those two bound hands.

Editor's Note-This is the ninth in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The tenth will appear to an early number.









"The chiefyld of Light "

Save Money Worry and Work on Your Home

Egild the Lewis EASV BUILT way. Find out what Lewis service to you. Select year building leader and labor casts materially. We said the front star materially may be supported to your start materials and the select the property of the prop

the first that is you. The manufacture cover and support to the your whole the court. Every detail of constructions placed and taken cannot be marked designates. The Lewis Eably, Bills III, I linear Book tells all about our method. Get a and post persond on Orr product about sort by taking Countries many beautiful place of CASY-BILLT Harres. If you are going to build, write larker and get the book.

EASY-BUILT HOMES



Safar Night Driving

Beery measurest known that helpiens, take a chance feeling when he's blipded by approaching acts headilghts. Why take his chances of serious accidents in you can now get a new groups their which you can both right into the most dar-a headilghts switched any inventoral serious? The Alber Night and Day Longe has see of two color plans, light and dark ancher. Natural vision for either day or night

Albex NIGHT & DAY Goggle

T. A. WILLSON & CO., Inc., 219 Washington and all pro-charge and response a rese. Min. of the National State o





The Cadillac State of Mind

Doubtless you know what we mean when we speak of the Cadillac state of mind.

We mean the way that everyone—everywhere—talks and thinks and feels about the Cadillac.

That state of mind is the same today as it was yesterday, a year ago yesterday, and ten years ago yesterday.

It will be the same tomorrow and, no doubt, a year from tomorrow, and ten years from tomorrow.

But what a wonderful thing it is when you come to analyze it—this country-wide, world-wide unanimity.

It seems almost incredible that so many millions of people, who differ and disagree on a myriad of other subjects, should so strikingly, startlingly concur concerning one motor car.

This concurrence is not confined to the Cadillac clientele.

It is not confined to Cadillac owners nor to Cadillac dealers.

It is shared by owners of all kinds of cars, by dealers in all kinds of cars, and by makers of all kinds of cars.

And what is it they admit concerning the Cadillac?

They agree, unconsciously perhaps, in regarding the Cadillac as a car apart—a car not in any "class" excepting its own.

You must have had the evidence of this yourself, hundreds of times—in hundreds of different ways.

You must have heard a score of hot discussions concerning other cars stop short when some one said "Cadillac."

"Oh, well-of course-the Cadillac." You've heard that time and time again, haven't you?

Well, for every time you have heard it, the same admission of pre-eminence has been uttered a hundred thousand times.

In the face of such overwhelming tribute, how idle it would be for us to intrude our own modest praises of Cadillac characteristics.

How futile to enter our claims of supremacy which everyone concedes—which no one disputes.

How much better to refer you to your own city, to your friends-to yourself!

Even though you do not drive a Cadillac, you must know that you would surely not be the loser if you did.

You know beyond the shadow of a doubt that it is a good thing to be a Cadillac owner.

And some day, when you obey your innermost convictions, you surely will, if you can, become a Cadillac user.

STYLES AND PRICES



Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.



THE LANTESCANE ROSES

(Continued from Page 18)

Persis sat down helplessly on the cabin couch. She felt fairly unequal to facing Tom with these in evidence. He could not possibly suppose the steamship company was an Italian landlord.

"Take them away and put them on the table," she added after an instant's thought. As the man moved obediently to do her hidding she stopped him. "Wait a minute!"
From the mass she chose a single flower.
"That's all, thank you."
She waited until he had left the room

before she opened her traveling bag, took out a volume of Browning, which she had been intending to read all the way, and carefully laid the rose within. Then she put the Browning back into her bag.

"That's the last of that nonsense!" she

said to herself with great decision. Even as she said it she felt a sudden rending of her heartstrings. All the whistles had stopped shricking and she became aware of slow pulses heating in the soles of her feet. The ship was moving. She climbed hur-riedly on the couch and gazed out through the porthole. The wash of a placid sea was the first thing she saw and, widening across it momently, a pier, a shore, Genoa, Italy itself, diminishing and slipping and fading from her view every minute, becoming faint, like the remembered perfume of a

By another day the salt breath of the sea had driven even the last vestige of that perfume away. And by another week Persis had ceused to sigh for a remoter shore and saw her own native land—any land at all, indeed—looming in her dreams as an ininitely desirable though too-remote possibility, which is only a way of saving that they ity: which is only a way of saying that they had the usual Christmas crossing and got in two days late, on Christmas Eve itself. Persis, with feminine forethought, had

laid in her atore of gifts abroad and tied them all neatly in ribboned packages during what might be called days of convalencence; but Tom had put his trust in Providence— "So like a man!" said Persis disapprov-ingly. Wherefore it was agreed between them that Persis should go straight to their spartment, while Tom dashed down to the office and tipped everybody in sight, thereafter stopping all the way up Fifth Avenue to lay in presents for innumerable sisters,

cousins and aunts.
"I'll be up for dinner anyhow," he said theerfully, putting Persis carefully into

their waiting car.

Then, beckening a taxi, he piled himself in, with all Persis' beribboned gifts for dis-tribution, and rolled away, a monument to American patience in the masculine and happy as only the returned American can be. The warmth of their pretty and luxuri-

ous spartment, all glowing with color and comfort and with many ingenious electric contrivances for yet more comfort, cheered even Persis' heart. Tom's mother had been over and even the dinner was waiting, ready to be served. Secure in the undisturbed privacy of Christmas Eve, Persis made herself happy in a luxurious bouse gown; and while she waited for Tom she amused herself by reading the cards on the piles of boxes and packages heaped in heart-warming anticipation of their Christmas return.

There was a pile of letters, too, and she began sorting these. One was from Janet Seabury, with the San Carlo postmark; she laid it aside to read first of all, and as she put it down she had a curious obsession. It seemed to her the room was full of the perfume of roses, yet there were no roses about. Her cheeks grew warm. Was it possible the sight of an Italian postmark could call up associations so vividly as to make her smell imaginatively?

She sniffed again. There were roses in the room—she was sure of it! Her questing eyes fell with sudden relief on a long paste-board box. That was it, of course! Somebody had sent her roses for Christmas; it happened every year. To make sure, she opened the box; and with the half-lifted cover in her hand she stopped to ask herself an absurd question: Would the roses be red? And then, as suddenly, she found herself supposing things. Suppose? And suppose? She lifted the cover, and stood gazing almost superstitiously at the con-tents of the box. The roses were re?—and there was no card. She rang for the sei ant. "When did these come?

They had come sometime that morning, the maid did not know precisely when, from one of the florists; the maid did not know which. The bell had been ringing all day, but she had understood the boy to say it was an order from Europe. The maid asked whether she should put them on the

"No," said Persis. "Put them"—she hesitated a moment—"in the drawing room," she concluded.

She felt troubled and a little excited. Was this what the count had meant by his enigmatic "Perhaps not—who knows?" Nearby attentions might mean anything, but attentions across an ocean could mean but one thing.

It secretly excited and pleased her to think this thing might be, even though she determined that, of course, she must not let it be if it really was. She must take steps to end it at once

Suddenly she remembered Janet's note. Janet was not a very perspiracious person, but she might accidentally drop some word. erale sat down, looking very much as she had looked in the Lantescane gardens, and tore open the note. She read it hurriedly, passing ever the "lovely hotel," the "quite too lovely view," and the "quaint atmos-

"She seems to have forgotten I have seen it," thought Persis with sarvasm-until she came to the "delightful terrace," when she began to read with intentness; "We take all our breakfacts and have

We take all our breakfasts and luncheons on it, and at present have it all to ourselves except for one gentleman, a Count Lantescane"—here Persis turned a page and, busting frantically for a context, finally chased to the fourth page-"whom I dare say you will remember, for he says he met you. I wooder you never mentioned him, as he is quite too charming, with the most speaking eyes."—Persis' lip curied slightly; "but perhaps," Janet soothingly offered, "you did not see so much of him as we do, for we are told he is very reserved. with strangers. He has the most wonderful old villa and garden, which he took me all over the other day, and the most won-derful roses! They have been in his family hundreds of years. And he simply over-powered me with them, which was a great compliment, as he does not give them to everybody. He is going to show me the family portraits."

At this point Persis let the letter fall. The Lantescape roses at their proudest never bousted anything to equal those in Persis' cheeks. Her eyes were bright and hard, her lips were scornful. So, then, he had been nothing but a vulgar firt, the vul-garest kind imaginable! No doubt he flirted with every American who came along. And her little Italian idyl had been the cheapest kind of incident.

She walked into the drawing room and glared at the roses. She should hate roses—red roses—as long as she lived! But the very force of her revolt caused it to spend itself quickly. Her anger suddenly failed her; she could have cried instead. She remembered the count's manner, al-ways perfectly respectful, and that Janet was undeniably a forthputting person; she might have exaggerated. She might have fosted herself on him, she might even have hinted that she would like the rosss those roses not given to everybody! And there was Genou, and the steamer; and here were the roses!

Everything in Persis struggled fiercely to maintain a hold on its Italian idyl. She was still struggling when the sound of Tom's latchkey sent her harrying into the hall; she could not meet Tom in front of those roses! Tom must not see that anything had happened.

She need not have worried. Tom was in such a state of paradisaical bliss, having breathed again the air of Broadway, that he would have been incapable of noticing anything unless it had been thrown at him. He had actually come up in the subway for fun, to convince himself he was really here; and he kissed Persis thrice over and smiled his way through the whole dinner like a guy and handsome boy. He had found everybody busy with his and her Christmas tree, to every one of which Tom and Persis had been invited; and every one had sent love. Tom congratulated himself gleefully on their quiet first evening at home.

"I told them all we'd make the rounds tomorrow if they'd let us off tonight," he

Then he came round to kiss Persis again for the little jade seal ring from Florence



Agranice in All Principal Cities



medium and short reach, are cut in each size of Emery shirt.

nerur Shoulders and Bodies are expertly drafted and cut on generoles

bees, avoiding binding and pulling. Seven Inspections are made of each slart, proving every detail of making. Fig. color and mear Guaranteed.

Ask year Entity the Shire that Fine. Desir and carried Englance in W.M. Steppucher & Ben., Makers, Philadelphia

to Lock

N order to know the speed of your motor boat, the condition of your motor and the rate at which it is eating gasoline and oil, you must have a Stewart Speed Indicator for Motor Boats Shows exactly here many kinesistions Fer. May te your propeller in turning. Takes its reading maintiferent the promiter shain. Attackers almost any place to the booter directly on the suggest their, a physicism must be suggested their property and attackers, Water and shailers ground and absolutely occurred. Made in the immoss regardly to made, his our personness, you are made to a nature of the position. Not put to a particular position. Not only a satisfaction, but a real teaching as area load. For sale everywhere, Smiller STEWART-WARRED SPEEDINGTER CORPORATION Energites Offices: 1935 Diversey Bird., Chicago Factories: Chicago, and Beloit, Wire. 17 Branchin-10 Service Stations.



Right Underwear for Scorching Days

You'll have comfortable underwear just as soon as you buy Keepkool - the only elastic ribbed mesh underwear made - and the time for preparation against the scorching weather, coming at a gallop, is now.



heafs and it weers. It washes like a handsrubbef—no shrink, no straich in the rule had it has the stretch and the conser-benk that a milion suit must have be comfort. Inside on seeing the name KREPKOOL unevery garment. Men's separate garments. State in the substantial of the second second substantial second substantial second substantial in the second substantial substantial

Fold & Hatch Knitting Company Albany, N. Y.



For a big, refreshing, joyous, economical outing-

Go To Colorado

Two weeks in Colorado will cost you no more than the old customary variation at marrier reports. Get away from the worters of old ferminar agints— go to wonderful Colorado. Law fares strily.

The "Rocky Mountain Limited" and other barelsome trains defly. Modern, attended equipment

Travel Bureaus in all important chies. Our representatives are travel experts, who will help plan a woulerful and an econopical karation. rive you foll information about notes, come, raprior, boarding place, and hole afterward le-tail of your trip. Write today to L. M. Allen, Rock Island Lines, Rosm 10 LaSulle Station, Chicago

Pay Your 6% Interest on floring to the state of the state Georgia State Savings Am'r. 175 Yeak Str.

and the silver-mounted tortoise-shell cigar case from Naplea, and to lay beside her plate a small stamped and gilded leather case, the very sight of which brought up at once all the jewelry shops of Italy; and which, being opened, revealed a scarab necklass of beryl and cloudy amethyst. "Oh, Tom!" exclaimed Persix.

"Oh, Tem!" excisimed Persis. He brought his beels together and made

her an elaborate foreign bow.

"Ricordo d'Holio!" he said dramatically.

"I learned that much Italian anyhow; it was plastered over every blessed thing in that country."

"It's wonderful!" said Persis of the neck-lace. "Tom, you entravagent boy, you shouldn't have!" Her tore was curiously remoraeful.

"Oh, as for that, it's worth as many dol-lars here as france there: I showed it to a jeweler," answered her husband lightly. And you seemed to like it; I thought it

would remind you of San Carlo."

It did! Persis sat looking at the beautiful jewel, and it flashed across her perverse mind that it was precisely the typical gift of the rich American husband. She shut the case and looked across at her husband. He was lighting his after-dinner eigarette with a vast sigh of content.

"My, but it's good to be back!" he said. His eyes went happily from his wife round.

the room and came back to the restry table, with its shining lights, its sliver and glass. "But isn't there something I'm mis-ing?" Ris brows contracted in thought as he stared at the little ferny centerplece.
"I have it—it's the flowers! I knew there was sensithing unnatural."
"The flowers!" Penis repressed the

smallost start.

"Roses - red russel" repeated her hus-hand. "We've had them as long I feel quite lest without them. Besides, there ought to be some. I took particular pains — "With his usual promptitude of action he had already rung the heli." "Weren't there some flowers, Manton, from the florist!"

The footman would because but flow

The footnun would inquire: but Persis "Oh, you mean the roses? They are in

the drawing room."
"They did come; then that's all right. But why didn't you have them on the table? Weren't they all right?"

"Ob, yes," said Persia. "They were beautiful!"

She rose and slipped quickly into the other room; by the time her husband had juined her she had hereif thoroughly in

joined her she had herself thoroughly in hand. He contemplated the enormous hothouse beauties with satisfaction.

"Some rose!" was his langhing comment. "By Jove, I'd like to show them to His Highness, the Count! I used to tell that mun they didn't know a rose over there. I don't think Italy can give us anything on roses. Bot." he added tolerantly, "it's only fair to resomber that it's a matter of france there—dollars here. You could buy out the count's whole garden could buy out the count's whole garden with a few of these bunches."

"France and dollars!" repeated Persia mechanically. She was standing very straight and looking also very straight at her husband; there was a look of dawning intelligence about her. "And 'huy out the count's garden'! Do you do you mean that you ever did - that you did huy roses at San Carlo?"

at San Carlo?"

"Well, what did you suppose, my dear?"

asked Tom in some surprise. "You seemed perfectly stuck on the count's; it was a very cheap way of making you happy, surely. I just gave him a standing order for roses that first night."

"He just gave him a standing order for roses that first night?" repeated Persis' brain to her dully. "For roses, those family roses the count said"—quite honectly, it now appeared - "they did not give to every one.

"You knew he sold flowers, didn't you?" said her husband amiably, "He's as pooras poverty, like most of these old families; so he sells his fruit and flowers. Very arnsible of him too. I fancy I was one of his best customers this long while. Didn't you notice he seemed quite cast down when we came away? He supplies the hotel with vegetables in return for board, and sells his coses all through the Riviera, clear to Genou."

To Genou!" said Persis. "Why, yes!

so that's how -

"Yes; that's how. I told him to supply them all the way, as far as he could. He's got a little vineyard, as he said, up there, and he shipped roses to our hotel tou: that's how I was able to get them for you-

and on the steamer too."
"I see!" said Persis. She did—at last.
"Unlockily," added Tom, smiling at her, be couldn't whifi them over by wireless or cold-storage them across; so on this side it had to be hothousers. But I cabled the order so that you shouldn't miss your Italy too much at first."

There was a touch of unconscious wistfulness in the glance that sought his wife's face; that was what he had fexred mostthat she might miss her Italy. But she was looking fixedly at the roses. "I don't see why you never told me,"

"What? About the count? Why. I guess I just never thought of it," replied her husband. "You had the roses and you seemed to enjoy them—that was all that mattered, wasn't it?"

mattered, wasn't it?"

"You might have told me they were from you."

"Why, when you already knew it?"

"Haw do you know? How could you be sare I knew it?" persisted Persis.

"Why, you took them, didn't you? And wore them?" said her husband simply. Then a sudden illumination struck him. "You don't mean to say," he exclaimed with a laugh, "that you really thought the botel furnished them free and fresh, right along!"

Persis was stricken through and through by an absolutely new sensation—that of shame. It turned her hot and cold together. She looked at her tall young husband, with his unsuspecting clear sym, and vell after veil fell away from her own. She realized all at once that she had married a great gentleman—one not only incapable of imagining certain things, but who would not have believed them if they were taid to

him. In his world they simply did not exist.

And she had gone through Italy with him looking for—the count! That was what it came to; and, really, it was pathetic! Persis knew a wild pang of pity for her silly self—not for Tom; for nobody had been able to do him out of his Italy!

Together with this representant came an

Together with this perception came an enduring one of the vast difference between empty heads and full once. The foolish little confession with which she was preparing to salve her conscience became sud-denly literally too feelish for words. The count had been the least, as he had also been the worst and was haply to be the last, of her subjects for contrition, as she saw it

Accordingly she did the wisest thing in her power; instead of confession she walked straight to absolution —in the arms which, as though by unconscious habit, mrved to

take her in their sheltering clasp.
"Never mind what I thought!" she said with a huigh that was fully half a soh. "I've been several kinds of an idiot; but it doesn't matter—it doesn't matter one bit!" She gave herself a moment for the triumphant realization of that fact, leaning close

against the sheltering arms.

But there's one thing I do want you to know our three months haven't been entirely wasted?"

"Of course not! You're looking a lot better, Persia."

His wife glanced at him with a kind of

solving depair; then, to his intense aston-ishment, she buried her face in his waistonst. "Tem," she racialmed in a voice suited to this unusual action, "you are too delight-ful!" A still more smothered voice added: "Tom, I.—I didn't suppose you cared so much."

The arms about her tightened fusting-

"You didn't suppose I cared!" her husband repeated, and looked down at the buried head in passled wonder. He asked himself whether this was the effect of climate and he had unwisely brought her back too soon. "You didn't suppose I cared!" he reiterated in growing amaze-ment. "After all these years!"

No because of all those years!" came in a correctional murmur from the waistcoat; and Tom, even Tom, experienced a partial illumination.

The tiniest smile crept into his eyes and

the entsets of his mouth.
"What on earth," he asked dryly, "did you suppose I went on living with you for?"

"Oh, habit-custom-les consennees any old reason!" Persos answered with an effort at lightness.

Her husband took her chin in his hand and lifted up her lare, but her eyes refused to meet his; she had no intention that he should see the tears in them.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES



Morthwestern University SUMMER SCHOOL OF MUSIC

On the shore of Lake Michigan in Ago to most with parties passed

o'r alvores:

Sourstary, School of Music, Evanston, III.

A sense that prepares for business or agricultural life, Harvard, Vale and other hading colleges. 6 new frequent tailclings. Gymnasium, athletic builds and conder reach.

100-scre school farm and massed training shops offer opportunity for practical work. \$2,000,000 endowneer makes possible the low annual charge of \$100. Address N. H. Retshalder, A.M., Handmarter, Wieder, C.

MECHANICS Technical Training ROCHESTER. M. Y. For Engagering Rochesters. M. Y. For Engagering Rochesters. M. Y. For Engagering Rochesters. Maryland Rochesters. Maryland Rochesters. Martiners and Applications of Participation of the Committee of

ELECTRICAL MITS HE STORY IN SECOND TO



Harvard Dental School

A Department of Harvard University

New Soldings. Missing equipment. Degree of D. M. Completes of Data or Completes or Completes of Data or Completes of Data or Completes or EPHENT B. SMITH, D. M. D., Denn, Borton, Mass

Tri-State College of Engineering

Stake vest a Cart. Meedigment, Electrical or Chemical Engineer in the bours. The severa litting, beard set for righed part for its words. Proparatory contrast at our rate. For increase translation. 10 S & Davids Street, Amguin, Indiana

SCHOOL OF Mind body poice, leaver for All years, Sangle for Los in EXPRESSION Dr. Control books. It ambies in Boston, Acheville, University of Virtual, Chicar Books for Jones and Jones Free, Capley 84, Series, House, E. S. CURRY, Ps. D., Los D., Pres., Capley 84, Series, House, E. S. CURRY, Ps. D., Los D., Pres., Capley 84, Series, House, Capley 84, Series, Capley 84, Series, House, Capley 84, Series, House, Capley 84, Series, Capley 84,

MASS. COLLEGE OF OSTEOPATHY

Charters 1887. Highi to confer Therior's degree gire the legislature. Parally of 30 Charter's degree gire in active practice. Instruction in science, and so heavy by advisoring the regular series. 15th. West regulars. 15 Orange 98. Cambridge, Mass.

Have You Chosen a Profession?

These are deposited to be Messiane, super only There are the time for the manager M. Niew Yorks Manager appearance in the State of the

WENONAH MILITARY ACADEMY

12 miles brom Philladelachia. No instantos es salosma in hope individually trained. U. S. Afriny desial. Special for Junior. Da. Chas. H. Lowissens, Proc. Carto hopenia, Ph. B., Supt., Hox 410. Wicsusam, N. L.

DAIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE. Medical Department.
If the plant of American Medical Colleges. With my are
learned to the about of Colleges and the plant of the plant

School Information Schools and his season of the season of

F YOU ARE A BOY and want to tarn some of your loating time the summer into money and a lot of the act of tremiums which every boy wants send us a line of inquiry. Address

SALTS DIVISION, BOX SE The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelpos

-Digitizan by Goods



Rensselaer Troy, N. Y. Polytechnic

Institute Engineering and Science

Charges in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. S.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), and Gradel Science (E. S.), Graduate and Special Courses. (Compassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories or restaining and flustrated pamphicia showing are of graduates and students and views of publings and campus, apply to

JOHN P. NUGENT, Registrar



Juige CHARLES & EVANE, Bes P.

Detroit College of Law

Tabled 1891. Prepare for the Bar in all States. In admired a house Day and Scening. Three was some leads to the degree of LL. B. Stadema or woman in courts in daily seasons. Last Library size Vota. Catalog mained free Self-augmenting about should write for pumphied describing our real flaceau of Self-likip. Address.

MALCOLM MeGREGOR, See'y, 536 Pendania Building Detroit Web.

Study
Dentistry
Rt the
INDIANA
DENTAL COLLEGE
Study
Study
Study Study dentales at an extremely produced an extremely produced as an full falling and from general the contract of the contract

NOTRE DAME "World Famed"

The Culvership inclinies the Colleges of Classics, Miscory, Economics, Journalism, Archivester Biology, Chemistry, Pharmacy, and Errorian Civil, Mechanism, Richter and Miscory, and Errorian Civil, Mechanism, Richter and Miscory, and Errorian Civil, and Paper and Tairion, \$100.00 a rear-live standard for his based on the Errorian Science Colleges and Free Colleges and Free Space and Proceedings of the Paper and the Errorian Science Colleges and Free Colleges and Free Space and Free Colleges and

THE REGISTRAR, Notre Dame, Indiana



That's all we want to later r is the plant of the state of

Randolph-Macon Academy For Boys and Young Man. Front Hoyal, Va.

A brawn of the Rambigh-Mason System. Liberal for noise neumnal advantages possible. Equipment of \$100,000. Prepares for Ardiege or Scientification of generations, physical restone and outdoor pro. Terms. \$2.75. Eld session open September to 1914. For free catalogue and illustrated included address.

LANDES L. MELTON, A.M., Principal, Box 411, Front Bayet, Va.

ormal School of Physical Education

Noz 404, Bettle Creek, Michigan Two Year Course and Same Course. Physical Editorship. Physical Distriction of Physical Physical Physical Hayeround Work. Unperson up insty for seed support while sein few \$100 actollarships for high redunters. Sommer School In-ally Angland 19. Sciences Land and Indiana. Address for Samile WM. W. HASTINGS, Dreit



HARRY SEYMON'S ROSE, Dear, Man. Huntington Country, Boston, Man.

he Sargent School Fr Physical

ited 1881. Eargest normal department for phys-stion in the terial. Section at all security. New in 1994 and 1914. Address for booklet. r. D. L. RARGEST, 12 Resrett Street, Cambridge, Mass.

FFIELD SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Dispersion and Resident Course. It's hours from Modern buildings. Audien Endow-

HOBART G TRUISDELL, & M. Principal, State St., Connectical Liberary Institution, Juffeld, Conn.

"You little goose! Welt, you want to get that particular idiocy out of your noddle "I mean to," answered Persis merkly,

"preliminary to getting a few other things in." Hastily she followed up this weird statement, which was as near as she ever came to confessing: "Only, one thing. Tom—please, for a while, don't send me any more red roses! I—I'm sick to death of them!" she blazed forth with sudden

energy.

"Why, for mercy's sake, didn't you say so before!" gasped Tom. "You could have had any blooming thing you wanted—white, yellow, pink, blue! Just say the word. Anything to make you happy, Persia!"

He stopped bewildered. Persis was shaking he thought, at first, with tears; hut it was with laughter. Tom eyed this hysterical tendency sternly. "I don't want even blue roses, thank you," she said. "I don't want anything—

not anything but you-just you! Oh,

She stopped, because no word could express what she wanted to say, and because, also, she suddenly perceived there was no need to say it. The strength of that loyal arm about her, the twinkle in the blue eyes looking down at her, and the little length that ran through her husband's voice when he spoke—all told her that; and these things were more and more moving to her than a thousand romances, though all be

'Anything to make you happy, Persia!"

OUR CONTINENTAL POLICY

Cantinded from Page 20:

European Powers undertook that control they would never withdraw from the island. Mr. Roosevelt explained it as follows:

"Our own Government has always refused to enforce such contractual obligations on behalf of its citizens by an appeal to arms. It is much to be wished that all foreign governments would take the same view. But they do not; and in consequence we are liable at any time to be brought face to face with disagreeable alternatives.

"On the one hand, this country would certainly decline to go to war to prevent a foreign government from collecting a just debt; on the other hand, it is very inadvisable to permit any foreign Power to take possession, even temperarily, of the custom house of an American republic in order to enforce the payment of its obligations; for such temporary occupation might turn into a permanent occupation."

When citizens of a country are in danger or national honor requires it, however, a government must act swiftly and with

An insult to the flag may seem a slight thing to go to war about, but it must be re-membered that the flag is the emblem of the nation's honor, and insults to it cannot be overlooked. A high and formal courtesy is insisted on by all nations claiming the respect of the world.

No matter what the final result of affairs in Mexico may be, it is certain that our relations with other nations, especially the Southern republics, will be in some degree affected. If our intercourse with these governments is ultimately to become more friendly, and if in the end some plan of efficiently, cient and permanent cooperation is likely to be evolved, it will be a distinct advance diplomatic relations on this continent, Whatever the final result may be, however, we must in the end make our conception of the Monroe Doctrine, as an American policy, clearer and more definite.

It is, therefore, of the first importance that the people shall have a correct understanding of the exact limitations of this Doctrine. Governments are influenced by the pressure of public opinion, and this public opinion must be intelligent if the policy of the Administration is to be farsighted and





RUBBERSET Tooth Brush is composed of thirty-I four perfect little brushes -each made like the famous RUBBERSET Shaving Brush. Each tult is a perfect RUBBERSET brush in miniature—not a single bristle can be pulled out of its solid base.

The brisiles of each tult are gripped in a control solid vulcanized rubber. The briefle tults are uneried in cone-shaped bules in a plate-and they can't be pulled through these holes with a pair of plieze

Over this plate is moulded the top of the brook and you have a touble brush whose broade-base is water-tight, and impervious to all use and minuse. You have the

RUBBERSET

THE SAFETY TOOTH BR



The MURRERENT Treesh Brook is made to all orginand story plans, curved and contained benching our-tions for parts, second and children.

B=0 from the second constant particles of the second D . As the second constant is second D=B , which is second D=B . But the second D=B

RUBBERSET COMPANY

Performs and Edwinstonia

BUWARE, N. L.

Panama Pacific Exposition Postcards

Beautifully Lithingraphed in Colors

6 for the contact Brended Prince in Quantition.
Toll A. D. V. Contact, Am. Market St. Sun Properties.



The Fashionable Promenades are covered with Essex Rubber Soles and Heels

whether your steps take you down Fifth Avenue, New York - Common earlish Avenue, Boston - Michigan Boolevard, Chicago or through may of the great cosmopalizes therough may of the great cosmopalizes therough may of happy footed thromands wearing Ruses Robber Sales and Hesis.

The comfort of rubber wiled shoes has been enjoyed in the past chiefly by those interested in Termin, Yuthring, Guiffing and other active sports. But today you will find them more everywhere by those who respect style and degraced comfort.

You will easily find your style of shore equipped with Essen Rubber Soles and Hesis, at the price you want to pay, at any first class shoe or department trore. And separate Essen Rubber Soles and Hesis, at the price you want to pay, at any first class shoe or department trore. And separate Essen Rubber Soles and Hesis at all reliable repair shops. Be sure to specify Esser poods if you want weating quality and style.

ESSEX RUBBER COMPANY

ESSEX RUBBER COMPANY Manufacturers of Saft Spot Heel and Arch Coshines and Essex Rubber Heels

TRENTON, N. J.



PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manage ELITHARD B OWEN, 130cm Big, Washington, D. C.



Seneca Scout Camera The camera time has identify the text

The camera thic has blood the leads, on condit pt ingraphs; the limbs, strong, quick, acond-about represent made entirely all rend and include offs the law may probled of budies. A real product applie increment the deal of the Bud Scout, The Country Got The Country Vicasi view.

Seneca Handbook hall of a Lamographic bon and

Mailed free on request

The Seniora Time, the con-cione independent that is sense (america and separation) in other participation) in other A Senten Associ-ting is noted for the -ween and sen

Benera Country Mis. Company Burketter, R.T.

Abbott Detroit

Offers a Rare Opportunity



By Edward F. Gerber President Abbott Motor Car Company

I want 50 more dealers to handle Abbott cars.

I want men of character and responsibility, who will give the line added prestige.

I want men of ambition, with the ability to plan large undertakings and the energy to carry them out.

The purpose of this advertisement is to put before such men an exceptional opportunity for commercial and financial success.

My Unusual Plans

In November, 1913, I purchased a controlling interest in this company.

Prior to that time I was a retail dealer in automobiles. Thus I had first-hand knowledge of the dealer's problems. And I knew from experience that the success of any automobile concern is in direct proportion to the success of its agencies.

So I have set about to make sure of dealer efficiency. I have made extensive arrangements, for the benefit of Abbott dealers and users alike. First and foremost, I demand that Abbott cars give good value. I insist on this, to make sure of a ready market.

Then, I accept no more dealers than I can give personal attention. Even with increased facilities, I only want 50 more now.

I give each agency sufficient territory in which to operate profitably. And I see to it that dealers have the co-operation of every department in this institution.

Efficiency Throughout

My organization is particularly well qualified to render able assistance. From every standpoint it is a strong organization.

This company has been in existence five years. During that time it has put out 6000 machines. It has gone slowly and cautiously. It has built no model without first making sure of its mechanical perfection.

To manufacture Abbott cars I operate a splendid plant, with machinery of latest design. Experts are in charge of every department, to insure strict maintenance of a systematic manufacturing policy.

The engineering ability behind Abbott cars is of the highest order. Our designer-in-chief is recognized by experts as one of the leaders in his profession.

This man has designed and built 1000horsepower engines. He has designed and built motors, axles and electric starters. He has designed and built automobiles, power plants and machinery. Even our rivals concede his greatness.

Liberal Advertising

The Abbott publicity appropriation for the coming season will establish us in the front rank of advertised automobiles.

National mediums of wide circulation, such as The Saturday Evening Pett, will be used. I shall personally supervise this campaign.

Then I shall employ large newspaper space in the territories where we are represented. Millions of folders, circulars and catalogs will be distributed. Dealers will have maximum assistance in the creation of Abbott demand.

Financial Strength

Our resources are sufficiently large to assure the future conduct of the business along broad-gauge lines. Sufficiently ample to guarantee permanent service.

Here is a factory run on a strictly economical basis. Cost figures are kept scientifically. Overhead is reduced to a minimum.

Here is a factory practically without debt. It owes no borrowed money. Against it there are no bonds, notes nor mortgages. No watered stock exacts its tribute of disdends. Our equipment is paid for and clear, and we are operating with a clean financial slate.

A Great Proposition

This organization has given to the Abbott line qualities which make for success. Scientific engineering, appearance, comfort—these are built into every car.

Financial strength, service, advertisingall are generously provided.

And now I offer a line of four-cylinder and six-cylinder models, ranging in price from \$1785 to \$2290, with which the right dealer can compete with other makes successfully.

No other line, I believe, affords greater

A Certainty for You

Now I suggest that you apply this advertisement to yourself.

If you are in the automobile business and are not satisfied with present arrangements you have before you an opportunity to better yourself.

If you are not making financial headway in proportion to your efforts—this advertisement presents a chance to increase your profits.

If your line does not interest buyers and you find yourself losing sales—here are wonderful selling possibilities within your grasp.

Even if you are not an automobile dealer but are considering the business—it will pay you to investigate my proposition.

Our 1915 advertising campaign begins at once. So to get the full benefit it is necessary to act now. If possible arrange for a trip to Detroit and an inspection of our plant.

I invite correspondence from capable men. Please address me personally. I promise your inquiry immediate attention and careful consideration.

Edward F. Gerber, President
Abbott Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: If so be the President shall select Mr. Frederick W. Lehmann, of St. Louis, as one of the representatives for his country at the mediation proceedings which, on the one hand, may have gone over Ningara Falls in a barrel by the time you get this, or, on the other hand, Blondired across those tempestatous waters on a tight rope—that selection will be a good thing and a kindly. Mr. Lehmann put in a couple of years here as solicitor-general in the Taft Admin-

seration, though a nominal Democrat; and we watched him operate with exceeding juy. His specialty is getting in touch. In early life he decided he must lay in a large and ascreted stock of information, and he laid is in. He first studied a few political al-manaes, and then took up the encyclopedias

and learned those from cover to cover.

It may be the President desired to have the mediation negotiations prolonged. If he did he chose wisely when he selected Lebmann, for, with the slightest encour-agency, Lebmann will exude information

and opinions twenty-four hours a day.

The boys up on the hill, who comprise our national association of lawmakers, are in a frightful stew about getting home to see how things are going in relation to their renominations. Various tentative dutes have been set for the adjournment of Conpress. A tentative date for the adjournment of Congress, James, is any date that is not O. K. d by Mr. Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States. His date is the only genuine date, and no substitutes will be allowed or recognized. As yet, his not response to the impassioned please for an adjournment has been the erection of a test and commodious tent in the back yard of the White House, and the announcement that he thinks he can be quite comfortable therein during the heated term.

Tenting in the White House Grounds

Congress bas no tent, albeit Congress ould go on the road as a circus any time and increase the revenues materially. Also, Congress has thirty-three secutorial reelection problems on its hands, and four bendred thirty-five similar problems pertaining to the House of Representatives. Congress has been in session practically time Mr. Taft made his justly relebrated reverse-English revision of the tariff away has yonder in the summer of 1909, and tack yonder in the summer of 1909, and has been in session continuously since Mr. Wilson came in.

It is the aggregated opinion of the legis-tarors that that man Wilson has no heart. He listens to their appeals for permission to

He listens to their appeals for permission to selourn and go home and get in touch with the boys and the girls—in the states where the girls vote—smiles in a surprised but interested manner, and asks softly:

"Why, is it possible you desire to go home before my program is completed? I certainly am astonished, especially as I have made my plans to remain in Washington until all my bills are laws. You do not want to go away before I do—now, do you?"

"Certainly not," they say, with forced Eyety. "We do not want to go home a minute before to-morrow night."

So far as the appropriation bills are con-

So far as the appropriation bills are conceroed. Congress can easily get away by but the appropriation bills are not the only ones. There is that little question of the repeal of canal tolls in the Senate, where there is no cloture, and where nearly every senator has a large gob of passionate protest or of dignified declaration on his chest. And just three pages to the rear is that collection of antitrust bills, which has been so maitreated by patriots with ideas—and without the same-that the collection now looks, reads, proposes or proclaims about as much like the original drafts as it looks and reads like a textbook on meteorology.

Various other little matters are pending. io say nothing of our Mexican muse; and every time the boys are brightened by the tope that an agreement for a get-away day may be reached they are immediately de-ressed by the knowledge that that tent is here in the back yard of the White House, and that the President can keep quite cool hit, and will-until he passes his bills.

It is a serious and perplexing problem with the legislators. They think they have done enough. They are willing the Senate should take its time, as it will, over the canal-tells fight; but they do not think they should be required to stay here and fumround with antitrust legislation, especially round with antitrust legislation, especially as there is a fairly good supply of that on hand as it is—and especially, further, as candidates are springing up against them back home almost every day.

That is a curious phase of our politics—the constant cropping up of new candidates. It should be printed in every newspaper in every state all the time that the only way for a state or any locality in a state to me.

for a state, or any locality in a state, to secure adequate representation In Congress is to select good men, send them to Washing-ton and keep them there. The new repre-sentative and the new senator gets nowhere. Experience and length of service are the only things that count in Congress.

Any state may secure a very important Any state may secure a very important place in Congress by sending good men and keeping them there. There was a time when lowa dominated the legislation of this country; and not se long ago Wyoming, with less total population than the apportionment law requires for the ordinary congressional district in a populous state, had one of its senators as chairman of the tremendously important Appropriations (1999). mendously important Appropriations Com-mittee, and the other as chairman of the great Judicisry Committee. Wyoming allowed her legislators to stay is office.

North Carolina's Position

We are about to have another example of this. North Carolina is soon to hold a commanding position. As it is now, in the Senate, Senator Simmons, from that state, is chairman of the Finance Committee, the committee of which Nelson W. Aldrich was

chairman for so many years, and Sena-tor Overman is ranking member and act-ing chairman of the Judiciary Committee. Over in the House, when Oscar Under-wood moves across to the Senate, as he will do next spring, Claude Kitchin, of North Caralina, will become chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and leader of the Democrate provided of course the Ways and Means Committee and leader of the Democrats provided, of course, the Democrats retain the House. In any event, in case the Democrats lose the House, Kitchin will be leader of the minority and racking Democrat on the Ways and Means Committee. Also, owing to the appointment of Henry Clayton to the Federal bench in Alabama, Representative Webb, of North Carolina, becomes chairman of the big House Committee on Judiciary.

This proves two things: The first is that if a state continues her men in Congress they will eventually get to the top, provided they are men of even average worth, and thus attain the power that will be of

and thus attain the power that will be of inestimable benefit to the state. The second is that Congress offers a good field for serious and honest endeavor, provided the people give the endeavorer a chance to try. All that is needed is attention to business

and an opportunity to serve, and the re-wards will come; which rewards, by the way, are greater for the constituents than for the constituted. The representative or the senator has to work, and work hard; and the state, owing to the position atthose results invariably are greater in direct ratio to the length of service allowed.

However, the ambitious boys back home do not think of this, and they are cropping up everywhere, while the men who want to be reflected are tied in Washington. The statesmen are sore. They want to go home. The only urbane person is the President, He assures them he has not the slightest objection to their going home—provided, of course, they will do a few little additional things for him that he desires to have done.

There was a dispatch in the papers the other day from London, which made a great hit in certain quarters in this city. It concerned a dinner or something, where Ambussador Page proposed a toast. That wasn't what made the hit, however. The joy-provoker was the last line of the dispatch, which said: "The toast was drunk

Yours postprandially, but quietly,

CHOOLS & COLLEGES.



Staunton Military Academy

An Ideal Home School for Manly Boys

An ideal Home School for Manny Boys

385 Bays from 45 Notes had sensor. League Private Academy in the United
States. Bays from 10 to 20 peach and proposed for the
Universities, Government Academies or Business.

1.800 Feet affects sea beset, pure, dry, bracing resourcins sit of the famous
proportionally brookbild and begunded ballets of the Sharamatonia. Pure raingrad apiting massive. Black marsh tons. Parential blacephine. Mishary training
mysture bacteristic, health, martin contains. Else, sharly famous training
mysture grammagness, estimating looks and arthritists parks. All marriy spaces
embarraged. Darky drym and varieties in gon like. Bury-free horizon of
continue and refricated using School. Processed, and/ordera instruction by
our training system. Standards and traditions high. Academy 1879-free
pages 4300. Handsone catalogue free. Addition.

COMEL MM C. RABLE P. D. P. Person.

COLONEL WM. G. KABLE, Ph. D., Principal, Statuton, Va.



The Call to Culver

Will be bound thin fall in almost every main and in many fureign countries. This minging of loops brins everywhere, wheel by a metable reflection of buildings and military requirement, tail a frequity who understand beau, predomina to instance Culter life. Culters life in marchanged with interest, it transs with the secret of movem, of mental and physical pureer. It grips it gets a tary increasing the many many and mental and physical pureers the guess work from his training. Addition The Communication's Suprince,

ULVER Military Academy

Culver, Indiana (On Lube Maximiration)

Peddie Institute

An evolutioned as bound for 250 buyes inflations the country proper may be sufficiently under the foreigness. Manager fieldings and the foreigness that the financial field made which the foreign field and Atherina Franks. Manager field and Atherina Franks. Manager field and Atherina Franks. Manager field as first a field property of the field field from the field from the field field from the field field from the field field from the field

R. W. SWETLAND, A. M., Bue 6 Q.

MANLIUS SCHOOLS

MANLIUS, NEW YORK

Most removed all applications of the military privative to personness for earlings, two last all persons on temperatures. ST. 2008/NS to the L.-College and Engineers (Preservatory, Ranges) by U. S. Gov't as Lorenguistics (see freely the College and Engineers (Preservatory, the engineers house greatest VER SEC S. HALL.). Separation of the last love from the total for the college and the second total for the college and the second temperatures.

WM. VERRECK, President, Box N.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL

Regulately invested to be suited the story. Corp. Long. Select, LF color from New York. Delicities prompered special dispersions. Selected produces special dispersions. Selected and delicities prompered special dispersions. A Lever Relead to Transper Rays. To high-records out Caralog utilizes. Walters. Markett, Markettel, Sen St., Contes City, L. L.

One, College Hill, from 22 (near Contract) Ohio Military Institute Heating, Military dell actavitute according to accurate actual to reference to the first A. M. Barcacaw, Superintendent.

Worcester Academy For Boys
Comprehensive resignment. 10 healthings. 22 series Gyris
merries. Megazios. a mille properties hall, Spile and
milletter State. N. mille purch. 3/10 partie of significance.
Siles prese Catalog. B. V. Allentarios State.
110 Providence Stavet, Vanneter, Vann.

Wentworth Military Academy Reaches Business Communication Services Academy Academy For Catalog address The Berriedary, Missouri, Levingue, 1812 Washingum Avenue.



Due persons in the incredible development if a law is charactery and articlerate to the resident for the res

No. T. P. Larrow, S. M., U. H., Principel-ton, P. St. Salvere, Continuedate.

The School with a Winter Home in Florida - Founded 1845

Kentucky Military Institute

in Kentucky; Where company near a village 9 miles from Laminville. Employment is limited to 150, with a tracker to every ten or involve large. Wandworking, was the near practice, hour building. Physical and retembed laborations in Fornia : Braiding and easier the form of the property of the property of the form of the second in Fornia. Sending and was limited in regular terms. \$100. Address

The President, K. M. I., Lyndon, Ky.

Mercersburg Academy

ADK OF THE BEROOKS—A depending physical distinct and
moved training for ruding extreme or forested, mental and
moved training for ruding extreme or forested.

I be also a success the bulk the areas universities. Personal
resemble grain to such key.

LOCATION—To the country, one the secret along of the
stations. Countries of the forest the secret beautiful
success. Countries of America.

EQUIPMENT—Mindre and considers.

New Greenwhom,
Well and Roya brine. LL D., Beatmann, Mercersburg, Fa.

"I have advance insuridence Minapos, Academic a fackard of the Suplant clies, and advanced to stangered in belong large for each legal." Benery B. Screwn, En-Justine of the U. S. Represe Court.

MONSON ACADEMY
Fifteen miles from Springfield. An enflowed arband.
Over 1900 graduants into restated college. Certificate
provings. Behaviolally flegogood Astheric fissel.
New Degranations. Sel timescales. Resident. Physical
Director. Bate 6200 to 6200. Fund for buys of previa warth.
Put catalogue and lause of views softense.

RESET PRANCLIS DEWING, Prin. Moneys, Main

CHAUNCY HALL SCHOOL 3D Septem St. (Copies Sp.), Sector, Mine. Residented 1828. Prepared between substitute for Management and Institute of Technology

and other scientific schools. Propy tractor a specialist.

WILLISTON SEMINARY FOR BOYS Scientific and Pre-paratory Departments. Athletic fields. Five build-ings. including residence bulls, collage and gymnestum, Write for illustrated backlet. Increm H. Sawyen, L. H. D., Principal, 6 High Street, Basthampton, Muss.

The Phillips Exeter Academy Unusual exportunities for boys of exceptional character and ability. Little year eyens September Inc. 1914. Cutalogue and views. Address. New Hampahire

Morgan Park Academy lancers, Morgan Park, lies Ren, Kamerler Character Bullding. A filed Academy from the Bull of A filed Park Character Bullding. A filed risk report of the filed began character personnel of the filed to the College College Secretary. Bearing the State of the College Secretary Bullding Red State. Character Sec. 1997.



AN ALL-AMERICAN SCHOOL. Students from farily states. Misuntain location. Chemic the most healthful in the United States. Convenient location, a cresible to all parts of the country. Military Department modes supervisement United States Convenient. Modern equipment. High standards in all departments Students admitted to all colleges and aniversities. Large control MI forms of addition and beautiful decreation. Toront \$450 Catalogue free. Address. Dat 9, C. SILLER, President ana) ji qa a kewalim yaki vana

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES



Home School Distinctively Directed to Developing Presentation

for Girls and cold remain maintain a Address Control Sec. P. O. See M. Street Control Name



OH. MARY E. BENEDELT, From Ros 197 Beach Schor, Va.

Southern Seminary For Girls and Young Women

a Blue Baige Manustrees of Virginia over Natural Piles: 4811 year. Benetical benefits of beaution and trace there is no about benefits and conventional of the Bank of Company of the Comp

SOUTHERN SEMINABY, Box 975, Burns Viste, Vo.

Akeley Hall foresten management or betterful forest light for the male place. Unless proposed of the forest the color points in the forest light for the forest place to be placed in the forest light forest light forest forest place to be proposed in the forest light forest ligh Many Objects Visitatio, Reliabled Francisco Consultations, Manager

CHEVY CHASE SEMINARY

Variables to 0. As purse as hard proportions and for the complete action. Ligaritation of the control of the co

Manachologyn, Brathett

Bradford Academy for Young Women

21(th year. Timey miles from langue and,

The Darlington Seminary

NITED TRANSPORTS IN SECTION AND THE PARTY CLASSICS.

Wheaton College FOR WOMEN (7) offer borney Full from one borney of C.B. thurses. Systems for the borney of the first one for high other residence. I be a first one for high other residence in the first one borney of the first one borney. I called the first one borney of t

CUSHING ACADEMY

Left per Brillian companies of the affection of the straining of the strai

New Haven Normal amended

Art Academy of Cincinnati

Established 1989 - Law - reduces re-Art Manmon, Enconnelli 1.11.C.I.Sf. Director.

DEAN ACADEMY, Touching Mann.

ARTHUR W PETROL LOT D. Property

NEW BLOOMPILLD ACADEMY name banka P. Care II. Jens

GRAND RIVER INSTITUTE

asell Seminary



G. M. WINGLOW, Fa.D., Presided

NARHVILLE TENNERSEE DALIGNATIAN TO STATE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PR

MESS-JUNNIE B. MARRON, Registrar.

BRENAU CONSERVATORY GAINESVELLE, GA., P.O. BOX F

Country Country Co. P. C. Bolton Co. P. C. Bolton Street Country Co. P. C. Bolton Street Country Count

Unusual Opportunity for Young Men and Wetners to

- Equip Themselves to Teach -Public School Special Judicete

A many control of the Advance of the

Disser Reval France Short 27:30 W 64 Statement Deed, \$14.

The Fannie A. Smith Fruebei Kindergusten and Training School Farety A. Bestel, Principal STI Samuelle St. Briggman, and

THE LOUDOUN

THE LOWDON BY SEL SEL ST. LO. TILTON SEMINARY TELES

KIMBALL UNION ACADEMY

THE RESIDENCE

THE NATURAL QUESTION NOT TO ASK

(Concluded from Page 27)

though it was one of their revival meetings: 'Yas, suh!'—all except the big fellow, Roberts.
"'I'm gwine wif you, Mars Wee-yet!'

he says.

"No!' says Whitey Waite.

"Mars Wee-yet!" yells Roberts—and I'm blest if he doesn't dop down on the ground and begin to bellow like a kid.

"Go back to your work!' says Whitey:

ground and begin to bellow like a kid.

"Go back to your work!" says Whitely;
and that big buck gets up whimpering and
goes back. I wonder why Whitely is going?

Ite ian't taking his wife, you know."

"You might ask him," I suggested.

"What?" Dinwiddle actually yelled at
me. "Are you crasy?"

"I guess you're not!" I said mollifyingly.

"I guess not!" he emphatically agreed
with me.

I left for New York two days later. The next year I went to the Isthmus—this time with an official party. On the duck at Cristohal I ran across Waite and Nettie. He nodded calmly and held out his left hand. With the other be held a small handbag such as women carry at times. Then I shook hands with Nettie—in silence!

"Wall, how are you both?" I asked, with the cheerful imherility of all writers, which makes so many people wonder who it is that really writes their articles for them.

"Fine!" he answered.

I looked at her. I left for New York two days later. The

I looked at her. "We came to see the secretary of war," she youchsafed. "He's a friend o' his!" And she nodded toward Whitey to show we moved out of the way of a rushing baggage truck. This parted Whitey and me from Nettle.

When I left you last year you were ng — " I stopped because he nodded. golog -

"And the crowd answers like a chorus, as sough it was one of their revival meetings: it is, suh!"—all except the big fellow, obserts.

"I'm gwine wil you, Mars Wee-yet!" learness actually irritated me so that I asked bluntly: "Did you get him?"

For all reply he shifted the little hands at the little hands and held up his right. I saw the thumb and the foreinger pointing arranged.

ing upward.
The other three fingers were cut off at

The other three fingers were cut off at the first joint!

"Then ——" I began, and suddenly saw him watching me with that unblinking uphidian stare which made me think of puralyzed syelids and also of ice-cold thoughts concerning me somewhere behind the inscrutable pale-blue eyes.

He nodded, took the bag in his maimed right hand and rejoined Nettie.

I felt as though there were a dozen con-

I felt as though there were a dozen con-gented spots within me. These kept my curi-osity in cold storage until hours after I left

them.
It was the right hand—his pistol hand. The fingers were not chopped off or hitter. off. They were sliced off. Perhaps George's murderer tried cold steel. Whitey might have seized the sharp blade with his right hand and shot with the left—or perhaps Whitey himself used cold steel.
But he got his man. I knew he would But I did not learn how. I knew I should not.

should not.

Do I still wish to know? More than ever much more than you who read this, becau-knowing Waite, I rould dramatize so many

picturesque ways of losing three fingers.

But I did not ask for details—I did not dare! And if you do not realize why I did not dare I have not made you see White; Waite as I knew him. And if I have not made you see him it does not matter, after all, how curious you may be.

THE Far West and the Far North have produced acros pretty good men in their time. Well known in the old buffals days of Saskatchewan was Joe Beaupré, Jamed a thousand miles as the biggest eater in the North. Joe was not six leet tall, but he was a broad, deep, thick sort of man, with a hand like a ham and a stomach like tothing else in the world. He would ent an entire boxful of apples at one sitting and think nothing of it.

Once, having encountered a gentleman who thought be was some eater, Joe consumed fifty-three pounds of buffals meat in one day, and topped off with a raw turnip, a six-pound piece of pork, some lard and two lowes of bread. The best his competitor could do was thirty-seven pounds of

iter could do was thirty-seven pounds of

Besupre was so strong he never would fight any man for fear he should kill him. One day, while sledging on a narrow trail with an obstimate horse, he became angered, struck the borse on the head with his first and killed it. He loosened the harness and threw the dead animal on one side of the trail. He never really knew how strong he was. Once he was taken captive by the Indiana, but they were glad to set him free, warrior though he was, because he ate up everything they had. Beaupré died of rheumatism while still a young man. A great many stories about hig daily journeys done by dog drivers in the North

are heard from time to time. As a matter of fact there are more days when the driver covers twenty-five miles than when he covers fifty; but very probably there are authenticated instances where half-breeds have run from seventy-five to eighty miles a day behind a dog team.

Some of these men are superb specimens of manhood, and perhaps their stories lose nothing in the telling.

The ability of the Northern Indians and

half-tresis to park heavy loads is well known. These men have rather narrow am-bitions in life, and to be stronger than all his neighbors is fame for any one of them. It is well known that one half-breed, rather an old man, stood for ten minutes posing for some photographers, carrying on his

back seven sacks of flour, each weighing a hundred pounds. His legs trembled under him, but he was game.

The usual load on a portage is two hundred pounds, if the going is at all good. Men often carry six hundred pounds for a short distance; and they will pack seventy-five pounds all day, six days at a stretch for a dollar and a half a day.

Some of them will take on eighty-five pounds. The ordinary white man cannot carry forty pounds a day without great discomfort long before the close of the day. In all likelihood what is called a fifty-pound pack on the trail does not really weigh thirty pounds on the scale. pounds on the scale.

I have seen half-breeds, on a portage, play along with three or even four ancks of flour on their shoulders. Once a slender boy, not over seventeen years old, posed for his pho-tograph. He had on his back three sadd of flour, and on them another half-breed, whom he had invited to climb on top of

These men live hard lives. There are few doctors and no hospitals in the Far North, and the man who is injured has to take he chances. One man, now trying to make a living as a cobbler in a Northern town while running his trapping lines seventy-five miles from the nearest house, shot a hole through his foot with a rifle. It was aix days before he could get help. The strain proved very hard on his constitution. Again, we saw a half-breed on Athabast River will back his shirt sleaves and try in

River roll back his shirt sleeve and try is dress a wounded arm. A rifle shot had taken off most of the forearm and damage the elbow. Crippled though he was, the before any of us discovered that he had be!

On the same flotilla of scows was the transport master of a big fur company. He was a very angry man, because he had fallen from a cabin roof and broken his colle-

He had told his men how to bind it to as best he could, and was lying under an awning drinking gin and smoking—though he had to hold his pipe between his tori while he filled it with his good hand.



Fire in Missari Militi. Clab. 10 Lines Lat. A Stringell Sprinkler System Would Hour Sound Every Life. By Parting that the Fire at its base.

Today is the End!

Thousands of Business Men Are Tempting Fate When Fire-Safety Is Free

N spite of the warnings of a dozen holocausts, thirty business men perished in the Missouri Athletic Club fire.

In spite of the enormous number of businesses destroyed by fire each year, thousands of men everywhere are risking their steady going businesses on a mere chance.

They know that a Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System in their buildings will absolutely prohibit a serious fire,

They know that such a system will sun pay for itself, through the sweeping insurance premium reductions it earns, and then pay them a handsome annual profit.

Further than this, many of them know that they can get this system through construction companies without investment. In such cases the cost is distributed over a number of years and met annually by the inturance savings.

Why don't these men jump at the chance to get a Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System by one of these methods? Simply because they feel that fire in their buildings is as remote as Doomsday. They have never had a fire and think they never will. This feeling is almost a superstition with them. They can't see the fire hazards which they are told are the

cause of high premiums. Therefore, they regard them as a myth.

But yesterday's sawe of fire victims know now that hazards are actually sleeping fires, which awake suddenly, no man knows when, to deal destruction.

You may know it tomorrow. But today you are still in the thraldom of your old superstition.

You think you are immune from fire. And yet at this very moment, some man, somewhere, is watching fire consume the business efforts of his life-time.

And his insurance policy will cover only a fraction of his real loss. It won't bring back his customers, his organization, his good will, his markets, or any of his future plans for business expansion. His business tomorrow will never dawn. Fire has made Today the end!

That fire in your building is only asleep. Don't let it awake and find no one on watch. The chance is too great! The delay too costly. Fill out this coupon today, so you will not blame yourself later.

When you find out how soon your Grinnell System will pay for itself, you will want us to hurry the installation.

REDUCES FIRE LOSS 944.6. REDUCES INSUR-ANCE PREMIUMS 40 TO 90%.

GRINNELL Automatic Sprinkler System

16,916 FIRES EXTINGUISHED. AVERAGE LOSS PER FIRE ONLY \$265.

Made and Installed by the

GENERAL FIRE EXTINGUISHER COMPANY

Business offices in 25 leading cities of the U.S. and Canada

Information given us will be held strictly confidential

Total floor area of buildings to be equipped (inc. basement and attic)

Insurance carried on building

Rate

Insurance carried on stock

Signed

Address

277 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I.



When Beauty Was Sacred

Seven vestal virgins tended the ever-burning sacred flame of Vesta in ancient Rome.

Absolute cleanliness was one of their religious obligations. Their house, which was maintained by the state, contained baths of surpassing beauty and luxury.

A most important feature of the toilet, as well as of every great Roman household, was the use of fine oils apparently palm and olive.

The utter luxury of the Roman bath is today enjoyed by the more than two million women who use Palmolive Soap. In this delightful form, palm and olive oils are most perfectly blended.

Those who use Palmolive daily find there is nothing else quite like it for cleansing and soothing even the tenderest skin. It leaves the skin smooth, firm and white and protected against irritation.

Palm and Olive Oils alone give Palmolive its delicate color. Naught else is needed. The natural delightful fragrance is a veritable breath from the Orient. And the price is only 15c a cake.

Palmolive

Palmolive Shampoo

- the Olive Oil Shampon - makes the hair functions and healthy, and is excellent for the scalp. It rinses out easily and leaves the hair soft and tractable. Price 50 cents. Palmolive Cream cleaners the skin and adds a delightful touch after the use of Palmolive Scap. Price 50 cents.

Throughild Sumple Offer 1, thend rike of Paleonier, bettle of Shampea and take of Cream, packed in near sample package, all enabled on receipt of five two-cent atampte.

B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., Inc., Milwaukee, Wis.

Canadian Factory: B. J. Johnson Soap Co., Ltd. 155-157 George Street, Toronto, Ont. PALMOLIVE

PALMOLIVE

PALMOLIVE

PALMOLIVE

PALMOLIVE

CREAM

rea

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Independence Square Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A'D' 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Cupyright, 1914, to The Curtis Publishes Company in the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Pout-Office an Second-Class Matter

Extered on Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

lume 186

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 15, 1914

Number 50

THE MUTINEER OF THE MARY BLOUNT By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

HANLEYTOWN girl who couldn't talk ship was hardly considered respectable. When she ied, she married a captain, e, boatswain or foremast or she didn't marry at all. anleytown wife could have aboard her husband's ship e dark and found his specs for him, or his thimble, as she could have descended her own cellar and laid inhands upon the apple bar-But this special knowledge of little use to her. She selhad occasion to go aboard husband's ship, and if she I help herself she never went voyage in her.

metimes, sooner than be used in the first light of ymoon, wives sailed with ands; but this was the excepand not the rule. A whalecompletely out of touch with sation for three, four and live years at a time is no e for a woman, however my she may be loved.

aptain John Haithway ought or been a proud and happy Six whalers, anchors atrip ali sails drawing aloft and were moving allowly out of eytown Harbor. Of these though not the largest or iest, the old Mary Blount, whose solld quarterdeck his were planted, was the most rated and the most beloved. is six seasoned navigators mmand of the six whalers, ain John Haithway was the gest. He was twenty-one of age. He had risen durse voyage, lasting five years, enbin boy to first mate. now the owners had made

ought then at that moment w been proud as a peacock. at the whole of manhood efore him, and he was beng life at the top. His ship v fifty years, and she was

md as a new-minted dollar. In all these years she had never made an unprofitable pe. Her record was known over the whole world: "Follow the Mary Blount," was

sought to have felt very proud. But he was only twenty-one and very much in love, binstead he felt very unhappy. He was saying good-by to Hanleytown—how small hite houses looked already!—it must be for years and it might be forever. Why ivil hadn't he followed the impulses of his blood and married her and brought her

ho was he, to have concluded that she was too young for marriage, and to have set If up to play father and mother and brother and minister to the little wild thing heart was like a warm stove and whose face was like a rose? Mr. Tuttle." y-ay, sir!"



The first mate, a gray heard of fifty, baying shot a long stream of brown tobacco juice into the mu, crossed the deck amilting-

"A propitious start, sir,"
"Very, Mr. Tuttle."
"A fine lot of new nerward, sir. Some of our best families represented: not many of these modern soldiers and son-lawyers.

"On any of your voyages, Mr. Tuttle, did the number have his wife or his daughter along?"

"Yam, mir."

"How did it work?"

"Why, very pleasantly for all hands, siz.

Captain Haithway sighed.
"In ordinary excennataness a suilor lends a bondy life. Mr.

The young raptain's romanos being well known to everybody almard the Mary Blount, Mr. Tuttle averted his face and prelified his head;

"So much no," parened Cap-tain Haithway, "that the ex-reses into which he is carried by short liberty are resultly under-

"If a sailor's excesses," said Mr. Tuttle, "were spread out gver the whole autotance of his life, instead of being lumped here. and there like cald butter, there would be no more moral more

"And you believe in wives salling with their husbander"

"Floridy, sir -Excuse me, sir, what did you say?"

"I think I marked to say that I wished I had discussed this with you wanter, Mr. Tuttle." "I don't wish to intrude upon

your private thoughts, or, But believe mo, sir, there isn't a mon abourd this ship who doesn't feel for you, sir."

"She is so young," exclaimed Captain Halthway, "and his no mether. I have put her to board with a most excellent old woman; but three or four years, Mr. Turcle. three or fally yests is an agonizing

length of time. I wish to heaven I had brought her with me."

An hour later the cabin boy, Bowers, a great blushing lad of sixteen, approached the master.

"What can I do for you, my lad?" "You can let me have the key to your stateroom, Cap'n Haithway. I want to turn down the bed's put things to rights."

"Is the door locked? I didn't lock it. I haven't got the key."

"Maybe I'm wrong, sir. I'll try again."

He returned in two minutes.

"The door is locked, sir."

"Well, I'll see about it presently. You can find something else to do."

Captain Haithway stood for some time longer, his eyes upon the low coastline that had swung between him and Hanleytown. Then he shook himself and went below. He had a picture of her in his stateroom, and he wanted to look at it and kiss it. He had



"Not in This World! Not to This Life!"

angrily and exclaimed: "Who the devil has locked this

He drew back with the idea of bursting the lock with his shoulder, when a key was heard turning in it and the door awing open. His first insane thought, on seeing who stood in the narrow decreay, was that the disquerrectype be had of her had come to life. Then a great trembling seized him.

"I had to come," she said. "Say that you won't send

me away.

He just stood and looked. Then he spened his arms, and as they closed, his voice breaking, he cried: "Not in this world! Not in this life!"

The wind had gone down with the sun, and the six whale ships in close company were now merely drifting. It looked as if they would have to anchor for the night.

"Mr. Tuttle."

"Ay-ay, sir!"

"There is a stowaway aboard."

Mr. Tuttle scrutinized his master's face closely. Then a smile trembled at the corners of his mouth.

"You don't mean "She had locked herself in my stateroom, Mr. Tuttle.

I can't send her back now, can I?'

No. sir."

"As we have no minister -"You forget Mr. Lightfoot, sir."

"Mr. Lightfoot?" "Yes, sir. He is going out in the Admiral Colt as a passenger to Henelula."

Captain Haithway's face brightened immeasurably. "I will be obliged to you, Mr. Tuttle, if you will lower a boat, and invite the Reverend Mr. Lightfoot to come aboard. You will also be so kind as to invite the captain. of the Admiral Colt and the other captains to join us at dinner."

"With the greatest pleasure,"

AS MR. TUTTLE had said, the men forward were a fine lot. But even oak is not proof against rot. The oldest man forward was also the strongest and potentially the most able. But he was one of those perverse men who cannot be content with their own wickedness. If he wasn't undermining some one's natural instinct toward virtue he

But for the shortness of his legs Crandle would have been a giant. But for the fact that his nose had been turned permanently to one side and flattened by some terrible blow, he would have looked like Neptune before that god's beard turned gray. The history of his evil deeds when ashore followed him from ship to ship. He was known to the police of every sesport he had ever visited. To the reverend gentleman who conducted the Seamen's Mission in Honolulu he was a most odious memory.

He loved an argument, and the Scriptures themselves furnished him with his most offensive sacrileges.

And he was a sad cross to Mrs. Captain Haithway: Perhaps the child, so wild and wayward before her romantic marriage, had something in common with him-an inherent love of escapades, mischief and turning other people's preconceived notions topsy-turvy. Perhaps she felt that if she had been a man, with a man's opportunities for going downhill, she could have been just such a man as he was. For we are apt to hate and denounce most vigorously those very qualities in which our own nature participates. It is the dishonest man who cries out most loudly against dishonesty; it is the sinner himself nearly always who flings the first stone.

Bowers, the cabin boy, an excellent boy in his way, but overgrown physically and undergrown mentally, was the first of the ship's company to fall under the spell of Crandle's plausible tongue. It was like the moth and the flame. Every time Bowers went near Crandle he got singed, until these wings which float youth and innocence were no longer strung enough to carry him. He lost the strong grip which almost all New England boys of that day had upon religion. He learned to regard the commandments as expedients for controlling large populations rather than as stepping stones to the salvation of individuals.

"And why," Crandle would say, "did Moses forbid the people to cut pig? 'Cause in hot countries pigs is poison. Why did he order the doctors to use sharp stones when it came to cutting off legs and arms? 'Cause in those days the only other thing they had as would cut was copper, and supper spells gangrene. When you allow that old Mose had horse sense, you are talking; but when you advances that he had any religion in him you talks like a woman or a sky pilot. Why did Solomon have three hundred wives and Captain Haithway's only got one-us he boasts about? If God's God, His thoughts is immutable, being right first clip out of the box. If it was right for Solomon to have three hundred, then it's wrong for the old man only to have one; or else God has changed His mind. And if His first idea was wrong, I denies him a Godlike mind; and how do I know He ain't a-going to change again? Mehbe He'll hold out next for a baker's dezen. Boy, you take it from me marriage nomericals ain't got nothing to do with God. They has to do with human nature, which is the same as dog nature, and climate

And in the end the hoy Bowers went gloomily about the ship, full of doubts, wondering if goodness was only cowardice after all, if all men were really devils in their hours. if expediency was the only basis for laws which he had been brought up to look on as divine; and, like the average boy, inclined to aggression and the shattering of myannian, and almost persuaded that dolls are stuffed with sawdoo.

What is happening to that poor boy?" asked Mrs. Haithway one night at dinner, the sfore-mentioned luny having just left the cabin. "He looks as if he had lost his last friend, Mr. Tuttle,"

"I think he is beginning to lose his first illusions," said the mate, "at his age!"

"Which is only a shade less than mine, Mr. Tuttle."

"Boys are always younger than girls at the same age. Some one has told him that the moon isn't made of green chosse. Just now be doesn't know whether to believe that or not. Once he is roovinced one way or the other, be'll be all right again and go about laughing and blushing and

upsetting things as he used to."
"It's all that Crandle," exclaimed Mrs. Haithway. "Bowers can't keep away from him. I shall give him a piece of my mind!"

"Crandle?" ber bushand asked.

"I shall tell him."

"I wouldn't interfere with the men too much." "Your ship's in my house. And I shall make

it dean from ceilar to garret!" Captain Haithway regarded her with a wonderful pride. And then he turned to Mr. Tuttle.

"But it beats the Dutch," be said, "how the girl that everybody said didn't even know how to cook or darn stockings turns out to be an A-number-one housewife, that spolls her husband for ever sitting down to a bad meal again and with the smallness of the stitches she puts into his mending."

"How," asked Mr. Tuttle, "is the troussoo coming on?"

"When I came abourd," said Mrs. Haithway, "I had nothing but the things I had on. Now I've got six changes and three dresses, and I'm beginning to knit stockings like mad. Chanler is the best knitter before the mast, and I got him to give me lessons. And then"-here she beamed with excitement-"don't let them know that I know, please; but a little bird told me: the men are making me a wedding present. It's a great sea-cloak of blue for the cold latitudes. It has a bood lined with haby seal-one of the men had two skins in his chest-and it's to be all

embroidered up and down with pictures of ships and and and whales. And Shattuck has rigged a lathe and be any ing the buttons out of whale teeth, and each button is to scrimshawed with bouquets of flowers in blue and red; green and inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

Mr. Tuttle, already in the men's secret, asked her is she had found out. She laughed aloud,

"One day I saw Chanler looking at me with his eyes! of tears. I said: 'What's the matter, Chanler?' And said it was nothing, only I reminded him so of his in 'darter' as he left at home—same eyes, same nose, a height-why, he'd bet a hat we was the same mean round the shoulders, and before I could say Jack Robins the old hypocrite had snatched up a piece of rope's ent

taken the measurement he wanted."

"You never told me of this. "Oh," said she, "I knew there was something is wind; so I went to Crandle. I said: 'Crandle, they me Chanler is a most exemplary husband.' Crandle to 'Him a what?' 'Yes,' I said. 'He was telling me about little daughter.' 'Chanler,' said Crandle, 'ain't muri As for a daughter-well, when he gets shore leave be out for the nearest botanical garden in the company of resident clergyman, and if he ever found a little duck in the cabbage patch I ain't never heard tell about it. was lying to you, ma'am, that's what Chanler was do And if I know the man, he's readin' his Bible ut ! moment in the hope that God will overlook the sin."

And then she told them how in similar wise she! found out about the color of the cost, the embroidery, lining of the hood and the buttons. For it seemed that q every point her taste had been artfully consulted.

At this very moment the starboard watch was esting dinner on dock. Shattuck had finished two of the buts for the clouk and was exhibiting them.

ONE day they took a sperm whale that stowed siz barrels of oil. The cutting in, the trying out and subsequent cleaning up took the "heart out of a week," Crandle put it, and in subtle ways affected the future the whole ship's company.



"De You Want to be a Cabin Boy All Your Life!"

In the encounter with levinthan, Edmonton, the boatterer, who first fastened to him by a noble throw, was rescutly so caught in a snag of the swiftly running line o which his iron was attached that his left forearm was reled almost to the bone. With the line slipping overoard and the boat tearing along at ten or twelve knots, aging and plunging, the bow-oar improvised a tourniquet nd saved Edmonton from an immediate and painless eath, so that later he might succumb to the forture of lood poisoning.

As a result of this accident, Crandle, the most experinced man forward, was promoted to be houtsteerer in

dmonton's place.

During the cutting in Mr. Tuttle slipped from the itting-in platform and burt his side, not, it was thought the time, very seriously. But events proved this diagnosis be sadly mistaken.

With the inside history of Crandle's promotion Mrs. aithway had something to do. She had been looking pale d drawn for several days, and during a short spell of rfectly calm weather had complained of feeling seasiek; erefore her husband could deny her nothing.

"The more his record has od in his way," she said, he worse his record has His wickedness isn't stubborn but what a litresponsibility and alittle ross might heal it. And, sides, it will bring him where characters are onger and better formed an in the fo'c's'le. He'll under your eye, and if u can't make something his strength and courage, o I'm wrong and all the stains who have kept a down were right." After thinking this over hile, Captain Haithway t for Crandle and told a of his promotion. for once the fo'c's'le apter had his breath

en away and was at a for words. Presently managed to say: "I'll to do my duty, sir." the youthful captain led and shook his head.

"I wish you would say 'I will do my duty,' not 'I'll try,'" said he. "You are one of those men who do what they please with their lives."

Crandle said nothing, and Captain Haithway turned on

his heel and then turned back.

"By the way," he said, "you owe your promotion less to me than to Mrs. Haithway, Crandle. She would be bitterly disappointed if it didn't turn out well. She believes that you will from now on be a good example to the men, both affout and ashore."

Crandle cleared his throat in a percentorical way, blinked his big agute eyes, and said nothing.

"You may move your belongings alt immediately." Crandle darted forward, and spying Bowers called to him:

"Boy," he said, "have you read that book I loaned you?"

"I haven't had a chance yet."

"You bring it to me." The boy went and came.

Crandle took the book in his immeme hands.
"I got another book," he said, "will do you more good 'an this one."

It Lauked us if They Woold Hore to Auchor for the Hight

"What's that, Crandle?"

"Mr. Bowditcher's Navigator."

And as a first attempt to do his duty, Crandle turned and tossed the book into the sea. Later on that same day his collection of colored prints, purloined from various sailorheavens up and down the world, followed it. Later still Mrs. Haithway seized an opportunity to congratulate him on his promotion.

"I have you to thank, ma'am," said he.

"I am putting my money on you," she said guyly, "and I hope you'll try to do your duty."

"But I ain't a-going to try."
"Oh. Crandle!"

"I'm going to do it."

There was that in his repressed but powerful voice which sent a thrill through them both.

"I believe you," she said; "and I thank you!"

WHALING ship, unless full of oil or for some press-A whallend some, does not attempt to sail the shortest line between two points. In a voyage that may last five years

time is of very little value. In good whale-pasture a ship will cruise north, south, east and west by day, as suits the whim or the instinct of her commander, and lie to at night. She is not designed with any view to expedition. She is almost as square forward and aft as a sawed log. She is built with very thick timbers and planks of very heavy stuff; after a few months her buttom becomes rank with sea-growth; and her steering gear, very slightly improved upon that which sufficed for Noah, cannot hold her to a straight course for more than a minute at a time, Sailors say that in hell there is a punishment for those who have lived in too much of a hurry: it is always to be trying to get somewhere quickly in a whale ship.

(Continued on Page 48)

Sutting With a Blunt Knife

By Maude Radford Warren

HE following is the autobiography of Thomas Barrows, which he related some dozen yoars after he was gradu-

from college: hen I left college and went to work I

such habits of playing, so little interest in business, and ittle notion of how to apply myself to it, that my ations in the practical world were precisely like cutting a blunt knife when there is no excuse for the blade not g sharp. I know now that I was a typical college boy. ne way my home life was typical—that is, my parents ght I was the brightest and best-looking chap in the munity, and they made silent and constant sacrifices we me the advantages they never had.

y father had not gone to college; he had been pitched into the world at fifteen to earn his own living, and tever education he got after that he picked up himself. ind, therefore, an exaggerated idea of the importance final education. Every personal disadvantage he had ld to the fact that he had not been fully educated, had forced to stick at his work too closely to mix with le and use what schooling he had and acquire more

was really an attractive, lovable man; but, because ever grabbed the center of the stage and forced people ten to monologues, he thought he did not know how set men-was not a mixer.

ras a mixer from the start of my schooldays. The way ered from my father was that where he had diffidence consideration for other people I had conceit and check. er laid my ease and my popularity to the fact that getting higher education. I remember once when I college Freshman, and some friends called. I talked ily to them and played and sang some college songs. e say when they went away they said to each other I was a fresh cub, pushing my agreeable parents into ackground; but after they had gone, and I had retired e dining room to bone up enough French to keep

myself from flunking, I heard my father say proudly to my mother:

"Marian, that boy can meet people better at his age now than I can at my age. It's because his youth is being prolonged, and he's getting from books and his teachers and classmates the kind of education that makes a man broad - that fills him with such resources that he can handle

uny situation life may put up to him."

Well, all I got out of the speech was that my parents were sensible enough to appreciate me. I never doubted that their estimate of my powers was correct. I was quite sure I could dominate any circumstances in which I might be placed, because I was used to success. It never occurred to me to question whether or not the successes I had enjoyed were worth while. It sufficed me that I had always got whatever I had gone after and always expected to. As to that education of which my father spoke, I do not think I ever spent ten minutes thinking about it.

My father's notion was that I was in touch, through books and teachers, with the master ideas of the world; and that when I finished my course I should be well fitted to survive in any hard struggle for livelihood. My notion of my college course was that I must do enough work to case in each class, so that I might end up with a sheepskin. It was considered something of a disgrace not to be able to graduate; but it was not considered a disgrace for a fellow to avoid real education, as I did-always provided he were avoiding it for something he considered better worth while.

What we collegians considered better worth while was social leadership and ataletic leadership. Usually they were the same thing. Next after them came leadership in the affairs of the mind. There were among us a few boys

and girls who were what we called charkswho swallowed knowledge as we social leaders lapped up the adulation of our fellows. When we heard these people recite in class, answering the questions in which we

failed and even presuming to discuss knotty points with the profs, we respected them; but, as a rule, we did not ask them to join the fraternities and scropities. Sometimes we did; but usually such students were without the social graces-more concerned with books than with people. They were after what was going to count in their future work. I and my kind were after a good time. We admired them - but we would rather have been the fullback or the shortstop.

And I am sure they envied us too. I am sure that many a girl-grind wished she had been born pretty and fluffy, and the sort that would be chosen to lead the grand march, rather than the person she was. I am sure, too, that many a man who made a recitation to an admiring whisper from the male idlers of "Gosh! Hear the spiel!" would far rather have had a fraternity boy whisper: "Say, old hoss, don't forget the jamboree this eve!"

I was a leader, because I was a halfback, and because I sang in the glee club, and because I could tear off lowcomedian stunts in dramatics-because I could imitate the president giving a talk in chapel, and the dean of the women walking across the campus, and a dog and a cat having a fight on top of the fence of a German and an Irishman. If there was anything ornamental and attractive and utterly futile-so far as the real business of life was concerned-that thing I could do. One of my stunts was making smoke-rings about the size of doughnuts. I cannot count the number of hours I spent practicing that accomplishment and the amount of nicotine my system absorbed before I was a past master in it.

They say that often a frivolous youngster, sidestepping away from education during his first college year, settles down to business in his Senior year. He begins to apply

himself hard, and to try and relate what he is learning to the serious business of life; but my serious business in life during my Senior year was still the husiness of having a good time.

About the spring of my last year I did a little reflecting. It was not to the effect that I was wasting my father's hard-earned money; that I had ruined a new suit of clothes in a fraternity house scrap; that I had spent a lot of time talking nonsense to girls whom I should never see after the year was past. No; my reflections merely were to the effect that time was galloping by and that all too soon the dear old friendships would be over—I should be graduated and

have to fend for myself.

Plenty of fellows—some of them the grinds had fended for themselves in college; but I was not one of them. My father had five thousand a year and I was his only child. When a candid uncle asked how it was I did not get the schulastic bonors which accrued to the classmate who looked after my uncle's furnace, my father replied that I was in so many things besides my work that I could not be a specialist. He wanted me, he said, to be developed in all directions. I should have to specialize when I was in business.

As I had shown no taste for any particular profession it had been decided that I was to enter the business in which my father was. He was the head designer of a stationery firm; and as the management liked him he hoped that he should be given a small partnership some day; and he had been promised that a place should be made for me. It would be a small place; but my father said that a man of power could rapidly forge ahead in that firm, and that the smallness of the beginning was nothing—it was the power of making good that mattered.

Just before I was graduated the management of the firm changed. The new partners were men who did not know my father. He was kept on, because that had been a stipulation of the old partners, who had valued him; but most of the other heads of departments went, and it was made clear to my father that the old

patriarchal days were over; that not only need he never hope for a partnership, but also that any jobs of importance the firm gave away would be given to relatives of

My father's chief regret was that he and I should not be working in the same place. He had no doubt that such a brilliant youth as myself would soon find his opportunity. Neither had I. Probably I saw myself cruising easily along the highroad of the world, while various jobs raced up to me and offered themselves for my importion. I to choose the most profitable and doubtless the easiest; but that was not the way it worked out.

My father had plenty of friends; but when we came right down to it, not a great deal of business influence. Not very many five-thousand-dollar-a-year men are able to land a big job for a young, inexperienced fellow—and it was a big job I was after. Father made many inquiries, but his influential friends generally had sons or pephews of their own they had to take care of.

"Don't get impatient, Tom," said my indulgent dad.
"We can afford to allow you a little time in which to look round. I'm not in favor of your falling into the wrong job through imputience of results."

A Self-Made Electrician's Opinions

HE NEED not have counted on my impatience at first. It was still summer-time and I loafed along with my friends, as I always had in the summers; but in the autumn a change came. I used to visit the buys in the fraternity house; they welcomed me—but with a difference. I was a graduate and therefore an outsider. I was a brother, but of a past generation. I was not on the football team any more car in the glee club nor in the dramatic club. Moreover my friends began to say to me:

"What! Haven't landed anything yet?"

I woke up to the fact that playtime was over. I thought
I was thoroughly awake—but I was not. Even my experience of the next few weeks did not do more than shake
the first vells of drowsiness from my eyes. I set out to find
work for myself, taking as my first medium the advertising
columns of the newspapers. I answered over four hundred
advertisements of all kinds, using every precaution to
make my replies as businesslike and convincing as possible.
I sent out over seventy typewritten applications—for
which my father paid—to picked addresses. I made
innumerable applications in person. In almost every case
I was met by the same latal question:

"What do you know about our business?"

If I did not know something about his business the prospective employer did not seem to care how fine my personal qualities were, or how excellent was my mental



"Did You Try to Find Out How Impertunt a Costomer This Clark to?"

espacity, or how promising my real. He would not even give me a chance to show what I could do. Many of these men told me I was too old—I was twenty-two. They wanted young men in their teers, who would be cheaper, last longer, and, not having college training, would be more easily reduced to mere cogs in the business machine.

Among the manufacturers particularly I soon found out that what an employer wants is not a man of theory, but a man of brains who has had an unusual amount of experience, who knows the state of the art thoroughly, and who understands all kinds of tools and what they are capable of doing. This seems to be the only kind of man who is regarded us of any arount in a manufacturing business.

My experience in getting turned down merely led me to believe that it was bard for a young fellow capable of big things to get a start. I was sure there was plenty of room at the top and that I was fitted for the top; the difficulty was to break in. Usually I was turned down with dispatch, but one self-made man, an electrical engineer, turned me down with the trimmings of a long speech.

"I don't want any young fellow who has been trained in a technical school," he stated; "I don't believe in them." I replied that I had not had a technical school training that I had had simply the four-years course in college.

"That's a little better," besaid; "but still, young tellow, you are four years to the bad. I'm surry, for you look as if you had the germ of a brain. When I make electrical engineers I do it in this way: I select boys of sixteen or seventeen for machine-shop apprentices. I watch over there to see that they are the material for good machinists, and I weed out the wrong ones. Those that have unusual ability I put in training for electrical engineering.

"I give them a year at benchwork and one at toolwork, shifting them round considerably, so that they can get the knowledge of that part of the work which is required to make of them good electrical engineers. Then I put them in the testing department for half a year, in the drafting department for half a year, in the erecting department for a year, and in the operating department for a year.

"While they work in this way they are surrounded constantly by an electrical atmosphere, and they will alsorb through observation and association nine-tenths of all the knowledge they will need to have regarding electricity. Meantime they can study at night school, so at the end of five years they will be fairly good electrical engineers—and, at that, they will have half a dozen more years of work in them than the college man."

I listened to this politely but skeptically, and as the engineer was a judge of men he saw my disteller. He leaned forward in his chair and discharged a long forefinger at me.

"Young man," he remarked, "I can see that you are a

believer in the technical colleges. There are close to one

including universities that have special departments devoted to technical training. Let us say thirty thousand boys take these courses and ten thousand of them leave these schools each year. What becomes of them?

"Don't you see that there would have to be

hundred and thirty of them in this country

"Don't you see that there would have to be
an enormous demand in order to provide place
for the large number of young men supposed to
be trained for the higher and better positions."
I could tell you of hundreds of chaps who have
real merit, and who after six or eight years of
higher schooling are glad to be hired for twenty
cents an hour, which is the same price that othe
men get who haven't had the schooling.

"There is a big electric company in this (it) that takes boys from these technical college and gives them two years in the testing department, starting them for the first six months a twenty cents an hour, and giving them—towar the end—twenty-seven and a half cents. The boys are then taken to the engineering department, where they start in at about the same pathey have been getting in the testing department, and there they spend two years. Maybe they are twenty-seven years old by this time. They will be lucky enough if they can go out an get three dollars a day."

A Start in the Valve Business

"AND why should they get more? They at still far from being electrical engineers, it they aren't machinists; and a good electric engineermustbe a machinist. They have halo experience in creeting or operating; they lose nothing about roots—knowledge that is necessary to emible them to make estimates. It is you, young man, I don't believe in the combination of four years of mental activity in colles with two years afterward of practical shopwed in the student course, calling largely for physical exercise. It isn't the most effective methal for training commercial, designing and construction engineers. It falls to give the necessal insight into the practical side of electrical engineers.

neering and into the proper relation of the economic force

of an industrial organization.

"Shop-practice courses at college can give at best but slight idea of the real industrial situation. Considering to limited equipment of colleges and the brief time they or allow, they can initiate the students only in a very good way into practical processes, and give them but a speakle acquaintance with machines and materials.

"Besides, considerations of the elements of time is money in carrying out practical work are entirely neglecte at college. No one can assessed in industrial life who is not a hard-and-fast appreciation of economic values, young man can't get a conception of these values under he has an extended experience in practical work in whitime and money play leading parts. You're not grapp what I'm telling you, young man, though I've spent a sefortune of time on you already. So, get out!"

I get out, carrying away merely the impression that did not want to be connected with any kind of engineers work, and also that the big engineer did not believe college men simply because he was self-made. All the san I continued to find that those employers who did belie in college men somehow had no place for me. I was a blind as to what was the matter with me; but I was far in termsfortable in my mind, for all my other friends assumed have good positions, with plenty of chance for promotion I know now that most of them were bluffing—but, still to had something to bluff on.

It was my father who at last landed me a job. He is held to his theory that it would be a tragedy for me to started on the wrong job; but he now said that one way knowing the wrong job was trying it and leaving it had a friend who was with a firm that manufactured valued steam-fittings. This friend, Mr. Burton, was head the brass-valve department. He knew I was looking to position; and, though his firm did not care much for college-bred product, Mr. Burton engaged me as a de in his office at fifteen dollars a week.

I should have been thankful—and, in a way, I w
I had no desire to sponge on my father any longer. This
an allowance from him while I was in college seemed us
quite a different thing from taking it while I was not do
anything—not even making a pretense at studying; but
I left my suburban home on the Monday I started and
felt a good deal of mortification. My dreams had took
to the stars—and here I was a clerk! As I walked do
Canal Street before turning west to the office I might be
noticed the bordes of eager and even hungry-booking in
hanging about the windows of the labor-employment us
cies; but I merely felt sorry for myself.

Our office was in the same building with our shops as I passed up the stairs to my new work I could had

ming and clash that bespoke the labor of hundreds of ; but of what they were making I knew and cared ing. I knew Mr. Burton well, for he was a neighbor irs. He was a fine-looking man, with shrewd, kind blue red cheeks that somehow added to the genial look is face, and a pointed beard that gave him a slightly essional air.

is expression, however, was far from being that of the groom, and, for all his gentle manners, any one who a judge of men would have seen that my new manwas not in the least to be trifled with; but at that time

is not a particularly close judge of men.

expected Mr. Burton would start me off with some sort oiel and he did, but briefly. He said that any man had it in him to rise could rise with this particular pany, and that the best way to get on was to make elf as familiar as possible with the manufacturing and cings of the firm; and that, above all, I must realize eriousness of business. The steady thinking man would m; the flighty or indifferent one would be left behind. wo or three times he repeated that phrase—the seriousof business. If only I had listened to him with my e mind—really grasped what he was trying to impress with-I might have saved myself some humiliations; I merely gave him the specious attention I had rded my professors. I had come to him as a stop-gap, also there was nowhere else to go, and I was not in the interested in the work. All I cared for was the lifteen in a week-the pittance, as I called it privately.

Getting Broken to Harness

R.BURTON, first of all, took me downstairs and showed me the workings of the timeclock. I did not like to be hered: I hated the democracy of that timeclock, even igh the manager himself had a number. Then he took brough the shop, from the foundry to the plating room. ight to have interested me. I ought to have felt the ficance and even the grandeur of what I casually cod at: but all I saw was a confusion of belts and shafts, th seemed to me to shadow their blackness on the swashed walls.

saw flying aplinters of steel, one of which struck me on cheek; grimy faces where, nevertheless, pallor showed dark eyes gleaming out of them stolidly, scarcely ring at us in order not to hinder the piecework.

I saw countless parts of valves dropping from machines or resting in great boxes, and I did not ask a single question about them. I saw long double boards, with rows of brass hooks, on some of which order slips were impaled; and I did not know or care that they were there to save the foreman elerical work. I merely felt that after all I was lucky in that I was not born to work in a shop.

My work was to write out orders and do other small details of cierical work. I had a desk between two cierks who did the payroll work and the cost work. The sunniest corners of the room went naturally to the manager, the assistant manager and the stockkeeper; but I had a good place and plenty of light. The work was easy; I mastered it at once, and I suppose I had a corresponding contempt for it. I soon became friendly with the other clerks in the office. They were not my sort exactly, but plenty of my classmates had not been, either, and yet I had got on with them.

As I have said, I had a gift for mixing. Presently I got used to my situation. I missed the freedom of movement of the college, where my closest confinement had been an occasional three hours in a laboratory, always with the privilege of moving about. It bored me to be on duty from eight until five-thirty; but I had an hour off at noon and after a while I did not mind the routine. Having a job I lifted up my head among my fellows once more, lied about the pay I was getting, brugged about my chances of promotion, called on girls and went to parties. In short, I was once more exactly the same joyful drifter I had been in

At the end of the first month I was called to Mr. Burton's dunk.

"Tom, this won't do!" he said briefly. "You have been

late four mornings this month."

"Yes, I know," I said, feeling that I must smooth him down exactly as I had smoothed down my professors. "I take the seven-twenty. When it gets in on time I'm here on time."

"I take the seven-fourteen," Mr. Burton said crisply. "Twenty-four days out of twenty-eight I get to the office six minutes ahead of time; but that keeps me from being late four times. If I can do it you can. Your position ought

to be just as important to you as mine is to me. That's all!"
I retreated to my desk feeling aggrieved. Two or three nights a week I went to parties or to the theater or to the fraternity house. It was not always easy to be at the

station by seven-fourteen-six minutes. looway between seven and eight is always a help. I was doing the confounded firm a fewer anyway - it was not every office that could have a college man like me at to berk and call; but for all my inward grantiling I took the earlier train. Perhams I subconsciously realized that I was lucky to have work at all. Soon after I was made a special order clerk; and, though this was really no promotion, somehow I felt as if it were,

Pro-ntly I paved the way to a serious reprimand. A customer sent us a valve specifying a certain repair he wanted made, which would cost about two dollars. The foreman saw that it

would be useless to make this repair unless other work were done on the valve, which would bring the cost up to five dollars. Without consulting the customer I told the foreman to go ahead with it.

When the valve went back the customer objected. to the price. We had to write several letters before be was at all placeted, and even then the firm felt it would have to absurb the extra cost. Mr. Burton took me to task.

'You showed very poor judgment in that matter, forn," he said, "and a high-handed way that it is not our policy to take with our customers."

"Why, I figured I'd be saving time for the customer." I said glibly; though, as a matter of fact, I had not done any real figuring at all. "It would have taken two or three days if we'd written to him. Besides, the work had to be done."

"That's not the point," Mr. Burton said. "If you



I Went for a Long. Cold Walk and Did Jome Hard Thinking

sent your overcoat to a tailor and told him to put on new braid and buttons, you'd object if he sent it back with a new lining you hadn't asked for. If you're going to stay with us, Tom, you'll kindly try to take your work seriously."

I smarted under that, I knew I had blundered, and for a few days I read over every order with the care that a nurse gives to a doctor's instructions. Then I blundered again. I suspect my mind was on a trivial honor that had come to me that morning - a song I had written had been incorparated in the college songbook. I was thinking of going to the fraternity bause that night to be congratulated.

A Walk and a Turning-Point

AN ORDER came early in the afternoon from a customer, which was what we call a breakdown job. The man telegraphed that a valve on a high-pressure line in his manufacturing plant had broken, and he wanted one sent to him by express at once. I went to the foreman and asked him whether he could get the job out that night. He said he could not possibly, but he would have it ready before noon the next day. I took the word to the shipping department, The manager happened to be there and he inquired the name of the customer.

"Clark, I think," I said.

"Not the Clark-Ralston Company?" he said.

"I-I don't know," I replied.

"You come back to the office," he said grimly. We went back to the office. Mr. Burton looked at the

telegram; then he stared at me.

Did you try to find out how important a customer this Clark is, or why he wanted the valve on his high-pressure line, or what the consequence would be if he didn't get it?"

"No, sir," I said. "I went straight to the foreman."
"Well, you go back to the foreman," he said.

The foreman said he had not understood it was the Clark-Raiston Company or that the valve was to be sent by express, or he would have rushed it. By a little overtime work, he said, he could get the valve off that night.

Mr. Burton started in then and there to give me the talk that was the turning point of my life. He explained that the Clark-Raiston Company were most important custumers; that the very warning "breakdown job" ought to have put me on my mettle; that the company's shop was running with a great number of men; that it was a high-pressure plant, and that they must have had to shut down part of their plant until that valve was in shape.

He said that if the valve bad not been sent until the next y-which was Friday-it would have arrived on Washington's Birthday-which was Saturday-and that would have meant two idle days. He said I had handled the situation with the stupidity and inexpertness of a child of ten. What more he might have said I do not know. Luckily for me the head of our firm sent for him.

I did not go to the fraternity house that night. I went for a long, cold walk and did some hard thinking. For the first time I realized how utterly worthless I was. I did not show as much skill as some of the clerks who had scarcely gone through the high school.

For the first time I saw that my college education had, so far as business was concerned, got me nowhere. I had not learned one thing in college that I had been able to apply to my present work. I had felt above my work-had

(Concluded on Page 45)



I Had Spent a Lot of Time Talking Noncenze to Girls

FREDDY ET CIE



COMO NACIDAD NO ALTON

T 1S always a perplexing question how to provide for younger sons, and the immediate relatives of the Honorable Freddy Foulkes had forfeited a considerable amount of beauty sleep in connection with the problem.

"My poor darling!" the Marchioness of Glantyre sighed one day, more in sorrow than in anger, when the Honorable Freddy brought his charming smile and his graceful but unemployed person into her marning room. "If you could only find some congenial and at the same time lucrative post that would take up your

time and absorbyour spare energy, how grateful I should be!" "I have found it," said the Honorable Freddy, with his cherubic smile. He possessed the blond curling hair and artless expression that may be symbolical of guilélessness

or the admirable mask of guile, "Thank heaven!" breathed his mother. Then, with a sense that the thanksgiving might, after all, be premature, she inquired: "But of what nature is this post? Before it can be seriously considered one must be certain that it entails no loss of caste, demands nothing derogatory in the nature of service from one who I need not remind you of the fact that your family must be considered."

She smoothed her darling's silky hair, which exhaled the choicest perfume of Bond Street, and kissed his brow, as pure and shadowless as a slice of cream cheese, as the young man replied: "Dearest mother, you certainly need not."
"Then tell me of this post. Is it anything," the Mar-

chioness asked, "in the diplomatic line?"

"Without a good deal of diplomacy a man would be no

good for the shop, but otherwise your guess is out."

Doubt darkened his mother's eyes. "Don't say," she exclaimed, "that you have accepted a club secretaryship? To me it seems the last resource of the unsuc-

cessful man." "It will never be mine," said Freddy, "because I can't keep accounts and they wouldn't have me.

"I trust it has nothing to do with art," breathed the Marchioness, who loathed the children of can-

vas and palette with an unreasonable loathing. "In a way it has," replied her son, "and in another way it hasn't. Come! I'll give you a lead.

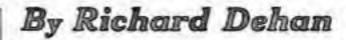
There is a good deal of straw in the business. "You cannot contemplate casting in your lot with the agricultural clusses? No! I knew the example of your unhappy cousin Reginald would prevent you from adopting so wild a course. But you spoke of straw."

Of straw-and flowers-and tulles."

"Flowers and tools! Gardening is a craze that has become fashionable of late; but I cannot calmly see you in an apron, potting plants."

"It is not a question of potting plants, but of potting customers," said Freddy, showing his white teeth in a charming smile.

A shudder convulsed Freddy's mother. Freddy went on, filially patting her handsome hand: "You see, I have decided, and cone into trade.





If I were a wealthy cad I should keep a bucket shop. Being a poor gentleman, I am going to make a bonnet shop keep me. And what is more-I intend to trim all the bonnets myself."

There was no heart disease on the maternal side of the house. The Marchisness did not become pale blue and sink backward, clubching at her cursage. She rose to her feet and boxed her son's right car. He calmly offered the left one for similar treatment.

"Don't send me out looking uneven," he said simply. If I pride myself on anything it is a well-balanced appearance. And I have to put in an appearance at the shop by

He glanced into the mantel mirror as he spoke, and, observing with gratification that his immaculate necktie had escaped disarrangement, he twisted his little mustache, smiled, and knew himself irresistible.

"The shop! Degenerate boy!" cried his mother. "Who

is your partner in this -this enterprise?"

You know her by sight, I think," returned the cherub coolly. "Mrs. Vivianson, widow of the man who led the Donesster Fusiliers to the top of Mealie Kop and got shot there. Awfully fetching and as

clever as they make them!" "That woman one sees every-

where with a positive procession of young men at her heels!"

That woman, and no other." She is hardly

"She is awfully chic, especially inmourning."

"I will admit she has some style." "Admit, when you and all the other women have copied the color of her hair and the cut of her sleeves

for three seusons past! I like that!" Freddy was growing warm.

"When you accuse me of imitating the appearance of a person of that kind," said Lady Glantyre in a cold fury, "you insult your mother! And when you ally yourself with her in the face of society, as you are about to do, you are going too far. As to this millinery establishment, it shall not open."

"My dear mother," said Freddy, "it has been open for a week."



He drew a card from an exquisite case manner gold. On the pasteboard appeared the fallow Inscription in neat characters of copperplate:

> FREDDY ET CO. COURT MILLINERS 11, CONDOVER STREET, W.

"Freddy and Company!" murmured the and parent as she perused the announcement.

"Mrs. V. is Company," observed the son wa epice of vulgarity, "and uncommonly good a pany too. As for myself my talents have at last in scope and millinery is my metier. How often you have that no one has such exquisite taste in the arrangement flowers.

As you, Freddy! It is true! But --- "

"Haven't you declared over and over again that have never had a maid who could put on a mantle, ago fold of lace, or pin on a toque as skillfully as your owner.
"My boy, I own it. Still, millinery as a profession.

Can you call it quite manly for a man?"

"To spend one's life in arranging combination is off other women's complexions—can you call that was for a woman? To my mind," pursued Freddy, "It has only occupation for a man of real refinement. To me Beauty with beauty! To dream exquisite conthat shall add the one touch wanting to exquisite on or magnificent middle age! To build up with deft tool a creation that shall betray in every detail, in every chi

the hand of a genius united to the soul of a lover, and reap not only gold but glory! Would this not be fame?"

"Ah! I no longer recognize you. You do not talk like your dear old self!" cried the Marchioness.

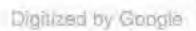
"I am glad of it," replied Freddy, "for, frankly, I was beginning to find my dear old self a bore." He drew out a watch, and his monogram and crest in diamonds scintillated on the case. His eye gleamed with proud tri-



SHOUTH BY JUST PRINT, NOW YOU

umph as he said: "At twelve I am due at Condows: Come - not as my mother, if you are ashamed of my sion, but as a customer ashamed of that bonnet Glantyre was dressed for walking-"which you out have given to your cook long ago. Unless you prefer your own brougham, mine is at the door.

The vehicle in question bore the smartest appro-The Marchioness entered it without a murmur whirled to Condover Street. The name of Freddy of appeared in a delicate flourish of gold letters and



judy decorated portals of the establishment, and the hardiss window contained nothing but an assortment plans, ribbons, chiffons and shapes of the latest mode, of a single completed article of head apparel.

The great was already blocked with carriages, the vestiproced, the shop thronged with a vast and everimports assemblage of women, among whom Lady latter recognized several of her dearest friends. She and she had not come, and looked for Freddy. Freddy al tamshed. His partner, Mrs. Vivianson, a vividly and elegant brunette of some thirty summers, assisted the or four charming girls, was busily engaged with se tould-be customers, not a few, who sought admission the inner room, the pale green portière of which hore in attention of embroidery the word atelier.

") a see," she was saying, "to the outer shop admisa spate free. We are charmed to see everybody who

in whome, don't you know, and show them whitest shades and shapes and things; but pertation with Monsieur Freddy - we age five shillings for that. Unusual? Man But Monsieur Freddy is Monsieur

Why do you ask? Is it true that he is the worsen of the Duke of Ancestous? "Dear madame, to us he is Monsieur

bily; and we ask no more." "A born tradeswoman!" thought Lady lative as the silver coins were exchanged the colored silk tickets bearing mystic men. She moved forward and tendered a all crowns - and Freddy's partner and sin's mother looked each other in the w bes Mrs. Vivianson maintained un basile composure.

and then the curtains of the atelier parted and pretty woman came out

sky She was charmingly dressed and wore the most point of hats, and a murmur went up at sight of it. She strind out her hands to a friend who rushed impulsively not her, and her voice broke in a sob of rapture.

"lid you ever see anything so sweet? And he did it s sugge-one scarcely saw his fingers move!" she cried. he friend burst into exclamations of delight and a ers green about them;

"Winderful!"

"Estraordinary !"

Bodos it while you wait!"

"lot for curiosity, I really must!"

be a wave of eager women surged toward the green Three went in, being previously deprived of their

headgear by the respectful attendants, who averred that it put Monsieur Freddy's taste out of gear for the day to be compelled to gaze on any creation other than his own. And then came the turn of Lady Glantyre.

She disbonneted and entered the sanctum. A pale, clear, golden light illumined it from above; the walls were hung with draperies of delicate pink; the carpet was moss-green. In the center of the apartment, on a broad, low divan, reclined the figure of a slender young man. He wore a black satin mask, concealing the upper part of his face, a loose lounging suit of black velvet,

slippers of the same with the embroidered initial F. ad him stood, mute and attentive as slaves, half Enpretty young women, bearing trays of trimmings tery conceivable kind. In the background a grove

THE RESIDENCE AND ADDRESS OF THE

titions- the skeletons of every conceivable kind of but, the Marchioness stood before her disguised son. antly put up his eyeglass, to accommodate which aid his mask had been specially designed, and moof her to the sitter's chair, so constructed that with ich of Monsieur Freddy's foot on a lever it would the presenting the customer from every point of . He touched the lever now, and chair and Marspun round slowly. But for the presence of the if ladies, with their trays of flowers, plumes, gauzes Floures, Freddy's mother could have acreamed. All the Freddy remained silent absorbed in contemat as though trying to fix on his memory features

lands supported hat shapes, bonnet shapes, toque

of the first time. At last he spoke. "he said, "and inclined to a becoming embon-1. The eyes blue-gray; the hair of nuburn touched with silver; the features of the Anglo-Roman type, somewhat severe in outline; the chin - A hat to suit this client"-he spoke in a sad, sweet, mouraful voice-"would cost five guineas. A Marquise skape. of broadtail "- one of the young lady attendants placed the shape required in the artist's hands-"the brim

fingers moved like white lightning as he deftly wielded the feminine implement and snatched his materials from the boxes proffered in succession by the girls. "Black and white tips of ostrich falling over one side from a ring of cut steel," he continued in the same dreamy tone. "A knot of Point d'Irlande, with a heart of Neapolitan violets, and"-he rose from the divanand lightly placed the beautiful completed fairle on the Marchioness' head-"here is your bat, madame.

Five guiness. Good morning. Next, please!"

Emotion choked his mother's utterance. At the same moment she saw herself in the glass silently swung toward her by one of the attendants and knew that she was suited to a marvel. She paid her five guineus, made her exit, and returned home, embarramed by the discovery that there was an artist inthe family,

One thing was clear-no more was to be said. The Maison Freddy became the morning resort of the Smart World; it was considered the thing to have hats made while society waited. True, they came to pieces easily, out being copper-nailed and riveted, so to speak; but what

poems they were! The charming conversation of Monsieur Freddy, the half mystery that wiled his identity as his semimask partially concealed his fair and smiling countenance, added to the attractions of the Condover-Street

Money rolled in; the banking account of the partners grew plethoric; and then Mrs. Vivianses, in spite of the claims of the business on her time, in spite of the Platonic standpoint she had up to the present maintained in her relations with Freddy, began to be jeulous.

"Or-no! I will not admit that such a thing is possible!" she said as she looked through some recent entries in the daybook of the firm. "But that American millionairous girl comes too often. She has bought a hat every day for three weeks past. Good for business in one way, but had for it in another. If he should marry, what becomes of the Maison Freddy?"

She sighed and passed between the curtains. It was the slack time after luncheon and Freddy was enjoying a moment's interval. Stretched on his divan, his embroidered slippers elevated in the air, he smoked a perfumed





Bedriff at the recognition of which experience.

eigarette, surrounded by the materials of his craft. He smiled at Mrs. Vivianson as she entered and then raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Has anything gone wrong? You swept in as tragically as my mother when she comes to disown me. She does it regularly every week and as regularly takes me on again." He exhaled a scented cloud and smiled once more.

"Freddy," said Mrs. Viviunson going direct to the point, "this little speculation of ours has turned out very well, hasn't it?"

"Beyond dreams!" acqui-

esced Freddy. She went on: "You came

to me a penniless detrimental, with a talent of which nobody guessed that anything could be made. I gave that gift a chance to develop. I set you on your legs, and -

"Me rolld! You don't want me to rise up and bless you, do you?" said Freddy with half-closed eyes. awfully, you know, all the same!"

"I don't know that I want thanks, quite," said Mrs. Vivianson. "I've had back every penny that I invested and pulled off a bouncing profit. Your share amounts to

a handsome sum. In a little while you'll be "I shall never do that," said Freddy with feeling.

"Marry and leave me-perkaps," went on Mrs. Vivianson. A shade swept over her face; her dark eyes glowed; the lines of her mouth bardened.

Keep as you are!" cried Freddy, rebounding to a sitting position on the divan. "Where's that new Medici shape in gold rice-straw, and the amber crèse chiffon, and



NAME OF STREET OF STREET

the orange roses with crimson hearts?" His nimble fingersdarted hither and thither, his eyes shope, and his cheeks were flushed with the enthusiasm of the artist. "A tuft of black and yellow cock's feathers à la Mephistophélis!" he cried; "a topaz buckle, and it is finished. You must wear it with a jabot of yellow Point d'Alençon. It is the hat of hats for a jealous woman!"

"How dare you!" cried Mrs. Vivianson; but Freddy did not seem to hear her he was rapt in the contemplation of the new masterpiece. And as he rose and gracefully placed it on his partner's head Miss Cornelia Vanderdecken was ushered in. She was superfuly beautiful in the Ivory-skinned, jetty-locked, slender American style, and she wore a hat that Freddy had made the day before, which set off her charms to admiration.

She occupied the sitter's chair as Mrs. Vivianson glided from the room, and Freddy's blue eyes dwelt on her worshipingly. To do him justice he had lost his heart before he learned that Cornelia was an heiress. Now words

escaped him that brought a faint pink stain to her ivery cheek.

"Ab!" he rried impulsively. "You are

raining my business!"
"Oh, why. Monsieur Freddy? Please tell me!" asked Miss Vanderdecken with naive curiosity.

Because," sald Freddy, while a bright blash showed beyond the limits of his black antin mask, "you are so beautiful that it is tor-



ture to make hats for other women-since I have seen you." There was a pause. Then Miss Cornelia's bangles clashed and her silk foundations rustled as she turned resolutely toward the divan.

'I can't return the compliment," she said, "by telling you that it is torture for me to wear hats made by any other man since I have seen you; for other men don't make hats, and I can't really see you through that the you wear over your face. But -

(Continued on Page 40)

Cutting Down Some Staple Unnecessaries By James H. Collins

GETTING RID OF THE SMOKE FROM THE FACTORY CHIMNE



Caretereness and Ignorance are Juid to be Responsible for Sinuty Per Cant of the Warst Smake

THE business world has now set seriously to work to eliminate by better management a number of unpleasant things connected with its affairs that—only yesterday—were considered unpreventable. Industrial accidents make up the largest item, and the next largest and most expensive seems to be smake.

Many years ago a few eathetic critics raised objections to the emoke from the factory chimney because it was not beautiful, and the very idea was new to the business world, which was astonished and could only retort that emake from the factory chimney meant presperity - more wages and profits; more goods and comfort for everybody. Smoke from the factory chimney was really a form of human happiness - and there could not be too much of it. In the United States a great national election was won on the platform that abundant black smoke should

pour from all factory chimneys.

By and by the opponents of smoke found a more practical objection - that it was immensely expensive. Some startling facts were collected. Smoke-measuring devices were made and the fall of soot was reduced to figures.

In London it was found that about six hundred and fifty tons of soot fell every year on each square mile of the city, doing damage estimated at twenty-sis million dollars a year, with a fuel wante of a million more. And that was only an everyday matter-for a London fog. which is only smoke out of the higher regions dropped down into the city by atmospheric conditions, could cost as much as a million dollars a day in delay and

In Pittsburgh careful estimates indicated a yearly loss of ten million dollars, chiefly in damage to clothes and buildings, cost of washing, painting, papering, replacing of corroded metal, damage to merchandise, artificial lighting, and the like,

In Chicago the smodge bill was figured at forty million dollars a year; in Cincinnati at one hundred dellars for each family - and so on.

Numbers for Smoke Clouds

FINALLY Uncle Sam's experts made a national estimate, placing the emoke loss by damage and waste at a round half billion dollars yearly -or seventeen dollars for every man, woman and child in all our cities and

When ideas have any vitality at all they grow. By this time the business world itself admitted that smoke was not beautiful - except in a symbolic way - and the bill of costs was not disputed.

"What are you going to do about it?" maked Busi-"How are we to run our plants without making

The answer was, smoke laws, smoke inspectors, smoke fines, smoke preventers, and other measures designed to cut down smoke production. Much was accomplished. Big industrial plants partly cured the smoke evil by matent stakers or better methods of firing hoilers; improvement, not elimination.

Hundreds of little plants continued to make smoke in the small quantities that went to produce the great aggregate. Household chimneys continued their business at the same old stand; and the extent to which they are responsible for the smoke exil is shown very clearly in Landon, where it is estimated that more than half the coal used is burned in household grates—smoke has been an issue in London for five hundred years at least.

The inspector could not cutch such offenders; and there were other muokemakers who, though anxious to reduce

Ejection Was Wen on the Platform That Abundant Black Imute Sheald Pear From All Factory Chimneys

their contribution, bad to face great difficulties rail becometives furnish a large share of a city's amois instance, yet could not be fitted with mechanical str or fired to eliminate smoke to the degree possible in industrial power plant.

Worse yet, it was found that the smoky chimnel not cause so much damage as the one apparently so less. Exact tests were devised by which the hope looking at smoke through an instrument, could gi figure rating as number-one smoke or numbersmake or whatever it might be. But the chimney ducing dense number-three amoke for fifteen min

calling out the impector and bringing down a fine found to cause far less damage from soot and cinders the innocent-looking stack producing a light our two smoke all day; for, though the latter was confor to the law, its daily output of soot might be enorg

Smoke Washed But Not Ironed

IN OTHER words, when smoke was taken up seri it was found to be as many-sided as other modern iems; but today the whole business world has its a tion directed toward smokeless production, and several different directions the real article seems act to be coming.

One way of dealing with smoke that yields exp results is turning round the old proverb and in recognizing that where there is fire there will alway some smoke. This point of view leads the engine stop trying for smokeless combustion and see wh something cannot be done with smoke after it has

There are the smokewashers, by which smoke an industrial plant is forced through water spray cleansed of its solid matter. About one per cent caal burned under boilers with the best equipms automatic stokers will pass out of the chimney a and tiny cinders. To the average citizen's eye. chimney looks clean, because there is little of the co roud which he regards as smoke; but with a plant ing a couple of thousand tons of coal daily, located heart of a city, there will be a daily deposit of from twenty tons of soot and cinders constantly raining on the neighborhood and causing complaint,

The smokewasher removes all this objectionable and, though it may be costly to a corporation! quantities of water necessary must be purchased certainly economical to the community. And the direct advantage to the company that warrants !! penditure; for a large electrical corporation in the considers the washing of its smoke one of the forms of peacemaking between the public and low

This kind of smoke treatment naturally less attempts to do something useful with the wasting even in a small plant installed at a railroad round to wash the smoke from a hundred locomotive to half a ton of washings weekly, while a big power

(Continued on Page 42)

THE DANCING CARNIVAL

OUSTARD pie or canned pear?" asked the waitress; to which Goldie Dailey answered:

"Hit's pears I want some, an' if it ain't I ant 'em anyway, an' they can charge me dra. But don't bring just a stingy half!" The waitress stared haughtily and withew to tell the kitchen that the blonde tress was kicking again. Johnny Trippit d Bologna, the Terpsichorean Juggler, who ere having luncheon at the same table, inned.

"The chow in these one-nighters sure is mpin awful!" said Goldie, hungrily cutting e last tag of meat from a chopbone.

"When I ain't nourished correct it tells," served Bologna. "No man can do my stuff he don't git plenty of meat. I come near oppin' a big weight right on my com yesday met'née-an' all from misjudgin'. l never make that mistake on stronger sdin',

"I used to hear they gave you cold stringam an' apple pie for breakfast through w England, but I didn't believe it," sald hnny. "It's been worse'n that in some these tanks. They don't know what com-

"The dressin'-rooms ain't fit for an animal said Goldie as the waitress gradgingly posited a whole canned pear before her, wonder where Lionel is?" Slience met s query; so she repeated it, with a similar alt. "You can't both be deaf," she said orply. "What are you grouchin' about

"I got no use for that guy," said Bologna ruptly. "Not that I'm knockin'."

lebnny nodded approval. Goldie looked ignant as she rearranged a fold of her gray e waist.

'I tell you, kiddo," said Johnny, "he ain't re on professional ethics. I was tellin' ne Willetts how certain acts has been alin' an' usin' our material, an' how I had wyer after the parties, an' that killin' was good for 'em - an' he the same as defended An' he's too fresh, ain't he, Fred?" He laughed right out after me remarkin'

t the chooser who was passin' out your steps might be his company, for all we could tell," said Bologna. "I'm pictous of him. We don't know where he come from-te's a million Western acts. We don't know what or who

But you do know he's scored a personal hit an' it's got r angora, don't you?" cried Goldie. "Lionel's nice an' ibly artistic, an' I wouldn't 'a' had half the light an' ie to my work if he'd never joined. I see values truer

That guy entered this show as property man; an' e he's got a little part he thinks he'll tunnel under me, the next thing grab you for a partner an' git some adway bookin'," said Johnny; and the waitrees ried to the kitchen to notify her associates there that redheaded actor was angry.
Now you're talkin'!" said Bologna, unessily avoiding

lie's scorching glance.

I see Miss Duffy buntin' me; so I'll ask you to kindly se me," said Goldie; and she trailed her black satin into the hotel office, where Daisy Duffy was telling the that there was no place like dear old New York.

airy had a small and wrinklish face and the greaset was never entirely out of her eyebrows. There was narily a gap in the back of her hodice, proving the ations of her reach; but she wore such modish wraps such excessively split and pegtopped skirts, and had a profusion of gold cords and tassels depending from olf, that small details were unimportant. Persons ous of her acquaintance must expect to hear of her rce and her difficulty in finding number-two shoes-it not all skittles, this having little feet. She catalogued ta simply; things happened with Daisy either before ter her operation.

e put an arm through Goldie's when the latter had put handsome seal coat, and they went out together, as y people commenting on Goldie's bright hair and clear skin as on Daisy's tassels and pink fur leg-muffs, ned to protect the wearer against a January wind and

p-split costume. Ie's fussin' over Lionel, as though the poor boy was a inal," confided Goldie; "but I sha'n't stand naggin', if we are engaged. Would you?"

By Helen Van Campen



"I Mit Their Euroed Leader in the Exe!"

"I'd just let him say what we'd do and then I wouldn't do it," courseled Daisy. "You didn't go and tell about Lionel writing the song to you? Don't you! Redheaded men are mean at best, dearie; so he's only being true to his

"He forbade me goin' to dinner with a very old friend. The party's a jeweler and as highminded us can be!"

"A woman would be mad not to show a little kindness to a jeweler," said Daisy. "I should get to training Trippit in a burry, or he'll be impossible; for they grow that way when you give in to them. Wouldn't you hate to live in one of these feenchy-weenchy towns? It gives me the creeps to think of it."

"Yes, they're extremely bick; but then they don't realize it. I s'pose," said Goldie. "We better be hikin' for the theater. I do hope Johnny doesn't make any threats against Lionel! It seems like all we draw in this world is

The company playing one-night stands through New England was called by the profession the Trippit and Duiley Road Show. Theatrical critics in the towns booked described it as two-dollar vaudeville. The owners of musical shows with large casts and heavy expenses called it any harsh name that occurred to the defamers. Charlie Levy, the backer in New York, had visited only the receiving tellers of his bank since the opening week. It was a money-getter.

Trippit and Dailey drew the one salary that was considered high in times when the most ordinary act received pay on an extravagant scale. Everybody doubled by working in the Dancing Carnival, which formed the last half of the show. The company carried a few special drops and set pieces, but they were able to use house scenery to an extent that helped to keep the bills at a low figure.

Goldie always got the star dressing room, Johnny the pext choice, and the other artists squabbled over what was left. It was a dancing show, arranged to meet the demand of the moment; and the feeling of the performers toward each other was as pleasant as was usual where many temperamental persons in the same line of work played two shows a day, contending bitterly for favor.

Lionel Lamotte had been recruited in Boston. The show's secredited property man had developed rheumatism.

and cried off on six weeks of one-night stands; and Lionel, briefly explaining that he was a Western professional out of work, offered to be property and baggage master, and to play a small part in the "revue" for thirty-five dollars a week. He modestly said that he could dance, play the violin and piano-and if the manager wished he would write his own part. He was hired, and Sam Josephs, the company manager, declared him the material of which hig-time acts were made. Lionel told inquirers that his mother had been connected with the theater; and so she had - as scrubwoman to a San Francisco stock bouse, where big-eyed, curious Lionel filled her buckets and wrung out soiled cloths as he listened and learned,

A property man who had been with Réjane taught him to build the most intricate properties, and a stage curpenter whose wife was an ex-ballering often took him home to dinner and a dancing lesson. The theater's first violin wanted to make a musician out of him, and they would work together at a plane from midnight to loggy dawn. Lionel had to take naps in the dressing rooms between bucketfillings. The property man urged him to study for the drama; the ex-ballerina was certain that he could dance a path to fame; and the violinist, fearful of the grind of dreary hours in a theater orchestra if his pupil played no lietter than himself, sadly bade the boy decide without advice.

Lionel thereupon became a barker for a circus sideshow, sending money to his mother with such regularity that she scrubbed no longer. He played in a restaurant orchestra in Los Angeles, then went out with Smoke's Mustadonic Minstrels, playing a violin in the orchestra, doing the press work and taking tickets on the gallery door, and taking trombone—for ten dollars weekly.

These various employments occupied him until he was twenty, when his mother died, leaving him a collection of musty photographs, a ribbon worn by Fanny Davenport. and her famous signed letter from Pete Dailey, in which he inclosed two dollars for the washing of some shirts.

Lionel set his face Eastward, croming three states with a dog and pony circus, and another with a medicine show to which his oratorical gifts were valuable. He rode the brakebeams of an overland train into Chicago and was uninjured by the extensive airing. He was twenty-one before he got to New York; and its higness, and the stone wall that successful performers and busy booking agents, and managers whose business was done only through agents, seemed to form against one lone boy, cowed him thoroughly. He registered at an agent's office and became so used to the clerk's snifflsh cry, "Nothin' for you today!" that he dreamed it, and would have fainted from amazement had the clerk ever admitted that there was anything for him, on that or any other day!

The Trippit and Dailey Company did not hear of these vicimitudes, for Lionel had learned not to mention failures. He had twenty cents when a stagehand, who was a Native Son and because of it had been assisting this other Californish, remarked that the show at his bouse that week needed a property man.

"I guess I know too much about too many things and not enough about any one of 'em," Lionel later told Goldie, who answered:

"Then specialize in one an' git somewhere! What do you like best?"

"Drama," said Lionel; and Goldie confided that she had ways felt that, with time to study, emotional drama would have claimed her.

She suggested a few changes when he brought the part he was writing to her. They rehearsed a little secretly. Lienel forgot the vivid beauty of Vera Kelly, of the Sisters Kelly, and his plan to ask Vera to a fine dinner as soon as his finances permitted the feast. What a privilege—to be on friendly terms with a real star! And the star was young and blonde and pansy-eyed, with plump arms and a white throat rising gracefully from plaited lace ruffles or severe round necks of velvet gowns that were of the most alluring colors. Her nails had the bright pink polish considered modish in vaudeville, and he liked to watch her many rings flash when she moved her fingers.

Vera Kelly's little nearseal jacket and her inevitable white waist and brown skirt, with heavy-soled tan shoes, disgusted him after he had walked with Goldie, delightful

In velvet or silk crêpe, and twelve-dollar shoes. Goldie had a different set of rich furs or a splendid coat for each day of the week; but she was not proud or above talking to persons lacking similar wardrobes. And when he said that one with her sympathy, and her power of characterization would have been at the very top in drama, she asked quite humbly whether it were too late to try.

"Oh, why don't you? Give yourself a chance! What's vaudeville?" cried Lionel, with the memory of the agent's clerk amarting. "You're above these people and you owe

it to the world to take your proper place.

"An' I bet I could git an' audience goin' if I was in the legitimate," said Goldie; "but I simply never knew a single person who could put me next to the game. An' it's six nights, an' in some only Sat'd'y matinée - though others have Wednesday too; but that's only eight shows as against fourteen with us. An' look at the rep they git if they're a real hit!"

They rehearsed often; and Manager Josephs, when the bit was interpolated, wrote the backer to try and catch the show one of these days and watch Goldie Dailey and the new kid. Lionel was making a little part stand out. He was able to ask Vera to dinner now; but she ate alone, for Lionel was thinking of his art and of Goldie, who listened avidly

us he limned a grunder destiny.
"I'd just have to lift myself from the vulgarians an'
give my whole soul to the work," she said. "Maybe it was evil influences made me a champion buck dancer imtead of a dramatic actress, an' you were sent to guide me, Lionel! But if I did cut loose from the two-s-day where would you think I'd develop quickest?"

"Far, far from all this," said Lionel vaguely; and as soon as they separated he pendered the matter.

Goldie must retire temporarily and seek the lonely spaces, whence she should emerge triumphantly capable of interpreting the works of the masters. And suppose Lionel Lamotte wrote the play that first displayed her genius? He had done Smoke's press work, and composed speeches that sold innumerable bottles of an Indian tonie, for the medicine show. He would invade the lonely spaces with her - one more could not really disturb the slience. Write? With Goldie near, he could write plays that would startle press and public! Goldie did not consider Lionel as nee sary to the realization of her ambition until he outlined

the plot of a play. Then she saw his worth.
"I like you lots, Lionel; but us to bein' ever anything more, why, nothin' doin', for I'm engaged to Johnny, an' I s'pose we'll keep on, though if I see I can do good in drama I sure will leave the net, even if he does git peeved," said she. "Mona Morton's a toe dancer, an' her bushand's a legit.- though, at that, he's as dull as a fruit knife, un' I don't see how she endures him! Those combinations ain't unumual, though, an' we could both live our lives. Time'll

"Trippit is a weed compared with the fragrant flower of your talent," said Lionel, much encouraged; and when Goldie was not looking he wrote the remark down to use in the play.

She sighed. He was a hundsome weed! Fresh-colored, thick-framed and strong, and as light-footed a dancer as the slimmost man could be, Johnny was physically attractive; while Lionel, lean and small, his complexion the bus of a picked chicken, was not. But Lionel had remarkable eyes. They were large and black and talkative, and their homage was inspiring. Goldie thought of them as she strolled to the theater with Dulsy. Entering, they heard the stage doorkeeper saying:

"Yes-no one allowed back without an order from the front, so I put her out; an' then I found this paper.

She's been lookin' at your snowshoes."

"An' this here's notes on our mowshoe dance—Gee! It's one the chousers, an' she's got away on us!" exclaimed Johnny; and the doorkeeper added that the woman had been talking to the show's property man. Goldie followed Johnny to the property room in search of Lionel. Daisy and Bologna the Juggler went also.

"What's he doin'?" demanded Bologon, hearing a

eer sound.

Johnny flung a door open, discovering Lionel Lamotte intently practicing what Trippit and Dailey's billing described as an eccentric dance. The sunwahous were real: and as Lionel was unfamiliar with the hitch used by the team he had tied the thongs in a bunglesome way, confining his beels instead of leaving them free. He was awkwardly trying to execute a step; and, caught in a silly position, he flushed and endeavored to get out of the facing.

Will you take off them shoes or will I bust you right on your bever?" shouted Johnny, and Bologna deemed

his language temperate.

"Oh, Johnny, you mustn't! Stop, now!" warned Goldie; and Lionel said:

"I only put 'ern on to me how they felt, and I apol-ogize. Ain't that sufficient?"

"Performers coppin' other parties' tricks are gittin' pretty numerous—not that I mean parties here—an' again p'rupe I do," said Bologna, bulging his wide chest with a tremendous breath.

Johnny coldly seked about the strangs woman and Lionel as coldly replied that all he knew was that he had told her she must not touch the snowshoes, whereat she had laughed and left.

"Mr. Lamotte ain't a chooser, an' I don't see any harm In him tryin' the snowshoes on," said Goldie. "If I don't care, Johnny needn't. Now let's git made up an' leuve Lionel be. You come on with me, John. D'you hear me?"

Johnny murmared hoursely as Goldie led him off. Dainy encouraged Goldie with a wink. But Bologna lingered: and he said to Liousi:

The chooser that makes notes on my turn'h be drove out of this land! Git me?"

"No, I don't and I don't propose to hear your views; so get me on that point!" said Lionel hotly. "What's the matter with you fellows in this troupe? Are you scared of having some of the fat cut out of your parts? Looks tike it."

Bologna rumbled that if he did not have to make up he would show some people! And Lionel, setting the enow-

shoes outside, shut the door on the juggler. The Sisters Kelly had opened the performance; Gene and Fanny Willetia, society entertainers, were now on-Daisy Duffy and her Different Danzers, six girls who were useful in the revue, were hastening into their costumes. When the Happy Harmonists, four gentlemen who sang ballads and danced, succeeded the Willetts, Goldie was in an entrance, clad in a jaunty suit of white satin cost and

tight knickers, trimmed with ewansdown, with a awanadown cap. All her diamonds adorned hands and breast. Trippit and Dailey's new act was a winter setting, and the team entered on anowebses over a drift of property snow. Then they danced-and the feat had put another bundred on their weekly

salary. Goldie dreamily watched Billy Gruff, of the Harmonists, doing a burlesque tagge with the act's lanky

"Have to set this bunch on fire to heat 'em up, gasped Billy as he danced near her, and Goldie smiled as the sudience finally decided to clap. She was still smiling when Johnny, bearing the snowshoes, appeared beside her.

"Goldie, will you please be a little less realistic with that Lamotte today?" he pleuded. "You don't want the comp'ny to see me have to lam him, do you?"

"Sacrifice my art to your jealousy? I'd be ashamed



They Weitzed Off to a Clamur That Brought Them Out to Toke Jie Bows

to give the public less'n my very best," said Goldie vir ously; and Johnny retorted:

"It's you draggie' him up. He can't do you a lick

good, kidda!"

Didn't he sit out in front, movin' from A to R, so's git the effect an' tell me if I had enough red on after w switched from blackface? You never done it! An' I wo let his an' my actin' suffer for any one!"

"Be sure it is actin', Goldie-others ain't so positiv

be said darkly.

As they worked she thought with anger of his requi What effrontery in a man who opened the Dancing Carn with Vera Kelly, dancing the Brazilian Tango and Maxixe, and concluding the offering by holding Vi-languorously supine on his arm, while he gazed ards: into her black Irish eyes!

When she finished her turn Goldie changed quickly to white dress she wore in the Carnival. A maid fluffed her shining bair. She was ready for the revue, and at callbuy's shrill Time! she took her place at the foren table, in what was presumbably a colorful vision of night life of Broadway. The Kelly Sisters were back of

All performers sat on gilt chairs arranged in a semicir with tables between the chairs. It was a restaurant wit dancing platform, and the drop rose on Johnny, nor ordinary evening clothes, in altercation with a comtaxical driver who had pursued him from the street comedy policeman dragged the chauffeur off and John seated himself at a table across the stage from Gol Daisy's dancers unobtrusively filled in at the tables. action was rushed-Gene and Fanny Willetts doing time and turkey trot; Bologna, the Terpsichorean Juggle America's supreme novelty-tossing first oranges, t cannonballs, while he jigged merrily and caught the nonballs on the back of a hefty neck.

After each number the stage audience clapped to hands and yelled, and the comedy policeman, who Billy Graff, of the Happy Harmonists, danced out to what they meant by it, which delighted the real audie on the other side of the footlights. The policeman h look earnestly into Johnny's face, then display an enoma star and attempt to arrest him, which fed Johnny to trick of suddenly standing on his hands, and on them de ing a buck at such speed that the policeman could

maintain a hold on him.

While this continued, a youth with long black hair. black eyes enlarged by the lavish use of make-up, mo slowly from table to table, until he faced Goldie. Wildramatic cry, she held a hand to her heart, and the 300 commenced a wailing tune on the violin he carried. audience laughed as she fell under the spell of his more perhaps they wondered how she could, for it was pe orre- and the player crept steadily closer until be bear over and she leaned faintly back. A final note and his # clutched her! But she repulsed him with a look of her



at gradually faded as he played again, retreating, quarting, retreating, until she rose, dazedly following be sent sinuously between the tables and made his exit. Goldie glanced defiantly at Johnny as she returned to goous applause. She waltzed to meet Lionel, who entered m the opposite side, playing a gay tune as he waitzed ward her. She had to tantalize him, eluding him as they ed up and down, Lionel sawing frantically, the orchestra reding with him. He threw down the violin and Goldie hed an instant; then each danced alone, dipping, gliding, onel's great eyes beseeching, his arms imploring, until abruptly bent, when he kissed her-and they waltzed to a clamor that brought them out to take six bows and give an encore.

He'll be expectin' to be featured next-the way he's eived," said Gene Willetts to Johnny, who said shortly:

'I'll fenture the long-nosed mutt!"

foldie and Johnny danced together in the finale, singing t stirring number, Good-Night Rag, with the company ging and duncing back of them. Trunks were rapidly ked and street clothes hurried into, as they were due in ther town for the night performance. Goldie and Daisy it in a cab to the station, while the others walked or rode the street cars. Vera Kelly leitered behind her sister z, who was wedded to Billy Graff and too busy with a all Graff boy to worry over Vera. Lienel was still in the ater, attending to the trunks in his capacity as baggage-

Lionel, would you like me to wait for you?" asked Vera. dly; and she blushed with shame when he said:

Not today — I've got my play to think of, you know."
Oh, I hate her, when she's got Trippit and then takes

-I hate her !" said Vera agely, and she went out the blustery March d with a tear in each keye, and later declined nind little George Graff le his marmma took a nap he train.

No one does anything nean' I'm goin' to do the e!" said Vera sharply; Billy Graff whispered to wife that she had not a the same girl since that g had joined.

oldie motioned Lionel to of her seat, though she Johnny coming along aisle. One of the Hardista informed the train luctor that Lionel was manager, and chuckless a general as the conducpatiently waited for el to become les ensed with the fair visage

oldie. I'm workin' on the big e in the third act toin my head, of course; I've got it doped out t," Lionel was saying. en there's got to be the own for the emotions, a smaller punch again the finish. I suppose clod of a producer'll pargue us out of a fourth but I'll never give in. you vote with me, ie. It's killin' to think

e delay while you'll be vin', when we might be puttin' on a two-year run yes ondon later. A play with real merit will go, over there." had already spoken guardedly of having been-is a a pupil of Madame Réjase; and he mentioned the sique of acting with an case that convinced Goldie of

ound judgment and vast experience.

I I hadn't run into you I might have been a plain ler all my entire career!" she marveled. "Now listen! b'lieve I could jump right out an' do emotional this very minute! Naturally some people have to be ed, 'cause they don't understand stage business an' n't any presence; but I got that, an', oh, Lionel, you imagine how I long to be on a stage completely alone old a house by the spell of my art!"

Ve could go on without the trainin'," said Lionel, highly

ght up; "for I ___ Eh;"
"ickets! Tickets!" said the conductor.

'hat guy ain't our manager! He's only the property " said the voice of Bologna; and Goldie was discond at the presence of Johnny and the juggler in the seat. "Mercy! Do you's pose they heard?" she asked agitated whisper, and Lionel mumbled while trying

ik as though he was keeping still: lo! Just sat down-couldn't have."

"If we're interruptin' anything put us next an' we'll blow," said Johnny. Goldie did not reply. Occasionally Bologna whispered steadily to Johnny. Goldie and Lionel remained silent.

"Them keepin' so quiet now's a tip they was discussin'

secrets before we come," Bologna opined.

"I heard you, Fred Bologna: an' the next time you want sumpin mended, or your money kep' for you so you won't gamble it, you can ask others to do it!" cried Goldie. "I got the privilege of talkin' over my business with parties work with, sin't 17"

"All I contend is, you're misled," said Bologna. Goldie turned again. Jehnny's chin was protruding; and that was ominous, for when that chin was stuck belligerently outward he was ready to promote trouble.

SAY, Lionel, you change seate an' let him sit with me," was the suggestion that made Lionel rise, loudly announcing that he had a little writing to do. He went to the half seat at the end of the coach without a word for Vera Kelly, who looked up hopefully as he approached. The six Different Dancers bade the Happy Harmonists note how quirkly Johnny took the varated space.

"If I riggered that whifet was tryin' to steal my honey he'd be bounced out of this troupe," said Johnny, stroking

Goldie's hand with large, warm fingers.

"It ain't a case of bein' stole, dearle. Am I or am I not allowed personal liberty? Women sin't slaves!"

"Engaged ones oughts ignore all other parties," said

Johnny; and Bologna, interested, said from the rear:

"True for you, John! One's plenty for 'em."

he could shave his absurd little black mustache, and that would improve him. Still, looks were not essential to art and it was weakness to think so.

"Who does this little baby love?" queried Johnny; and she said with a pang:

"Oh! I-I-s person ought to think of their art."

"Walden next stop!" bawled a trainman, and the company crowded into the aisle.

Remember who put you where you are, Goldie, You're

"My own talent put me here," Goldie thought resentfully, and at that moment Lionel poked a folded note at her. While the train was slowing for Walden she read:

"He cannot appreciate you like me. Will find you soon as I get the trunks over. You are the sunshine of the life of your Lionel."

It was on mauve paper and peculiarly scented. The odor was different from that with which Lionel perfumed his handkerehief. Johnny sneered at him for using any; but Goldie and Daisy, discussing it, decided that the perfumery was only another indication of Lionel's refinement. Goldie put the note in a pricket of her mink coat as Daisy whispered:

"What was he writing, dearie? He had the raptest look!" Bologna pushed by the ladies as Goldie fumbled in her pocket. He had reasons for haste, for hidden in his capacious hand was Lionel's mauve message, abstracted by the juggler as soon as Goldie deposited it.

"It's gone!"

"You must have dropped it, dear!"

"Oh, Daisy, s'posin' some of 'em find it!"

"Swear you never set eyes on it," said Dulsy.

Some one called out that the woman who had been making notes on Trippit and Dailey's act in Newtown was in the next coach; that Johnny was seeking her and would hire a detective if he missed her - and he requested Goldie to unpack his theater trunk if he was

"Be culm, dearest lady!" begged Lionel, rushing up as Goldie stood uncertainly on the platform.

"Calm? An' our original stuff that we evolved with our hearts' blood-for, b'lieve me, it's no frolic to create new dancin' steps, Lionel-our stuff bein' peddled over the land by pirates?" said Geldie, near to tears. "We'll invoke the copyright law, though! That staff's protected, she'll find! Oh, if I just get my hands on that dame!"

"Think of the future only. These things ain't worth your cryin' over," unid Lionel; but Goldie retorted:

"Don't talk foolish, Lionel! I'll see that woman behind the bars yet, an' so'll Johnny. Oh, it's originate an' originate, an' then find dubs coppin' it!"

Lionel went blithely through the main street of Walden, halting under arc-

lights to scribble on a sheet of scented mauve paper that was one of several he had found in the property room at Newtown after the unknown woman had disappeared. Ho kept them because he liked the fragrance. While writing to Goldie a wonderful plan had come to him. Instead of searching the pitiably inadequate ranks of leading men for one who would not be constantly trying to overshadow Goldle in the great drams, he would play the part himself! Goldie should have the fattest lines and the thrills that wrenched tears from enthralled audiences.

And when the play was done, with actors hastening into street clothes, Lionel Lamotte, the world's youngest actormanager-playwright, would escort his beautiful star to the Lamotte limeusine; and as they rolled away toward Broadway he would lay his all at her feet and ask whether she preferred the Little Church Around the Corner or some town where there was no bother over a license.

He saw a dim light down an alley and turned in, and was then yanked roughly from the limousine of fancy to the stage door of fact by hearing:

You the Dancin' Carnival's prop'ty man?"

"I am, sir," replied Lionel. And one of the men on the steps said: "Leave us glim your union card."

(Continued on Page 50)



"Fred Bologua, will you quit bornin' into my business?" "Maybe you wouldn't be droppin' your stuff s'much if you rehearsed instead of tellin' Johnny how to floor-manage me! I think you're a lot too flip!"

"He means it friendly," defended Johnny.

Belogna became melancholy, and Goldie smiled and shrugged as on the cover of her tin make-up box she heat the chorus of a ballad that Lionel had dedicated to ber.

"You only need to give a guy like Lamotte the once-over to git him tagged," said Johnny, "But listen, Goldie,

you're my kiddo, sin't you?"

He masterfully slid an arm about her and she had a sudden desire to forego the drama, remaining an untrammeled vaudevillist, who might dance down the spotlighted years with Johany. They had intended to walt until more money was amassed and then take out a show of their own like the Duncing Carnival, and have all the profits for themselves, instead of working for the backer and paying booking commissions to the syndicate; but when Johnny headed his company she would be charging three dollars to the West-the East would not pay it - and riding in her private car. And the Lionel whom Johnny scarnfully termed a whiffet was to write plays round her unique talents. Perhaps Lionel would be less is thy when he was older. Anyway,

THE WAR REPORTER

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

THE leisurely and literary war correspondent is of the past. He is done, down and out. The Spanish War made him groggy. The Russian-Japanese War put him on the ropes, and he took the count in the Balkan War.

Long ago the war reporter tilled his shoes, as will be demonstrated in Mexico if occasion arises. Moreover, so far as this country is concerned, the best war reporters do not go to war. When I say best I mean best in a news sense. That is what a reporter is for-to get news. That is what people desire to have about a war-news. War news is not descriptions of scenery, or speculation on strategy, or recital of brave deeds, all excellent and interesting when they get over the wire. War news is, first, whether we won or didn't win; and, second, what it cost us in blood to win or what we lost in losing. It is well enough to detail, in such picturesque diction as may be, what was done; but that isn't the main point. The main point is-Did we whip them? And how many were killed and wounded?

Therefore, whatever may happen in Mexico—and there's no telling what will happen as this is written—the hest and quickest news will come, not from the writing men at the

scene of hostilities, but will come from the writing men at the seat of government, at the national headquarters of the army and the navy. That is the way it worked in the Spanish War, and that is the way it has worked thus far in this Mexican affair. The reason is simple enough. News is no good upless it is printed. I know a roan who sat for four hours at Key West with the news that the Maine had been blown up in Havana harber bettled in him. He was the only man in the United States who had the information. Think of the splash he might have made if he had sent that news North. He didn't, however. He waited for the official dispatch from Captain Sigsbee, and after that where did the news, the information for the people, come from? It came from Washington reporters, of course.

Mind you, I am not saying that special commissioners, and sob sisters, and word pointers, and persons with literary reputations, and professional war correspondents, and all such are not excellent newspaper properties when a war is going on. Not that. They are, and more power to them, on the broad general theory that it is the business of the writing people to book the editor people whenever they get a chance. What I am saying is that the news of this war, if it is a war, will be provided by the war reporters, not by the special commissioners, or the novelists, or the poets, or the other literary men that will flock to it. The news will be sent in by the men whose trade it is to send in news.

The Passing of Percival Piffle

ALSO—and watch the development of this prophecy—you will not find in this Mexican trouble—if so be there is more trouble than there has been—you will not discover in the columns of your newspapers one-tenth of the special and so-called literary stuff that decorated those pages during the brief progress of the Spanish War. When that little struggle broke we had not been at war for thirty-five years, and there was an entirely new crop of editors and managers in charge of the newspapers, a crop of editors and managers who knew nothing of war save that it is big news, and they were crazy for it.

The signed-statement treak had developed a few years before that date. The sole idea of the editors on many of the newspapers seemed to be to have the story of a news event written not by a man who knew news when he saw it, knew how to get it and how to handle it, but by somebody who had written a passable short story or had put out a book or something of the kind. Most of the stuff was incredibly bad, considered from a straight newspaper viewpoint. But the editors thought they were giving character to their papers by printing a sloppy story written by Percival Penden.



What They Reed at the Front

all over the first page as a special mark of enterprise, instead of printing in the prominent place the news sent in by Bill McGinnis, regular reporter, and putting what Percival had to say in agate on the market page, where it belonged.

The signed statement craze was a manifestation of a curious sort of editorial annihilations. It was explained to me once by its inventor in this way: "I am anxious to have my newspaper the medium whereby the persons who are encelered authorities shall express their views, opinions and conclusions to the public. I want my newspaper to be the vehicle of transmission. I want to be identified, as owner and editor of this newspaper, with these men." You see, he wanted to benefit by the association.

That was all well enough in its way, if the signed statement had been confined to such expression; but it wasn't. It degenerated to a struggle to get into the papers signed statements from almost any person with a name, whether the person had a statement to make or not, and still further degenerated to a plane where, when a burglar was arrested, a signed statement from the burglar, the burgled, the policeman, the mayor, the indignant taxpayers, the leading minister, the leading soubrette, and the poet of mark at the moment were printed, and the facts about the crime incidentally put in—if there happened to be space.

When the Maine was blown up, and for some years before, we were right in the middle of the craze. Signed statements were the newspaper thing. They were all the editorial rage. So the big newspapers, having a war and not knowing exactly what to do with it, cut loose and hired special commissioners by the dozen, and bought boots, and put up jungle printing preses, and fired off, with big gobs of expense money, all sorts of persons who could write, or who couldn't write but thought they could, or who had written, or who had been in the public eye in some manner, and announced in large type that the war would be reported for them exclusively-always exclusively a trained corps of experts in tatting, mandolin playing, bridge whist, poems of passion, popular fiction, realism, buck-and-wing dancing, ragtime, science of war, tactics, taffy, and so forth, and that no expense would be spared.

Well, that part of it was correct. No expense was spared—that is, no expense for the editors and managers. Some of them are not through paying Spanish War bills yet. I know of a case where the thrilling pictures of a war he didn't see by a special commissioner cost his editor and manager \$1900 a column for each column printed. Coal was fifty dollars a too, and boots were a couple of hundred dollars a day, and cable tolls were high, and, all in all, when the editors and managers who were crazy for a war, and secured all these special commissioners at an enormous

expense, totted up, they for the expense had indeed to enormous, that permanent culation results had been and you haven't heard as those editors or managers bing for war since. Any timeditor feels as if we must to with somebody, he goes to files and gets out the expelials for the Spanish affair, shricks for continued personal continued continued

The result has thus far ! and the result will continu be, in case there is war, there will be fewer special: missioners at the seat of and that the work of go the news back home wil mostly done, not by mili experts or naval experts or tlemen with literary rep tions, but by regular repo whose business it is to get news back home, and who i how to do the same. And said, a good many of those ular reporters will be no ne the war than the State, Wa Navy buildings in Washing Nevertheless and not withit ing, they will furnish a proportion of the facts, such flub-dub as there me will follow in due course the word artists on the bei ent spot, or as near there prudence dictates, but note away that the regular repo cannot be asked to inform what has been going on.

There were not many wires at the time of our War, or many quick presses, or any such developme the science of getting newspapers quickly on the st Hence a number of men made reputations as war i spendents, and deserved them, for they had time, : story was a story until it appeared in print. Now and a story only until the moment it gets into the news resome newspaper. The methods of transmission are a feeted and the competition is so keen, that the what ress of reporting a war depends on success in getting a and the failure of reporting a war comes from the los wire. Consequently, the men who will be most use this contingency will be the men who know how to wire and what to do with it after they get it, and no men who have to think their thoughts before they ca them adequate expression, and who lack that report faculty of thinking their thoughts and giving them o sion at one and the same moment,

The Stories Printed in Red Ink

TOU will observe on the part of our great newspa I sort of dignified repression when it comes to or this war, provided there is a war, as it is necessary to: this day and date. There will be some special resioners, of course, but only some; not all can be in to leave home by offers of large sums of money and the ing out of the lure of glory to be gained. You will fin the men who send back the news of this war will b who are reporters first and literary persons a had s not men who are literary persons and nothing else. far be it from me to cast any aspersions on my calling if I were an editor of a newspaper, or director of a association, I'd rather have Bill Sheppard, or I Harmon, or Skipper Merriweather, or Charley Mi son, or any one of fifty other boys I could name at if of war for me, than all the novelists and poets abo be induced to attach themselves to the army in the the ships in the water.

So far as the lure of glory goes, that is where the breaks up of general debility. There were probable hundred American writing men of all kinds in the 51 War, and if you will tell me the name of one gain secured any enduring reputation out of that affair II it all back. The conditions won't let them. There chance for a George Alfred Townsend, or a Whitelist or a Nordhoff, or a Joe McCullough in these days of tins and wires. The long and leisurely story doesn't in time for the first edition. It is held over for Santaread by a few. Whereas the bulletins of the report printed in red ink and absorbed by the million.

That was never better illusmated-this difference between the di and the new-than on a certain ecssion during the Balkan War, Iso Englishmen saw a big engagerest. They were the only two writin men who did see it or, to put it a grother way, the only two who as it and had a chance, or made munre, to get in a story about it. the of these Englishmen was a war arrespondent, a big, talented man ett a great gift of style. The other ma a reporter. They got wires emittaneously. The literary man store a wonderful story of the enprement. He began with some empliyestuff that was great. He proceeded toward the battle in picanswe and vivid language, telling gaphically of the events that led to is ergagement and painting a fine picture of all the welter of this prebeingy to the battle. Just before he may got to the battle and the must it his paper in London was empelled to go to press.

The reporter, being a reporter, satisfalisatory with the battle. He fin) waste any time on a descripion of the events leading up to the

eggment, but he jumped, bing! into the event the other weakled up to. The result was that while the opposition special London had an excellent piece of descriptive writar, his paper had the story of the battle on the same soring, and the second half of the other man's story, which was a great piece of description, was printed on the by sher the regular reporter's story had thrilled London sub la facts and its clear, crisp, masterly narrative.

The Helplessness of Men at the Front

Of COURSE these men were both trained newspaper waters. Most of the special commissioners are not, see of them may have had a little experience on newspaper, but the great bulk of them were hired, and are held because they have reputations as writers—not newspaper, but fiction writers and other kinds of writers. All the best conditions surrounding them they were at a great handleap when stacking up against reporters who now how to write a news story; but with most wires someoned by the navy and the military, with incredible hardships to be suffered and hustling to be done to give and get stuff away, they simply blew up. This so the case in the Spanish War, in the Russian-Japanese is and in the Balkan War. If there is war in Mexico it all to the case in the Mexican War. It is all in the day's

not for the reporter. He as a job to do and he does a Taesperial commissioner, with special commissioner, not needs be special, and not up by not being any-less except a drag on the world.

Moreover, since the hitemiss days of our Spanish in, when there were as my correspondents in Cuba ad adjacent there to as there ers volunteer majors and threb-which means an traum number - the perms in direction of warfare ave tightened up, and have speed regulations and rebictions that make war reerting most difficult, and of a game for the literary prespondent. Methods of thing have changed, too, th the introduction of highevered and long-distance its, and the wireless, and I that. A battle line now so he forty miles long. In to Russian-Japanese War by let the correspondents a section of a battle here hi there; but if they had ren them free rein no man old have seen more than a hute portion of any en-Timent. In the Balkan as most of the correspondinever saw any fighting I say kind. They were stely in the rear.



Howard Banks, Private Jecretary to Jecretary Daniels, Passing Out War Raffetins

A high military authority told me in London, a year and half ago, when they were talking of fighting Germany, that in the event of that war they wouldn't have any correspondents along at all; and our own War Department, as shall show presently, has based regulations that make the man who has accuss to the news in Washington of more importance to his paper, in a news sense, than a man who is somewhere in the rear of the fighting line. In Cuba, during the Spanish War, cubies that could be used freely were miles and miles away. Think of the difficulties that will ensue in Mexico if our army should advance on the city of Mexico. The army will need the wires for long periods. Individuals must be restricted in their dispatches so all may have an equal chance. In one case, in the Balkan War, they allowed the correspondents two hundred words each. Imagine a special commissioner trying to tell a battle story in two hundred words. Why, he'd need more than two bundred words to get in all his capital I's. However, a good reporter can tell a lot in two hundred words, and, in a race for a free wire, be'll beat a special commissioner three miles an hour, and have his story in the home office before the special has finished writing "By Peter P. Punk, author of Wars I Have Caused, My Experiences in Battle, and so forth."

Returning, therefore, to my original proposition, let it be said that the men who have thus far sold the American people what has been happening in Mexico have been, not the special commissioners and the literary lights, but the reporters, mostly the reporters in Washington, and in conjunction therewith the reporters in Mexico. That was what happened during the Spanish War, and during the Boxer troubles in China when we had an acute interest in this country. The word painting came from the front, but most of the news came from the Washington reporters. And that will continue to be the case.

It works out this way: The commander-in-chief of the army and mavy is in Washington. The head of the War Department is in Washington, and so is the head of the Navy Department. The men in the field and on the ships are operating under the direction of their generals and admirals, and the generals and admirals are, in turn, operating under the direction of the heads of their departments in Washington, the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, who must report to the President and Commander-in-Chief. The generals and the admi-

rais, and their subordinates in the field and on the ships, must necessarily be in close touch with one another and with headquarters. Wires are needed for the transmission of these reports. The military authorities in a war are the supreme authorities. It is of more consequence to them to have their superiors know what is doing than to let the newspapers know, and as most battles are fought and most movements made in regions where the wire facilities are not so great as they are between Washington and New York, the men in the field and on the ships use the wires first for official reports and the transmission of news to their superiors in Washington, and then let the reporters have them.

How Napal News is Given Out

SUPPOSE there should be a battle in Mexico City. The first real news of that battle—real news—whether we won or lost and how many were killed and wounded—would come to Washington to the War Department and the President. If a reporter on the field were exceptionally lucky be might get a flash through, but the first real news would come to Washington. There it would be given out, and the Washington men, with scores of wires at their disposal, would harry it to their papers, and presently the full stories would come from the field. Details are always interesting, but the main facts are usually embodied in the

official reports, and, as it stands now, the official reports are handed out quickly and frankly and freely.

Take the incident at Vera Cruz, for example, or go back further than that and begin with the Tampico flag affair, There is a small room in the Navy Department called the press room. This is the hendquarters for the men who report for their newspapers and for the press associations the happenings in the Navy Department. There is a telegraph room in the Navy Department and one in the War Department, and all messages intended for the Secretary of War or the Secretary of the Navy come direct over those wires. As soon as that story broke the wires became jammed with reports from the men in command in the southern waters. Also the Navy Department and the War Department became immediately vitalized into places of intense activity.

The first news was navy news. Secretary Daniels put an officer in charge of the wires, and detailed Lucien Howe, private secretary to Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt, and a former newspaper man, to prepare and give out the war bulletins. This the procedure: A direction



Secretary of War Garrison With the Semipaper Men Gathered About Bis Best for the Afternoon Interview

from Admiral Mayo, say, was received. The officer in charge read it, transmitted a copy of it to the man it concerned and to Secretary Daniels, and handed a copy to Mr. Howe. A number of expert typewriter operators were on duty at all times. They rewrote the dispatch as prepared for the papers on the necessary wax sheets, and an electric mimeograph machine turned out copies at great speed. These copies were taken immediately to the pressroom, where the reporters were waiting for them, and as quickly put on the wires for the newspapers represented by the reporters.

If anything required explanation or comment, these reporters could reach the men who could explain or comment, and that explanation or comment was hurried away too. This service continued for twenty-four hours a day, and was organized in the War Department when it cume the army's turn at Vera Cruz. Then, too, the Washington reporters were in touch with the White House and the office of the Secretary of State and with the happenings

This was the first news, and this will be the first news in the event of war. Soldiers and sailors are capable bulletin writers and get their facts straight, but naturally they do little story writing. Necessarily, also, what each Washington reporter received was identical with what each other reporter received. Interpretations and comment and significance depend, in all cases, on the capability of the reporter and the soundness of his sources of information, and can be individual; but the news-this first news-was the same for everybody and will be.

The fact that this first news is identical, both in form and in extent, is what makes the necessity for reporters in the field with the army and on the ships with the sailors. The newspapers are not completely standardized as yet, and they require individual treatment, and use their individual sources to supplement this official news. Also, there may be instances where the headquarters in Washington will deem it advisable to withhold certain facts as a matter of policy. Hence the big newspapers send men of their own to the scene of operations, and ask them to report what they see and hear to supplement these official bulletins and the later and more detailed dispatches given out by the Washington departments.

The Washington war reporters have two advantages: They are able to get what has happened before the men in the field can send it in, because the military authorities have first use of available wires, and also can censor, if they choose, what the field men desire to send. Of course the departments can and do cemor their official disputches before they give them out, but not in the main details, not in the important news, not in casualties and not in general results. Then again the Washington reporters are in a position to get, before the field men, information of what action is intended, except so far as actual operations dictated by the exigencies of the local situations are concerned. For instance, they probably know that a general has been ordered to advance, but the field men are the ones to note how he advances and what he does after he has gone forward. This information is not always available, and not even generally available, in case of hazardous operations or when foreknowledge would be to the advantage of the enemy. But, all in all, an expert Washington reporter can keep in rather close touch with what is going on and what is intended, and he has the tremendous advantage of being in a place where he can tell his newspaper, and through his newspaper the public, of the course of the events of the day, because he has plenty and unimpeded facilities for getting his dispatches away.

In contingencies like this the work is continuous. Officers in the field and on the ships send dispatches at all times of the night and day. The telegraph forces in the departments and in the White House are continuously on duty. There must be constant watch for news. The taking of a lown or the assault of a port may occur any time, and the news of it may come in at any time. Hence somebody is always on duty. The morning papers will take dis-patches until six o'clock on the day of publication, and the

evening papers begin demanding news at that hour a keep up the demand until late at night. The morning n come back to duty again in the early afternoon. The papers, with morning and evening editions, maintain wi that are up and in working order all the time. Thro, the medium of telephones the chiefs of the War and Na Departments are always on call for important communi tions, and there is a force on hand in the offices en

Under Secretary Daniels, who is a newspaper edihimself, the system developed this year is as satisfact as it can be, everything considered. Of course if papers could have it so they would get the dispatches it and give them to the President after they had finished w them; but unfortunately the President and the Secretar of War and of the Navy will not allow this. However there is not much delay, and if it comes to real war th will be less still.

The position of the man in the field is far more diffic-He is where things are happening, and his job is to get news to his paper. He is at the mercy of the men in a mand of the army to which he is attached, and subject stiff rules and regulations, recently made much stiffer. prevent any disaster coming to our forces through preture disclosure of plans. Moreover, battlegrounds are picked out because of their accessibility to wires and cal-Battles usually happen, not at a given point, but as tated by circumstances.

The job of the man in the field is to get the wire. T is the beginning and the end of it, the top and the h tom of it; the tremendous difficulty of it and the sole rev of it. Get the wire! It isn't of a particle of interest editors, sitting miles away and impatient for big first-p Sashes or for something to carry an extra, how the repor gets the wire or where he gets it. He must get it. If does get it, and beats the other papers with his story, il may pay his expense bills without cutting any items :

(Continued on Page 62)

CALLY

The Story of a Perfect Gentleman BETTERSEA trem? who has been married

long enough to feel deeply gratified at be-ing mistaken for a maiden lady, smiled seraphically at the conductor, and allowed hemelf to be hoisted up the steps of the majestic vehicle provided by a paternal county council to convey pussengers - at a loss to the ratepayers, I understand-from the Embankment to Battersea.

Presently we ground our way round a curve and began to cross Westminster Bridge. The conductor, whose innate cock-ney bonhomic his high official position had failed to erudicate, presented himself before us and collected our fares.

"What part of Bettersea did you require,

sir?" he asked of me,

I coughed and answered evasively:

'Oh, about the middle.'

"We haven't been there before," added my wife, quite gratultously.

The conductor smiled indulgently and punched our tickets. "I'll tell you when to get down," he said,

and left us.

For some months we had been considering the question of buying a deg, and a good deal of our spare time-or perhaps I should say of my spare time, for a woman's time is naturally all her own-had been pleasantly occupied in discussing the matter. Having at length committed ourselves to the purchase of the animal we proceeded to consider such details as breed, sex and age.

My wife vacillated between a bloodbound. because bloodhounds are so aristocratic in appearance, and a Pekinese, because they are dernier eri. We like to be dernier eri even in Much Moreham. Her younger sister, Eileen, who spends a good deal of time with us, having no parents of her own, suggested an Old English sheep dog, explaining that it would be company for my wife when I was away from home. I coldly recommended a mastiff.

Our son John, aged three, on being consulted, expressed a preference for twelve tigers in a box, and we not again invited to participate in the delication



The Loading Object Proped to be a Small, Wet, Jaivering,

Whimpering Puppy

Finally we decided on Aberdeen terrier, of an age

nex to be nettled by circ stances, and I was instructed to commo cate with a gentleman in the North : advertised in our morning paper that A! deen terriers were his specialty. In course we received a reply. The advert recommended two animals—namely, Co Chief, aged four months, and Scotia's Pr aged one year. Pedigrees were inclosed, e about as complicated as the family tre the House of Hapsburg; and the favor o early reply was requested, as both dogs v being hotly bid for by an anonymous riin Constantinople.

The price of Celtic Chief was two guineus; that of Scotia's Pride, for reaheavily underlined in the pedigree. twenty-seven. The advertiser, who rea in Aberdeen, added that these prices not cover cost of carriage. We decided to stand in the way of the gentleman Constantinople, and having sent lack pedigrees by return of post, resumed

Finally Stella, my wife, said:
"We don't really want a dog with a ; igree. We only want something that bark at beggars and be gentle with be Why not go to the Home for Lost Dog Buttersea? I believe you can get any you like there for five shillings. We will up to town next Wednesday and see al it - and I might get some clothes as well.

Hence our presence on the tran Presently the conductor, who had lot pointed out to us such objects of local is est as the River Thames and the House

Parliament, stopped the tram in a cross thoroughfare and announced that we'll in Battersen.

"Alight here," he announced facetise "for 'Ome for Lost Dawgs!"

Guiltily realizing that there is man true word spoken in jest, we obeyed h and the tram went rocking and whizing of sight. We had eschewed a cab.

"When you are only going to pay shillings for a dog," my wife had pon-out, with convincing logic, "it is sally to

and pay perhaps another five shillings for a cab. It doubles the price of the dog at once. If we had been buying an espensive dog we might have taken a cab; but not for a five-shilling one."

"Now," I inquired briskly, "how are we going to find this place?"

"Haven't you any idea where it is?" "No. I have a sort of vague notion that it is on an island n the middle of the river, called the Isle of Dogs, or Barkng Reach, or something like that. However, I have no loubt

"Hadn't we better ask some one?" suggested Stella.

I demurred.

"If there is one thing I dislike," I said, "It is accosting otal strangers and badgering them for information they ion't possess-not that that will prevent them from giving If we start asking the way we shall find ourselves Putney or Woolwich in no time!"

"Yes, dear," said Stella soothingly.
"Now I suggest — " My hand went to my pocket. "No, darling," interposed my wife hastily; "not a map,

lease!" It is a curious psychological. et that women have a constitutional version to maps and railroad timeables. They would rather consult a alf-witted errand boy or a deaf rail-bad porter. "Donotletusmakeaspecacle of ourselves in the public streets gain! I have not yet forgotten the ay when you tried to find the Crystal alace. Benides, it will only blow away. sk that dear little boy there. He is oking at us so wistfully."

Yes; I admit it was criminal folly. A an who asks a London street boy to e so kind as to direct him to a Home r Lost Dogs has only himself to thank

or the consequence.

The wistful little boy smiled up at us. e had a pinched face and large syes. "Lost Dogs' 'Ome, sir?" he said surteously. "It's a good long way. to you want to get there quick?" "Yes."

"Then if I was you, sir," replied the lant, edging to the mouth of an alley-ay, "I should bite a policeman!" od, with an ear-splitting yell, bemished.

We walked on, hot-faced.

"Little wretch!" said Stella. "We simply asked for it," I rejoined.

What are we going to do next?" My question was answered in a most

credible fashion, for at this moment man emerged from a shop on our tht and set off down the street before He wore a species of uniform; and ablazoned on the front of his hat was e information that he was an official the Battersea Home for Lost and arving Dogs.

"Wait a minute and I will ask him,"

wid, starting forward.

But my wife would not hear of it. "Certainly not," she replied. "If we k him he will simply offer to show us e way. Then we shall have to talk him -about hydrophobia, and lethal ambers, and distemper-and it may for miles. I simply couldn't bear We shall have to tip him too. Let

follow him quietly.'

To those who have never attempted track a fellow creature surreptitiously rough the streets of London on a hot y, the feat may appear simple. It is reality a most exhausting, dilatory d'humiliating exercise. Our difficulty not so much in keeping our friend sight as in avoiding frequent and

expected collisions with him. The general idea, as they on field days, was to keep about twenty yards behind him; t under certain circumstances distance has an uncanny oit of annihilating itself. The manhimself was no hustler, ce or twice he stopped to light his pipe or converse with

During these in terludes Stella and I loafed guiltily on the vement, pointing out to one another objects of local erest with the fatuous officiousness of people in the foreand of hotel advertisements. Occasionally he paused to stemplate the contents of a shop window. We gazed ustriously into the window next door. Our first winv. I recollect, was an undertaker's, with ready-printed ressions of grief for sale on white porcelain disks. We I time to read them all. The next was a butcher's. re we stayed, perforce, so long that the proprietor, who s of the tribe that disposes of its wares almost entirely

by personal canvass, came out into the street and endeavored to sell us a bullock's heart.

Our quarry's next proceeding was to dive into a public house. We turned and surveyed one another.

"What are we to do now?" inquired my wife.
"Go inside too," I replied with more enthusiasm than I had hitherto displayed. "At least, I think I ought to. You can please yourself."

"I will not be left in the street," said Stella firmly. "We must just wait here together until he comes out."

"There may be another exit," I objected. "We had better go in. I shall take something, just to keep up appearances; and you must sit down in the ladies' bar, or the snug, or whatever they call it."

"Certainly not!" axid Stella.

We had arrived at this impasse when the man suddenly reappeared, wiping his mouth. Instantly and silently we fell in behind him.

For the first time the man appeared to notice our presence. He regarded us curiously, with a faint gleam of recognition in his eyes, and then set off down the street

Out of the Gray Down Leamed on Ecrie Meneter, Body Singed, Wagging Its Tall

at a good pace. We followed, panting. Once or twice he looked back over his shoulder a little apprehensively, I thought. But we plowed on.

"We ought to get there soon at this pace," I gasped. "Hello! He's gone again!"

"He turned down to the right," said Stella excitedly. The lust of the chase was fairly on us now. We awang eagerly round the corner into a quiet by street. Our man was nowhere to be seen and the street was almost empty.

"Come on!" said Stella. "He may have turned in somewhere."

We hurried down the street. Suddenly, warned by a newly awakened and primitive lustinet, I looked back. We had overrun our quarry. He had just emerged from some hiding place and was heading back toward the main street, looking fearfully over his shoulder. Once more we were in full cry.

For the next five minutes we practically ran-all three of us. The man was obviously frightened out of his wits, and kept making frenzied and spasmodic spurts, from which we surmised that he was getting to the end of his powers of endurance.

"If only we could overtake him," I said, hauling my exhausted spouse along by the arm, "we could explain

"He's gone again!" exclaimed Stella.

She was right. The man had turned another corner, We followed him round hotfoot, and found ourselves in a prim little cul-de-soc, with villas on each side. Across the end of the street ran a high wall, obviously screening a railroad track.

"We've got him!" I exclaimed.

I felt as Moltke must have felt when he closed the circle at Sedan.

"But where is the Dogs' Home, dear?" inquired Stella. The question was never answered, for at this moment the man run up the steps of the fourth villa on the left and slipped a latchkey into the lock. The door closed behind

him with a venomous map and we were left alone in the street, guideless and

doglesa.

A minute later the man appeared at the ground-floor window, accompanied by a female of commanding appearance. He pointed us out to her. Behind them we could dimly descry a white tablecloth, a tea cozy and covered

The commanding female, after a prolonged and withering glare, plucked a hairpin from her head and cetentatiously proceeded to skewer together the starcky white curtains that framed the window. Privacy secured and the sanctity of the English home thus pointedly vindicated, she and her husband disappeared into the murky background, where they doubtless sat down to an excellent high tea. Exhausted and discomfited, we drifted away.

"I am going home," said Stella in a hallow voice. "And I think," she added bitterly, "that it might have occurred in you to suggest that the creature might possibly be going from the Dogs'

Home and not to it." I apologized. It is the simplest plan, really.

IT WAS almost dark when the train arrived at our little country station. We set out to walk home by the short cut across the golf course.

"Anyhow, we have saved five shillings," remarked Stella.
"We puid half a crown for that taxi

which took us back to Victoria Station," I reminded ber. "Do not argue to-night, darling,"

responded my wife, "I simply cannot endure anything more." Plainly she was a little unstrung.

Very considerately, I selected another topie, "I think our best plan," I said cheerfully, "would be to advertise for a

dog."
I never wish to see a dog again," replied Stella.

I surveyed her with some concern and said gently:

"I am afraid you are tired, dear."

"No; I'm not."

"A little shaken, perhaps?"

"Nothing of the kind. Joe, what is that? Stella's fingers bit deep into my biceps

muscle, causing me considerable pain. We were passing a small sheet of water which guards the thirteenth green on the golf course. It is a stagnant and unclean pool, but we make rather a fuss of it. We call it the pond; and if you play a ball into it you send a blas-

phemous caddie in after it and count one stroke. A young moon was struggling up over the trees, dismally illuminating the seene. On the slimy shores of the pond we beheld a small moving object.

A yard behind it was another object, a little smaller, moving at exactly the same pace. One of the objects was emitting sounds of distress. Abandoning my quaking consort I advanced to the edge

of the pond and leaned down to investigate the mystery. The leading object proved to be a small, wet, shivering, whimpering puppy. The satellite was a brick. The two were connected by a string. The puppy had just emerged from the depths of the pond, towing the brick behind it.

Digitized by Google

"What is it, dear?" repented Stella fearfully.

"Your dog!" I replied, and cut the string.

777

WE SPENT three days deciding on a name for him. Stella suggested Tiny, on account of his size. I pointed out that time might stultify this selection of a title.

"I don't think so," said Eileen, supporting her sister, "That kind of dog does not grow very big."

grow very big."
"What kind of dog is he?"
I inquired swiftly.

Eileen said no more. There are problems that even girls of twenty cannot solve.

A warm bath had revealed to us the fact that the puppy was of a dingy yellow hue. I suggested that we should call him Mustard. Our son John, on being consulted—against my advice—by his mother, addressed the asimal as Pussy. Stella continued to favor Tiny, Finally Eileen, who was at the romantic age, produced a copy of Tennyson and suggested Excalibor, alleging in support of her preposterous proposition that

It rose from out the basam of the take.

"The darling rose from out the bosom of the lake, two, just like the sword Excalibur," she said: "so I think it would make a lovely name for him."

"The little brute waded out of a muddy pond towing a brick," I replied. "I see no parallel. He was not the product of the pond. Some one must have thrown him in, and he came out."

"That is just what some one must have done with the sword," retorted Elleen. "So we'll call you Escalibur, won't we, during little Scally?"

She embraced the puppy warmly and the unsuspecting animal replied by frantically licking her face.

However, the name stuck, with variations. When the puppy was hig enough he was presented with a collar, engraved with the name Excalibur, together with my name and address. Among ourselves we usually addressed him as Scally. The children in the village called him the Scalavace.

His time during his first year in our household was fully occupied in growing up. Stella declared that if one could have persuaded him to stand still for five minutes it would have been actually possible to see him grow. He grew at the rate of about an inch a week for the best part of a year. When he had finished he looked like nothing on earth. At one time we cherished a brief but illusory hope that he was going to turn into some sort of an initiation of a St. Bernard; but the symptoms rapidly passed off, and his final and permanent aspect was that of a rather budly stuffed lion.

Like most overgrown creatures he was top-heavy and lethargic and very humble-minded. Still, there was a kind of respectful pertinacity about him. It requires some strength of character, for instance, to wade along the bettom of a pond to dry land, accompanied by a brick as hig as yourself. It was quite impossible, too, short of locking him up, to prevent him from accompanying us when we took our walks abroad, if he had made up his mind to do se-

The first time this happened I was going to shoot with my neighbors, the Hoods. It was only a mile to the first covert and I set off after breakfast to walk. I was hardly out on the road when Excalibur was beside me, ambling uncertainty on his weekly legs and smiling up into my face with an air of imbecile affection.

"You have many qualities, old friend," I said, "but I don't think you are a sporting dog. Go home!"

Excalibur sat down on the road with a dejected air. Then, having given me fifty yards start, he rose and crawled sheepishly after me. I stopped, called him up, pointed him with some difficulty in the required direction, gave him a resounding spank and bade him begone. He responded by collapsing like a camp bedstead, and I left him.

Two minutes later I looked round. Exculibur was ten yards behind me, propelling himself along on his stomach. This time I thrashed him severely. After he began to how! I let him go, and he lumbered away homeward, the picture of misery.

In due course I reached the crossrouds where I had arranged to meet the rest of the party. They had not arrived, but Excalibur had. He had made a detour and headed me off. Not certain which route I would to?



The Sugition San Sight Underweath Sim on Sie Way to Cover

reaching the crossroads, he was sitting very sensibly under the signpost, assisting my arrival. On seeing me be immediately came forward, sugging his tail, and placed himself at my feet in the position most resevenient to me for inflicting chastisement.

I wonder how many of our human friends would be willing to pay such a price for the pleasure of our company?

As time went on Excalibur filled out into one of the most terrifying spectacles I have ever beheld. In one respect, though, he lived up to his knightly name. His manners were of the most courtly description and he had an affectionate greating for all, beggare included. He was particularly fond of children. If he saw children in the distance he would canter up and offer to play with them. If the children had not met him before they would run shrieking to their nurses. If they had they would fall on Excalibur in a body and rull him over and pull him about.

On wet afternoons, in the nursery, my own family used to play at dentist with him, assigning to Excalibur the rôle of patient. Gas was administered with a bicycle pump, and a shochorn and buttonheak were employed in place of the ordinary instruments of torture; but Excalibur did not mind. He lay on his back on the hearth rug, with the principal dentist sitting astride his ribs, as happy as a king.

He was particularly attracted by babies; and being able by reason of his stature to look right down into perambulators, he was accustomed whenever he met one of those vehicles to arable alongside and peer inquiringly into the face of its occupant. Most of the babies in the district got to know him in time, but until they did we had a good deal of correspondence to attend to on the subject.

Excalibur's intellect may have been lofty, but his memory was treacherous. Our household will never lorget the day on which he was given the shoulder of mutton.

One morning after breakfast Hilsen, accompanied by Excalibur, intercepted the kitchen maid hastening in the direction of the potting shed, carrying the joint in question at arm's length. The damsel explained that its premature maturity was due to the recent warm weather and that she was even now in search of the gardener's buy, who would be commissioned to perform the duties of sexton.

"It seems a waste, miss," observed the kitchen maid; "but cook says it can't be ate nohow now."

Loud but respectful souffings from Excalibur moved a direct negative to this statement. Eilem and the kitchen maid, who were both criminally weak where Excalibur was concerned, saw a way to gratify their economical instincts and their natural affection simultaneously. The next moment Excalibur was lurching contentedly down the gravel path with a presentation shoulder of mutton in his mouth.

Then Joy Day began. Excalibur took his prize into the middle of the tennic lawn. It was a very large shoulder of mutton, but Excalibur finished it in ten minutes. After that, distended to his utmost limits, he went to sleep in the sun, with the bone between his paws. Occasionally be wobe up and, raising his head, stared selectely into space, in the bone of a Trainlgar Square lion.

lay white and gleaning on the grass beside

roused himself and began to look for a suitable place of interment for the bone. By four-thirty the deed was done and he went to sleep onto more. At five he woke up and pandemonium began. He could not remember where he had buried the bone!

He started systematically with the rose beds, but me with no success. After that he tried two or three shrubheries without avail, and then embarked on a frantic but thorough excavation of the tennis lawn. We were taking tea on the lawn at the time and our attention was first drawn to Excalibur's hereavement by a temporary but unshalkable conviction on his part that the bone was buried immediately underneath the tea table.

As the tennis lawn was fast beginning to resemble a golf course we locked Excaliburage in the washhouse, where his hyenalike bowls rent the air for the rest of the evening, penetrating even to the dising room. This was particularly unfortunate, because we were having a direct party in head of a neighbor who had recently come to the district, no less a personage, in fact, than the

new lord-lieutenant of the county and his lady. Stella was naturally anxious that there should be no embarraments on such an occasion, and it distressed her to think that these people should imagine that we kept a private torture chamber on the premises.

However, dinner passed off quite successfully and we adjourned to the drawing room. It was a chilly Septembe evening and Lady Wickham was accommodated with a seat by the fire in a large armchair, with a cushion at he back. When the gentlemen came in Eileen sang to be Fortunately the drawing room is out of range of the wall house.

During Eileen's first song I sat by Lady Wickham. He expression was one of patrician calm and well-bred repositut it seemed to me she was not looking quite comfortable I was not feeling quite comfortable mynelf. The atmosphereemed a trifle oppressive: perhaps we had done wrong basing a fire after all. Lady Wickham appeared to note it too. She sat very upright, fanning heraelf mechanically and seemed disincioned to lean back in her chair.

After the song was finished I said:

"I am afraid you are not quite comfortable. Lai Wickham, Let me get you a larger cushion."

"Thank you," said Lady Wickham, "the cushion I have is delightfully comfortable; but I think there is somethin hard behind it."

Apologetically I plucked away the cushion. Lad Wickham was right; there was something behind it. It was Excalibur's bone!

IV

A WALK along the village street was always a gre event for Excalibur. Still, it must have contained many bumiliating moments for one of his sensitive disposition; for he was always pathetically anxious to mai friends with other dogs, but was rarely successful. Litt dogs merely bit his legs and big dogs cut him dead.

I think this was why he usually commenced his morniround by calling on a rabbit. The rabbit lived in a hat in a yard at the end of a passage between two cottage the first turning on the right after you entered the villag and Excalibur always dived down this at the earliest ages tunity. It was no use for Eileen, who usually took him on these occasions, to endeavor to hold him back. Eith Excalibur called on the rabbit by himself or Eileen on with him; there was no other alternative.

Arrived at the batch, Excalibur wagged his tail and or templated the rabbit with his usual air of vacuous been olence. The rabbit made not the faintest response, is continued to munch green feed, twitching its nose in a suprior manner. Finally, when it could endure Excaling admiring inspection and hard breathing no longer, turned its back and retired into its bedroom.

Excalibur's next call was usually at the butcher's in where he was presented with a specially selected and an unsalable fragment of meat. He then crossed the road the baker's, where he purchased a halfpenny bun, for shi his escort was expected to pay. After that he walked in shop to shop, wherever he was taken, with great dools and enjoyment; for he was a gregarious unimal and half

and behind or underneath almost every counter in the flage. Men, women, babies, kittens, even ducks-they

ere all one to him.

At one time Eileen had endeavored to teach him a few mple accomplishments, such as begging for food, dying this country, and carrying parcels. She was unsuccessin all three instances. Excalibur on his hind legs stood out five feet six, and when he fell from that eminence, as invariably did when he tried to beg, he usually broke mething. He was hampered, too, by inability to disguish one order from another. More than once he rowly escaped with his life through mistaking an urgent peal to come to heel out of the way of an approaching tomobile for a command to die for his country in the ddle of the road.

As for educating him to carry parcels, a single attempt sufficient. The parcel in question contained a mislaneous assortment of articles from the grocer's, includlard, soup and safety matches. It was securely tied up, d the grocer kindly attached it by a short length of string a wooden clothespin, in order to make it easier for

calibur to carry. They set off home.

e passes out of my hands.

Excalibur was most apologetic about it afterward, ddes being extremely unwell; but he had no idea, he slained to Eileen, that anything put into his mouth was meant to be eaten. He then tendered the clothespin i some mangled brown paper, with an air of profound mement. After that no further attempts at compulsory ication were undertaken.

It was his daily walk with Eileen, however, which introced Excalibur to life-life in its broadest and most mantic sense. As I was not privileged to be present at opening incident of this episode, or at most of its subseest developments, the direct conduct of this parrative

me sunny morning in July a young man in derical ire sat breakfasting in his rooms at Mrs. Tice's. Mrs. e's establishment was situated on the village street and s. Tice was in the habit of letting her ground floor to gers of impeccable respectability.

t was half past eleven, which is a late hour for the clergy reakfast; but this young man appeared to be suffering n no qualms of conscience on the subject. He was king an excellent breakfast and reading the Henley ilts with a mixture of rapture and longing.

le had just removed the Sportsman from the convenient trees of the teapot and substituted Punch when he ame aware that day had turned to night. Looking up perceived that his open window, which was rather small of the casement variety, was completely blocked by a s, shapeless and opaque mass. Next moment the mass ived itself into an animal of enormous size and suring appearance, which fell heavily into the room, and

Like a stream that, spouting from a diff. Fails in mid-air, but, gathering at the base, Remakes itself.

to its feet and, advancing to the table, laid a heavy i on the white cloth and lovingly passed its tongue ch resembled that of the great anteater—round a cold ken conveniently adjacent.

ive minutes later the window framed another picturetime a girl of twenty, white-clad and wearing a der-blue felt hat,

tht up on one side silver buckle which ikled in the hot ning sun. The custarted to his feet. dibur, who was now ton the hearthrug numbering the cen, thumped his mittily on the floor, made no attempt

am very sorry." Eileen, "but I am d my dog is tresing. May I call him

Certainly!" said urate. "But"-he ed his brains to e some means of ring the departure aradiant, fragrant n-"he is not the in the way. I am glad of his com-; I think it was neighborly of him 1. After all, I suphe is one of my hioners. And--he blushed - "1 you are too."

hour the curate ceased to be his own master.

"I suppose you are Mr. Gilmore," said Eileen.

"Yes. I have been here only three weeks and I have not met every one yet."

"I have been away for two months," Eileen mentioned. "I thought you must have been," said the curate, rather subtly for him.

"I think my brother-in-law called on you a few days continued Edeen, on whom the curate's last remark had made a most favorable impression. She mentioned my name.

"I was going to return the call this very afternoon," said the curate. And he firmly believed that he was speaking the truth. "Won't you come in? We have an excellent chaperon," indicating Excalibur, "I will come and open the door.

"Well, he certainly won't come out unless I come and fetch him," admitted Eileen thoughtfully.

A moment later the curate was at the front door and led his visitor across the little hall into the sitting room. He had not been absent more than thirty seconds, but during that time a plateful of sausages had mysteriously disappeared; and, as they entered, Excalibur was apologetically settling down on the hearthrug with a cottage loaf between his paws.

Eileen uttered cries of dismay and apology, but the

curate would have none of them.

"My fault entirely!" he insisted. "I have no right to be breakfasting at this hour; but this is my day off. You see I take early Service every morning at seven; but on Wednesdays we cut it out—amit it and have full Matins at ten. So I get up at half past nine, take Service at ten, and come back to my rooms at eleven and have breakfast. It is my weekly treat."

"You deserve it," said Elleen feelingly. Her religious exercises were limited to going to church on Sunday morning and coming out, if possible, after the Litany. "And how do you like Much Moreham?"

"I did not like it at all when I came," said the curate, "but recently I have begun to enjoy myself immensely." He did not say how recently.

"Were you in London before?"

"Yes-in the East End It was pretty hard work, but a useful experience. I feel rather lost here during my spare time. I get so little exercise. In London I used to slip away for an occasional outing in a Leander scratch eight, and that kept me fit. I am inclined," he added ruefully, "to put on flesh,"

"Leander? Are you a Blue?"

The curate nedded.

"You know about rowing, I see," he said appreciatively, The worst of rowing," he continued, "is that it takes up so much of a man's time that he has no opportunity of practicing anything else-cricket, for instance. All curates ought to be able to play cricket. I do my best; but there isn't a single boy in the Sunday-school who can't bowl me. It's humiliating!"

"Do you play tennis at all?" asked Eileen.

Yes, in a way,"

"I am sure my einter will be pleased if you come and have a game with in some afternoon."

The enraptured curate had already opened his mouth to accept this demure invitation when Excalibur, rising from

Eileen gave him her most entrancing smile and from that the hearthrug, stretched himself luxuriously and wagged his tail, thereby removing three pipes, an inkstand, a tobacco jar, and a half-completed sermon from the writing table,

> EXCALIBUR was heavily overworked in his new rôle of chaperon during the next three or four weeks, and any dog less ready to oblige than himself might have felt a little aggrieved at the treatment to which he was subjected.

> There was the case of the tennis lawn, for instance. He had always regarded this as his own particular sanctuary, dedicated to reflection and repose; but now the net was stretched across it and Elleen and the curate performed antics all over the court with rackets and small white balls which, though they did not hurt Excalibur, kept him awake. It did not occur to him to convey himself elsewhere, for his mind moved slowly; and the united blandishments of the players failed to bring the desirability of such a course home to him. He continued to lie in his favorite spot on the sunny side of the court, looking injured but forgiving, or slumbering perseveringly amid the storm that raged round him.

> It was quite impossible to move Excalibur once he had decided to remain where he was; so Eileen and the curate agreed to regard him as a sort of artificial excrescence, like the buttress in a fives court. If the ball hit him, as it frequently did, the player waiting for it was at liberty either to play it or claim a let. This arrangement added a piquant and pleasing variety to what is too often-especially when indulged in by mediucre players—a very dull

game.

Worse was to follow, however. One day Eileen and the curate conducted Escalibur to a neighboring mountain range at least, so it appeared to Excalibur and played another hall game. This time they employed long sticks with iron heads, and two balls, which, though they were much smaller than tennis balls, were incredibly hard and painful. Excalibur, though willing to help and anxious to please, could not supervise both the balls at once. As sure as he ran to retrieve one the other came after him and took him unfairly in the rear. Excalibur was the gentlest of creatures, but the most perfect gentleman has his dignity to consider.

After having been struck for the third time by one of these balls he whipped round, picked it up in his mouth and gave it a tiny pinch, just as a warning. At least, he thought it was a tiny pinch. The ball retaliated with unexpected ferocity. It twisted and turned. It emitted long, anaky spirals of some clastic substance, which clogged his teeth and tickled his throat and wound themselves round his tongue and nearly choked him. Panic-stricken, he ran to his mistress, who, with weeping and with laughter, removed the writhing horror from his jaws and comforted him with fair words.

After that Excalibur realized that it is wiser to walk behind golfers than in front of them. It was a boring business, though, and very exhausting, for he losthed exercise of every kind; and his only periods of repose were the occasions on which the expedition came to a halt on certain small, flat lawns, each of which contained a hole with a flag in it.

Here Excalibur would lie down, with the contented sighof a tired child, and go to sleep. As he almost invariably lay down between the hole and the ball, the players agreed

> to regard him as a bunker. Eileen putted round him; but the carate-who had little regard for the humbler works of creation, Excelibur thought-used to take his mashle and attempt a lofting shot, an enterprise in which he almost invariably failed, to Excalibur's great inconvenience.

> Country walks were more tolerable, for Eileen's supervision of his movements, which was usually marked by an officious severity, was sensibly relaxed on these days and Excalibur found himself at liberty to range abroad amid the heath and through the coppices, engaged in a pastime that he imagined was hunting.

One hot afternoon, wandering into a clearing, he encountered a hare. The hare, which was suffering from (Continued on Page 69)



Men, Wamen, Babier, Kittenr, Loen Ducks-They Were All One to Him

IDOLS OF THE KING



By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

And I says to me mate: 'Oh, dash me blue, He's so darned good that he can't be true!'"

II-SIR JOSEPHUS INDORSETH A DRY OCEAN

'Twas all in the reign of the good Wood-row— Set the type, Butter the pipe! The kingly trumpets began to blow With a toot and a blare and a Ho-men-ho! "Knights of the Square Table, come ye all For a Cabinet meeting in White House hall! And we must decide this very day In our justly famous impartial way! How to settle up, ere the next cockerow, The banks and the trusts, and Mexico."

Then up to the Cabinet Table Square
Many a chosen knight came there;
Sir Bryan the Juicer in pilgrim's mail,
Back from his Quest of the Holy Kale;
Sir Frank O'Lane of the manner hale;
Sir Hurleson;
Sir Garrison;
Crown Prince Expectant Lord McAdon;
Sir Agricultural Houston too;
Sir Redfield, wearing his whishers done
in the manner of 1881;
And, last but not least, the Lord High Chiefus,
Boss of the Admirals, Sir Josephus.

King Wood-row's face, it was fair to see;
King Wood-row's eye, it was keen to look
As he turned to the page marked 73
In the office file of the Domesday Book.
Come," he repeated; "it's time, you know,
To settle the trusts and Mexico."

Then quick
As the kick
Of the very Old Nick
Up jumps Jo;
Cries; "Whoa!"
Or, rather, "Yo-ho!"
Which is, I believe, the regular way
For a nautical man to begin his say.
"Mexico and the trusts, my eye!
We've settled so oft that they've gone plumb
dry;
But strike me hot
If I haven't got
Under my vest.
A topic drier than all the rest."

All cried: "Hear! Hear!"

Tix a subject dear

To every patriot beart "-loud cheer-"Being nothing less than that old-town-ball-

For He Got His Aviliating July Jen Visor From the Country Towar of the Relate Sov

Time-tried topic, Alcohol!"

Kind friend, refrain!"

Cried Frank O'Lane,

But up spake Jo in a time of rage:
"Who's running this editorial page?"
Silence loomed

And Jo resumed:

"To commonly known in the watch below.

That sallormen are a bit—you know.——"

He winked quite sly;

And a quick "Aye! "Aye!"

Bryan the Juicer made reply:

Bryan the Juicet made reply:

'I outlied once on the slip New York

The life preservers were made of cork—

The life preservers were made of A dreadful sign, Which indicates The way they dine

With their wild mesamates;
For where there are corks there are bottles—act
And where there are bottles—oh, mercy mall

"Right, my hearty!" Josephus cried.
"And it has not frequently been denied.
That the sign D. T. to the average crew.
Means more than the W. C. T. U."

Then spake the King: "Though I shun the no.
And I know that sailors too oft cut up ...
In a way we should certainly not abide.
At a White House tea by our ain fireside,
Yet isn't it true,

What authorities write,
That our boys in blue
In the heat of a fight
Oft win the day when they ought to lose
By the use of the drug that the low call Boxes

"Nay!" Sir Bryan made his moan.

"Never!" cried Jo in a thunder tone.
"That theory of yours exploded back
In the day when they sank the Merrimac—

(Continued on Page 57)



"For Jailors," Jaid He, "Jhould Live Like King"

Three-quarters bedsteads; plenty of light; Valet service day and night: Music with meals; Ferris wheels;

For he got his rollicking salt sea views

Josephus' mind was not stereotyped-

Not meaning offense to nur very own

King Wood-row on his royal throne— But I see no sense why a sallorman,

Shouldn't live at home on the ocean blue

As a first-class traveling man should do-

Being bred free-born, an American,

Nay, he dealt, belings,

With original things.

From the conning tower of the Raleigh News.

Though a printer's stone in youth he'd wiped,

" For sailors," said he, "should live like kings-

Till Pa Neptune, Rising Upward, Quaffed the Jen and Velled; "Houses!"

Banquets; movies— Just to prove he's Equal quite to the captain bright And better, by beck, than the midshipmite." So Sir Josephus, down he sat In his neat department, and straightway gas Clerks, stenographers, notary pubs. Second assistants and office dubs; And they quickly drew In a type tattoo

"Orders 6,000,022:
For every sailor who pulls a rope
Silk pajamas and scented soap;
Food like a toff:
Wednesdays off;
And to show respect, let the cannons roar—
Twenty-one guns when he goes ashore——"

Thus ad lib. ran the orders plain; So the common sailor who plowed the main Stopped plowing a while And said with a smile:

"Blest be ye,
Josephus D.!
Though ye don't know much o' the salt, salt sea,
Ye're awful good to the poor A. B.

THE FAKERS By Samuel G. Blythe

THE reporter from the Chronicle came round that night, and Hicks gave him an interview also, and secured a line t stating that he was to open law offices lextown. This reporter was Peter Farley, told Hicks his paper had Democratic sings inasmuch as it was largely financed Rollins.

Who is Rollins?" Hicks asked Farley. Why," said Farley, "he is a nice old p who made a world of money in the ber business. He has retired and now s crazy for free lumber. He's a low-I man, almost a freetrader, a statets man, and he believes in some Swiss key-business they call the initiative the referendum and in universal priies and all that sort of guff. He takes ics like he takes his religion, thinks the meratic party is called upon to restore nation to the principles of the fathers. a Grover Cleveland, adores Bryan, and up his money to keep up a sort of a ocratic organization. He meets the it on my paper, too, and gets his money's h by printing long screeds abusing the ublicans and saying kind words for iam Jennings Bryan and Thomas rson. He's the greatest letter-writer of a correspondence school, and is ys drafting platforms and circulating about his new political fads."

sort of a crank?" asked Hicks. so, sir, not a crank. He's a decent old whose passion is Democratic politics. one of the biggest stockholders in the Metropolis. He's always fighting the t-car company and our gang of grafting men, and is a fine, upstanding, publiced citizen. Better look him up if you're macrat."

shall," said Hicks. "I'll call on him

at morning Hicks made some inquiries about Rollins iscovered that Rollins was supposed to be worth half lion dollars, that he had no political ambitions himut was resolved there should be a Democratic party stown if he was the only member. He was state sitteeman for that party and generally headed the ess local tickets.

ks found Rollins in his office in one,of the local skyers. He was hunched up in a chair, writing a long to the editor of a New York paper in which he was ng out the utter lack of patriotism and the criminal ard of the rights of the people in a certain Republican. proposal. He was a small man, bald, with a smoothn, leathery face and deep-set eyes that burned with rvor of his partisanship. His desk was covered with xies of pamphlets which he had written and had had d at his own expense, and on his office walls there sictures of Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and m Jennings Bryan, and a facsimile of the Declaration ependence.

wdy," saluted Rollins as Hicks entered.

w do you do, Mr. Rollins-I assume you are Mr.

ur assumption is correct. Have a chair. What can

handed him his letter of introduction. "I am eks," he said, "and I take great pleasure in presents letter from an old friend of yours, Representative

ins read the letter, drumming with the fingers of one in his desk as he did so.

u're the young man who had the interviews in the

I suppose?" s, sir. 1 was interviewed when I arrived yesterday." ad to meet you. Hope McAllister is well. Democrat. rstood you to say, or did I read it in the paper?"

m a Democrat, and as I understand it you are the of the party in this city."

re than that, son, more than that. I'm almost all to the Democratic party in Rextown."

Il. I desire to join hands with you, to enlist under mner, to aid you in your fight against the entrenched rupt forces of Republicanism. ns looked at Hicks shrewdly. "You do, do you?"

D.** what reason?"

· the reasons I just gave you. I hope I may be



"Do You Mean to Juy You Have the Nerve to Take That Claim Into Court?"

Rollins whiatled. He got up, walked to the window, glanced out on the street, came back and drew his chair over to Hicks.

"Young man," he said kindly, putting his hand on Hicks' knee, "excuse me if I appear to be surprised. This rather takes the breath out of me. The idea of a lawyeryou are a lawyer, ain't you?

Hicks nadded.

"Well, the idea of a lawyer coming to a Republican hotbed like this and joining the Democratic purty-a lawyer, you know, one of those persons who always look before they leap into politics - the idea of that rather flabbergusts me. You know-" and he smiled a curious little smile at Hicks-"you know, my boy, there hasn't been a real, live recruit to the Democratic party in Rextown or Corliss County for five years, and we lost a lot of our fellows on the free-silver issue."

"All the more reason you should want me, then," suggested Hicks.

Sure, but it sort of paralyzes me, just the same. How long have you been a Democrat?"

Hicks knew this question would be put to him and he had prepared his answer.

"Long enough," he said rather oratorically, "to feel certain that this country is going to ruin under the maladministration of the Republican party, influenced as it is by special interests and controlled by corporate greed. Long enough to have faith that, through the medium of the enlightenment of the people, a return may be made to the principles and practices of the fathers, and our country saved from the rape of the plutocrats and the sack of the unscrupulous stock-jobbers of Wall Street."

Rollins' look of curiosity changed to one of admiration. "Good boy!" he said. "Good boy! Go on."
"I am a newcomer, as you know," continued Hisios,

most encouraged, "and I have a deep, patriotic interest in polities. I believe in Democratic principles. I am for the plain people, unalterably for the masses as against the corrupt classes. I know of your unselfish devotion to this high cause. I desire to join with you, to ald you, to fight with you, and eventually to assist you in redeeming this city and this state from these Republican abuses. Am I welcome?"

"Hooray!" shouted Rollies, jumping to his feet and clapping his hands. "That's the real McCoy! In a month I'll have you out making speeches. Are you welcome? Why, my boy, you are as welcome as an August rain after a dry spell in the Corn Belt. Welcome! Why you are positively providential. Let's talk things over."

They had a long conversation. Hicks soon discovered that Rollins was fanatical in his belief in Democratic principles, that he considered himself a sort of crusader against what he called "the mammoncontrolled party of special interests," meaning the Republicans, and that he was willing to spend his money freely, asking nothing but the fun of the fight. He went over the situation in detail with Hicks, told of his work and of the organization he endeavored to maintain, and explained how he was handicapped by the general apathy. Then he read Hicks extracts from several of his pamphlets. These proved to Hicks that, even though a fanatic, Rollins had a clear mind, good reasoning powers and un excellent command of simple and forceful language. He told Hicks of the local situation, dominated by the Republicans for years, working through a local boss named Paddy Rose, and explained how the public utilities-the street cars and the electriclight plant and the water works and the gasworks-could get anything they wanted because they kept Ross on their payroll and Ross was the Republican organization leader. Hicks' knowledge of general polities stood him in good stead. He was most polite and deferential to Rollins, and soon was on terms of friendship and implied association with him. His letter of introduction had established him primarily, and he completed the good impression himself.

As he rose to go Rollins asked Hicks whether he had any cases yet.

"Why, no," Hicks replied; "I arrived only yesterday, you know."

Well, how'd you like to take a case for me? An old repscallion named Jim Barkiss is trying to beat me out of a claim I've got on his property. Know anything about

contracts? "I've studied contracts," evaded Hicks.

"All right, here's the case;" and Rollins went off into a long recital of his difficulties with Jim Barkiss, telling an involved story of deals and mortgages and liens and payments and rebuttals to which Hicks listened in a daze.

"Get it?" asked Rollins. "Got it clear in your mind?"
"Perfectly," fibbed Hicks, who had no idea of what it

was all about.

"Good," said Rollins, "bere are the papers," and he thrust a mass of legal documents into the hands of Hicks. See what you can do."

Hicks took the papers and rose to go. "Good-by, Mr. Rollins," he said. "I shall see you soon and often and we'll reorganize and rejuvenate this Democratic party out here. Good day."

He put out his hand and Rollins took it. "Son," he said, "I don't know whether I'm playing fair with you or not in giving you that case. It's been in litigation here for a long time, and I got so mad about it that I just took it from the hands of my regular lawyer who was jockeying along on it. The lawyer on the other side is Jim Chittlings, a hard customer in a case like this, and you are young in the law, very young in the law,"

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Rollins. I'll do the best I can. with it and maybe my youth will help me."

"Yes," repeated Rollins, "you are young in the law. Haven't you forgotten something?"

"No." Hicks replied, looking about, "I think not." Rollins laughed. "In that case," he said, "you are the oddest lawyer I ever came in contact with. You haven't asked me for a retainer."

Hicks in his confusion could think of nothing to say. He had forgotten the most important detail of the practice of his profession.

"Never mind," soothed Rollins, "I'll write you a check. It may come in handy," and he gave Hicks a check for a hundred dollars. That young man bowed himself out with his heart thumping, his brain reproaching him for his lack of business acumen and the check clasped tightly in his

T. MARMADUKE HICKS was walking on air when he went down the street. He arrived at the Hotel Metropolis, went to his room and looked lovingly at his check. It was his first legal fee. He examined the papers Rollins had given him, but could make nothing of them, so he put them in his trunk and went down into the lobby. He met Bignall again, and talked to him for an hour discussing the best location for an office and various matters of that kind.

He inquired about boarding houses and secured several addresses. Next morning he took his money and his letter to the First National Bank, opened an account, and called on Mrs. Hungerford, who kept a boarding house not far from the business portion of the city. The food and rooms at Mrs. Hungerford's had been praised by the banker to whom Hicks had the letter of introduction.

Mrs. Hungerford's boarding house proved clean and comfortable. She told Hicks that most of her boarders were of the hetter class of clerks and business women, with a professional man or two, and she offered him a rosm, in the rear on the third floor, for tifty dollars a month with meals. He engaged the room and moved in that afternoon and on the following day set about renting an office.

He besitated between two rooms. One was in a three story brick building near the post office, a former residence that had been built over into offices, and the other was in the Blanding Block, the biggest structure in Rextown. The rent of the first room was twenty-five dollars a month and the rent of the Blanding Block office was twice that. Tommie walked through the halls of both buildings. There were a dentist or two, an architect, a couple of insurance agents and five lawyers in the old building. In the Blanding Block there were rows of glass doors carrying in gilt letters the names of lawyers and business agencies of various kinds. It did not take him long to decide on the office in the Blanding Block, and he bought some furniture for it on the installment plan. That night he stood in the hall and looked admiringly at the gilt sign on the door of his office. It rend:

T. MARMADUKE HICES. ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

In a day or two his furniture was installed and his father's law books had arrived, accompanied by a letter from his mother expressing the hope that they might be used for the promotion of justice and truth and the welfare of the people. Hicks put them on his shelves, where they made a good showing, although most of them were reports of New York State and not of much consequence for local use. There were a few books of universal character. He gazed at these speculatively, wondered what was in them and what he might be able to do with them. He hung his certificate and diploma on the walls, took steps to have himself admitted on motion to the local bar, and after that had been accomplished, with the aid of Senator Paxton's letter and the influence of an old friend of his at the Rextown bur, he began the consideration of the Rollins-Barkiss case.

It was a complicated case. There were claims and countercisions and records of previous actions begun and dropped. Hicks studied the papers long, but could make little of them. His only conclusion was that Rollins claimed one thing and Barkiss another; the legal phases of the rase were entirely beyond him.

He spent some days puzzling over the papers, evolving schemes that had no legal foundations. It was all he had to do, except make three or four appearances each day in the lobby of the Hotel Metropolis, and drep in at the city hall and courthouse, with occasional visits to the probate court and the county clerk's office, where he simulated intense occupation and consulted records assiduously.

He knew so little law he could get no grasp of the questions involved. He ardently desired to make a showing, and felt he could get business from Rollins if he could win this case. On the same floor of the Blanding Block the offices of Johnson, Jacobs and Jones, the leading lawyers of Rextown, occupied half a dozen rooms. Hicks had called on these lawyers and they had received him with grave politeness and welcomed him to the city. He had noticed, at a desk in the corner, a man who had a big bulging forehead, wore glasses and was shabbily dressed, and who had a general air of being grateful he was permitted to sit down in an out-of-the-way place and read calfbound books.

Hicks inquired about this man and learned he was Gudger, a great student and a fine lawyer, but a periodical drunkard. He remained sober for two or three months and then drank heavily until he had to be taken to the hospital. He had no control over his appetite for liquor, and for that reason had no practice and no standing at the bar. But he knew the law, knew more of it than Johnson, Jacobs and Jones combined. So they used him when he was sober to help in the preparation of their cases and took him back after a spree, paying him a small salary and giving him the impression that they were his benefactors for allowing him to draw a few dollars a week and do most of the real work. round the place.

Hicks went into this office and spoke to Gudger. "By the way, Mr. Gudger," he said, "could you make it convenient to come into my office this afternoon some time? I have a little matter I desire to discuss with you."

"I'll go now," Gudger replied.

They walked to Hicks' single room. "Sit down, Mr. Gudger," said Hicks. "This is what I want to lay before you: I have been here but a short time, as you know, but many pressing matters engage my attention. Mr. Perkins G. Rollins has given me a small case that really I have not the time to handle. I was wondering if you would look

over the papers, prepare a plan of action for me and elaborate the points of law involved. Of course I shall compensate you, and it really will be a great service to me, for I am so busy I cannot attend to the preparation of the case myself."

Gudger looked round the room, with its array of useless law books, and at Hicks, who was endeavoring to give the impression of a mun rushed with his work. He smiled a little wan smile. He had just returned from a prolonged spree, was weak and trembly and had been severely

reprimanded by his employers. He needed money.

"Let me see the papers," said he; "I guess I can do it." Hicks gave him the papers, which Gudger noticed were the only papers in sight in the office. Hicks realized that, too, and instantly resolved to fix up bundles of legal-looking documents for place on his desk. Also he resolved to buy a file case and pot it in the room.

"I'll look them over," said Gudger, "and let you know

Hicks visited Rollins several times, talked politics with him and reported progress. He wrote several letters to Senator Paxton and spent a good deal of his time in the Hotel Metropolis, getting acquainted with the business and professional men of the city, who used the lobby and barroom and café of the Metropolis as a sort of downtown club. He found that the men who frequented the hotel-and they were most of the important men of the rity - drank a good deal of whisky, especially between five and six o'clock in the afternoon. Hirks was not an abstainer nor was he a steady drinker. He kept a little whisky in his room for such use as was needful, and though he smoked eigarettee he never amoked on the streets or in politic places. He refused invitations to drink rather impressively but was enough of a mixer to keep in the good graces of the rrowd, and he made many acquaintances who liked to hear him discuss affairs at Washington, and wondered at his easy familiarity with the great men of whom they read in the papers. Hicks knew all the famous statemen and gossiped about them intimately, never failing to bring himself into the foreground of whatever picture he was painting. Between times he considered the question of a church connection.

After a week's study Gudger came in with a package of upers in his hand. "I have examined that Rollins-Barkiss matter, Mr. Hicks," he said.

Hicks was writing a letter. He looked up and replied enpously: "Excuse me a moment, if you please, Mr. Gudger. I have a matter here I must close up."

Gudger, who had himself in hand again, smiled a llichering sort of a smile and sat down. Tommie wrote vigorously for a minute or two. He signed his name with a flourish, held the letter up before him and read it with evident admiration, and turned to Gudger. "My stemographer," he said, "is ill this morning and I am compelled to write a few of my most pressing letters by hand. I um sorry I detained you, but this is a most important matter."

Gudger observed that Tommie laid the letter aside without putting it in an envelope. "Take your time, Mr. Hicks,"

he sald, "I am in no burry."
"Ah," continued Tommie, turning in his chair, "did I understand you to say you have examined into that Rollins claim, Mr. Gudger?"

"I have."

Sorry to have imposed so trifling a matter on you, but am exceedingly busy. What do you find?"

"I find Rollins has a fair case. Barkim own him some

money, but it lan't clear just bow much. I have set forth the law on the point, have briefed the cases that apply and made a statement of the facts for you. I trust it will be satisfactory.

Gudger was pathetically eager. He needed the money Hicks promised him.

"Excellent, Gudger," patronized Hicks. "I shall look over the papers and reimburse you for your time and trouble."

"Thank you, Mr. Hicks, thank you," And Gudger went out

Tommie shut and locked his door and read the papers curefully. Gudger, good lawyer that he was and skilled in the preparation of cases, had handled this one in a most competent manner. He had made his statement of facts, his statement of the contentions of the other side, and he cited the law to uphold his own emclusions, cited it voluminously. It was an orderly, complete and illuminating presentation of the Rollins side of the controversy. Tommie spent all that day in studying Gudger's work. He had a retentive memory, and he learned what Gudger had written so he could recite it. Thus fortified he sat back to consider what he should do. He didn't dare to go into court, nor did he want to have Guilger appear for him. Beyond the words Gudger had written, Hicks had no knowledge of the law or the procedure necessary.

After thinking a time he went down the street to see his friend Charley Bignall, the reporter on the Globe.

"Bignall," he asked, "do you know James K. Chittlings the lawyer?'

"Sure."

"What kind of a man is be?"

"He's a big, beefy bluffer and gets away with it. He six sters along pretty successfully. He pretends to be a lawy and he doesn't know any too much law. When he tries case he depends on noise to pull him through. He door go into court much though. That would show him up. He the grandest compromiser we have. And he is always the money. Why?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. He's the attorney on t other side of a case I am interested in, and I wanted

know about him. That's all."

XII

AS HICKS walked back to his office that word "to promiser" constantly recurred to him. Why not to promise this? Evidently, from what Bignall told hi Chittlings was much the same sort of lawyer be was, w more experience, perhaps, but with as little law. knew Chittlings spent a good deal of time in the lob of the Hotel Metropolis, and he went there and look round. Chittlings was leaning against the cigar-case a loudly telling the bored cigar clerk of a recent exploit of t when he defeated a lawyer from the adjoining county is will case.

Hicks approached the cigar-case by easy stages, its ping at the desk to look at the register, at the newson to glance at the display of periodicals, and at the telepho desk to say a word or two to the operator. He stood a listened to the last part of the recital of Chittlings, laugh when laughing time came, and as Chittlings finid exclaimed: "That's a good one!" with evident appretion. Chittlings was pleased. He said a word or two sin the weather and asked: "Stranger here?"

"Ob, no," answered Hicks, "I am T. Marmaduke Hic lawyer, with offices in the Blanding Block."

Glad to know you, Mr. Hicks. I'm James K. Chittle and I'm a lawyer too.

"Chittlings?" repeated Hicks in pleased astonishms "James K. Chittlings? Why, I certainly am glad to m. you. I have a case, I think, in which you are my oppose and I am charmed to know I shall meet so cultured ag tleman and so learned a lawyer in the arena of the court

"What case is that?" asked Chittlings, "I don't re

your connection with any of my cases."

"Rollins vs. Barkiss." "Oh, that! Is Rollins at that again?" exclaimed Citings contemptoously. "That isn't a case; it's merd cut-hop.

"There are some eleven thousand dollars involve

Hirks protested with some warmth.

Chittlings looked at Hicks narrowly. Evidently eleven-thousand-dollar case was important to this you

"Look here," he warned, "you are on a dead card that claim, my friend. You can't collect it and you is "I think it would be well to leave that phase of

matter to the adjudication of the courts." "Do you mean to say you have the nerve to take t

claim into court?"

"You will be served with due and formal notice of intention at the proper time."

"You don't say! Well, so long. By the way," he ad as he turned to go, "where's your office?" "In the Blanding Block."

"I may drop in to see you some day. Good-by, gist have met you."

Two days later Chittlings came in, glanced round little room, with its sparse furnishings and its array of revised statutes of New York, smiled and said: "How Hicks. How's business?"

"My docket is reasonably well filled."

"Glad to know it. There are so many lawyers in horg it's bard for a new one to get a tochold. The

welves for business, and they've got most of it circle "I haven't found it so," Tommie replied, washing had a greater number of legal-looking documents on desk and resolving to get some more as soon as Chatti

"Say, Hicks," said Chittlings, senting himself and it ing a cigar, "how strong are you with Perk Rollins! H a smoke?"

"I never smoke,"

"Well, forgetting that, how strong are you with I Rollins?"

"What do you mean?"

"How much influence have you with him?"

"He is one of my best clients,"

"Well, if that's the case and you can work him. will the use of dragging this thing through the courts? it not compromise?"

Hicks straightened in his chair. "This is a case that of not admit of compromise," he said with much dignity-

"Den't it! Let me tell you, my young and callow fort there never was a case that didn't admit of compressi when the lawyers who had it wanted to fix it that way a there was anything in it."

"I do not so understand the theory of the law." He was most important as he said this.

"Well, you will so understand it if you want to make a ring at it. I tell you it's nonsense to drag this thing rough the courts when there are bigger things we might doing. Let's fix it up."

"My client has instructed me to sue it."

"Then get him to uninstruct you. Rollins is a good old up, but visionary, and Barkiss ain't worth a hoot, beyond certain point, for any lawyer to fuss with. Let's fix it."
"What do you propose?"

"Why, there's right on both sides. Barkiss owes Rollins me money, but not as much as Rollins says he does. I'll mit the first part of it. If we take it into court you can't the eleven thousand to save your soul; but you can get adgment for a certain amount if you are any good at the w at all."

"How much?" asked Hicks eagerly. Chittlings laughed. "That's for you to find out, if you

to law about it," he said.

Well, what's your proposition?" Hicks gave what he night was a good imitation of a businesslike question. You go down and see Rollins and find out the lowsum he will take. I'll see my man and find out how ich I can get him to give. Then we'll meet and fix it up."

'Fix it up?'' asked Hicks. "I a't understand. I am a lawyer, Chittlings, and bound by the

iles of my profession."
"Also I take it," said Chittlings uply, "you are bound by the essities of making a living. Run ng now and see Rollins and come wn to my office on the third st." Chittlings went out leav-

Hicks very indignant. de grew calm as he thought the tter over. He knew in his heart would be at a serious disadvanein court, having had no practice wa little in justices' courts back ne when he was a student. His tism urged him to go ahead with case and told him he could win williantly, but he felt inward givings. Occasionally he adted his limitations to himselfoften, but once in a while. He frightened at the prospect of ing a case against this big, noisy, fling lawyer, and although he Gudger's word for it that he some law and some facts on his t, he didn't relish the encounter. wanted to be surer of himself to be made his first public aprance. Besides, there might be it in the contention of Barkiss the didn't owe Rollins all of en thousand dollars. There was taide of it to consider. Also e would be a quicker fee, in ition to the retainer of one hun-I dollars he aiready had, in case compromise. And lawyers did promise cases. He knew that, s he went to see Rollins, who ted him cordially and asked what he thought of Senator sch's iniquitous tariff policy.

Inexcusable," Hicks replied, knowing what the policy was, ropped in to see you about that

tiss matter,"

What about it?" asked Rollins, was deep in a platform for the Democracy he intended to one at the forthcoming con-

Why, I was thinking I might pose that difficulty by a shorter e than recourse to the tedious esses of the courts."

All right," Rollins answered absently. "Do whatever st. Say, do you think the platform should begin with ging denunciation of the Republican party, or with a ment of the attitude of the Democracy toward the ession of the people and then the arraignment of the ablicans?"

l'ake up the cause of the people first by all means." "Suppose I could get you eighty-five sed Hicks. ired dollars from Barkiss? Would that figure be

factory to you?" Pshaw! They'd never stand for eighty-five hundred ls; that's entirely too long. My idea is about five sand words."

Dollars, I meant, not words, Mr. Rollins. I am speakbout the Barkiss matter."

The Barkiss matter? Oh, yes; what about it?" think we can compromise for a substantial sum."

"All right; go ahead. Don't bother me about that now. I want to get this pronouncement of political principles written. Listen to this anti-corporation plank."

Hicks listened politely while Rollins read what he had written as establishing the attitude of his party toward the monopolise fostered and owned by the criminal rich.

"That'll make them cringe, I'll bet," said Rollins. "Undoubtedly," assented Hicks warmly, "It is a great summing-up of the tenets of our party in that regardsimply great. If I can get eight thousand dollars, shall

"Oh, yes, yes. Don't bother me," protested Rollins. "Let's go over this tariff plans. The curse of this country and the workingmen in it is high protection. Let me read you what I have written."

And he read his tariff plank, which demanded an instant and scientific revision of the tariff along the lines of tariff

for revenue only.

As he finished Hicks applauded. "That's fine!" he cheered. "That's the most statesmanlike argument I have ever heard. You certainly are a master of words, Mr. Rollins. I am quite sure I can get seventy-five hundred dollars for you. Shall I take it?"

array of law books, more than Hicks had ever seen outside of a law library, and an inner room where Chittlings sat at a big rolltop desk. This room was well furnished. There were some leather chairs, a polished table piled high with papers bound with tape, a picture or two on the wall and a leather lounge. "Morning, Hicks," greeted Chittlings after Hicks had

gone through the formality of sending in his name by the office boy-Tommie resolved to have two rooms and an office boy, it gave an air of business and prosperity to a place. "Morning. Have a cigar. Oh, I forgot, you don't smoke. How are things?"

"I am very well, thank you," Hicks replied.

"Seen Rollins?"

"Yes. Have you seen Barkiss?"

"Saw him yesterday. What will you accept?"
"What will you give?"

"Oh, let's not haggle about this; it isn't big enough.

I'll give eighty-five hundred dollars."

"I'll take nine thousand."

Come off! I've got to get something for myself. Take it or leave it at eighty-five bundred and I'll get my regular fee from Barkiss and a split from you."

"A split?

"Yes, a split. You know what a split is, I suppose. If you don't, let me tell you that splits are the greatest discouragers of long-fought litigation in court this world has ever known."

"Do you mean that you want me to divide something with you?"

"Certainly, why not? You didn't tell Rollins you could get eighty-five hundred dollars, did you—didn't name a specific sum?"

Chittlings looked narrowly at Ricks, who felt that this big, bointerous man had caught him in a crime. He was chagrined and humiliated, for although he had underestimated to Rollins the sum of money he thought he could get in compromise, he hadn't gone so far with the matter in his own mind as actually to plan to give Rollins less in settlement than he received.

Hicks was horrified. It seemed to him that Chittlings had read his mind, had interpreted his action, had literally detected him stesling something. He was familiar in a way with illegal money transactions, and had heard stories of sums paid in Washington to expedite or retard legislation. The morals of the situation did not bother him so much as his apparent detection.

He looked at Chittlings, who was preparing to write a check. Hicks caught hold of the arms of his chair, steadled himself, licked his dry lips with his tongue and replied huskily: "Of course I mentioned no specific sum, but what difference does that make to you?"

"Just this difference," said Chittlings. "If I compromise this thing with you for eighty-five hundred dollars, which is a fair compromise, I'll give you a check for that amount and you'll give me a check for five hundred. Then you can deposit my check and pay Rollins seventy-five hundred dollars, or what you please, and we'll both make some money, for you can bet Barkiss will pay me my eighty-five hundred back, and another legal difficulty will have been compromised without recourse to

the tedious processes of the courts." Hicks rose, "Look here, Chittlings," he exclaimed, "I may not know much about the law, but I know something about the Eighth Commandment. That's plain larceny and you know it, and I'll not be a party to it."

Chittlings grinned.

"All right," he said, closing the checkbook, "have it your own way. Only let me tell you something-you'll never make five hundred any easier. Go ahead and suc and I'll be right on deck."

"That may be so," Hicks retorted emphatically, for he had regained his self-possession, "but I won't begin my career as a lawyer in this city by stealing five hundred dollars from Rollins or any other man. My price is higher than that, Mr. Chittlings, and when you get ready to talk business to me on a strict business basis, without any larcenous trimmings, I'll see you in my office. Here is (Continued on Page 60) my card."



"If I Can Get Eight Thousand Dullare, Shatt I Take 117"

"Eh?" said Rollins, blinking his eyes; "I thought you said eight thousand, a moment ago."

"Oh," Hicks suavely replied, "I said eight thousand tentatively. Seventy-five hundred is a sure thing."

"Well, get what you can. I must finish this platform and have it printed. Get what you can. Good day, Come in to-morrow and I'll read it to you again."

That will give me great pleasure. Seventy-five hun-

"Yes, yes," Rollins replied impatiently. "I'm going to give them a great blast on the currency question, a great blast."

XIII

HICKS called at the office of Chittlings next day. That exponent of the law had a suite of three rooms a reception room with an office boy at a desk, a second room where there was a clerk and a typewriter and an

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription \$1.36 the Year, Five Cepts the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription \$1.76 the Year (Except to Toronto, \$1 50; Single Copies, Five Cepts.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, M.S. Bestimanies to be Made by International Postal Stoney Grave

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 18, 1914

Slow Grinding

WE HAVE long believed there should be some Federal control over the issue of railroad securities, and that the body in which that control should logically be vested is the Interstate Commerce Commission; but a reasonable method of exercising the control is very important.

The bill now before the national House of Representatives provides, in effect, that, before issuing any capital obligation, a railroad must apply to the commission; whereupon the commission shall send a ropy of the application to the railroad commission—or to the governor and atturney-general if there be no railroad commission—of every state in which the railroad "operates any part of its lines"; virtually inviting such states to participate in the deliberations.

This is all wrong. To be telerable, public control of railroad issues must be exercised with reasonable dispatch. There is hardly a week in a normal year when some road is not issuing capital obligations. To make every issue the subject of wordy, small-footed deliberations would create a condition as bad as the disease it seeks to cure. Instead of inviting the states to participate in the proceedings of the Interstate Commerce Commission the law should make the findings of the commission binding on every state commission that has jurisdiction in the matter.

The Interstate Commerce Commission itself is a rather overworked body. Its delay in deciding the application of the Eastern roads for a five-per-cent advance in freight rates shows that it needs accelerating rather than retarding.

In passing on railroad securities it ought to be given a free hand and every opportunity to act with reasonable promptness. The questions concerning any railroad issue are whether its objects are legitimate and whether bonafide value is received. Certainly the Interstate Commerce Commission may be trusted to determine those comparatively simple questions. When they have once been determined by a trustworthy public body, there is no valid reason for collateral or supplemental state proceedings.

The Socialistic Tendency

CERTAIN businesses are necessary to modern life. Railroading is an example. Cut off from rail facilities a man might be ruined, a community might perish. So, for years, the law has exerted a constantly increasing control over railroads. A railroad cannot discriminate among its patrons—it must serve all slike; and of late it can charge only such rates as the law permits.

Fire insurance is obviously in a different category. Broadly speaking, anybody who so elects may get along without it, assuming the hazard himself. And a fire-insurance company may discriminate at will among its patrons. Any company may refuse to write a policy on any risk and the law will have nothing to say in the matter.

The other day, however, the United States Supreme Court—by five to three, one justice not participating—affirmed the power of a state to fix the rate at which fire insurance shall be written. Admitting that fire insurance is of a personal rather than a public character, the majority of the court holds that, nevertheless, it is so charged with public that it is not involve the power to regulate it in

behalf of the public. We venture a lay and ignorant opinion that the court would have decided differently fifteen or twenty years ago—when it was holding, for instance, that the Sugar Trust was beyond the reach of the Sherman Law.

Socialization moves steadily forward. Every year the principle that the interests of society are paramount advances a step further.

The Wallace Researches

THANKS to the indefatigable industry of two Americans— Dr. and Mrs. Charles William Wallace—which has dug up the records of a venerable lawsuit and certain proceedings of a sixteenth-century Commission of Sewers, we now know quite accurately what sort of concern that Globe Theater was in which one William Shakspere was a stockholder, and within the walls of which the stockholder's relebrated dramatic pieces were presented.

relebrated dramatic pieces were presented.

For several years Doctor and Mrs. Wallace have devoted their entire time to the most painstaking search among the public archives for new light on Shakspere and his activities. They have already examined upward of three million official parchments.

It appears that when the Globe Theater site was leased by the theatrical adventurers two hovels stood on it. With the exception of some pands it was the lowest spot on Bankside, and the Thames overflowed it every spring. For a long time it had been used as a dumping ground for refuse—and a sixteenth-century refuse heap may safely be described as the real thing in the way of garbage. Shakspere's partners are sterrely commanded, "on pain to forfeit," to pull certain props and posts out of the sewer.

Imagination dwells foodly on that theater: standing ankle deep in the mire, with one grimy knee showing through the rent in her coarse woolen pettirons, her blouse split up the back, her hair in a snarl, and a muddy smudge on her cheek where she has just swatted a mosquite with a hand as heavy and as solled as a blacksmith's—but speaking, nevertheless, with the longues of men and of angels.

Her beautifully carved, gilded and upholstered sister of to-day would faint away at sight of her; and it would not matter much if she never cares out of the faint.

A Verdict

A MURDERER salisted the sympathy of a very rich man. His defense was that a dream irresistibly impelled him to assessinate his for. The rich patron, according to the newspaper report, "practically cornered the available expert testimony in the defendant's behalf, seven of the highest-priced alients of the city being put on the stand to support the dream theory." Elequent counsel quoted companionate poetry to the jury and the latter returned the following verdict:

"We find that the defendant committed the art charged in the indictment, but at the time of the commission of said act was an insane person, and since the commission of said act has permanently and completely recovered from such lunary."

The defendant may have "permanently and reempletely recovered from such lunary," but our criminal jurisprudence has not. Leaving the question of a defendant's mental modition to a lay jury enveloped in a ing of hired expert testimony majors a farce of what ought to be a rather serious matter.

The Plum Tree

ILLINOIS has one Democratic United States Senator and in all probability will presently have another. The burning political question in that state at this writing is whether that other shall be Roger Sullivan or some patriot whose Jeffersonian heart beats in truer sympathy with that faction of the party to which the present Senator belongs.

Chirago papers are pointing out—as an important factor in the solution of this question—that all the Federal and state jobs will be filled by nominees of the Jaction opposed to Sullivan. What makes the Sullivan Democrats mad—we read in a press report—is the fact that all the assistant district attorneys, deputy marshals and deputy revenue collectors will be selected by the foe.

In these circumstances, we suppose, the Sullivan Demoerats are the only persons who are entitled to be mad. The public, which pays the salaries of these Federal employees and depends on them for service, is presumed to be quite satisfied so long as its servants are sound on the grand question of opposition to Sullivan. Whether they can read and write is a secondary consideration.

Bonds Over the Counter

IN APRIL the city of New York sold sixty-five million dollars' worth of bonds at a small premium to a single hidder, who immediately resold the bonds to investors at a profit of some four bundred thousand dollars. The profit was legitimate enough, and the method of selling bonds

that nearly all cities and states employ is based on a proto the middleman. This method is to invite competit, bids and award the issue to the highest bidder. Almainvariably big investment banks and bond dealers is intmate touch with the investment market get the bonds an resell them to actual investors at a profit.

To avoid a middleman's profit the city must about competitive hids and offer its bonds over the counter at a upset price. In this New York sale there were two his dred thirty-two separate bids, many of them for small amounts and many at a higher price than the successful bidder paid; but no combination of other bids would have brought the city as much as the successful bidder paid though that price was less than actual investors readily paid immediately afterward.

Competitive bids almost invariably throw the bonds in the hands of middlemen. A city or state that wishes establish a direct market for its bonds must sell them on the counter at an upset price.

The English Telegraph

THE telegraph business of Great Britain, as conduct by the Post Office, results in a heavy annual loss, recent statement by Postmaster-General Hobbouse, quoting the London Times, attributes this loss "mainly to it sixpenny telegram, which costs eleven pence to transmand deliver."

A telegram of twelve words, address and signature bell counted as part of the message, transmitted anywhere Great Britain, costs twelve cents of our money. This very cleap. Naturally telegraphing is highly develop in England, the number of messages a head being near twice the number in the United States. That the twelvents did not cover the cost of the message was evide from the large yearly deficit; but it appears from the statement by the postmaster-general that the loss on extwelve-cent message is decidedly greater than had be supposed. He puts the cost of the message at twenty-original.

In short, the sender pays little over half the cost; to other half—or forty-five per cent—coming out of the pubtill. British citizens who use the telegraph frequently a a sort of subsidy at the expense of those who use it infquently or not at all.

The bulk of the telegraphing in Great Britain is or short distances, for which the cost of a message here twenty-five or thirty cents against twenty-two cents the but the whole cost here is paid by the sender of the mess, which seems to us the logical arrangement.

A Significant Difference

INCOMES of from fifteen to twenty-five thousand d lars will pay nine or ten times as heavy a tax under I new British Budget as they pay here. In round numbs lifteen thousand dollars will pay one thousand dollars to twenty thousand dollars will pay fifteen hundred dollars; twenty-five thousand dollars will pay two thousand dollars.

Yet the most significant difference between the Brit tax and the American appears with respect to what we moderate incomes. Generally an American income of thousand dollars pays only ten dollars tax. The Brit tax on an income a penny over five thousand dollars to be two hundred ten dollars; on an income of seven five hundred dollars it will be three hundred seventy dollars—instead of twenty-five dollars as here.

Two hundred and eighty million dollars is the estimayield of the new British income tax. When a governor comes to lean so heavily on an income tax it must tak stiff tell from incomes in the moderate class.

It is only a question of time when our Federal levy get down to incomes of a thousand or fifteen hand dollars; and the comfortably-off man—with an income, of from five to fifteen thousand dollars—will n something more than small change to discharge his duto the Government.

How it Works in Practice

AFTER two years' deliberation Massachusetts pased eight-hour law for workers under sixteen years of a Ruin of industry, displacement of young workers, incressynathful vagrancy and various other ills were predict

A canvass of the state shows that over ninety per of the children under sixteen who were employed before the law went into effect are still employed; that a major of the few children who were displaced have gone to subthat family hardships attributable to the displacem or curtailed earnings of youthful workers have been bligible; and that there has been no increase in your idleness and crime.

Crippled industries, beggared families and ruinet of dren have been predicted at every step in the director protecting youthful workers; but the predictions by come true.

WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



Junear Like a Presonativ Riverer

HE time has now come to advert, in what it were not amiss to term well-dissimulated jocundity, to the Honorable James P. Clarke. of Arkansas, as genial and jovial a person as ever harbored a grudge for twenty years.

The Honorable Clarke, who wears an e at the extreme end of his name to distinguish himself, if such be necessary, from the Senator from Wyoming and the Speaker from Missouri, has just, as it appears, been returned to the Secate for the third time by an enthusiastic constituency and an excess of some seven hundred votes or so over the competing candidate in the primary, the same showing that the Arkansas projetarians hold their enthusiasm in reasonably measured check. Of course the face of the returns may be changed, but never the inscrutable face of the senator;

d it all goes to show that when those Arkansans are out it they can mask their enthusiasm to a considerable gree of obfuscation.

Some of the residents of that imperial commonwealth are ent to refer to the senator as Old Cotton Top-some of em. Others do not so refer to him. They refer to him herwise, those others do; but that is a local imus. The int is that even some of his constituents thus nickname e senator - affectionately, no doubt; for, as I have said,

certainly has a mild. d forgiving disposition, out the same as the position of a bear with sore paw, That, of arse, is not the reason the white-polled term intimacy. The senor's hair furnishes the st. They call him Old stton Top because his p looks like cotton, ed, being a joyous and dsome senator, he joysly and gladsomely es the appellation-st as he likes many aer things or dislikes em, as it may happen d generally does.

The senator first began exude gladness and e in Washington in 33, when he was the ppy hero of a most felicus occusion. He had m elected to the Senate, ceeding the late James Jones, and went on to ashington to take his it. The other Arkansas nator was the late mes H. Berry, who was nus a leg and plus the eem of all his colppened, as the story es, that Berry and trke had had political ferences, which were what they may have been, but which seemed to be organized a demagogue, a statesman, a politician and a human for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, so far as the genial Clarke was concerned.

Ordinarily when political enemies come to represent the same state in the Senate they forget the enmity for the few minutes devoted to the swearing in of whichever one of them is newly arrived in the arena. They go up to the rostrum together; and, though one may be hoping the other chakes and is willing to belp that desired condition along by use of such choking apparatus as Nature may have provided him with, the hoper stands smilingly by and watches the ceremony with a fine congratulatory air. Not so when the kindly Clarke was sworn in. He went up alone. There is a citizen who never forgives and who never, never

When it comes to expressing himself as to his resentments, or on any other subject, the senator conservatively can be called voluble, not to say fluent. You may have heard in your time orators who have talked rapidly and whose word-per-minute record was high. So have I, But when it comes to the rapid production of language every talker who could or can talk in a precipitate manner seems mute, dumb, silent and otherwise impeded of speech as empared to Clarke. That man's output of language is so terrifyingly great, so paralyzingly fast, that he is always from three to five hundred words alread of the comprehension of his heavers.

The Vocal Machine Gun in Action

HE TALKS so fast that the ordinary mind falls to grasp what he is saying. He sounds like a pneumatic riveter geared up to the highest speed. The words casende out of him. His language is always in a state of flood. His oratory breaks down every restraining levee. He speaks with celerity and velocity - he does that!

I should suppose it would be worth going miles to hear him telling one of his pet grudgess what he had in mind to say about him. Of course he would talk so speedily that one could not understand what he was saying; but it would be a terrifying spectacle-like Vesuvius in action or the Beehive Geyner blowing Its head off-and genially too; with all the geniality of a Bad Lands blimard!

There was that time in the Democratic caucus, not so long ago, when the senator was interested in a bill concerning cotton futures. He speaks for his bill—that is, I say he spoke for it, because speaking is the generic term for his performance. In reality he erupted for the bill. It was a great speech—the speech of a lawyer, an orator, a planter,

machine gun shooting language.

The senator battered his colleagues with argument, entreaty, defiance, praise, cajolery, demand, pleading, flattery and invective. The quicker-witted never were within six sentences of keeping up with him and the duller ones were whole paragraphs behind. The subject of his remarks was that he desired his bill indorsed by the caucus.

A time to vote had been set. He talked until that time, hich coincidentally was luncheon time also. As he finished he naticed various senators edging toward the door, thinking to burry downstairs and revive themselves with apple pie and other well-known revivers.

I want a vote!" he said.

Up rose Senator Vardaman, who has hair and language in equal profusion.

"I want a vote!" roared Clarke, for other senators were

"But," soothed Vardaman, "I am going to say a few words in support of the senator's contention ——"

"Sit down!" commanded Clarke in his most affable manner and his usual one. "I'd rather have a vote than all the speeches you can make in a year. Sit down!"

He has ideas of his own on many subjects. One is that people write too many letters. That is a fact. People do write too many letters and answer too many also. The senator's ideas on this epistolary subject can be comprehended in the succinct statement that he thinks ninety per cent or thereabout of the letters received by a statesman are not worth answering.

Most senators have clerks and stenographers and secretaries and other scriving appliances in their offices. Clarke has none. Answer letters or write them? Not James P. Clarke!

Every politician has his own system for obtaining and retaining the support and suffrages of his constituents. Most of them are directly opposed to the Clarke method; but that seems to have its merits, for when we come to look his career over we discover that he has been rather continuously successful in getting office. He began the practice of law at Helena, Arkansas, In 1879, but did not get the system into resultful working order until 1886, when he was elected to the lower house of the Arkansas legislature.

After that he went right along. He was sent to the state senate in 1885 and served until 1892, becoming president of that body in 1891 and ex-officio lieutenant-governor. In 1892 he was elected attorney-general for the state; and so well were his genial characteristics appreciated that they offered to renominate him. He declined, but could not stop the popular demand for him, and went into the governor's chair

in 1894. After he finished with the governorship he moved to Little Rock, resumed the practice of the law, and so increased his hold on the people that he was sent to the United States Senate in 1903, and has been there ever since, getting a reelection in 1909, at the close of his first term.

He had opposition in the primary when he ran this year for his third term, but at the time of this writing seems to be ahead about seven hundred votes and sure of another term. However, that is a mere detail.

The moral of this discourse is that if you are benignant and forbearing you cannot fail to get along well in the world, The submoral is that there have been occasions when certain persons, one of whom is mentioned herewith, have done fairly well by adopting another sort of attitude.

There is a lesson inculcated in this simple narrative with its duplex moral; but at the moment just what that lesson is escapes me entirely.



In the Watered Melen Patch

TRAVELING DE LUXE



Early, &r. Tell House, Colonia Santanani, Colonia

AFTER relieving me of eight dollars and a half, the jauntily mustached young man handed me a ticket, almost exactly the size of this page, which entitled me to one lower berth on the North Express from Paris to Berlin.

The journey is shorter by three hours than that between Chicago and New York when performed by the fastest trains—which, as the American railroads take some pains to inform you, are the fastest trains for that distance in the world. You leave Paris at a quarter of two in the afternoon and reach Berlin at half past seven the next morning, with a one-hour change of time during the night. The distance, in fact, is less by about three hundred miles than that between New York and Chicago.

Eight dollars and a half for the privilege of occupying a berth during a seventeen-hour journey seemed rather steep; but in addition to the berth I received an interesting piece of literature in the above-mentioned mammoth ticket. It was finely embellished with advertisements of hotels and steamships, and contained the following important official notice:

The fare for berths cannot be refunded if travelers are unable to make use of them. Reimbursement can only be obtained, after deduction of the booking fee, in event of berths being relet to other travelers for the same journey. If the carriage in which berths have been reserved does

not arrive at destination the company will only reimburse that portion of the fare for the journey not effected.

The company does not recognize any responsibility whatever with regard to hand baggage or any other object which travelers are authorized by the railway regulations to keep with them in the cars, and the conductors and other officials of the company have strict instructions not to accept any responsibility whatever under this heading.

Obviously, then, I must travel with manly self-reliance and not weakly depend on the company to take any particular care of me or my belongings. When the porter showed me to my expensive berth this is what I found:

The European Idea of Luxury

THE compartment was not over two-thirds the size of our Pullman compartments and rather less than half the size of our Pullman drawing rooms. A single seat ran along one side, occupying all the space on that side. Opposite the farther end of the seat, beside the window, was a shallow cabinet containing a folding lavatory, much like those in our Pullman compartments. It was fitted with a little shelf, which let down and made a reading table in front of the window.

The shelf was down when I entered the compartment. On it were a magazine and a couple of newspapers; also, the elbows of a stout blond gentleman, who was smeking a cigarette and looking over one of the newspapers. His bulky bug occupied half the baggage rack. In addition to the bag he carried a suitcase, which, just by a hair, missed being a steamer trunk. This suitcase stood against the wall opposite my end of the one seat, leaving only a few inches between my knees and its ponderous self.

The porter heaved my bag into the vacant half of the baggage rack and I sat down with one foot on each nide of my fellow-passenger's suitcase. Probably I looked a bit dismayed not because of the suitcase, but because I felt as though I had walked into a perfect stranger's bedroom. The blond gentleman who occupied the window end of the sent must have noticed my pained expression, for he smiled in the most friendly manner and mustered up enough

By WILL PAYNE

fragmentary English to express a polite fear that the suitcase was somewhat inconvenient for me. Unfortunately, he added, there was no other place for it.

I could see that at once. It was impossible to put it in front of him, for the little rabinet with the folding lavatory was in the way. It was impossible to put it under the sent, for all the space there was occupied by mysterious contrivances appertaining to the car. There was absolutely no place for it except in front of me; and I assured my unchosen bedfellow that nothing gave me greater pleasure than to travel with a stranger's suitanse figuratively clasped to my bosom. My companion, by the way, turned out to be a Swede and a very agreeable person after we had broken the ice and a great deal of language in establishing a more or less rudimentary means of communication.

An occasion soon arose. I wished to smoke, but my smoking materials were in my bag, and there was no way of getting at the bag except by climbing over my companion.

I may mention that this North Express is one of the crack trains of Europe, running from Paris to Berlin, Moscow and St. Petersburg, nearly all the way over government-owned railroads. Its accommodations throughout were about the same as those furnished me. The car was lighted by gas. At one end was a tiny toilet mom, marked for men, with no washbowl in it. At the other end was a room a few inches larger, marked for women, and containing a washbowl; but I soon discovered that neither men nor women paid any attention to the signs designating the respective sexes. Each compartment contained but one sext, and half the seats faced in one direction and half in the other. In other words half the occupants of the car rode backward, whichever way the train was going.

To be sure, half the occupants of all European cars must always ride backward. They maintain that riding lead; ward is quite as pleasant as riding forward, and presumably it is for them; but I suspect that the pullid woman who dashed out of a backward-riding compartment and raced to the end of the car, with a bandkerchief to her mouth, was of a different opinion.

This North Express, like other alloged trains do luxe in Europe, is an enterprise of the International Sleeping-Cur Company, a Belgian corporation that corresponds to our Pullman Company in that it has a virtual monopoly of the sleeping-car business on the Continent outside of Germany.

Its scale of prices and accommodations in general are well illustrated by the Paris Berlin instance. The distance from Rome to Paris is less by fifty miles or so than from Chicago to New York and the fastest train makes the run in twenty-six hours. The price of a single berth for that journey is twelve dollars. Across France, from Calais to Marseilles, a berth costs thirteen dollars. From Paris to Listen it is seventeen dollars.

This, you understand, entitles you to one berth in a small compartment that contains two. Once in a blue moon the other berth will be unsold and you will have the compartment to yourself; but the Belgian company is by no means addicted to running superfluous cars, and usually you will be boxed in for the night with a perfect stranger,

Europeans generally condemn the indecency of our standard Pullman cars, where a person has to undress with nothing but a thick curtain to shield him from the gaze of his fellow passengers. As to whether, on the score of modesty, that is inferior to being shot up with a stranger for a day and a night in a sort of double-decked dog brest I do not pretend to say, not being an expert on the subject but personally I prefer the curtain.

And there is no escape from your compartment. The trains de luxe have no buffet or observation car to while you may stroll for a change of scene. There is no smoking room, for everybody who wishes so smoke is supposed to so in his own compartment. When your legs becoming the summer of the carridor, where your fellow passengers have a squeeze by you in going from one part of the car to crother.

At mealtime, to be sure, there is the dining our and soon discovered that, unless you have the forethought forbid it, the porter invariably makes up your berth a soon as you go to dinner. Coming back from dinner the is nothing to do except go to bed, stand in the sure secrider or jump out of the window. Forbidding the personance up the berth would, of course, require a on agreement with the other occupant of the comparisons to the easiest way is to go to bed. Once you are in it, is tend in comfortable enough for a person whose principal dimensions are longitudinal rather than horizontal. It berth is longer than our Pullman berths and not overtentials as wide. How a really fat passenger could step one without hanging over somewhere is a mystery.

Big Prices for Small Comfort

To BE sure, this benevolent sleeping-car company to senson—that is, from January to the middle of Aprillarums a train to the Riviera for which it apparently make its best equipment. The compartments seem rather large and better arranged than in the usual cars. And is reserved France on this special train do luxe you pay twen dollars and a quarter—not for the train, but for a left from twenty minutes to three in the afternoon until the past ten the next morning. It is a very fast train, but of fast enough to catch up with the bill.

I used to think the Pullman Company pursued a poly that was tainted here and there by selfish motives: 80% comparison with the European sleeping-car monopoly. Pollman Company is a sunny-hearted Santa Class with no thought on earth but of the good it can do unto other for a rough-and-ready formula, you may say that is European concern charges about three times our Pullman accommodations.

Going to my twelve-dollar berth at Rome I found usual, a stranger already in possession, and at the wind end of the seat. His two suitcases and a bundle compact filled the baggage rack. His leather hatbox took at it little shelf by the window. His huge bag stood on the first and his two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the variant hat two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the variant hat two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the variant hat two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the variant hat two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the variant hat two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the variant happened hat two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the variant happened hat two overcoats and an umbrella hung on the variant happened hat the strength had been to be no place for my bag except happened hat the two two had been already and the time. There we have of the campany was justified in thinking a lavatory sat fluous. We rode backward and stood up in the compact stretch our legs.

Nearly all Europeans with whom I discussed the public the defended the arrangement of these sleeping on the ground that for a man and wife or two for traveling together the compartment is more pleasant our open cars. Unfortunately, however, travelers of always go in pairs; and in the United States a

traveling together can get a compartment or drawing room for far less than it costs to ride in one of these contrivances.

In France and Italy you cannot take a sleeping car unless you have a first-class ticket, and the first-class fare there is about half again what it is here. In Italy only hand baggage—what you can lug into the compartment and pile round on the rack, seat and your fellow traveler—is carried free; and in France you are allowed only sixty pounds of checked baggage.

As a typical instance, the distance from Rome to Paris is less by fifty miles than from Chicago to New York. The first-class fare is thirty-one dollars, the sleeping-car berth is twelve dollars, and the carriage of a trunk weighing a hundred forty-eight pounds is seven dollars—making an even fifty dollars for the journey de luxe, or about double the cost of making an American journey of the same length at the same speed and in considerably greater comfort.

Of course if this monstrous sleeping-car concern were transplanted to the United States it would have the President, the Cabinet, Congress, at least forty state legislatures, a united press and an outraged public down on its head within a fortnight. Neither its prices nor its alleged

accommodations would be endured.

As one illustration of its generous attitude, it informs you: "In the event of a passenger's being unable to travel the company will endeavor to relet the berth on due notice being given. Should the berth be unoccupied the holder of the ticket is not entitled to a refund of the fare paid. When a berth has been booked and a postponement of the journey is desired, the date of departure may be changed on forty-eight hours' clear notice being given before the schedule time of departure as originally fixed, and on payment of a second booking fee; always provided, however, that the company shall not have been compelled to refuse accommodation for the same train, this resulting in a loss."

Any one who knows the readiness with which berths may e canceled or changed in the United States will appreciate

he difference.

This sleeping-car company operates all over Europe, and only in Germany has any attempt been made to protect assengers from its exactions; in fact, apologists for the ompany say that its unconscionable tolls result partly rom requirements which the various state railroads lay on t—a sort of fraternal Robin Hood arrangement for the ommon purpose of plucking the tourist. They will tell ou in France that only Americans, Englishmen and lunation travel first class. However that may be, the general heory outside of Germany is that comfort in travel is trictly a luxury and to be taxed as such.

Pay and Take Your Chances

TENERALLY speaking, the classification of fares in J Europe is resorted to not as an index of comparative emfort, but as an index of comparative respectability.

For example, all the motor busses in Paris charge firstase fare and second-class, the former being three cents
of the latter two cents. Whichever fare you pay, you ride
exactly the same bus—but in one case on one side of a
artition and in the other on another side. An American
in discover absolutely no difference between the firstass ride and the second-class; yet it is a common thing
Paris to see a man stand on a street corner and let several
asses pass that are bound for his destination, each of
em having empty seats, but no empty seat of his class,
he is first class he will let a bus with empty second-class
ats pass and save his dignity. If he is second class he
ill let a bus with empty first-class seats pass and save
s cent.

So, also, on their railroad trains. Payment of first-class re does not insure you accommodations in any way perior to those you might get with a second-class ticket, site generally the first and second class compartments are in the same car. The first-class French or Italian compartment has seats for six people, three on a side, with an arm between the seats so that each passenger is assured his due space. It is a little wider than the second-class compartment, giving more foot and leg room.

The second-class compartment has one undivided seat along each side and is supposed to hold eight people. Invariably it is upholstered in a color different from that of the first-class compartment, which, after all, is the chief physical distinction between the two classes. True, if both compartments are filled to their capacity you will have somewhat more room in a first-class than in a secondclass; but the difference is hardly worth quarreling about

Your actual bodily comfort in either compartment depends entirely on how much room you have, and there is no certainty that you will not have more room in a second-

class compartment than in a first-class

For example, the most comfortable ride I had in France was from Boulogne to Paris. My ticket was first class; but, as it was a train to meet an English boat, nearly everybody else had first-class tickets. The porter dutifully conducted me to a first-class compartment that already contained four passengers and their bags, two of the passengers being women. As there was no sign to the contrary, I should presumably be permitted to smoke; but smoking in the faces of two strange and elderly ladies, whose faces somehow did not seem to go well with smoke, was hardly agreeable.

Farther on in the same car I found a second-class compartment with nobody in it and took possession. The conductor gently remonstrated with me for riding in a second-class compartment when I had a first-class ticket; but as I refused to move be gave it up with a resigned shrug of the shoulders which was eloquent of a long experience in dealing with American insanity. So I had the compartment to myself all the way to Paris and could never ask for a more comfortable journey. How much my social standing may have suffered I did not stop to inquire.

It was the social system and no idea of comfort that led to the adoption of compartment care in Europe, and it keeps that type in vogue. First-class pussengers must be carefully partitioned off from second-class, and second from third. Of course, having adopted that style of car. Europeans fatuously endeavor to defend it on the ground of comfort. They say their first-class carriages quite equal in comfort our parlor cars, but no impartial man from Mars would admit the claim. In freedom of movement and independence of other travelers our parlor cars have a decided superiority. You can sit in a parior car all day and hardly be aware that anybody else is on the train; but you cannot sit in a right little compartment with three or four strangers without being almost constantly aware of them. It is impossible for them to speak without your hearing every word, and one of them can hardly move without your knowing It.

Your first-class billet is mostly a lottery ticket as regards comfort. You are not invariably sure even of a seat. While I was in Paris a Irlend came in from Cologne. He had a first-class ticket, but until some one got out the only place for him was on a little folding seat in the corridor. True, in France you may assure yourself a seat by having one registered in advance for a fee of a franc. The regulation of the government railroad is that if the seat is booked by telephone, telegram or letter it must be paid for and taken thirty minutes before the train starts. If it is booked at least three minutes before starting time, but it is generally impracticable to register a seat except at the train's point of departure; in fact, it is not very often done anywhere.

Whether your compartment is first, second or third class, it is quite sure to be filled with as much hand buggage as it will hold, and everything, from a lewel case to a shoe-box. comes under the designation of hand baggage in Europe. Whatever a cab will carry and a porter can shove through the car window or door is entitled to transportation in the car. The reason, of course, is that the railroads everywhere charge for the checking of all but the smallest trunks, and some of them charge for checking any trunk.

A trunk that would be carried free anywhere in this country cost five dollars and forty cents from Paris to Berlin, four dollars and eighty cents from Berlin to Lucerne, seven dollars from Rome to Paris, and so on, which helps one understand why European trains are heaped with luggage. Of course the railroads there derive no profit from their baggage charges, so far as native travel is concerned, for the native traveler with a hundred and fifty pounds of baggage would distribute it among several ponderous baga and cases, and pile those up in the passenger car, where it would be carried free. If only native travel were concerned no doubt European roads would soon adopt our more convenient method of hauling baggage free in a separate car, instead of hauling it free in the passenger cars; but those roads catch a considerable number of Americans, who are addicted to the trunk habit, and from whom quite a profit is derived.

I should mention that a solitary traveler on an international sleeping car can avoid the unpleasantness of sharing his bex with a stranger by taking the whole compartment. "As a general rule," says the company's book of information, "a passenger desiring the exclusive use of a two-berth compartment must pay for two railroad tickets and two sleeping-car tickets." There are certain exceptions, applying only to first-class passengers. On the North Express, for example, one may have exclusive use of a compartment by paying one sleeping-car fare and a half; on the Paris-Barcelona Express, by paying two sleeping-car fares—in both cases only one railroad fare being required.

The Steep Fares of Southern Europe

THE minimum cost of travel by this de-luxe system, however, is quite high enough for ordinary taste without spending anything extra for more comfort. Outside of Germany and Austria-Hungary, to ride de luxe you must hold a first-class railroad ticket, and first-class fare is high sverywhere in Europe.

Excluding suburban business, first-class fare in the United States probably averages somewhere round two cents and a half a mile—though I do not know of any exact statistics on the subject, as all passenger business is usually lumped together; but over a large part of the most thickly settled portions of the country, which naturally produce the most travel, two cents a mile is the rule.

French railroad fares are based on a sliding scale, according to distance. If you travel five hundred kilometers you pay slightly less for a kilometer than if you travel fifty. For the longer runs it works out a little over three cents and a half a mile for first-class fare and a trifle under two cents and a half for second-class. The Italian schedule is pretty nearly the same. Your lirst-class fare, then, is about eighty per cent higher than in those regions in the United States where the two-cent rate obtains, and twenty per cent higher than where the three-cent rate prevails. Generally the first-class fare alone comes to decidedly more than our first-class plus Pullman. When you add a sleepingcar tariff two to three times as high as ours you find that de-luxing is a quite expensive luxury; in fact, like some other expensive luxuries over there, it is mainly for foreign consumption.

Of course all this applies to privately owned roads as well as to those owned by the state; in fact, as I mentioned in a former article, the finest train in France is on the state railroad, a new suburban service running twelve miles from Paris to Versailles. The aisle is in the center of

(Continued on Page 65)



UTTO BY THE PERMETS WHILE SAVEDAD COMPAN

The Grandaddy of Our Modern De-Lase Trains

By IDA MAY EVANS DISCARDS

BY THEIR signs ye may know them. The signs of a staidly flourishing small town of the Middle West are six. First is the tall red standpipe on the hill, which furnishes water to the town. Second is the prominent confirmed bachelor, more or less young, who sits in the real-estate or the insurance office his more hustling father bequeathed him and gives expectation to the town. Third is the leading druggist, who waxes fat under perennial suspicion of owning the most prosperous blind tiger between Kentucky and South Clark Street, Chicago. Fourth is the smart young wife of the leading merchant - he is not so young-who sends to Kansas City for flowers and a four-piece orchestra for her uffairs.

At these affairs-which, calling on Bertha M. Clay's word-palette for nid, can be described only by that verbul ocher, recherché-the brightest ornament is the prominent bachelor. And

there is always an indefatigable rumor that if this gentleman had cared to interfere the leading merchant would not now be host at the recherché affairs. The inner circles of the Ladies' Aid Society expect something to happen yet!

Fifth is the more or less pretty daughter of the leading banker. And sixth is the elderly maiden, who was kept company with for many years by one of the tewn's premising young men, finally dropped by him like a stale radish. and who since has given the old men and the little children something to talk about until Death-"the great silencer" claims them for his own.

Rudolph Warner sat in the neat real-estate office his father had bequeathed him and, with corpulent legs languidly crossed, looked out at Muin Street. Sixteen of his thirty-five years had been spent with languid crossed legs in a more or less interested survey of that thursughfare. At present the street and the air above were white snowsheets and hence not excitable to vision. Boredly Mr. Warner reached for a package of chewing gum on his desic.

With care he was selecting the pinkent fragrant stick when the door was flung open, letting in a slap of cold air and an oldish girl. Rudolph looked up, grunted "Howdu-doo?" and went on selecting gom.

And by that slighting reception Cora Kaley's slight social position in Januaville was defined - for, had it been Louise Brown, the plump blonde daughter of Brown, of the City National, Mr. Warner would have dropped the gum, uncrossed his corpulent legs in a twinkling and sprang up to brush the snow from Louise's brown plush-and-beaver coat -and this in spite of a faint distasts for Miss Brown's frequent incursions to his business quarters.

Bets had been on in Janusville for several years as to whether Louise would land Rudolph. And Janusville rather reproached him. Louise was a nice girl and almost. pretty. A trifle overweight, perhaps, and more than a trifle egotistic. But do you expert a wife to have no drawbacks at all? Yet, in the moment of repreach, Januaville felt a pride in harboring so fastidious a male.

And if it had been Mrs. James Todd, the elever young wife of Todd, of the Leading Drygonds and Ladies' Cloaks and Suits, Rudolph Warner would have scrambled up in half a twinkling, pulled off her sealskin coat and bung it on the radiator to dry, and arged the whole package of gum on her. When Mrs. Todd had been Lill Connors at the high school the adds had not been in favor of Louise. was pretty generally known that James Todd would have had hard sailing had not Lill been piqued by Rudolph's dilatorinosa.

The town blamed him severely. Lill was a nice girl and as pretty as pink plum jelly - a bit malicious of tongue and laugh, perhaps; but there are worse faults. And though James Todd made an excellent husband, being hard hit by the income tax and more than willing that the Weekly Democrat should have frequent occasion to accuse his wife of recherchéness - two virtues not often found in the same busband-Janusville was sympathetic to Lill.

But Cora Kaley poor, poor Corry! No one expected Rudy Warner or anybody else to spring gallantly up at



Care Had Seen Jinneed Into Inscites by the Fight

her entrance. When Kel Holmsted, four years before, left Jamesville and her, she had forfeited all claim to Jamesville's respect. Six years had Kel kept company with hertaken her to partise and the dances at the armory; eaten supper every Sunday evening with her and her mother. Then, when lengthened time made marriage expected imminently by Cora, her mother and the town, Kel discovered that Janusville offered only middling prospects to a young mun of his caliber. The best held out so far was the sociably pleasant but not lucrative clerkship in Mech's Cigar Store.

Most people did not consider Kel much, in spite of silky yellow hair and a handsome white forehead. His father was an unprosperous blacksmith; his mother was notorimus for her ragged dishts/webs. With such antecedents Kell was thought lurky to get a nice, steady, capable girl like Cora, who, hesides entertaining him in the six years, had worked a steady way from the rural school to Janua-ville's first grade; then to its third; then to penmuship instructor of all its grades. At least Janusville thought him lucky until he made it plain that he did not want her.

And immediately Januaville knew that it had known all along that Core was poor stuff. And my! she looked buts offer than twenty-four! Januarille hastily bunted dates for comparison and counted back. Her father had been dead nine years. Was she only fifteen then? Yes. Her mother had stretched the insurance money until Corry was old enough to teach. Well, anyway, she looked older. Kel lingeringly kissed her when he left and made her promise to write to him real often. Kel was good-natured.

Janusville waited eagerly. Bets in Meck's Cigar Store and opinions in the church puriors were ten to three that Kel Holmsted would run out of postage stamps, so far as Corn Kaley was concerned, before six months went by.

A week after he left, the white-goaterd postmaster reported one postcard. It said that a letter would come later; he was tired traveling on the train-excuse leadpeneil. Nine days later came a letter. Cura did not open while the mailman was at the gate.

Well, Janusville, whatever its failings, had perspicacity. A few bets were too extravagant, a few opinions too farfetched; but at the end of eight months Uncle Sam's mail service was not burdened by any missives for Miss Cora Kaley. The last that came was a tinseled view of Butte, Muntang. It hoped that Corry and all were well. He himself was enjoying

Janusville laughed dryly- in eigar store and in church parlor. Janusville did not know as it blamed Kel. Maybe she had been sort of pretty six years back - for folks who like that white-skinned sharp-chinned style. Once, in the gushy remanticism of the third year of high school, Kel, in a composition, had described her: "Hair like molting chony, eyes the soft gray of dusk, and cheeks of winsome apole-blossom pink-ton pale for red, too relorful for white." Every at the reference and reported - the next Friday night from it to Cora vi the countri hing at the time.

ficed that her nose was as When ! ook was separated from her sharp.

mouth by a temperish furrow-signposts of crankiness and old-maidhood. And her expression was strained - as though only a strong will held back spleenful outbursts. Janusville parents remem-bered how often in the past their offspring had complained that Miss Kaley was a cross old thing, always making scholars write their letters over.

Scorn is a freak weed. You never know when a big cros has grown to mature leafage under the surface of daily mentionings, ready to fling forth widespreading venture whenever that dry surface raked by an untoward hap pening. Cora held her hear high; but every one saw that she was soured and crank; and getting old.

And young Janusville de spised her, even though i labored under her instruc tion; but, though it despise her, it univeled, rubbed whimpered, erused and madits m's and o's as painstak ingly perfect as grubby, toll ing young fingers could make

them. Miss Kaley did not coax the young idea to shoot She tweaked its cars. Mean old thing!

Young Janusville was glad "her feller run off an wouldn't marry her! Who blamed him? Goah! She neve would believe a feller couldn't help gittin' inkstains all ove his copybook!" And young Jannavillo often yelled the sentiments after Miss Kaley on the street—whenever a adjacent alley furnished a chance to duck out of sigh before her gray eyes got the identity of the yeller.

Older Japasville said resentfully that she need not take her spite out on poor little innocent children, and suggests a change in penmunship instructor. The achool lear talked it over. Professor Blayne, who had been superin tendent for eighteen years, pulled at his graying mustache scratched his graying head with an impatient green peace and dryly advised that she be retained. She was con-petent. He and the board had been postered by seven ncompetents before her.

The beard was accustomed to take his advice. And of Mrs. Graham, with whom the professor had boarded the eighteen years, chirped breadcast that he said he had neve yet heard of a child dying of a tweaked cur. So Januavill laughed and good-humoredly decided that, since Corry ha to support her mother, it would be a shame to take th position away from her.

Poor Corry! they laughed it again; for Kel, meetin itinerant fellow townsmen, gave them to understand the he would never be back. Tell Cora she was perfectly in so far as be was concerned; and Kel gripped while he sai it, and added immediately that Corry was a good girl an a nice girl

"Nice old girl!" one fellow townsman had insinuale

Kel admitted that she was getting along in years. Seve or eight years and eighteen do not make twenty. Ke kindly hoped, though, that she would marry some a right chap. As for him, he did not care to settle. And h winked at the fellow townsman, who winked back; an then they had a drink together on the foolishness of ol girls anyway.

So, bearing all this in mind, it would have been foods to expect Mr. Warner to hop gallantly up and whish to snow from Miss Kaley's black cloth coat and small black felt hat. He merely looked up for her to state her business which she did with concine brevity. She and her moths wished to sell the cottage that had been their home so lan and she had come to list it with him.

"Leaving town?" uninterestedly asked Rudolph as b noted: "Six rooms; lean-to; cellar; big yard; some Hill Street and Fourth Avenue-nine hundred dollars.

"Maybe!" briefly watching his languid pencil A snowflake dropped from her hat and moltest on the side of her ness. With a black-gloved hand she irritably was it away. "Don't waste time!" impatiently. It was the same curt impatience of voice that was so efficacious in winning the levely curls of capital S from stiff, uncuring young fingers. "This is January; February, March. School lets out the first of June. I'd like it sold by April."

"Well, we'll do our best," lazily. Rudolph was addicted to the royal we. "But not more than a million people a ares are looking to buy in Januaville, you know!

Mr. Warner's pleasant smile stamped this as pleasantry such as the ethics of business courtesy entitled even Corry Kaley to. She did not smile appreciation of the merry quip. She looked Mr. Warner over, from his large, smoothcombed brown head to his large brown-leathered feet. Down in the third grade any eight-year-old wielder of the slippery penholder could have told him that such a look meant: "Don't you dare tell me that's the best you can do!" And the third-grader would have warned Mr. Warner to look out or he would get shaken until his chin jubbed a hole in his shirt.

However, Mr. Warner was not of the grades. He closed his notebook, yawned and unwrapped another stick of gum,

meantime tossing off politely:

"We'll miss you from our midst, Miss Cora."
"Will you?" Miss Cora's voice was dry. She added as he turned to go: "Mother heard at last week's meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society that the new barber was looking ound to buy. You might see him first."

"Why, yes; I will," agreeably. "I hadn't heard; but dare say he would be thinking of buying. Got quite a smily, I believe: and rent mounts up." And Mr. Warner houghtfully chewed up another crackling pink stick,

"I'll drop in day after to-morrow to see what you've tone," said Cors, and got briskly out before the startled Rudolph could tell her that real-estate business was not ransacted with such tempestuousness.

"Huh!" he grunted displeasedly. "Does she think I'm

whirligig?"

His displeasure was cut short, however. Mrs. James fold fluffed in, snowed-on, gay-eyed and breathless. She and passed Cora on the pavement, and the two had achanged the casual nods of women who came up from int grade together, but for several years have seen each ther only on Main Street and at church, "Oo-ooh!" she shivered.

Rudolph sprang up so speedfully that his gum slipped rom tongue tip to throat and he had to pause to cough it p. Then, with his bare hands, he whisked the snow from drs. Todd's sealskin coat.

'Why don't you stay home, where it is warm?" he

olicitously demanded.

"I came down to see you!" declared she; but it was not naffectionate declaration. It smacked of belligerency, and he took a chair with the air of a lady prepared for argusent. Mr. Warner sank back in his own swivel leather omfort and chewed gum industriously-one might almost hink uneasily. "I want to know!"

Mr. Warner rudely interrupted:

"If you want to know who's going to lead the grand turch of the dance given next week by the Civic Beauty lub for that darned old gladfolus bed in the public puare-why, I can tell you right at the start. It won't

"It will! You've got to! Why won't you?"

As the angry sentences burtled at him Rudolph Warner sibly cringed; but he defantly repeated: "I won't!"

"You shall! lease, Rudy 1" Mrs. odd entreated. No one looks so rumptious as you the head, espeally the last few MATH.

Her eyes, beautilly big and brown, rinkled as they eneated.

Rudy stiffened. uring the last few are he had taken iconsiderable flesh. e was not obtuse nd he did not cribe that twinkle admiration of his anly form. Lill id a mean habit of aking fun of folks their faces, which as one reason, ough nobody but udolph knew it, at she was Lill odd and not Mrs. arner.

"I won't!" flatly. For fifteen years re led every dogned grand march

this doggoned wn. And I've "You lazy

"I'm getting old and fat," imperturbably. "And Carl Lowry is de-lighted to take my place. I've spoken to him and it's all fixed up, my dear girl."

Lill regarded him sulkily. To her and Janusville the chief event of every year was the midwinter dance. Sheand others-began in July to plan a gown for it. James Todd-and others got pop-eyes every New Year at the mighty price tag one frail gown can carry. For months before and weeks afterward Mrs. Todd, as manageress, moved in a glamorous atmosphere of authority and style. She took a slam at the dance as personal.

"Carl Lowry," coldly, "couldn't lead his grandmother in out of the rain!"

"He took four tango lessons in Kansas City last week," insinuatingly.

She brightened.

"Did he? I must get him to teach me! But," this spitefully, "won't Louise rave when she learns her embroidered gold crêpe -

"She needn't," generously; "Louise goes with the lead."

Mrs. Todd laughed unkindly, considering that she and Miss Brown were dear friends.

"She's a nice girl," reproachfully: "and a sweet girl."
"Too nice for me, I sometimes lear," amiably. "And"— Mr. Warner hesdtated: but there were passages in the past that made for confidence between Mrs. Todd and himself-"as sweet as a fat apple dumpling."

"Shame on you!" Lill reproached; but she laughed. "If she'd lift those fat heels when she walks instead of sliding 'em slong!" Anxiously: "But you'll be in the murch? Please! I want it to be a bowling success this year!

Rudelph stretched fazily. He had heard her voice that ame want many previous years.

"Oh, I'll tag along somewhere," carelessly.

"With whom?" demurely. "If Carl has Louise at the

'Oh, I don't know-don't care!"

"Ethel Brake?" Lill's eyes were gulleless.

"Good Lord, no! Louise would have a fit. She thinks

Then the mest prominent bachelor of Januaville broke off in confusion, having said eight words more than he eared to say to Mrs. James Todd. Lill's lough rang.
"My dear man," she caroled, "some day you'll fail off

that fence you straddle so carefully. And oh, the bump you'll get!"

It was Mr. Warner's turn to sulk.

"Anyway, dances are a doggoned bore," he grumped; "and I wish folks with nothing to think about but clothes and places to show their clothes would give the town a rest for a while,

Lill huffily quit laughing.

"Well," tartly, "whom will you take? I don't know who's left, except"—she laughed, recalling whom she had met on the payement - "Corry Kaley.

"Maybe I'll take her!" sulkly. "Wouldn't she be surprised-and tickled?" Conceit plantered his sulks.

"She might turn you down!" careleasly,

Mr. Warner laughed.



Me's Drumme Bermere Fon Cut. Him Got With Corry Kaley!"

"No one ever yet refused me," he puffed, and looked straight at Mrs. Todd. She would remind him he was fat, yould she?

Lill's under lip drew up contemptuously against its mate. That complarency of conceit was one strong reason, though no one but herself knew it, that she was Mrs. James Todd and not Lill Warner. She looked straight at

"There is something in being careful not to give folks a chance to refuse you," she retorted sweetly. And as she left she reflected: "I must say I prefer James to him!"

"Must say I prefer Louise to her!" reflected Mr. Warner comfortably.

And then he rejoiced in that elever idea of using Corry Kaley to glaze a rasping social predicament. Good! He had not known his own brightness! From now on he would make a point of gallantry to the ineligibles of Januaville femininity. Next time he would take Miss Addicks, the rheumatic, wrinkled dressmaker. Louise could not say a word! Ethel could not say a word! Lill could not say a word!

And so a week afterward, while Janusville suppressed a emile. Corry Kaley stepped by his side in the grand march

parade. But since she was only Corry Kaley-a pitied bit of discard - there was no prelude of gallant flummeries such as are usual at such times. Had she been Louise, Mr. Warner would have engaged the livery stable's best hack two weeks beforehand, and would have seen that its cushions were dusted clean and its wheels washed spotless for Miss Brown's gold crepe gown to make the journey of three blocks that lay between the Brown mansion and the armory. Likewise with Ethel-except that he might have passed up the wheel inspection. And had it been Lill, he would have sprinted to speak first for the town livery's treasure of treasures, a second-hand taxicab. Lill was not too buckward to scream outright that she wouldn't put a



In Spite of the Gotrture You Could Have Heard a Pin Drop at That End of the Armory



The Meeting Place in Summertime

Is Around a Dish of Puffed Grains

Every morning, countless families are now meeting around a dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Some eat them with cream and sugar-some mix them with their fruit.

Every evening, legions again meet around Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice in milk. At supportime or bedtime these dainty morsels form an ideal good-night dish.

At noontime, Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice form the welcome luncheon. At dinner, they are scattered like nut meats over the ice cream. In the afternoon, girls use them in candy making, and hungryboys when at play eat the grains like peanuts.

The millions who do this know the utmost in a cereal-food delight.

The Perfect Foods

Prof. Anderson, in these puffed grains, has created the perfect foods. Here, for the first time, all the food granules are broken. Digestion can instantly act.

Inside of each grain there occur in the making a hundred million steam explosions. And the airy morsels which result are the bestcooked foods in existence.

They are foods for any hour. They never tax the stomach. And every atom of food value has been made available. No other method has ever created such ideal foods as these puffed grains.

Puffed Wheat, 10c Except in Puffed Rice, 15c West

In the hot days coming - when you want to save cooking - when you want cool foods, easy to digest-serve a wealth of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Serve them as breakfast cereals, as dairy dishes. And use them like confections, for the taste is like toasted nuts.

Each puffed grain has a different flavor. But each is crisp and bubble-like and thin. Each is a dainty which everyone enjoys. Each marks the limit in good food.

Serve them both. Order a package of each from your grocer, then let the children vote on which they like best.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

delicate white charmeuse satin train in a dirty seedy back for any man! But Cora

Rudolph waited until the night of the dance, until the dance was in full swing, undance, until the dance was in run swing, until couples were already taking their places
for the grand march, before he sought
Cora in that end of the armory which was
roped off for the mere spectators—the
hot polloi, as Mrs. James Todd termed them
in her high-geared moments.

Hart Lowry, only child of the leading
druggist, was more tolerant. He was a tall-

boned youth, with eyes like pale gobs of faded blue calcimine, whose gaudy neckties and gaudier footgear made up for Jannsville's lack of an art gallery. Jannsville knew very well that the profits of less becessary stuff than drugs procured that coetly gaudiness; but art is art, whatever its severe and only a few spiteful follows:

its source, and only a few spiteful folks discussed grand jury action.

Hart had once read a volume of Balzac clear through; and he held that the bourgeois had a right to live. "You gotta have different classes," he re-buked Lill, "or there wouldn't be no such thing as society

To which Mrs. Todd sniffed that she s'posed so; but she wouldn't dance on the same floor with any barber on earth!

Core was sitting with her mother and old Mrs. Grahum, who had given her bourders a four-o'clock supper in order that she might have plenty of time to squeeze into herblacketamine. Almost all Jannsvillewan grouped round. Miss Addicks in cracked, green taffeta; berapprentice scared in white lawn. Farther away the barber was stiff and tangue-tied in brown cheviot and brown piqué gloves; his wife, in light gray pongee, overskirted with shadow lace, tapped longing toes to the music.

The Baptist preacher was not there. He

was at home writing a sermon on the seductiveness of modern society; but Professor Blayne was there, in his Sunday shiny black hayne was there, in his sunday shiny black broadcloth, with his graying hair rumpled up because he had just run angry fingers through it when old man Haydy, beside him, got personal over the impersonal ains of the Republican party.

Rudolph made his leisurely way through the groups, nodding pleasantly at wrinkled Miss Addicks, who fluttered at the honor;

apologized for treading on Professor Blay ne's. wide black town in an awkward effort to avoid exacting Mrs. Graham's wide black-stardied know, sat down beside Cora and researched genially that he thought a deal was in process of making, and by the way, was there a cichern?

Dark broke off in a term motorey to old Mrs. Graham concerning the absolute un-regeneration of Louise Brown's fourteen-

"Cuteral Old-our comage? Yes-

"That egood," and Rudolph, And then, after a fling at the weather, another smile at Mus Addicks, a good evening to Cera's mother and another to Mrs. Ottobers, and a friendly nod to Protessor Diagra, he care-leady and carrially asked whether he tright

have the pleasure of Miss Cora's company in the march just forming, unless she were

already engaged.

In spite of the booming overtage you could have heard a pin drop at that end of the armory. Cora had half turned back to continue her conversation with Mrs. Graham. She jerked round in open-mouthed amazement. Her mother jumped. Except by a very natural temperishness, Cora had never betrayed that she writhed over Kola defection; but her mother had never attempted to disguise her maternal share.

Such defection is hard on a mother is a town where society and marriage call for Roman script. Was it possible that Corramight again be kept company with! You could bear motherly hope in her excited breathing. Professor Blayne quit talking and looked mildly amused. Under his graying motest acts there are remaind to have ing mustache there seemed to hover a mo-

ing mustache there seemed to hover a ungratulatory smile.

Old Man Haydy leaned forward to bear again what be had heard but could not believe he had heard. In his old peaked face was the light of avid curiosity.

Cora murmured "No"; but her mother gave her a push, and so did old Mrs. Graham. She stood up. Perhaps in that curious, eager, hoping atmosphere she judged it easier to accept than to refuse the careless, casual invitation. She partly turned, as casual invitation. She partly turned, as though in anology to some one of the group, or as though for permission. Her mother beamed it; old Haydy beamed; Miss Ad-dicks beamed; Professor Blayne beamed old Mrs. Graham beamed. A fine, faint pink came over her sharp-featured white face, softening her—making her younge, Rudolph Warner afterward remembered Or was it the proximity of wrinkled yellow Miss Addicks that rubbed off some of her ymara?

And he afterward remembered that she

had had on a very becoming dress.

Through the kei polloi of spectators and down the grand march, which was to Jaco-ville as the golden chariot races were to Rome in its prime, twittered amused com-ments; but the twitter was not hysterical. Every one—except perhaps Cora's mother—knew that Rudy did not mean anything. Every one, though, knew it in a different

Corn knew—then and alterward—that a caredon variable lift of sources had be interpolated in a basiness shall be knew that Rudy did not care for any perbut her own ewest self. Cora we nobels Ethel Brake perilebly knew that he lad nitogether iniconstrued her me annu e so in a thoughtless moment she had a that grand marches could be left out hated them.

Mrs. James Todd knew that he reminding her of the nesty dig that he given her the other day, "Come" thing!" she colled; and at herm that me the kissed Mr. Todd so tenderly that a murcologist might have wandered wister regret, pique or self-remagrance of film) prorpried the affectionate tribute.

Mr. Warner attached no significate the event except as an item to be will



From Seven-Thirty Until Steen Kel Related the Past, Present and Puture of Montani



Mor's West Wares Pigskin ston. Nickel, \$10 at silver, \$10 g gold filled, \$11.

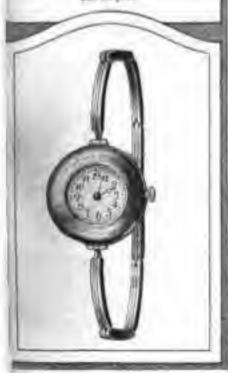


Necessary equipment for the outdont man and woman. Accurate, handy, beautiful timekeepers, always in plain eight and cannot he lear. Streenware acrossy will not affect them and dampness cannor harm them.

By all means get one for your varation this summer and save your expensive watch from possible damage or loss. See them at your Elgineer's store-your local jeweler's

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO. ELGIN, ILLINOIS

WORDS'S REACOUT WATCH \$20 to \$25.



grinningly over the breakfast table the next morning to his mother. And there would have been no significance attached by any one except perhaps Cora's mother—had not Lill Todd a week later been hard pressed to fill out the five pages of corre-spondence that friendship with a married schoolmate in Kansus City exacted from her monthly.

Like most talkative people, Lill loathed letter writing. She grouned at the labor of remembering interesting items and jotted them down in hodgepodge connection. And so, merely to start a page, she men-tioned that Rudy had Corry Kaley as partner in the grand march of the midwinter dance.

Jenny, the married schoolmate, remem-bered Cora as a pretty, self-contained girl-not as discard. She knew that Rudy Warner always led the grand march. She interpreted the news as significant, and passed it on with her interpretation. And so in less than two months, through the mouths and pens of five or six more or less inter-pretative people, it finally reached Kel Holmsted, who had wandered far and wide without locating the prospects that Janus-ville had not offered.

Kel was surprised. He had always pictured Corry as patiently teaching school and waiting until he should return—which he had no intention of ever doing. Why. Corry was old! She had been old when he left! Well! Well!

Now it happened that when Kel heard the news he had been homesick for some time—if a lazy, calfish, forlorn feeling is entitled to insult that decent, and word-And for some time he had rather resented the fact that Cora Kaley, so to speak, kept him from going bome. He had wished that she would move away so be might re-turn. He took the news of her engagement

to Rudy as a glad removal of a barrier.

And by jinget Corry had done well for berself! Kel had always trailed along in the pale orbit of conquest that lay outside Rudy's glowing center; and despits a very fair opinion of his own desirability, he knew that, matrimonially considered, Mr. knew that, matrimonially considered, Mr. Warner outclassed bim as Janusville's one taxicab outwheeled its hack. Corry was a lucky girl, by George! He would congratulate her! He wondered, though, what Rudy saw in her. She had been sort of pretty years ago, before she get thin and oidish; but no style—not a mite! Maybe, though, she had perked up. Well, anyway, he would go back; and he bought a ticket and started. and started.

Helena, Montana, where Kel happened to be when he bought his ticket, is a long journey from Janusville. So many days on a train gives you time for thought-doubledover, crimcross, labyrinthic thought. Kel's mind traveled the usual backing, circling, winding paths pursued by a certain grade of masculine mind when it learns that the fruit it threw away as specked or vapid has been picked up by a connoisseur and adjudged of rare delicacy

The first day, Kel framed congratula-tions to Corry. The second, he wondered, with mirth, how she had landed Rudy. The third, he wondered without mirth. The fourth, his mouth curied cynically. And all this time he had been under a delusion that she cared for hipself! He had even felt sorry for her. Huh! Guess no man need waste pity on a woman! What fickle things women are

On the fifth day Kel Holmsted wrapped himself in aggrievement, like an abandoned orphan. And this was the tenor of his thought: Oh, faithfulness! How art thou departed from this earth!

The sixth-why, certainly! He was the injured party-had been all those years! She wrote only two letters in reply to that last postcard, and a girl who thought any-thing of a man would have feared that those two might have miscarried and she would have written to find out whether he got them. What good coconst-cream pie her mother used to make every Sunday! Kel's mouth watered. Montana—the part he knew-was as shy of good pie as of coconut trees.

On the seventh day, however, Kel nobly and sadly decided not to interfere—unless his feelings overmastered him at sight of the guilty pair. Under the nobility of resolution lay a fear that his feelings would be unmanageable.

Meantime Rudolph had not sold the Kaley cottage. He was out of town a week or so, at home with a cold a week, out of town again for a few days. On his return he found a curt note. What had he done?



Cellers! Children Dies Carrelo Cocamorel Vegetable (stience

Mora Torrie Moltinationer Meltine Britis OaTell Peoplet Fre PAW Timesto. Tumata-Olova

Vaccinell-Tomas



Campbelli. Soups

TELY ELICIA MONTH E SELECTION NO MENT



The Indian Parcel Car Delivers

TO THE MERCHANT

-reduced delivery coats -widered delivery area -roots delicaries per hous

TO HIS CUSTOMERS

deliveries when promised unfidance in dealer's service

THE Indian Purcel Car holds today one of the most conclusive titles to Distribution Efficiency. It has been tried out in every conceivable was and has received the unqualified recognition of delivery and distribution experts the country over. Its performances have entirely recast the delivery methods not only of merchants, both big and little, but of great American public utility corporations as well.

ndian Parcel Car Quickest Delivery on Earth

is the Impede-hoat of modern commerce. With its speed and grace of operation it can out-deliver home and wagun to a degree that admire of an companion. Code business per mile to operate as against 18 cents for home-drawn vehicles. (Figures quoted include driver's wages.) Covers double the indexes. Needs a negligible amount of games accommodation—often none as all. Uses only 2 a gallone

The Indian Parcel Car Has Been Evolved to Handle a Big Volume of Small Package Distribution With Slight Outlay.

It is during precisely that books — fund questions a corn, for models and all kinds, for the U.S. M. Serve — for one common models had pursure and telephone a compared to There is no narrow to the U.S. March 1999. The Indian Panel Cay Book should be so the dear of cross man who has

perform which comprise a reling spea of the Indian Paris Carana mancity three every commercial proposition. See purpose open propose.

HENDEE MANUFACTURING CO., 800 State St., Springfield, Mass.

BRANCHES AND SERVICE STATIONS:

Kenne City Below San Francucc Torsolo

Michelenne Mellourne

THE SILENT-INDIAN -

Rather irritated, on his way home to dinner that evening he supped to tell Cora-that the barier did out think cement-lined cisterus were healthful. Back in Ohio he had been raised with a slime-lined one and good old-habloned things were good enough

Core's mother opened the door. She fluttered obviously at Mr. Warner's appearasce. Effectively the abased him into the small parior, where Cora was correcting school papers, and then almost tripped in her obvious haste to get out of the room and solimiranic on her daughter sprospects.

Mr. Warner stared a little at Cora. Some how she was not the same as the prim, back-garled woman be know

harrying, black-garlied woman he know stowkers. She had on a loase white linese three here. She had on a liane white linear dress, and at the moreoust of his cotraneous the bad larify effected her areas up hads of her bend. The relaxed activate or the wife dress made her seem younger and softer-leatured. And he was positive she was stalling as he came in a soft, happy, perlay staller with her type fixed on the actual papers, which surely were nothing to smile at. Then her arms hall down; the rose, and actualized, though he mould not remember the exact moreoust of the transformation. the exact monent of the transformation, she had all at core tename the ridish woman with whom he was familiar.

Her first words were ill-isempered:

"Ident!" For a second Budy Warner acreally thought the meant him limited of the harber. Then also demanded: "Well, have you say one abe in rise! It is an received fittle bouse," with an appraising glasser reand the room; "and if I serve it is an interest on the rise of the adjustice."

He said by had not board of any one who was thinking of buying. Core Kaley looked.

was thinking of buying. Core Kaley looiood at hom. The look snapped:

"Why haven't year"

Rudniph three himself up offerdedly.

Rudniph three himself up offerdedly.

Guad gracious! The agenus evidently
thought he negle to run his legs off to sell
her dicky nine-but dress-dollar house! He
garmed he would tell her he did not care to
hither—

Of courses if it is to be to be be a con-

"Of course, if it is too much bother," abe cut in any mass only, "I'll not a with follow." Endough Warner was not thin-skinned, at most a bett such as Corn were momentud.

but a partiplicine model have felt the sting of her tone. That tone had been spiraled and peroted on every small land tray is Januar die, and it come just how to wrigge

Anterestic, and II core just how to original a buristic was moder a biline's blids.

Mr. Warrar blinked. Was also calling rise large? Mr. Warrar said warraly.

It takes thus to sail property, my done blies Kniey. Hardling real many is not like the designed to got been A B C a."

That was designed to put her in her place.

Designed going all agelry. Miss Kniey did of some order for large going the color.

out men to be full my place. Shouldingsod ber thin montdore - en her alse priest them for their monthleres can her absorption of their first such access a more along so their call in the such as the first destroy that it is an in the rest special to the first destroy that it is a such as the first destroy that it is a such as the first such as the such a

live of the time, was depend by that moves it was not mainly at 5 source. Masave of many deal in pain throught visair the collection of the collecti in the record, but the got of it received the second of the relation.

It is the remarks be worse? In relation.

The remarks? the agreed. Dissuit re-

The arrests to the four street are and the arrests to the four streets and the arrests to the four streets are the four streets are a few per and amorations at the year of naul-

the supplier of at lower angeresally Who are largered a young age that any it should not be a self-own frames. Have and London. Are Rudolph Warner eraced and the land. He sensed a turino

Societies states for unit tall done of There's the large Along in this, "I Semeliar all the force as the time-

out taked by the I've tiet with the



THE actual dimen-I sions of the human foot and ankle are followed in making Hosiery with the

HIRNER ASHIONED

It fits without winkles or stretchmg, giving a smooth, even, unstretched appearance that is appreciated by all good dressers.

The old style stocking is too iong in front, causing wrinkles. It's too short across the heel and sole, and is greatly stretched by your foot. Then you pull up hard with your garles to get out the wrinkles-more stretch and strain - and your stocking team or wears out quickly.

Hosiery made with the "Hirner Fashioned Foot" fits perfectly without undue tension anywhere, consequently the fabric retains its full durability, and will wear much longer.

You can probably find Hirner Fashioned-Foot Hosiery at your dealer's. If

To the Trade: The "Himer Fashinned Foot" has already been adopted by a number of sent manufac turers, and added to their regular brands, in various grades. Your jobber can supply you.

not, don't accept anything else. Write us. giving his name, and we will tell you where you can get it, and send you our illustrated book "Making Hosiery Wear." Please address:

"HIRNER FOOT"

rinner Foot," Aller	Out and Mail
Name - Dease mail 6	backlet Making Housey Wes
Street	
Cep	Same
My dealer is	-CHARG.
Address	



Self-Filling Fountain Pen

NON-LEAKABLE

The"Crescent-Filler"is the logical and practical filling device and is found only on the Conklin. It is never in the way when writing, but always at your thumb's end for filling. Incidentally, it prevents your pen from rolling off the desk,

The "Crescent-Filler" is simple and aboveboard. It's outside the barrel, where it's "get-at-able." We are proud of the "Crescent-Filler." Conklin dealers are proud of it. Conklin users are proud of it. It is the hallmark of quality and efficiency among fountain pens.

> Sold by Stationers, Jewelers, Druggists, on 30 days' trial. Prices, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 and up. Write for catalogue and two little books of pen wit-all free.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO. 279 Conklin Bldg., Toledo, Obio, U.S. A.

TOO N. American Bidg., State and Monton Streets DENVER SAN FRANCISCO 379 Market Street WINNIPEG. CAN 340 Donald Street

Rudolph wriggled. Really it was not de-cent—parading her misery like that. What if she was soured? It was not respectable to tell every one! He edged toward the door. First thing he knew, she would be edging toward him for sympathy. It was a relief to him that Professor Blayne should step in at that moment, with a hasty: "Got those test papers corrected yet?"

"Try to do something next month," she

called crossly after him,
"Won't if I don't feel like it," Mr. Warner childishly muttered to himself out on the sidewalk. "She's more dominosring than Lall!" Which, though Mr. Warner did not realize it, showed that Cora had risen considerably in his estimation. Never before had she been compared so honorably by

him or any one else.

He did not do anything that month-reason: Nothing to do; so he coldly told Miss Kuley some five times, when she waylaid him at his office or on Main Street. Jamsville was no more inclined to buy a cottage than to finance an expedition to the South Pole. Then he spent eight days in St. Louis.

The afternoon of his return Mrs. Todd met him in front of her husband's store. She was giggling. Her pretty eyes were aglow. Her face crinkled impishly. He laid her bubbling gayety to her new spring attire—a brilliant green broadcioth so low-necked that James ville had expected for a need to have the head expected for a week to hear she had pneumonia and was ready to say it served her right. He learned that her gayety was not self-inspired. "Have you heard?" she giggled. "Kel got back two days ago!" "Kel Holmsted?" uninterestedly. "Fiz-sled out there?"

zled out there?

"Oh, I don't know; guess so." as though that were of no importance. "But what do you think? He's grumpy because you cut him out with Corry Kaley!"

And Lill's laugh rang out in so earsplit-ting a cascade of glee that several chronic Main Streeters looked round and thought to themselves:

"There's those two together again! Jim Todd hetter watch out! Something'll hap-

Rudy stared uncomprehendingly at her. "What in Sam Hill are you talking

about?

"He heard about the grand march and thinks you and Corry are engaged." Again her thrill of mirth sent scandal down Main Street. Rudolph took the news as dumfoundedly as a hungry labouer would take a live chicken from his dinner pail in-stead of the expected hard-boiled egg. "What!" And then he laughed so hard

and long that the chronic Main Streeters and long that the chronic atain streeters edged up in a body to bear what it was about. And this is what they heard, as soon as Rudy could control his merth enough to articulate: "Well, what kick's be got coming anyway? Staying away all these years! Did he expect to find her ready to be picked up any time he came back'

Two Main Streeters burried over to the drug store to tell old Mr. Lowry, who chuckled it to Hart, who ran over to snicker it to Meck, who told Kel when he came into the eight store an hour later. Kel heard it injuredly, but nobly.

"I know I had no right to expect her to he faithful. I didn't expect her to. I know," hitterly, "what wumen are. I sent back word that she was to consider herself absolutely free." He reached into herself absolutely free." He reached into the case for a stogy. "I had no prospects." His martyr-sad voice gave the impression that only manliness held back the tears. Broken-heartedly he walked out, forgetting in his result to pay for the story.

in his grief to pay for the stogy.

After Lill gigglingly left him Rudolph had gone smilingly on his way, to be buttonholed a few yards farther on by Cora herself, who had seen him and had run across the street to intercept him. He

across the street to intercept him. He looked at her with amused interest. Was she elated over Kel's return?

And then Mr. Warner got a distinct shock. Either he had never looked closely at her before or Kei's return had transfigured her. The sharpness had left her face. She was actually pretty! Like Lill, she was gay in new spring attire-a bright blue mandarin effect unlike her usual oldish modest garb; but it was not her dress, or the color the March wind had whipped into her face, or the snap in her eyes, that changed her. She had an air of vihrancy, an animation - a pleasant animation that underlay her physical aspect. She seemed on tiptoe with life. She looked happy! Rudolph Warner was disgusted. All for that dub!

Travel on "A.B.A." Cheques



A. B. A." Cheques will relieve you of worry about the safety of your travel funds, simplify your calculations in foreign currency, save you the trouble and expense of exchanging money at frontiers and eliminate many of the petty annoyances which often mar the pleasure of a foreign trip.

American Bankers Association

Cheques

are accepted exactly the same as correscy by botels, radway and steamship lines generally, and by the best shops, in every part of the world. They will be carlied by any one of 50,000 banks.

They are safe for you to carry because your counter-signature - which identifies you - is requeed to make them good and because they may be replaced if lost or atrilen-

They are making travel money matters sale and cary for thousands of American tourists. They are the ideal funds for commercial travelers everywhere.

"A. B. A." Cheques are the only travelers' cheques acrepted under the law in payment of U.S. customs duties.

Get them at your Bank

Ask for descriptive booklet. If your bank is not yet supplied with "A. B. A." Cheques, write us for information as to where they may be obtained to your vicinity.

BANKERS TRUST CO., NEW YORK





US with which World's records are broken and new records made. MUNITIO It was U. S. Cartridges that won the World's Championship at Bisley, England, during the Olympic Games of 1908; that again won World's Championship at Stockholm, Sweden, in the Olympic Games of 1912; that won the Pan-American Championship at Buenos Ayres in 1912 and that in 1913 won a list of prizes so long that it requires a special folder to list them all. The reasons for this superiority are not mere technicalities which only experts can appreciate-they are as plain as the nose on your face:-

Our priming charge contains neither mercury nor ground glass. These materials are hard to mix uniformly-you can see that. Besides, ground glass is not a good thing to drive rasping along the delicate rifling of your gun. Next, ground glass absorbs 16% of the heat. Our primer materials, being themselves combustible, actually increase the beat of the flame.

This hotter flame gives a quicker ignition, and, as our priming is a strictly chemical combination, it always acts uniformly. The absence of fulminate of mercury in the U.S. Primer protects the brass cartridge case from becoming brittle and weak.

The Government makes only cartridges with a non-mercuric primer. World's Championship Rifle Teams habitually use U. S. Cartridges.

Send Postal for Interesting Historical Booklet, "American Marksmanship" United States Cartridge Company Dept. S. Lowell, Mass. Makers of THE BLACK SHELLS

"I heard the harber is still looking," she began, without preamble. "Don't you think you can do something with him?" Entreaty softened her usual tartness of tone. "I told old Mr. Elliot; but it seems the burber cut his chin one day and now

they don't speak."
"I don't like that," Rudolph objected-"listing the house with everybody else! Anybody would think you didn't rely on

Me!"

Kel's return might have charmed Corsinto a certain youth and grace; but her temper was only laid away, not discarded.

"Maybe anybody'd think shout right!" she snapped. "It seems to me that Janusville offers a splendid opening for a bright, live man!" And she flounced off.

"I suppose," choked Mr. Warner, "she that addled Kel Holmsted is brighter and more alive than me!"

and more alive than me!

He stamped to the burber shop. The burber was busy and told him to come back in the evening.

At the supper table that evening Kel's mother asked him rather uneasily whether he had seen Corry yet. She had not heard all that was being bandled about, but she had always felt that Kel was a trifle to blame in his treatment of Cora-

Kel said nonchalantly that he had not. Maybe he would drop round that evening. After all, he argued to himself, Rudy could not object to an ordinary call for old times' sake. He retired to his room and shaved. And if Iludy did object he would tell him a few home truths about treacherous friends. He hoped the fellow would be there. Supper in the Holmsted home and dinner

in the Warner home were served about the same time. Kel finished shaving as Rudy put on his overcoat to go down to the barber shop. The Kaley cottage was between the Warner home and the shop. Rudy came down the street as Ket went up the Kaley steps; and the imp of perversity or spite impelled Rudy to step up those steps right at Kei's beels. He argued that Cora would like to hear that the barber was amenable

to reason in the matter of cisterns.

Mrs. Graham was there. She had stropped in to sek Mrs. Kaley for some tomuto seed; but she, as well as Mrs. Kaley, knew what was what and they both clat-tered to the kitchen to be out of the way, And Professor Blayne, who had dropped in to discuss a school matter, best a quick retreat, his eyen twinkling, a decided smile howering under his graying mustache; though Cara, her face pink, pressed him

to stay. Evidently she had been expecting one or Evidently she had been expecting one or

Evidently she had been expecting one or the other. Rudy assumed that it was Kel. She had on a new low-cut blue silk dress. Kel assumed it was Rudy. She had fluffed her hair high and prettily. "For that dul-fer?" each resutally earlaimed. Theo from seven-thirty until eleven Kel related the past, present and future of Montana, boring Rudolph, who unsuccessfully tried to interject a synopsis of Janna-ville's doings, which bored Kel. At eleven o'clock Cora herself yawmed. Each took that yawn to bimed! and sullerly went home; and each, as he went, sullerly despised her and each, as he went, sullerly despised her tasts. That dub!

Either Professor Blayne or Mrs. Graham spread the news of the double call and its length. Between breakfast and dinner the next day Januaville buzzed with bets and opinions: and during the ensuing weeks not only Rudy Warner but all the town sat up and took notice that Corry Kaley was no longer the same woman. Somehow, sometime, she had gone back to the self-contained prettiness, the softer features, the kissable pinkiness of her girlbood. January ille rubbed its eyes.

Of course it was Kel's return—so most people declared which had transformed her and caused ber to buy gay new clothes that almost outsplached Lill Todd. It was no such thing, others protested. Rudy Warner was the man. Ever since he asked her to be his partner in that grand march, they now remembered, she had blossomed out like a primrose in the sun.

"I thought she looked terrible exect that night before he asked her," Miss Addicks said. "I was watching her and thinking it was a shume -

Old Mrs. Graham cut in with grim glee: "Well, the shame's biting Kel Holmsted now. They say him and Rudy pretty near came to bloom in Meck's Cigar Store the other night. Rel was flinging round hints about two-faced, double-dealing fat scoun-dreds; and Rudy up and told him the town had worked along without him for a spell and would like to try it again."



give you that enviable pleasure of comfortable motoringregardless of how rough the roads or how fast you drive...

(I It's a combination of a helical spring to take up the shock, an airchamber to check the rebining and anti-side motion links that prevent side rocking and consequent skulding turning corners. No wearing parts means no Iriction - no or me on tremble.

C Taking the Bumps is the hardest kind of work. That is why in K-W Road Smoothers are foundso thesp castings, but insteadhigh grade drop forgings, electric smelted chrome Vanadium steel prings, the best of workmanship, and the K-W Quality that makes possible our broad guarantee,

BEWARE OF IMPLATIONS

C There is only one Ruad Smoother-Don't contine with ordering about almosters or auxiliary optings. Look in the name - K. W Rood Smoother.

C Wrote to Freshot, "Taking and the Sampe"





This Lubricant Puts the Kibosh on Friction

Oil or grease plus Dixon's selected flake graphite is as much better than oil or grease alone as oil is better than water.

Why? Because graphite gets at the cause of friction. No matter how highly polished a bearing may be, under the microscope it looks like the surface of a rasp file. Oil and grease cannot permanently fill up these roughnesses.

Dixon's selected flake graphite fills them, smooths them, makes a new oily surface that eliminates the grinding of this microscopic rasp. Heat or cold will not affect graphite. Pressure makes a graphite surface smoother. The harder it is used, the finer finish it develops.

DIXON'S Graphite Lubricants

Some motorists speak disparagingly of graphite. We don't blame them. There are makers of graphite greases who think any graphite is a good lubricant. The fact is, Dixon's selected flake graphite is the only graphite that will not pack or ball up, because this peculiar form of graphite will not adhere to itself.

Some dealers do not recommend Doon's Graphite Automobile Labricants. Why? Because they ran buy greases for 3c a pound and sell them for 25c. The profit is tempting.

We make high priced, high grade automobile lubricants. We sell only dealers who are in business to stay, who sell real service. They know and recommend Dixon's Graphite Automobile Lubricants. If you will go to such a dealer and buy a can of

Dixon's Graphite Grease 677 for Transmissions

you will find your car will run more monthly than ever before, grow constantly quieter and easily travel a mile or more farther per gallon of gasoline. Equally good for motor boats:

and Differentials

Write for "Wurds of Wisdom from the Spred Kings" and the Dixon Lubrirating Chart.

The Joseph Dixon Crucible Company Jersey City, N. J.

Established in 1827

Cora's mother grew proud, and she was Cora's mother grew proud, and she was much sought after. In response to pressure she told Miss Addicks and old Mrs. Graham—under the seal of secrecy—that she had heard Kel say one night as she passed the parlor door: "But I had no pres-pects!" And Cora had laughed: "And have you any now?" And Mrs. Kaley puffed with pride as she repeated what Rudy said the very nort night as the way are in pulled with pride as she repeated what Rudy said the very next night as she was again passing the parlor door: "I don't want to run the chump down behind his back, Corry; but that trifling, sappy, cled-pated booky isn't the man for you! Here for years other men haven't dared to pay you any attention because they supposed you belonged to him!"

Lill did not believe that last. She went to Rudy.

"That old girl —"
"I believe you and Cora went to school together," Mr. Warner coldly remarked; and then excused himself because the barber

and then excused himself because the burber was waiting to sign some important papers. "Well, I'll be — "Lill was too much of a lady to finish it.

Thoughtfully she made her way to a luncheon given by Ethel Brake, where Corawas the guest of honor. Ethel was surrendering gracefully. Louise had declined to come, however. She was indisposed. After the luncheon Mrs. Todd dropped in to call on Mrs. Holmsted. Kel was at home. Lill langued at him. laughed at him.

"I don't believe it!" she declared.
"What?" he mumbled, red-faced.
"That you refused to fight Rudy and won't must him face to face!"

Mrs. Holmsted sputtered: "Who said so?"

Lill laughed. Kel grabbed his hat.

"He won't say it again!"

Mrs. Holmsted began to cry:

"He'll kill him! Ob, that wicked Coru

Kaley!"

Ratey!"

Rudy was not in his office. The man next door told Kel that he guessed he had gone down the street. Kel traced him from Meck's Cigar Store to the drugstore, back to the cigar store, to the bank, to the barber shop, up the street that led to the Kaley rottage. And from office, cigar store, bank, drug store, barber shup and street, Janusvillers trailed after him excitedly. Some-

thing was going to happen!

And it happened right in front of the Kaley gate, which Rudy had reached on his glad, proud trip to deliver the barber's check to Cora. It was Saturday afternoon; so young Januaville was out enjoying the

warm spring air.

After lunchesn Cors had gone on to a teachers' meeting, and she was returning from it just as Rudy reached the gate and Kel came tearing down the street. By her side, chatting pleasantly about young Jannaville's brains and lack, walked Professor Blayne. His expression was beneficent until he glimped Kei harrying. It changed then to apprehension.

Rudy turned to see what had caused the change; and what he saw in Kel's face caused him to throw up his fists to meet it. The check fluttered to the pavement, where

The check fluttered in the pavement, where Professor Biayne later rescued it.

And then Rudy and Kei went to it. It was unfortunate that a hitching post and a hydrani, both of iron, should have been so near. The back of Rudy's head hit the hydrant; but in compensation Kei's spine later was bent round the hitching post. Rudy's fists landed in Kei's eyes. Kei's fists at the time were welting Rudy's ubdomen. Rudy kicked Kei's right calf until it was never the same again. Kel put a blow on Rudy's chest that almost mixed his two lungs into one. And two new spring suits lungs into one. And two new spring suits were bloody, torn affairs when Professor Blayne, furious and spluttering with his fury, jumped at the two fighters and yanked

"What are you fighting about?" he demanded, with a display of feeling that seemed to make their troubles more his business than their own.

Bloody and breathing hard, they involbeen stunned into inaction by the fight. Professor Blayne clutched them, regarding them quizzically while he said:

"I really do not see why you should batter each other up—on account of the young lady who is to be my wife!" His clutch re-laxed. He turned to Cora. "My dear," repreachfully, "you may remember that I begged you as long ago as last January to make it public -

"I wasn't going to have Janusville gab-bing over my affairs again," resentfully declared Corn.



Time Saver, Money Maker, Trade Bringer

In every trade—to be really progressive and up-to-date— you must have motor delivery. Your competitors realize this. Many of them already have supplanted horses with motors, Others are doing it every day.

Simply to have a motor truck, however, is not sufficient. The important thing is to have the sensible sized truck. Stewart 1500 pound delivery trucks are daily convincing owners in more than 65 lines of business in 100 cities that they are sensible sized trucks. Light enough to make fast trips over big territories economically. Strong enough to codure the severest service. Necessary for at least a part of the delivery work of every business.

Why not follow the judgment— is the leader to its field. It has stond board on experience—of motor wise up and has made good motor all condi-Stream owners? They have done the experimenting for you. To be guided

by their choice is to ayoud un sowier Durchase,

Strewt owners' enthusiasin is say. in understand when you consider that to one your our side of repair parts aver-aged only \$1.37 for crim Stewart trock in service. Thus, we

should be changed.

believe, it so superalisted record. It explains why owners keep on buying more Stewarts.

Stewart-the Right Truck

And the testimony of Stewart owners is confirmed by motor truck

expects, dealers and regimers. Them even endurse the Stewart as the long-

awaited solution of the merchants' delivery question. They peaks the

logical design of the Stewart-its

mendy construction, its amonth, ellerit operation, its samplicity and its cross-

omy. Not one has been able to point out a flow or to name a feature that

Men who first visualized this co-

unity of truck—the 1300 yound size hold the Stream. They have special-

Built by these experts, the Stewart

and on this one capacity for years.

tewart Light Delivery TRUCKS

tions all over this country and abroad.

We do not claim for the litewery that in every hundness it costs less to run then horses. Hagricalistic strength is its ability to its owner. And here's how it makes money:

> Covers a widey range of territory. Mater deliveries

more quickly and more reliably.

Taken care of rush work.

Costs musey only when marking, and the harder it works the more money it makes Can replace two locates at a lower test of four horses at ion than half the core. Advertises he owner as programme.

In course than he have of business the course has govern antidactory. Prosper to course a govern and process are getting manner, reliables and afficiency they sever for a course.

Send for this Free Book

Eyery business house every unrefront settlemed our new book "Blue Moure Delivery Payer of interest. This house tolk time early individual exocorus may decide electrics of me a contra true k will be a profitable levered some. Now to pudge most or truck gradity, lower to pudge most or truck. For every transcript. This book may now you hundred of deliver. Send for it tocks:

[Change Execution complete the execution of delivery. Send for it tocks.]

Against Law Law Servey Leaves Leader Place (ALTHO)
Patern Tools (Althouse Leaves Leave

Stewart Motor Corporation, Buffalo, N.Y.





"Him! Him!" Kel Holmsted wabbled a bloody hand at the professor and turned unbelieving, bleeding eyes on Corry, "Why he's old—"
"N-not—net old Blayne!" hearsely whispered Mr. Warner,
"How dare you talk that way!" Cora Kaley stamped a foot at them. "You!" she shot scornfully at Kel. "Or—you!" she flung disparagingly at Rudolph. "I'll she flung disparagingly at Rudolph. "I'll have you know he is only forty-five! And

neither of you two no-accounts is an in-fant-except in wits!"

Jannaville avers that Professor Blayne chuckled softly as he tenderly led his ex-cited ladylove into the house. And Janua-

"I don't care! They needed it!"
In the Weeldy Democrat's column of personal mentionings the following week were the following items:

"Professor and Mrs. Blayne left immediately after the ceremony for Joplin, where Professor Hlayne has been offered the auperintendency of the schools. The bride's mother accompanied them and will make her home with them. We fear that Janusville's schools will feel their double loss."

"Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of the City National Bark, announce the engagement of their beautiful and charming daughter Louise to Mr. Studolph Warner, Januaville's most popular and prominent bachelor."

"Mr. Kel Holmsted has again departed from our midst after a brief but enjoyable visit with his purents. He avers that the West affere better prosperts to young mon than our staider vicinity. We wish him luck!"

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Rystander

WASHINGTON, D. C. DEAR JIM: Every man who is eligible, and who has made any sort of start in national politics—and some who have made no start at all—carries in the back of his found the idea that some day something may happen which will help to make him President of the United States.

President of the United States.

It is a great thing to be President of the United States; for, saids from the momentary power, the office carries with it historical immortality—that is, for time without end every President's name will be carried in history as that of a man who was once chief executive of this nation, whether any other giory is accorded him or not. The name will survive.

Circumstances and conditions always declare who shall be President; and, more often than not, the man who is made President than not.

often than not, the man who is made Presi-dent because of any certain set of circum-stances and conditions has little or nothing to do personally with the creation of either. Occasionally, however, there comes a time when an opportunity arises that—if properly handled—will assist the man who so doals with it to attain that highly desirable resulting. This does not become the contraction.

position. This does not happen frequently, but once in a while it does happen. There is an apportunity of that kind in Washington right now, as I write this letter to you. It does not seem to me that it will be accepted; but it may. However, if the exactly right man had this opportunity there is no doubt be could do much toward making so great a name for himself with the people that the presidency would not be be-yord his legitimate ambitions and far easier of attainment than it otherwise would be.

I refer to the investigation of the affairs of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, now in progress before the Interstate Commerce Commission. That may be completed or adjourned before you read this; but it is in progress as this is written.
And not since Mr. Justice Hughes, of the
United States Supreme Court, investigated
the ille-insurance scandals in New York has there existed so great a chance for the making of a permanent impression of personal worth on the minds of the people as exists in this investigation, and what may follow it or arise out of it.

This investigation comes at a time when the people are peculiarly susceptible to its disclosures, and of a temper to demand not only stern justice for the men who wrecked



Stafford's Commercial b the int. and by officer ment ever since 1855; but deed pens, and how for function pens. Free flowing, clear and interpres. Free flowing, clear and inteces in culor, permanent—works at well a the less foottom ink you can but and come 20 to 50 per cent lea.

Give the in's a good real in you montaiti peti.

For deck or traveling use, you must use at the new name hadin of Stalland's Commercial complete with off-contained filter, benuly and compact. Favy in rebil from your quar

Take the cannot to your stallower rule.

One Trial Bottle of STAFFORD'S COMMERCIAL

Conduct NAME









It's Worth Knowing

Outside it's breathless. Indoors it's close with the stuffiness of deadened air between walls. Move to the porch! Change it from a place where the glare is to a place where the air is by putting in

Porch Shades

While other people swelter in dining rooms you'll have appetite. While they toss in bedrooms you'll sleep calmly. Your nerves will be soothed, bathed into health by that great nerve specialist, Pure Air. You'll say, "Why didn't I think of that before?"

Vudor Shades let people see sur but not in. They admit air but exclude heat. Their light, strong wooden strips are lock-stitched together by fish-net twine that won't rist. They are reinforced by double warps at both edges, or if very wide thades by double warps at interruls throughout their width. So their durability is enormously increased. Vudor Shades, too, measure a drop of full 8 ft. when in use, while most other shades have a drop of only 736 ft.

Yet Vudor Porch Shades sell at a less price than competitive shades which lack the patented Fador special features. They're stained indelibly. Made in all shades—to harmonize with your house. From \$3 to \$10 will probably equip your porch. Send for samples for bungalows in special colors.

Send for Booklet

of Vustor Shades and Hammocks and name of nearest Vustor dealer.

HOUGH SHADE CORPORATION 228 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.

Makery of the Lancest Reinforced Hammarks "The only historicals with reinforced creative and double-compath shell carding."

Those Hammocks with two lives"

This Label

Warth to Koow

that road but also to exalt the man who secures that justice for them. It is the culmination of a long series of similar dis-ciosures that have made the people fighting mad over the methods used by the captains of high finance to enrich themselves without regard to the rights of others or to the laws of the land.

Ten years ago there was but slight protest over these conditions, and that encouraged the men who engineered them at that time to a feeling of security. Their successes were great. They were able to do about anything they wanted, and they began to think they could buy anything they wanted and buy anythody who might be of service to them.

Of course it is obvious that no bribing or buying could have been done had not the men who were useful consented to be bribed; and no buying could have been done if and no buying could have been done if there had not been men willing to sell. But that is not the point. The men who sold their votes and the men who took bribes were but a small portion of the public; and the men who bought them and bribed them, and weeked properties for their own gain, and watered stock, and set in beards of grafting directors and were attachy gain, and watered stock, and sat in beards
of grafting directors, and were utterly
remorseless as to whom they burt if they
helped themselves, were chiefly at fault,
because they had the means for bribery and
corruption, and used there; whereas all the
bribed and corrupted had were weak morals and that greed for money which made
the transactions possible both ways.

In this particular instance, ten years ago
the New Haven read was a dividend-paying,
bonorable and respected institution. It

honorable and respected institution. It was the New Englander's rock of safety. It was the field for investment for those who wanted to put their small moneys into some-

thing that would insure safety, permanence and a fair return. Then the wrecking began. Now the New Haven was not the only corporation in which this was done. For many years similar railroad processes had been curried on by men as greedy for money and the shutting off of competition as the New Haven crowd; and some knowledge of what had been going on began to get out among the people.

The Man on the Job

After a time protest began to become

After a time protest began to become vigorous. There were signs of revolt. That revelt presently became a revolution; and now, at this moment, there is an almost universal demand that the pen who so betrayed the people shall be punished.

Vengeance is what is wanted. The people of the United States desire to see all this corruption in high places and in high finance disclosed and the men who are responsible for it punished. There is no thought on the part of the people that these things could for it punished. There is no thought on the part of the people that these things could not have bappened if the people had not allowed them to happen. That is beside the mark. The people are always self-righteous. What they want now is punishment for those who are responsible for other similar disasters; and they are looking for principals—not for subordinates. They want generals—not licutenants.

The man who gets them, who punishes these men—puts them in jail!—will build fur himself a popular esteem and recognition that will not be hard to mold into a formidable movement for a presidential nomina-

able movement for a presidential nomina-tion. The people will consider him their friend and will help him get anything he

may want.

As the investigation is now conducted, the investigating lawyer is Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri, who is chief lawyer for the Interstate Commerce Commission. In a smaller way Mr. Folk once realized handsomely in a similar situation. When he was prosecuting attorney of St. Louis he uncovered local graft conditions in such a way that he was elected governor of Missouri on the strength of his work and the reputation he gained thereby.

Of course it remains to be seen whether

Mr. Folk is large enough for his present big task. It may not come his way to be more than the pioneer. There is a chance that the criminal prosecutions—if any arise—may go to some man now in the Department of Justice, or to some man in the city of New York, where indictments may be found. In any event some man has a chance, and a great chance, to establish himself in line for high promotion.

It was great while it lasted, Jim—this business of predactous plutocrating; but it is about over new.

Yours, watching events complaisantly,

For a Cool Luscious Dessert

Sunkist Valencia Oranges—Sliced



Serve plain, or with shrudded cocounut or other fruits.



Serve them often this way. But be store to serve Sunker, for those are the profess averages. No other remayor alice or well for no ashers are equally tender mented,

Sunkant are practically need-less. They look love on the table became the alising is clean-out.

None have deletions these arargon are at this mason. A dorp. rich red inside, regardina of exjuscy and with a delicate many-

li's a connecessor's dish-a dish

to delight the whole family, and a dish that needs no added flavor.

But serve with other fruit if you. with, or with shindled cocounts, Thore are endless ways to make attractive descerts with cranges.

We have written a book showing 110 ways at using Sunkin Oranges and Lemons. Write for ii. See how to propure those yestful descents, the most healthful deaserts anyone can est. Sunkist are glove-limidled, (user wrapped and shapped right from the tree, so you get them frush.

Sunkist Oranges Sunkist Lemons

Sunkest Lemons, like Sunkist Oranges, are the best slicing lemons and look host on the table served with fail, or messa. Use the rich juice in place of vineparin selade and other dishes. Use a for lemonade this summer. There were never better manges or better lemons, so see that





Silverware Premium Coupon California Fruit Growers Exchange 39 North Clark Street, Chicago

Many this process and we will send you say contributionary all interest Vic.

Link shows are 110 wire at usus said Concern and Interest Vic.

Link shows are 110 wire at usus said to be shirt to be a to be a

Pavlowa dances to the music of played on her Co



New York, April 20th, 1914

Columbia Graphophone Company, Woolworth Building, New York City,

Gentlemen:-

Since I have been in your country I have been amazed to see the popularity of the talking machine record when used with the dance. This so excited my curiosity that I have made it a great study and think it is due you to say that Columbia instruments and Columbia dance records over all others have my unqualified endorsement.

I use your Grafonols and dance records in my rehearsals with complete satisfaction and find your dance records truly represent the very SPIRIT of the dance. Their tempo, rhythm, clarity and musical qualities simply charm me.

I am convinced that all who dance can get great satisfaction from the use of your Grafonolas and records.

Sincerely yours,

Am Folia

Vernon Castle writes: "I want to congratulate you on the excelare the best I have bested. I am using a Columbia Grand Grafsoola and Columbia Records at Castle House where they are attracting extraordinary attention. The records are played in perfect dance time and are frequently encored by our patrons."



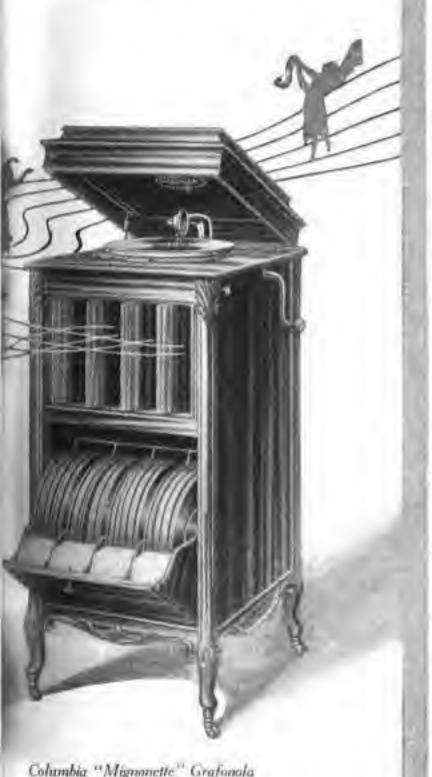
s are buving (

(Columbia Double-Disc Record A5566-\$1.00)

People who make comparisons are buying Co People who make comparisons buy Columbia

olumbia Dance Records

mbia Grafonola



Price \$100 - Easy Terms

Learn to Dance in your own home

Will you pay 75 cents to learn the Hesitation from the most successful teacher in the country? Or the One-Step, or the Maxixe, or the Tango?

1-One-Step

(Instruction)
On coverse side a full dance selection "Goodbye Broadway" (One-step). Ask for Record No. A1542 . . . 75c

2—Hesitation

(Instruction)

3-Maxixe

(Instruction)

4—Tango

(Instruction)

We have just issued Four Columbia Double-Disc Dance Instruction Records, each prepared by G. Hepburn Wilson, and each with a complete dance selection on the reverse side—and with any one of them your Columbia dealer will present to you G. Hepburn Wilson's book—"How to Dance the Modern Dances." If you don't locate a Columbia dealer, write to us and we will see that you are supplied. The lessons in the book seem to us the first practical instructions ever written.

The pictures that illustrate them were all posed by Mr. Wilson.

But with the book and the records you have the most successful teacher in New York right there with you. The instructions in the book are crystallized in the spoken directions that you hear on the record: the music is played for you with emphatic and faultless rhythm, and the tempo is counted for you before the music and with the music:—you have to dance.



Do you realize how very easy it is to find out if a Grafonola will give you pleasure enough to pay for itself? How willing every Columbia dealer is to send a complete outfit to your home, subject to approval; and how little it will cost if you are satisfied? This Columbia Grafonola "Jewel," for instance: \$35—and on small monthly payments at that, if you prefer.

Columbia Graphophone Company

Box 449 Woolworth Building, New York Toronto . 365-367 Sorauren Avenue

Dealers Wasted when we are our actively represented. Write his special proposition

bia Records because they are better records afonolas because they are better instruments

Che Quest of Gold Light

Talks about MAZDA No.5

of a thing

WITCH on the current that causes an electric incandescent lamp to glow. What happens? You get light, but also heat. Since your eye is a special instrument particularly sensitive to light, since you read a book with light and not with heat, the more light that you get from your lamp the more satisfactory should be the result in every A light which is brilliant but red/

would represent the ideal of efficiency. Like astronomers who can tell you what metals are glowing in a star so distant that its light reaches the earth only after the lapse of centuries, scientists who specialize in illumination can tell you much about this ideal light. Each decade they approach their cold ideal a little nearer. Will the ideal ever be reached?

Whether it is reached or not, the incandescent electric lamp will grow steadily colder, steadily more efficient, thanks to the Research. Laboratories of the General Electric Company

In these laboratories a corps of picked men, each an expert in some phase of illumination, men who are in communication with the forement European investigators of light, are constantly at work. After many months of patient experimenting the art of drawing tungsten into a delicate wire was discovered in these laboratories. Thus it became possible to make the new filament which glows in the MAZDA lamp of today and which has mpplanted the aid curbon filament because three times as much light can be obtained for a given amount of current.

The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company represent almost every brouch of technical knowledge—chemistry, metallurgy, physiology, psychology, physics, microscopy, engineering, optica.

In these laboratories, scientists conduct many researches along advanced theoretical What is the secret of the phosphorescent glow that enumates from certain marine animals and decaying organic matter? May not the cold light be similarly produced? Why ran the glow-worm shine in your hand and never burn your akin! What is the exact culor of daylight! Is the best artificial light a miniature sun or a body with a brilliancy not so white? Scores of such problems more be attacked in the quest of the ideal light.

But even more important commercially is research that gives promise of immediate

Not the name but the mark of a Service

Suppose that the chemists, for example, crassleady experiment-ing in the laboratories, discover a way of preparing an element so that it is able to yield much light without breaking down readily under the electric current. Then discovery may mean the birth of a new lamp, ne it may come to naught. It must be subjected to critical study by other scientists.

The physicist steps in with all his spectroscopes, his photometers, his analytical in-struments. He determines how much of the glow that comes from the new marerial is ight and how much is heat, in other words, how much more efficient is the new material than anything than far discovered, he estimates to a nicety what is the randle power of the new material for a measured amount of current; he devises better physical comditions for the material to perform its function. Next, the microscopist, perhaps, studies it with the aid of powerful lenues in order to fears how it withstands the pitting and the scoring arthur of the current.

Thus the new material is passed through tion, from engineer to engineer. If the discurry proves to be of commercial importance the General Electric Company transmits it to its own lamp manufacturing centers at Cleveland and Harrison and to other companies entitled to learn of it.

This constant research, this country effort to improve the incandescent lamp, this transmission of an important discovery from the General Electric Company countainte MAZDA Service. When you see MAZDA on a bulls, think not of the shisting lamp itself, but of the Service received by its particular authorized manufacturer, of the thousands of experiments that had to be preformed in his interest and your interest, of the hundreds of light producers that were developed and tested before one was finally selected and included in the MAZDA that you arrew into its inches.

Because the work of the Research Laboratories is never ended, MAZDA Service is continuous. As new discoveries are made that bring us a little nearer the ideal cold light they will be applied in making new lamps, which like their predecessors will be marked MAZDA. Hence MAZDA will always be found on the basest lamps evalved by MAZDA Service - a lamp in which the best scientific thought of the time is



FREDDY ET CIE

Continued from Page 9)

Her voice faltered, and Freddy, with a gesture, dismissed his lady assistants. Then he removed his mask. Their eyes met and Cornelia uttered a faint exclamation:

"Ob, my! You're just like him!"
"Who is he?" asked Freddy.

"I can't quite say, because I don't sow," returned Cornelia; "but all girls have their ideals from the time they wear Swiss pinafores to the time they wear fortycight-inrh corsets. And I won't deny"-her voice trembled—"that you fill the bill. My! What are you doing?" For Freddy had grasped his materials and was making a hat. It was of palest

blush tulle with a crown of pink roses, and an aigret of flamings plumes was fastened

with a Cupid's bow in pink topaz.
"Love's first confession," the young man murmured as he bit off the last thread, should be whispered beneath a but like this." And he gracefully placed it on Cornelia's raven hair.

Mrs. Vivianson, her ear at the keyhole of a side door, quivered from head to foot with rage and jealousy. Time was when he, a penniless, high-bred boy, had implored her to marry him. Now—her blood boiled at the remembrance of the half hint, the veiled suggestion she had made, that they should unite in a more intimate partnership than that already consolidated. With her jealousy was mingled despair! So long as Freddy and his hats remained the Inshion. the shop would pay, and pay royally. There had as yet occurred no abatement in the onflow of aristocratic patronage. To avow his identity-never really doubted-to become an engaged man, meant rain to the business. The blood hummed in her head.

"And you are really a Marquis' second in though you make hats for money?" she heard Cornella say. "I siways guessed you had old English bleed in you, from the tone of your voice and the shape of your Sagernals, even when you wore a mask, And it seemed as though I couldn't do anything but buy hats. I surmised it was vanity at the time, but now I suppose it.

She clung to the door handle and cotored as

Freddy, with real grace and eloquence, pleaded his suit.

My dearest!" said Freddy, bending his blond head over her jeweled hands. Cornelia! I will make you a hat every day when we are married. Ah! I have it! You shall wear one of mine to go away in on the day we are wed - the inspiration of a bridegroom, thought out and achieved between the church door and the churcel. What an idea for a lover! What an advertisement for the shop!"

His blue eyes beamed at the thought; but Cornelia's face fell.

I don't know how to say it, dear, but we shall never be married. Papa is per-fectly rocky on one point, and that is that the man I marry shall never have dabbled so much as his little finger in trade. 'You have dollars enough to buy one of the real high-toned sort,' he keeps saying: 'and if blood royal is to be got for money Silas P. Vanderdecken is the man to get it. So run along and play, little girl, till the right man comes along. And I know he'll say you're the wrong one,

Freddy's complexion, grown transparent from excess of emotion and lack of exercise, paled to an ivory bue. His sedentary life had softened his condition and unstrung his nerves. He adored Cornelia, and had looked forward to a lifetime spent in adorning her beauty with bonnets of the most becoming shapes and designs. Now that a coarse transatlantic millionairs, with soft shirtfronts and broad-brimmed felt hats, might step in and shatter forever his beautiful dream of union, bitter revulsion seized him. He feared his fate. What was he? The second son of a poor Murquis, with a particularly healthy elder brother! He looked on the chiffuns, the flowers and the feathers that surrounded him, and felt that the hopes of a heart reared on so frail a hasis were insecure indeed. Then his old blood rallied to his beart; and he rose from the divan and clasped the now tearful

Cornelia to his breast.
"Go, my dearest!" be said. "Tell all to
your father - plead for me! Do not write or wire bring me his verdict to-morrow. Meantime I will compose two hats. Each shall be a masterpiece—a swan song of my art. One is to be worn if —his voice broke-"if I am to be happy; the other if

I am fated to despair. Go now; for I must

be alone to carry out my inspiration."

And Cornella went, Then Freddy, sternly refusing to receive any more customers that day, set himself to the completion of his task. Before very long both hats were actualities. Hat Number One was an Empire shape of dead-leaf beaver, the crown draped with dove-colored silk, a spray of sere oak leaves and rue in front; a fine scarf of black lace, partly to veil the face of the wearer, thrown back over one side of the brim and caught with a clasp of black pearl set in oxidized silver. It breathed of chastened woe and temperate sadness, and was to be worn if Papa Vanderdecken persisted

in refusing to accept Freddy as a suitor.

But Hat Number Two! It was of the palest blue guipure straw, draped with coral silk and Cluny lace. In front was a spray of moss rosebuds and forget-me-nots; dove's wings of burnished hues were set at each side. It was the very hat to be worn by a bringer of joyful news, the ideal hat under which might be appropriately ex-changed the first kiss of plighted passion. On it Freddy pinned a fairylike card, white

and gold-edged.
"If I am to be happy wear this," was written on it; and on a buff card attached to the hat of rejection he inscribed: "Wear this if I am to be unhappy." Then he closed the large double bandbox in which he had packed the hats, breathed a kiss into the folds of the silver paper and, ringing the bell, bade a messenger carry the box to the hotel at which Cornelia Vanderdecken was staying, and where, millionairess though she was, she was still content to dress with the help of a deft maid and the adoration of a devoted companion. Then the ex-hausted artist fell back on the divan. Cornelia was to come at twelve on the

'Then I shall learn my fate!" said Freddy.

He drove home in his brougham and passed a sleepless night. The fateful hour found him again on his divan, surrounded by the materials of his craft, waiting leverishly for Cornella.

The curtains parted. He started up at the rustling of her gown and the jingling of her hangles. Horrar! She wore the somber hat of sorrow, though under its shadow her

face was curiously bright.

She advanced toward Freddy. He reeled and staggered backward, raised his white hand to his delicate throat, and fell fainting among his cushions. Cornelia screamed Mrs. Vivianson and her young ladies came hurrying in. As the stylish widow noted Cornelia's headgear her eyes flashed and joy was in her face. Then it clouded over, for she knew that Papa Vanderdecken had been coaxed over and Freddy was an accepted man. My reader, being exceptionally acute will realize that the jeulous woman had

changed the tickets on the hats.
"Not that it was much use!" she avowed to herself as she entered with smelling salts and burned feathers to restore Freddy's consciousness. "When he revives she will tell him the truth."

Freddy regained consciousness only to lose it in the ravings of delirium, however. He had an attack of brain fever in which he wandered through groves of bonnet shops looking unavailingly for Cornella. Then came the crisis; and he woke up with an ice bandage on, to find himself in his bedroom at Glantyre House, with the Marchioness

leaning over him.
"Mother, my heart is broken!" said the
boy—he was really little more. "The world exists no more for me. Let me make my

last hat—and leave it."
"Oh, Freddy, don't you know me?"
gasped Cornelia in the background; but threpentant woman who had brought about all this trouble drew the girl away.

"Even good news broken suddenly to him in his weak state," said Mrs. Vivianson in a rapid whisper, "may prove fatal. I have a plan that may gradually enlighten him." "I trust you," said Cornelia. "You have

"I trust you," said Cornelia. "You have saved his life with your nursing. Now give him back to me."
"Hosh!" said Mrs. Vivianson.

She had quickly dispatched a messenger to Condover Street, and now, as Freddy again opened his eyes and repeated his pitcous request, the messenger returned. Then all present gathered about the bed, the inmate of which had been raised on supporting pillows.

A Loose-Leaf System Device and Form for Every Purpose

If you have a known brail bystem Hower or Form problem no ourse what to a in the Lasse [14] bear line of this items you will include any find the can't be the and logal year to be for its quick, accurate worker.

Ready-Made-Stock Prices

There undoubtedly as 1 is concelled by the Loren Leaf System Beviles or From requirement that our major Arrotheses have not specified and prepared for Linky in the Lases 1-P Lord are our year find years and Payor Rocks, Each Brooks.

Proc Backs, Steameraphic Fields Places (Boses Science, Backs, France Backs, Lordon Backs, France Backs, France

I-P Saves Special Material Cost

There 1700 Lores J F Lyal News, readly topic at stuck paters, more you tak rather expressed in conducting true priors response of conducting true priors response asympton and of lores and response for the conduct Lores and large response properties of the true of the compensation of the compensation of the true of the compensation of the co

Your Problems Already Solved

Don't want it is a first to be a first to be

The mark or year manager to continue the country of the firm of the continue to the country of t

1,250,000 institution, with the instruction of the property of

See Dealer or Write Us

for The Stenographer!

SHE FE AT DEALERS

Manuf For veries and our bir 1 or to a second Colorada in probability of the second Colorada in the second Colorad

61 1 1-20 1-3 D. m h 1 -00 1-3 1-0 h 64 1-3 1-0

Add Your least of the part of with a very write as very statistical for middless. See mary of the automa (a) Annua Ad-

IRVING-PITT MFG. CO.

Kanasa City.

New York Chicago Philadelphia



It was a queer scene as the shaded electric light above the bed played on Freddy's pal-

lid features, showing the ravages of sickness.
"Now!" said Mrs. Vivianson. She
placed the millimer's box on the bed, and 'reddy's feeble fingers, diving into it, drew

forth a spray of orange blossoms and a diaphanous cloud of filmy lace.

"Black—not white!" Freddy gusped brokenly. "It is a mourning toque that I must make. Let Cornelia wear it at my fungrea!"

"Cornelia will not wear it at your fu-neral, Freddy," said Mrs. Vivianson, bend-ing over him; "for she is going to marry you—not to bury you."

Drawing the tearful girl to Freddy's side.

she flung over her beautiful head the bridal veil and crowned her with a wreath of

orange blossoms.

And as, with a leeble cry, Freddy opened his wasted arms and Cornelis fell into them, Mrs. Vivianson, her work of atonement completed, pressed the offered hand of Freddy's mother and hurried out of the room and out of the story, which ends, as stories ought, happily for the lovers, who are now honeymooning in the Riviera.

Cooked or Raw

IS COOKING an error? Will the next diet theory call for eating raw food— though warmed if you wish it? The Lon-don Lancet has raised the question, and other medical journals have asked as well as answered it, because of the recent discovery that cooking destroys some of a certain tiny but very valuable substance in food, and that a lack of this substance is the cause of a number of diseases.

Apparently the answer is that people may eat cooked food if they wish to do so, but that they should eat a larger proportion of clean raw food than they sow do. Cooking does not make food more digestible, but it makes it look, taste and smell better, and so increases the stomach's enthusiasm for tackling the job of digesting a dinner. In the tronger thorough cooking is dinner. In the tropics thorough cooking is advised to kill any germs that may have strayed into the food and, to some extent. this is a purpose of emoking in temperate

This necessary substance in food appears in a number of chemical forms in exceed-ingly small proportions, and in most foods; and the various forms are called vita-mines. Some of them can stand thorough boiling and others cannot: but cooking at higher temperatures thun the boiling point kills most of there. It has been made clear very recently that an animal deprived of them will die: but it is not so clear how much is needed for bealth. Scurry, rickets and teribert are among the diseases attrib-uted to the lack of vitamines in food.

Potatoes are rich in vitamines, which explains the value of potatoes in treating scurvy, a fact long known. The investi-gators who are now studying vitamines may be expected to catalogue more diseases caused by vitamine deficiency before long. The theory has been suggested that a dis-ease like beriberi, which has been noticed oceasionally among prisoners in American jails, may be doe to a diet of food that has been cooked too well.

Vitamines exist in wheat bran in a pro-portion much greater than in the wheat itself, but this discovery adds nothing new to the old controversy as to the compar-ative merits of whole-wheat bread and white bread; for any vitamines in either, according to the latest study, are destroyed

by the baking.
Polished rice is now the accepted cause
of heriberi; and this fits in perfectly with the vitamine theory, for the vitamines are eliminated in the preparation of such rice, though boiled unpolished rice still contains some of the vitamines. Fresh milk and eggs are rich in vitamines, which may be one of the reasons for the high value of those articles as a dist for people suffering from lung trouble.





A Barrett Specification Roof was put on this building because-

the architect knew all about the different types of roofing and further knew that the National Biscuit Company were mighty particular people.

They had a big plant and they wanted it covered with a roofing that would give langest service at lowest cost.



Under such conditions the architect knew there was only Specification Roof, because it gives longer service at a square foot per year of serhe could specify.

twenty years or more with statements.

no maintenance cost. Many such roofs have lasted thirty years, one choice, namely: a Barrett Every permanent building, whether large or small, should carry a Barrett Specification lower unit cost (the cost per Roof because that means the most economical roof, and vice) than any other roofing one that will be free from leaks and maintenance.

This building is now covered Ask any first-class architect with a Barrett Specification about this proposition, and he Roof and it will probably last will verify all of the foregoing

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested: ROOFING-Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof, laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement,

A Copy of The Barrett Specification with roofing diagrams mailed free on request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Charges Philadelphia Cleveland Cocunati Minnespolit THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited: St. John. N. B.

Boston St. Louis Kannes C. Pittaburgh Seattle Birmingha Toronto Winniper Sydney, N. S. Montreal Haldus, N.S.





CUTTING DOWN SOME STAPLE UNNECESSARIES

Continued from Page 10)

will have ten or fifteen tons daily. Chemically these washings are good fuel, for they

contain more than eighty per cent carbon— are really fine coke dust.

Mechanically, however, it is not easy to utilize them, because the fine, fluffy residue fed to boiler fires would simply fly up the

chimney again.
As it contains lampblack and iron oxide, as it contains immediate and from oxide, some experts think it might be used for paintmaking; but in the end probably it will be pressed into briquettes by some economical process and used for fuel.

Smokewashing for the sake of cleanliness

rrew out of modern methods of utilizing gus from coke owens and blast furnaces in the iron business. Once this gas was sillowed to go up the chimney as smoke; but now, by elaborate devices for cleaning it from dust and other substances, fuel for power production in gas engines is obtained, as well as gas for burning in furnaces, under boilers, for illumination and for bousehold use, and such chemical products as tar and ammonia. Even the iron dust in the blast-furnace gas is gathered, briquetted and

In one great American steel plant the saving amounts to a quarter million horse-power, of which forty-five per cent is used to generate all the electrical power needed for the works, thirty per cent is used for brating the blast, and the rest for other purposes. There is a twenty-five per cent surplus, however, which will eventually be turned into current for electrical furences. In France some fifty towns are now lighted

by surplus gas from coke overs.
Even more thorough is the utilization of smoke from copper smelters—a peculiarly offensive nulsance where it is allowed to pollute the sir; for the fumes of copper ore, rich in sulphur, kill tress and crops.

In Tennessee there are two smelting plants that furn this obnaxious smoke into sulphuric acid which, in turn, is used to make fertilizer—superphosphate—from the raw phosphate rack abundant in that locality; but the intrinsies of the smoke problem will be seen when it is known that such treatment is possible only in a locality where the fortunate combination of raw materials is found. These plants are said to produce the cheapest indirect copper in the world; but for other smallers situated for from supplies of rock phosphate such a process is at present economically impossible. With the best intentions in the world.

however, and after all the big plants in a factory center have washed their smoke or turned it into gas-engine power or sold it as a hy-product, there must still be hun-dreds of smaller smokemakers to whom these methods are not possible.

Teamwork in Smoke Fighting

For the small smokemakers - little powerplants, railroad locomotives, steamboats, hotels, spartment houses and homes in a section where soft coal is used there are now two general rourses that can be fol-lowed: First, organization to spread better knowledge of combustion, better devices for power and heat production, and better firing, so that the black smokedoud may be reduced, at least. Second, the use of some amakeless form of power or heat.

The attuation to-day is one where the majority of small smokemakers are following the first course, making conditions tolerable until the second course is possible. rable until the second course is possible.

Teamwork has abelished far more smoke than all the inspectors, laws, fires and smoke-prevention devices. Automatic contraptions for eliminating smoke greatly outnumber the perpetual-motion machines and without reamwork are of about as much practical value.

When there is a strong public sentiment takes a little time to understand the complexities of the problem, instead of merely letting the smoke inspector classify the clouds through his umbrascope or interferometer.

Public sentiment leads smokemakers to take pride in good firing. Fuel is selected with technical knowledge: builers and furnaces are improved and kept clean; firemen are said better wages, trained in good firing and paid bonuses for results in power or heat that mean reduction of the smoke evil. Every smokemaker becomes his own inspector, installing some device that shows down in the engine room or office-the density of the smoke issuing from the top of a chimney at any moment.

Carelessness and ignorance are said to be responsible for ninety per cent of the wors, smoke, and at the same time the technical knowledge necessary in reducing the end is available to any community that has sufficient public spirit to get busy on broad constructive lines. In some places the smoke-impection bureau is now backed up by a smoke-prevention society of citizens on the lines of the famous one in Hamburg.

Germany.

In this latter society the members are chiefly owners of power plants, and they pay five dollars in year for membership, with five dollars more for each boiler. That entitles them to technical advice from the society's engineering experts, who hap in the purchase of fuel, try out smoke-prevention devices, inspect members power

prevention devices, inspect memors power plants and suggest improvements, and send round instructors who coach firemen is good stoking methods.

Of course the ultimate remedy for smole is the use of smokeless power and heat, and these modern blessings are coming much faster than is generally realized and in a number of most interesting forms.

There are the smokeless fuels, for in-

There are the smokeless fuels, for in-stance. Crude oil is one of them and is not stance. Crude oil is one of them and a se-widely available for power plants, icons-tives and ships, in the form for barning directly under boilers. New oilfields and cheaper transportation by pipelines and tankships have made it economically postble in sections where it was unknown a few years ago; and even where the first rock appears to be higher it may be quite as cheap.

New Smokeless Fuels

Petroleum residue contains not must more than half as many heat units as stran-coal; but what it does contain can be burned with less waste than coal, and smokedament is absent. Even where it is too costly to power, it is now the regular fuel for annealing furnaces and lesser devices that formely contributed their share of smoke.

Then come the coal-gas tars which have had an interesting history. Some years (c) the engineers seized on them as a promised fuel for smokeless steam raising because they were these steam raising because they were then abundant at two or three cents a gallon; but the automobile care slong and these tars were found to be ideal for making dustless roads—and their valuquickly doubled and trebjed. The experts however, have developed improved type of burners for utilizing tar under boilers and are putting at the disposal of power-plant owners a series of cruder tars produced in making water gas.

When the oils cannot be burned econom-

ically under a boiler they still have vert power-generating possibilities in all engine which work on the explosion principle; and the explosion engine is being developed in so many ways that it is now an immense

factor in smokeless power production.

This type of engine will run on almost anything that can be vaporized into an explosive mixture. Where an automobile explosive mixture. Where an automobile must have highly volatile fuel, like gasolite or alcohol, this engine by its peculiar prociple will volatilize heavy fuels like crudy petroleum, tar oils, petroleum residue and cressote oils. It has been successfully operated on coal tars and train oil, peanut oil, castor oil, animal oils; in fact it is widely adapted to operate with whatever fuel happens to be cheapest in the locality. Europe pens to be cheapest in the locality. Europe has utilized it as a source of power for years but in the United States its development just beginning, chiefly because coal has been cheap and could be burned wastefully.

ower is also generated by its producer engine, a type requiring more vol atile fuel but run on gas made burned smokelessly in a special product plant. Low-grade coals have been utilized and the gas-producer idea is being applied to sawdust, woodwaste, spent tanhars reconut shells, shavings, coffee and coophusks, olive refuse, cottonseed cake, in far-almost anything burnable that happens to be lying round the neighborhood. It is largely a question of how handy that siecollaneous something happens to be and



When a GMC representative tells you that we build a truck to fit your service, he means that we have not only the right wise, but, more important, the right power, either gusoline or efectric, to meet your requirements exactly.

GMC gasoline and electric trucks are designed with an understanding of what is required of a truck in your business. For, regardless of the kind of merchandise you handle, the size of load or the length of haul, there is a GMC truck built to do the work economically and well.

And you can feet confident that the right GMC truck for your business is high grade in every way — design, materials, workmanship, everything that goes to make a reliable, highly satisfactary motor truck.

Because of big production and low overhead expense. GMC trucks can be bought at prices that are meeting the approval of business men who best know motor truck values.

	Capacity	Prior
Gasoline	1% Tons	\$5.500
Chassis	2 Tema	1999
P. Carrette	35h Tone	2250
	3% Tons	2500
	5 Tema	2750
	5 Toma	2000
Electric	1000 lbs.	\$1200
Chassis	2000 lbs.	1300
Less Battery)	-5000 lbs.	1450
Course Mind of Contract & N.	4000 lbs.	1360
	6000 the.	1900
	8000 Tbs.	2100
	10000 lim.	3350
	12000 fbs.	2500

Whether you are considering the question of motor transportation for the present, or a year hence—send for our story today. You will at least be interested in learning what kind of a proposition you can get from the strongest organization of its kind in the world.

Conespondence invited with dealers of financial responsibility.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK CO.

One of the United General Motors Company
31 General Motors Bidg.

ontiac, Michigan

Branches and Distributors
New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Detrott, Chicago, Kamas City, St. Louis, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Los Angeles, Pittsburg, Minnespolis, Salt Lake, Gallyeston, New Orleans, Signification



whether the fellow who wants cheap smokeless power knows enough to utilize it or to find somebody who will tell him.

Then there is the smokeless burning of finely powdered fuel. At a smelter there was a crude-oil burner in use consuming ninety gallons of oil an hour. That was equivalent to nearly half a ton of coal and was cheaper—and, of course, smokeless. A new burner comsuming powdered coal was installed and did the same work with only forty pounds of coal an hour and a reduction of cost. By burning coal in powdered form smoke was done away with, and forty pounds did the work of half a ton.

dered form smoke was done away with, and forty pounds did the work of half a ton.

In Sweden a railroad locomotive has been successfully fired with powdered peat on the same plan—a ton and a half of the peat giving results equal to a ton of coal burned in the codiogram way.

in the ordinary way.

Powdered-coal firing is now used in this country for cement works and smelting plants; and, with certain refinements, it will probably have a wider application. The chief drawback is rather a singular one, for the line coaldust is blown out of a nozzle under pressure and looks just like a gas flame in hurring.

In burning.

Practically nothing goes up the chimney, for the whole burnable substance of the roal is converted into heat almost instantly and the nahes are merely sing. Directed into rock or ore this force heat is ideal; but it is a welding flame, and when used under a boiler quickly hereaks down metal, firsbrick and the most refractory materials. However, it will surely be tamed and set to smokeless steam production in time, and will do its part in bringing about the

emokeless era.

In about the same state of development is the mechanical atoker for railroad locomotives—for years the queet of engineers and inventors—certain to cut operating costs, increase the power of locomotives, relieve human muscles of some of the hardest manual taker left in the modern industrial world, and do away with most of the locomotive smoke. Within the past year successful locomotive stokers seem to have here attained. Tests conducted on Eastern roads lead railroad men to believe that the problem has been solved.

Smokeless Cities of the Future

Our smokeless ritles of the future will be run by devices of this sort; in fact, they are run now with smokeless apparatus to such an extent that if to-morrow—suddenly—all the power necessary in operation had to be generated by the crude boilers and handfiring of twenty years ago, the clouds of smoke rising into the heavens would be more than a nuisance; they would be a calamity.

Practically all the research and invention in power production to-day is in the direction of smokelessness. Waterpower is harnessed to turbines, electric current generated and transmitted over systems of conductors that reach farther and farther from the source of power every year. The railroads of the very near future will be operated by electric current and their coul traffic must vaoish—for coal is to be made to give up its power before it leaves the mines. It will be distilled in coke overs of the regenerative type. Its gases and tars will be utilized to run explosion engines, and these will run dynamos—producing current for transmission to the cities.

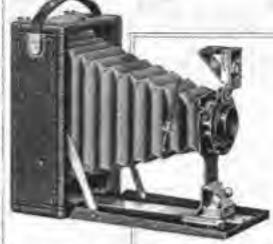
The coke will go to the cities for heating purposes, and heating will probably be on the central-station system, whereby all the work is done at a single plant and the steam piped to houses, hotels, apartments, stores, factories—or wherever it is needed.

While the electrical men have been busy the gas men have not been idle. Once on a time it was predicted that electric lighting must bring about the extinction of the gas industry; but the gas man has steadily refused to regard himself as a dead one, and in the development of gas cooking in homes and gas appliances for industrial purposes be has set the electrical man a brisk pace.

Together they are running a neck-andneck race toward the goal of smokelessness and that is the general goal toward which every other modern tendency in work and living is headed.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a series of articles by James H. Collins. The third will appear to an early number.





An ideal vacation camera, making 3¼ x 5½ pictures (post card size)

> for \$10.50

Leads in day-

Weighs only 29 ounces

Dimensions 231 x 411 x 711 inches

Covered with gennine grain leather

Film Premo Nº 1

A remarkably light, compact camera for pictures of the artistic 3A proportion.

Can be carried and used anywhere, and is so easy to operate that anyone who can read the simple instructions that come with the camera can make first-class pictures from the very start.

To load, merely open back, drop in Premo Film Pack, close back and all is ready. To change films for successive exposures just pull out successive film pack false.

This model is fined with a tested menuscus achromatic lems of the highest quality obtainable. The shutter is the new Kodak Hall Bearing with cable release, and the carners is fitted with two tripid anckets, reversible brillians finder, and is made throughout of the best of materials, by men who have spent their lives in carners making.

The Aller was Present cutatings — 3 book that on one intercepted in plantages the should be section? In the oriton the purey Press of various plantages in a land plantage to Press of the Press of the Control of the Press of the Control of the Press of

Rochester Optical Division

Eastman Knobsh Company

Bushner, N.Y.





CUTTING WITH A BLUNT KNIFE

not thought it worth while to put in it the interest I had put in dramatics and football. I was in a fair way to loaf through life as I had through college-soldiering along until the day when my job should get disgusted with me and throw me. It almost looked as though that day had come already. I had, indeed, been cutting with a blunt knife.

The next morning I went to Mr. Burton and asked him whether I could keep my job.

He said he would give me one more chance, for my father's sake.

"Thank you, sir," I said. "Then, if I still hold the job, may I give it up temporarily and go into the shops? I've been all kinds of a fool and I want to begin over."

I don't know that getting your hands and face dirty is going to help you any more than sitting in the office and adding

figures."
"I want to do it for the discipline." I said. "There are some fellows in that shop never see the complete making stems who never see the complete object they are working toward. I am as stupid as they are. I want to get down and

"All right," he said.

For six weeks I lived in the shops. I got
seven and left at five-thirty, to work at seven and left at five-thirty, with half an hour for lunch. I made stems at one machine; I finished scupping nuts at another. I worked in the foundry, helping to mold by air-pressure or using the hand-rammers for old-style work.

I was in the milling room and the finishing shop, where I got a splinter of steel in my eye and had it taken out by my neighboring worker. I was in the assembling and testing room, where I had my forehead cut open by a valve that flew off. I worked in the plating and buffing room, and even

in the wrapping room.

I thought and are and slept valves. I gloried in the fact that the previous year the firm had produced two million and a quarter valves, which meant ten or fifteen million finished pieces—which again meant thirty or forty million operations. How I pestered the foreman with questions! I was

greedy for information.

When I get back to the office I had some practical experience, calloused hands, a chastened spirit and a greater greed than ever for information. I studied every detail of the business I could lay my hands on, from the organization of the different departments to the methods of checking the rates on the piecework tickets. No bit of knowledge was Ion great or too petty for knowledge was Ion great or too petty for me to go after, and no trouble it cost me counted. I no longer had time for evening frivolities; I was reading all I could get in books and technical magazines that bore on my busines

At the end of twelve months I was made a promise clerk, at eleven hundred a year. The promise clerk's work is this: When an order comes in that cannot at once be filled completely the promise clerk goes round to the foremen in the shope and finds out how the work for the various parts is going on and when it will be done, so that he can inform the customer.

What College Did Not Teach

He may have to go to several different abops before he can get the necessary promise for complete shipment. He may have to go to the foundry first for the casting promise; then to the milling room, where the castings are cleaned and milled; then to the finishing shop; then to the assembling room, where the valves are put together, and so on. The promise clerk has to have judgment; he must distinguish the relative importance of various orders.

After two years of that I was made stock-keeper — a really important position. I had to see that there was enough stock in the shop to keep it running and to keep the orders filled, and be careful not to have an overstock. My salary was fifteen hundred overstock. My salary was fifteen hundred dollars and I was worth it. By this time I had begun to see that in order to get on I must apply to business the biggest asset in my personality, whatever that was. I decided that it was my power of getting on with people.

Now, though I had got on with people, I had not thought very much about judging them. I began after this to try and size them up - to see the man behind his words and looks. The next step was to see how I could use this asset. I might have gone out on the road, selling goods; but that

was work which did not attract me. I went on studying and thinking, never losing a chance either of making myself useful to the firm or of developing myself in the business.

At last matters settled themselves. First was made assistant manager; and here my chances to size up people and to de-velop my judgment and easemtive ability were greater than ever. Finally—when I was thirty-live—I got my great reward. I was made the manager of the employment department, with a salary of four thousand dollars, which has since gone up a bit.

I, who used to give the glad hand to my

college friends, now use my gifts in another fashion with hundreds of foreigners. The adaptability I used to employ in imitating the cat-and-dog fight of the German and Irishman I now use in meeting the thou-

and daily problems of my department.

I have successed; but nothing I learned in college helped me to success, though I must say that a good deal I learned there has helped me in my leisure time. I do not regret having gone to college, but I do regret not having taught myself to work there. If I had I should have get on faster: I should have come out a sharp blade, so far as the business world was concerned. As it was I came out a dull one; and it took unnecessarily hard knocks and bard work to sharpen me.

If, when I was in college, I had put my

mind on what my future was to be, or had left before graduation to meet that future, I should now be ahead of where I am. I had good stuff in me and college ought to have brought it out before the business world brought it out.

I am going to send my buy to college, but am not going to keep him there unless he has sense enough to do what my old man-ager, Mr. Burton, advised - take his busi-ness, whatever it is, seriously,

In this competitive world a young man has to put himself to work with his playtime spirit squelched and his faculties sharpened -to make the most of the job.

Too Much Honor

WILLIAM COLLIER, the actor, has a VV twelve-year-old son and a country home at St. James, on Long Island. One day in the spring the youngster came to him and said that be had just been elected captain-manager of his ball club, and in view of the honor conferred upon him he desired to show his appreciation in a substantial manner. He thought it would be rather a graceful thing if he presented his teammates with a tent under which they might hold their business sessions and map out campaigns against the rival nines of the neighborhood.

So Collier, Sr., donated the tent and a table and a dozen camp chairs for furnishings, and provided a site for it on his lawn.

After the canvas had been pitched and the boys had assembled therein the demor slipped down to the back of the tent and hid there with his eye at a crack in order to hear and see how the boys conducted their meeting. He arrived just in time to hear

My father gave us this tent, so I move we elect him an honorary member. This motion was carried unanimously

amid applause.

The first baseman stood up.
"Mr. Manager," he said, "we need some uniforms regular uniforms. How are we

going to get them?"
"I move," said the chairman, "that the honorary member be permitted to buy the uniforms

By acclamation this motion also was adopted.

We need some new bats and a dopen balls and a catcher's mask and chest protector and a lot of gloves too," stated another voice.

"I move," said Master Collier, "that the honorary member be allowed to furnish those things.

There was not a dissenting voice among those present. "I think we ought to hire a big coach to

take us to the game," came a suggestion from the shortstop, That's right too," said the manager.

"I move that -It was at this juncture that the honorary member stepped round to the front and tendered his resignation.



See How This Hose is Made

Five layers of finest rubber and braided staple cotton. All cared to one durable, weather-proof, wear-proof unit to stand years of service.

But even that is not all. See the corrugations and the six heavy ribs. These make Goodyear Lawo Hose easy to tomille and impathle to twist-or kink.

As you your Goodyear Lawn Hose around trees, brick walls and over gravel paths, these ribs protect it - add to the "ginle."

Live Rubber

The manifest take that travitio the juster to to here, active realises that will not become hard and injettle. It was to the water, were and attent without rating, this caused runs again the agen-

And Complyons Lower Home contains may relater. It was it crack chip or one Up described. It is the home that will prove your province of solvers, over when exposed on Lope transposing to half



LAWN HOSE

Buy Hose Wisely

has "Goodgran". That memo pairs of series and better service. The trade mark on every fost granutery both quality and quantity

If post dealer buppon to be met of teachers Lawe Hose, just mend us his sense. We will see that you are supplied inscendingly by express proposed. Price in Motor benefits: A lawe, 190 in 1901, by men, 190 a tout, by men, 190 and on the place.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, O.

Toronto, Canada

London, England

Mexico City, Mexico.

Continue Descripture - Electric and Agentine to 163 Printing Cities - Write Laure Agenting You West in Rubber



A Cool Kitchen This Summer

Any wousan, morrow or maid, who must spoul a great part of her time in a super-beared tachen, will give there's from the battom of boy heart for the free select relief of a Robbias & Myers "STANDARD" Fan. It costs so first to lay and at little to run it is actually labor reasonary to be without its





Fig. lies has an the lab here, they shift it to the divine tools while direct is being served; the p. V ... as a STANDARD Fars to any myle - relies dash, bracket, collecting reduced in a variety of sizes and priors from \$1,00 up. Write Int 1914 Ear. Blusslet and many of our points fan shales.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio

SEASTREE - New York Champs, Full-Moura, St. Louis, Bosson, Clerkland, Colomant, Earthurner, Sew Liviann. Agreedes in All Principal Clark

udebo

Light Weight The Full Floating Rear Axle Full Timken Bearing Equipment 24 Body Finishing Operations Electrically Lighted and Started Completely Equipped

Quantity Production

Studebaker engineers never lose sight of quality, quantity and price.

Their life work is to give the Studebaker owner the highest quality at a price as low as quantity production can bring it.

Studebaker engineers are also production experts; their work only begins with designing.

No man or set of men understands better than they do, the manufacturing economies of big production; or how to turn those savings into higher quality at lower prices.

They direct and oversee the scientific chemical and physical tests of raw metals and materials that result in rejection or acceptance.

They direct manufacturing; they insist on the utmost exactness in inspections; the most scrupulous care in assembling.

Their watchword is quantity production of quality cars-protect and perpetuate the good name of Studebaker.

That explains why we consider Studebaker cars the quality-equals of the costliest, though selling for hundreds less.

\$3,000,000 in Studebaker Machinery to Build Highest Quality at Lowest Prices. This huge hammer forges Studebaker consistants.

Were we to buy crankshafts from a parts communications, each would cost as twice as much as a class produced in our own large. So, although the equipment cost \$20,000, it myes each of 40,000 Studebaker owners half. the production and of this past - and gives him a better cranishable, because we specify the chemical analysis of the raw steel and, after larging, put the metal through our own

F. O. B. Detroit

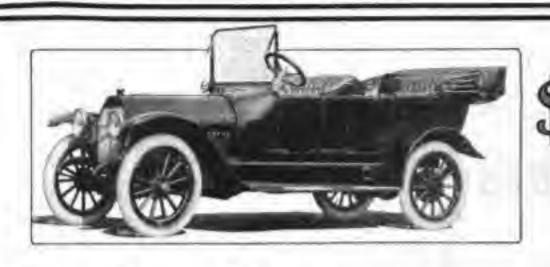
FOUR Touring Car	15	4	ſΥ	٠,	BENTH
All Touring Cur	×	7	n		1177
ATS Letting Readson	20		ы		(800)
SEE Bester					2239

P 27 10 101 111 111

T - CO. IN. WY MARKE	BE.	YH	HO.	
POUR Timeling Clar	1		н	\$1175
All Touring Cut		η.	6	1975
HK langue Brindner	-	36	×	2130
Model "13" Thuring Car-	15	-	ø	-2/50
Sta-Punninger SEX	2	8	-	1500

Cameling Factory: Walkerville, Out.

Buy It Because



1575

of Quality Cars

What is there in the Studebaker SIX that justifies us in saying it is the greatest automobile value in the world?

Setting aside the things which the eye can see — such as the ample seating capacity, the splendid electric system, fine finish and beauty of body — here are some of the internal values —

The full floating rear axle — its housing a light, tremendously strong Studebaker steel stamping.

Axle shafts so strong that one would support an 80 ton locomotive like a pendulum.

Each shalt so tough that to break it would require twisting through seven revolutions by a force equal to the weight of four tons at the end of a three-foot lever.

Camshaft, transmission and differential gears so hardened and toughened by heat-treatments that the sharpest file will not scratch, nor heavy hummer blows chip them.

Timken bearings throughout - which means even to the wheel hubs.

Springs that will stand 200,000 complete oscillations in a testing machine built to wear out springs—
as against 30,000 to 50,000, ordinarily accepted as good.

Two hundred forty-seven drop forgings - lighter and stronger than malleable iron castings.

A motor built complete in Studebaker foundry and machine shops — perfect in balance and alignment; a magnificent six-cylinder block casting.

We invite comparison with cars at any price to prove that the additional price buys no additional value.

Send for the Studebaker Proof Book, picturing and describing Studebaker processes.

Studebaker, Detroit

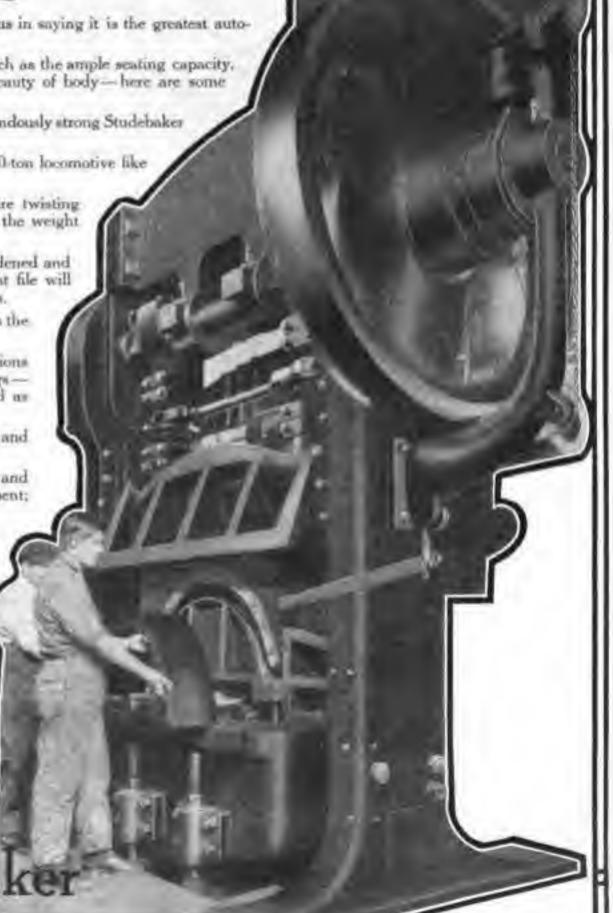
\$3,000,000 in Studebaker Machinery to Build Highest Quality at Lowest Prices

The beautiful Studebakes arowned tenders are made possibile only by the prodecors machine—one of the largest and conflict used in more on manufacture.

It mayes up fit per cent in leader manufacturing cost, and the difference poes into some other part or comes off the price.

So it is with every individual part and piece of channe and body - higher quality to lower aut.

It's a Studebaker



If ALL Tires Were PENNSYLVANIA Oilproof VACUUM CUPTIRES



SKIDDING on slippery payements—the greatest single cause of automobile accidents - would be unknown.

V. C. tirus have been quaruntend for many yours and to shid on uset or greasy passensons, else returnelde as purchase price. Never a claim from a user.

Tire trouble and expense-the greatest drawbacks to the use of automobiles-would be so normal and nominal as to constitute the least of all motoring complaints.

V. C. lives are guaranteed for a law minimum at 4,500 actual miles and maintain an average metry helice that distance

The oiled road would be a complete comfort-not to be avoided, but enjoyed.

V. C. tires are guaranteed absolutely immune in the robber-destroyony effects of oil.

Every year adds enormously to the number of those who know Vacuum Cup Tires as the ONLY tires for utmost safety and service. 1914 has already broken previous yearly records. SOLD EVERYWHERE

Pennsylvania Rubber Co., Jeannette, Pa.



Boulun Pitteburgh Suntile

Dairoit Son Francisco St. Paul

Los Angeles Minnespolis Omisha Kartous Coy, Mo. Allunia

An Independent Company with an independent selling policy

If the end of your thirst is a mile away, Hires will overtake it.

> At fountains or in bottles at grocers', fruit stands, etc.

Send home a case of cool waves to the folks.

When in Mantie City see Stree Standwell stone



THE MUTINEER OF THE MARY BLOUNT

(Continued from Page 5)

But the boats which put off from her to fasten to the whale are in a different rate-gory of shipbuilding. It was necessary for them to be swift, stanch and very buoyant. them to be swilt, stanch and very buoyant. When racing yachts were still square-rigged for the most part, the whale boat had already been developed along these lines to a point beyond which it does not seem possible to go. Thirty feet long, two men can lift her. Paper thin, the seas can no more crush her than they can crush a cork. Rowed by four men, there is many a power boat that could not catch her. And down the wind, under sail, in any sort of weather, there is no boat of her size so swilt or so sweet. As if all this was not enough, she is beautiful to the eye, as the Indian's cance is beautiful, as is the newest cup defender. is heautiful, as is the newest cup defender. And she has shared in more during deeds than all the great conquerors of history put together.

No matter what part of the seven sean you happen to be in, Cape Horn, if you have to round it, is always too near for comfort. Taking an occasional whale, rigrar-ging here and there, "smelling" for whales, the Mary Reunt drew at last into those dreuded and dreadful seas. Of the ship's company, those who were not furthwith seasick and sick of the sea could have been counted on the fingers of one hand-Cap-

counted on the fingers of one hand—Cap-tain Halthway, because there is no preven-tion like responsibility. Shattuck, Crandle and, oddly enough, the buy Howers. Crandle had taken the education of the last numed in hand and at the same time his own. For years the owner of a Bow-ditch's Navigator, taken over for a bad debt, he had never so much as dipped into it. One day he thundered at Bowers: "Have you read that Bowditch yet?" This was upon a calm and sunny day of

This was upon a calm and sunny day of

idling.
"I can't make head nor tail of it. And I don't see no use in it."
"Fetch the book."

Bowers (etched it. "New, then," said Crandle, "do you know where we be?" "Abourd the Mary Blount."

"Wherenboutsaboard the Mary Blount? "Why - just forward o' the try-works."

Crandle rulled his agate eyes heavenward, asking, and receiving, patience.
"Is what part of the ocean?"
"I dunno."

Crandle work his trains.

Crandle sank his voice.

"Now I wouldn't know if the captain hadn't told me. Now this here look tells a seaman how to tell where he is, how to

lecate where he wants to get, how to point for it and how to get them."

But the captain knows all that."

"So be does," said Crandle, again implor-

Tuttle—and who else? Not a living soul on this by nature. "So he does; so does Mr. Tuttle—and who else? Not a living soul on this ship, name of the mates, none of the boathenders, boatsteever or foremant hands, and unless you and I study this here Bowditch and get help on the knotty parts notody else ever will know. This book tells notedy else ever will know. This book tells everything that's known about the see and

about ships."
"Does it tell why a ship is always spoken

of as 'she'?"
"It does," said Crandle; "a ship is a weman because her rigging costs more than her holl. But that don't help us to find out where we are.

"It looks just about the same as where

"It looks just about the same as where we was yesterday."

"But the charts might tell us that where we are now isn't two miles from a hungry reef lookin' for a growin' hoy. Suppose sensithing imposed to Captain Haithway! Suppose he got bit in two by a whale? Suppose then Mr. Tuttle dies o' that pain in the side he's always complainin' of? Who'd them he to navier to the ship safe into port? there be to navigate the ship safe into port? I tell you, when I thinks of the abort lease a segmen takes on life from the Almighty it scares me. Do you want to be a cabin boy all your life? Do I want to die a boatsteerer that has risen from before the mast? No, sir, I don't. Now, then, we'll read this here book together. Two minds is better than one. And you just put this in your heart. You say to yourself: 'If there's anything that can be understood I can understand it.'"

Mr. Tuttle, walking as if walking burt, his face pule and hurassed, drew near and looked over the shoulders of the studious pair.

"Learning navigation? That's right. If I can help any I'll be glad to—glad to! There are never enough navigators on a ship by half. You never can tell what might happen. And when your chance comes you want to be ready for it. Look at Captain Haithway, rising in one voyage, by merit, by application, and by a series of unforesecable accidents and sicknesses from cable boy to first mate—on his first from cabin boy to first mate-on his first

from cabin boy to first mate—on his first voyage!"

"With all doo respects, Mr. Tuttle," said Crandle, "how is it that you never came to be master, stopped at the top of the ladder, you may say, and never climbed on into the house?"

"Why, it's well known," said Mr. Tuttle; "but if you don't happen to know I'll tell you—for the good of that boy's soul. I was first mate at twenty-three years of age. One night when you would least have expected it to come, the captain being ashore and we safe in a calm harbor, a hurricane rame, blown in from the heaven knows where. The work of savin' the ship fell to the second mate—" the second mate -

"But you was aboard, Mr. Tuttle?"

"Yes, my man, to be sure I was. I was blind drunk in my stateroom. Since that time," he went on solemnly, "I have never so much as wet my lips with liquor. But for all that no shipowner has ever cared to trust me with a ship. And quite right too!"

Mr. Tuttle turned away with an abruptness which brought his hand to his injured side, bit his lips and walked aft.

SHE was a picture in the great blue sea-cloak which the men had made for her. And she could never quite look her fill at the exquisitely scrimshawed buttoms or the droll effective embroideries. And the closk was voluminous, and kept her very warm and dry. She looked like a child masquer-ading as a woman, and indeed she was. Crandle, who in his reform, when sea

duties permitted, was much occupied with thinking, used to watch her by the hour from his sheltered place against the try-works. But it was from under bent brows that he watched, so that to a casual ob-

that he watched, so that to a casual observer it must have appeared that he was intent upon his knitting.

It was pleasant to see the great, savage-hearded seaman with the twisted and flattened nose engaged in so prosaic and innocent adiversion. He used, with asteady, swift clicking like that of a clock, a long and thick pair of ivory moddles, headed by buttons of blackest chony, into the top of each of which had been act a little sperm whale filed from mother-of-pearl. The yarns, blue and white, steadily came out of a sewing bag, a miraculous macting work of lines fishline, while the finished product was ever partially hidden by the cavernous paims of his hands.

These hands, rough, thick, hairy, cracked,

These hands, rough, thick, hairy, cracked, tarred and able, looked to be very dirty indeed, but the knitted yarns that came from their swift and sure handling were as clean as the day they were spun.

If the men asked him what he was making he gave them elusive replies. "It's a curtain to hang over the sun." They had not seen the sun for a week. "It's gags to put in the mouths of them as asks too many questions." "A nest for flyin' fishes." "A net to catch suckers."

But for all his watching of Mrs. Haithway, his pursistent knitting and the thousand and one calls of his profession, be did not neglect Bowers and the Bowditch. Bowers was with him so much that he must

have known what the long ivory needles were making. Indeed, porhaps in emulation of his idol, he had begun a slow and cumbersome work of knitting of his own.

The book might lie between them, kept men by weights.

open by weights. And with constant reference thereto they spoke in voices containing already glimmerings of understanding ing already glummerings of understanding of sines and cosines, of fixed stars and faise horizons. The whole ship's company took an interest in their progress. Mr. Tuttle, who grew paler and graver day by day, took a kind of feverish pleasure in answer-took a kind of feverish pleasure in answering questions and explaining difficulties. Captain Haithway loaned them his spare sextant, and worked over it with them until it was in perfect adjustment. The cook, of all people, presented them with a ledger.

all blank except for the fly leaf upon which some friend had written his name for him, and with a patent pencil which in his hands, as he natvely put it, would do almost any-

thing except write.

Those doubts and mysteries of adolescence which had so troubled Bowers, under the earlier spells of Crandle's teaching, had by the same teacher in his reformed mood been dissipated and laughed to scorn. Without directly taking back anything that he had ever said to the boy, the strong man was able to throw over those same sayings

was able to throw over those same sayings a new light.

The God of the Bible and of the preachers still met with his contempt, for he denied stoutly that God was God.

"It's as if a man who didn't know how to add or substract was to write a trigonomity," he said, "and pass it off on men more ignorant as hisself for genuine." But he affirmed Christ. "Maybe He was God," he said, "and maybe He weren't. But you never heard a strong man snear at him and said, "and maybe He weren't. But you never heard a strong man sneer at him and you never will. As for me, I don't sneer at God, I only sneer at the men who are so bumptious they think they can explain Him and hose Him. Here, let me show you." He took the boy's rude knitting, picked up the lost stitches with wonderful definess and expedition and returned it to him. "Try to get the feel of it in your fingers, same as a girl plays love music on the persame as a girl plays love music on the persame as a girl plays love music on the per-anna without havin' to take her eyes off her beau.

"Speakin' o' love," began Bowers.
"Well?" said Crandle, his agate eyes
roving toward Mrs. Haithway, who had
just emerged from the cabin on her husband's arm.

"Was you ever in love, Crandle—hard and fast, I mean?"
"Yes," said Crandle curtly.
There was a long silence.
"I often wonder," said Bowers at length,
"what bein' in love is really like. One man

says one thing; one man says another."

"It's like nothing," said Crandle, "that any man has ever said or ever will say, so what's the use o' talkin'? Some day you'll think you're in love, you'll think all the things you ever heard men, aye, and women say—well, you laugh and go shout your business, even if it burts. But another day you'll knew you're in love."

you'll know you're in love."
"And then, I suppose," said Bowers, "you have to go about your business just the

same."

"No," said Crandle, "then you have to do your duty, even if it kills you—and there's the captain's lady callin' me."

He stuffed needles and knitting into his sewing bag, and rolled swiftly aft on his strong short legs. He stood looking dawn into the bright eyes that peered up at him from the deep hood of the great sea cloak.
"Crandle," she said, "I'm just dying to

know what you're all the time knitting, so I just had to ask."

"Oh, cometimes one thing," he said,
"sometimes another."
"But right now, what are you on now?"
He covered the lower part of his face
with one hand and stood for a moment, reflecting. Then withdrawing the hand and disclosing a smile of almost bewildering gentlemes:
"Why," said he, "I'm knitting a blueand-white jacket for a baby."

It is a shock to any woman to learn that her first and greatest secret is common knowledge; but Mrs. Haithway's brave eyes never fell before the hoatsteerer's.

"How good you are at heart, Crandle," she said, "and how kind and thoughtful. Is it for my baby?"

"For yours," he said.

"Crandle?"

"Ma'ann?"

"Ma'am?"

"I love to think that you are knitting things for my baby. I'd love to think that sometimes you are praying for me. A woman at sea no other woman only men—she—she has her little fears, her silly little panies, Crandle."
"When it's my watch below," said Crandle, "and sleep gets me, so as I don't

Crandle, "and sleep gets me, so as I don't know what's going on in the world, then and only then I stop praying to God that

all will be well with you.

After a moment more, with no word spoken, he turned upon his beel and went back to his place against the try-works.

ACROSS the top of the ledger in which he was keeping the log of the voyage, Mr. Tuttle wrote at this time in large red

letters: Outward bound and still off Cape Horn.

Then, in black ink, the date and the following entry:

Regins with gale still blowing from the south-west, mixed with flurries of sleet and snow. Edmonton, a hoatsterrer, died of gangrens.

Then Mr. Tuttle drew in the margin a black coffin like this:

and then he went on deck to help them commit the body of Edmonton to the

deep.
Two weeks later the Mary Blount stagto nose about for whale in the pleasant to nose about for whale in the pleasant pastures of the South Pacific. Here she met presently with the B. D. Morgan, out of New Bedford, and now homeward bound with all her casks full and a fine lump of amberesis and se lock and here

with all her casks full and a fine tump of ambergris under lock and key.

The two ships gammed for half a day, the officers and men exchanging visits for talk, news, play and trade. Captain Haith-way wrote some letters for the Morgan to carry home; and received in exchange a letter from the captain of the Morgan to a Miss Smith in Honolulu. United States newspapers, months stale, were exchanged for equally stale copies of the Seaman's Friend, a highly moral sheet published in the Sandwich Islands. Crandle, who was made much of aboard the Morgan because of his dark and interesting record, returned from his visit the proud possessor of an oblong basket, woven in many colors from

island grasses.

This curiosity cost the wicked man several pounds of excellent chewing tobacco and a gaintiet of laughter. "He wants it to pick flowers in." they said. "He's going to give it to Pharaoh's daughter to find in the bullrushes." This shot in the dark was so close to the mark that Crandie scowled and the laughter stopped.

If the gumming of the ships was more profitable for some than for others, it was most profitable of all to Bowers. He went

most profitable of all to Bowers. He went aboard the Morgan, a blushing, overgrown hobbledehoy, and returned a young man inspired with hope and ambition, with a jaw for once tightly closed. "Why," he told Crandle, "the Morgan's second mate, Mr. Coffin, went out as cabin

boy. He took to Howditch same as you and me, and when his chance come, there he was. And I teld him how far we'd get, and he said he hadn't got near as far after overwhelming proof of his new friend's at-tainments. "And now he don't think no more of a false horizon than you and me thinks of bean soup. What's the basket

"Why," said Crandle, "I got some nice bits of wood put away—nara and ebony and such like—and I'm a-going to make a stand for this here basket, so's it'll hang fore and aft and smidships, like the binnacle lamps, and always keep an even keel no matter how the seas run. Then I'm going to take up contribuctions of hair from the men; soon as any one gets his hair cut I get the clippin's. When I gets enough I boils 'em in a kettle and skims off anything that comes to the top, anything in the animal or vegetable kingdoms, and then I takes the hair and dries it, and sprinkles it with orris-root and powder o' cedar, and then I makes it into a little mattress to fit snug into the bottem of the basket. Then I makes up a little set of bedclothes and a piller to match. And a bedspread outer that silk handkerchief I showed you one

day; and _____ do nothing to help!"
Couldn't I do nothing to help!" "With them butter-fingers of yours? ut, yes! When I holls the hair you can stand by to do the skimmin'

At this moment the speaker was interrupted by a great, loud, clear musical shout. from aloft.

"Blowo-ows-Ah--Blo-o-ows."

True to her reputation, the Mary Blount had smelt out a sperm whale, and far off to leeward in the dancing, dazzling sunshine her lookout could see it, loating, spouting and inviting its soul, an island of black watered-silk upon the blue. "Boy," said Crandle, "stow that basket in my chest. And fetch me some pitch to

rub on my hands. Something tells me that the first chance to put an iron in that there fish will be mine."



To enjoy the good things of life and not pay too dearly for them is the general human desire. We make our cigars so fragrant in aroma, so full flavored in taste, that they yield a maximum of pleasure; yet the blend is so mild that they are easy on nerves.

GIRARD

are not merely good cigars; their blend is unique and exclusive, and you will have to try them to appreciate them.

Girard Cigars are made in 14 sizes from 3 for a quarter to 20c. straight.

> Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
> Philadelphia Established 1871



No Dust From These Concrete Floors

A hundred thousand square feet of dustprized concrete floors were laid by Master Builders Method in the world's largest Pottory,

Moreor Builders Concrete Hardner word according to our "Stand-ard Specifications," enabled the E. M. Knowles Portery Company to complete the work for chemistres at their plant. Newell, W. Va.

These floors will wear like iron, they are smooth, dense, and cannot door. They are senitary and noticely fror from concrete grit.

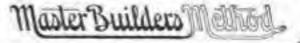
off billion suc , Scanland

More modified Coursels in the second control of the second control Low and red papers are required and porthydry an ex-ity phen, Common State (sel-try Marter Delibers Marked

POST OF DEPL SOFFIE

While the "This March District Primes". Fifth who the day of influence according from the part.

The Master Builders Company Department C Eleveland, Ohio









1914 - SECOND ANNUAL-1915

TIRE MILEAGE CONTEST

FOR EMPLOYED CHAUFFEURS

\$5,000 in PRIZES

WE invite our friends among car owners to encourage their chauffeurs to enter the Second Ajax Tire Mileage Contest, now in progress. The direct benefits accruing therefrom are more careful driving, proper care and consideration of tires, their proper inflation, greatly increased tire mileage life and lessened motoring cost.

The value to car owners of the recently concluded Ajax contest was fully demonstrated in the award of first prize to J. F. Gibney for driving an Ajax tire a distance of 16,783 miles on a Locomobile touring car; the average of 10,323 miles per tire made by the first 30 capital prize winners, and the average of 6,906 miles per Ajax tire made by the total of 208 prize winners.

For all information regarding the second contest, now in progress, address the "Contest Department." Investigate Ajax Tires, for they are better tires!

"While others are claiming Quality we are guaranteeing it."

AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER COMPANY

1796 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Branches in 18 Leading Cities

Factories: Trenton, N. J.



YOUR BOY OR GIRL

May secure without expense a course at Yale, Vassar or any other college or university, at the New England Conservatory of Music or at any other musical college or conservatory, at any business college, correspondence school, law school, medical college-in fact, at any educational institution in the country. More than a thousand young people have already earned scholarships largely during their summer vacations. Your boy or girl can do as well as they. Write for details.

BOX 575 EDUCATIONAL DIVISION

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

He turned and faced the captain. The latter's face was bright with ill-concealed

"Big bull," he said; "ninety barrels if he's a drop.

Crandle was rubbing his great rough salms together and a kind of shiver went through him.

"Not nervous, Crandle, I hope."

"No, sir. But it's the first chance I've had to show anything since you and her gave me a lift in the world, and it seems as if I couldn't wait to get at him, sir."

Captain Halthway laughed like a boy.

"You've whaled enough to know how much hurry there is! But we'll lower the boats presently—presently." And meanwhile, without a thought, they

were parting company with the Morgan. Every pair of eyes aboard the Mary Blount was peeled for a sight of the whale, and even Crandle's heart was stirring with those savage instincts of the chase that are more potent in man than friendship or greed or even love.

"Fluken!" he bellowed. "There goes

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE DANCING CARNIVAL

(Cantinued from Page 13)

"Haven't uny-I'm nonunion," said Lionel. "Move, will you? I got a lot to do inside.

"Well, we ain't workin' with no scab-see? So if you can't flash your T. M. A. card, this show's out o' luck, kid. Come on boys! Let the scab set the stage!

A transfer company's wagon blocked the alley as the striking stage crew left it, and Lionel, deliberating on the steps, heard the word scab repeated loudly. Then:
"Drop the baggage off right there, Andy, an' come on! You'll be in trouble with the Teamsters' Union if you don't."
The bump of a trunk on the paved side-

The bump of a trunk on the paved side-walk followed this threat.

"Here, you deliver that baggage at the door or we'll sue your comp ny " yelied Lionel, boldly dashing forth; but the trunks came burtling down, for Walden was

The stage crew walked off and the two transfer men stolidly unloaded, with Lienel violently impugning their uncestry. When the wagon was emptied they drove away, still silent under his taunts. The last trunk was Goldie's and the sight of it soothed Lionel. He dragged it through the stage door, then groped for the switchboard as there was no light. He located dressing rooms by the musty odors of grease-paint, and a trail of fresh cigarette smake led to the switchboard. He pulled out plugs by the light of a match and succeeded in illuminat-

ing the auditorium.

When he had the dressing rooms lighted he returned to the trunks in the alley and, for Goldie's sake, brought in her partner's trunk. Bologna's he left; but as Daisy was always kind he lugged hers to room number three. There seemed to be only himself in the theater-until he went to the front, discovering a youth yawning in the box office.

The youth said he could use the phone if he wanted to; so Lionel called the hotel selected for the company by the advance man. Manager Josepha had registered and gone out. Every one but Fanny Willetts

was out, and Fanny said:

"We're up in Charlie Benjamin's room
an' Gene's puttin' but towels on him while
I'm fixin' the medicine! Sick—my dear, he
et a canned crah in Newtown an' he like to
'a' died before we got him to bed! Oh, he
can't direct that orchestra tonight, Lionel, he's all in; an' we'll have to use the house leader for this once. I dunno where any one is! Goo'-by!"

Lionel carried in set pieces and trunks, and investigated the resources of the property room. It was seven-thirty. A non-union crew must be hired and the house leader informed that he must direct in place of the ailing Benjamin. The box-office youth declared that all be knew was that his father, the house manager, was in Fall River and had told him to see that companies got no more than their just percentage, and to take his clicker to the gallery door when the tickets were all sold. He did not know any sceneshifters or electriciansdid not know why every one was late. As Lionel furned Vera Kelly entered the stage

door, asking what was the matter.

"They never had anything over seventyfive-cent vod'ville over this circuit before, an' we blow in an' ask 'em two a throwan' the stagehands have struck 'cause I ain't union—an' Benjamin's poisoned— ain't that enough?" he grouned. "Not a soul to help an' this stage to be set—huh?" "I say, gimme a hammer an' tell me what to do," said Vera. "Nobody's killed yet."

Lionel was tacking scenery to battens and he accepted Vera's help apathetically. He reflected that, unless the performance could be given as usual, his enemies would have such cause to reproach him that Goldie might turn against him too. When Vera,

snatching a square of sylvan dell, tacked it upside down, he enarled:

"Now here; things can't be hashed up like that! Are you blind?"

She untacked, meticulously matching a painted tree to the half he had just put up. Weak tootles from the musicians' room

under the stage sent Lionel flying there. Then the tootles ceased, a faint cry of Scab! sounded from the alley, feet tramped out of the stage door, and Lionel roared:

You better beat it or I'll punch him

harder!"

"Oh, Lionel! What'd they do? What'd you do? Are you hurt?" screamed Vers; and Lionel, breathing like a winded dog. replied:
"I hit their cursed leader in the eye!

Sympathy strike now on. We got no music, no crew, no nothin'—as' I got to watch the trunks so they don't wreck 'em! That'll be the next thing."

With a stagebrace he was menacing three burly strikers when the Happy Harmonists came running to his aid. Gene and Fanny Willetta, Inez Kelly and little George Graf-scurried across the street, and the six Dif-ferent Dancers tempestuously detrained from a passing trolley car. All were willing to make up for having dallied by fighting to the death if necessary, and the strikers had retreated when Vera came out, bearing a

fire-ax.
"I'm comin', Lionel! I got an ax!" she shouted; but her sister Inex caught be

arm, exclaiming:

"Vera, you're makin' a fool of yourself about him! He's a nut over Goldie and you ought to realize it—and yet you don't. You'll never get him. Here she is now and

You'll never get him. Here she is now and you'll see where you get off at!"

Goldle was demanding the manager—house manager, then; or Johnny, or the electrician. Something must be done instantly! And she tartly asked Gene Willetts, the stage manager, why he was not doing it. "Here's Mr. Lamotte doin' ten men's work an' fightin' strikers as well, an' others merely stall round an' look wise!" she said excitedly. "Mr. Willetts, you get a gait on—d'you hear me?"

"Gene don't have to take no orders from you, Goldie Dailey," said Fanny Willetts. "Don'tan' won't—orwe'll closeright here!"

you, Goldie Dailey," said Fanny Willetz.
"Don'tan' won't—orwe'll close righthere!"
"Lionel, I'm dependin' on you, as people behave like perfect rummies!" said Goldie hysterically. "I own a piece of this show, an' the house is half ful; an' we don't knock our tour by givin' the money back!"
"I can set the stage an' work the lights—we can go without the spot for once," said Lionel, his heart leaping as his lady voiced her dependence on him; but Goldie cried:
"We gotta have a spot! I can't work

ber dependence on him; but Goldie cried:

"We gotta have a spot! I can't work
without one! And the orchestra — Oh,
heavens, what's to be done?"

"I'll chase a boy over for Benjamin's
address book. He must know some muscians here that ain't in a union," said
Willetts. "Buck up, Goldie!"

"Her insultin' you an' you stand for it!"
said Fanny Willetts; whereat her bushand

said Fanny Willetts; wherent her husband

Shut up! Goldie's all right."

"I can quiet 'em with a piano overture," proffered Lionel; and Goldie said:

"Lionel dear, I can't thank you here—it ain't the place; but when we're alone——She looked severely at Vera, who slunk away to dress. If Lionel could look at Goldle as he had, Vera thought that Goldle must respond by gladly giving him bet heart. Who could resist him?

The poor girl left raw splashes of red where the color should have been softly blended and tears made her rouge paw us-less. Lionel's black eyes were in her glas-instead of her own, which were as black. If she owned mink coats and jewels, bright

(Continued on Page 52)

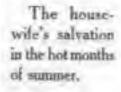


WHIRLPOOL

Small in size; light and portable; easily lifted and carried.

Strongly built of stamped metal; beautifully enameled and ornamentally finished.

Indispensable in seashore apartments and other summer homes.



No contact with hot water. steam or heat. Self-cleansing: sanitary; no pump used.

> Reduces time m hot kitchen to a very lew minutes.

Large numbers are being sold in the

JOHN WANAMAKER STORE

Philadelphia

and the Wanamaker circular save of it:

"At last-a successful dish washing machine for the home.

It cleans with but suds, riverwith boiling water, sterilizes, and dries your dishes in a very Jew minutes."

The hands need not touch the water . . . and there is no danger of mughening the skin. No matter how hat the water, even the finest glass will not cruck nor break."

Sercunts . . . have been converted to this Disharmher after a single trial; for it saves them so much hard and appleasant workural to so little trouble to operate.

"It makes dishwashing a pleasand task

... The well known objections In previous types of Dishwashers have all been overcome in this one.

Average family size \$15,00

Information furnished regarding larger sizes. All muchines streetly guaranteed, or money relunded:

If not obtainable in your locality, the Whitipool will be sent perpaid upon receipt of price.

Returnable at our expense, after ten days examinators.

Write for Benetifully Illustrated Booklet. Appends securily to high-class dealers and opents Shapped in careers (8 x 22 melos, results 23 possess

Hershey-Sexton Company, Manufacturers 1223 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



Do Your Printing!

WRITING THE PHOTOPEAT

PLAN YOUR VACATION NOW VISIT THE COAST OF MAINE and the MARITIME PROVINCES

The Most Wonderful Variation Country in North America III. CHEST WATER Big new steel steamships connect New York and Buston with the sum mer reports of Maine, New Brunswick and the Maritime Provinces



Your choke of 15 money: Total 1900 statute miles. Combine the less and chapter was to threel with the best divigorating raculton.

Send for Booklet F

EASTERN STEAMSHIP CORPORATION

Pier 19, No. River, New York or India Wharf, Boston

(Continued from Page 50)

yellow hair and fine gowns, would be like ber then? It was not fair for Goldie to lure him with her pursy eyes. For the first time Vera wished berself a blonde.

"You keep on an' you'll be sick," warned Inet, putting the small Graff to bed in the tray of her trunk; but Vera said she did not care if she was - no one else cared, either.

"I'd catch myself moberin' over that kid!"

said Ioez angrily.

"He's older'n I am," said Vera; and she wondered why he had told her of the play he meant to write, and the great part in it that her personality would fit, and the din-ners they would have, and then forgotten

She had stopped exchanging letters with a rising young hoop roller, and in her mind she began to mother Lionel—to fret if his delicate throat was uncovered, and to plan for another season, when they would travel as a team, domestic and professional. She would take her Persis you a values table. would take her Persian rug, a velours table-cuver, some dishes and all her photographs out of storage even her encyclopedia.
One could make the dreariest one-night-

stand room homelike in a few minutes. She stand room homesize in a few minutes. She would cook a hot little supper for him after the show and stitch silk shirts for him that should be as fine as Johnsy Trippit's. Did he not know how headliners were — how they forgot as easily as he had? She clenched the hands, so ready to minister to Lionel, and tried to wish that Goldie would not flout

tried to wish that Goldie would not flout him and cause him suffering.

Because Johnny and the manager had come and urged her to dress while they settled and improved the situation, Goldie was in her room. She was thinking of Lionel. How versatile he was! Johnny had actually admitted that the stage was properly set, and that the dozen labors performed by Lionel were excellently completed. A male friend of a Different Dancer had viewed Lionel daring the strikers to had viewed Lionel daring the strikers to combat. He was a hero—and all for her! "Say, dearie, I had 'em fry a couple of

"Say, dearie, I had 'em fry a couple of those chickens, so's we can have 'em cold after," said Daisy, popping in. She wore a frizzy brown wig and a green-and-white chiffon dancing costume.

"Oh, goody!" said Goldie, powdering her aboulders. "It's so seldom they're restly nice—an' you could actually eat the legs of the one I had for dinner."

"Charlie didn't know of any pianists here. We might have to cut this data," said Daisy; and then she cried; "Hold on—she's not ready! Who is it?"

"Lemme in—I got to see her!" said the voice of Bologna.

voice of Bologna.

Goldie whisked a robe about herself as be entered. He was pule and his small eyes blinked, which with him was a sign of m-

"It's private," be said, blinking faster.

"It's private," be said, blinking faster.
"Daisy an' me got no secrets—for mercy's sake, speak!" said Goldie. "Oh, Fred, what is it? My grief, that woman pirate ain't put our act on? My, I'm chakin'!"
"Goldie," said the juggler hoursely, "prepare to git a wallop; an' if you hadn't rassed me when I had the pneumony I—but can that! I'm Johnny's pal, but I won't weaken on you—well, will you kin'ty smell these here. John found the woman, but she won't tell where her partner is. They're Bolton an' Bolton. Smell these here."

here."

"My letter!" gasped Goldie. Then she snatched at the mauve sheets in his fingers and Bologna allowed her to take them. Daisy smelled curiously. "Both the same, so far as I can tell," said she.

"Yup! They are," said Bologna heavily. "Here's the notes on the snowshoe dance, nicked up in the other theater. Here's a

picked up in the other theater. Here's a note wrote to Golfie by Mr. L. Lamotte on a double sheet turned inside out—an' he didn't notice that the inside's a letter."

The back of Lionel's message was covered with writing in a slanting, feminine hand. With growing borror, Goldie read it aloud:

Dear Mr. Smith: We have a swell new dancing art for the Australian-Oriental time, and think we ought to get two bundred, as my bushand has an original dance un snowshoes that is a big feature. We open with full stage-a winter set-and carry our own drop, and close in one with him duing a buck on his hands, while I -

"She's Jainting! Water—but don't spoil ber make-up!" cried Daisy; but Goldie sluded Bologua's arm, declaring: "No, I'm. not! Listen! Do you figger that Lionel joined merely to study our methods an' that the party in this is his wife?"

Bologna nodded.



THE SUMMER'S SILK SHIRT OPPORTUNITY

Smart Made-to-Measure \$1 60

AVE you ever heard of three smart, high grade, washable silk shirts being made to individual measurement for \$10.500 Fifth Avenue custom that-maker sharps from \$2.00 to \$15,00 for a single gurmunt

Our Made-to-Measure Silk Shirts

are wenderfully good and exceptionally marr, correctly styled, perfect firting and long-wearing. The partures are year sew and exclusive.

You may relect your silks from my 'Olive to Order by Mail' bookler, is which they are shown in a wide rawing of heatelful efforts. We have yet to from 1st a silk shirt value in America. which compares with ours either in couldy of ode, in civile, finish an av-

With at the first the transmit spining when the property of th

W. A. LANIGAN CO. II Got Chill



Shoe Polishes







TOTALE WHITE YES Speed Joseph William 1 and 1 for them 1 who are presented by the present of the

WHITTEMORE BROS. & CO. 20:25 Albany Streets. Combesting a Combelden, Miss

75% SAVED IN PENCIL COST!

Striking testimony to the economy and incomparable quality of L.& C. Hardtmuth's

'KOH-I-NOOR' PENCILS

I have noticed an advertisement of yours wherein you relate the experience of a user of "Koh-i-mor" Pencils who found one pencil to last seven years. I do not doubt it. Had my own experience not included the "Koh-i-noor." I tell you frankly I skould have doubted it. I use the 4 H. grade because I draft continually on very coarse paper. I used to get pencils at half the price, but they only lasted a week, and frequently fell short of that. The "Koh-i-noor" lasts me have months. Now it is a simple marter of arithmetic to show that your make yields me at least 400 per cent., and very probably 500 per cent, to say nothing about the saving of time in sharpen-ing the pencil. Further, I experience a pleas-ure in the velvety smoothness of the lead which is one of those little luxuries that add to the chances of good work. I get my pen-cils from the Lechertier Barbe, of Jermyn Street, S.W., but my sole object in writing you this is to endurse what the architect wrote you, and to say that "Koh-i-nour" pencils provided a man has the common gumption to use the proper grade for his work are infinitely cheaper than "cheap" pencils and vastly superior to work with. And another virtue—if one drops a "Kalt-inoor" to the Boor, and that point downwards, as, of course, they always seem to do-they do not break,

You can make any use you like of this. My only desire is to make a good article known, and to suppress the rubbish.

NOTE !- The paper used by Mr. England is of a very rough nature, and tests the pencils in the severest possible manner-

In 17 Degrees and 2 of Copying.

Supplied by high-class Stationers, &c., everywhere. Illustrated last from

L. & C. HARDTMUTH, 34, East 23rd St., New York: and 107, Notice Dame St. West, Montreal



For Public Parks and School Yards

Made of soul, het astronomy

MEDART'S PLAYGROUND APPARATUS

is used to public places used of the second of the second

Fred Medart Mig. Co. St. Louis, Mis. "I told you his head was the wrong shape, dear," said Daisy. "The scoundrel?" "I ain't let John in on it yet," said Bologna. "He ain't fit for it—what with

no music an' Josephs goin' to give back the coin. It's heartbreakin'! An' our carryin'

that non-union pup along's responsible."

Goldie jumped up. She reached into a suitcase, withdrawing a revolver of useful

caliber.

"Quick—there's Linnel outside! Get him in here!" she hissed.

"No shootin"—I'll deal with him," said

Bologna, holding the door; but Goldie was smiling as she said she did not intend to

Bologns hoped she would never turn that revengeful smile on him! He summoned Lionel softly and the latter unsuspectingly walked in. Goldie had put the weapon

under a towel.

"We've tried every place and they're going to return the admissions," said Linuel andly. "Can't give a show without some music."

music."

"We're goin' to have music, Lionel Lamotte," said Goldie, and her tone was whiplike. To Belogna she continued: "Run an' tell Mr. Josepha that Mr. Lamotte says he'll play the whole show on the plane, an' to give back a single bone!"

not to give back a single bone!"

"Why, Goldie, I can't! I don't know the music well enough," faltered Lionel.

Daisy had slipped out. She reappeared and with much resolution displayed a revolver like Goldie's. Bologna was good.

Goldiersevaled her revolver, and she pointed to straight at light or the straight of it straight at Lionel as she said, still smiling:

"Study for drama in the 'lenely spaces,' will I." Australia an' the Orient, maybe! I admit I was fooled—any one is if they be-lieve in parties an' ain't expectin' een to turn out a perfect wretch! An' you was goin' to end by bustin' my show! "Goldie, hear me! Goldie!" cried Lienel; but Dulsy and Goldie shouted in unison:

Keep still?"

Lional shork, and it was scarcely a proof of cowardice, with two carelendy handled automatics aimed at him.

You'll play an overture, an' then you'll play the acts an' the revue; an' you got Trippit an' Dulley to recken with when you're done!" he was promised.

And, as if hurt, amazed and rendered alriect by events, Lionel was led out by Bologna, who reported that Josephs thanked Mr. Lamotte. Then the juggler borrowed Daisy's revolver and commanded;
"Hike! An' if you play any of my musi

wrong I'll bounce a weight on your boan!" Fifteen minutes after the advertised lour an impatient audience observed a thin, dark youth in evening clothes come out of the slide by the piano. He commenced a brilliant medley, in which Mozart and the countless Von Tilzers, Wagner and Berlin, Chopin, and Lionel's own works were reck-lessly ragged. The audience liked it, but their apprehation did not make the artist seem less melancholy.

The Sisters Kelly opened the bill, and Vera wondered why Goldie and Daisy were in opposite entrances, looking so strangely at Lionel. Inex became coraged when Lionel did not repeat the vamp of their second song, but Vera yearned to jump down and help him puzzle out the lead sheets. How could they expect him to play a hard show like this at a minute's notice? She was doing the Kelly Walk when she heard him say:

"Find out whether those guns are loaded!"

Vera could not answer until abe was again in the center of the stage. Then she queried us he glanced up because the dance had changed time: "Guna!"

"Yes, guns! Find out!" he said, almost in a whisper.

Inez did not hear him. She sent a hasty look at Daisy, whereat Duisy instantly and ullyan Vera danced toward the other entrance.

Was it Johnny who had a gun?
"Oh, who'd you mean?" she quavered;
and under cover of the music Lionel said: 'Look in the upper box an' see is that Sam Devine last season's d'rector for Smoke's Minstrels."

The act was finished before she could be certain. Then she nocided; and Lionel nodded back so significantly that Vera was sure Sam Devine had the guns and was seeking Lionel's blood! And why-why should Sam Devine want it?

Your bit's got to be cut, with him playin'," said Johnny, finding Goldie still on guard. The revolver was concealed under her white satin coat. The Razor that takes the H out of SHAVE 500 SHAVES GUARANTEED FROM 12 BLADES Auto Strop Strops Itself



For the best title to this picture in 20 words or less

The word "leve" was be intemporary to mean the sub-month or judget a rose bega-tor the porary for consider the a population which that the limit of the gives to make the sub-tors. will pay \$500 The proof the second life action (cd) after the best time to the second life and the second life action (cd) action (cd) and the second life action (cd) actio

PROFESSION AS A SUPPLEMENT.

5 And One Del-bar (Connection \$1.20, Soud Laws (se these mostles to

Open unity to some admirablem; to some rigorate venewed at this tails. LAPE, 70 Wee the steen, New York (bie Year \$5.00. (Canadian \$6.52; Foreign \$6.04) Desgir come (4 mm. Crity Dunds), Altromittable (





Results Compared with Theories

Here we have:

Ten telephones for each hundred persons.

Nearly one rural telephone to every two farms.

Reasonable rates fitted to the various needs of the whole people.

Telephone exchanges open continuously day and night.

Policy—prompt service.

There they have:

One telephone for each hundred persons.

Practically no telephones on the farms.

Unreasonable rates arbitrarily made without regard to various needs of the whole people.

Telephone exchanges closed during lunch hour, nights and Sundays.

Policy-when your turn comes.

America's Telephones Lead the World with the Best Service at the Lowest Cost.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service



When the Flies Come-

are of Tanglelant, the most course of appropriate of the control o

In diff years nothing low proord - sure -

When ally halter a Tandered Comment.
When ally halter a Tandered Comment are with a carmon tool 20/200 regree and the Sy.

Don't Risk

Poisons

The many decrease of the solid line of the so

Too

At All Grocers and Druggists Wile TANGLESCOTS

MARK OWLT ST. THE O. & W. THUM CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

"I'm glad it has," said Goldie through her little white teeth; and he was so gratified that he remarked:

"I'll give a feed after we're done—an' ast Lamotte. He's doin' swell!" The Happy Harmonists had four min-utes without music—sufficient rest to allow Lionel one cigarette. He signaled Daisy, who motioned assent. Bologna met him as he emerged from the slide. "Say! I miss three balls to work up ex-

citement, an' I got to be ketched with a crash for each of 'em. An' if I ain't—beware!" growled the juggler.

"So you knocked me with her, did you?" exclaimed Lionel desperately. "You're a

fine ——"
"Fred—time!" came Daisy's shrill voice, and Bologna berded Lionel back to the slide.
The planist had to lay half of his body on satisfactory crash when The planist had to lay half of his body on the keys to make a satisfactory crash when the Terpaichorean Juggler, in his fleshings and gilt boots, missed a few burnished cannonballs, then caught the rest on the back of a hairy neck, rolling them up and down powerful arms. Lionel's wrists ached from the unusual strain of continual playing; but when Goldie was on for the snowshoe dance be livened. She did a startling split on the big shoes, and while she faced him he pleaded, playing meanwhile:

"Goldie, what you accusin' me of?"

"Traitor!" hissed Goldie, smilling for the front rows as she rose expertly. "I'd rather be dead than dence that pantomime with you again! I was only comin' you along about the drama—never meant one word!"

Lionel, stricken, missed a rue. While Trippit and Dailey took their bows an unher—a non-union man discovered by Man-

usher—a non-union man discovered by Man-ager Josepha, who was operating the spot-light in the gallery—informed Lionel that a Miss Kelly had seen the gentleman in the box, and he had no guns.

"She got it mixed," said Lionel. "Tell her—no, tell him to take this front-row seat that's empty, behind me."

The revue was going on when a stout young fellow quietly occupied an end seat and, leaning over the rail toward the piano, said: usher-a non-union man discovered by Man-

"Hello, Li! What's comin' off, any way?"

"Hello, Li? What's comin' off, any way?"
Lionel missed another cue, then played two heats ahead for Johnny's buck with the comedy policemus. Goldie felt for the weapon hidden in her grown and Daisy determined to support her friend to any extent.

"That fat man's playin' for Lionel!" said Inex Kelly at the table in Goldie's rear.

Lionel was gone!

Goldie sat at a table placed so that the whole house could see her. It was her inalienable privilege as a headliner to be there. And Daisy, as the show's added attraction, was nearly as prominent. Neither of them could leave the stage; and if they did not apprehend Lionel he could excape. And what would Johnny say to Goldie for keeping the secret that Lionel was that loathsome thing—a chooser, with a wife of the same acquisitive nature? They might get away to Australia with Trippit and Dailey's act before they could be caught!

Bologna was doing comedy with Johnny and Billy Graff, and the ramedy was to be prolonged because the violin number was out; so he was helpless too. The substitute began the partomisne's music—be did not understand that it had been cut! Willetts, the stage manager, was wigwagging to him, and yet the man, with a little smile, calmiy

the stage manager, was wigwagging to him, and yet the man, with a little smile, calmly

and yet the man, with a little smile, calmly repeated the introduction.

"Get out on that stage an' dance or I'll crab this show so you'll cancel the rest of the territory," said Lionel in the entrance back of Goldie. "We'll dance now if we never do again!"

"Not with you.—I'll shoot! See if I don't!" said Goldie, athrill. Even a manager would have feared to order a headliner. The music was insistent.

"Shoot nothin!" Get out there or I'll

"Shoot nothin"! Get out there or I'll stop the piane an' put the whole works on the fritz!" said the ferocious Lionel in her

Goldie plucked weakly at her dress, but she dared not attack a man who was so plainly ready to smirch the record of the first two-dollar vaudeville company in New England. She tried to call to Johnny and found him motioning her to hurry, apparently pleased that he did not have to improvise comedy for another fifteen minutes.
"I can't—I won't! My work'd just be rotten an' metallic!" she protested.

Lionel's hig eyes glared and with a savage push he sent her from her chair. Then Goldie danced, revolted at herself, at him. at everything, but still conscious that when one owned a percentage of a show, and was

a headliner, too, sacrifices must be made When the audience recognized their zealous when the audience recognized their zealous planist in the dancing violinist who so energetically wooed the lovely blonde lady they gave him noisy applause.

"Lemme go! Lemme go!" panted Goldie as Llonel clutched her for their exit.

"Connin' me, were you?" he said hotly.
"An' then ready to shoot me besides!"

"Been la lite you're your mile counts he

"People like you'n your wife oughts be shot!" choked Goldie as they walted up and down later, to which Lionel said. astonished: "Wife! What wife?"

The dance was too strenuous for further conversation. When they waltzed of locked in each other's arms Vera gave a moss. She understood that something was wrong between them, of course, but it looked to be as though a reconciliation had been effected This was a mistake.

The clasped ones unclasped and rusted out to take their earned plaudits. Sam Devine gayly played the balance of the show, Lionel sat moodily at a table as one of the stage guests and the drop fell while they all danced Good-Night Rag.

"Goldie, you got to explain that crack about a wife!" said Lionel, facing the company as the curtain thudded down.

"Chooser!" screamed Goldie, queenly despite perspiration. "I depise you for one—also with a choosin' wife—an' for lyin' about your old play!"

"I ain't married an' never was, an' I never chose nothin'. An'I can write a play but it won't be for you!" cried Lionel.

"Pro'bly you never lamped this here before!" interposed Bologna.

"I won'tsend her any more," said Lionel. spurning his mauve note. The clasped ones unclasped and rusted

sparning his mauve note.

"But what's this all about?" demanded Johnny. "Me an' Fred found the weman who was stealin' our stuff, Goldie. Lamotte

ain't guilty."
"That there woman's this guy's wifeBolton an' Bolton," said Bologna. "He's
Bolton!"

Bolton an' Bolton," said Bologna. "He's Bolton!"

The company drew away from Lionel. Daisy warned her dancers from him as from a postilence. Inex Kelly declared that it did not surprise her a bit, but Vers stepped briskly forward.

"Him Harry Bolton?" she said contemptuously. "I saw Harry sittin' in the window of the Noble Hotel here tonight. He's no more like Lionel than I am. An'll Goldie Dailey's been after Lionel with gunsan' callin' him a chooser when he ain't, be ought to have the law on her; an' I say so, if she gets me canceled tomorrow—as tonight!"

"I—I truly beg his pardon," stammered Goldie. She looked appealingly at Johann, who winked at her as he suggested:

"Let's all have that feed I was talkin about—an' nix on the hard feelin's."

"Please! Please come. Lionel!" said Goldie. Her pansy eyes were very sweet but Lionel would not see them.

"I got a date with Miss Kelly," said he. "We're goin' to talk over my play!"

Music en Routs

NAT GOODWIN was sitting in the Lambs' Club one evening not long ago, when a friend who was in trade approached

when a friend who was in trade approached and offered him a cigar.

"Nat," he explained, "this is a new cigar we're just putting on the market. I wish, as a personal favor to me, you'd try it and give me your opinion of its merits. To introduce it generally we are making special premium offers. If you smoke five bundred of those cigars you get a silver-mounted safety razor. If you smoke a thousand you get a band-sewed traveling kit. If you smoke ten thousand of them you get a baby grand piano."

baby grand piano."

Goodwin lit the gift cigar and puffed at it gingerly. Then he laid it aside.

"If I smoked ten thousand of thesthings," he said, "I wouldn't need a piano. I'd need a harp." I'd need a harp.

The crowd laughed. Only one man, and English actor, sat silent and unmoved Presently be got up and moved away to a quiet corner, where he remained alone he some time deep in thought. The next do

he stopped Goodwin on the street.
"I say, Mr. Goodwin." he began with a chuckle, "that was a deuced clever that you said last night—about those cigars mean—frightfully clever! I've been muling it over in my mind and I get your mea'r ing. Of course, traveling about as you is a plane would be terribly in your was wouldn't it?"



Delivered YOU FREE



SEND NO MONEY TO Torry and Smediter at

Bicyrles. They used function is proceed to the standard of delivery year to Recept Piles for the samples of the samples

WANTED-AN IDEA! Who case think of W Protect your ideas, they may bring you useful.
Write lot "Needed Inventions" and "How to Get Your Parent and Your Money. Resistants & Co., Dept. 117, Parent Attorneys, Washington, D.A.

idols of the king

Continued from Page 20

Or was she sunk? Oh, never mind!-A sailor drunk Is the useless kind;

For Science has found that a gonner bright Who has quaffed three ligs of Missouri Light, When he stands prepared, his eye to the gun. Will see three foes when he should see one.

The consequence, Sire, Is extremely dire; Not only is the difficul-tee Of taking aim increased by three, But the man behind the gun, y see, By viewing a triplicate ene-mee, Is three times as scared as he ought to be."

Cried King Wood-row Sure, there's meal in the things you say."
More meat than drink," quoth Jo straight-

way. But we should grieve! Just give me leave To write an Order to the Navy
And quick as Goliath struck by Davy—
Ere Friday next, the Thirteenth day—
I'll make the ocean so dry that—say!
'Twill make the Ancient Mariner crook In the bridal train that ancient joke: Time's on the blink.

And I don't think That water looks wet when you want a drink!""

Petition granted; So Sir Jo D. At once got husy to dry the sea. And the wireless flashed from fleet to fleet— Gunboal, battleship, little mosqueet-

The waves aginst, Absit, forninst: On Friday next, the Thirteenth inst., Every encktail, every beer, Every wine with a label dear, Every rum with a cider chaser, Every patent-medicine bracer, Every brandy of apricots, Jersey lightning, vatted Scots, By the hour of noon must immejut be Poured, dumped, jettisoned into the sea."

HI-PRIDAY YHE THIRTEENTH

The Fleet, it lay a rocking on the border of

The First, it lay a rocking on the edge of

When a wireless telegraphic came and interrupted traffic

With the message: "Chuck the lickerthem's me orders. Do it (-ja:

Now the officers at trencher were a-drinking vintage French or Something equally expensive—seven dol-lars to the quart—

Which the Navy always furnished to the

men in buttons burnished, Or equivalent in money to the men who "Don't care for't."

And the officers of warrant were a quaffing many a torrest Of Château Yquem, or humpers of heady

gold Chables; And the sallors in their mess, sir, were quite jovial, I confess, sir,

From great swimming tube of grog, sir, full of absinthe, rum and tea.

Twas, in fact, the average scene, sir, in our gallant life marine, sir-An investigators tell us; and, of course,

they ought to know. And all patrons of the stage, sir, know that

sailoes earn their wage, sir, By absorbing local color and avoiding H_cO.

It was noon, Jo's message frantic lairly scorched the wide Atlantic. There was dread among the Dreadnoughts.

quaking knees in naval Jeans. There was fright among the juliers on destroyers, cruisers, colliers, And a sort of sinking feeling went among

the submarines.

But the Admiral at his luncheson haid aside his busky truncheon, Sighed, saluted: "Grim is duty-yet I'll

do it if I die! Set the signal flags affutter on the smokestack turnet gutter!

Fly the barometric signal - 'Sudden change to extra dry'?

And no sooner were these pennants seen by Uncle Samuel's tenants

Than that rabid sense of duty which the sailor cannot lose

"Well That's Fine!!"



JE who shaves regularly with a GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR realizes a difficult problem solved-shaving stripped of its dread and made so easy.

> CEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR outly complete with 7 Gam Damasharer Hilden in generice rea-riaco battleer care, \$4 (0) Ar all aports date dealers.



the gone dedict to done on different makes of white course confuse the firm -OF II BOO HE GOVE

> One Dollar Outfit

Gem Cutlery Co., 210-218 Eleventh Ave., New York





Wingfoot Rubber Heels

The second section of puriod best As-

The state of the english. The supplied at the state of the english but can't find both the state of the state

Disk -In the and rating time. Your depleted on the state of the state

Wingfoot Rubber Soles

All Sizes

Also and for Wingles Rulber Soles light to add one to a make the addition have and one.

In our court days

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio Toronto, Canada London, England Muxico City, Mexico Weste Linux Anothing You Want in Richter Denleys Everyonisers - Branches and Agreeses in 182 Friedmil Clies



"No Fun", Says He, "Unless You Wear B. V. D."

YET the full fun out of your vacation in B.V. D. If you're cool, work is play, and either side of the road is the shady side. In B.V. D. you belong to the "I Won't Worry Club". Join it right away, and you'll daily look at life through rose-colored glasses, with a quip on your lip and a song in your heart.

For your own wellars, his the B. V. D. Red Woven Label in your mind and make the calesman show it to you. If he can't so won't, sould not? On every B. V. D. garment is seved





They shad dig \$1.7 to \$7 mg

The B V D. Company. New York.

Affection for the Agency of the Administration in the





American Cas Machine Co., 418 thirth St., Affert Lim. Mirry.

"THEOSOPHY"

TRIPED LIDSE OF TREDSHYRIPS

Managers, Organizers, Salesmen Seeking A Chance To Do Big Things On A Small Capital



We are now awarding head oftengy rights his the SAVE ALL Automatic Fee Earny. These trights will be given, not will not them to no prove that the first will in them to need upon. If you are the lared of a trig hosters and would be if available to a not hosters and would be if available to a his hosters and would be if available to a his hosters. All was will need to equally applied to how on while you are action, whatever my not the appreciantly we don't exceed a qualitation of while you are action, whatever any no the appreciantly we don't care in hoster hand if you are action; earlier as we my chart. One thrug-surer action, did not be fore thrug-surer and and the grath, here becomed all duals to have the act of the hoster hands and a facility than the act of the first host trip and the last the product of the product of the first hoster was a facility as one and the facility of the product of the first host trip and the facility of the product of the facility of the product of the facility of the facility

The IAVE ALL Amounts For Longis most simply discretions as a passejumid foresting marriage, it will autothatboally longer people to the spound
without short manage in lift a frager. It
will writing them position foresteen
a dead origin. It is a position approtrace resemble for emolog. At fireplant a statistican is buried from policy
to cort here would address it. No marr
fire emologic has a bring channer where
the should have been cheefe all
out providence and institutement are inthating it. For ground memberson,
speciments, because hopes and
publishings of all kinds, it is the for
marge that mally alies
of modera.

If it the fire recogner
of modera.

blue regret evenuely bring provid making a first the fire except forms the leading limit in her of making a first that early that ea

We'll Demonstrate It In Your Town

UNITED SAFETY APPLIANCE CO., Inc., General Offices, Syracuse, New York

Started every Jacky of 'em-Heaven help

'em! Heaven love 'em— To the turrets and the portholes, bearing boose and boose and boose.

Fell a splash of liquid thicker than Niagara flowing liquor— All along that line of battle such a gurgle,

such a spray!

Spurted lofty founts of sperrits from the con-

ning towers and turrets
Till Pa Neptune, rising upward, quaffed the
sea and yelled: "Hooray!"

And they say, from so much calloused waste of stimulating ballast. That the ships rose many feet, sir, up above

the water-line;
While the ships' hands made endeavor to play up; "Farewell Forever!"
But the fishes warbled; "Welcome!" as they bicouped through the brine.

Whales and dolphins, sharks and sculpins started in a greedy gulpin' And they acted most peculiar for a week

or even more; And near Newport's naval station was a temperance delegation

Who went seimming, tasted somethingand refused to come ashore!

But, in Washington, Josephus to the King smiled blandly: "Reef un!

Now's the time to start a war, Sire, and our tary il do it right. That's my rule, Sire: Irritate 'em and you'll

quickly elevate 'em To the maximum efficiency—they're mad enough to fight."

IV-LAST CHANCE CHANTEY, CHANTED BEFORE THE KING BY SIR HAM LEWIS, SOMETIME LAUREATE

Thus said the Lord of the Battleships and Admirals,

Speaking in the officers, all quaking in their shoes:

"Lo? the rules have passed away In the drought of Temperance Day That our Party may be strengthened, shall I gather up the boose?"

Then up spake the tars of the battleship Connecticut:

Connecticut:

"Plague upon the burricane that blows us nought but dry!

Now that war's begun between us.

Kill old Bacchus, murder Venus;

And there's nothing but a hymn book now to make us fight and die."

Then said the stokers on the good old collier

Jupiter, Balancing their scuttles, which were former full of beer:

"We who warmed the engine thuds Dipped our beaks smid the suds— And the proper place for water's in the builttub once a year."

Then up sang the ghosts of the heroes of

Then up sang the growts or the nerous or antiquity:

"We fought with Drake and Farragut; we followed Nelson's log; Bullets broke our gallant hones. As we stood by John Paul Jones.— Was it up to these commanders to deprive

us of our grog?"

Loud roared the souls of the Spanish-Yankee VETERADS:

"Have a heart, Josephus! Kindly harken to our views: When we thrashed 'em at Manila

There was little sursaparilla Drunk that night in celebration as a sub-

Bright smiled the Lord of the Ships and Admiralty, Sitting in the office of the fearless Raleigh

atitute for boone."

News: "Though the logic's rather faint,

I am filing your complaint-And the next Administration may be kinder to the boose."

The Natural Inquiry

AS JOHN TENNANT, managing editor a k of the even fork Evening World, tells the story, a battered and weary-looking presence faced a London magistrate. "You are charged," said the magistrate, "with being in a beastly state of intoxica-tion. What is your name?"

"My name a Arome Alice Comm. Man

"My name is Angus Alan Fergus Mac-Less. ened burr.

Who bought you your liquer?" demanded the magistrate.

P CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY The refinements of modern dress demand silk hose for all occasions. People who appreciate good style find a double appeal in the luxurious quality and wonderful durability of PHOENIXSILKHOSE Woren of pure-dye thread silk of the finert grade. Mag's, life to \$1.58 per gate Wanten's, 130 to \$2 per gate Beds to Assertes PROCNES WORKS Hiteadeay



Whether weer trip takes you first of West break its instructions. Get one plain of refreshing rent on a verificile feature force and adoption. The areal vice control and adoption. The areal vice remains and engineering the area of the control of the area of the rent of the area of the rent of the initial waters of the verification of the inland waters of the verification of the inland waters of the verification of the inland.

Leave Coverand - 5 00 p. m. Cou Director Countries - 5 00 p. m. Cou Director Countries - 5 00 p. m. East Director Countries - 6 00 p. m. East Director Countries - 6 00 p. m. Countries Co

Consections at Buffalo for Nineura Palis and all Eastern and Canadian points. At Chrochind for Putton the Toleda Detroit and all points West real familiary. Radional include reading in farms Circuland and Buffalo accepted in componention on all ideasury. Ask you taked agent for takens who C & B. Line British for attention business for the con-ARRIVE Write for attractive bracklet (free) Circuland & Ballate To-



Levels, 500 in a needed, 98 it to in \$10 materiages and patients accommodating Caro persons (In service June 20.)



Shampoo!

JAP ROSE

The "Instant Lather" Soap

See how quickly and abundantly it lathers in hard or soft water, how little time it takes to thoroughly cleanse the hair and scalp. It rinses so easily and quickly leaving not a trace of soap to attract dust. Save time by using Jap Rose for the shampoo as well as for the bath and toilet.

Special Jap Rose Week End Package-Consults aministure of Jap Rose Soap, Jap Rose Talcum Powder and Jap Rose Tailet Water-for 15c in stamps or coin.

JAMES S. KIRK & CO., 346 East Austin Avenue, Chicago, U. S. A.





A dismal holiday or a bright one?

Are you planning to while away all of the golden hours this vacation? Thousands of bright, active young people, away from school or college, will idle away the summer simply because they have nothing particular to do with it. The Saturday Evening Past has something very particular to suggest to you and something even more particular to offer you for doing it.

All of you can turn these weeks or months of idleness toto shining dollars by accepting our invitation.

To any young person or, for that matter, to any older one, we will pay a liberal solary for looking after our renewals and for introducing our publications to new readers this summer, besides a commission on each order sent. Your only investment is the whole or a part of your spare hours. Last summer hundreds of young men and young girls had a happy summer and full pockerbooks as a result of accepting a similar invitation made then They will do it again this year and you can join them if you wish to do so. A letter of inquiry will bring full details and everything necessary. Address.

But 526, Agency Devences

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Ph.

The Fakers

(Continued from Page 23)

Chittlings laughed. "I admire your principles," he said, "but don't think much of your judgment. Good day."

Hicks went unsteadily down to his office. He sat for an hour wondering why he had juggled the amounts with Rollins as he did, and could give himself no reasonable or rational explanation. It seemed to him that Chittlings had gone into the very inner recesses of his mind and dragged out the knowledge of some subconscious impulse he had. He couldn't understand it, and he

was abushed and ashamed.

He saw Rollins several times during the next fortnight and talked politics. That fervid Democrat, immersed in his writings and his organization work, did not refer to the Barkiss claim, nor did Hicks. He devoted himself to discussion of the principles voted himself to discussion of the principles of Democracy and to inquiry into the chances of a new member of the party for getting a nomination. He didn't put it exactly that way, for he did not want Rollins to think he had an ulterior motive for his inquiries. He approached the subject from various angles, asking about former campaigns and the men who had been named for the offices. Nominations, he found, went begging. It was hard work to fill the ticket.

ticket.

"I'll put you on for something next election, if you like," promised Rollins.

"Oh," protested Hicks, "that would be too presumptuous on my part. I couldn't think of it."

"It'll be all right," assured Rollins. "I can guarantee that. I had a run for every office in this part of the state, from dog catcher to state senator and member of Congress, just to make the ticket whole. I'll fix it all right. It won't be any trouble. We'll be glad to have new blood. Of course," he added, "you won't be elected to anything, so it won't interfere with your work."

work."

Hicks didn't like that, but he remembered what Senator Paston told him and decided to play the waiting game. It had become known be was a Democrat. The banker, Pendleton, spake to him about it one day. "I hear you're a Democrat," he said. "I am, a Jeffersonian-Jacksonian Democrat," Hicks replied with much fervor. "What's the object?" asked Pendleton. "The object? I don't understand you." "I mean what's the joker in it? How comes it that a young man lights in this Republican community and begins the practice of law and affiliates with the Democratic party, when there is no slimmer, more hopeless political outfit in this Union? Why not be a Republican?"

"Mr. Pendleton." Hicks replied with a pained note in his voice, "I have faith in Democratic principles. How could I bring myself to abandon those principles for a most territorary.

myself to abandon those principles for a mere temporary advantage to myself? Principles are higher than men, Mr. Pendleten, higher than anything else, to my thinking. I am a Democrat because I believe in the tenets of Democracy, and for

"Excuse ms," bagged Fendleton gravely;
"I didn't know but you might have political ambitions. Most young lawyers have,

"My only ambition," spouted Hicks, "is to serve my country and my party, humbly fighting in the ranks to correct the great abuses the present maladministration of government affairs has lastened upon us." "I think," said Hicks to himself as Pendleton left him, "that will hold him for

Hicks sensed difficulties, nevertheless He knew the big business interests of the city and county, the interests that provided the bulk of the law work, were solidly Republican. So too were the banks, with the exception of one, a state bank in which Rollins was interested. He had thought be detected antagonism to his Democracy once or twice when talking to business men, and he soon discovered that in communities like Rextown men take their politics seriously and are partisan even to the distribution of their business favors, although exceedingly conpartisan when there is anything in it for themselves. He considered this end of it carefully and wrote to Senator Paxton about it, who sent word back to him to hang on and not be discouraged.

Hicks secured some minor cases of one kind and another, and established a considerable collection business. He had an insistent way of approaching delinquents



Why soak them and pare them? It brings only brief relief.

Blue-jay will relieve the pain instantly. It will end the corn completely, and generally in 48 hours. It is doing that to about one million corns a month.

The chemist who invented Bluejay solved the corn problem.

Apply it, and the corn is forgotton. It will never pain again. Cently the Blue-jay then loosens the corn, and in two days the corn comes out:

No pain, no trouble, no annoyance. And that corn will never need treatment again.

Old-time methods will not do this. Blus-jay is the modern method that will do this. It has done it for sixty million corns.

Prove this tonight,

Blue-jay For Corns

15 and 25 cents-at Druggists

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York Makers of Physicians' Supplies



- in without binding or building

because they're initiated properly in how colors that stand countless trips to the bounday.

All dealers = \$1, \$1,50 and up

HALL HARTWELL & CO., THE N.Y. Manufacturers of

SLIDEWELL COLLARS



Digitized by Google



What kind of a trunk have you; will it last through your next trip?

If it is an Indestructo, you are sure that it will last for at least five years of the hardest kind of service you can give it.

That's our guarantee; five years trunk service, regardless of what happens or how far you travel.

But if you are going to buy a new trunk, what style have you in mind? Have you thought of a wardrobe trunk? A trunk that will enable you to keep your clothes hung up throughout the entire trip as smooth and wrinkleless as they are in your closet at home.

The choice of the right sort of a wardrobe trunk is most important when you consider the tremendous strain to which a wardrobe trunk is subjected.

Indestructo wardrobes embody the famous Indestructo construction and are the strongest wardrobe trunks made.

The box is made of six-ply hardwood vener, strong as a safe. The interior is built to wear. The clothes hangers will not break.

For your own protection avoid wantrobes built to sell at a price.

Remember! You get what you pay for. Every Indestructo wardrobe is made to wear indefinitely, and we guarantee five years of service.

If your trunk is last or damaged of any cause whatsoever, we will replace or repair is free of charge.

If you want trunk service you will buy indestructo.

If you are after low price and the short life that goes with it, let Indestructs alone.

We believe we are morally responsible to our customers for every trunk we sell. Each article is exactly as we represent it.

National Veneer Products Co.

1 Beiger Street Mishawaka, Ind.

Specify "Blaisdell"

organization will have the best and must economical hard purell for its apacial requirements. There are Habdell paper perells of every kind, for every paterpase, and they save expense and clerks' time all along the line send us a cord asking us to show you how Illustrate carriedless your resource point? rescalance a third.

Slaudell 202 is the semiel's "masterpensil" for general affice service. Order hymamics from procreticioner. Pyritis assettant implicated for inferitiona processes.

BLAISDELL

Blaisdell Paper Company

and a still more insistent manner of letterwriting, and he had some success with the deadheats of Rextown and the surrounding country. He bought a second-hand typewriter and wrote his letters on that, and invariably put at the bottom HML-H, to convey the impression he had dictated the letter to a stenugrapher whose initials were "H. M. L." Sometimes when he wanted to simulate a great press of business he wrote at the bottom of his letters: "Dictated but not read by T. Marmaduke Hicks," and signed the useful initials "H. M. L." to these announcements. He had seen that on a letter he received and it made a great impression on him. So he used it whenever he thought it would have effect coming from him.

effect coming from him.

He went to church regularly, and was impocrable in his enduct and unremitting in his efforts to make the acquaintance of men he thought might be of use to him.

He joined the good government association, the municipal league, the civic purity society, and one or two general literary and culture clubs. Twice he read papers at general meetings of the associated charities, papers he had carefully paraphrased from chapters in a book he had found containing a report of a national convention of these organizations, and these papers had been quoted, briefly, in the local papers. He had cribbed from his material skillfully and was halled as a young man who had high ideals. He dehated joining various fraternal organizations, but decided to hold that in abeyance until he saw what effect such affiliations might have on his political ambitions. He wasn't sure about this and gave the matter considerable study.

Meantime he had toned down his attire to some extent. He never by any chance allowed the harber to cut off much of his hair. He thought seriously of raising whisters, but finally decided he wouldn't, as he was rather proud of his facial lines and considered himself to have a serious and studious look that whisters possibly might destroy. However, he realized fully the decurative effects that might be attained

with a carefully nurtured beard.

He saw Rollios frequently. That arsiable patriot was deep in a controversy with Colonel Cirero Carstairs, a former representative is Congress who had nothing to do but try to make people remember he had once been a statesman in Washington. Material matters did not bother Rollins much, although there were periods when he regularly visited the bank in which he was interested and dipped into its affairs. Rollins and Hicks talked of the fundamental principles of Democracy. Hicks had acquired a vocabulary of Democratic expressions that helped him amazingly, and be kept Rollins in a perpetual state of szaktation by skillful flattery. He had become acquainted with and had cultivated half a dozen other Democrats who were of consequence in the city, and he was soon taken into the inner councils of that flimsy organization and consulted about contemplated action and policies. Most of the men with whom he talked, aside from these Democrats, couldn't understand why a young lawyer, interested in politics, should ally himself with the Democrator in a city like flextown; but Hicks held his pose steadily. He americal his adherence to the Democratic faith, putting forward on every suitable occasion his utter lack of personal political ambition and his intense desire to do something for the common people.

He read the reports of the debates in

He read the reports of the debates in Congress after that body west into session, having asked the local representative to send him a copy of the Congressional Record. He had a quick and retestive mind and it wasn't long until he could make a fair Democratic speech. It was his custom to harangue his Democratic friends at their gatherings in the office of Rollins as long as they would listen. Bollins, who dearly loved that sort of thing, encouraged him, while the others heard him because Rollins urged them to. In this manner Hicks gained practice in political speaking. He took the Democratic contention in a debate at one of his literary societies one night, and by using the patter of the party and a variety of high-sounding phrases about the "rule of the people" and other desirable reforms talked his opponent down and befogged the judges to such as extent that he was given the verdict. Bignall printed something about this for him and gave him credit for "a masterly summing up of the principles of the Democracy."

(TO BE CONTINUED)





HAVOLINE OIL

"It makes a difference" and Lightens Your Motor Troubles

Are your cylinders clogged with heavy carbon deposit?

Does your motor generate its maximum efficiency or is it hindered by heavy frictional losses? Is its general serviceability and power of endurance being weakened by the use of non-adhesive molecule-cracked lubricants?

HAVOLINE OIL

prevents these life-destroying processes in every make of car, because it forms a lubricating "cushins" of oil of equal thickness between the moving metals, minimizing the total loss and enhancing the efficiency of the motor. By nor "special process" of manufacture it is entirely freed from impurities and feating carbon, leaving the least deposit—ret its life and potency are retained. The however of Hamelove is always uniform and of known quality.

Buy the mil in the Blue Can. I Fire Gallon Cane to the Can. Tell us your make and we'll tell you your grade.

Ask your garageman or write as direct for testimorials of Harving users who own your make of ear,

"The Lubrican" (for auto outsers) and "The Sales Otler" (for dealers) mailed free upon request.

INDIAN REFINING CO., Dept. "A." NEW YORK





PATENTS That Protect and Pay BOOKS ADVICE and SEARCHES FREE Wasson E Calonson, Patent Longer, Washington, B. C.

Don't Throw Away Your Old Tires



For over thing your French and Corman morphise have been acting from BLISH to 7 1990 ables that of their filter to this asing learn with most hapelout freeds. In eight careful core from your presented in the control of their example, and on army \$60.00 is \$200.00 a year to the example.

We Ship On Approval with that a property of the state of

Special Discount with the consumer of the state of the st

THE COLOBADO TIRE & LEATHER CO.

Pittaburgh PATENTS in deaned companies, the more parameters and the parameters are not provided in the province in the provinc



Anything worth copying is worth writing with a Mephoto Copying Pencil. Smooth writing, clear copying, long wearing—outlasts three ordinary copying pencils.

Two grades of least-resilian and but-Take your closer-of only stationer a-

L & C Hardtmeth S4 East 23rd Street

New York

Black Cat Hose

Ask the Black Cat dealer in your town for State 325-Gantlemad's discharge length. Purest of threadno adultments - our openal was greed process for buel, toe and sale-50c. At 8000 dealers. Get there as your Black Cat dealer or write.

BLACK CAT

CHICAGO-KENDSHA HOSIERY CO.

THE WAR REPORTER

(Continued from Page 16)

but that is about all be will receive in the way of reward. There are no excuses for not getting the wire, and not much thanks for getting it. It is expected. If there is a wire anywhere round it is the business of the man in the field to grab it. If there isn't a wire he should string one. If it takes a day's hearthreaking ride to get to a place where he can send in a story, that is fine. Good boy, but harry right back and do it again. There is no business in the world that is conducted so much on the proposition. What you did to-day is very good, but the important thing is, What are you going to do to-morrow?

When they were fighting at Santiago very little copy came out of Cubu by wire. Most of the stories of the events in that campaign were cabled from various ports miles and miles away. The atmy and the navy needed what wires there were from Cuba, and kept them almost exclusively. Dispatch boats were used by the correspondents, and the game was heartbreaking. Imagine the situation in a possible advance on the city of Mexico. There are not many wires at best, and the struggle to get out stuff will put gray into the hair of many a man, as the failure to get it cut will make grayer many an editor who is howling for news tack boune.

The Japanese and the Russians took along numbers of correspondents with their various divisions, and left numbers of them away behind. They treated the correspondents with the utmost consideration, but they saw to it that they remained at safe distances from the actual warfare and the actual news. As a field for the operations of the war correspondent the war between Japan and Russia was distinctly a frost. So, tso, it was in the war in the Balkara. Not many Americans went to that war, but there were shock of English, German, Russian and French correspondents, and most of these never were nearer than thirty miles to anything of importance. The defeat of Cervera's fiset at Santiago was accomplished with not one-tenth of one per cent of the correspondents in Cuba saywhere near it, and if any special communicators went out anything about the lard battles that was worth more than passing notice I do not recall it.

Rules for Correspondents

So far as the war correspondent is concorred, his job is constantly getting more difficult. Our own War Department has provided a set of regulations that are in consonance with the present-day notions of relilitary people regarding what reporters aboutd and should not be allowed to do, largely the outcome of the rule-of-thumb methods that prevailed in the Spanish War, and in resulty based on the modern military idea of warfare and its newspaper treatment. "It is a fact," says the Secretary of War.

"It is a fact," says the Secretary of War,
"It is a fact," says the Secretary of War,
"that the press occupies a dual and delicate
position, being under the necessity of tratifully disclosing to the people the facts concertaing the operations of the army, and at
the same time refraining from disclosing
those things which, though true, would be
disastrous to us if known to the enemy. It
is perfectly apparent that these important
functions cannot be trusted to irresponsible
people, and can be performed only under
reasonable rules and regulations with respect
thereto."

That is the official army view. Of rourse it isn't so hard in the Navy to hold an impetious correspondent in check. He is on a chip, and he can't get off unless the commanding officer wants him to; nor can be get any dispatches off without permission from that official. A man with an army operating on land can roum about, if he wants to take the chance, and cannot be held in check unless he is put under guard, which might cause a howl about the liberty of the press. That is, a correspondent could so roum about to the old days, but not now. As it will stand if we get into a light with Mexico, he will do little rouning and less

There are various stipulations about credentials in the new regulations, and each entrespondent is compelled to deposit one thousand deliars in cush with the adjutantgeneral of the army, to be drawn against for equipment and maintenance in the field. In addition to this his employers must give bond for two thousand deliars more for good conduct in the field, which, in case his



Champion "0" Spark Plugs

The makers of the Overland, like the makers of the Ford, Studebaker, Metz, Maxwell, and the 48 other most prominent cars, chose Champion Spark Plugs for standard factory equipment.

tory equipment.

They wanted the best spark plug because they wanted to send their cars out at highest efficiency. They tried and tested every spark plug produced. They all selected "Champions."

There is a Champion Spark
Plug for every automobile, motor
truck, motorcycle, cycle ear, motor
boat, aeropiane, and stationary
mutar. Ask your dealer which
Champion to get for yours.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
Largest Manufacturers of Spark Plags
in the World.

R.A. Stransban, Free. F.D. Stransban, Trees.



Tani Mac white short are made of "Snow Buck cook light and early Jenned. Treat Mode saws are Eahler than rubbley, don't bear the test are lighter than rubbley, don't bear the test are lighter than rubbley, don't bear the test are lighter than rubbley, don't be weight of cookings white and was tak lenger. Upwersalen made of hypersalen made at hypersalen their plantility when dried out after westing.

For men, women and children. All styles, regular as high care are wastened and children. All styles, regular as high care are wastened.

Ashly-Crawford Co., Dept B, Mariborough, Mass.

A Boy's Vacation

Is the big time of the year to him. Some of the days can be turned into a lot of spending money by relling The Saturday Exering Post. We'd like to tril you how thousands of other boys are doing it and how you can do it.

But 15. Sale Bound THE LATERDAY ELYNING POST PHILADELPHIA



"Weather Wore Me-Not Age!"

If you could sheathe your house in a vacuum it would last for thousands of years. Weather causes ninety-nine per cent. of house decay.

Rain seeps through detective paint, creeps under cracks and scales. Then your wood rots, your house value is lowered, the tone of the neighborhood, too. Finally, the repair bills come,

Dutch Boy White Lead

and Dutch Boy linseed oil will save you from paint disaster. They do not vacuum your house but they weatherproof every spot, fill up every crack, sink in every exposed wood pore and rivet on your house a protective film that defies all weather. Pure White Lead and Pure Lineart Oil make a reliable paint—any tint—and they last. Watch your painter mix it.

Write for Paint Adviser No. 69 A group of practical helps Sent FREE

Tells how to mix materials for any surface or weather condition; how to choose look heet and bet longest cultri; how to estimate quantity of guint and probable cod; how to lest paint for parity.



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

Visit Series Dischart Electronic State Landon Ser Properties State Landon Order T. Down & Brow Co. Principles (Named Leaf & Ol Co. Principles)



DATENTS SECURED OR GOT FEE ANTURNED Patent of What to haven on the Bow to Ottain a Patent of What to haven to that of lawer FREE Wanted New Ideas Send for Eat of PATENT BUYERS Main Offices, VICTOR J. EVANE & CO., Washington D. C.

conduct is not good will be forfeited and donated to some charity by the Secretary

There will be an official photographer with each field army. His films and plates will be sent to Washington, developed there, and prints will be sold to all comers at nominal cost. No professional photographer or moving-picture man will be received, nor can any photographers go in the guise of correspondents. Small hand cam-eras will be allowed, but the films must be sent to the field censor, who will send them to the eensor in Washington. These films will be developed in Washington and the uncensored pictures will be forwarded to any address.

There will be a chief ceesor in Washington and one censor with the hendquarters of each field army. All news or private dispatches, mail letters for publication, private letters, drawings, plans or photographs must be submitted to this censor before being sent, and cannot be sent unless ap-proved by him. No cade words can be used in private or public correspondence, and any portion of a dispatch the remove thinks has a double meaning must be rewritten if the censor demands this. Information concerning names of regiments or commanders, disposition of troops, state of the army's transports, the numbers of the sick, the extent of losses in any engage-ment or any other similar matter cannot be sent if the censor forbids.

No news disputches concerning any occupation or relinquishment of a position, any victory or defeat, and, in fact, any change in the army's disposition may be sent until after the official wire disputches announcing the event have gone to Washington.

The Much-Consored Press

There it is, you see "until after the official wire dispatches announcing the event have gone to Washington." That is why the bulk of the first news reporting of any war we may have with Mexico will be done in Washington, by men who are not at the front at all; and although these regulations were not in force at the time, that is why the bulk of the first news reporting in similar circumstances always has been done to Washington, for there official dispatches

always-take precedence over all others.

The censor controls the telegraph lines within the army, and these official wires are to be open to correspondents when not in use officially. The censor can limit the number of words that can be sent out by each correspondent and equitably adjust crowded conditions. A uniform is pre-scribed, and no correspondents can leave the army unless the War Department al-lows them to go. They must take the eath of loyalty, and must generally behave them-eaves and not leve to got anothers one or selves and not try to put anything over on the censors, or in extreme cases they may be put under arrest.
Thus does the War Department put an

additional crimp in the business of war cor-respondence as pursued by many emisson. persons who are most interested in seeing that the "By William J. Boogin," or "By" whomsoever it happens to be "By," is at the top of the column than in any other feature of the husiness.

To be sure this will give the special comnissioners ample time to compose polished pieces giving their opinions, and allow those opinions to be printed subsequently some time, if they pass the censor; but the news of this war will come from the reporters. and in these days of extras and extra-extras and double extra-extras there doesn't seem to be much hope for the development of another MacGanan or of another Archibald Forbes.

There will be plenty of them there, no doubt, but they will be ornamental rather than useful, and the reporters will do the work both in the field and in Washington. At that, owing to those Spanish War experiences and expenses, still painful to the revollections of the men who run the newspapers, it is quite probable that the number of distinguished literary artists who will be sent to be censored by some unfeeling army officer will be much smaller than in 1898, and for that reason the public may expect more news and less of that sort of thing so aptly illustrated by the opening line in a dispatch by one of our grandest little war correspondents, who started thus: "I always sing when I go into battle.





Flows Smoothly and Evenly

if the pen is carried upside down

had their make writing so much caster, because Schools May be done per lives form to make it for price mile a construct that they had been \$1 had \$1 had \$2 had \$ there and these security was ready was too had been properly and prope tions I'vi car of your and long from presented and

Down a many two and of our recognitive in-fer on the late of the state of the Anni provide the LDT entires and show there's one that you his you way of writing.

Look for it at your dealer's before you purk. tome Orlege to go man.

Moote's monte leak

127 Styles and Sizes

You can find a Month You can find a Month dead and the dead and t

AMERICAN FOUNTAIN PEN CO., Mira.
ADAMS. CUSHING & FOSTER, Selling Agusto
201 Decembin Street

Canadian Agents, W. J. Gapt & Co., Toronto, Con.

DEALERS: Write for details of our proposition to live



What a Leaky Radiator Did Jotal \$135.00 \

Cylinders scored. Bearings burned. A costly motor badly damaged. How is your car guarded against such damage?

MOTOMETER

heeps your car out of the repair shop by revealing dangerous conditions long before you could possibly be aware of thom. A leaky radiator, lack of oil, broken (an belt will ruin the best motor if allowed to go unmoticed.

Better spend a few dollars for a Motometer than many dollars for repairs. Dealers everywhere are authorized to supply Motometers on 30 days' free trail. Fauly attached to radiator cap of any car. Order one today. Two models, \$10 and \$5.

П

Write for Bucklet. If you be a Ford owner, and my spread bunklet. Safequarting the Fund Motor.

THE MOTOMETER COMPANY 1790 Broades NEW YORK CITY

EXCLUSIVE SALES AGENTS WANTED







Gennine All Hand-Woven Unblocked PANAMA

Can be worn in this concition by Men, Women
and Children, Facility
like kedinany sayle, Light
Wraght, Very durable, All
Seal sizes. British here Tk,
to 8 trahes, Son Postpaul
on receipt of \$1.00. Mores reviousled in out satisfactory.
Weaver in Weaters, cayle Book, Tree.

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Breadway, New York City





As Never Before

Men Are This Year Flocking to No-Rim-Cut Tires

Users Increase 55 Per Cent

There are more tire users — perhaps by 20 per cent — than one year ago. But Goodyear tire sales show an increase of 55 per cent. The difference shows that tens of thousands are discarding other tires for Goodyears.

It has been so for years. The better men knew Goodyears the faster our sales have grown. Now —after millions of mileage tests — Goodyears outsell any other tire in the world. Our one-day output often exceeds a whole month's production in 1909. And we are gaining new users faster than ever before.

The Court of Last Resort

This verdict comes from users—the court of last resort. It comes from men who have made their comparisons—hundreds of thousands of them. It comes from men who know tire mileage, for most cars have odometers.

Never will all men agree on one tire. Good and bad fortune, abuse and accidents have too much to do with tire service.

But Goodyear has won more, and is winning men faster, than any other tire. And no other evidence compares with that in denoting superlative worth.

The Four Winning Features

These four great features—found only in No-Rim-Cut tires—are the reasons for Goodyear supremacy.

We ended rim-cutting by a method we control. That method has never been approached. It wiped out for our users the chief source of tire ruin,

We saved blow-outs—the countless blowouts due to wrinkled fabric. We did this by our "On-Air" cure—an extra process which adds to our tire cost \$1,500 daily.

We fought loose treads—reduced this danger by 60 per cent. We did this by creating, during vulcanization, hundreds of large rubber rivets.

We made an anti-skid as smooth running as a plain tread. Made it double-thick and tough equipped with hundreds of deep, sharp, resistless grips. It is called the All-Weather tread.



No-Rim-Cut Tires

With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

These features have saved tire users millions. No rival offers anything like them. So men have bought No-Rim-Cut tires to get them.

Yet 16 Makes Cost More

These tires for years—because of these features—cost more than other standard makes. But multiplied output and new efficiency cut down our factory cost.

Now 16 makers ask a higher price—up to one-half more. And for tires which embody none of our exclusive features.

It's a curious situation. Once you had to decide if No-Rim-Cut tires were worth our higher cost. Now the question is—Are some other tires worth \$5 to \$15 more?

The facts are these. We are giving you the utmost in a tire. We give you four important things no other tire can offer. But we build up to 10,000 motor tires daily. And we sold last year at an average profit of 6½ per cent. Those are the reasons for present Goodyear prices.

If you want these prices and these tires your dealer will get them for you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada

London, England

Mexico City, Mexico

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

Dealers Everywhere

TRAVELING DE LUXE

(Continued from Page 27)

the car after the American fashion, and the top of the car above the backs of the seats is mainly open, giving a circulation of light and air, and an effect of spaciousness which no car that is divided into compartments can have. They even go to the length of separating first and second class passengers by nothing but a glass partition—perhaps a dangerous social innovation; and the rower third-class cars have center nisles and a more open arrangement overhead.

Undoubtedly a compartment to oneself, or to oneself and wife—when self and wife are on good terms—or to oneself and friend, is the most comfortable way to travel; but a compartment to oneself and three or loar strangers is quite a different matter. And oneself and wife can have a compartment or a drawing room in the United States for less than the first-class European

compartment costs.

There is nothing in particular about geverament ownership in this; for in France, where five-sixths of the railroad mileage is privately owned—under strict government regulation—and one-sixth is state-owned, conditions of travel are much the same on all lines. True, the best long-distance trains are not on the state road, but on the privately owned lines north and south of Paris. There is little significance in that, however, for the privately owned lines north and south have a much better passenger territory. To compare the North Express or the Riviera Express with service on the state road would be almost as unfair as to compare the hest trains between Chicago and New York with local trains in the Southwest.

As soon as you cross into Germany you strike something that is decidedly significant with regard to government ownership. Practically all the railroads there are sate-owned—not owned by the Imperial inversement, but by the several German states. The state lines of Prussia and Hesse are managed as one system. They give decidedly the best service in Europe, and at the lowest fares when service is taken into account.

To begin with, the German states are the only railroad owners in Europe that have made any attempt to rescue travelers from the international sleeping-car monopoly. That fact in itself would count very heavily in favor of state ownership if it were not for the other fact that state-owned lines elsewhere in Europe rather sick the sleeping-tar concern on than attempt to muzzle it.

Your Money's Worth in Germany

So, to begin over again, you must start with the fact that what sort of results you get from state operation of railroads depends on what sort of state is doing the operating. That Prussia does it with considerable success so open-minded observer will deny.

Though international trains running over Prussian lines carry the sleeping cars of the Belgian corporation, the Prussian road has its own sleeping cars for travel everywhere in Germany. They are good cars, too, better than those of the International concern, with compartments somewhat larger and more conveniently arranged. And the large are decided by lower

lars are decidedly lower.

For example, the journey from Berlin to Basel is only two bours aborter than that from Paris to Berlin. The price of a berth for the latter journey—International Company—is eight dollars and a half. The price of a berth for the former journey—Prussian sleeper—is three dollars and thirty cents.

That is not all the difference, however. The first-class sleeping-car fare of three dollars and thirty cents and a first-class railroad ticket—such as you are obliged to have when using a sleeping car in France or Italy—entitle you to the compartment all to yourself. To get a compartment to yourself from Paris to Berlin you must pay one sleeping-car fare and a half, or twelve dollars and seventy-five cents. Thus, the Prussian sleeping-car fare is roughly one-third of that charged by the International Company for equal accommodations; though even then the accommodations are not equal, for the Prussian cars, on the whole, are more comfortable.

Of course there is only one long seat in such compartment, so that half the passengers ride backward; but that is inevitable in European trains. On the Continent trains have a great habit of changing ends every now and then. You go into a station with the engine at one end and go out with

it at the other end. This may be for engineering reasons, but I assume it is primarily for the purpose of giving all passengers a chance to ride forward part of the time.

The Prussian sleeping cars are cheaper than our Pullman cars, accommodations considered, because the first-class ticket gives you the compartment to yourself. You can also have a sleeping car on a second-class ticket. It is exactly the same car and the same compartment that you would have with a first-class ticket—only with a second-class ticket you must share the compartment with another traveler if there is an applicant for the second berth.

there is an applicant for the second berth.

Take the journey from Berlin to Basel as a typical illustration: First-class railroad fare is seventeen dollars and fifty-five cents first-class sleeper, three dollars and eighty-five cents on a fifteen-hour journey, with the compartment to yourself. Second-class railroad fare is ten dollars and ninety cents; second-class sleeper, two dollars and eighty-five cents—making thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents for the same journey with another person in the compartment.

Of course you cannot get a compartment to yourself in the United States, for a journey of equal length, at the Prussian price; but you can get a berth for about their price.

Soap and Towels Absent

You will notice that the difference between the cost of a first-class sleeping-car ticket and a second-class is slight. The real difference is in the railroad fare. Their first-class railroad fare is rather higher than ours, but usually when they take your firstclass money they give you a good equivalent for it.

for it.

The German first and second class coaches are generally larger, roomier and heavier than equipment in the same category elsewhere in Europe. Their dimensions approximate those of American cars and almost invariably they have a modern leak—as though they had been built within

historic times.

The first-class compartments are quite as large as those in France and Italy, and carry only four passengers at most, instead of six. Thus, even though the compartment has its full quota, you are never crowded, and you can see a tangible reason for charging a premium to ride in one, though in most other European passenger cars the reason for charging a premium to go first class is not visible to American eyes.

There is, of course, the old question as to the comparative confort of a comparative chared with strangers as against an open car. I said a while up that in the compartment you can hear everything your fellow occupants say. I should have made an exception in case they whisper, as did a young couple that I took to be bride and groom, with whom I shared a German compartment for half a day. He whispered in her our; then she whispered in his earwith imnumerable little domonstrations of tender regard, for Europeans generally are so much franker than we are in giving rein to their feelings before strangers. No doubt I should have regarded the little idyl with patriarchal appraval; but, as they were not minding me in the least, and as I was over by the window and they kept the door into the corridor shut, and were, in a manner, between me and it, I was never more pervous in my life.

in my life.

Another time, taking a train at half past seven in the morning, the only vacant place where smoking was permitted was in a compartment occupied by a family party of three—apparently husband, wife and a brother. The lady was stretched out on one seat fast asleep. When she got up to make room for me I rather expected the family party to extract a doormat with Welcome! on it from their extensive luggage and spread it out for me; but, after all, we got on very comfortably.

There are some small incidental things an American might criticias. Of course one never expects soap in Europe, but the expectation of a clean towel, which seems so reasonable to us, is often not realizable on trains. The folding launtory in my first German sleeper was provided with one hand towel. I had occasion to use it soon after boarding the train; and, having used it, threw it on the floor, with an extravagant American idea that the porter would carry it away. What the porter did was to







Vaccoun Chances and Sweepers

Vo. Full Harville, Loc Is and Is as the Control of the Control of

No Bes.



F. London Z.Co. Ftd. (Figs.

"Your Move" is the name of a book that tells why paint without

will not do all the things that paint could and should do, and which you pay to have done. You pay anyway, Zinc or no Zinc.

Zinc makes the paint to which it is added look better, last longer and guard more safely.

Zinc in paint is not a new thing except to you. All the best paint manufacturers use it in all their best paint. If you get and read the booklet, "Your Move," you will know why.

The New Jersey Zinc Company, 55 Wall Street, New York

For big contract jobs consult our Research Bureau.





Cooper, Wells & Co.

212 Vine St.

St. Joseph, Mich.

fold it neatly and restore it to its original place. No doubt he judged that it was not sufficiently soiled, and very likely his judgment was better than mine. Certainly it

I found the toilet rooms in the first and second class German cars always provided with little boxes labeled Towels, but I was never lucky enough to find a towel in the box. What I did find was one of those venerable endless-chain affairs hung on a roller, which you pull round and round in the vain hope of discovering a clean spot. I will say for the International Sleeping-car Company that it sometimes recklessly puts three or four hand towels in the general lavatory at one time; but my experience was that when the dinner hour came round they had all seen service, and the porters have a mysterious way of disappearing that I never could account for. To be sure, wiping one's bands and lace on a handkerchief is no great hardship, but we do not regard it as convenient.

Like everything else in Germany, the curs are well plastered with signs convey-

ing instructions, warnings and prohibitions. Tacked up by the door of each sheping-car compartment is a sort of constitution and by-laws for passengers. Hereath is a sign to large letters to the effect that passengers must take care of their own sleeper tickets, as the conductor is not permitted under any circumstances to take charge of them. Every window all bears a compicuous sign warning you not to lean out the window. There are printed directions about opening There are printed directions about opening and shutting the doors and turning the lights on and off.

Sixty Centr' Worth of Fodder

Your dining-car menu begins with a page of instructive literature informing you what you may and may not expect, and in a general way setting forth your relations as a diner to the German state. It winds up with a caution not to spill your wine on the tablecloth, as wine soils table linen.

the tablectoth, as wine soils table linen.

This sign business, however, is an inveterate German habit. Every taxicab in Berlin contains the sign: "Do not put your fest on the seat cushions. Do not spit on the floor." The sign is no mere idiosyncrasy of the taxicab company, either, but an official matter on the same plate that bears the cab number. In every elevator there is a long official placard describing the duties of the elevator operator and the proper conduct for those who ride in eleproper conduct for those who ride in ele-vators. Sometimes the letter boxes bear an

official warning not to forget to stamp and address your letters before mailing them.

As a matter of fact, this amazing indulgence in signs is merely a harmless literary passion. You cannot heave a brick at the Kaiser or trespass on anybody's else rights; but, broadly speaking, nowhere in the world are you more free to go where you like and do what you please than in Germany. And in relation to travel I consider the signs an appreciable contribution to the passenger's

The dining-car service I may add, while on this leanch of the subject, is as good as that in the United States and rather cheaper, but that is not saying a great deal for it on the score of goodness. On about one train out of ten in our own country can you get a really good dinner. The others serve food. Just food is what the German and other European dining cars serve—plenty of it, to be sure, and no doubt nourishing, but with no demoralizing appeal to the palate. Except breakfast, the meals are served at a fixed hour and on the table-d'hôte rather than our à-la-carte plan. You take your seat in the diner at the prescribed hour and the prescribed courses are brought you in the prescribed order.

Here is a typical bill of fare for the midday meal on a German diner: Soup, boiled beef, boiled potatoes, boiled cauliflower, chicken, salad, apple sauce, butter, cheese. The price is sixty cents, which is less than the same quantity of fodder would cost on an American diner. That is all there is to

be said for it.

The German passenger service is un-doubtedly the best in Europe and the cheapest when accommodations are consid-Their first-class fare works out two and nine-tenths cents a mile, which is some what higher than the average rate in our country and nearly fifty per cent higher than the first-class rate that prevails in a considerable part of the United States; but ther first-class accommodations, on the whole, are better than ours, with the Pullman left out of account.

It is true they are not perfect. Price Collier, a warm admirer of Germany, records; "Not once but many times in Germany my first-class ticket found me no accommodation, and often, in changing from the main line to a branch line, not even a first-class compartment." In the United States, however, I have had the pleasure of paying first-class fare and standing in the aisle. Normally, in the matter of space allotted beats over the state of the state. service beats ours.

Their second-class fare averages a cent and a half a mile, which is under our first-class rate. Of course there is always a charge for a trunk if you are reckless enough to carry one. On the whole, they beat us in the matter of punctuality. Almost inva-riably the Prussian trains start on the min-ute and arrive on the minute: in fact, people who have traveled a great deal on them tell who have traveled a great deal on them fell me a late Prussian train is so exceptional so

to cause comment.

The Government operates the suburbar system at Berlin and does it very well. A friend who lives six miles out pays a dollar and thirty-five cents for a monthly second-class ticket which permits him to ride at often as he pleases during the thirty days. Riding twice a day, that comes to about two and a half cents a ride. For eighty cents he can get a third-class ticket and ride as often and as fast; but he must ride on a wooden bench. They are electrifying the whole suburban system now and will make decidedly better time when the electrification is completed.

In fine, when you compare Prussian rul-road management with that of other state-owned roads outside of Germany the success is dazzling. First and second class passenger service is decidedly better and cheaper. As to first and second class pa-senger service, indeed, the Prussian roads have nothing to fear from a comparison with those of the United States.

A good many students of the subject award them the palm and I shall by no means quarrel with that award; but the and second class passenger service is only a part of any railroad's business, and as to the Prussian roads it is a very insignificant part, as I expect to show in another article.

Fire in Water

FIRE in the middle of a tank of water instead of under a boiler is a new scheme in making steam for an engine. The idea is to save heat ordinarily wasted; for, with the fire in the middle of the water, every bit of the heat must work to heat the water, as there are no side paths by which it can

Keeping a fire blazing when practically surrounded by water is a problem that has been successfully solved. Gas or oil prop-erly mixed with air feeds the fire. To start the flame, the tank is first emptied and the vapor fuel forced in through a pipe that ends in a nozzle pointed downward. The vapor is lighted, making a roaring torch flame shooting downward in the middle of the tank. Then the tank is partly filled with water until the surface of the water is well above the nozzle, entirely covering the

The vapor fuel, of course, must be forced in at some pressure in order to prevent the water from putting the fire out. The water making ste running the engine. The steam, mixed with gas from the burning fuel, is led into a separate tank, which is a sort of storage bin

for the steam.



SCALLY

(Continued from Page 19)

extreme panic, owing to a terrifying noise behind it—the blast of the newest and most vulgar motor horn, to be precise - was bolting right across the clearing. After the manner of hares where objects directly in front of them are concerned, the fugitive entirely failed to perceive Excalibur and, indeed, ran right underneath him on its way to cover. Excalibur was so unstrung by this adventure that he ran back to where he had

left Eileen and the curate.

They were sitting side by side on the grass and the curate was holding Eileen's

Excalibur advanced on them thankfully and indicated by an ingratiating smile that a friendly remark or other recognition of his presence would be gratefully received; but neither took the slightest notice of him. They continued to gaze straight before them in a mournful and abstracted fashion. They looked not so much at Excalibur as through him. First the hare, then Eileen and the curste! Excalibur began to fear that he had become invisible, or at least transparent. Greatly agitated he drifted away into a neighboring plantation full of young phensants. Here he encountered a keeper, who was able to dissipate his gloomy suspicions for him without any difficulty whatsoever. But Eileen and the curate sat on.

"A hundred pounds a year!" repeated the curate. "A pass degree and no influence! I can't preach and I have no money of my own. Dearest, I ought never to have told you."

"Told me what?" inquired Elleen softly. She knew quite well: but she was a woman.

and a woman can never let well enough

The curate, turning to Elleen, delivered himself of a statement of three words. Eileen's reply was a softly whispered To

cheerfully, for she did not share the curate's burden of responsibility in the matter. "If you had not told me we should have been miserable separately. Now that you have told me, we can be miserable together. And when two people who who — "She hesitated

The curate supplied the relative sen-tence. Elicen nodded her head in acknowl-

edgment.

Yes; who are-like you and me-are "I see," said the curate gravely. "Yes, you are right there; but we can't go ou

living on a diet of joint misery. We shall have to face the future. What are we going to do about it?"

Then Eileen spoke up boldly for the first

"Gerald," she said, "we shall simply

have to manage on a hundred a year,"
But the curate shook his head.
"Dearest, I should be an utter cad if I allowed you to do such a thing," he said.
"A hundred a year is less than two pounds

"A lot of people live on less than two pounds a week," Eileen pointed out long-

Yes; I know. If we could rent a threeshilling cottage and I could go about with a spotted handkerchief round my neck, and you could scrub the doorsteps, corum populo we might be very comfortable; but the clergy belong to the black-conted class. and people in the lower ranks of the blackcoated class are the poorest people in the whole wide world. They have to spend money on luxuries—collars and charwomen, and so on—which a workingman can spend entirely on necessities. It wouldn't merely mean no pretty dresses and a lot of hard work for you, Eileen. It would mean starvation! Believe me-1 know! Some of my friends have tried it and I know!

"What happened to them?" asked

Elleen fearfully

"They all had to come down in the endsome soon, some late, but all in time-to

taking parish relief." "Parish relief?"

"Yes; not official, regulation, rate-aided charity, but the infinitely more humiliating charity of their well-to-do neighbors quiet checks, second-hand dresses, and things like that. No, little girl; you and I are too proud—too proud of the cloth—for that. We will never give a handle to the people who are always waiting to have a fling at

the improvident elergy-not if it breaks our hearts, we won't!

You are quite right, dear," said Eileen

tietly. "We must wait." Then the curate said the most difficult

thing he had said yet:
"I shall have to go away from here" Eileen's hand turned cold in his

Why?" she whispered; but she knew. "Because if we wait here we shall wait forever. The last curate in Much Moreham-what happened to him?

He died.

"Yes at fifty-five; and he had been here for thirty years. Preferment does not come in deepy villages. I must go back to London.

"The East End?"

"East or south or north-it down't signify. Anywhere but west. In the east and south and north there is always work to be done-hard work. And if a parson has no money and no brains and no influence, and can only work-run clothing clubs and soup kitchens, and reclaim drunkards - London is the place for him. So off I go to London, my beloved, to lay the foundations of Paradise for you and me-for you and me!"

There was a long silence. Then the pair rose to their feet and mailed on each other extremely cheerfully, because each other extremely cheerfully, because each sus-pected the other rightly of low spirits. "Shall we tell people?" asked the curate. Effect thought, and shook her head. "No," she said: "nicer not. It will make a spiendid secret."

"Just between us two, eh?" said the curate, kindling at the thought.

"Just between us two," agreed Elleen.
And the curate klassed her very solemnly. A secret is a comfortable thing to lovers, especially when they are young and about to be lonely.

At this moment a lessnine head, sup-ported on a lumbering and ill-balanced body, was thrust in between them. It was Excalibur, taking sanctuary with the Church from the vengeance of the Law, "We might tell Scally, I think," said

Eileen.

"Rather!" assented the curate. "He introduced us."

So Eileen communicated the great news to Excalibur.

You do approve, dear-den't you?"

Excalibur, instinctively realizing that this was an occasion when liberties might he taken, stood up on his hind legs and placed his forepass on his mistress shoul-The surate supported them both.

"And you will use your influence to get us a living wage from somewhere—won't you, old man?" added the curate. Excalibur tried to lick both their faces at once—and succeeded.

SO THE curate went away, but not to S London. He was sent instead to a great manufacturing town in the north, where the work was equally hard, and where Angli-can and Roman and Salvationist fought grimly side by side against the powers of drink and disease and crime. During these days, which ultimately rolled into years, the curate lost his boyish freshness and his unfortunate tendency to put on flesh. He grow thin and fathy; and, though his smile was as ready and as magnetic as ever, he seldom laughed.

He never failed, however, to write a cheerful letter to Eileen every Monday morning. He was getting a hundred and twenty pounds a year now; so his chances of becoming a millionaire had increased by

twenty per cent. Meantime his two confederates, Excalibur and Eileen, continued to reside at Much Moreham. Eileen was still the recognized beauty of the district, but she spread her net less promisenously than of ore. Girl friends she always had in plenty. but it was noticed that she avoided intimacy with all eligible males of over twenty and under forty-five years of age. No one knew the reason for this except Excalibur. Eileen used to read Gerald's letters aloud to him every Tuesday morning; sometimes the letter contained a friendly message to Excalibur himself.

In acknowledgment of this courtesy Exculibur always sent his love to the curate. Elleen wrote every Friday and he and Fileen well and together, rain or shine.

May We Send You Both of These?

FREE Book

"The Hausehold Helper"

We have for you - FREE - an amount and handsome recipe book of household helps. It is a first aid to reconomy in these "high root" days. It is FREE.

A Toy Stove, 16c Mampo

This we also larve ready to mind your A toy representation of a Florence Oil Stores Any chita will rujoy this tangue plaything. Harmless - two to be lighted. Agrin, may we and ron both of these Were inday, giving dealer's rums



FLORENCE

Oil Cook Stoves

Time had to come when you could get a safe, teliable oil store. It has, In Florence Oil Stores you now have safety, reliability—and more! You have simplicity and economy.

Florence Oil Stores have no wicks, no valves. The oil supply is automatic. The heat is regulated by turning the simple little (but patented) lever device. You can have a slow, since

mering fire on one burnet and at the same time a quick, but fire on another. Just set the levers as 4 Server High Frame Florence Automotic you want them - and the same heat will be given as

More than that, Florence Oil Stover give more hear for the oil community with a steady Blue Flame. And it only cross-about two chirds of a court so four joir locener. Cheaper than coal or go

Clean, convenient and von't, Playner Oil Steven are a bern to any kinden. Investigate. Ask your dealet mow or write to for catalog.

Florence Glass Door Ovens

Community in the Contraction of a lost spring. Cost are true as sent to be a force of the Contraction true to be the Contraction of the contract of the contra

Write large for ethins," The Monoching Malper," PRER was been one on more the fallocation (see, 1998). These among dealer's corre-

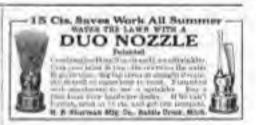
CENTRAL DIL & GAS STOVE CO. Gardner, Man, and Boston, More.

500

Genuin Wairus Bag

Guaranteed or Money Back, Leather Lined, Three Frederic French Swand Uniger, Solid

ADSTENCE SHEETS, 24 Court St., Birghamton, N.Y.





The deep Ballard target rifling is the reason - it develops maximum power and adds years to the rifle's life. Ask as about Balland rifling.

Other equally important advantages, too, make the Markie the most desirable of all repeating rifles.

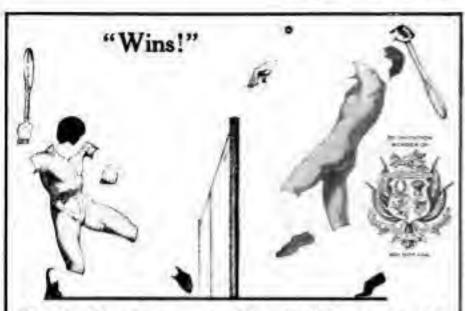
Has fewer and stronger parts than any other repeater. Takes down easily; sim-ple to clean; you can look through the burrel - it cleans from both ends.

Handles all .22 long. .22 short and .22 long rifle cartridges without adjustment. 15 shots at one loading. Model 20 with Full Magazine, 25 shots.

Solid Steel Top protects your face and eyes against injury from defective carbidges, from shells, powder and gases.
Side Ejection throws shells away to the wide, never up at man your line of night.

Send 3c postage for gun catalog, showing all the *Blankin* Repeaters, Rifles and Shotguns.

The Marlin Firearms Co. 19 WILLOW ST. NEW HAVEN, CONN.



Real Coolness in Real "Porosknit"

But be sure it's Chalmers "Porosknit" Guaranteed. Judge by the label-not by mere "holes."

Many men and boys merely ask for "Porosknit" - and get imitations. That's because they fail to look carefully for the genuine Chalmers 18 Porosknit" label (sewn in the garment) and the Guarantee Bond.

There is so much extra qualityextra care in making - in Chalmers

"Porosknit" that none may march its special comfort, durability, lightness, elasticity, un/next!

It is made in all styles-for mon, for boy. The Union Suits are particularly conduct-able. Many fike the & length.

No-Limit Guarantee

Because it's to well made, Chalmers to Purockett' is guaranteed unconditionally (a bond with every garment) as follows:

"If any payment hearing the generalize Chalineer Permisuit' labet, and untalamped Saconda' or importent across the labet, fails to give you its cost value is underweas assistantion, seture is direct to us and we will replace it or refund your manage, lar inding posture.

GUARANTEED

Write for Hundsome Book of All Styles FOR MEN Any Style Shirts and Dearers FOR BOTS

25c 50c beir Matthetic

FOR MEN FOR MITTS \$1.00 50c Any Style

CHALMERS KNITTING CO. 3 Bridge Street, Assetordam, N. Y.

on Friday afternoons to post the letter in the next village. Much Moreham's post-office was too small to remain oblivious to such a regular correspondence.

The curate was seen no more in his old parish. Railroad journeys are costly things and curates' holidays rare. Besides, he had no overt excuse for coming. And so life went on for five years. The curate and Elleen may have met during that period, for Elleen sometimes went away visiting. As Excalibur was not privileged to accom-pany her on these occasions be had no means of checking her movements; but the chances are that she never saw the curate, or I think she would have told Excalibur

or I think she would have told Excelibur about it. We simply have to tell some one. Them, quite suddenly, came a tremendous change in Excelibur's life. Effect's brother-in-law—he was Excelibur's master no longer, for Excelibur had been transferred to Effect by dead of gift, at her own request, on her first birthday after the curate's departure—fell ill. There was an operation and a crisis, and a deal of unhappaness at Much Moreham; then came convalencement followed by directions for a secvalescence, followed by directions for a see vuyage of six months. It was arranged that the house should be shut up and the children sent to their grandmother at Bath.

"That settles everything and every body," said the gaunt man on the sola edy," said the gaunt man on the sols, 'except you, Eileen. What about you?" "What about Scally?" Inquired Eileen.

Her brother-in-law apologetically ad-mitted that he had forgotten Scally. "Not quite myself at present," he men-

tioned in extenuation.

"I am going to Aunt Phmbe," announced

"You are never going to introduce Scally into Aunt Phobe's establishment!" cried Elicen's slater.

"No," said Elleen: "I am not." She rubbed Excaliber's matted head affection-ately. "But I have arranged for the dear man's future. He is going to visit friends in the north. Aren't you, durling?"

Excalibur, to whom this strangement had been privately communicated some days before, wagged his tail and endexy-ored be look as intelligent and knowing as possible. He was not going to put his be-loved mistress to shame by admitting to her relatives that he had not the faintest idea what she was talking about.

However, he was soon to understand. The next day Edeen took him up to Lon-don by train. This in itself was a tremendoue adventure, though alarming at first. He traveled in the goard's van, it having been found quite impossible to get him into an ordinary compartment—or, rather, to get any one size into the compartment after he lay down on the floor. So he traveled with the guard, chained to the vacuum brake, and shared that kindly official's dinner. When they reached the terminus there

was much bustle and confusion. The door of the van was thrown open and porters dragged out the luggage and submitted samples thereof to overheated passengers. who tovariably failed to recognize their own

property and claimed to recognize their own property and claimed some one class. Finally, when the luggage was all cleared out, the guard took off Excalibur's chain and facetiously lovited him to alight for London Town. Excalibur, lumbering del-icately across the ribbed floor of the van, arrived at the open doarway. Outside on the platform he expired Eileen. Beside her stood a tall forum in black. stood a tall figure in black.

With one tremendous roar of rapturous recognition, Excalibur leaped straight out of the van and launched himself fairly and squarely at the curute's chest. Luckily the

"He knowe you, all right," said Elison with satisfaction.

"Re appears to," replied the curate.
"Afraid I don't dance the targe, Scally, old man; but thanks for the invitation, all the

Excalibur spent the rest of the day in London, where it must be admitted caused a genuine sensation—no mean feat in such a blasé place,

In Bond Street the traffic had to be held up both ways by benevolent policemen, because Excalibur, feeling pleasantly tired, lay down to rest.

When evenlug came they all dired together in a cheap little restaurant in Soho and were very gay, with the gayety of pro-ple who are whistling to keep their coarage up. After dinner Elleen said good-by, first to Excalibur and then to the curate. She was much more demonstrative toward the former than toward the latter, which is the way of women.

Then the curate put Eileen into a tail and, having with the aid of the commissionaire extracted Excalibur from underneathhe bad gone there under some confused impression that it was the guard's van again—said good-by for the last time; and Edeen, smiling bravely, was whirled away

out of sight. As the taxi turned a distant corner and disappeared from view, it suddenly oc-curred to Excalibur that he had been left

behind. Accordingly he set off in pursuit.

The curate finally ran him to earth in Buckingham Palace Road, which is a long chase from Sohe, where he was sitting on the pavement, to the grave inconvenience of the inhabitants of Pimlico, and refusing to be comforted. It took his new master the best part of an hour to get him to Euston Road, where it was discovered they had missed the night mail to the north. Accordingly they walked to a rival station and took

another train.
In all this Escalibur was the instrument of Destiny, as you shall hear.

VII

THE coroner's jury was inclined at the time to blame the signalman, but the Board of Trade inquiry established the fact that the accident was due to the engine-driver's neglect to keep a proper lookout. However, as the driver was dead and his fre-man with him, the law very leniently took no further action in the matter.

About three o'clock in the morning, as the train was crossing a bleak Yorkshire most seven miles from Tetley Junction, the curste suddenly left the seat on which be lay stretched dreaming of Eileen and flew across the compartment on to the recum-bent form of a stout commercial traveler. Then he rebounded to the floor and woke

up—unburt.
"Tis an accident, lad!" gasped the resonmercial traveler as he got his wind.
"5s it seems," said the curste. "Hold tight! She's rocking!"

The commercial traveler, who was mechanically groping under the seat for his boots—commercial travelers always remove their boots in third-class railroad compartments when on night journeys—followed the curate's advice and braces himself with his feet against the opposite seat for the coming benderersement.

After the first shock the train had gathered way again—the light engine into which it had charged had been thrown clear oil the track—but only for a mement. Suddenly the receing engine of the express left the rails and staggered drunkenly along

left the rails and staggered drunkenly along the ballast. A moment later it turned over, taking the guard's van and the first four coaches with it, and the whole train came to a standstill.

a standaul.

It was a corridor train, and unfortunately for Gerald Gilmore and the commercial traveler their coach fell over corridor side downward. There was no door on the other side of the compartment—only three windows, crossed by a stout brass bar. These windows bad suddenly become skylights. They fought their way put at last. Once

They fought their way out at last. Once he got the window open, the curate experienced little difficulty in getting through; but the commercial traveler was corpulent and tenacious of his boots, which he held persistently in one hand while Gerald tugged at the other. Still, he was hauled up at last, and the two slid down the perpendicular real of the reach to the dicular roof of the coach to the permanent

"That's done, anyway!" panted the drummer; and sitting down he began to put on his boots.

"There's plenty more to do," said the curste grimly, pulling off his coat. "The front of the train is on fire. Come!"

He turned and ran. Almost at his first step he cannoned into a heavy body in rapid motion. It was Excalibur.

"That you, old friend?" observed the curste. "I was on my way to see about you. Now that you are out, you may as

you. Now that you are out, you may as well some and bear a hand."

The pair sprinted along the line toward the blazing coaches.

It was dawn-gray, weoping and cheer-less-on Tetley Moor. Another engine had come up from behind to take what was left of the train back to the Junction. Seven coaches, including the lordly sleeping saloon stood intact; four, with the engine and tender, lay where they had fallen, a mass of charred wood and twisted metal.

A motor car belonging to a doctor stood in the roadway a handred yards off, and its Continued on Page 73)

GENTINE Havana Seconds \$190 EDWIN CIGAR CO. INC - Largest Mail Order Cigar House in the World DEPT. No.1 234H - 2342 THIRD AVENUE NEW YORK

How Many Hides Has a Cow?

This may seem a foolish question. Yet the area of automobile upholstery made from one cow's hide about three times that of the whole hide.

By splitting the fide into three sheets, and coating and undersing the "splits" in imitation of grain leather. Coated split leather is therefore artificial leather much inferior to



MOTOR QUALITY

which is a irritifically made artificial leather based on uniform than the fleshs split hide, but coated and embraned in the same way The difference is all in favor of Fabrikabil, which is guaranteed sogether to my control start. Not allocated by water, beat or sold. Several leading makers have adopted it. Any maker can furnish on your car if you order it so.

Sould the the streets \$5 x 25 media. Execute to come a cross west. Moreous title wordly self-streets fair-band.

DU PONT FABRIKOID COMPANY WILMINGTON, DEL TORONTO, ONT.





This 50c genuine French Briar Pipe given FREE with each initial order of Eutopia Mixture

RERE IS OUR DOPER: We will apon request, read at the pound of Faropais Allerance and the Franch in Page (survivage oraposis. Sanake ten physical), resturn at our experience of H year over not physical, resturn at our experience of H year over not physical, resturn at our experience.

If you DO like it, strong some is the price, 21.50. When pricing, satisfy one read the money, glome free bank or openential pricepoid.

We shat offer at \$1.00 for a full point, our pelies on history a hally relieved to the or siye or cigaretty. Mended from those Victions, North Carolina, Konticky, Havana and Freeque, and give with first order a fan Ne pipe free.

Interesting backlet about choice tobacces mailed on resp

CAMERON TOBACCO CO.

ames and 9th Sts., Richmond, Virginia

PATENTSWANTED and longhi by Manufacturers, and 6 cents pustage for large Hustrated paper Visite Results and Verms Block E. E. & S. Lacey, Dept. T. Washington, D. C. Ketab. 2002 (Continued from Page 70)

owner, with a brother of the craft who had been a passenger on the train, was attending to the injured. There were fourteen of these altogether, mostly suffering from burns. These were made as comfortable as possible

These were made as comfortable as possible in sleeping berths their owners had vacated. "Take your seats, please!" said the surviving guard in a subdued voice. He spoke at the direction of a big man in a heavy overcoat, who appeared to have taken charge of the salvage operations. The passengers clambered up into the train.

Only one hesitated. He was a long, lean young man, black from head to food with soot and oil. His left arm was badly burned; and seeing a doctor disengaged at last he came forward to have it dressed.

The big man in the beavy overcoat

last he came forward to have it dressed.

The big man in the beavy overseat approached him.

"My name is Caversham," he said. "I happen to be a director of the company. If you will give me your name and address I will see to it that your services to-night are suitably recognized. The way you got those two children out of the first coach was splendid, if I may be allowed to say so. We did not even know they were there."

The young man's teeth suddenly flashed not into a white smile against the blackness of his face.

"Neither did I, sir," he said. "Let me

introduce you to the responsible party."

He whistled. Out of the gray dawn loomed an eeric monster, badly singed, wagging its tail.

"Scally, old man," said the curate, "this centerns, wants to

gentleman wants to present you with an illuminated address. Thank him prettily!"
Then, to the doctor: "I'm ever so much obliged to you; it's quits comfortable now."
He began stiffly to pull on his coat and waistcoat. Lord Caversham, lending a hand, noted the waistcoat and said quickly: "Will you travel in my compartment?

"Will you travel in my compartment? I should like to have a word with you if I

may." I think I had better go and have a look at those poor folks in the sleeper first," re-plied the curate. "They may require my services professionally."
"At the Junction, then, perhaps?" sug-gested Lord Caversham.

At the Junction, however, the cursts found a special waiting to proceed north by a loop line; and, being in ne mind to re-ester compliments or waste his substance on a botel, he departed forthwith, taking his charred confederate. Excalibur, with him.

¥711

FORTUNE, once she taken a fancy be you, is not readily shaken off, however, as most successful men are always trying to forget. A fortnight later Lord Caversham, leaving his hotel in a great northern town, encountered an acquaintance he had

town, encountered an acquaintance he had no difficulty whatever in recognizing.

It was Excalibur, jammed fast between two stationary transcars—he had not yet shaken down to town life—submitting to a painful but effective process of extraction at the hands of a posse of policemen and trans conductors, shrilly directed by a small but commanding girl of the lodging-house drudge variety.

drudge variety.

When this enterprise had been brought to a successful conclusion and the congested to a successful concentration and the companies traffic moved on by the overheated police-men. Lord Caversham crossed the street and tapped the damsel on the shoulder. "Can you kindly inform me where the owner of that dog may be found?" be

inquired politely.

"Yas. Se'nty-nue, Pilgrim Street. But e won't sell him.

Should I be likely to find him at horse

if I called now?"

"Yas. Bin in bed since the accident.
Got a nasty arm."

"Perhaps you would not mind accompanying me back to Pilgrim Street in my car?"

After that Mary Ellen's mind became an incoherent blur. A stately limousine glided up: Mary Ellen was handed in by a footman and Excalibur was stuffed in after her in installments. The grand gentleman entered by the opposite door and sat down beside her: but Mary Ellen was much too dazed to converse with him.

The arrival of the equipage in Pilgrim

Street was the greatest moment of Mary

Meantime upstairs in the first-floor front the curate, lying in his uncomfortable flock bed, was saying:

"If you really mean it, sir —"
"I do mean it. If those two children had been burned to death unnoticed I should



-if the floor and woodwork are varnished with Valspar

It's real economy to have varnish on the bathroom floor and walls - and it's practicable when Valspar is the varnish used.

Water cannot harm Valsparit's absolutely waterproof and the varnish that can't turn

The Valsparred bathroom, kitchen and hall floor, the woodwork all over the house, are always shining-kept immaculate with soap and water, as no ordinary varnish can be kept.

No leaky radiator, or inbeat of rain through an open window, or carelessly upset kettle can injure Valspar.

Use Valspar the next time you have any revarnishing done.



Your dealer will relaid the price of Valapur II are are directified—ask him. There's meating to this guaranter. A 4-is, can will be sent upon receipt of Pik, in clamas to sever making and puckage. Name of your maxim direct on request.

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 458 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World

WYVALENTINES ---

W. P. FULLER & CO., non-Francisco, Agents for Paritie Supple NEW YORK

RATIO E REFARE







Did you ever drive a car which advanced and retarded its spark automatically, both starting and running? Can you imagine what a relief it is not to have to think about the spark lever!

Do you know that over 50,000 cars are being equipped with that kind of an

ignition system this year? Wouldn't you like to have one of them?

Down hill or up, — on the houlevard or hub-deep in mud, — creeping behind a has easyon or speeding to the limit of your engine, — your spark time will be regulated with mechanical accouncy if you drive a car equipped with the

Used by Chalmers Paige Saxon Westcott Meteor

Atwater Kent Ignition System

Regal King Norwalk Carbitt Howard

The spack is right at all speeds, too! Marnissing at low speeds—in board plugs at high speeds. Busing all, the Atwates Kent System will notifact the car and give the least unition trouble you have your known. More years of service have proven its wonderful durability.

If you have never driven you will find the task of learning wooderfully simplified by using any of the care bere named. If you are an as-part, you will affect in the heavy of being able of all times in simply "forget the agark fewer,"

Write to se or to the nearest agent of any of these rurs for full information.

Provided the only states with a me-rental committee space appearance making Marines Co. 71. On eventorial power at her agends

Appropriate advances on much the apple over the train of the date owner ally by an undarrown and town East Co-

per from better will select the co-fee from better will select the co-fee from better will select the co-

Turner Bully an armit general at High



THE SIGN OF THE RED GERANIUM

A Great New Serial by William Carleton

Author of One Way Out, New Lives for Old,

Begins in NextWeek's Issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Independence Square

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

never have forgiven myself, and the public would sever have forgiven the company."

"Well, sir, since you say that, you-well, sir, since you say that, you-well, you could do me a service. Could you possibly use your influence to get me a billet—I'm not asking for an incumbency; any old caracy would do—a billet I could marry on?" He flushed scarlet. "I—we have been waiting a long silence, and the curate."

There was a long silence, and the curate wondered whether he had been too mirco-nary in his request. Then Lord Caversham

asked:
"What are you getting at present?"
"A hundred and twenty a year."
This was about two-thirds of the salary Lord Caversham paid his chauffeur. He asked another question in his curious,

abrupt staccato manner:
"How much do you want?"
"We could make both ends meet on two bundred; but another fifty would enable me to make her a lot more comfortable," said the curute wistfully.

said the carate westfully.

The great man surveyed him silently—wonderingly, too, if the curate had known.

Presently he saked:

"Afraid of hard work?"

"No work is hard to a man with a wife and a home of his own," replied the curate with simple fervor.

Lord Caverakam smiled grimly. He had more bornes of his own than he could conveniently live in, and he had been matried. veniently live in, and he had been married three times; but even he found work hard now and then.

"I wonder!" he said. "Well, good after-son. I should like to be introduced to your fiancie some day."

A TRAMP opened the rectory gate and shambled up the neat gravel walk toward the house. Taking a short cut through the shrubbery he emerged suddenly on a little lawn.

On the lawn a lady was sitting in a basket chair baside a perambulator, the occupant of which was simplering peacefully. A small but intensely capable pursemaid, prone on the grass in a curvilineal attitude, was acting

as tunes to a young gentleman of three who was impersonating a becometive.

The tramp approached the group and naked huskily for alms. He was a burly and unpleasant specimen of his class—a class all too numerous on the outskirts of the great industrial parish of Smallinghouses. The industrial parish of Smeltingborough. The

lady in the bashet chair broked up.
"The rector is out," she said. "If you go into the town you will find him at the Church Hall and he will investigate your

"Ob, the rector is out, is he?" repeated the tramp in tones of distinct satisfaction, "Yes," said Elicen.

The tramp advanced another page. "Give us half a crown!" he said. "I haven't had a bits of food since yesterday, lady—nor a drink neither," he added

orously, "Please go away!" said the lady. "You know where to find the rector." The tramp smiled unpleasantly, but made

no attempt to move.

"You refuse to go away?" the lady said.
"I'll go for half a crown," replied the
tramp with the gracious air of one anxious
to oblige a lady.
"Watch buby for a moment, Mary
Ellen," said Ellero.
She was and ellero.

She rose and disappeared into the house, followed by the granted smile of the tramp. He was a reasonable man and knew that

ladies did not wear pockets.

"Thirsty weather," he remarked affably,
Mary Ellen, keeping one hand on the
shoulder of Muster Gerald Caversham Gilmore and the other on the edge of the baby's perambulator, merely chuckled sardon-

The next moment there were footsteps round the corner of the house and Eileen reappeared. She was ellinging with both hands to the collar of an enormous dog. Its tongue folled from its great jaws; its tail waved memacingly from side to side; its great limits were bent as though for a spring. Its eyes were half closed as though to focus the exact distance.

"Run!" eried Eilsen to the tramp, "I can't hold him in much longer!

This was true enough, except that when Elsen said "in" she meant "up." But the tramp did not linger to discuss grammar. There was a scurry of feet, the gate banged and he was gone.

With a sigh of relief Elieen let go of Excalibor's collar. Excalibur promptly collapsed on the grass and went to sleep again.



Oxfords - by actual test the proc-tical way to make a loss shoe for Summer comfort.

Y/HY wear leather lined oxfords when every Florsheim low shoe is Skeleton Lined? They keep your feet cool, fit better, wear longer - and no slipping at the heels. Made over "Natural Shape" lasts in 200 styles. Priced at \$5 - and up to \$7.

The Floreheim dealer will show you the season's correct styles.

"THE SIGN of CORRECT STYLES"

The Florsheim Shoe Co. Chicago, U. S. A.

TOR THE MAN WHO CARES



Send for this FREE Book "About Dogs"

and free sample of Austin's Dog Bread. Learn the right way to care for and feed your

Austin's Dog Bread, aided by this dog en-cyclopadia, will result in a glossy coat, clear eyes, and sound muscle. His dogship will be kind and gearle at all seasons.

and may oven owe his life to the orbitmation con-rained in the discret on "Take's DISEASES."

Witte Pulsu for Free Sample-please and polic analysis point

AUSTIN DOG BREAD & ANIMAL FOOD CO. The Marginal St. Chelson, May



What School? Book Free YOUR business success depends upon your choosing the right school.

The National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools

will turned FREE to request valuable information about the most object, as well as the feature because schools of America. Write Price, Nat'l Anc's of America, Dee Mointe, Iowa.

CLARK'S ORIENT CRUISE

for sampleague "Botterdan," 24,170 com; lifth annual, Feb. 14; the days, \$400 up, including leaves, guides, drivers, charge arms, Parls work \$40. E. F. CLARE, Times Bidg. N.Y.





Old Dutch Cleanser

Scours Scrubs Cleans Polishes

THE SATURDAY EVENIG POST



Will Payne—Gouverneur Morris—Melville Davisson Post—Elmore Elliott Peake George A. Birmingham—Fannie Hurst—Mary Stewart Cutting—Samuel G. Blythe



Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company Independence Square Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright.1914, by The Curtis Publishing Comp the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

red as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottown, Canada

Volume 186

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 20, 1914

Number 51

BARRACKS AND BEGGARS





Wamen Unionding Cont in Berlin

cet- one of many such streets so narrow that no horse-drawn vehicle can get

rough it. With outstretched arms and a walking stick in one hand you can almost uch the houses on both sides. They are six and seven stories high and the sutswung atters in the top stories seem fairly to meet. The tiny shope on the ground floor piled with all sorts of goods, from cabbages to lace, and the street swarms with

T WAS Gambetta, I believe, who described the goal of militarism as "a beggar sitting beside a barrack door"; and in Gambetta's time militarism was merely

WILL PAYNE in its infancy. Italy has progressed considerably further toward that goal than any her European power. The little shop in Genoa was closed. It fronts upon a tortuous

are ever watching for any place where a tax will stick, and as soon as the spot appears a tax is promptly stuck on. Thus if you hire another servant or another clerk your

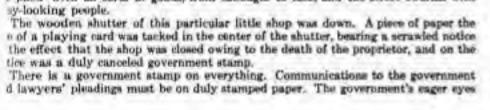
taxes go up. If you pay a little more house rent the government argues that you must have a little more wealth or income, and so moves your taxes up a notch. There is a tax on windows, doors, signs, a hearth tax and, of course, the octroi tax.

German Infuntry on Parade

Excepting Japan, Italy is probably the most heavily taxed country in the world; and it is by no means a rich country. It lives by close ersonomy. You see the pinch everywhere—in the country you see it in the painfully intensive cultivation, carried up stony hilbides on carefully constructed terraces; in town you see it in other ways.

One might say, for example, that the whole United States is anxious to get a better job, while all Italy is anxious simply to keep the job it has. Often that attitude cropped out in my talks with Italians. Several of them repeated substantially this axiom:

"If a man loses a good job here he's done for; he can never get another one. Hence a prevailing ambition to cement oneself to the job one has, which finds expression in various ways. The government, operating the railroads, telegraph, telephones and post, is a large employer of salaried labor and, in spite of amazingly low





Augpickers in the Streets of Paris



Review of French Troops Hear the Invalides





Where the Page Lius in an Italian City

Italian Treess Parading in Rome

pay, salaried government positions are much sought because, as is the case with governments almost everywhere, a man once in the employ of the state is practically never discharged and never promoted.

Discharging any salaried man in Italy is a serious and more or less difficult operation. After a journalist has been employed by a paper three months, for example, he acquires a sort of vested right in his jub. The management cannot discharge him except by paying him from three to twelve months' full selary, according to length of service and the position he holds.

All this, of course, reflects a poor country, living close to the margin, with limited opportunity. But with a third of our population, four per cent of our area and a fraction of our wealth, Italy spends more than half as much yearly as we do-regard being had to the central government in both cases.

The first tax is on land. As usual there are some gross inequalities; but including levies by the central goverument and by the province and communes, Italian land owners generally pay from a fifth to a quarter of the income from the land in taxes. Then there is a tax on buildings, which is based on two-thirds the actual income from factories and three-fourths the actual income from houses. On those proportions of the actual income the tax amounts to about sixteen per cent. Next there is a tax on incomes, except those derived from land. This income tax amounts to about twenty per cent, but is levied on only three-eighths of the income derived from government salaries and pensions and only three-fourths of the income derived from professions or from manufactures. Even at that it is high enough to induce heart disease in all objectors to our income tax.

How Bankruptcy Follows the Tax Gatherer

THEN there are the stamp and octres taxes, which touch all sorts of business transactions and virtually all articles of general consumption, the octrof taxes going mainly, of course, to the cities where they are collected. There are heavy import duties, especially on wheat. Finally, salt and

tobacco are government manapolies from which the state derives an important revenue,

"The way in which taxes press on the poor may be shown by the number of small proprietors sold up, owing to insbillty to pay fund and other taxes. Between 1884 and 1900 on fewer than two hundred and twenty thousand sales were effected for failure to pay taxes. mys one Writer,

In round numbers one bandred and twenty-five million dollars of this purifully extracted money goes to support the army and navy, while over a hundred millions more gues to pay interest on on enormous delic that was mostly created by past wars. Naturally the government finds it difficult to lay hold of

enough money to boild a new telephone exchange, when one is needed, and to improve its railrow

Military service, of course, is universal and compulsory. Every able-bodied male aged twenty must serve two years in the active army, then eight years in the active reserve with one month's training a year, then four years in the militia with a month's active training yearly, then five years in the territorial army with a month's training a year. The active army comprises about three hundred thousand persons, the active reserve about seven hundred thousand.



The Market of the Poor, Whitechupel District to London

The navy also is recruited by a compulsory service and comprises about thirty thousand men. Italy has fourteen buttleships and twenty-seven cruisers affoar or building.

Nowhere, outside of Japan, are taxes heavier. Nowhere. so far as I can discover, are they more cheerfully paid. Your army and navy are a tremendous burden," I

aggested fatuously to an Italian.

He was not connected with the army or navy or any other branch of the government, nor with an armament factory or a gunpowder trust. He was neither a plutecrat ner a chauvinist, but a modest, highly intelligent, welleducated professional man in middle circumstances with a growing family. Up to then the conversation had been progressing in the pleasantest possible way. But at that fatuous observation he shut his jaw hard, contracted his eyebrows, and shot a forbidding look at me while be declared with genuine pussion:

"It isn't beavy enough! Many Italians now living can remember the rule of Austria and of the states of the Church. They know from experience what sort of government there was in Naples and at Venice and at Rome - with France always sticking a finger into our affairs according to ber selfish policies - until Italians risked their last man

and last cent to govern their own country.

Vivid Memories of Austrian Misrule

FUGURATIVELY shriveling up, I tried to make myself realize that the shocking misrule of Austria and of the Papai States - the latter supported by Austrian bayonets-had actually been within the memory of men still living: that when the pineteenth century was well along, men were flung into prison by the score on a mere whim in Rome, that spies swarmed and assassination was the most conspicuous—and safest—form of political activity. Glad-stone does not seem far away from us. It was he who described the Bourbon rule at Naples as "the negation of God erected into a system of government." But you need to have the printed page at hand to make yourself resize that the Italian conditions which he wrote about were affairs of the nineteenth century and not of the twelfth. It

was only forty-two years ago that Victor Emmanuel, as the representative of the Italian people, entered Rome to make it the capital of a nation.

Remembering thes things naturally heat the blood, and I was almost ready to assure my Italian friend that if I were his countryman I, too, should be parsionately in favor of more regiments and dreadnoughts, even II we had hundred thousand peasants for nonpayment of taxes instead of only a beggarly 100 hundred thousand.

And that was my invariable experience when discussing man tarism in Europe, lt Italy you eatch that point of view. The very air is saturated with d Continued on Pagel



SUPERMAN FANNIE HURST

THE canker of the city is loneliness. It flourishes - so Insidious parudox—where men most now to now in subway rushes and live layer on layer in thousandenant tenement houses. It thrives in three-dollar-a-week ourth-floor back rooms, so thinly partitioned that the rumple of the rejection slip and the sales of the class oetess from Molino, Missouri, percolate to the four-dollarweek fourth-floor front and fuddle the plane selesman's vening game of solitaire. It is a malignant paramite, which ats through the thin walls of hall bodrooms and the hick walls of gold bedrooms, and eats out the hearts it ads there, leaving them black and empty like untenanted

Sometimes Love sees the To Let sign, hangs white Swiss rtains at the window, paints the shutters green, plants a ed of red geraniums in the front yard and moves in. gain, no tenant applies; the house mildows with the damp its own emptiness; children run when they puss it after ark; and the threshold decays. The heart must be manted or it falls out of repair and rots. Doctors, called

the watches of the night to suscitate such hearts, climb out bed reluctantly. It is a malady syond the ken of the stethoscope. One such heart beat in a woman's reast so rapidly that it crowded it her breath; and she pushed e cotton coverlet back from her morn, rose to her elbow and aned out beyond her bed into the rkness of the room.

"Jimmie? Easie? That you, mmie?"

The thumping of her heart anered her and the loud ticking a clock that was inaudible durg the day suddenly filled the ird-floor rear room of the thirdor rear apartment. The con-cual din of the street slumped to e intermittent din of late eveng; the last graphophone in the ilding observed the nine o'clock ence clause of the lease at someing after ten and scratched its it syncopated dance theme into e tired recording disk of the last ed brain. An upholatered chair, nk in the room's pool of darkas, trembled on its own tautened rings, and the woman trembled that same tautness and leaned ther out.

'Who's there? That you?"

She huddled the coverlet up under her chin and lay back her pillow, but with her body so rigid that only half her ight relaxed to the mattress; and behind her tight-sed eyes flaming wheels revolved against the lids. Tesrs i backward toward her ears like spectacle frames and iked into the pillow; a mouse with a thousand feet cried between the walls.

Essie? Jimmie, that you?" Fick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock!

More tears leaked out from her closed eyes and found ir way to her mouth so that she could taste their salt. en for a slight moment she dozed, with her body at full stch and hardly raising the coverlet, and her thin cheek ped in the palm of her thin hand. The mouse scurried s light rain of falling plaster and she woke with her pulse mding in her ears.

Jimmie? Jimmie? Who's there?" l'ick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock!

sobs trembled through her and set the bedsprings vibrat-, and she buried her head under her flat pillow and fell counting the immemorial procession of phantom sheep t graze the black grasses of the Land of Wakeful Hours lead their alcepless shepherds through the long postures

he night. Three hundred'n five: three hundred'n six; three idred'n seven; three hundred'n-Jimmie?"

key scratched at the outer lock and she sprang twoda from the bed, dragging the coverlet from its moorings. Jimmie, that you?

Sure, maw! 'Smatter?"

he relaxed as though her muscles had suddenly snapped, tense toes and fingers uncuried, and the blood flowed

I — Nothin', Jimmie; I was just wondering if that you."

No, maw; it ain't me-it's my valet coming home n a dance at his Pressing Club. You ain't sick, are you,



"Jay, Liston to That Trot They're Playth'! Come On, Sie; be a Sport!"

"No. What time is it, Jimmie? It's so dark."

"You been havin' one of your spells again, maw?"

"No, no, Jimmie."

"Didn't you promise to keep a light going?"

"I'm all right."

"Ouch! Gee-whillikens, maw, if you'd burn half a dime's worth of gas till me and Essie get home from work. nights we'd save it in wear and tear on our shins. I sin't got no more hips left than a snake."

"It's a waste, Jimmie-boy; gas comes so high."
"You should worry, maw! Watch me light 'er up!"

"Be careful in there, Jimmie! Stand on a chair. I got a little supper spread out on the table for Essle and her friend. You take a sandwich yourself -

"Forty cents in tips today, maw."

Forty omts!"

"Yeh; and a dame in Seventieth Street gimme a quarter and hugged the daylights out of me till my brass buttons made holes in me, and cried brineys all over the telegram, and made me read it out loud twice, once for each ear: 'Unhurt, Sweetheart, and homeward bound-Bill.' Can you beat it? Five cents a word!"

"Jimmie, wasn't you glad to carry her a message like that?"

"It's a paying business, maw, if you're lucky enough to deal only in good news."

A chair squealed on its castors, a patch of light sprang through the transom, and the chocolate-other bedroom and its chocolate-other furniture emerged into a chocolateocher half-light.

"Jimmie?"

"Huh?"

"I'm-I wish -- Oh, nothin'!"

"Ain't you feelin' right in there, maw?" "Yes, Jimmie; but-but come in and talk to your old

mother a while, my boy," "Surest thing you know! Say, these are some sandwiches! You must 'a' struck pay dirt in your sardine mine!"

"They're for her gen'I'man friend, Jimmie."

The door flung open and threw an island of light pat on the bed. In the gauzy stream the face on the pillow, with the skin drawn over the cheeks tight as a vellum on a snare drum, was vague as a head by an artist who paints through the sad film of a growing blindness.

"Ain't your cheeks cold, though, Jimmie? It's right sharp out, sin't it? And Essie with a cold, and in her thin coat! You you're a little late to-night, ain't you,

He drew his loose-jointed figure up from over the bedside, and his features, half-formed as a sculptor's head just emerging from the marble, took on the easy petulance of youth, and he wiped the moist lips' print off his downy check with the back of his hand,

"Ah, there you go again! You been layin' here frettin' and countin' the minutes again, ain't you? Gee, it makes a fellow some when he just can't get home no sooner!

"No, no, Jimmie; I been layin' here sleepin' sound ever since I went to bed. I woke up for the first time just now. I'm all right, Jimmie, only-only-

"Honest, maw, you ought to ask the company to put me in short-pants uniform again, day duty, carrying telegrams of the day's catechism to Sunday-school Classes!"

Don't fuss at me, Jimmle! I-I guess I must 'a' had one of them smothering spells, and I didn't wait up for Essie and Joe to-night. I'm all right now, Jimmie-all right."

He placed his heavy hand on ber brow in half-understanding

sympathy.

"Ges-whillikens, why don't you tell a fellow? You want some of that black medicine, maw. Yougee! - you ain't lookin' kinda bluelike round the gills, are you? Old man Gibbs said we should send for him right away if -

"No, no, Jimmie; I'm all right

"Look! I brought you a carnation one of the operators gimmeone swell little queen too. You want some of that black medicine, maw?"

"I'm all right now, Jimmie. It was just earlier in the evening I kinda had a spell. Ain't that pink pretty though! Here, put it in the glass; and gimme a French kiss. Always ashamed like a big baby when it comes to kissin', sin't you! Ashamed to even kiss your old maw!"

"Aw!" He shuffled his feet and bent over her, with the red mounting above the gold collar of his uniform.

"And such a mamma-boy you used to be before you had to get out and hustle-such a mamma-boy-and now ashamed to give your old maw a kiss!"

"Ashamed nothin'! Here, maw, I'll smooth your hair for you the wrong way like Essie used to do when you came home from the store dead after the semiannual clearings."

"No, no, Jimmie; these days I ain't got no more hair left to smooth."

"You look good to me!"

"Aw, Jimmie, quit stringing your old maw. How can a stack o' hones look good to anybody?"

"You do!"

"Your papa used to say so too, Jimmie; but in them days my hair was natural curly-little cute, springy curls like Essie's. The first day he seen me he fell for 'em; and the night before he died, Jimmie, with you and Essie asleep in your folding cribs and me little thinkin' that the next week I'd be back in the department clerking again, he took me in his arms and

"Yes, yes; I know, maw-but didn't the old Gibbs say not to get excited? Lay back and don't talk, maw. I can feel your heart beatin' 'way down in your hands.'

"You're all tired out, ain't you, Jimmie?-too tired to listen to my talk; but you're going to wait up for your sister's young man to-night, ain't you, my boy? wet your hair and smooth it down. You'll wanna see him, Jimmie."

"Fine chance." "Sure he's coming to-night, Jimmie. I got their supper all waitin'; and see, there's my flowered wrapper at the foot of the bed, so I can get up and go in when -

"Aw, cut out the comedy, maw! She ain't comin' straight home after the show any more'n a crooked road; and if she does he ain't coming with her."

"Jimmie, she promised sure to-night."

"Didn't she promise last night and the night before, and the night before that?"

"But this afternoon when she left for the matince, Jimmie, I wasn't feelin' so well; and she promised so

"Them girl ushers down there is too lively a bunch for her, maw. Ushio' in a theayter is next to bein' in the chorus—only——"

"Jimmie!"

"Sure it is—only it ain't so good one way and it ain't so bad another. This newfangled girl ushin' gets my goat unyways. It ain't doin' her any good."

"Oh, Jimmie, don't I know it? I hated to see her take it—her so little and cute and pretty and all! Night work ain't nothin' for our Essie."

"Sure it ain't!"

"But what could we do, Jimmie? After I gave out, her six a week in the notions wasn't a drop in the bucket. What else could we do, Jimmie?"

"Just you wait, maw! This time next year life'll be one long ice-cream soda for you and her. Wait till my dynamo gets to running like I want her to—I'll be runnin' this whole shebung with a bang!"

be runnin' this whole shebung with a bang!"
"You're a good boy, Jimmie; but a kid of seventeen ain't expected to have shoulders for three."

"Just the samey, I showed a draft of my dyname to the head operator, maw, and he's comin' up Sunday to have a look. Leave it here on the table just like it is, maw. You'll be ridin' in your Birdsong selfcharging electric automobile yet!"

She let her fingers wander up and down his cheek and across his shoulders, and into his uneven nappy hair.

"Poor Jimmie! If only you had the trainin'! Miss Maisis was up from the store today in her neon hour and seen it standing here next to my hed; and she thought it was such a pretty-lookin' dynamo, with its copper wires and all."

"You didn't lot her ----"

"No honest, Jimmie! See itain't been touched; I didn't even let her go near the table's edge. She wanted to know when I was comin' back to the store—she says the corsets have run down since they got the new head saleslady, Jimmie."

"If I'd 'a' been here I'd 'a' told her you ain't going

"Sometimes I - I think I ain't, neither, Jimmle."

"What?"

"Nothin'."

"When you get well, maw, then I ----"

"Then I'm going back on my job, Jimmie. Eighteen years—not countin' the three years your papa lived—at doing one thing sort of makes you married to it. I got my heart as set as always, Jimmie, on gettin' you in at the Electric Training School next door. If I hadn't broke down—"

"Nix for mine, maw!"

"Every day I sit by the window, Jimmle, and see the young engineers and electricians who hoard there goin' to work; and it breaks my heart to think of you, with your mind for inventions, runnin' the streets—a messenger boy—just when I was beginnin' to get where I could do for you."

"Aw, cut that, maw! Don't I work round on my dyname every morning till I go on duty! Wooldn't I look swell with an electricity book under my arm! I'd feel like Battling John drinking ten out of an eggshell."

"The trainin' school's the place for you, Jimmie. If you'd only take the dynamo over to the superintendent and show him where you're stuck, he'd help you, Jimmie. I been beggin' you so long, and if only you wasn't so stubborn!"

"I ain't got the nerve, buttin' in over there; it's for

fellows who got swell jobs already."

"There's classes for boys too, Jimmie; the janitor told me. Just go to-morrow and show your dyname. It won't hurt nothin' and maybe they'll know just what the trouble is—it's only a little thing, Jimmie—three times in succession it worked last night, didn't it? It won't hurt to go, Jimmie—just to go and show it."

"Nix: I ain't got the nerve. You just wait! I sin't got the trainin'; but didn't I sell my double lens the day after I got the patent? Didn't I make that twenty-five just like

battin' your eye?"

"The janitor says you was robbed in it, Jimmie."

"We should worry! Didn't we get a rockin'-chair and a string of beads and a tool chest out of it?"

"It ain't you worries me so much, Jimmie. Here, put your head here on the pillow next to me, Jimmie. My heart's actin'up to-night. It ain't you worries me—you're a man like your papa was and can hit back; but Essie—if only Essie—"

"You don't handle her right, maw; you're too easygoing with her. Since she went on her new job she's gettin' too gay - too gay!"

"Jimmie!"



"Just Tall Har Rearything's All Right - Everything's Comin' All Right for All of Ut"

"Sure she is. Like I told her last night when she came in all hours from dancing—if she didn't take that wor paint off her face I'd get her in a corner and rub it off

"I've begged her and begged her, Jimmie, just as hard as I ever begged you about the dyname, to wash her face of it. It's eatin' me, Jimmie—eatin' me! There wasn't a girl in the store that didn't envy that girl her complexion. Oh, Jimmie, it ain't the paint alone—it's where it can lead to."

"She seeds an old-time spankin'."

"Them girls down at the theayter where she works put them ideas in her head. It's only of late with her, Jimmie, Wasn't she like a little buby when I had her across from me in the notions?"

"She's gotta keep her face clean or I'll ----

"She needs somebody strong like her papa was to handle her, Jimmie. She's stubborn in ways, like you, and needs somebody older, my boy—somebody strong that can handle her and love her all at once."

"She's gotta quit sneakin' home at all hours. She don't pay no attention to me; but she's gotta quit or I - I'll go down and smash up that whole theapter crowd of 'em!"

"If she'd 'a' had a father to grow up under it would 'a' been different. He was one of the strongest men in the power house, Jimmie. Mechanics make strong men, my boy, and that's why my heart's set on you, Jimmie, takin' up where he left off."

"It's that job of hers, maw; it ain't no hang-out for her down there round the lights. She's gettin' too gay. I'll smash that ticket speculator to gelatin if he don't show up or leave her alone!"

"Sh-h-h, Jimmis! He's her young man: she says he's a upright and honorable young man, with intentions."

"Where she hidin' him then?"

"He—he's bashful about comin', Jimmie. Last night on her knees right here by this bed she told me, Jimmie, with her eyes like saucers, that he's said everything but come right out and ask her."

"What's the matter? Is be tongue-tied?"

"A fine fellow, she says, Jimmie up to date as a new dime, makin' from thirty to forty a week. Get that, Jimmie?

Forty a week! On forty a week, Jimmie, what they could do for themselves and for you!"

"I wanna look him over first. I knew a fellow in the game got forty a week and ninety days once, too,"

"Jimmie!"

"There's a bunch of speculators used to hang round the Forty-second Street telegraph office, with one eye always on the cop and the other always open for rubes. They was all hunchbacks from dodging the law."

"He ain't one of them kind, Jimmie."

"Then why don't he have a roof over his head instead doing sidewalk business?"

"Ticket speculatin' is like any other business, Essie says.

Profit is profit, whether you make it on a sheet of music, a
washboard or a theayter ticket."

"Then why don't he show his face round here, instead a runnin' her round night after night when she ought to be i-ome sleepin'?"

"I don't know, Jimmie, except what she says. I just live! like I couldn't stand her not bringing him to-night-like—like I couldn't stand it, Jimmie."

"Lay easy there, maw."

"They're young. I guess, and gotta have life; but I hy here with it in front of me all night, long after she ges home and is sleepin' here next to me as light as a dalay she's so little and pretty, Jimmie."

"I wanna get my glims on him ----

"What, Jimmie?"
"I wanna see him."

"Me, too, Jimmie. I wouldn't care much abox anything else if I could see him once; and if he is let

"That gang don't come big and strong. The

got big heads and little necks."

"The kind of fellow that would know how to bree; you when you get stubborn, and would put his had an your shoulder and not try to drive you. If he was a man like that, Jimmie, the kind you and Essenced, I—I'd stop fightin'; I'd fold my hands and so to God: 'Ready! Ready right this minute!"

"Ready for what, maw?"

"Ready, Jimmie, my boy. Just hands folded and

ready-that's all,"

"Aw, cut it, can't you, maw? I—maw, qui scarin' a fellow. Quit battin' your eyes like that-tryin' to flirt with me, ain't you, maw? Quit it, now! Lemme get you some of that black medicine—you're gettin' one of your spells. Just lemme run town stairs and send Lizzie Marks out to get aid mat Gibbs."

"No, no, Jimmie—don't leave me! Hold me my boy, so I can feel your face. Don't cry, Jimmis: there ain't nothin' to cry about."

"Cut the comedy, maw! I ain't cryic'. I'm

"Jimmie, are—you—there? I feel so—so heavy."
"Sure I am, maw—right here, holding you in my arasteel! There's the scar where old Gibbs sewed my face the time I got hit with a bat—feel, maw—see, it's me."

"What's that, Jimmie, on the foot of the bed - movin"
"See, maw - that's your flowered glad-rag. You"
go-goin' to put it on when Easie and her gen'l'man from
come in. It sin't movin'; I shoved it."

"Don't muse it, Jimmie."

"No; see, I emoothed out its tail - it's a such for years."

"Jimmle, you won't leave me? It gets so dark, and—the

"You couldn't pry me away with a crowbar, man! I hold you till you yell 'Leggo!' Lemme go for old Gibe maw; you're breathing heavy as a pump."

"No, no, Jimmie; don't leave me."

"Sure I won't; but you're all twitchin' and jumps maw. Just leave me run down and send Lizzie Marke him."

"No, no, Jimmie; I'm all right,"

"Sure, maw? You-you're actin' up so funny."

"It ain't nothin'—only I'm an old woman, Jimmie, A of a sudden I got old and firoke. It ain't the same in department, Jimmie, with Essie gone from the notes across the sisle. Always when we were overstocked in corsets she—she—Essie

"Aw, maw, you ain't talkin' straight. Lemme have "

"I'm talking straight, Jimmie. Ain't I layin' right be in your arms, and ain't my hair caught round one of yebrass buttons?—quit pullin', Jimmie! Essie's hair he bright, Jimmie. I can see it shinin' in the dark when he sleepin'."

"Some hair the kid's got! Remember the night took me and her to —"

"Sh-h-h-h! Ain't that them coming? Ain't it, Jimb I ain't equal to gettin' up, Jimmie. Bring 'em in home tell ——"

"Like fun it's them! Whatta you bet right now the bolding down a table for two at the Palais du Des Swell joint!"

"Oh, Jimmie!"

"I was kiddin', maw-only kiddin'. Open your eyes, msw. Gwan! Be a sport and open up! Remember, maw, when I was a kid, how I used to make you last and last, makin' a maise like a banjo-plunka-plunk-plunk-plunkplunka-plunk?"

Ym, Jimmie,"

"I knew I'd get a laff out of you-planka-plank-planka-

"Yes, Jimmie, my boy! Go on! I like to lay here and remember back. Essie was always grabbin' your spoon. I used to slap her little bands and -

Maw, open your eyes! Don't go off in one of 'em again." See, they're open, Jimmle! I can see your gold buttons dinin' and shinin' - I ain't elsepin'; I'm unly waitin'," "She ain't had time to get home yet, maw, They gotta

sick up programs and turn in lost articles and all," Put your arms round me, Jimmie. I keep slippin'." "Lemme run for old man Gibbs, maw. Please!

"No, no. Jimmie! Sing like you used to when you was a attle kid, Jimmie; I used to laff and laff."

Plunka-plunk-plunk-plunk!"

"Sh-h-h! There's the chimes - you won't never tell me the right time nights, when I ask year, Jimmie."

"It ain't late, may."

"Sb-h-h! What time is that? Listen!"

"It's early. Don't you count chimes, ma = - it's a sign where to count 'em, and Emin's got her thin juries on, Plunk! -

Stateh, Jimmie! One-two-three-four-five sixmyen-night-nine-ten-

See, it nin't late."

"Leren! You can't chest me, I hourd the best nee."

"Leven strendy? Well, whatin you know about that! Then chitoes is always ahead of themselves."

"Jimmin my hoy, quit playin" with your old maw."
"They'll be comin' ason now."

"Don't leave me, Jimmie.

"Sure I won't -- see!"

"Jimmle! Jim-nie -

"Maw! Maw, upon your sym! Mow darlin' plouse-

"Bing, Jimmie, like-a banjo."

"Flunka-plunk-plunka-plunk !"

On that last boom of playing the Stuyymant Thouser some its don't autward as the portals of a curious check By open on the lour, and women in for-collared, brocaded man, which wrapped them to the mides, and carefully revel amilia that Wattenn knew as well and Thackeray liny lim well, ateramed but into the white flage of Brown's say, their delicate lingers resting lightly on the tired arms. of tired business rasn, whose faces were like wood curving and whose wide white shirtfrosts covered their hearts Blo-slaba.

Almost hether the last limesome door had slammed and the last tired business man had left the light, compelling pressure of the delicate finger tipe on his arm, and turned his tired eyes from the white lights to the whiter lights of rail's and gold-leaf botels, the interior of the Stayvesant Theater, warm and performed as the interior of a jewel box. blinked into soft darkness. Small figures, stealthy especies of the night, guided down thickcarpeted sides, flashing their pocket searchlights now here, now there; inkling rows of velvet much against

velvet hactor, reaching for discarded programs and seat checks; gathering up the dainty débris of petals fullen from too-blown rosses, an occasional webby bandherchief, an odd

glove, a tibbus.

Then the dull red eyes above the fire exits blinked out, the mu of twilight deepened, and the anull searchlights dashed brighter and whiter, glowworms in a pit of right.
"For Pete's saless! Tell Ed to give back

them lightly, 20's lamp's burnt out.

"Oh, hurry up, Emis! You girls up there in the balency would kick if you was walkin' a right rape at reached because the top atories of two Flatirus Bulldings.

"It's easy enough for you to talk down there in the orehestra. Lulu Pope, Carriage shoot don't must up the place like subway shows."

"Glace the hallony over the orthones."

every time.

"What about us girls 'way up here in the shifted Whatta young about us, Ladu Pope player' bundenside in the gallery gode?

Chutm thename, I med to be in the chutes over at the Olympic, and ex nights out of the seek I carried water up the nides without a scop. Lankin' such rew in the sye too?" Like fun!"

Sure's my name's Luiu Pope! Me un' u. girl named Della Bradenwald used to play Ani-

mal or Vegetable Kingdom every entracts with the fireman." "Oh h h? Say, Lun, you mightte me what I found up here in Box E!

"Louve it to Essis Birdsong for a find! What is it this time—the diamond star the queen in E was wearin'

"A right-band, number five and a ball - white stitchin"." "Can you lim! it? And you ain't never had a claim yet. at the hos office."

"I knew my lines would break, Luin. My little trother Jimmie maw if you break a comb your back breaks with it, healer one this morning. Whatis you let now I begin to match every ment of my live left-hand gloves, without a claim from the office?"

"Lucky loats"

Conversation corved from gallery to bego but and from age to Indensy

"Gee! Look at this arrive butterfly! I seem it is her half when I steered her down the side. She could be stock on



'If You han't Like Our Company Ma and Hairy Can Munage to Warry Along Jemekow?"

something about this show third time this week, and not no paper neither."

Amisor, is R. Sadie? I'll trade you for the tortoiseshell one I found in C 4; unber if go swell with my hair."

"Whatta you bet she claime it?"

"Nis."

"Say, did you hear Wheelan familie her hig scene to-night? I was dozin' in the toyer and she tripped over log cue so hard she noke me up.

"I should say so! I was standing next to the old man, and he let out a line of talk that was some fireworke; he said a super in the mult seems could take her place and heat. her at pickin' up case,"

Ready, Sadie?"

"Yes; wait till I turn in one gent's muffler and a red curl,"

" Are you done up there in, Ende?"

"Yes; hut you needn't wait for me, Lao. If you're in a harry I'll eee you down in the locker room."

Seats slammed; laughter drifted; marchlights danced and flashed out as though suddenly doused with water; and the gold, crystal, velvet, and markle interior of the Stuyyeard Theater suddenly vanished into its iniminext wimple of blackness.

In the bare-walled incher room Miss Ensie Birdsong leaned to her reflection in the wavy mirror and ran a fine pencil line along the varyon of her eyebrows.

"In this right, Lou?"

"Swell! Your eyes look two shades darker." "Coch"

Miss Birdsong smiled and hencel closer,

"The girls all out, Lor?"

"Yeh; harry up and lemme have that mirror, Eur-Harry gets as glorn as glue if I keep him waiting."

Miss Pope adjusted a too-small but, with a too-long pheasant's wing sucked at a two-rakish angle on her brass-solored hair, and powdered her already powdered chesk bones.

'Here-you can have the mirror first, Loo, I-I ain't in a hurry to-night. You and Harry better go on and not wait round for me.

Miss Pope placed her long, hirdlike hands on her slim hips and slumped inward at the walstline; her eyes had the poculiar lambency of the blue fiame that plays on the surface of cognac and leaves it cold.

What's burtin' you, Eas? The whole week you been makin' this play to dodge me and Harry ! If you don't like our company, Eisle, me and Harry can manage to worry along somehow!"

"Ob, Lulu, it-II sin't that, and you know it." "You're all alike. Didn't my last cham, Della Bradenwald, do the same thing! I interdoored her to a gen'l'man friend of miss, a slick little doorman for a two-a day show, and what did she do? Scarl Alter the serond day it was Good-by, Leo-Loo! They went kitm' it off together and dropped me and Harry like parachutes.

Log darlin', honest, me and Joe just love goin' to dancin' with you and Harry; but - but -

"Then what's hurtin' you?"



"You Know All Righty, Missy, Why Ihe Wants You to Wath It - You End

"It's maw again, Loo. She looked like she was ready for one of her spells when I left; she's been worse again these two days and the doctor says we mustn't get her excitedher heart's hum, Loo."

"Say, I used to have heart failure myself, and I know a swell cure - Hartley's Heart's Ease. Honest, when I was over at the Olympic I used to go dead like a tire. Lend meyour eyestick, Ess."

"You'll laff, Loo; but she's daffy for me and Joe to come home after the show; she's never seen him at all,

"Oh, I gotta flashlight of Joe goin' to call on your old

"When maw and I was clerkin' the girls and fellows "When maw and I was clerkin' the girls and fellows that Loo; and, say, for fun! Maw was as lively as any of us in those days; and we'd have sardine sandwiches, and my kid brother used to imitate all kinds of music and actors; and we used to laff and laff until they'd knock on the ceiling from upstairs and muw'd pack the whole lot of 'em home. Why don't you and Harry come up to-night too, Loo? And we'll have a little

"Nothin' doin', Beauty, There's a Free-for-All Tange Contest round at the Poppy Garden to-night; and believe me, I wouldn't mind winning that pink ivory manicure set. All I gottn ask is one thing, Eas! Bring me a snapshut of Joe doing the fireside act!"

The glaze of unshed tears sprang over Miss Birdsong's eyes like gauxy clouds across a summer sky.

"I-that's just it, Loo. I can't get him to come. Sometimes I think maybe it's just because he's stringing mealong; and I-he-he was your friend first, Loo. Ain't he ever said anything to you about me-about aw, you know what I mean, Loo."

"He's stuck on you, girl. I know Jue Ullman like I know the floor plan of this theater.

"Honest, Loo, de you think so?"

"Sure! I knew Joe when I was making suteen duisies in a artificial flower loft on Twenty-second Street, and him and my hrother was clerkin' in a cigar store on Twenty-third, and running a nest little book on the side."

"A book!"

"Yes, dearie-a pretty picture book."

"Joe never told me."

"He ain't always been the thirty-dollar-a-week kid he is now - take it from me. Just the samey, you can thank me for interdooting you to the sharpest little fellow that's selling tickets on the sidewalks of this great and wicked city!

"I always tell him he ought to save more—taxis and all he has to have, that spendy he is!"

"Sidewalk speculatin' is a good pastime if you're sharp enough; and I always tell Joe he's got a edge on him like a

"Like a razor! Aw, Loo, you talk like he was a barber."
"Sure, he's that sharp! Take Harry now: he's as slick as a watermelon weed when it comes to pickin' a sheet of music with a whistle in it; but put him in a game like Joe's, with the law cross-eyed from winkin' and frownin' at the same time, and he'd lose his nerve!"

"It ain't a game, Loo. Joe says there ain't a reason why a fellow can't sell a theater ticket at a profit, just like Harry sells a sheet of music. Sidewalks are free for all."

"Leave it to Joe to stretch the language like a rubber band. His middle name is Gutta-Percha."

"He was your friend first."

"He la yet, Beauty-even if you have grabbed him. I like him—he's one good sport; but with Joe's gift for tongue work he could make a jury believe a Bowery jewelry store ought to have a habeas corpus for every body it enatches; he could rob a cradle and get a hero medal for it."

"I - sometimes I - I don't know how to take him, Loo. We've been goin' together steady now; and sometimes I think he - he likes me, and semetimes I think he don't."

"Take it from me, you got him goin'. I never knew him to take a five-evenings-a-week lease on anybody's time." "Six."

"Six! For all I know, you—you're keepin' things from me. Lemme see your left hand—whatta you blushing for, Beauty? Whatta you blushing for?"

"Aw, Los!"

"Say, how does this jacket look, Ess? Half them judges over there at the Poppy watch your clothes more'n your face."

"Swell!"

"Well, is this where me and Harry exit, Beauty?" "Yeh; you go shead, Loo. I-I'll tell Joe you and Harry

went on shead to-night."

"I gotta half bottle of Hartley's Heart's Ease at home, Ess. Tell your old lady to have it on me. Don't you worry, kiddo. I used to have heart trouble so bad I'd breathe like a fish at a shore dinner-and look at me now! I'll bring it to-morrew - a tablespoonful before meals."

"Good night, Loo. I'll see you Monday."

"Put on a little more color there, Ess, or you'll never get nothin' out of him. You look as scared as an oyster, Lordy, you can handle him easy! Lemme know what happens. S'long! S'long!"

"Gnod night, Lon!"

Miss Birdsong brushed at her soft cheeks with the pink tip of a rabbit's faot and the color sprang out to match the rose-colored sateen facing of her hat. Her lips opened in a faint smile; and after a careful interval she scrambled into her jacket, flung a good night to the doorman and hurried through the gloomy foyer,

No sham like the sham of the theater! Its marble façade is classic as a temple, and its dirty gray-brick rear openout on a cut-infested alley. The perfumes of the audi-torium are the fumes of the wings. Thespis wears a custommade coat of many colors, but his undershirt is sackcloth.

(Continued on Page 26)

Business at Judicial Discretion

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST FONE could imagine human society suddenly confronted with the necessity of enact-

ing a criminal code and undertaking to do it in a single statute, he would be able to realize in a way what those who formulated the Sherman Antitrust Law attempted.

Mr. Justice Harlan tells us that at the time this law was enacted there was everywhere, among the people generally, a deep feeling of unrest. "The nation had been rid of human slavery -- fortunately, as all now feel -- but the con-viction was universal that the country was in real danger from another kind of slavery sought to be fastened on the American people - namely, the slavery that would result from aggregations of capital in the hands of a few individuals and corporations controlling, for their own profit and advantage exclusively, the entire business of the country, including the production and sale of the necessaries of life. Such a danger was thought to be then imminent, and all felt that it must be met firmly and by such etatutory regulations as would adequately protect the people against oppression and wrong."

In order to meet this condition it was necessary to formulate a law that would prohibit new wrongs not before this time defined in any statute. This was a tremendous undertaking—as difficult as though in the imaginary state the lawmakers were suddenly called on to formulate a

statute covering all the varieties of crime.

No state could have a general statute probibiting all crimes. That would leave the courts in every case to say what a crime is. No man would know how to conduct himself, and every man would be at the mercy of a prosecutor and might be haled into court for any sort of imaginary wrong. The absurdity of the thing when applied to our criminal procedure is at once apparent. Nevertheless, it was by a single general statute that Congress undertook to prohibit the new wrongs and to punish the new crimes against our commercial civilization.

Senator Edmunds, who drafted the statute, took the position that restraint of trade, like fraud, ought not to be defined, and that a general prohibition of it was sufficient. The first and second sections of the Sherman Law were

formulated to meet this new condition.

The first section provided that every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspirary in restraint of trade or commerce among the several states or with foreign nations, was to be desired illegal. And the second section provided than thouse one monopolize or attempt to monopolize conspire with any other pertoe several any part of the trade or mor, And states, and so on, should visonment. both sections provided a

It was a sweeping enactment against every restraint of trade and every attempt to monopolize—as sweeping as though a state had undertaken to prevent all wrongdoing by the enactment of a single statute prohibiting the commission of crimes. This law remained for a long time practically ineffective.

One of the early attorney-generals munidered it unconstitutional. It is said that he had been attorney for a great trust, and he advised the president under whom he served that it was unwise to endeavor to enforce the statute. Some attorney-generals were disindined to act, and the ability of others recalls Doctor Johnson's remark on a nobleman of his time who had been elevated to a high office: "His parts, sir, are pretty well for a lord, but would not be distinguished in a mun who had nothing else but his parts."

During the last year of McKinley's Administration it. was a complete dead letter, and it has been only under recent administrations that any effort has been made to enforce it. From 1897, however, the law had had a curious history. On March twenty-second of that year, in the Trans-Missouri Freight Case, the Supreme Court of the United States decided that this law applied to all restraints. of trade, and that the term "contract in restraint of trade" used in it meant every contract in restraint of trade and was not limited to the kind of contracts that were in unreasonable restraint of trade.

The great corporations of the country undertook to induce the Supreme Court to say that this law meant only unreasonable restraints of trade, but in plain terms the court refused to do so.

Having failed to persuade the court to change this law y judicial amendment, the great business interests went to Congress and endeavored to have the law amended so as to apply only to unreasonable restraint of trade or commerce. The Senate Judiciary Committee reported against this amendment. They said that so to change it would be entirely to emasculate the law and for all practical purposes render it magatory as a remedial statute.

And su the law remained until the Standard Oil Case and the Tobacco Trust Case came into the Supreme Court of the United States in 1910. The following year, in the decisions in those cases, the Supreme Court amended the law by inserting the word "undie" -- an amendment that Congress had refused to make and one for which the great business interests had all along contended.

By judicial amendment the court, in the case of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, interpreted the law to mean not that every restraint of trade was problished. as the net said, but "only undue restraints of interstate or foreign trade or commerce are pro-

hibited by the provisions of the act of July 2, 1890." And so by the decision in that case the rule of reason became the measure for the purpose of determining whether in a given case a particular act had or had not brought about the wrong against which the statute provided.

One of the ablest members of the court dissented forcibly

from this decision:

"By every conceivable form of expression," he said, the majority, in the Trans-Missouri and Joint Traffic Cases, adjudged that the act of Congress did not allow restraint of interetate trade to any extent or in any form; and three times it expressly rejected the theory, which had been persistently advanced, that the act should be comprued as though it had in it the word unreasonable or undue. But now the court, in accordance with what it denominates the rule of reason, in effect inserts in the act the word undue, which means the same us unreasonable. and thereby makes Congress say what it did not say - what, as I think, it plainly did not intend to say, and what, since the passage of the act, it had explicitly refused to say

"It has steadily refused to amend the act so as to tolerate a restraint of interstate commerce even where such restraint could be said to be reasonable or due. In short, the court now, by judicial legislation, in effect amends an act of Congress relating to a subject over which the legislative department of the Government exclusively has

Almost the dissenting justice persuades us to believe him right against the majority of the court. Even in the day when Lord Munsfield drank champagne with the with it was considered questionable taste to ask a court to reverse itself. "Does it not lessen the confidence of the public?" wrote the author of The Rambler. "Will not be who knows himself wrong to-day hope that the courts justice will think him right to-morrow?"

After this decision the law, which had been in the mogeneral terms, became wholly uncertain. The courts conhave said what restraint of trade was, as a matter of farperhaps; but whether or not there was undue restraint. trade was a great, vague question, to be decided in ever case. Moreover, the law would now seem to admit the certain kinds of restraint of trade were permissible. was as though a general statute prohibiting all crimes vanow amended to prohibit only undue crimes.

By this decision the Supreme Court not only assemthe prerogative of the national legislature and amende the law in a way that the national legislature had refer to do, but by this decision the courts were granted great latitude of deciding cases according to the economic

theories of the presiding judge—that is to say, the law was now so large and vague that every court could decide it practically as it pleased. Whether or not an act was prohiblted under this law became a question of the opinion of

the court trying the case.

The courts now sat under it as boards of control to determine how the business of the country ought to be conducted, and with no restraint on them except their opinion. They were no longer bound to enforce the penalties of the statute because a restraint of trade was proved. They must be convinced that it was an undue restraint of trade. They could apply the rule of reason and, having no precedent before them, the rule of reason could be any sort of measure they liked. It is said that the Duc d'Uzès, cherolier d'houneur to Louis the Fourteenth, being asked by the queen what o'clock it was, replied:

"What your Majesty pleases!"

Mr. Justice Harlan was not misled about the sweeping ffect of this decision:

"I have a strong conviction," he said, "that it will hrow the business of the country into confusion and invite videly extended and harassing litigation, the injurious flect of which will be felt for many years to come. When longress prohibited every contract, combination or nonopoly in restraint of commerce it prescribed a simple, lefinite rule that all could understand, and which could be asily applied by every one wishing to obey the law and ot to conduct their business in violation of law. But now t is to be feared we are to have in cases without number he constantly recurring inquiry, difficult to solve by proof, thether the particular contract, combination or trust avolved in each case is or is not an unreasonable or undue estraint of trade.

"Congress, in effect, said that there should be no restraint. f trade in any form, and this court solemnly adjudged sany years ago that Congress meant what it thus said in lear and explicit words, and that it could not add to the ords of the act; but those who condemn the action of ongress are now, in effect, informed that the courts will flow such restraints of interstate commerce as are shown

ot to be unreasonable or undue."

The Peril of Vague Statutes

CHARD II made the crime of treason so vague that in the first year of his successor an act was passed reciting: That no man knew how he ought to behave himself, to do, wak or say, for doubt of any such pains of treason."

Under the Sherman Law as it is new judicially amended se perplexities of the business interests of the country are ecisely expressed by the opening paragraph of this atute of Henry IV. The people do not know what straints of trade are to be prohibited. The business terests do not know how far they may go with such straints. They may go to a certain length - but what is it? Every business engaged in Interstate trade is conducted the peril of the opinion of the attorney-general. It is nducted at the peril of the opinion of the Federal judges. is the prerogative of the courts to say how the business the country is to be conducted, and what is proper and tat is not proper in restraints and monopolies.

The extraordinary situation has had no equal except the early history of the English-speaking people, when

the crime of high treason was thus indeterminate. Sir William Blackstone tells us that by the ancient common law there was "a great latitude left in the breast of the judges" to determine what was treason or not so precisely as there is to-day "a great latitude left in the breast of the judges" to determine what is undue restraint of trade.

Sir William Blackstone was not of the opinion that such a condition was one to be desired. The result of this great. latitude does not inspire us with confidence when we read

his comment on it.

"Whereby," he continues, "the creatures of tyrannical princes had opportunity to create abundance of constructive treasons - that is, to raise by forced and arbitrary constructions offenses into the crime and punishment of treason which never were suspected to be such."

Our history does not encourage us to believe that civilization will be advanced by setting up the judges as governors of public conduct and with latitude to say what or is not an offense against the public welfare.

Montesquieu said that to leave the crime of high treason indeterminate was alone sufficient to make any government degenerate into arbitrary power. Restraint of trade and the effecting of monopolies are the highest crimes against commerce; and yet this decision leaves them indeterminate, with a great latitude in the breast of the judges to determine what they are.

The old law writers said that as treason was the highest crime which - considered as a member of the communityany man can possibly commit, it ought therefore to be the most precisely ascertained. In order to resone the country from a condition of industrial slavery, as Mr. Justice Harlan indicated, restraint of trade was made a great statutory crime. Therefore, if it is the highest crime against our commercial civilization, ought it not to be the

most precisely ascertained?

We have not been without abundant illustration of the evils of leaving Federal statutes uncertain-their meaning at the discretion of the Federal judges. The litigation against the Standard Oil Company of Indiana is a conspicuous example. This company was indicted under the Elkins Law on ninetsen hundred and three counts charging that its product was hauled by the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company at less rates than those named in the turiff schedules published and filed by that company with the Interstate Commerce Commission.

The company was tried on fourteen hundred and sixtytwo counts and found guilty. District Judge Landis imposed the maximum fine on every count, making in the

aggregate a fine of \$29,240,000.

The so-called Elkins Law, under which this indictment was brought, was so indefinite that solody could say what it meant. No one knew from the language of the act what constituted an offense. Did it mean that the thirty-six payments for shipments constituted one offense or thirtysix offenses? Did it mean that every time a consignment of cars was moved that constituted one offense or that the moving of every car was an offense, or the moving of every barrel or gallon or pound of oil?

The case was taken to the Circuit Court of Appeals and was reversed, this court holding that the gist of the offense was the acceptance of the concession, irrespective of whether the property involved was carloads, trainloads or pounds;

and finally the case, after being remanded, was heard by Judge Anderson and dismissed.

The question of a bother there had been a definife rate published and filed before the interstate Commerce Commission had also perpirand the judgen. Judge Lands: was of the opinion there war no such rate. The Circuit Court of Appeals said: "The most we can say it that the question is one on which judges, after full discussion, might very reasonably disagree."

Judge Anderson said: "Therefore, gentlemen of the jury, if it is a matter about which reasonable men may differ or trained judges may disagree; the Court of Appeals says, after reviewing these papers, after looking them over and after consulting together, that they cannot tell what the rate is, that reasonable men might differ on that question, then, of course, the evidence is not sufficient to warrant you in finding that these papers establish that rate beyond a reasonable doubt."

If judicial discretion on indefinite statutes may extend from not guilty to a fine of twenty-nine million dollars, can we imagine any circumference to inclose it? Decision at the pleasure or at the whim or caprice of the court would have no more extended limitations. Surely such examples do not encourage us to leave the intent of a law to the mere

opinion of the judiciary.

When Judges Become Legislators

ME Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, created ▲ in 1903, presented this idea with clearness and force: "The committee has full confidence in the integrity, intelligence and patriotism of the Supreme Court of the United States; but it is unwilling to repose in that court or any other court the vast and undefined power it must exercise in the administration of the statute under the rule it has promulgated. It substitutes the court in the place of Congress, for whenever the rule is invoked the court does not administer the law but makes the law.

"It is inconceivable that in a country governed by a written Constitution and statute law the courts can be permitted to test each restraint of trade by the economic standards which the individual members of the court may happen to approve. . . . It may be that the Supreme Court will be so enlightened and so alert that its opinion respecting what is due and what is undue restraint of trade will be in harmony with an awakened public conscience and a disinterested public judgment; but to fashion our conduct on that hypothesis is to repudiate the fundamental principles of representative government."

It is no reflection on our courts to insist that they restrict their functions to an administration of the law. The electorate will never be content to permit the courts to legislate for it to make laws for it. It will never permit the judges to sit as censors, to say how the business of the country shall be conducted, what are good and what are bad trusts, who shall be permitted to indulge in restraints of trade and monopolies, and who shall be refused those

desirable privileges.

One may object to this and yet believe that the judges are our most conscientions public servants. He may object to it and yet believe that there is virtue in the bench to make a man more upright than his fellows. We know that a great trust has sometimes made even a doubtful person honorable. A cutpurse once made a very good Chief Justice of England. True, he one day got a rather startling idea of rewards. Hearing that one of his old companions was in jail, he called on him and asked what had become of the rest of the gang; to which the prisoner answered;

"Alas! They were all hanged except myself and your lordship!"

Sir Matthew Hale considered that Parliament had acted with the greatest wisdom in keeping the judges within proper bounds and limits. Sir Matthew Hale and Sir-



BANTRY By ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

T WAS finally decided, in salemn family concluse, to let Feater hastly out of bed, and he habited over to the him go to see the circus come in.

"Thank you, father!" said the bey fremulously. "Thank you, mether! I'll bring in two big armloads of wood so there'll be pleuty to get break/act with." And he vanished.

"He'll probably oversleep anyhow," remarked the Reverend Mr. Pettlgraw.

"Would it be just the equare thing, Homer, to let him oversleep?" naiced Alicia Pettigres. There was an edge to her voice which made her Imahand's bushy black eyebrows contract in displansure.

"I can't me that our permission to let him go abligation on to ranky wure that he does go," he answered in his sonorous, didactic, pulpit tone. "However, do se you please. The incident has already oceupard too much of my time." Whereupon he again opened the Homflotic Review to an essay on the Capartamehip. of Man with God, written by himself and now under perusal for the third time.

A couple of minutes later Foster, having linished his chores with

deight-of-hand dispatch, arounded over the board force in the back yard, crusing the alley, and austinusly approached the rear of a shanty which exhaled the odor of ancient cospsads. He approached cautiously, because it was the hence of a drunkard and he was afraid of devolutely.

Come on. Dad aln't home," called 5thb Habch, paining in the ignominious task of diling a rough of take from a rainbarrel at the corner of the house.

"I can go, Stub!" cried Foster exultantly. "And I got a fishin' line, too, to tie round my hig toe and hang out of the window, like you said."

"I guess you better not count on me," remarked Stub-gloomily. "I gotta fill these two tubs and then go clean up to Tallman's fer a wash, and I'll probably be so tired I'll

oversleep in the morning."
"Why, I'll fill the tube," volunteered the innocent Foster.
Stub affected hesitancy, and spat dark-brownishly.

"All right; but don't waste none or maw'll bawl me out for it. She's down to Carmichaela' for scap. Old Hubbs won't tick her no more. 'Try and git through before she gits back. If you do I wisht you'd bring in a scuttle of coal. I wouldn't sat you, but I spraint my wrist to-day."

Again he spat. Foster tried to ignore the dark-brown, for Stub had joined his Sunday-school class two weeks before and signed the pledge, which included tobacco. It was better to think of Stub's good points, for here was a boy who was not afraid of his drunken father, who knew the best cutfielt holes in Haymendow Creek, could outskate and outwreatle any boy in the neighborhood, went barefoot from April to October, elept away from home whenever he chose-often with tramps, so he said-and owned collectime of hirds' eggs, stamps, murbles and tobacco tags that even boys whose fathers were rich had to envy.

Indeed, in Stub's pressure Foster always felt his own tenitations keenly. In the first place his father was a preacher. Secondly, he had been named for a bishop. There seemed small chance for a boy named after a bishop. Nulsady over thought of rulling him Chick or Skinny or Reil or Shorty in the spirit that Stub was called Stub. Preachers who came to the parsonage for dinner, when ensing. they had to stop over between hand on his head: "Ah, Foster! After our beloved bishop! I hope you may tread in the footsteps of that great man.

For a glorious period, it is true, he had expanded under the diminutive of "Foss" among the boys. But, alas, two Sundays later he learned at church that Foss was the name of still another bishop. He lest an in his breast, but all the romance, all the squeezed out of "Fose," inguished and died. As for "Fossie," | like Flussie.

The objects in visibility when u v

g into ghostly -hline brought



The Other Rays. Tueling the Ritter Stute of Surv. Tramans in the State Works

harletalm, passed briefly at the resity jar in the purery and joined atur outside.

A rollin, was already caroling in the big sugar maple by the well, but the boys, visioning flow and tigen and eleprizers. heard it not, and pattered off in their turn best for the railroad yard. At the first corner they happened upon a third lay: at the next, upon a lourth and a lifting soil where they reached the yards there was a down to the equal.

"We'll give 'em the slip as soon as we kin," whispered Stub cunningly. "Them circus fellers wun't let a bunch like this come close enough to see nothin."

The circus, they found, had already pulled in; but their disappointment was mitigated by the fact that no activity was yet afoot. The big yellow cars splashed with red loomed like a dream city. The roustabouts, rolled in tarputiles under the wagnes on the flats, still slept. The curtains of the sleepers were still tightly drawn.

But soon all was changed. A man in shirtsheroes and battered derby hat stiffly descended the steps of the foremost sleeper and sounded a watchman's rattle. The roustabouts, yawning and stretching, came to a sitting posture; and in an amusingly short time horse and ponice were pouring out of the cars; wagons, cages, chariots and the steam calliops were shanted down inclines; and half the elephants were on the ground before Foster and Stub had discovered their whereabouts.

Elephants were a passion with Foster. His schoolteacher, the day before, had given a little talk on them, explaining the difference between the Asiatle and the African species. Foster remembered that the Africans had much larger ears, rougher trunks, three toes on the hindfeet instead of four and a bulging instead of a concave forehead. He even remembered their Latin names-Elephas asisticus and Elephas africanus. But he spoke nothing of this to his companions. Though a remarkably innocent boy, with the delicacy of a girl and the imagination of a poet, he had gathered some worldly lore. He had learned, for one thing, that all boys despise a superior boy.

He discovered, to his surprise, that all the elephants in the berd were Asiatics and their mahouts dark-skinned tiny, silky mustar fluffy turbans and buggy trousers. Even Maharajah, the big bull that had risked his life to save his haby from a focomotive-according to the billboards-was an Asiatic. Foster studied him with awe. He did not look like a fond parent. His little eyes twinkled wickedly; he swung his great trunk restinuely to and fro as if seeking that which he might destroy; and his mahout, bawling a strange lingo, incressantly pulled and predded him with a good,

"What do you keep punchis' him for?" Foster finally mustered courage to ask.

"Because he is an old devil," answered the Bengalesc. "Do not come too near or God Himself carnot save you. He has already kill one thousand boys, and he will kill a thousand more before

Foster, the credulous, was skeptical for once. Still he fell back a yard. At the same time he said: "No alephunt will hurt me."

He spoke so quietly, with such dignity and assurance, that the mahout looked at him curiously, "Why, little

Foster did not know why. He had spoken, as was his habit, like one in a dream. Indeed, at that moment he was dreaming that he was the greatest mahout in the world, just as he had often dreamed, with wide open eyes, that he was the greatest sea-captain, the greatest locomotive engineer. the greatest neroplanist in the world.

"Come nearer then, little sahib, if you are not afraid," continued the man, smiling. "Lay your hand upon him."

Even Homer Petti-grew's ateady heart would have throbbed

with pride much he have envisaged his son's soul at that metacts for Foster, impelled by a mysterious impulse that wak no account of four - for he was afraid - did step forward.
"Steady, Maharajah, steady!" said he, though his voice

as not quite spendy.

The grout beast extended his trunk and lifted the boy to the top of his head. Makunda Das, mumbling some kind of an inconcation, weaved his long, alim brown hands to and fro with a snaky motion; and it was in this fushion that Poster rode to the circus grounds a mile away, looking straight ahead, like the picture of Pompey entering Rome, while the other boys, tasting the bitter aloes of envy, tramped along in the dusty roadside weeds.

At the grounds a few of the pachydorms were impressed to butt wagons into position and help raise the "big top"; but most of them, including Maharajah, were staked of to one side, where they were served a breakfast of baled hay by their dusky attendants. The other boys were soon attracted elsewhere, but Foster remained with his beloved

Presently a white man appeared, smoking a cigarette. His hands and shirt were very dirty, he wore no suspenders, and his trousers sagged so low over his hips that Foster momentarily feared a disastrous slide. But the way that man handled elephants, kicking them about like bales of excelsior, without a goad, was a marvel. And the way be cursed the Bengalese about, though there seemed no occa-

sion for cursing, was fairly hair-raising. Suddenly he turned his attention to Foster. "See that bar'l, kiddo? Take them two buckets and go over to Aust Molly's yonder for water. When the bar'l's full you get a free ticket to the show this afternoon. Savvy?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy. A free ticket was of no use to him. He never had attended a circus and never expected to. He had never even asked to, for his father believed that circuses were the devil's own device, and had said so from the pulpit only the Sunday before. Hence when he picked up the dirar canvas buckets, it was not a free ticket but Service that be was thinking of. Service, always with a capital S, was a thing of which he heard a great deal, both at home and st church. And it was now indeed a privilege to him to carry water to the great beasts which he had such a curious affection for; which so inflamed his imagination, transporting him in spirit to that strange land where the missionaries went; that land of terrible jungles, in which the tiger and the cobra made their lairs; where women and their babes into the Ganges, or flung themselves upon the husbands' funeral piles.

Yet as he trudged back and forth, back and forth between Aunt Molly's and the herd; as the dew dried from (b) grass and dust began to fly; as the sun grew bot, his and tired, his hands blistered, the hope was presently hore that if he sarned a ticket his father might let him use it. At and it was a very tiny thing; yet it wased rapidly in spengili and size, and ere long it had become a Belief.

flat that carrel! It was not a particularly large barrel to took at. The first two bucketfuls made quite a showing in the bottom. When it was a third full be was still fresh. At the half, though weary, his determination was still strong, an after that the waterline cropt up at a small's pace, until it assents as if the burrel must have some subterranean marketion.

Then Aunt Molly he didn't believe that to be ber real name—came out and told him sharply that she couldn't pure any more water. She added more gently—perhaps that a second glance at his drooping figure and flaming tor, all streaked with sweat and dust: "Heades, you're to little for such work. Why don't some of those lazy dress men carry the water?"

"Oh, they aren't luzy, ma'am," said he loyally. "They're being after the unimals and tents and getting ready for the parade."

House here in the nutskirts were scattering. The next sall was almost a block farther off, or two blocks to the sand trip. They told heavily on him, and after six rounds into the barrel housed as hig as a bogshead, and availoused in last load like the contents of a pint cup.

Then a tragic thing happened.

He was resting in the shade of a ticket wagon when a irrelegged, lean-shanked muliout approached the barrel, dippel out two candy-bucketfuls of water and carried them is an wephent.

Forter was no crybshly. He had been taught that all haviced tudes of life are sent by God for a good purpose, and are therefore, blessings in diagnise, he relief against which is ingratitude. But he was deathly tired, his temples that he and his paires burned like fire. So be burst into

"What's the matter now, but ?" presently demanded from with the preceriously slinging transers, as he in a nesh righteste and smitted two white jobs of smalls from is pose. "Quit the job, but ?"

"I can't ever fill the barrel, alv, if they keep dippen' out."

"You're seein' tidage, kidde. Nobesty's dipple out."
"Yes, they are, sir. A Hindu man dipped out two big
latests and watered one of the siephunts."

The man grinned. "Well, well! I'll see he don't do it upin," he promised, with a wink at a spectator, "So hade up! And remember; the hear't full or on ticket. If you don't want the job —."

He broke off abruptly at sight of a second spectator, a blic man with sharp, black eyes, dressed in a next gray of and a broad-brimpout gray has.

"Did this nam promise you a tirket for filling that berei?" he saked of Poster.

"Yes, sir,"

"Up to your old tricks again, shi" exclaimed the little on, and the cursing he thus gave the eigerette may reade in little's cursing of the Benguiss seem a very lame affair bled. Foster shivered for the little man's safety, but addy wrough the eigerette man shuffled off without a word. Then the little man down sequething like a check book from his pocket, signed his name, ture out a leaf and handed it to Fester.

"Here's your pass, my boy-good for this afternoon only. Now go over to that barrel and some your head and keep in the shade awhile. You look but. I've got a looy about your age back large, and I know what's good for boys that are bot."

Foster, thanking him engerly, obeyed instructions, though the period spent in the shade was the very shortest reconcilable with his conscience. Then, without waiting for the parade to form, he made a bestime for home, the proclose pass in his hand, his hand in his pecker, and his pocket pressed against his thigh.

His mother was in the kitches, paring potatoes for dinner. He told his story. If she perceived its pathos it was through maternal divination, not say art of his; and when he finished and asked falteringly if the thought he might go to the circus, she are and dwind he hands and said in a possibility quiet toos: "Walt here. I'll go up to your father" study and talk to him."

This was uniqueal, for the first role of the household was that Homer Pettigrew should not be interrupted during the marning bases steeps for organt matters.

If is mother was gone a long time, and when she came back she entered the kitchen softly and said in the sums strangely quiet tone, with a stiffness about the lips that made him worster: "Your lather will tell you himself at disposition."

When the lamily was seated at the lable Pettigree returned thanks for the food, unfolded his naphie, stuck it in his callar, curved the pot roset and served the places. Finites had an empty feeling itside, but it was not the emptions of hunger, in spile of no breakfast. However, at the parsonage you either ate or you left the table—if you were little; and as leaving the table was not to be thought of until his resource quanties had been answered, Finites picked up his knife and fork without during to glance at his father.

"Foster," said the latter at test, "your mother has related your experience to me. In giving you permission to see the circus come in I did not contemplate your going to the grounds. But doubtless you researcherstood me or you would not have gone. Now I have only this to may: I believe direases are wrong. I prouch against them; I advise my parishlessers to keep their children away from them. Naturally I have kept you from them, and should under ordinary circumstances, as a matter of course, furbid your going to this one."

He passed and drank a glass of water. He drank a great deal of water the only beverage, he was food of saying, when saling for a third or fearth glass out at discore, which God had made for man. Meanwhile, Foster's heart began to race.

"The present circumstances," continued his father, "are not ordinary. You have exceed a ticket. I hope I understand semething of what that means to you, so I am going to let you do as you please. I am going to put the matter up to your conscience. You know my riews. You know that I am older and when than you. You are old



All That Broomy June Afternoon Furier Jul on a Jump-Rest, Juner-Ferred But Transfers

enough to understand, in part, at least, the embarrassment which your going would put upon me and your mother. And that is all I have to say."

Foster, with his eyes upon his plate, swallowed a hite of bread that all but choked him. There seemed to be not room enough for it and the lamp in his throat at the same time. He thought of the Lodbetters, who had subscribed gone money for the new Methodist church than any other family. He thought of Eddie Preston, the Presbyterian reinister's sun. He thought of late of other people who always went to circusts. But he did not speak his thoughts; he had been taught not to argue with his father. What he did do was to rise with a white face, quite suddenly, run toward the hitchen, and from the floor call back:

"I want to go, father, but I won't go. And I don't want you to say you're glid, or praise me, or ever speak of it again," With which he fied.

Homer Pettigrew Imped from his chair with a black brow.
"No!" said Alicia, with flashing eyes, placing horself
between him and the door. "You took your fling at him
first about having no more to my."

All that drower June afternoon Foster set on a soap-box under the maple, soher-found but marine. The street was very quiet: not a buy passed. Humblehove dromed in the built/hocks. A broad of young oriotes overhead incomunity voiced their querulous, monotonous cries. Ever and anonthere liested to his ears, at the caprice of the shifting

sephyre, a strain of band music from the circustent, notened and etherentized by distance till one could almost imagine it the strumming of argels upon their golden barps. And at the lay window sat his mather, arwing — when the coulde-point was not idered through tears.

About six o'clock Stab Match hopped over the back fence, crunching an apple. "Go t' the show!" he mixed briskly.

"Father wouldn't let me," answered Foster

"Gee, it was fine! I'm goin' agin to night.
Then I'm goin' to see 'em load up, Tuey've get some new cars for the elephonic, and I beard one of the circus feliers say mebbe the elephonic wouldn't go into 'om, 'count of the smell of paint, and would have to be drug in with a rope. Mebbe your did would let you

go to that."
"No, he wouldn't, "said Fester hitterly; and he did not even resent Stub's contemptious "Geeminy crickets, what a piker!"

On account of his early rising Fester was sent to bed at right o'clock. But he could not sleep. The circus band music was even plainer than in the afternoon, and his restless mind, aided by the billboards, pictured the dazzling spectade, scepe by some

Then suddenly, for the first time in his life, be resulved to dessive his purents; to see the

leading of the circus.

He counted the clock strokes, and almost before the last, deliberate, mellow tense of ten had died away he was into his clothes and out on the porch road. Sliding down the currer post was but the repetition of a fundame (cot, and five minutes later he reached)



He Turned the Corner, Thinking Six Unwistdy Pursuers Might Shid.

THE ARGONAUTS

Sonny-By George A. Birmingham

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

T WAS late in November and it had been raining without cessation for more than three weeks—not vigorously, as I have seen it rain in New York and Philadelphia, but with a dull persistence, as it rains nowhere else except in the west of Ireland. Rain there seems—at certain, indeed at most seasons of the year - to be the normal thing, as if the genius that presides over the weather had turned on rain and then gone to sleep. The country was saturated and I, though well inured to the climate of Connaught, felt. that the pervading damp was getting on my nerves. I was dry in bed at night-I did not seem to be dry anywhere clse. I confess that my temper was bad.

John Cussidy met me on the road a mile from my bouse at four o'clock one afternoon. He was standing at the bottom of a muddy lane that leads up to the wretchedly poor cabin in which he lives. I realized at once that he was

waiting for me. I sighed.

John Cassidy is an excellent fellow—what we call a decent poor man-and I would do a good deal for him; but I did not want to do anything for him just then. I wanted to get home and change my sodden clothes. I had been tramping through the rain all day. I wanted but tea. I wanted tobacco. I wanted a deep chair in front of a fire.

John Cassidy also wanted something-something from

me. Therefore I sighed.
"I'd be glad," he said, "if your reverence would step upand take a look at herself-end maybe say a word to her that would do her good."

Herself was, of course, Mrs. Cassidy. It is in this way that we speak of our wives in the west of Ireland. It is, I think, a beautiful and respectful way of speaking of them. The use of the pronoun in this absolute fashion suggests that for each of us there is no other woman in the world. but only the one; and that is as it should be.

"There's a kind of weakness on her," said John Cassidy ("and it's worse she's getting instead of better.

I grasped at a ray of hope. I am, after all, a clergymannot a doctor. A weakness is a physical rather than a spiritual malady. I could scarcely be expected to cure ber. "Why don't you get the doctor if she's ill?" I asked.

I was standing in a pool of water, but that made very little difference to me. My boots had been sucked through for hours.

"I had the doctor," said Cassidy. "I had him four times and I paid him twice, and it's very little good be

Doctors are not of much use if you take them off the beaten track. In the face of a recognized disease-measles, pneumonia or appendicitis, something they can look up in a book - they make some kind of fight. When they come up against anything as vague and formless as a weakness they can very rarely

do anything.

"He gave her a bettle, I suppose," I said bitterly.

In Ireland we describe every medicine as a bottle-and we are beginning to lose faith in

"For all the good it did her," said Cassidy, "it might as well have been water that was in it; though I will my for that bottle it smelt powerful bad when you took the cork out

"I don't see," I said, "that I'm likely to be of much use.

"It could be," said Cassidy, "that if your reverence was to speak a word to her it might comfort her."

This was, of course, possible. I followed John Cassidy up the Lane.

On the way to the cabin h explained more fully the nature of the weakness.

"It's been coming on her," he said, "ever since the young lad went from us. Two years a 30 he took the notion into his hend that he'd go to Americaand he went."

I knew that. We had all discussed the departure of the Cassidys' son; but he had been gone two years and I had



My Mather Jupa Will Your Reserence Step Up to the Heure for a Minute?

seen Mrs. Cassidy meny times since. She seemed none the worse. Cassidy read my thoughts with that uncanny intuition which you often find among west-of-Ireland presents.

"At the first go off," he said, "you wouldn't have thought she minded no more than another would anyway; but the weakness was within, in the inside of her, and it's lately that it has begun to come out."

I listened to a list of symptoms. It seemed that Mrs. Cassidy had lost heart and no longer took any pleasure in life. She baked bread; she washed clothen; she fed the

pig but she did these things without zest.

"It's seldom ever I can get her to go as far as the town on a market day," said Cassidy; "and she doesn't rare if she never saw a neighbor woman or heard a word of what's

You couldn't get her to put a shawl over her head and go as far as the road-not if you was to offer her a fetful of gold for doing it."

This was plainly an evil case; but it seemed scarcely

likely that my words would charm away so lethal an apathy.
"You'd think now," said Cassidy, "that she was no more than able just to put the one foot in front of the

He whispered these words in my ear, for we had reached the door of the cottage and it stood open. I went in and Cassidy followed me.

Mrs. Cassidy was sitting on a stool in the chimney corner, crouching over a fire that had burned low. There was a great round pot at her feet, with glowing cinders underneath it and gray, ash-covered coals piled on its lid. In such pots the west-of-Ireland people bake their bread, and Mrs. Cassidy, no doubt, had a louf in hers; but she was not watching her pot.

I got arrustomed to the gloom of the house and I could see that her eyes were fixed on something beyond the pot, beyond the chimney corner and beyond the house itself. They had a long, sorrowful look in them. For a while she seemed unconscious that we were in the room with her Her bushand roused her,

"Do you not see," he said, "that his reverence is here! Will you not give him a chair the way he'll be able to take an air of the fire? He's wet through, so he is."

Mrs. Cassidy's courtesy overcame the weakness that was on her. She stood up and bowed to me with that air of quiet, unassertive dignity which the west-of-Ireland peaant possesses in common with the best-bred members of the English aristocracy. Neither squalor, on the one hand, nor the surroundings of the smart set, on the other, can rob a woman of this great-lady manner if it is born

Having bowed, Mrs. Caseidy drew forward a chair and wiped the seat of it with her apron.

"It's pleased I am to see your reverence," she said, either now or at any other time."

I sat down. John Cassidy gave me a meaning glance. and then said he was going out to see whether the young heifer had broken down the wall which separated her field from the petate patch. It is, I know, the habit of young heifers to break walls. The young of all species do it. I have heard of young girls -- but their doings are no concern

of mine. They may break all the walls of all the convention

without interference from me. Nor do I think that John Cassidy cared much whether his heifer had broken be wal or not. The potatoes had long since been dug. The ground is which they grow would suffer no harm by the incursions of young heifer. He was making an excuse to escape, so that I should be left alone to speak to Mrs. Cassidy the word which might do her good and help to remove the weakness that we on her.

For some time Mrs. Cassify and I sat in silence, one or each side of the fire. I looked at bo and noted a slovenlines in her attire that was new tome. She used to be a neat, trim words even when she was going alon the business of cleaning by house and feeding her pa

I noticed that the best wandered unchecked about to floor of the room. They pedec and scratched among the rdeon the hearth. They sprang " on the dresser, where this and jugs stood in rows. The were free with all that we is the house. This was not Mr. Cassidy's way with here the old days an intruding hall



eiling for My Mont's Marte Up "

inless it were a chicken in delicate health, was ruthlessly driven from the door. Now Mrs. Cassidy was apalinetic.

It is only very good friends who can sit opposite ouch other without speaking. Silence is usually embarrossing to civilized people. I confess that our long silence began to embarrass me and it came as a relief when Mrs. Cassidy legan to speak. Her words fell from her slowly and scarcely semed to be addressed to me. It was rather as if she spike a monologue, telling to the broading spirit of her home the tale of her sorrow.

"It was three years ago that the fancy first took him. Before that he was always contented enough."

I knew she was speaking about her boy her son,

"His name," she added, "was Michael Antony; but it was Sonny we called him."

[waited, for I had nothing to say. There are scores of these sonnies, whose names are cally something else. The mother love that cleaves to the pet name is the same for all of them; so is the hearttrak for the mother.

"I don't rightly know," she wat on, "how the notion of America came to him first. You'd think he was contented enough. It wasn't that his lather was hard on him. The lad had no more to do than shut be seemed willing for. He had a decent suit of clothes to wear of a Sunday or a fair isy, and nobody denied him his share of any pleasuring there might be in it-the like of a mothall kicking, or maybe a dance at an odd time; but the notion took him and nothng would do him only to go to America. I was against it and to was his father.

Mrs. Cassidy retapsed into dence again. She seemed to lave forgotten my presence sltogether. Then suddenly tle looked at me and added a word of explanation - a patietically unnecessary word.

"His name was Michael Antony, but it was Sonny we did be calling him. Well," she vent on, "nothing would do him but to write to his Aunt Matilda, who's out in Pittsburgh and married to a man that went from this parish. I never seen her myself, but she was his father's sister. Sonny was always a good scholar and

he was well fit to write a letter to his aunt or to any other one. We kept him to his schooling regular, only when there might be a press of work at the bay or the like of that, so as he'd be wanted at home. It was always his father's wish and my own that he'd get good hurning while he couldand he got it. There wasn't a better speller than Sorny; and the way he'd write, a blind man could have read it?

The half door of the cottage was opened and two girls came in I looked tound and recognized the Caseldys' little daughters, children of twelve and features years of

age, with school extends over their arms. "North Kate," said Mrs. Cassidy, "your dinner's waiting for you and Susan's along with it. Will you six

down now and eat it? And, before you do, let Susy hoosh the heas out of the house. It's too bold those same hans

The children did as they were bidden, without speaking. Doubties they shouted and laughed elsewhere, in the school playground or on the roadside. Here at home they were elent. It may have been my presence that awed them; but I think that even the merriest child would have found it hard to lough in the house where Mrs. Cassidy assissaly mourned for Sunny, whose real name was Michael Antony.

When Mrs. Cassidy spoke again the bens had been driven forth and the two girls were sitting at the table,

with a howl of boiled potatoes between them.

"It was a month, or maybe a little more, before the answer came back from his sunt; but when it did come I was glad to see it. What she said was that it would be no use for Michael Aptony - bie name wan Michael Antony, though it was Sunny we always called him-that it would be no use for him to go to America. The times was bad out there, also said, and little likelihood of their getting better. Let the boy stay where he is, she said. where he has a living to get without working the flesh off his homm. Let him not gothere, she said, or else he'd be sorry for it after, Well, you'd think that would have contentral him and put the notion of America out of his head and so it did seemingly."

The hems, grown hold by long imputity, had made their way into the house again; but Mrs. Carridy was roused now.

"Norah Kate," she said. "will you and Susy put them bens out and yourselves along with the heast. Don't you see I'm talking to his reverence?"

Mrs. Cassidy, illormost good women, had small respect for her daughters. Sonny, I imagine had Sonny remained at home-might have sat out the visit of a bishop. His mather would buye considered. his presence an house to the highest reclesiantic but daughters, even though their fathers spoil tham, never stand. so bigh as once in the opinion of a good nother. Norsh Kate.

Continued on Page 531.



I Could Jee That Her Spix Were Fixed an Jonething Bound the Pot -

WITH THE DANCE

By Mary Stewart Cutting

OU must get your husband to join the class! The Watkinses are going to give a ball next month when they come back from the Coast; so we'll have to learn to dance

before that. If you don't dance nowadays
you're out of everything!" Mrs. Roberts spoke winningly. She shared the usual anxiety of the promoter of any suburban scheme: the more subscribers you got the less was the individual toll.

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Chander doubtfully. Her graceful head, with its ripply brown hair, drooped a little on one side; her clear blue eyes fastened themselves on the large marblelike orbs of the fashionably attired visitor. "I'd love to join, myself; but I've been trying for the last six months to get Preston to learn and he just simply refuses to. He says he's too old to begin again, with s boy nearly fourteen! But he never cared much for lancing anyway, and after what he saw over at Wickham -" Mrs. Chandor paused expressively.

ast summer --- " Mrs. Char Mrs. Roberts' face flushed.

"Too old! Why, Mr. Brentwood is more enthusiastic han anybody, and he's a grandfather! But I don't thinkto you!-that people-that is, really nice people-talk nuch about age any more. And these dances are so differ-

not from the waltz and two-step, which were so tiring."

She caught herself up deftly, and then continued: "I lon't mean by this that they're at all like the kind of thing

they have at Wickham; we all know what that set is! No; when the new dances are taught properly they're a very different thing. Little Emma Prankly, whom we have engaged to teach us, is the dearest creature; so inspiring! You were saying a moment ago that Mr. Chander was too tired when he came home at night-that's the very reason he should join the class. Emma Prankly says she teaches more tired-out business men than any others; the tonic effects are wonderful. Doctor Sayres himself told me the other day that if he could run in for an hour of dancing after a day of operations, and work off the strain, it would make a new man of him. I have insisted that my husband should join just on account of his liver; he's so pessimistic lately-business is so bad-that I can hardly

stay in the same house with him!" She paused, and then went on again:

"It's strange how husbands and wives differ on the subject! Now at the Iversons' it's Leslie who's crazy over dancing. Winifred says he tangues even while he's dressing. She feels that she can't take on another thing, what with little Matilda and the house, and changing servants, and the consumers' league, and all that interminable suffrage telephoning every evening. As she says, Leslie has only his business and his golf to think about. Life seems so simple for a man, doesn't it, in comparison with what it is for

a woman? I said to her: 'Winifred, you need relaxation!' Now do think of the ball and get Mr. Chander to join! You know you can if you want to."

"Oh, I'll try!" sald Elinor. It was the received cult among the married that you could always get a husband to do anything if you set your mind to it, with the suppression of that other fact that such success, when it did occur, was often more ismentable in its effects than failure. There is no sadder thing than a man forced unwillingly to his amusement,

If she could only get Preston to think that he wanted to

He was such a dear usually about doing what she wished, but when he became inert he had a sort of masculine ponderosity that made it almost impossible to move him. Yet, if he did not give in to the new order of things it was sadly true that they would be out of everything.

The town was steadily growing to be dancing-mad, not only as regarded the younger set, who were by right votaries of the art, but among the middle-aged, the heavyweights, people who had long been relegated to the seats along the wall, and who were now happily taking advantage of the door that opportunity, even at this late day,

held open for them. The Bannards and a small party, penetrating with a sense of reckless gayety into a dancing restaurant in town one evening to watch the show, had been quite taken aback by the number of solid elderly husbands and wives disporting themselves earnestly on the floor.

"Well, of course, when you think of it, I suppose they're never invited anywhere to dance," Lucia Bannard had stated; "so this is the only chance they get!"

There was, indeed, one young man and woman who seemed to be performing rather extraordinarily, with immense acrobatic muscle; but even they had soon stopped at a quiet signal from the proprietor. It was felt disappointedly that the gayety of the scene had been overrated; with, however, the saving thought that it was probably quite different at a later hour.

At home there were the elder Iversons, equally grandparents with Mr. Brentwood, though none of them was

at all venerable. Mr. Iverson, a semi-invalid for years, had become an ardent devotee of the cult; while his wife, delicately dignified, performed with delightful grace. When eighteen-year-old Tommy Atmore came home from college for the holidays, and it was whispered that he could dance the Bird Boomerang, or some such matter, all his mother's friends vied for his presence at their afternoon teas, coaxing him to give them lessons.

Even old Mrs. Crandall, who every one thought would be shocked, though she did not dance, benignly sought with her wrinkled fingers to fit the strains of Money Musk, the Blue Bells of Scotland and the limp and ancient Shells of Ocean Waltz to the exigencies of the new steps, until in self-defense her daughter-in-isw procured a phonograph. It had come to that pass, indeed, that every gathering, whether it began as luncheon, ten, dinner or bridge party, turned into dance practice before it was ended, though no two people danced the same way.

The very lift of the music, the bizarre ragtime and its gay kin that wouldn't let your feet keep still, had something inspiring that swept one out of the realm of orders to the butcher, and bills, and defective plumbing, and the long, sordid business day, and the monotonous round of suburban living; it gave a lift to the morrow. It was time, indeed, for Emma Prankly's competent instruction and for Preston Chandor to take lessons.

Elinor made up her mind to have it out with him that evening. She was one of those rare women who can differ from a man without being antagonistic; she seemed rather to wish to be convinced by him. She dressed herself with unusual care in a blue gown that he always liked, with a neckpiece of lacy white at her slender bare throat; she had always a characteristic daintiness that satisfied both the eye and the sense. Yet it had seemed to her sometimes lately as though her husband was getting into a habit of not quite seeing her; of just taking her satisfactory appearance comfortably for granted, without any fresh interest in the sight.

He himself, she noticed to-night as she looked at him thoughtfully, was getting a little heavier; his pleasant face was becoming somewhat set—he had an indescribable air of one growing wedded to the solidities of life. It was when the children were in bed,

after that racking study hour in which the helpful parent is reduced to pulp between the dictates of common sense and the Way the teacher says you must do it, that Elinor, as she was leaning against the arm of his chair, breached the subject of Miss Prankly.

"Dancing lessons! Why should I take duncing lessons?"
he queried carelessly, looking longingly at the book he
held; he was deeply absorbed in everything Arctic.

"Everybody's doing it, Preston. If you once tried to dance you'd be as crazy over it as the rest are."

"All the more reason, then, why I shouldn't try; I don't want to be crazy over it. I'd a great deal rather sit here with a book and you, dear."

"With a book and a pipe, you mean," she retorted gayly. "You don't know how much you're losing?" "Well, if I don't know it I'm not missing anything, am

"Well, if I don't know it I'm not missing anything, am I? See here, Elinor, it's no use arguing with me about it. I don't care who else dances—let them if they want to; but I'm not going to learn. I don't like it." His worried gaze became fissed on something beyond her, while she smoothed his kunst in hers. Mr. Chandor felt a restless repugnance to the subject hard to explain—a herce repudiation of the charms of the dance, which seemed as though it might develop some uncanny spell of fascination over his unwilling spirit if he did not hold out against it. "I thought we finished with this last summer." His eyes plunged into hers. "If you want to join this racket, just say so. I don't want to stand in your way if you'd enjoy it. I'll take you to every house the class is held in, of course, and come for you any time you wish."

"No-o-of" said his wife slowly.

The music called endearingly to her nimble feet—she would like to learn the steps correctly, but not without him. They had tacitly done things together, so far as

possible, since that first year or two of their married life when he had been lured into a series of chess tournaments, with two or three friends, with an ardor that threatened to shipwreck their wedded happiness—not that he loved her less devotedly, but that he could not understand how the bours passed while at that too-fascinating game.

One of Elinor's most harrowing memories later was connected with the time when a rook was missing from his beloved chesemen, and she had to confess that she had given them to the baby to play with when he was fretful, though she positively knew she had put them all back again. They had both comfortably become devotees of bridge afterward, until this dancing era struck in.

"Of course I'd love it, but I don't care to go off evenings without you," she said with a tender pressure that he returned. "I'll just wait until you want to learn too. We can join at any time!" And she kissed him.

"You Can't Get Anything to Sti Bean Quietly for a Game, Now That This Duncing Cross to Do."

She had planted the entering wedge anyway. She knew the matter was in his mind all that week; he showed her the little attentions that always manifested his thoughtfulness of her. On Thursday his long fingers unrolled from its wrappings a little green glass vase for flowers, which he had bought in a shop on his way out from town. On Saturday he brought that bunch of midwinter lilies of the valley, which almost meant more than any other gift to her, though his evenings were still exclusively devoted to the Polar regions: he was never interested in anything by halves. But on Monday night, when they were bestowed in their usual positions by the log fire, while the cold crackled at the window panes, he looked up ovcasionally from the pages with a strange expression to where she sat, with her work dropped from her hand, her lips parted, yearningly listening to the rollicking strains that intermittently reached them.

"Where does that music come from?" he asked. She looked at him with her whole soul in the glance.

"It's over at the Bannards'; they're having the dancing class there. Doesn't it sound just levely?"

"Oh, that's it, is it!"

Preston seemed to hesitate a moment; and then, still keeping one hand on the book, hitched his chair up close to bers, laying the other hand on her soft fingers as his fine eyes met hers tenderly.

Elinar's heart beat exultingly: her policy of silence and submission had been the right one, as she knew it would be; he could not help seeing how much she longed to be over there, and he never, never could really hear to deny her anything! How sweet he was anyway! How much nicer than any other man!

"Elinor --- "
She waited blissfully: "Yes, dear,"
He held her band a little closer.

"Now don't you think it's a—great—deal—better to be sitting here together comfortably than chasing round the floor like those idiots over there at the Bannards'? .

What have I said now! Where are you going? Whis under heavens is the matter?"

"I-I-I only have to go and get a spool of threat,"

said Elinor in a muffled tone.

And, after all, what was the use of giving up lope yet. This was only the beginning. Let him get used to the de.

11

THE defection of the favorite Chandors was a serious one in the little circle of intimate friends. It was not to be thought of that the two were to be no more one with the interests of the crowd. There was a tendency among the women to wonder that Elinor, dear as she was, had not more influence with her husband. Each had some instance to relate wherein her Will or Edward might have

to relate wherein her Will or Edward might has proved as recalcifrant if she had not exerted be powers; but there was a general feeling that the unnatural situation should be brought to an end a soon as possible. The young and lightsome Mr. Bannard approached Preston on the subject who going into town.

"What's eating you, Chandor? Waiting to be pressed to join the class? If I were you I'd brag Elinor on Thursday and get into the game like a

little man."

"Would you?" asked Mr. Chander setately.
Mr. Bannard's eye kindled reminiscently.

"We had a fine time last clip! You ought to have seen Roberts! He was working so over the tagthat he actually forgot to go across to the club!se his evening bracer. Miss Prankly's a great histteacher! I declare, though, I felt sorry for herstrugling over Will Crandall.

"That fellow's all hoofs—awful! He's cough
to break up the class. You could give him point
any time, Chandor. And his wife is almost as tal.
She can't get the hang of anything—dances like as
ice cart. I'll tell you, though, whom you want to
spiel with if you have the chance, and that's MaBantry."

"Mrs. Bantry!" Preston's jaw dropped; his exstuck out in wonder, "Why, she must week our two hundred!"

"I don't care what she weighs; anyhody who poler for a partner has a cinch. She's as light as feather on her feet—believe me! She dances has breeze; catches on to everything! All the mer as cruzy over her. She's not so bad looking, either, you come down to that."

"Mrs. Bantry!" repeated Preston with a wade that had not lessened. She was a woman who have tofore, by some inexorable, unvoiced law, had been relegated entirely to the society of other women. In man ever spake to her voluntarily, except in greating or farewell; even her husband was said to pastall his evenings at the lodge. Yet here she had one mysteriously into her own! Preston shook his best "I don't get you, Donald," he said with finally.

However, the next evening, Saturday, the Pasters and the Wilmers stopped in on their way to the "movies" to tell Mr. Chandor, with persuasive volubilit, not to be so foolish, but to make up his mind to learn the modern dance at once.

Gentle Mrs. Iverson and kind, motherly Mrs. Hreatwood on different occasions, coming out from town, sat down to him on purpose delicately to suggest how much it would make for his wife's happiness if he would only overous his prejudice enough just to try the dance—everybody we sure he would like it if he did—while he politely listered and smiled, and was most courteous in all the little way that women appreciate, but refused to commit himself.

Everywhere he was assailed by either argument or nitery, except from those husbands whose wives begithem, as a duty, to speak to Mr. Chander—an adjuncthat invariably reduces sensitive man to complete some

on the mooted subject.

Though be would not own it to himself, Preston of feel Elinor's clear blue eyes looking anxiously day by a for some expected change in him. Once be found her bying on a party gown and tiptoed out of the room make However, the climax to this state of things came of Thursday following: Mr. Chandor, on reaching him seemed to perceive the well-known signs of festivity in wife's attire.

"Anybody coming in to-night?" he asked casualle.
His wife looked at him without expression.

"Yes; the Bannards."

"I'll dress after dinner. I shall be glad to have a late auction once more. You can't get anybody to set the quietly for a game, now that this dancing craze is an

"Yes," said his wife in the same tone as before.

Preston went round upstairs afterward whistling and dressed, and her heart smote her; but even as he described by shaven and radiant of mien, there was that the sound of many people coming along outside, with sound of many people coming along outside, with sound of many people coming along outside, with sound of many people coming along outside.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

of skirts, tramping of feet, subdued voices, smothered laughter. When the bell rang Mr. Chandor, going to the door unwittingly, held it open to the icy air for a procession, doaked and hooded and overcoated over evening attire.

"We're taking you by storm, old fellow!" called Will Crandall, slapping his host on the shoulder.

"Got you now, Chandor! Got you now!" "Bringing the mountain to Mohammed, you know," said the elder Mr. Iverson, following up the chorus. "The whole class, Miss Prankly and all! No excuse for you now;

no excuse now! What do you say to this, Chandor!" "Why, it's fine!" said Mr. Chandor, smiling. "Awfully glad to see you all. How do you do, Miss Prankly? How do you do, Mrs. Paxton? Hello, Paxton! Make yourself at home. Glad to see you and Donald, Lucia."

His greetings went all along the line as the guests swarmed in and were handed over to Elinor. Her glance, arge-eyed, sought his in the interim as she whispered:

I hope you don't mind?"

"No, indeed!" he said, with what she always called his ompany smile, though she noticed afterward a peculiar

expression in his eye.
"I hear I'm to have the pleasure of teaching you this vening, Mr. Chandor," said Emma Prankly as they stood n the drawing room after the rugs and furniture had been emoved.

She was such a frail, palely smiling little person, and with such tiny feet showing below her short white skirt, hat it seemed almost pathetic that she should have all hose big men to work over.

"Why, it would seem so," said Preston gallantly. "Heen saching much today, Miss Emma?"

"Since nine this morning."

"Since nine! You must be worn out. Why, I shouldn't

ave a leg to stand on!"

"Oh, I never get tired dancing!" said Miss Prankly "It stimulates and it rith professional sprightliness. pothes.

"Oh I" said Mr. Chandor, staring. "Well, start off with he others if you will, Miss Prankly, so that I may see how ('s done, and leave me until later. Thank you!

The tall, stolid-looking planist, in a shirt waist and skirt hat looked as though carved from stone, was already at er place at the instrument, pounding away with long quicular fingers in startlingly marked rhythm. An air of xcitement and gayety pervaded everything. There was a adden rush of men toward the stout Mrs. Bantry. The comful of people resolved itself, with a few exceptions, sto plunging couples, slowly, advancingly pawing the round, with sudden unexpected turns and ennyolutions, bile Preston watched interestedly.

"Getting up your courage for the fatal plunge?" said heald Bannard hardily, pausing for a moment by his host. Hello, Elinor! Feeling good to-night?"

Yes, indeed!" returned Elinor.

"Doesn't Elinor look fine?" murmured Lucia. "She's happy, Preston, because you're actually going to be in all again. It's really been quite a deprivation to herour not being willing to learn. But, of course, that's all rer now."

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said Preston with a strained pression. "What is it, Mrs. Iverson? Thank you! It's ighty kind of you to be so pleased about it."

The music suddenly stopped short; the floor, which had been full of long-armed gentlemen rhythmically propelling ladies before them like perambulators, became emptied.

Miss Prankly, amid a Wort of conversation. clupped her hands for allence.

"I'll take the beginners now. Mr. Roberta! Mrss Barker! Mr. Chauder! Mr. Chandor, if you'll come over and stand Burn

A churus arous:

"Chander! Chander! Chandor, it's your torn

"Cercainly," said Mr. Chandor. He stepped forward and then stopped full way across the room, slightly puling, as one struck with a sudden thought. "If you'll suname to while I run down and look at the fur-

"Where is Mr. Chandor?" some one asked vaguely full an hour later, in a pause of the music.

"Mrs. Chandor, where's Chander?" "Mrs. Chander, where's your husband?" "This isn't fair!"

"Why, he's still down in the cellar working over the formers," said Klinor, opposing with a worried expression; there were lines but ween her ayes. "He says it was exactly out - in this westley, two, when everything edglet freeze? He's had to make a fresh tire and he says he doesn't dare lower it. Mr. Bustry is down there with him. They're sitting in front of the furnare anothing. He's so covered with subswither he couldn't come up here again anyway. It really was out! It's ar very unfortunate; but-

She could almost hour how the incident was being commented on after the assemblage had left the house! She was secretly weeping all the time she wangetting undressed.

Yet, in spite of everything, she still logest.

III

NEITHER she nor Preston and one moral about the affair that hight or the next morning, save that he briefly hoped the guests had enjoyed themselves. But the next night, being the last of the month, Mr. Chandor came home somewhat late. He klased his waiting family sketchily, with no interest in the process; and, though the nightgowned Lucile flung her arms round his neck violently with her feet off the floor, he detached her only automatically. His face looked baggard; his brow was brooding.

"Have you had a hard day, dear?" his wife ventured

when they were alone. "Not especially."

"Oh! How is Mr. Trainor getting along?" Mr. Trainor



All His Mother's Friends Vied for His Presence at Their Tous



The True Was Standing Growing Sunsings, Mad



"He's doing very well, so far as I know,"

Your tooth husn't been troubling you, has It, donr? This terrible weather is so trying!"

'No: It ham't been troubling me.

He had been standing up by the mantelpiers, but now he flung himself down suddenly into an armchair, looking at her with dark and harrowed gaze

"I tell yes I've had about enough of this danning busiess, Elleur. It's all very well to be budgered at every tack and turn by the wormen of rourse a man has to take that, and I hope I can stand any ordinary chaffing as well as the next one; but after that racket you let me in for last nightnever felt like such a foot? to have everybody to-day taking me to task for disappointing my wife-I call that a little too much! If there was anything that would drive you a thusmand railer from the whole business it would be that."

"Your yes, indust!" said Elinor-

Her blue syss chouled; she put one arm recod his neck as one who would defend him against the world, though he stiff hald neary from her as he went on:

"I'm sorry you are disappointed, Elinor; but ----

"Oh, I'm not really!"

"I'll do anything else on earth that you want, dear; but, for heaven's sake, call a halt on this. I'm worn out with it; it's got on my nerves!"

He let bimself be drawn into the warm circle of her arms,

his eyes, however, still looking beyond her.

"No, no, dear; we won't say another word about it," she murmured soothingly. What did it all amount to anyway?

His gase returned to her vaguely.
"I was talking to Kelmer to-day." Kelmer was the chess enthusiast of the past, with whom Preston still occasionally had a game at long intervals. "He wants me to come to his rooms to-morrow evening; I'll be out on an early train though. We think of getting up a three weeks' tournament. with Brayton and Phillips. You don't mind, do you?"

Chess! Was that allure getting its fatal hold on him again, after being so long driven away by the social charms of auction? For the life of her, Elinor could not put any warmth into her "No."

She got up and walked away from him; and he let her go, unknowing that she went, his mind already disporting itself clarifyingly among gambits.

The thought clouded everything for Elinor. She knew she was cross to the children and everybody the next day, with nothing to look forward to at the end of it and with a series of solitary evenings looming grimly ahead. But at eight o'clock the telephone rang. Lucia Bannard's voice halled her:

"We want you to put on something and come with us to the dance at the clubhouse, over at the Ridge. Donald says Preston stayed in town; so you're alone. . . . Goodness! You know perfectly well he'd want you to go. We're all going over in the Iversons' limousine. . . Yes, you can. We'll be home before he gets back anyhow. . . . Oh, come on! Be a sport! . . , then; we'll stop for you in half an hour."

There was a delightful, excited scramble on Elinor's part in getting into her new low-necked light-blue chiffon, with the help of Ellen the maid; the children, excited too, were standing by as she bent a tall loop of white and spangles into a slender upstanding ornament for her lovely

brown hair. She was bundled into her wraps in time to be helped down the slippery steps and into the festive car, which

(Continued on Page 57)

The Mutineer of the Mary Blownt

POR once anyway intuition proved truly prophetic. It seemed for a while as if Mr. Tuttle's hoat would be the first to fasten to the whale; but Minch, his boatsteerer, a man of experience and cool judgment, put a little too much right hand into his throw, with the result that when the point of the harpoon struck the whale the weight of the great arm-thick oak pole from which, rather than from the brawn of the boatsteerer, it. receives its impetus was not directly behind it, but turning forward upon it like a lever upon a fulcrum. The bright point dipped into the buttery blubber, and then twisted out with a noise like tearing wet paper. And the whale sounded—that is he stood solemnly upon his head, waving his tail that was twenty feet from tip to tip, and then went straight down without splash or commotion, much as an express elevator in a tall building drops from the seventeenth floor to the street.

From this fiasco two things resulted immediately: Eighteen men manning three lovely hoats laughed and jeezed till they were almost sick, while the six menmanning the fourth boat maintained for a time a gloomy silence and then began to curse. That is, five of them did. The sixth was Mr. Minch himself, and he began to curse and explain.

Then the boats scattered, each being placed where in the judgment of its guid-

An hour passed—an hour and fifteen minutes; then very auddenly Crandle, erect and preternaturally alert in the bow of the waist boat, yelled "Stern all!" at the top of his lungs, and as the boat shot backward, seized a harpoon from the rack and buried it with all his force into a hill of shiny black that had risen, you may say, almost in his face.

ing spirit the whale was most likely to

And then there happened a thing almost unique to whale fishing. In the whale's mind astonishment at being so suddenly hurt, just when he expected to enjoy himself, seemed to predominate over pain. In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand he would have bolted, run off with several hundred fathoms of line and given the men in the boat a ride to which even a first ascent in an aeroplane would seem tedious and uneventful, and all this and much more besides before there would have been even a ghost of a show to kill

him. On the present occasion the whale remained without motion for perhaps a minute. During that minute Crandle-though this was really the fourth mate's prerogative-reached for a lance and drove it into the whale's vitals.

The lance with which whales were killed before the invention of tonite bombe is an appalling weapon. The cutting end, certainly as sharp as a dull razor, is shaped like a lilac leaf. It is on the end of a shaft of soft iron as thick as your little finger and five or six feet long. It receives its impetusfrom an oak pole four or five feet long and as hig round as a man's leg below the knee—a real man's leg—plus the whole power of a very strong man's arms, back, shoulders and loins, all working with the rhythm and swing of a professional golf player.

And that blue-leaf point, with its dazzling edges, having reached out the whale's great blood reservoirs—the cailed vessels a foot in diameter — where they lie five feet below skin and blubber, rips and slushes them until there is set up so copious and violent an escape of blood as would turn

the machinery of a sawmill.

And so it was that harpooning this whale and sending him into his death flurry, instead of being separated by a space of hours, were almost simultaneous. Except for backing away new and then, so that leviathan might have a clear stage for his death scene-a furious, thunderous, devastating swimming in a circle, a great raining and spattering upon the sea of anguish-blown blood, and an awful lashing in the air and crashing upon the water of the prodigious flukes-there was nothing for the men to do but look on, and wonder and whisper to each other somehow they always whisper when the whale is dying-that they had never seen such a thing before.

Once I threw a pebble against the -pebbles, sand, whole side of the hill began to

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS



The Bay Bouers Mode Her Dut to be the Missing Whate Beat

then great boulders, and at last a forest tree, its surfacefeeding roots appearing to clutch and grosp for support like the hands of a man who has slipped on a steep roof. And seeing the havor that I had wrought with one small weakly thrown stone, I felt something of the awe that these men must have felt when five minutes after Crandle had first thrown the harpson the whale lay dead, belly up upon the sea; two bundred thousand pounds of flesh and tione, of fat and oil and ivery - a black island with a reck-bound coast, in the lea of which they might have ridden out a storm, and against whose weatherside the waves would have broken and been tossed heavenward in foam.

The men felt as David must have felt when, nerved to the combat and ready to give his life, but very nervous, doubtless, and full of fear, he saw the sturined Goliuth drop in his tracks, and leaping forward harked off his head before the gight could come to life again.

There was a long allence. Suddenly, and as it were from the heavens, there dropped a snow-white sea bird, that perched cockily, like an English sparrow, upon the whale's belly and began to tear at it.

"Rey, you! Get out o' that!" shouted one of the men. For he had an interest in that whale and did not propose to be robbed without protest.

But Crandle had turned his head toward the Mary Blount, which was now hearing down upon them; and it seemed to him that he saw a little figure in dark blue that waved a handkerchief and said: "Oh, well done! Well

At this moment Mr. Tuttle's boat care up, and the discomfitted Minch called to Crandle:

"Say, what happened to him? Did you spit on him?" "Why," said Cranile, "we fold him about you trying to stick an iron into him, and he laughed himself to death."

Minch opened his mouth savagely, and so remained some time, being unable to think of the words which the moment seemed to require. But finally he closed his mouth, shook his head a couple of times

and then began to smile.
"I guess," he said, "if there was any
drinks in this here part of the world they'd

be on me.

Crandle's eyes stole once more toward the Mary Blount. And he saw that she was nearer - nearer.

Toward the dead whale he felt a certain friendship, for in his hour of opportunity it had played into his hands. And he knew that little by little the fame of his exploit. would spread all over the whilets' seas. and would be spoken of with swe and envy wherever boutsteerers gather and compare notes.

His mind began to be flooded with wild and selfish thoughts. He would rise higher and higher in the world. He would be master of a ship. Captain Halthway-oh, semething would happen to him; something always did happen if you wished and wanted hard enough. And to whom then, in her hour of need, would that blithe spirit in the great blue sea-cloak turn for comfort and support?

And be saw himself retired into a brick house, four square to the winds, having white columns in front. And at the back a summer house crowned with the figurehead of a ship, and having upon the roof a flat space with a hand-rail, to which he could ascend with his telescope and his children, to show them the ways of the stars in heaven and of ships going in and out of barbors

And there drifted into his mind, beforging its clear workings, thoughts of men washed overboard in times of storms. and no questions asked; of razor blades smeared with verdigris, by which men shaving at sea have been their own mecutioners; and ways and means of death, violent and subtle, moved through his mindlike a Mardi-Gras procession through a village street, each memory or invention as it were a scene done to the life and exhibited upon a float.

But three days later, the whale having been stripped of his valuables and turned over to the sharks and sea birds, and the Mary Blount having been scraped and scoured till she was once more as clean at artists in cleanlineas could make her, be

got some pieces of fancy woods out of his capacious wa rhest and began to fashion a little shipshape stand in which to swing a baby's cradle. And with the tail of his eye he took up with the boy Bowers the study of navigation at the point where they had left off.

CAPTAIN HAITHWAY?"

"I'll be obliged if you'll step into my stateroom a moment, sir."

As a matter of fact, the misnamed room in question already rentained Mr. Tuttle, so that Captain Haithesy could do no more than thrust his boyish head in at the door. He found Mr. Tuttle examining his sore side with the sid of a sesman's mirror and such light as filtered through ton

thick prisms of glass let into the deck above.
"Something badly out of kelter, captain," said Mr. Tuttle. "It is getting sore to the touch, sir. I have called you in to prescribe for me."

Captain Haithway shook his head ruefully.

"Perhaps one of the men has had experience in a her: of this kind.

"Something inside must be damaged," said Mr. Tutte, and he drepped his arm so that it covered the sponge shaped pinkish stain over his ribs.

"You feel much pain?"

"When I move suddenly after resting in one position of a long time. But there is constant discomfort.

How would it be if you went to bed for a few days and tried a compress, something to draw out the inflammation "I think it would be a good idea, if I can be spared

"That will be all right, unless something turns up." "Thank you, sir."

"Turn right in now, and I'll get out my book and make a positive according to prescription."

Mr. Tuttle reached for his nightgown and pulled it over is head.

"You're very kind indeed, sir."

"Not at all. The sooner you're well, the better for all lands."

"I want to speak of that too. I can't get rid of the teling, sir, that I am in a very had way. If anything appeal to me you would be left without any officer who merstands navigation. Crandle, however, and Bowers are taking good progress in Bowditch. I was going to suggest that you take them in hand, sir. Practice them with the minument and let them work out your own problems as

they arise. That Crandle is a very able man."
"I'll give them lessons," said Captain Haithway briefly:
but it's because I like to help men who are ambitious,
and not because I think you are seriously sick."

He turned on his heel, and Mr. Tuttle, a ghost of a smile on he lips, finished undressing and slipped into his bunk. Here after a gingerly twisting and turning, he found the position that was easiest for his hurt side and closed his

Thereafter, weather and duty permitting. Crandle and severa came to Captain Haithway every day at noon and served practical demonstration in the art of navigation. But on the third day Mr. Tuttle dressed and came on deck, as because the resting and poulticing had helped him, but because he was too sick of idleness and solitude to endure them any longer. He pretended that he was better.

Crandle had been impatiently waiting for a word with

"Mr. Tuttle," he said, "some of us as knows the ropes a high has made our calculations, and it's the unanimous quint that if we was to quit this here standing off and mand head for Honolulu, we'd just about fetch there in line."

"But we are in the midst of very fine whale country, tractle, and what do you mean by fetching Handulu in time?"

"I mean, sir, that when a woman's day of fear comes she ught to have women about her. You could put it to the nater, sir. You could tell him that in a straight run from

here to the islands he'd be as likely to get his full of oil as by ruising in these here waters, which you'll admit haven't move anything but blacklish see we atruck into 'em."

"Captain Haithway has to thek first of all of his duty to its owners."

"If you was in his boots, Mr. Tuttle?"

"Good gracious!" exsized Mr. Tuttle, and he thated like an old maid.

"Frankly, Crandle, I bould—I mean I'm afraid I bould—head for the neurest ring-in bospital, and if there was any blind men aboard is and them aloft to watch or whales."

"Every man in this old oftom has an interest in the stch, same as the owners, and if we're willing to thumb whoses at a whale or two, tere can't be much harm in 'aptain Haithway doin' the me."

"It won't do any harm to sind him," said Mr. Tuttle. And he did. But Captain laithway sighed and said: The best catch the Mary lount ever made was in these sters. My duty is as plain the nose on a man's face."

"Whales change their pasire from year to year." "Get behind me," said

aptain Haithway, smiling.
"The men will be disapinted, sir. Mrs. Haithway's
silare is in the heart of every
an on this ship."

"God bless them all!" said a young man with feeling. But I must do not duty."

But I must do my dety."
"We've seen nothing but acklish —"

And there interrupted him im the lockout a great joyis cry: "Blows! Blows! 1. Blo-o-o-ws!" "Where away?" cried the captain.

"Off the larboard bow, "bout three miles, heading northerly."

By this time Captain Haithway himself was running nimbly slott.

"Sperm? Are they sperm?"

"Ay-ay, sir-a gam o' them."

Crandle turned to the boy Bowers, his Neptunesque face lighted by a sudden smile.

"If we followed them whales for days and days and they held as they hold now, we'd come pretty close to fetching up in Honolulu."

Bowers consulted the chart, which lay open between them, held down by weights, and presently nodded. "That's right," he said. "Why?"

Crandle winked one eye very alowly.

"When the captain of a ship wants the ship to go one way and the men want it to go another, what do you call it?" "I don't know."

"You call it a difference of opinion. But when the men make the ship go their way, you call it mutiny."

And he began to chuckle darkly.

Late that afternoon the great bodies of two built whales buy alongside the Mary Bloom, and the work of cutting-in was begun in the dunk and carried on by the light of the try-works and of flaring torches.

At daybreak there was a short pause for hot coffee. Captain Haithway remarked to Mr. Tuttle:

"I have never seen men work with such spirit."

"Crandle's responsible."

At the same moment Crandle was pouring a cup of coffee into his capacious mouth. The liquid was so hot that it scalded him. He only laughed. And he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, leaving a long, dark smear of oil and soot. And he reached for his cutting-in spade, remarking to Shattuck: "Damn these here delays!"

12

AGAIN the Mary Blount sighted whales in a northerly direction. This time, however, she did not come up with them; nor were they seen by any one but the men in the lookout, from one of whom, just as Captain Halthway

was going aloft, there came the cry, "There goes flukes!"
which means that a whale, in leaving the light of day for
the dark depths of the sea, has stood more or less upon his
nose and waved his flukes in the air.

These whales then sounded and were not seen again till nearly dark. They were at that time still swimming in a northerly direction; but they were no sooner seen than they were lost sight of, owing to the sudden falling of the tropic night. But the Mary Blount held on after them, hoping to raise them again in the morning, which as pure lack would have it she actually did—or others just like them. For Captain Haithway himself saw this gam and directed its pursuit from aloft.

The whales were loating along, and the Mary Blount, thanks to a steady breeze off the larboard quarter, actually gained upon them.

But the boats were no sooner lowered and skimming in chase, leaping over the little waves like so many happy flying fish, than something frightened the wholes—gallied them, as the saying is—and they began to swim as if they really knew where they were going and were in a hurry to get there, so that in a few hours they had put the rim of the world between them and the eyes of men.

"We're drawing out of the good country, Mr. Tuttle," said Captain Haithway.

"A whale is a whale wherever you fasten to him."

"Very true, Mr. Tuttle, so we will keep her as she is till morning. We picked those fellows up once: If we've any luck we'll pick 'em up aguin."

The next morning there were no whales in sight. Captain Haithway held on till about noon. Having then taken his reckoning, he found the Mary Blount far to the north of where he could not but feel that the best interests of her owners and his own conscience required her to be.

"We must back-track, I think, Mr. Tuttle,"

"Very good, sir."

"Kindly give the necessary orders."

Crandle was in the lookout with the fourth mate. These, perceiving that the course of the Mary Blount was being radically altered, consulted together in whispers. Then Crandle, his face shining with a strange light, stood upon tipton, and shielding his eyes with his hand and gazing in the general direction of the Hawsian Islands, bellowed

at the top of his stentorian

lungs

"Bic-o-ows! Bic-o-ows!"
Then he spoke to the fourth mate.

"Pinch me when it's time to see flukes."

A few moments later, as Captain Haithway began to essme aloft, the fourth mate pinched the calf of Crandle's leg, and Crandle bellowed:

leg, and Crandle bellowed:
"Flukes! Flukes! Theregoes flukes!"
"What are they?" came

from the captain.

"A lone buil, sir."
"How was he heading?"
"Northerly."

"Keep a sharp watch and let me know the moment he breeches."

"Ay-ny, sir!"

If these in the plot to carry Captain Haithway far from that path in which he felt the foot of duty belonged ever besitated or were hurt by their consciences, a sight of Mrs. Haithway's face only served to strengthen them in what among themselves they called the mutiny of the Mary Blount.

Mutinies up and down the long courses of sea history have sprung up, with all degrees of violence from all kinds of reasons. Men have mutinied because there was too much beef; because there wasn't enough; because there were maggots in their biscuits; because there were wheels in their brains. They have mutinied for love of had women and for hate of good men; and for the opposites of these they have mutinied. But never before, nor since, methinks, were the roots of a mutiny so deep set in chivalry.

She had a lovely face, and she believed that all men were good. And in her eyes at the



There They Found Him, the Suby Asleep in His Great Tender Army

time, burning stronger each day, was that light which more than beauty or charm kindles manliness in a man's heart. And it must have gone a great way with the doubtful that, in spite of the heat which grew and grew, she still clung, whenever a cool shadow of excuse presented itself, to the great blue seacloak which they had made for her, and which she loved because they had made it.

For her each day had its surprises. Mysterious packages with her name upon them, scrawled, well written, staggeringly printed or just hoped at, appeared mysteriously upon the cubin table, until with tears in her grave eyes she told Mr. Tuttle to tell the men that she felt as if every to-day was her birthday and that every to-morrow

was going to be Christmas. Even her husband must not be present when she opened her packages. She could not bear that he should see her cry, even for pleasure and grutitude; and cry she would a great deal.

For between the little shirt for the haby that is to come and the little shirt for the baby that is gone there is an awful kinship. Littleshirts they made, and in their blind ignorance of such matters they made little drawers besides. And little socks of many-colored wools and some of silk. And there were long swaddling clothes made of fine linen shirts that had been laid by against the coming of some rearing spree ashore. And there was a doll of sperm ivory, which is finer than elephant and not so prone to split. She had a face like the full moon, with eyes of black ebony and lips of red coral, and hyacinthine hair cunningly carved. And her arms could be bent at the elbows and shoulders; her legs at the hips and the knees. She was naked as the day she came from her maker's hands, and she lay in a bathtub carved from a length of she-walrus tusk.

From another hand came a rattle to match the doll; and there was a work-

ing model of the Mary Blount in a glass bottle-the blocks ivory, the planks beefbone and the rivets copper. There were scarves, clouks, vests, caps, shoes, buttons, blocks, an ollskin coat, an infinitesimal sou'wester. And there were rings of amber and ivory to cut teeth upon. And one man had beaten a five-dollar gold piece into wire and made a pair of safety-pins, each set with an abalone pearl, which pearl, as all men know, makes up for being less valuable than the Oriental by being more beautiful. And there were many silver safety-pins, and other gew-gaws, beaten, whittled and filed from coin silver. There was a chain to go about the baby's neck, a bangle for its wrist, a ring for its finger.

And when she had found out from which of the men a certain present had come, she sent for that man, and held both his great rough hands in here while she thanked him.

WITHOUT luck, the mutiny of the Mary Blount could never have been brought to a successful issue. Very far now from any grounds which would have been acceptable to her experienced and superstitious owners in a prospectus of a voyage, she fell in from time to time with real whales; enough, at least, to keep clear of suspicion those ghostly leviathans which the lookout men were always sighting from aloft - when most needed - and which were always unattainable, like will-o'-the-wisps, dancing



Why a Man in His Jensey Should Deliberately Pince Himself in Ja Satridal a Situation Was Ditacts Barand Rim

alties have been urging us. And eight hundred barrels of oil is really remarkably good at this early stage."

So good," said Mr. Tuttle, "that if I were in the lookout I should be inclined to keep my eyes shut. With this wind we should drop our book in plenty of time. And though I am on what I led to be a generous lay, I should deplore the delay of cutting-in so much as a porpoise,

No more whales were sighted, and the Mary Blount, crowded with sail night and day, made heroic progress for a whaleship. Optimism prevailed; even from Mr. Tuttle's drawn and suffering face that fated, driven look which it wore of late vanished for whole hours at a time.

Only Crandle, now a mainstay in the help of navigation, grumbled, and was ever turning his eye from the blunt and clumsy lines of the Mary Blount to the graceful, mist-drawing lines of her whale boats.
"This wind may hold," he would say. "And again it

may not. And maybe the day of fear will some at the appointed time, and maybe it'll come sooner. If I was Captain Halthway I'd put her into one of the boats with plenty o' necessaries and make a runaway of it. Best come best, we'll be a week makin' port. But one of the boats would cut that time in two; and if I was the master, and the woman was mine, I'd make her out it in three,"

That very night the wind failed them, and in the dawn anxious eyes looked forth upon a flat and grossy calm that

ahead over the blue, and drawing the guileless Mary Blount nearer and nearer to the wise doctor and the efficient nurses of Honolulu.

At last a time came when even in Captain Haithway's mind there was no longer a question of turning back. And his wishes no longer colliding with his duty, he shaped the vessel's course direct for Honolulu, or rather he atood by with help and admiration while his pupils, Crandle and Bowers, shaped it for him.

"At a pinch," said he to Mr. Tuttle, "those two fellows could navigute the ship. Another week and I would guarantee it."

"I thank God for it," said Mr. Tuttle, "And I may tell you, sir, now that your decision is formed, that I have been in despair about myself. But the feeling that we shall be in port among doctors before very long gives me new hope and courage both for myself and for you."

"They will put you right in a jiffy," said Captain Haithway with all the optimism of youth. But Mr. Tuttle only smiled ruefully out of the corner of his mouth.

"The Mary Blount," continued the captain, "is keeping up her reputation for luck. Even the

whales are on our side. They seem to have led us where all our other neces-

smelt of fish. The sun rose, a vast copper disk without rays or the power to dazzle; but with it no wind rose, he even the least breeze; only a blast of heat, without weigh or power to propel, like that which streams from the opdoor of a furnace.

And now rose overpoweringly the smells of a whaleship of oil and of bilgewater, and of hard-working men pariet for many months into close quarters. And it seemed at each hour saw a new myriad of cockroaches born into the world; so that the whole ship rustled with them, a a church rustles when the ladies come to service in this Sunday silks.

The sky was neither blue nor gray. It had a day and indefinable color, an impenetrable quality. That aming jewel, the sun, gave light and appalling heat, but was myless and unblazing like the moon, its vast outline clear and sharply demarked, as if a place had been cut out of the into receive it; it was more like a flat inlay than a sailing

Said Crandle to Mr. Tuttle, his face dark, prophete and strangely moved as if with fear:

"It sin't any too early for hurricanes. Have you looke ut the glass?"

Mr. Tuttle nodded.

"And what was it doing?"

"Falling, Crandle-falling very fast." Crandle's eyes wandered to the whale boats.
"Too late!" he said.

EITHER there was no cloud in the sky, or the whole to was a cloud, even in texture and thickness from bring to horizon. At a few minutes before noon the sun which had been growing less bright, as if the salt air were tarnising the copper, withdrew itself from men's sight. Town! one o'clock swift-moving ranges of water at long introdbegan to roll in from the western horizon, now accessed in the eyes by a straight line of inky black between the si and the seu. The surface skin of the sen, smooth and sitappeared to be stationary; only rising, as it were, and stretching like an elastic cloth to let the rollers pas under and then contracting and dropping back into place. in too, that staunch sea castle, the old Mary Blount, needs let the rollers go under, and dropped when they had passed She suggested an awkward old woman learning to skip ros-But sometimes when she dropped heavily on her feet a you may say, she smashed through the thick surface it? and squirted white water in all directions.

The black line along the western horizon thickened as climbed toward the zenith, and appeared to be new throughout its whole length and height. A sea bird one out of the west, and went by at incredible speed is may nificent long curving swoops, to the right, to the left lier some pastmaster of skating doing the outer edge.

From the opposite direction came a school of personthe schoolboys of the sea, putting forth all their may alous powers of swimming and leaping, the sooner to amwith the coming storm and play their wild see game : the thickest of it.

Nobody knew just when the insettude induced by the heat and the strong smells of the ship changed into a of stern, electric excitement. It was about the time was Captain Haithway ordered his wife to go below. Six in within the hour visited every part of the deck, and pure the time of day with each of the men in her please! friendly manner. And she had clapped her hands about with pure joy at sight of the sea birds flying past. And in had taughed at the incontinent haste of the porpoise get into mischief.

She knew that there was going to be a blow. Well at good: it would be like those masty times off the Horn. It one lived through them, and came on deck again and us the sun. Just before she went below she stood for a live minutes talking to her husband with great animosmiling up into his face; and he laughed down at her as gave her shoulder a playful shake, as one chum should

(Centinued on Page 46)



THE FAKERS By Samuel G. Blythe

OR the next year things went quietly for Hicks. He maneuvered with the Rollins-Barkiss case, using Gudger to help him postpone a court trial, wrateoccasionally to Senator Paxton, and received much guest advice from him and some congratulations as to his progross, which apparently satisfied the senator.

There was to be a special municipal election late in April to fill a vacancy or two on the board of aldermon and to elect a city recorder in the place of a Republican who had died.

him one day.

"A little over a year." "Well, you've gained your residence then. Which upe of these places do you want? You can run for abbreman or for city recorder."

Hicks hesitated.

"Go on," urged Rollins. "You haven't a chance to be elected, but you ought to do something for the party. something to show your loyalty.

"All right," assented Hicks, "I'll run for recorder." Rollins smiled. "Picked the biggest sounding one, didn't you?" he asked.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Rollins," protested Hicks, "you must not view it in that light. I merely said recorder because that seemed to be the most appropriate. An alderman, you know, is a sort of a personal representative of his constituents, and I have been here such a short time. Of course, though I feel I am fully capable of discharging the duties of

member of the board of aldermen, it seemed to me
"Forgive me, Hicks," said Rollins; "I was only joking.
Of course you can have the nomination for recorder. It's six of one and half a dozen of the other.

Hicks was disappointed that he was to be more inated by committee and not by convention, but he wat notices to the papers of the committee muching and made a speech of acceptance that got him respectful notice in two papers and some goodnatured chaffing in two others. The content was perfunctory. Nobody took interest in it. Hielatried to vitalize it by active campaigning, but was not successful in stirring up much interest eliber for himself or for the issues involved. He had his marrow in the papers two or three times during the short ampaign, and swore privately, but laughed pul-

icly, over a fling the editor of the Leader look at him as "our newly acquired Demosthenes whose vocabulary is as ibundant as his hair and whose ideas are is scarce as his whiskers." At the election dicks was snowed under.

"Just a necessary party sacrifice," oothed Rollins. "But you wait. We'll est them yet. The truth is mighty and nust prevail."

Then came the presidential campaign of 1900. Presdent McKinley was renominated at Philadelphia and Villiam Jennings Bryan named again at Kansas City. Rolins was a delegate to the Democratic convention, and eturned to Rextown fired with enthusiasm for the Peerless eader, as he invariably termed Mr. Bryan, and anxious o organize a fight in the district and get out every Demoratic vote. He had abandoned the free silver idea as an ssue, but not as a principle, and he was ardently an antioperialist and talked for hours to Hicks about the crime f the American occupation of the Philippines and all the ther phases of anti-imperialism.

He urged Hicks to prepare himself to go on the stump. licks was entirely willing, and mentioned his prospective ampaigning when he wrote to Senator Paxton.

Soon afterward he received this letter in reply:

WASHINGTON, D. C., August I, 1900.

My dear Hicks: I am glad to learn of your progress, and icated by your numerous letters, and I trust that you ill continue unfaltering in your championing of both the elfare of the people and the cause of the Democracy, in hich, as you must now think, the hope of the people lies. It seems to me eminently fitting that you should go on ie stump for the Democratic candidate, Mr. Bryan. bough it is my deep-rooted conviction that Mr. Bryan ill be no more successful this time than he was before, you e a Democrat, and as such must be regular and enthusi-

tic in your support of the candidates.
You have had some small experience in campaign senking and are about to enter again on that phase of

Will you pardon me if I presume to set down a few tiorns that may be of value to you?

Let me repeat to you that the great secret of successful olitical speaking is to tell the people what they already Never venture on any uncharted oratorical seas ive them the old, familiar stuff, and they will approve and plaud; but if you try to tell them what they do not 10w they will view your efforts with cold suspicion.



He conventional. Avoid new expressions. It is the acme of folly to refer to a working man otherwise than as a herny-handed son uf toil. If you speak of the flag other-wise than as the star-spangled banner, you will be intro-ducing an innovation that will be unwelcome and probably will react against your party on election day.

It is imperative that you should never view except with alarm nor point except with pride. Furthermore, you must always assert without fear of successful contradiction, condemn in unmeasured terms, challenge the statement, shy your castor in the ring, issue a defi, lock horns with, stamp as unworthy, measure swords with, hew to the line, declare it is a deliberate and malicious falsehood, show neither fear nor favor, remark in passing, nail the lie, have your attention called, demand to see the tooks, turn on the light, insist the rascals shall be turned out, give an accounting of your stewardship, make clear the issues, express sublime faith in the wisdom, patriotism and justness of the people, and say this is the greatest Republic on which the sun ever shone.

As you are a Democrat you may go as far as you like with Thomas Jefferson. Also uphold the Constitution, lambaste the trust octopi for hours and hours and assault the money devil and Wall Street and Lombard Street. It is always safe to jump on the criminal rich and never neces sary to name names. The broad, generic term "criminal rich" will answer, and you can got an hour out of that topic

Soak all trusts. Again it is unnecessary to name names and you need not refer to the trusts that employ men in your district, and perchance may be contributing to your party funds. As you have factories in Rextown, you must be strong for union labor and the rights of workingmen. When you get out in the country never fail to call the farmers the hardy yeomanry who are the bulwark and safeguard of the nation.

Always refer to "the ladies, God bless 'em," and throw in a few flowery sentences about the children who are the future guardians of the safety of the Republic.

Choose your anecdotes carefully. Do not use any new ones. Tell the good, old, time-tried ones, and you will get

our laughs at the proper places. Do not be sarcastic, for the people will think you mean what you say, being of a literal turn of mind.

Again, the people, the dear common people, are the most fruitful topic in the world for political eloquence. They need constant attention and tribute. Any politician who neglects the people will be neglected by the people. They know how good they are—the people do—and desire to be teld about it constantly.

Careful attention to these details, unceasing assaults on the citadels of privilege and plutocracy as maintained by the Republican party, and long interpretation of the Democratic platform, with some kind words about the Fathers and the dear old Constitution, will give you ample nuclerial. You won't make any votes, but you will get practice that may be useful.

Yours, for our alture and our fires,

WILLIAM H. PAXTON.

Rollins insisted on paying the expenses of Hicks, and Hicks spoke once or twice a week at the smaller meetings in various villages and hamlete in Corline County. He was put on at several meetings in Hextown as a filler-in, and when Mr. Brynn came through in October met the candidate and was greatly taken with him as an earnest and sincera man, and accompanied him on his special car for a few miles after he left Rectown. Hicks secretly felt he should have been allowed to speak at the Bryan meeting, but Rollins told him he must creep before he could walk. Hicks salked a little, but Rolling smoothed him out, and Mr. Bryan helped by asking Hicks to introduce him at a five-minute stop he made at Grandsburg, fifteen miles from Rextown, where he was to address the crowd from the end of his car-Hicke thought out a fire speech.

He stepped proudly forward: "Fellow citizens of Grands-isarg," by largar. "In these days of Republican misrule, in the midst of this Republican debauch of corruption —."

Sometanty palled at his cont-tails.

"Introduce him," sold a hourse youre. "You ain't making this speech."

Hicks cleared his throat. "Fellow citizens," he began again. "In these days -

"Bryan! Bryan! Bryan!" joiled the crowd, "Who in thunder are you? Bryan! Where's Bryan?"

Bloke raised his hand impressively. "Fellow citi-

"Bryan! Bryan! Bryan!" shouted the impatient

Mr. Bryan came forward. Hicks saw all would be lost unless be burried. "Fellow citizane." he shouled, "I have the honor to present to you the Great Commoner, the Peerless Leader, William Jennings Bryan."

Bryan's secretary shouldered Hicks saids and Bryan plunged into his speech. Hicks was much depressed. He had hoped to make a nest little talk of about a minute and a half. As he went into the car he saw Joe Feiker, a Washington correspondent he knew, who was traveling with the party.

"Hello, Hicks!" ealuted Felker. "What are you doing

"I am engaged in the practice of the law in Rextown," Hicks replied. Felker introduced him to the other correspondents and Hicks took Felker aside and said: "Say, Felker, do me a favor, will you?"

"Sure, if I can."

Fix it with the other boys so my name will go in the dispatches."

Felker laughed. "All right, old top," he said, and he was as good as his word. Even the press associations carried the important information that T. Marmaduke Hicks introduced Mr. Bryan at Grandsburg, and Hicks was highly elated, for he knew his name would be printed in most of the newspapers in the country that afternoon and the next morning.

Election came and Bryan's defeat. The Democrats in Rextown and Corliss County held their scattering own, but that was all. Rollins was much cast down. He had hypnotized himself into thinking the Democrats must win, but Hicks had been under no such delusion. He thought they had done very well in their district.

"Well," said Rollins dolefully, "we've got to take up the fight again. Right will triumph in the end, but I certainly did think we had them beaten. We had all the arguments

"Yes," Hicks replied, "we seemed to have everything on our side but the votes. However, our time will come. I am sure of that. The people cannot remain forever blind to their own interests."

"I don't know," mourned Rollins; "I don't know. Seems to me as if the people of this country would rather see through a glass darkly than stand out in the sunlight. I thought we had them beaten."

"Oh, well," consoled Hicks, "we'll get them yet. The people must and shall be aroused."

"I reckon so," said Rollins sadly, as he started away: "but we've got to get a bigger alarm clock than

we've had yet."

Business had been fairly good with Hicks and he had not been obliged to draw on Senator Paxton. He lived frugally and was careful of his money. He decided to run down to Washington for a couple of weeks, and wrote to Mrs. Lake to save a room for him. He arrived in the Capital late in November, planning to be there for a few days after Congress began its regular sessions in December. After he had been to the boarding house, where Mrs. Lake welcomed him effusively, he went up to see the senator.

"Why, Hicks!" shouted Madden, as he entered the familiar offices. 'Glad to see you! How are you?

How are you getting slong?"
"Fine!" Hicka replied. "I'm the greatest little upholder of the undying, but somewhat unappreciated, principles of the Democratic party you ever saw. Where's the chief?" "Inside. I'll tell him you are

here." Madden went in and came out almost immediately. "Goright in," he said. "He's anxious to have a talk with you."

"Hello, Tommie," said the senator. "How's the junior member of the firm of Paxton and Hicks, purveyors of the uplift to the toiling

"Couldn't be better, senator. You are looking well too."

"Yes, Hicks, I feel well, although the cares of the body politic and the woes of the people oppress me fearfully st times. However, I am cheered up by an occasional opportunity to put over something on them. Rather walloped you this time, didn't we?"

"We lost," said Hicks, "if that is what you mean; but

we are right, and right will prevail."
"Correct," exclaimed the senator. "Right will prevail in the end, but not, I hope, until we have secured all we need. Still, it isn't necessary for you to maintain the pose in here, you know. As you might say, I am on to your CULTYES.

"In that case," Hicks replied, taking a chair, "I em pleased to inform you that, so far as I can see, I am doing well out in Rextown. I have become a leading young Demnerat. I am getting some law business. I am establishing myself in politics, and I am never faltering for an instant in my devotion to the people."

"That's right, Hicks; that's right. The people can use a heap of devotion; and, conversely, you can use the peo-ple. Tell me about yourself."

Hicks sat for an hour and detailed his experiences. Paxton listened intently, interrupting new and then with a wise comment or to make some instructive observation. As Hicks finished and rose to go, Paxton said:

"That seems like a pretty good start to me. You have identified yourself with the Democracy in good shape. You have acquired a standing. All you've got to do is to hang on, to continue your present tacties, to remain steadfast to your numerously announced principles, and you'll land all right. But it will take time, my boy; it will take

"I know that," laughed Hicks, "These great reforms cannot be accomplished in a day. Besides, what's time to me when the stake is so big? I have all the time there is,

you know."
"I guess you have, when it comes to that, and all the essential qualities for the part you are playing. By the way," he urged, "come up to dinner with me tonight and we'll have another talk."

Hicks raised a deprecatory hand. "Oh, my dear senator," he protested, "I couldn't think of that. News of the fact that T. Marmaduke Hicks, the leading young Democrat of Rextown, dined with William H. Paxton, the unregenerate boss of the rapacious organization of the plutocratic United States Senate, might get back home. I am supposed to loathe you, you know, and all your fellows, with an exceeding great loathing, and it surely would contaminate me to be seen in your company. The people wouldn't understand it, and would say I have been captured by the forces of Mammon."

Paxton looked at Hicks admiringly, "By George," he said, "you are even better than I thought. But come along. No one will be there but Mrs. Paxton, and she never tells anything. If she should tell all she knows about me I'm afraid there would be a forced vacancy in the Senate at my particular desk. Come on. You'll be perfeetly safe."



What Did You Juy Your Name 1s? At. Yes, and Where De You Line?"

"In that case," Bicks replied, shaking hands with the senator, "I'll be there at seven o'clock."

HICKS made a few visits the next morning and decided to take his luncheon with Mrs. Lake. As he neared the house he stopped suddenly and stared at a woman who was coming down the walk toward him. She was a tall, slender woman who walked with exceeding grace. Her face was white, markedly so, but her lips were even more markedly red. Hieks, knowing little of women's attire, still knew enough to realize that she was exquisitely gowned. Her stress was of a silky black material and clung to her figure in soft and shimmering folds. Her hat fitted perfectly into her charming costume. It was black, too, but there was a quilling of white about it that added to its chieness. A filmy veil, long and black, flared behind ber as she walked, and Hicks caught a glimpse of her throat, where her blouse was cut away, and of a jet necklace and long jet earrings. She approached Hicks with a slightly swaying motion that fascinated him.

He stood stock-still, staring at her. She came up to him, and still he stared. She passed him, apparently without knowledge of his existence, and he turned and followed her with his eyes until she went round a corner. Then, as if he were coming out of a trance, he said: "Jiminy, what a stunner!"

He walked slowly toward the house. There was something familiar about the woman, something that reminded him of a woman he had seen before. He had not been able to get more than a glimpse of her face, but her figure, her carriage, her general air of distinction and modishness stirred memories in him.

He stopped at the steps, and searched his mind. "By George!" he shouted. "It's Mrs. Lester!"

Hicks ran up the steps and burst into the house. He sought the landlady. "Mrs. Lake," be saked excitedly, "in there a Mrs. Lester stopping here?"

"Wby, yes," Mrs. Lake replied, amused at Hicks' eagerness; "Mrs. Lester has been here for more than a year. Do you know her?"

"No." Hicks replied: "but I remember when she was here before I went to Rextown, and I'd like mighty well to

"I shall be glad to present you. She is a charming woman, so cultivated. Foor girl," she continued sympathetically, "she has been bereaved since you saw her."

Somebody die?" asked Hicks. "Her husband. She is a widow."

"A widow!" exclaimed Hicks excitedly. Then in a

more solemn tone: "I am serry to hear it.

"He died suddenly, soon after they were first here. It was a terrible shock to her and she hasn't recovered yet. They were very devoted. She returned to Washington, where she has some friends, and she has been with us ever since. Of course as she is in mourning she is quite secluded, but we enjoy her charming conversation and her recitals of er experiences abroad. Why, Mr. Hicks, she positively

knows everybody worth knowing and as for travel-well, she has been just everywhere and she speaks are eral languages. Really, you would take her for a Frenchwoman.

"I noticed she wore black," mit Hicks, as if that were an achievement

on his part.

"Yes," continued Mrs. Lake. "and I must say she is the most handsomely gowned widow I ever saw. She looks charming in her weeds."

It was Friday, and that night w was the custom, everybody dressed for dinner. Hicks had his evening clothes with him, which he had not used much in Rextown. He shave with great care, brushed his har until it shope and spent half in hour polishing his nails and purpicing his hands. At half after in he gave his hair a few more pas, sprinkled a little perfume on himself, put some on the palms of tishands, gave a final admiring glans at himself in his mirror and west downstairs.

Most of the boarders were there. but not Mrs. Lester. Disappointed, Hicks wandered uneasily about examining the pictures he had see: a hundred times before, trying to be affable with those who remenbered him and looking constantly and eagerly toward the stairs; Just before the gong sounded de appeared.

Mrs. Lester stood for a moment posed on the bottom step. Shewere

a black satin gown that was exquisitely draped about by slim figure. Her cornage was cut low and her sleeves were short, displaying a milky throat and white, shapely arms Her fingers glittered with rings, and long, addly shaped ornaments of seed pearls depended from her ears. He face had a fushionable pallor, but her lips were red and there was just the suspicion of a shadow under her sys-Her intensely black hair was drawn flatly and tightly down across her ears, but had an undulated appearance for all that and extended out on her pale cheeks, where its black gave vivid contrast to their pallor. It was wound into a elaborate knot low on her neck. Her little feet were sked in black satin pumps with jet buckles. Her expression was that of discreet melancholy, of decorous but extreme fashionable woe.

Hicks was standing in the hall, his lips apart, his eye wide with admiration, his hands opening and shutting

nervously.

After a pause he started forward. "Mrs. Lester he began.

She gave no sign of recognition.

"Pardon me," stammered Hicks; "but, you see, I feltnaw-I have known-At this moment Mrs. Lake arrived, and relieved the situation

tion by presenting Hicks to Mrs. Lester. Mrs. Lester smiled a slow smile at Hicks and said it a

low, well-modulated voice: "I am charmed."
"Pleased to meet you," chattered Ricks, who has regained a measure of his self-possession. "I feel as though I know you, you know. I saw you once a long time ago at ! I have always remembered you."
"Indeed," she replied. "I regret that I cannot reme-

ber having seen you."

"Oh, it was about two years ago. I didn't meet you You were with your husband. I --- " An expression of pain passed over her pallid face.
"Oh. I beg your purdon," Hicks said hastily. "I forgot

You're a widow now, aren't you?" She made no answer, but sank gracefully into a chair-

"Pleased to see you again," hurried Hicks. "I felt sur we must meet again some day.

"Did you?" she asked. "How romantic!"
"Ob," Hicks protested, shifting from one foot to be other in his excitement, "not romantic, you know. Note: like that, of course. But I was so much attracted by you beauty and grace and all that, that I just couldn't to; being-being

She smiled up at him. "Being gallant," she said. Hicks grew four inches in his own estimation, which much

him a very tall man indeed. The gong sounded. Hicks feverishly sought Mrs. [4].
"Please, Mrs. Lake," he pleaded, "put me at her use won't you?"

"Why, yes," said that agreeable lady, "I'll have another chair placed there,

Hicks rushed back to Mrs. Lester. "May I have !" honor of escorting you in to dinner," he asked. "By pur good fortune I find I am to be at your table."

She bowed and said softly: "Aree plaisir, monsieur." Hicks didn't know what she meant, but as she rose he concluded she was willing and strode proudly by her side to the table, and as well as he could remember the polite details handled her chair and her draperies as he had seen

her husband perform those offices long ago.

Hicks broke immediately into a panegyric of himself, telling of his lucrative law practice in Rextown, his political activities, his fame as an orator. He diluted glowingly on his prospects, and wondered whether Mrs. Lester was joking him or complimenting him when she said little things in French from time to time. However, he decided she was complimenting him, as she seemed serious in her

"And where is Rextown?" she asked him.

"Rextown," declaimed Hicks, "is one of the most beautiful and most prosperous cities in the Middle West." Once well launched, he made a long speech about the manilest beauties and the more manifest destiny of his place of

"And you are in politics there?" she said admiringly. "I should say I am. I am very active in the Democratic arty, and one of these days I hope to be elected to office." "Ma foi!" she said. "And you so young!"
"That's just it," urged Hicks eagerly: "I shall still be

here when the shift comes."

"What shift?" she asked. "The Republicans have verything in the country, haven't they?

"So they have, but my time will come. The people vill not bear this burden of oppression forever. They cill arise one of these days and sweep this corrupt gang of servitors of the special interests out of power."
"Then, I suppose," she said, "your

arty will come in and do the same hing over again. Il y a encore de que i

"Oh, no," protested Hicks, wonderng what the French meant, "not at he friends of the people"; and so it ent through the dinner.

Hicks had an engagement to meet fadden that night, but he broke it ithout compunction. Instead of secig Madden he followed Mrs. Lester to the parlor after dinner and tried monopolize her but did not succeed, r some of the others in the boarding cuse gathered round while Hicks ged inwardly at their presumption. he talked with vivacity and animaon, shrugged her shoulders in a most ocinating manner, made pretty little oues, and told of her travels in prope, of the personages she had et, of her familiarity with the nolity, of her knowledge and intimacy ith the great families of America. he discussed art with a knowledge sat seemed to Hicks to be complete, ad a comprehensive understanding music, knew about books and pecially the authors of the day, ad most of the time was so far above se head of Hicks as to force him to t in silent wonder at her vast range

information. She gave the impression that she id spent much of her life in travel, ed her familiarity with the great suses of England, France, Germany id Russia was astonishing. She lked knowingly and shrewdly of ends and stocks and "the market," d this portion of her conversation ade Hicks even more interested an he was before. She rippled along om one topic to another, interlardg her sentences with foreign expresons and exclamations, and she had effective way of stopping, after e had used one of those expressions, translating it, with a little grimace impatience with herself for using it. "Really," she said, "I have passed much of my life abroad it is second ture to me to lapse into French or ussian or German. Those languages, pecially the French, are so much are expressive than ours, don't you ink?"

She turned her eyes on Hicks as she ced this, and Hicks assented readily d said he had often been discoured at the poverty of English. He pretted he had no French or German Italian, and resolved to buy a rase book and become a linguist.

There was not an international marriage for fifteen years with which she was unfamiliar. She talked of Fifth Avenue and Newport as if she had been reared in the one and lived every summer in the other,
"When I was visiting in Newport," she would say, and

then give a lively account of some great function she had attended. She was perfectly familiar with the English nobility, and it seemed from her talk that she had been an honored guest in every castle in that island.

At ten o'clock she rose to go, with many apologies for having run on so. "I hope," she added, smiling radiantly

at Hicks, "I have not bored you."

"On the contrary, Mrs. Lester," asserted the gallant Hicks, who had not taken his eyes from her pale but animated face once during the evening. "On the contrary I have been charmed, more than charmed. It is a great heror and pleasure to have met you."

She bowed, and after a moment's pause, glided out of the room. She turned for an instant at the door, smiled bril-

liantly again, said "Box soir," and was gone. Hicks went up to his room in a whirl of delight. He felt ure he had made an impression on Mrs. Lester; recounted to himself every look ahe guve him, every smile; told over to himself her various perfections - the cataloguing took a long time and went to sleep filled with the hope of a better acquaintance with this charming; cultured woman.

ALYS DE MOUNTFORT LESTER was been in a small town in Pennsylvania. Her father was a doctor with a good practice and her name was Alice Jennings. Her

mother was a refined, educated, quiet woman and the

Her Expression Was That of Discreet Melancholy

family one of the best in the village. Alice was sent to a fashionable school when she was seventeen, and ran away and was married to Hugo Lester before she had completed her second term. Lester was of English descent and his father had been rich, but at the time of Hugo's marriage was in financial straits. Hugo had been educated beyond his intellect. He was a gentleman of polished manners, and he had expected always to be rich and to live in luxury and at ease. He took his wife to his father's house and they lived there for a few years. Then the father died, leaving the son and his wife a big house and a correspondingly hig mortgage, and nothing else.

Lester was forced to go to work, and he had no ability for work nor any adaptability. He attached himself to an old friend of his father's in a secretarial capacity, and after a year or so of this was appointed to a clerkship in the State Department at Washington. Through influential friends he was given a position in Paris, and he and his wife spent two years in France. While there he, being of good birth and alded by his wife, secured some commissions in Russia. Germany and Italy, and they traveled in each of these

Alice Jennings was a clever girl. From the time she began to evolve from the flapper state she held herself to be better than her associates in the home village and better than her family. She was an only daughter, spoiled by an indulgent father, and she had no difficulty in overriding her mother. She had a passion for clothes, which she indulged as well as she was able, and a talent for making her resources go further than any other girl in the village or at the school after she went away from home. She loathed the small town in which she lived, read the social news in

> the papers, even when she was just coming into her teem, and early displayed a fondness for exalting berself, by claiming acquaintance with those above her in social standing, that later became a positive genius for this sort of self-appreciation. She married Lester because she thought he was rich and had social position.

> She was smart at school and had a fondness for languages, but was entirely superficial in her studies. From her earliest childhood she was a chatterbox. She talked unceasingly, but brightly, and was clever enough to deal with subjects in her conversation concerning which she had a slight knowledge. She never, either as a child or as a woman, touched any but the high places in her talk. She was intensely egotistical and longed for admiration. She had a great skill in dress, and a full knowledge of her own good points and of how to accentuate them.

> Her husband had little money, but she made the most of that. She had a genius for finding out desirable places to live that were within their means, and always insisted on rigid adherence to the conventionalities. She never falled to dress for dinner, nor would she allow her husband to appear after six o'clock in any but evening clothes. Their public attitude toward one another was one of exceeding and formal politeness, and she always strove to create the impression that they had much more money than they did have. In reality the Lesters got along well together, for Lester was a dull, listless, complaisant man, awed by the brilliancy of his wife and not daring to oppose her. His only talent was eleverness at cards. He was an expert bridge-whist player and his wife was almost his equal.

> She could sing a little, play the piano acceptably, and she had a most resultle talent for visiting. Indee she was a professional visitor and she was a useful guest. She and her husband were ever ready for bridge, and both could dance well. She was always faultlessly dressed in the latest mode, had an inexhaustible fund of small talk and was continuously in good spirits. The climbing hostesses who invited the Lesters to visit them, thinking the Lesters were of the set they aspired to enter, were always sure they would have one pair of guests who would carry themselves with the utmost rigidity of polite

(Continued on Page 36)

SIM'S SUDDEN SOTNESS

OWENA GOLLOP, first pulling her blue sunbonnet forward out of decent regard for an exceptional complexion, stepped from the moist, sloppy backporch into the glare of the sun. She carried a large basket of tightly wrung clothes, her strong, nicely rounded arms and sturdy young back making nothing of its weight. Stopping before the newly stretched line she began to work with a brisk energy quite out of keeping with the heat of the summer morning. In a very few minutes a lazily flapping and swaying screen of various form and color extended from post to post.

The trumpet vine that covered nearly one side of the old brick house was in flower, and among its gaudy blossoms a pair of humming hirds poised and darted uncertainly. Rowens's eye caught the jewel gleam of their green and ruby plumage and she paused to watch thero. Her expression was at once amused and exasperated.

"What's the matter with you-all?" she murmured, addressing the tiny creatures. "What for are you foolin' round, wastin' time that-a-way, pickin' an' choosie'? If you'd use your beaks more an' your wings less you'd be bigger birds."

One ruby-throat, after a prolonged hesitation, disappeared in the honeyed depths of a big red bloom. Rowens laughed as she turned away. "Made up your

mind at last, did you?" she said.

A little cloud of dust arose above the sumac-crowned banks of the bending road, and soon a light wagon drawn by a team of small sleek mules came into view. From behind the porch trellis Rowens saw it approaching, and, straightening up from her washtub, wiped her hands upon her apron and reclaimed some strands of auburn hair that straggled from loosened pins over her flushed cheeks. At the same time she glanced at her reflection in the looking glass that hung over the wash bench for the convenience of the men folks.

Mrs. Gollop, a large, fair woman with a pronounced Roman nose, called from the kitchen at that moment.

"Hain't that Sim Hoisington a-comin' up the road, Rowenn?

"I reckon it is," Rowena returned.

"He a-comin' here?"
"I don't know." To herself in a lower tone Rowena added: "I reckon he don't either."

In fact, as she spoke the mules slowed from their sharp trot into a walk, were urged into a trot again, checked, and in front of the gate actually came to a standstill. The driver, after an undecided half motion toward descent, resumed his seat, leaned forward and flicked the off mule with his blacksmake. The team darted forward with a jerk and the whole equipage went rattling down the road at a pace that speedily-carried it round the next bend and out

"My land!" called Mrs. Gollop from the kitchen. "What's makin' you laugh that-a-way, gal?"

"Sim," answered Rowenz chokingly. "He's gone on to

"Sim!" her mother repeated with withering scorn. "You might as well have said you wasn't laughin' at nothin'. You hurry and get that washin' not in time to help me with dinner. Berkley Pendleton aims to be here about noon."

"You'd better fix some kind o' spoon vittles then," said. Rowena calmly. "His teeth ain't what they used to be."

She loosened her dress at the throat and peered through the lattice at the road, which was obscured for nearly half a mile past the bend by a windbreak of trees. Beyond the trees it made a gradual ascent, midway on which was situated a substantial looking farmhouse. After a little a good-sized dot, which was the light wagon and team, emerged from the treebelt and began to climb the hill. Rowens watched narrowly, her brows knit and her remarkably firm mouth set tightly. For a moment or two she breathed a little quicker; then her expression relaxed and she laughed.

"Well, he didn't stop to see Miss Lisbeth Minnick either," she said.

Once past the farmhouse on the hill, the light wagon went smartly along, and in half an hour it rolled into the town of Fairfax and stopped at Jim Allen's store. A tall. well-built, brown-haired young man of twenty-three or four got out, tied the mules to the long hitching rack and went into the store.

The storekeeper's eyes twinkled behind their spectacles and his humorous mouth twitched at one corner as he greeted his customer.

"Howdy, Sim."

"Howdy, Mr. Allen," returned the young man in an agreeably modulated drawl. At the same time a quick brilliant smile illumined his good-looking face. He felt in his pocket and produced a written list. "Here's some

By Kennett Harris



Well, Daggene It! What for Did Ike Ach Me to Jtop if Joe Bida's Want Hol!

tricks Aunt Hitty allows she wants," he said, giving the storekeeper the paper. "If you'll put 'em up right away I'll wait an' take 'em right along. I'm sort of rushed to get back to some lencin' Ab an' me has got to do."

The storekeeper smiled, focused his spectacles on the list and read it through. "Hum!" he remarked. "I reckon that's all clear enough and plain sailing."
"I reckon it is," said Sim in a relieved tone. "She

knows what she wants, Aunt Hitty does." He spoke

"I'll put 'em up right away, Sim," said the storekeeper. "Set down and smoke a good seegar-if you've got one about you."

In the course of ten minutes he had the articles packed neatly in a cracker box. "Nothing else, Sim?" he asked. "Yes," answered Sim; "I want some nails. About thirty pound I reckon-tenpennies. That's all."

Allen turned to execute the order, but suddenly stopped, his eyes twinkling again. "What kine o' nails do you reckon you need, Sim?" be asked.

Tenpennies," Sim repeated.

"I know," said the starekeeper, "but as to the nails now-do you want common, ord'nary nails or do you want. these yer wire neils? Some likes one kine and some likes the

A very curious change came over Sim's face, his smile faded, his jaw dropped slightly and his brown eyes stared blankly beyond his questioner. Presently he said with almost pathetic anxiety: "Which would you get, Mr.

A discussion as to the respective advantages of common and wire nails followed, during which Sim veered from one to the other as the storekeeper adroitly urged him. At last

"Dogged if I know," he said. "I reckon I'll have to study on it some. Mabbe after all a rail fence — Tell you what I'll do, Mr. Allen. I'll take this yer stuff of Aunt Hitty's now and I'll see what Ab thinks about the

He shouldered his box and went out hastily. The storekeeper chuckled and the laugh was echoed by two men who had entered the store a few minutes before - a lean, slabsided, ropy-necked individual of middle age, whose long, intensely black mustaches had a melancholy droop; and a stockily built young fellow with an aggressive air and a quick, chailenging eye.

"Sim's havin' a right smart o' trouble about that fence of his'n," remarked the elder man. "He commenced for to start on it about a week ago, but he hair't got, as you might say, started yit."
"How's that, Berk?" inquired the storekeeper with

flattering interest.

The lean man cackled and hoisted himself stiffly to a seat on the counter. "First off, Sim figgered on building a rail fence," he explained. "Then Perry Spencer one along and argued for a hawg-tight bo'd fence, and sin allowed he had the right of it. At noon Ab, Sim's hard man, allowed that with eight-inch stuff ten dollars a thousand at the mill, and a bad road to haul over, ho'ds would be mighty extravagant, specially when the rule wouldn't cost nothin' but the work. Sim owned up a did look that-a-way, and him an' Ab was grindin' that axes when the schoolmaster come up an' showed him by figgers how shiftless an' wasteful a rail fence was, what with the lap at each end of the rail an' the jog that put a four-foot-wide strip of good co'n land out of business. Since then Sim's been hesitatin' atween a barb-wire a a stone wall an' a osage hedge; but seems like he's wat: back to the ba'd idea."

The less man cackled again with great enjoyment and a touch of malice. "Sim got along tol'able well while his mammy was round to tell him what to do," he resumed; "but sence she died and his Aunt Hitty west to keep house for him, the farm's run down right small Mis' Hitty, she's a manager as far's the house goes, but she hain't got the knowledge of outside like old Mic Hoisington had, an' Ab he ain't keerin' how little no done. He's willin' to wait till Sim makes up his mind.

"Well, they tell me Sim's right popular with the rail anyway," said the storekeeper. "You've hearn talk if that kind, Ben?"

Ben Faster, the stocky young man, frowned. "Sal poodle dogs popular with the gals," he growled.

"Seems like they're all took with Sim," the sterkeeper went on musingly. "Don't matter whether they're black-eyed an' sort o' languishin' or whether they're red-haided an' hustlin'. Namin' no names I'w noticed that myse'f."

Foster's eyes rolled savagely, "I wouldn't name to names if I was you, Jim Allen," he said menacingly, "he

less'n you want trouble."

"Me want trouble?" smiled the storekeeper innocenta-"Shucks, Ben, that's the last thing I aim to have. I reser you must be a-skeered I was goin' to any suthin about asbeth Minnick. Now there bain't no need o' that You're too techy. Look at Berkley here. If I happen to pass a remark about -

Beridey Pendleton interposed. He was pulling his lost mustaches nervously and red showed on his cheekboor through his sallow skin. "Jim Allen," he remomerated there's sech a thing as too much coddin'. There's sech jects that a man don't keer to be codded about. You've right smart of a codder, we all know that, but you hals? likely to he'p your business by cyarrin' it too far. I em in here to get your prices on a bill o' goods. I didn't curfor to be codded."

"My land, Berk!" ejaculated Allen. "Ain't yeu alitte mite previous. I leave it to Ben here if I so much s mentioned Rowena Gollop. Don't you holler before you's burt, Berk, nor you either, Ben. Lemme see that bill of

goods you was talkin' about."

By the time that Pendleton had come to an agreement with the storekeeper, Sim Hoisington was at the brown the bill overlooking the Minnick farm and already feels uncomfortably conscious of the impending necessity making a decision. He could see in the Minnick yards woman's figure that he recognized a slight, tall for that moved with languid grace, unpinning clothes from line. It was Lisbeth Minnick, a maiden on whom Sm thoughts had dwelt more or less for a year past. Set thoughts had vagabond tendencies, roving at the direct of his artistic eye wherever beauty bloomed along List Turkio; nevertheless, Lisbeth had entertained the longer than any other young woman, excepting perhaps Rowena Gollop.

He checked his mules, reconsidered, and was ducted them on again when the girl called to him. The war stopped and he waved his hand, "Howdy, Lisbeth, How

all the folks?" "Tol'able," returned Lisbeth. She walked to the len with an easy, deliberate movement and rested her arm the capboard.

"Better come on in an' stay to dinner," she invited

ber dark eyes were more cordial than speech. "I'm in a kine of a rush right now." Sim share

"You're in a rush most of the time, seems like," pouted Lisbeth. "Well, why don't you come up Sunday afternoons once in a while?"

"I'd sooner come when you're a-feelin' lonesome," Sim declared boldly. "Sunday afternoons I take notice you've got your porch all cluttered up with Ben Fosters and things. I seen Ben in town a while ago."

"I seen him last night," said Lisbeth. "He ain't afraid I'll bite him, like some folks."

"I reckon he don't need to be," Sim bantered. "I'm ort o' skeered he'll bite me, though, the way he looks at me." "He won't be here tonight," Lisbeth suggested.

"I s'pose you'll be feelin' mighty lonesome then?"

"N-huh!" She shook her head and smiled.

"Then there won't be no need of me comin'," said Sim. "No special need of it, Mr. Smarty," she flashed. Don't come if you don't want to." She turned her back m him and walked to the house with unusual briskness, shile Sim sat in his wagon looking after her, the blank tare in his eyes and his mouth half open. Presently he ighed and gathered up his reina.

'An' I'd jest about made up my mind to stay to dinner," e muttered. "Jiminee, she's a spunky little piece!"

He had no strain put upon his powers of determination s he approached the Gollop place. He had hardly turned be bend when he descried Rowenz walking to the front ate with the evident purpose of speaking to him. He as particularly glad at the sight of her too. Somehow he vas always glad to see Rowena.

She was good to look at, for all the plainness of her busiess-like checked gingham apron and the ugliness of her upbonnet. The apron did not cover those well-rounded hite arms of hers, and, facing her, one could penetrate be depths of the bonnet with an admiring eye and disinguish the little moist curls of copper-colored bair that y against her creamy, fine-textured skin.

She carried a package in her hand. "Give that to Mis' litty, Sim," she directed. "It's the quilt pieces I promised er." Then: "Why didn't you stop this morning as you

as passing?"

"Plagued if I know," Sim replied in some embarrasement. I did come mighty nigh it, but -I didn't see nothin' of ou round. I was disapp'inted too. I hain't seen you in coon's age, Rowena."

"You might have seen me at meetin' Sunday," she minded him. Sim's embarrassment deepened as he

ammered something about a change. "You a-goin' to jine them Meth'dis'?" she asked.

"I d'know about jinin' them," he faltered. "I was jest talkin' with Preacher Williams the other day and he rt'nly put up a good argument for the Meth'dia' folks. allowed it wouldn't do no harm to 'tend their meetin'." "Huh!" remarked Rowena. "I hearn that you aim to ste for Bud Watta for sheriff," she went on. "I hain't made no promise," said Sim. "Bud come to

e the other day an' we talked politics some, an' it seems ce to me Bud's right well qualified an' -

"An' a black Republican," Rowens supplemented.

"Well, there hain't no use bein' hidebound, Rowens," pleaded Sim. "Co'se I've allus been a Democrat." Rowena began to laugh, "Oh, Sim, Sim!" she eried;

"ain't you right sure of any livin' thing?"

Sim took courage from her relenting. "I certainly am," he declared. "I'm right sure there hain't the heat of you in seven counties. I wisht you felt the same way about me that I do about you, Rowera."

"Well, you can just bet I don't," sald Rowena positively, but still smiling. "Put your mules up an' come in

to dinner, Sim. It's about ready."

Sim was about to comply when the sound of wheels made him turn his head. Another light wagon had driven up and stopped before the barnyard gate some yards away. Berkley Pendleton got out, swept off his broad-brimmed black wool hat in elaborate salutation of Rowens, and then opened the gate and drove in.

"I reckon I won't stop today," said Sim stiffly. "Aunt Hitty's lookin' for me. You've got company anyway."

He added the last remark uncertainly, and looked at Rowena as if he expected protest.

"Jest as you say, Sim," the young woman answered composedly. "Some other time then mabbe."

She nodded in a friendly manner and left him. "Well, daggone it!" exclaimed Sim. "What for did she

ask me to stay if she didn't want me!" He picked up his whip and cut quite viciously at the shirking off mule. "Daggone it!" he repeated with emphasis.

He turned the package over to Miss Hitty, and when she had checked the groceries with her list he asked a question that had been vexing him:

"You aim to take in the dance at Prothero's tomorrow night, Aunt Hitty?'

Miss Hitty looked at him with surprise. She was a stout, almost massive, woman well into her forties, with a double chin and a chronic shortness of breath; but her heart was young.

Wall, I recken I do," she replied with some asperity. "I allowed it was all settled you was to take me. You haven't been askin' no gal to go, have you?"

"No," Sim replied with a sigh. "I didn't know but-Shucks! There hain't no gal I'd want to take.

"Did Rowms say anythin' to you about goin'?" asked

"Not a word," her nephew answered. "I reckon Old Man Pendleton will beau her though. He's there to dinner now. Seems like he'd be thinkin' of somethin' else than shinin' up to young gals."

He spake with some bitterness

"If you're a-talkin' about Berkley Pendleton, he's a long ways from bein' an old man yit," said Miss Hitty Indignantly. "Old Man Pendleton! He ain't no green, sup-haided boy, but Rowens Gollop might do a heap worse than Berkley an' I reckon she knows it. All that s'prises me is he don't look round a little more afore he takes up with her."

Sim turned on his beel and strode from the room. "These yer women!" he muttered. "There's Lisbeth miffed about nothin', and Rowens -1 wonder if that



"Lemme Fix it for You. It's a Turr'ble Presty Tix"

old skeenicks --- " He whistled a moment or two thoughtfully. "I reckon I'll go see Lisbeth to-night. I d'know though. These yer women! A fellow cain't never tell where to find them."

Meanwhile Berkley Pendleton was entertaining the Gollop family with an account of Sim's fence and the nail incident at the store. Mrs. Gollop laughed very heartily. Rowena laughed not at all,

"It's a mighty small thing to pick on," observed the young woman with a contemptuous look at the smirking widower,

"You hesh!" commanded Mrs. Gollop. "It's a mighty ser'ous thing when a young man hain't got no more backbone than an angleworm. I don't hold with shillyshallying, an' I never thought you did neither, Rowena. "I can most generally take a stand and stay sot,"

Pendleton boasted.

"So can a mule," said Rowens. "But I reckon by the time Sim's as old as you are he'll have a heap more sense," she concluded ambiguously.

Prothero's was en file. The east wing of the big house was ableze with light, a beacon to Little Tarkio up and down the valley. Buggies, spring wagons and farm wagons formed a long line against the fence outside, and within a

large representation of the beauty and chivalry of Atchison County mingled in the mazes of the dance, tripping, floating, jigging heel-and-toe, gliding, thumping, stamping and whirling in saltatory ecstasies. Three sets at one time-and they might have made it four at a pinch. Brownnecked lads in the bravery of Sunday diagonals and stiff linen, their hair slicked to a marvel; elderly bucks shaven to the quick and redolent of the silvered cachous that they carried in their vest pockets; lasses, plump and rosy, in glorified gowns of virgin white and many ribbons; matrons, normally staid, gamboling with kittenish abandon; little pig-tailed girls even, shrill and active débutantes of eleven and upward; and dancing, every one of the twenty-four!

They danced to real tunes in Little Tarkio-Turkey-in-the-Straw, Whistling Rufus, Georgia Camp Meeting, and the like. Mat Bingham played thern. Seated on a chair that had been placed atop of a stout kitchen table, the gangling, raw-boned Orpheus of the Bottoms sawed them out indefatigably, the broad sole of his cowhide boot slapime on Mrs. Prothern's well-accured de Standing near him, Prothero, the red-bearded, burly host, called, roaring the changes in a voice hat made the windows rattle, patting juba with his big hands, and now and then singing in a sort of mellow bellow: "Gents, honor your partners! Swing your partners! Right hand to partner and grand right and left!"

Sim bent to Lisbeth, not ungracefully, and scraped his right foot behind him in the approved fashion; then, advancing, he clasped her slender waist and at the exact note of the music swung her cleur off her feet with astonishing ease.

"I cert'nly hate to let loose of you, Lisbeth," he murmured ardently as he set her down.



"I Hate to Let Loose of You"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By histocrippine \$i.16 the Year, Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By histocription \$1.35 the Year (Except in Toronto, \$1.50, Single Copies, Five Casts.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Pound Union. Mogle Subscriptions. B. M. Remittabous to be Made by International Pound Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 20, 1914

A Distinguished Invalid

WE FEEL safe in assuming, at this writing, that you have not heard anything of the United States Senate during the last few weeks. We ourselves had so completely lost track of it that its existence had passed from memory until an inquiry from a valued correspondent brought it to mind. Hasty search through the newspaper files of the last fortnight yielded no clew to its whereabouts or condition; but a wire to Washington brought trustworthy information that we gladly pass on to the public.

The Senate, it appears, has been suffering a prolonged fit of hysterics. The patient, it may be recalled, has been in nearly continuous session for several years. Cut off for that long period from all healthy contact with the normal interests and activities of American life, shut within itself and stewing in its own juice, it got into a very unhealthy state—probably somewhat comparable to that of the Indian mystic, who rivets his attention exclusively on his own great toe until he loses all sense of reality and lives wholly in hallucinations.

Some time last winter—nobody seems to remember exactly when—President Wilson demanded the repeal of the provision granting free passage through the Panama Canal to American coastwise vessels. The result of this fresh demand on a nervous system already reduced to an extremely weak, disordered state was to throw the patient into hysterics.

We are happy to hear that the case is far from hopeless. For a complete recovery, all the patient needs is to go home, mingle with people who are normally conditioned and productively engaged, look over the busy, fruitful country, and so recover a sense of proportion. Five months of this treatment will make it quite fit again.

Foreign Trade

THE convention at Washington to promote foreign commerce of the United States enipcided with a Treasury statement that showed a balance of trade against us for the first time in some years. In April our foreign purchases of merchandise exceeded our sales by ten million dollars, and for three months before that our favorable balance had been steadily declining. We owe Europe somewhere round fifty million dollars a month in interest, insurance, ocean freights, tourists' expenses, and so on.

To trim the ship we must sell at least that much more goods than we buy. When the monthly trade balance fulls below thirty millions we are certainly going into debt. Probably it takes fifty millions a month to keep us even. The latest Treasury figures are a bint to push foreign trade.

Amenities With a Club

WE DO not believe there is any good reason why the administration of our tariff laws—this Underwood Law quite as much as any of its high-protection predecessors—should provoke so much irritation and resentment. Time out of mind this Government has regarded the foreign manufacturer who ships goods to the United States as

a presumptive ruseal. That attitude may be warranted by sound business principles, but the frankness with which we avow it is poor policy.

We want foreign trade and we cannot have it on one side of the ledger only. Irritation and resentment on the part of European sellers must be an obstude to our dealings with European buyers. We have claimed the right to send our Treasury agents into the shops of foreign manufacturers to examine the books, not only with regard to factory prices of articles shipped into the United States but with regard to any other matters the agents might be curious about. We have asked foreign governments to confer on our Treasury agents a power to inspect books and cross-examine manufacturers which those governments do not claim for their own agents.

There is no question that our Treasury agents abroad have in certain instances behaved in a truculent, overbearing manner. Foreign manufacturers have been exasperated to the point of asking their governments not to take part in our Panama Exposition.

And all the while we are exerting ourselves to establish friendly relations with these same people on the selling side. In the administration of our tariff laws there is a teach of uncoutbness that intelligent merchants would not tolerate in their business relationships. A little more urbanity, please? It pays.

Free Exchange

A PRINTED notice that a small sum is due in the city of New York contains the following injunction: "If payment is made with an aut-of-town rheck ten cents must be added to cover rust of exchange." This reminds us that in no other country, the commerce of which is comparable with that of the United States, is a man penalized for paying his dolds.

Free or virtually free exchange is a cardinal feature of every sound banking system. The idea is to make getting the money to the place where it is due as cheap and easy as possible. There may be some excuss for charging exchange on a recentry check; but, at least, a check on a bank in a clearing-house city ought to go at par in any other clearinghouse city, for virtually no expense attaches to collecting it.

There is a good deal of speculation as to just how far the new banking system will make collections free. It should make them absolutely free among cities.

Crocodile Tears

PROPITS of the St. Louis and San Francisco syndicate, it appears, did not amount to thirty million dollars, but to a considerably smaller sum; yet the road is now bankrupt. The Rock Island has defaulted on bond interest. The New Haven is making little above operating expenses and fixed charges. The injury the gross mishandling of these three great properties has brought on the American railroad situation in its broadest aspects is bardly calculable.

Is anybody really responsible? Can the managements say to the collective security holders and to the public, which is vitally interested in sound railronding, "Awfully sorry we landed you in this mess, old top; we'll try not to do it again!"—and let that end it?

Trackless Traffic

WE EXPECT to see a time when the amount of freight moved by mechanical power on highways will exceed that moved on tracks. There is no question that the freight movement on highways already exceeds that on tracks.

The first item in railroad traille, as reported by the Interstate Commerce Commission, is agricultural and animal products, amounting to two hundred million tons. Nearly all of it was hauled in wagons to the railroad station and distributed to consumers in wagons. A large part of nearly three hundred million tons of manufactures was hauled in wagons. So, throughout the list, the railroad baul generally implies a wagon haul at one end or both ends. And there is a large freight movement by wagon that does not get to the railroads at all.

Everybody knows that wagon haulage, on a broad view, is vastly more expensive than rall haulage. Investigation has disclosed numberless cases in which the cost of hauling a given article two or three miles by wagon exceeded the cost of hauling it many times that distance by rail. Formerly trackless haulage meant animal power; but the development of gasoline and electric motors within a few years has provided a means of haulage without tracks which, under favorable conditions, is much swifter and cheaper than animal power.

The first condition is, of exerce, a good roadway—hard, smooth and well maintained. In cities where pavement provides a good roadway mechanical power is steadily supplanting bornes for trackless haulage. With good roads in the country, there is no reason why a great part of the trackless haulage should not be performed by mechanical power, with a large total saving of time and money.

The rural freight route might well move a great part of the farm's products to market and fetch back most of the

farm's supplies; in fact, an expert on the subject by predicted that within a few years a considerable part if what we now regard as main-line railroad freight traffe of move over highways by mechanical power, even for log distances.

For the achievement of that condition the first requisiis a complete network of good highways.

Great-Grandfather's Politics

THE legislative union between Great Britain and leland—which was repealed the other day by the time passage of the Home Rule Bill through the House is Conmons—was established in the first year of the sineteent century.

As to the means by which it was forced through in Irish Parliament: Twenty-eight Irish peerages were mated, six Irish peers obtained English peerages, and twent others were moved up a rank in the peerage — most of the honors being bestowed by the government as bribs out rewards for services in passing the bill for the union. The English Government bought outright eighty Irish has oughs, returning one hundred sixty members to Peisment, and paid a million two hundred thousand parth a cash for them—which sum, with rare humor, it added to the national debt of Ireland; so that Irishmen have been paying interest on it ever since.

Members of Parliament who would not vote for minwere bribed by offices and honors to resign in order the their places might be filled by those favorable to min-Twenty-three practicing barristers voted for union. Tenyears later six of them were on the hench and eight other had received high honors under the crown. Thirty-arburristers voted for union in the bar debate of 1799. The years later only five of them were unrewarded.

Just before leaving Ireland, Cornwallis sent over use England a list of fifty promises of places, pensions, less appointments, and like rewards, which he had made a consideration of support of the union, but which, up to the time, had not been fulfilled by the English Government.

Lecky, from whose history the above is compiled add"It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that everythin
within the gift of the crown, in the church, the army the
law, the revenue, was uniformly devoted to the great object
of carrying the union. From the great noblemes, we
bargained for their marquisates and ribands, from the
Archbishop of Cashel, who agreed to support the union as
being promised reversion of the See of Dublin, the virus of
corruption extended and descended through every fire
of the political system, including crowds of obscure are
who had it in their power to assist or obstruct addresse
on the question."

The Wage Puzzle

THE Bureau of Labor Statistics reports that wage in the hour in the cotton industry of the United State advanced fifty-one per cent from 1900 to 1912. The salmost exactly equal to the increase in price of food it is same period—that is, the food consumed in an average workingman's family as reported by the same bureau; at that table produces a pleasing sense of proportion collabore. But we turn over to the woolen industry and find that wages have advanced only thirty-four per control which seriously disturbs the balance. Then we proceed to the silk industry and discover that wages have advanced just nineteen per cent, which upaets the balance altogether.

We seek an explanation in the turiff, and learn the woolen manufactures have been enjoying a protection equato about ninety per cent, and cotton and silk only fifty lifty-five per cent. Yet wool wages have gone up only about two-thirds as much as cotton wages, and the latter has gone up nearly three times as much as silk wages.

These figures deal, of course, with the increase in varduring the last twelve years, not with the actual rate a wages; and we might explain the discrepancy on a position that silk labor was well paid a dozen years are but we remember the silk strike of this year, in which the hands bitterly contended that they are not well paid and now. Probably it is a question of organization.

Here Comes the Bride

SHE comes breathless, perspiring and more or less distrieled, pursued and surrounded by some well-dressed male and female rowdies who throw rice and coule's a her, while their clamor announces to the passengers lowering in the station or looking from the car windows that has has just been a party to a ceremony which some allfushioned folks regard as having a rather sacred character or at least as being of a peculiarly tender and interes-

It is well known that in several more primitive contactions of a frank ties marriage is attended by demonstrations of a frank trude sort, which, however, have a certain robust valid but we could never understand why a marriage before well-conditioned and presumably at least half-editional Americans should be made an occasion for public bots of

WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Speech That Stuck

CUPPRESSED speech is one of the most distressing things that can happen to a person of oratorical tendencies. Though not ordinarily fatal, it never fails to produce so dour a view of life on the part of the speaker who contains but cannot contribute the sundry gems of cratory which clog him that he becomes a hopeless pessimist and bewails the loss of the faculty of proper public address-but not the lack of public address, which would ctamp him as singularly nonobserving of the proceedings of the day-or sets him on a chase for an opportunity for verbigeration and makes him a village pest.

You can see how it is yourself. A man is an oratormost men are, or think they are-most political men, that s and he has thought up a fine percration, or a few choice paragraphs, or an entire speech. His system is encumbered with these words. He must needs unhamper himself of them in order that he may be happy, and in order that he may bestow happiness and learning and reason, or flubdub, on others. Though he may have abundant opportunity to discourse in other language, of which he ordinarily has a full supply, there comes no fortunate moment to him where this particularly impending speech fits in; and he makes his weary and, no doubt, rhetorical way up and down the world, vainly hoping for an opportunity that will fit the eloquence congested within hirn.

It is a sad fate—a sad fate and a piteous! If the apropos hour does not arrive he goes to his grave a broken bally-hooer, conscious until the last that, had the hap been provided, he would have been hep, and mourning for the loss the world has sustained because these words were left to burn within him instead of being thrown, blazing, into some great forensic crisis.

Hence, to escape this lamentable end, the man who suffers from suppressed speech uses the most extraordinary efforts to attain a position or a place where he may rid himself of what stews and stagnates within him, and at least add to the gayety if not to the store of knowledge of the universe. He works and struggles and wanders and toils, seeking for the moment and the amelioration, pausing at nothing; rising after each defeat to press on to the goal where fate shall be so kind as to allow him to get it off his chest.

Take the case of Henry Vollmer-typical, if ever a case was typical-the case of Henry Vollmer, which so aptly and illuminatingly illustrates my point. For thirty years, up to about three of the clock on the afternoon of the nineteenth of March, 1914, Henry Vollmer had spread himself over Iowa and the neighboring territory, a gaunt and gasping victim of suppressed speech. He had one in him he could not get out. He suffered tortures-tortures! And he rushed from Allamakee to Pettawattamie, from Winnebago to Appanoose, up and down, crisscress and catercornered in Iowa, to find the perfect conjunction of the time, the place and that concealed and eloquent communication. Without result, ladies and gentlemen.

Surcease From Suffering at Last

DO NOT, I pray you, think I convey here the mesning or the intimation that Henry Vollmer, in his progress throughout Iowa, did not find ample opportunity for speech. He did. He spoke whenever he was asked, and oftentimes when he was not asked. So far as making speeches is concerned, there never yet arose an occasion-personal, political, economical, or having to do with any other phase of human activity, emotion, thought, knowledge, endeavoror conjecture-when Henry Vollmer was not ready with a speech; nor is there such an instant now. All that is needed to get Henry Vollmer to make a speech is the merest hint-the wave of a hand, or the slight inclination of a head, or the wink of an eye-and he will make one or two or three. The most minute provocation will set him going. and it takes an ax to stop him!

That is not what I am trying to say, however. He will speak, and he has spoken and does speak. Moreover, he will quote. It is well within the bounds of eneservative statement to assert that Henry Vollmer can give almost any person of your acquaintance a handicap of two full acts of any Shaksperean play, say, and beat that person to the final curtain by several scenes. Moreover, he will do his quoting with great declamatory effect.

You see, he is by way of being a lifelong student of declamation and elocution. He began early. They say that when he was a mere toddling child his spirited rendition of "Mary had a little lamb" was the pride of the entire neighborhood. As he progressed and, on Friday afternoons in the schoolhouse, ripped into "Ye call me chief; and ye



A Chronic Victim of Suppressed Bioquence

do well to call him chief"-and so on-the farmers all came. in to listen and appland, except at such time as the corn crop demanded their attention to the exclusion of patronage

He made his first political speech when he was aged seventeen. He was then a Democrat, as he is now; and he mounted a convenient rostrum and defended the immortal principles of Thomas Jefferson in such a manner that the almost solid Republican neighborhood concluded he would come to no good end. Since that time he has made political speeches and all other kinds of speeches; and not long thereafter he became aware that he was gradually becoming the custodian of a speech that could not possibly be emitted save at a moment not only opportune but auspicious.

It was no sudden growth—a thing, rather, of deliberate development; slow, but sadly sure. Phrase by phrase, metaphor by metaphor, simile by simile, that speech grew within him, crowding him in the speech cavity, urging for utterance almost suffocating him at times. He strove to find a place for it, but none was found. He sought on every rostrum and on every stump for the proper surroundings and the right audience for this masterpiece that was jammed into a conglobulate mass of flowers of language in his interior. None came!

He was doomed to wander over the face of Iowa, searching for surcease and finding it not. The speech stuck! He could get it neither out nor off.

So presently it came to him that the only proper place for the utterance of that speech, which was clamoring within him for a chance to ravish the ears of men, was in Congress. Congress! That was the solution! There, in the House of Representatives, in that forum of free and untrammeled discussion, debate and denunciation, would be ample, adequate and appropriate surroundings. The great men of the nation would be suditors. The galleries would be crowded with eager citizens, came to listen to this wonder of words—this marvel and model of magnetic manifestation. The reporters would send it in all its tralatitious glory over myriad wires into the homes of the people.

Congress was the place-Congress! And he ran for Congress, seeking to relieve himself of this burden of suppressed speech. He ran for Congress; but-alas, for the lack of consideration of the hardy Iowans for the sufferings of a fellow creature!—he was beaten. He did not get

the votes. They kept him at home. And again he began his search for the opportunity, delivering many speeches-

but not, of course, the speech.
Years passed. Henry Volimer was still obsessed of his speech. Try as he might, he could not fit it to the circumstances that environed him; but he did not despair. Henry Vollmer did not despair! He kept the faith and the quest. Also, he kept the speech.

Then came a vacancy in Congress from his districtonly a few months ago this happened and all these years Henry Vollmer had been awaiting-nay, seeking-his chance!

He secured another nomination to Congress to fill this vacancy, and he was elected.

What did Henry Vollmer do? How can you ask? , He hopped on the first train for Washington, presented his credentials, and was sworn in. Then, hursting with the speech that had struggled within him for expression for such a weary space of time, he got up on about the second day of his service and turned it loose.

I cannot give it all; but here is the section that hurassed him most for delivery—the slug he had treasured so long in order that its ripe perfection might not fall on anappreciative ears, or be spoken in a theater inadequate ta its verbal requirements and dignity—here is the choicest gem from Hank's long-cherished speech:

The rolling prairie between the fortieth and forty-fourth parallels of north latitude, which is folded in loving embrace by the limpid silver of the Father of Waters on the cast and the tawny gold of the Big Muddy on our western slope, is the Garden of the Lord which, in the liquid rousic of the Indian tongue, was appropriately named "lows—beautiful land!"

And what was the result? Being a truthful chronicler of events, I can only say—much as it pains mo—that his bearers mostly laughed!

Proof Positive

THE late Arthur McEwen used to tell of an Irish friend of his who made the statement that the sun is composed of loe and proved it.

"Th' sun do be made av ice," he said.

"Tis not!" contended a hearer.

"Tis so; an' I'll prove ut t' ye. Wuz ye iver in th'

'I wun.

"Wez yez at th' twenty-three-bundred Bvil?"

"I wur.

An' wuz it hot?"

"Hot as th' divil!"

"Well, thin, go out an' have a luk at th' tops av the mountains yonder-all covered with ice an' snow. The nearer to the sun it is, the colder it is; an' the farder away, th' botter. Th' sun do be made av fee!"

Telling It in Latin

CERTAIN Mississippi statesman was once a member A of a state constitutional convention at Jackson. He was much more devoted to poker than to his duties as a constitution maker, and he lost regularly each night more than the state paid him each day for his labors.

One morning, after a hard session over the poker table, he met a friend and began denouncing himself for being such an idiot as to remain in Jackson where his expenses were so high.

"What's the matter with you?" asked this friend, who was from a back county and who was sulting down most of his pay. "What ails you? Ain't you gittin' your per diem

"Yes," the poker player replied," I am getting my per diem per day all right; but the trouble is I am not getting my per noctem per night!"

Suffering by Proxy

SENATOR HUGHES, of New Jersey, was worried to distraction by the importunities of a person who had a grievance against the Interior Department.

The senator called up Secretary Lane, who had been worried by the same person.

"Will you listen to his story?" asked Hughes over the telephone.

"I will not," Lane replied.

"Well, then," urged Hughes desperately, "will you appoint some one to bear the story?

"Yes," answered Secretary Lane, "I appoint you," and he rang off.

3 Famous Features

Waterman's Idea1

FountainPen







penium patents produced and combined by sulled worken, providing the efficient, conreminst and lasting fourteen pen. If you fail to find a properly assorted stock of sizes, styles and points at your local dealers write as sail we will help you. Booklet on request.

L. E. Waterman Company

Superman

Miss Birdsong stepped out of a gold-and-mauve hallway, through a grimy side door and into an area as black as a pet; and out from its blackest shadows a figure rose to

ment her.
"Joe!"
"Yeh; where's Loo and Harry?"

"Yeh; where's Loo and Harry."
"I dunno; they—they went on."
"Hurry up, Beauty. I ain't so much of a favorite round this theater that I can bask in this sunny spot."
"I didn't mean to keep you waitin' so

"I didn't mean to seep you long, Joe."

"Believe me, you're the foist little girl I ever hung round an ushers' exit for."

"Honest, am I, Jue!"

"Surest thing! The stage door is my pare and for nothing short of beadliners, neither. I gotta like a girl pretty well to hang round on the wrong side of the foot-lights for her. Sweetness."

lights for her, Sweetness."

"Jos. I—I wish I knew if you was kiddin'."

"Kiddin' within !"

They emerged into the white shower from a score of architett; and Mr. Joe Ullman, an apothesses of a classy tailor's dearest dream, in his brown suit, brownbendered silk bandlerchief nicely apparent brown durley hat and tun-top shoes, turned his bullding from and for-terrier syes to the north, where against a fulvous sky the Patals du Darse spelled itself in ruby and omerald incondensants with the carefully planned effect of green moscilight feating

"Jus," she dragged gently at his coat, sheve and a warm pink spread out from under the area of rouge; "Jus, you know what you promised for to-night?"

"What, kidder Thecky's my limit, I'll

tast you 10) the meter gives out."
"You have promised so long, Joe. Come
mit Let's go up home to-night. He asport
and let's go. Mose's got a midnight supper

waistn', and _____ "The doctor may home cookin's bad for Sweetnes

He corked his but alightly askes, stroked ther so blue as an actor's and winked down at her.

"Hauset Sweetcom, I'm going to buy you a photograph revise of Hame Sweet Home Ain't Sweet Enough For Ms." "She's waith" up for us, Joe; also sin't hardly shie to be up, but she's waith,

"Als/1.1 tob) you I'm going up with you mame night when I'm in the humor for it?
I feel like a clearly-horsepower dancer to-night, Em. Whatta you bet I sold more to-night, Em. Whatta you bet I sold more seats for your show to eight than the box office? Whatto you not?

"Sure, and I'm guine to keep it; but I'm averie's reduced miler to-night, Hen, and the firmlds are't us place for me. I wouldn't manne flow your marama to unitheroms.

"I wouldn't -- home". Sweetness, you know I wouldn't."
"hoe, pushin' to our house sin't like bein' summany -- house! When the boys and girls from the store excel to come over we'd roll back the carpets, and maw'd play on an old come and flatanir'd make a make

"Hear) Bear "Hear? Hear? You sound like Way Down East goes into a sudeville." "Crean or to to night, Joe-like you

"We'll half it over a little later, Sweetame. Midwight see's so time to call on your best griss across. What'll she be thinkin' of as builting in there for midnight stope I To-morrow night's Sunday-that'll be more like it."

She got it waitin' for on, Joe. All week she have the same than go kiting we got the She know to the only time we got the She know to the same than go kiting Joe, she's a regu-Homen lar good every logants. She used to be the life of her department: (in girls used to laff and last at her outlings up. She's achin' to see you. In. She briggs I we she don't tell above notion else, Joe; and she's sich -it scares me to think how sick maybe she is." He was to her upturned fact; team trambled on her habes and in her soles, "Please, Just' "To-manrow might, our little Essie Bird-

What a more! Why didn't they call you -

He paused in the sea of green moonlight before the gold threshold of the Palais du Danse, whose carryatids were faun-eyed

You know it ain't."

birds at the store.

menada and Ægipuns. The gold figure of Cybele in a gold chariot rared with eight reproductions of herself in an octagonal mirror-lined foyer, and a steady stream of Corybantes bought admission tickets at twenty-five cents a Corybant.

"They always used to call us the song-

"Look, will you! Read—Tango Contest next Monday night! Are you game, little one? We'd won the last if they'd kept the profesh off the floor. Come on! Let's go in and practice for it."

"Not to-night, Joe, please. We're only

four blocks from home and it ain't right our keepin' company like this every night for three months and not goin'. It ain't right!

Phrygian music, harlequined to meet the needs of Forty-second Street and its anchorets, flared and receded with the opening and closing of gilded doors. "Come on grile! To-morrow night we'll

do the firmide proper."

"You never—never do nothing I ask you to, Joe. You july me along and july me along, and then—do nothing." He released her suddenly, plunged his

He released ber suddenly, plunged his hamfs into his portiets.

"I don't, dun't 1? That's the way with you girls—a fellow ties hisself up like a broken arm in a siling and that's the thanks he gets! Ain't I quit playin' pool? Didn't I swear to you on your little, old Sunday-school book to cut out pool? Didn't the whole gang gimme the laft? Ain't I cuttin' everything—ain't 1?—pool and cards—pool and all?"

"I know, Joe; but——"

I lonew, Joe; but -"You gotts quit naggin' me alsout the foreside game, sis. I'm going to meet your dame some day—sure I am; but you gotts let me take my time. You gotts let me do it my way—you gotts quit naggin' me! A fellow can't stand for it."

"She's sick, Joe. "Sore she is; and to morrow night we'll buy her an oyster loaf or something and take it home to her. How's that, kidde?" "That sin't what she wants, Joe—it's

"I just sin't homebroke that's all's the matter with me. Put me in a parler and I get weak-kneed as a cat—bashful as a bandore! You gotto let me do it my way. Praches and Cream. Just like a twenty-five-cent order of 'em you look, with them syes and checks and hair. To-morrow eight, "Honest, Joe?"

"Cross my heart and bet on a dark

She slid her hand into the curve of his

albow, her incertitude vanishing behind the filmy cloud of a smile.
"All right, Joe; to-morrow night, sure. You walk as far as home with me now,

"Bless my soul! You ain't going to leave me at the church, are you!"
"I gotta go right home, Joe,"
"Gee! Why didn't you tell a fellow? I could have tied up ten times over for a Saturday night. There's a little dancer over at the Orpheum would have let out a six-inch smile for the pleasure of my company to-night. Gee! You're a swell little snort—nix!" sport - ux!

"Come on in for ten minutes, and if you're right good I'll shoot you home in a taxicals just as quick as if we went now. Just ten minutes, Sweetness!"
"No more, Joe!"

"Cross my beart and bet on a dark horse-just ten minutes!"

She smiled at him from the corners of her shadowed eyes and stapped into the tessellated foyer.

"Satisfied now, Mr. Smarty?" she said, smiling at eight reflections of herself and swaying to the rippling flute notes and violin phrases that wandered out to most them. You're all right, Sweetness!

Within the Sheban elegance of the overlighted, overheated, overgilded dining and dance hall, his pressure of her arm tightened and the blood ran in her veius a searing

"Gee! Look at the jam, Joe!"
"Over there's a table for two, Sweet-right under them green lights."



It's the insides



Padlock that makes the name Yale so valuable on the outside!



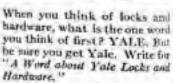
Look for the name Yale on all padlocks-and on all other locks as well.

There is a Yale lock made for every locking purpose - from simple Yale locks for chests, trunks and cabinets, to the convenient, burglar-proof dead-locking night latch, the sturdy padlock, and all the way to the wonderful bank lock.

Every Yale lock and every piece of Yale hardware has the name Yale on it. It is not a Yale product unless it has.

Have you a shubtful lock or any outside door? If so, don't trust it. Back it up with a Yale Night Latch. No. 44, here illustrated, is a burglar - proof deadlocking





THE YALE & TOWNE MFG. COMPANY

Malors of VALE Profilets, Lecks, Padfocks, Buthints' Hardware, Door Chapter and Chapt Holds.

9 East 40th Street, New York City AV EL Randolph Street

STAMPORE CONN., and ST. CATHARINES, ONE.



Wilson Bros Athletic Union Suit Licensed under the

Klosed-Krotch Patents

THE union suit that laughs at strains. A shapely, sturdy garment. The crotch is permanently closed as in a well-fitting pair of drawers and depends on no button to keep it closed. Most sensible, comfortable and convenient. No edges or buttons between the legs. Can't gap or bunch up. Always orderly and smooth. Separate open-ings front and rear. Wilson Corps Athletic Union Suit is the only garment of its kind licensed under the Klosed-Krotch patents. \$1,00 and up for men; 50c and up for boys. All suitable woven fabrics.

> Other lumishings bearing the Wilson (Breig mark of quality mehide Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Nockwear, Handkerchiels, etc.

Wilson Bros Combinette Pajama

Licensed under the

Klosed-Krotch Patents

Another new wrinkle in closed crotch conduct. A oper-piece palante. No discovering. Whilst breeken. Easy to adjust. Convenient. Dignified appearance. Has assess patented closed crotch as above. In wh. well-partnersed labrics—\$1.50 and up. At your jurnisher's.



Chicago Wilson Cros

"Say, whatta you know about that! There's that same blonde girl, Joe, we been seein' everywhere. Honest, she follows us round every place we go her and that fellow that was dancing up at the Crescent last night—remember?"

They drew up before a marble-topped table, one of a phalanx that flanked a wide-open space of hardwood floor, like coping round a sunken pool; and his eyes took a rapid résumé of the room.

Good crowd out to-night, Sweetness. They all know us too."Yes."

"Wanna dance and show 'em we're in condition?

"No, Joe."

The music flared suddenly; chairs were pushed back from their tables, leaving food and drink in the attitude of walting. A bolder couple or two ventured out on the shining floor space, hesitant like a premonitory ripple on the water before the coming of the wind; another and yet another. And almost instanter the intricate mate of a crowded floor-women swaying; men threading in, out, around.

What'll you have to drink, Sweetness?"

"Lemonade, please.

"I know a better one than that."
"What?"

"Condensed milk!"

"Silly! I just can't get used to them bitter-tasting things you try out on me." "You're all right, little Lemonade Girl!"

He leaned across the table and peered under the pink sateen. Its reflection lay like a blush of pleasure across her features and she kept her gaze averted, with a pretty malaise trembling through her. "You're all right, little Peaches and

Cream."
"You-you're all right too, Joe."

"You mean that, Sweetness?"
"I mean it if you mean it."
"Do I mean it? Say, do I give a little queen like you my company eight nights out of seven for the fun of kiddin' myself

along?"
"Iknowyou don't, Joe; that's what I keep

tellin' maw."
"Sittin' there screwing your lips at me like that! You got a mouth just like—just like red fruit; like a cherry that would bust all over the place if a bird took a peck at it."

Her besom, little as Juliet's, rose to his words, and she giggled after the immemorial fashion of women.

Oh, Joe! Honly-ifonly-ifonly-

"If only what, Sweetness?

"If only -

"Aw, I can't say it."
"Whistle it then, Sweetness."
"It don't do us no good to talk about these things, Joe. We we never get any-

"What's the use o' talking then, Sweetness? Here's your lemonade. I wish I was ness? Here's your lemonade. I wish I was in the baby-food class—"put my seul I do! Look, Sweetness; this is the stuff, though, Look at its color, will you? Red as a moonshiner's eye! Here, waiter, have that siphon; I might wanna shoot up the place."

"You promised, Joe, not—"
"Sure; I ain't goin' to, neither. Did I keep my pool promise? Ain't heard a ball click for weeks! Will I keep this une? Watch! Two's my limit, Peaches. I'd swear off elsepin' if you wanted me to."

"Would you, Joe? That's what I want you to tell may when—"

you to tell maw when -"Aw, there you go again! Honest, the minute a fellow feels hisself warming up inside you begin tryin' to reach up to the church tower and ring the bells."

"Jee!" "Sure you do,"

"You make me ashamed when you talk

Then cut it, Sweetness. Come on; let's finish out this dance."

"It worries her so, Joe. She asks and asks till I—I don't know what to say no more, when I see her wastin' away and all. I—I don't know!"

"Don't leak any tears here, Ess! This gang here knows me. Ain't I told you I like you, girl? I like you well enough to do anything your little heart de-sires; but this ain't the place to talk about it." this ain't the place to talk about it.

"That's what you always say, Joe; no

place is the place."
"Gee, ain't it swell enough just the way we are—just like it is, us knocking round together? I ain't your settling-down kind, sister. You're one little winner and I like your style o' sweetness, but I ain't what you'd call a homesteader."

"Sure; I mean it. I like you well enough to do any little thing your heart desires; but I never look far ahead, Hon. I'm nearsighted."
"What what about me?"

"I ain't got nothing saved up—not a dime. You tell your dame—you tell her we—we just understand each other. Huh? How's that? That's fair enough to all, ain't it?"

"Whatts you mean, Joe? You always say that; but please, Joe, please tell me

what you mean?"

"Listen, kiddo! Say, listen to that trot they're playin', will you? Come on, sis; be a sport! To-morrow night we'll talk about anything your little heart desires. Come on; one round! Don't make me

"Aw, no, Joe; I gotta go." "One round, Sweetness - see, I'll pay the heck. See, two rounds round and we'll light out far home. Look, they're all watchin' for us—two rounds, Sweetness, just two rounds!"

"One you just said, Joe."One then, little mouse.

They rose to the introductory titillation of violins; she slid into his embrace with a little fluid movement and they slithered out on the shining floor. A light murmur like the rustle of hirds' wings went after them and couples leaned from their tables to watch the perfect syncopation of their steps. His eyes took on the sheen of mica; the color ran high in her face and her tipe

"They sit up and take notice when we slide out, don't they, little one?"

Yes. "Some class to my trotting, ain't there,

"Some class to my trotting, ain't there, Sweetness?"

"Yeb. Look, Joe; we gotta go after this round—it's nearly twelve."

"Twice round, Sweetness, and then we go. If we ain't got the profesh heat on that Argentine Dip I'll give ten orchestra seats to charity and let any hox office in this town land me for what I'm worth."

"Joe!"

"Aw. I was only kiddin'. They got as

"Aw, I was only kiddin'. They got as much chance with me as a man with Saint Vitus' dance has of landing a treut. Gee, you're pretty to-night, Sweetness!" "Sweetness yourself!"

"Peaches and Cream!"

"Come on, Joe; this is twice round."

"Once more, Sweetness - just once more! See, you got me hypnotized; my feet won't stop. See, they keep going and going. See, I can't stop. Whoa! Whoa! Honest, I can't quit! Whoa! We gotts go round once more, Sweetness, I just can't stop!"

"Just once more, Joe."

At one o'clock the gas flame in the hall-way outside the rear third-floor apartment flared sootily and waned to a weary head as the pressure receded. Through the opacity of a sudden feg the formal-lased door faded into the gloom and Miss Essie Birdsong pashed the knob stealthily inch by inch to save the squeak.

"Plunk - plunk - plunka - plunka - plunk -plunk ! Essie?"

plunk? Essie?

"Sh-b-h! Yes, Jimmie—it's only me.
Why you makin' that noise? Why's the
light burning? What's—

"Essie! Essie, is that you and—"

"Maw dearie—you—— What's the
matter? You ain't sirk, are you? What's—

"Timmie? Please, what's

what's wrong, Jimmie? Please, what's

She stood with her back to the door, her face struck with fear suddenly, as with white forked lightning, and her breath coming on every alternate beartheat.

"Maw! Jimmie! What's the matter? Is may sick again?"

The trunsitional falsetto of her brother's

voice came to her gritty as slate scratching slate, and cold prickly flesh sprang out over

"Don't come in here! You-you and your friend stay out there a minute till maw kinda gets her breath back; she-she's all right-ain't you, maw? You and your friend wait just a minute, Ess."

Me and . "Yeh; both of you wait. Nothing ain't wrong it, maw? There, just lay back on the pillow a minute, maw. Gwan; he a sport! Look, your cheek's all red from restin' on my shoulder so long. Lemme go a minute and bring Essie and her gen'l'man friend in to see you. Gee! After you been waitin' and waitin', you—you ain't goin' to give out the last minute. There ain't nothin' to be scared about, maw. Lemme go in just a minute. Here it is, maw;



What Thief Steals 20% Your Efficiency?

AFTER five years investigation, the U. S. Army discovered that the pointed shoe is that thief.

And they adopted a shoe of the Educator type, which, it has been proved, will save that

20% of energy.

If you have a headerlie or cold your officiency is at least 20% heliow par. In whichency is at least 20% helow par. In like manner, if you have come, busions, ingrowing nails, flat font—the ills which, pointed shoes make—you are worth only about 90% of your real fighting self. Get your whole family (men, women, rhildren) into roomer, good-looking Educators—today. \$1.35 to \$5.50. See that EDUCATOR is branded on

the side. That name guarantees you the correct orthopsedic shape which allows your feet to grow as nature intended.

"Freak Shoes Make Frantic Feet'

is a new book in which two New York orthopædic specialists tell you hew to walk, and how to have straight-hourd, healthy feet. Simple Isoguage. Free, Send for a copy today. Leading shoe stores everywhere sell Educators. If you have any trouble

finding them, write us.

Rice & Hutchins

EDUCATOR SHOE®

"Lets the foot grow as it should"



RICE & HUTCHINS, INC.

World's Shoomakers to the Whole Family 14 HIGH STREET, BOSTON, MASS, Makes of the Famon All America and Sign Short for Men, and the Maytair for Women.



VERY day you drive you L face situations demanding that you stop your car quickly—and safely. You face emergencies - dangers - bad corners; railroad crossings; steep down-grades; fool drivers you meet.

Hence, you must rely on your brakes. You trust them with your life. They must work. That means that the brake lining must be dependable always-until worn paper-thin. Such is

Thermoid HYDRAULIC COMPRESSED Brake Lining -100%

Most of the forenous automobile makers equip with 100% Thermoid. They do their best to protect you. Do as much for yourself by demanding Thermoid always.

LOOK AT THIS LIST Here are some of the feating care equipped with 100% Thermuid;

Peerless American Oldamobila Palmer-Singer Locomobile KimelKar Empire Mitchell-Lewis

White Marmon National Stutz. F.LA.T. Apperson Simplex

Autocar Sanford Bessemer Wilcox Trux

Federal Krebe Signal Dart

ELECTRICS: Rauch & Lang



Not affected by hear, sil, water, gasoline nor dirt.

Our Guarantee: Thermold will make good in new will.

Thermoid Rubber Co. Trenton, N. J.

don't break it-seven years' bad luck for smashin' a hand mirror. Here; you look swell, maw-swell!"

"Tell him it ain't like me to give out like this. Take them bottles and that ice away, Jimmie—threw my flowered wrapper over my shoulders. There! Now tell him, Jim-mie, it ain't like me." "Surest thing, maw. Watch me!" He emerged from the bedroom suddenly,

his face twisted and his whispering voice like cold iron under the stroke of an anvil, and Essie trembled as she stood.

Jimmie! "You-you devil, you! Where is he!" She edged away from him with limbs

that took root at every step and she must tear each foot from the carpet. "To-morrow night he's comin', sure, Jim-mie; he couldn't to-night, he—couldn't." Jimmie's lips drew back from his gums as though too dry to cover them.

"You-you streetrunner, you!"
"Jimmie!"

"You-you-you-"
"Hush! Keep quiet, she'll hear you, Jimmie.

"You devil, you! You've killed her, I tell you! I've been holdin' her in there for two hours, with the sweat standing out on her "Oh, Jimmie! Jimmie! Lemme run for

old man Gibbs; lemme

Oh, no, you don't! Lizzie Marks downstairs is gone for him -- but that ain't goin'

to help none; what she wants is you you and your low-down eneaking friend; and she's goin' to have him too.

"He's gone, Jimmie. What—"

"You can't come home here to-night without him—you can't! You better run after him, and run after him quick. You can't come home here to-night without him. I tall you! Whatte you can't that a home here to high the thim. it—huh? Whatta you going to do? Quick! I tell you! Whatta you going to do about

She trembled so she grasped the back of a chair for support and team trickled down

I can't, Jimmie! He's gone by now he's gone by now—out of sight. I can't!
Please, Jimmie! I'll tell her! I'll tell her!
Don't—don't you dare come near me! I'll
go, Jimmie—I'll go. Sh-h-h!
"You gotta get him—you can't esene
here to-sight without him. I ain't goin' to
stand for her not meing him to-night. I—I
don't care how you get him, but you ain't

out like this. Tell-

"Yes, maw-we're comin'. Joe's waitin' down at the door. I'll run down and bring him up; he be's so bashful. In a minute, maw darlin'!"

She flung open the door and fled, racing down two flights of stairs, with her steps clattering after her in an avalanche, and out into a quiet street, which sprung echoes

of her dying feet.

After midnight every pedestrian becomes a simulacrum, wrapped in a black domino of mystery and a starry ephod of romance. A homeward-bound pedestrian is a faun in evening dress. Fat-and-forty lears from her window to hurtle a can at a night-selling cut and becomes a damond learning. yelling cat and becomes a damonel leaning out from the gold bar of Heaven.

In the gloom of the street occasional silhouettes hurried in silent basts; and a string of shop lights, she could distinguish the uneven-shouldered outline of Joe Ull-man and the unmistakable silhouette of his

She sobbed in her throat and made a cup of her hands to halloo; but her voice would

not come, and she ran faster. A policeman glanced after her and struck the asphalt.

A dog yapped at her tall heels. Even as she sped, her face upturned and her mouth dry and open, the figure swerved suddenly into a red-lighted doorway, with a crescent burning above it; and, with her

eyes on that Mecca, she pulled at her strength and gathered more speed, The rescent grew in size and redness, and its lettering sprang out; and suddenly she stopped, as suddenly as an engine jerking up before a washout.

CRESCENT POOL AND BILLIARD ROOM OPEN ALL NIGHT

And her heart folded inward like the petals of a mounflower.

Stretched to the limit of their resilience, the nerves act reflexly. The merest second of incertitude and then automatically she swung about, turned her blood-driven face toward whence she came and groped her way homeward as if she were blind.

Tears hot from the geyser of shame and pain magnified her eyes like high-power spectacle lenses; and when she reached the dim entrance of the cliff dwelling she called ome an edge of ice stiffened round her heart and her feet would not enter.

A silhouette lurched round a black corner and nigragged toward her, and she held herself flat as a lath against the building until it and its drunken song had lurched round another corner; a couple hurried past with interlinked arms and their laughter was as light as foam. More ellhou-ettes—a flat-chested woman, who wore her sharne with the conscious speciousness of a prisoner promenading in his stripes; a loutish fellow, who whistled as he nurried and vaulted up the steps of the Electric Institute three steps at a bound; an old man with an outline like a crooked finger; a shawled woman; a cab lined with vague faces, with streamers of laughter floating back from it; and, standing darkly against the cold wall, Essie with the tears drying on her cheeks and her whole being suddenly galvanized by a new thought. A momentary lull in the drippy stream-

let of pedestrians; she leaned out into the darkness and peered up, then down the aisle of street. A shadow came gliding toward her and she stepped forward; but when the street lamp fell on the cold eyes and cuttlefish stare she huddled back into her corner until the steps had receded like the stick-taps of a blind man.

Two women in the professional garb of

Two women in the professional garb of nurses twinkled past, twittering each to each like sparrows; a man whose face was nar-row and dark, betraying in his ancestry a Latin breed, kept close to the shadow of the

With her finger nails cutting her palms, she stepped out from her lair directly in his path and clasped her hands tighter to keep them from trembling.

You - please!

He gisneed down at her yellowish face, with the daubed-on red standing out frankly, tossed her a sneer and a foreign expression, and brushed by. She darted back as though be had struck at her, and panic closed her in.

A young giant, tall as a Scandinavian out of Yalhalla, with wide shoulders and a wide stride, and heavy-soled, laced-to-the-knee boots that clattered loudly, ran up the steps of the Electric Institute, and she flashed across the sidewalk, ber arm reaching out.

"You-please!"
He passed, with the street lamp full on his smiling mouth and wide-apart, smiling eyes, one foot in the act of ascending, after the manner of tailors' fashion plates, which are forever in the casual attitude of mount-

ing stairs. You-please! Please -

"Aw, little lady, go home and go to bed.
This ain't no time and place for a little
thing like you. Here, take this and go
home, little girl."
She arrested his arm on its way to his

pocket, her breath crowding out her words and the stinging red of shame burning

through her rouge.
"No, no! For Gawd's sakes, no! It'smy mother

He brought his feet down to a level. Your mother? "Yes; she's sick-maybe dyin'. I-please-she wants to see somebody that

can't-can't 'What, little lady?"

"She's sick-dyin' maybe. She wants to see somebody that can't-can't "Take your time, little lady-can't

what? Can't come."

Who can't come?" "He—my young—he's my—a young man. She's never seen him; and if—please, if you'd come and act super—just like you was fillin' in at a show; if you'd act like young man just for a minute—please! My friend, he can't come-he can never come; but she-she wants him. You come, please! You come, please!"

She tugged at his arm and he descended

another step and peered into the exacer-

bated anxiety of her face.
"On the level, little lady?"

"Please—just for a minute! For some-body that's sick—maybe dyin'. Just tell her you're my young man—tell her everything's all right—everything's comin' all right for all of us; for her and—and my little brother, and—and me—you and me like you was my young man, please, lovin'



a guest size cake of this soap with the real in-

grance of delicate sweetness -the sweetness of love."

grance of violets-that "fra-

Rend for this rake news. Learn the delight of ming a soup with this most appealing of perfumer, rangin in a a beautiful, transsucera green.

You have been intending in Ire this map for months. Write is in ould your supplie cake. Enclose a So storm and if will some by your nord, like a little line of freshing Co., Dept. 311, Cincinnat, Ohio. In Canada, whites The Andrew Jersen Co., Ltd., Dept. 123-41, Persis, October.

Jergens VIOLET Glycerine Soap

Lathers freely in any water

10c a cake; 3 cakes for 25c

Jergens Violet Glycerine Shampoo

and all. And tell her how pretty her poor hair is and how everything's goin'—goin' to be all right. Come, please—it's just next door."

"Why, you poor little thing! I ain't much on play actin'; and look at my hands—all black from the power house!"

"Blaces! That ain't pothin' It'll he

"Please! That ain't nothin'. It'll be only a minute. Just kinda say things after me and don't let her know-don't let her know that I-I ain't got any young man.

Don't let her know!"
"You poor little thing, you—shaking like a leaf! Lead the way; but not so fast, little lady—you'll give out."
She cried and laughed her relief and

dragged him across the sidewalk; and every step up the two flights she struggled to keep her hysterical voice within the veil of a

whisper.
"Just say everythin' right after me.
"Just say everythin right after me. You—you're my young man and real sweet on me; and we're going to get—you know; everythin' is goin' to be fine and my little brother's going to the Electric Institute, and everythin's goin' to be swell. Be right lovin' to her, sir—she's so sick. Oh, Gawd, I ——"

"Don't cry, little girl."

"I ain't cryin'."
"Careful; don't stumble."

"Don't you stumble. Can you see?
The landing's so dark."
"Yes; I can see by the shine of your hair, little lady."
"Sh-h-h-h!"

The door stood open at the angle she had left it, and by proxy of the slab of mirror over the mantelpiece she could see her mother's head propped against her brother's gold-braided shoulder and the bright eyes shining out like a gazelle's in the dark. "Essie?"

"We are here, maw-me and Joe." She threw a last appeal over her shoulder and led the way into the bedroom; her com-

panion followed, stoeping to accommodate his height to the doorway. "Maw dearie, this is Joe." "Joe! It ain't like me, Joe, not to get up; but I just ain't got the strength— to-picht. Joe." to-night, Joe.

He bent his six-feet-two over the bed and smiled at her from close range.

"Well, well, well! So this is maw dearie!"
"That's her, Joe."
"This won't do one bit, maw. Me and

the little lady's got to get you cored up in a hurry—don't we, little lady?"

"Maw dearie, Joe's been wantin' and wantin' to come for so long."

'For so long I been wantin' to come,

maw dearie; but —"
"But he's so bashful. Ain't you, Joe?

bashful us a barahee."
"Bashful ain't oo name for me, maw. I'd

sby at a baby."

"Honest, maw dearie, he's as shy as anything."

"If I wasn't, wouldn't I have been up to

"If I wasn't, wouldn't I have been up to see my little lady's mother long ago— wouldn't I? Ain't you going to shake hands with me, maw dearie?"

She held up a hand, as light as a leaf, and

he took it in a wide, gentle clasp that enveloped it. "Maw dearie!"

Her violet lids fluttered and she lay back from the gold-braided shoulder to her pillow, but smiling. "I like your hand, Joe; I like it."

"I want you to, maw."
"We I was afraid, Joe, I wouldn't, you never comin' at all. Shake it, Jimmie, and

see.
'It's a strong hand, like your papa's was,

Essie. Shake it. Jimmie. I feel just like cryin', it's so good. Shake it, Jimmie."

Across the chasm of youth's prejudice Jimmie held out a reluctant hand.

"And this is the big brother is it, little

lady?"
"That's what he calls hisself, Joe-he

calls me his little sister."

"He's gotta be a big brother to her, Joe;

s so-so little."

"Shake, old man; and take off that grouch. Over where I live a fellow'd be fined ten cents for that scowl. If we got anything to square, you and me'll square it outside after school. What do you say to that, may dearie? Ain't it right?"

"Jimmie's tired out, Joe." "Like fun I am!"

"He's been proppin' me up all these hours so I could breathe easier-plunkin' and doin' all his funny kid stunts for his old maw, Essie—plunkin' like a banjo, and plunkin'. I liked it. Sometimes it was like I was floatin' in a skiff, with your papa, on Sunday afternoons in the park, Essie. I liked it. He's all tired out-ain't you, Jimmie, my boy1"
"Naw!"

"He's sore at his sister, Joe. But he's a good boy and smart! You wouldn't believe it, Joe; but when it comes to mechanics be—he's just grand!"
"Aw, cut it, maw! I ain't strikin' to make a hir."

make a hit. "He's only tired, Joe, and don't mean

nothin' he says. "Naw; I'm only tryin' my voice out for

grand opery!" "You're a regular sorehead with me, nin't you, old man?"
"Aw!"

"He ain't easy at makin' up with strangers, Joe; but he's a smart one. See that on the table? That's his self-chargin' dynamo; it's a great invention, Joe, the junitor says. You tell him about it, Jimmie."

"There ain't nothin' to tell."
"Don't believe it. Joe; the janitor's a electrician and he says -

"See! There it is, Jos."

"Aw, I don't want everybody pokin' and noein'!"

"Lemme have a look at it, old man. I know semething about dynames myself. Say, that looks like a neat little idea. How does also work?"

"See—you generate right down in here.
See? She worked that time, maw."
"Jimminyeracks! Where'd you get your juice and — Well, well! Whatta you know about that? Don't even have to reverse. I guess that storage down there ain't some stunt!"
"San Jimmin we hear! I talk you it was

"See, Jimmie, my boy! I told you it was a grand invention. Hear what Joe says!"
"Say, kid, you bring that—take that over to the Institute to-morrow. I know a fellow over there'll protect your rights and work that out with you swell." "See, Jimmie, your your old maw was right!"

"Aw, the generator don't always work like that only about four times out of six. I'm kinda stuck on the "Say, kid, what you wanna do is protect.

your rights on that, and-and bring it over take it over to the Institute. You'll give 'em the jolt of their lives over there. I know a fellow's been chasin' this idea ten years, and you're fifty per cent closer to the bull's eye than he is

"Heur, Jimmie! Hear, Essie! Just like I been sayin'. I been beggin' and beggin' kim, Joe; but he he's so stubbern; and

Aw, maw, cut it, can't you'l "He's so stubborn about it, Joe."

"There's no use tryin' to force him, maw; but he's gotta good idea there if he handles it right.

Aw, she ain't finished yet-she don't work right.

"That's what I'm tellin' you, kid. What you need is a laboratory, where you've got the stuff to work with and men who can give you a steer where you need it, and -

"I'll go over with you. I know a fellow over there—he's the guy that helped Kinney win his transmitter prize. You'll give him the jolt of his life, old man. Huh, kid? Wanna go over?" He placed his hand on the gold-braided shoulder and smiled down. "Huh? You on, old man?"

"Aw, I ain't much for buttin' in places."
"Are you on, Jimmie? It's your chance,

uld man.

"Jimmie! Jimmie, my boy, I ____"
"Aw, I said I was on, didn't I, maw?"

"Sure, he said he was on, maw dearie.
Shake on it, old man!"
"Jimmie! Jimmie, my boy—honest!—
it's just like your papa was talkin'! Don't leggo my hand, Joe. Layin' here with my eyes shut it's just like he was talkin' hisself. He's he's like your papa was, Essie, hig and strong.

"Yes, darlin'." "Is that the doctor? Is Lizzie Marks

come back? Is that -

"No; not yet, maw."
"You're all tired out, Essie haby, aren't
you? Look at your little fare! Go wash it,
haby, and cool it off before old man Gibbs

"It sin't hot, maw."

"He brought you into the world, Essie baby, and I don't want him to see it - to see

"I'm all right, maw. Lemme stay by "Go wash your face, Ess. Maw says go wash your face."



A dustless Tarvis-treated Road, Middletown, R. I.

A cure for dusty roads-Tarvia

DON'T you often find the fun of a ride or a walk through the country marred by the dust?

Aren't there days when you are fairly choked with the clouds raised by passing automobiles, your shoulders white with dust, your clothes all but ruined?

And haven't you seen that dust float over the lawns into fine homes, making the verandas uninhabitable and ruining costly furnishings?

And did you ever notice how rain on a grade gullies out the side of the

macadam, making it rough as the rocky road to Dublin, necessitating costly repairs?

By way of contrast, how would you like to live in a township that bonds its mucadam with Tarvial

The roads then are dustless, mudless, smooth - the air is pure and clean—the adjacent lawns green and fresh, and you can ride or walk in comfort.

What's the use of paying taxes to maintain roadways that not only create a nuisance but don't stand the stress of modern traffic?

If your town isn't a Tarvia town yet, why not get after the local road authorities till they make it one!

There's economy as well as civic beauty in tarviated roads.

Buskless regarding the Tarvia treatment free on request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Chicago Palladelphia Bestun 54 Laute Kansa City Condensed Minnespelis Peteburgh Sestile Birmingham THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnings Vancouves St. John. N. B. Halifat, N. S. Sydney, N. S.





Sweeping a road in preparation for applying Turvia.

Keeping Things Cool



TEVER again need you buy ice for any purpose. The little machine on top of the refrigerator and the cooling radiator inside have solved this vexing problem.

When equipped with the Germania System of Refrigeration, your refrigerator will preserve food perfectly for weeks in pure, dry airuniformly cold - at any temperature desired, down to zero.

The Gershania System does away with the ice man entirely, and eliminates the many consequences of impure ice. It is impossible for mold to form even on cooked loods in the cold, dry air produced by the Germania System.

The Germania System makes pure ice for the table, fereres ices and parfaits, and couls the water pipes. The price of installation is reasonable, and the cost of operation is only 6 to 10 cents per day.

Cold storage experts agree that meating repetables and other foods can be most satisfactorily preserved at a point just above freezing, in air that is uniformly cold and dry, and where the temperature does not fluctuate.

Are you able to maintain a aniform temperature in your refrigerator? Do you get the temperature as mid as should be?

The distinctive features of the Ciermania System of Refrigeration are these t

The Germania System produces dry, cold air, by collecting and treezing the natural moisture in the atmosphere. It maintains any wei/form temperature desired, down to zero. You can regulate the degree of cold to suit your requirements.

The Germania System, as here illustrated, is based on the same principle med in cold storage plants, in large packing houses and in the most mostern hotels, where foul study must be kept for weeks, - because this system of dry air refrigeration has been proved most efficient and must economical for keeping perobable foods in prime condition.

The Germania System is the result of

twenty years' effort to produce a simple, compact refrigerating device at a low cost. It can be easily installed in connection with any refrigerator -either on top of the refrigerator or in the base-

It is silent and automatic in operation. There are no valves to twist, no adjusting nothing to get out of order. Start ne stop it by turning a switch. It is lit-exally "food-proof".

This system is to be operated 6 to \$ hours per day. Our small size remilence machine has a capacity equal to 350 lbs. of ice every 24 hours,

We make larger vises for apartment houses, hotels, clubs, smitatisms, gro cers, butchers, druggists, florists, and all others requiring economical and efficient refrigeration.

Send For This Book

Whether you discre the Germania System for your noidence or place of features, or wish to become the general representative of this company in your city, it will pay you to mad the very interesting task—" Keeping Things fixed Wilhert Lee.

Please 60 cet and send the coupen today. You'll get the took by every mad.

Germania Retrigeration & Machinery Please Fill Out and Mail This Cost

COURSE COOK Desc. 7 Pc. Germania Refg. & Mchy. Co., Belleville, Ill. Mail Booklet-"Keeping Things Cool Without Ice"-to Name Address Briefmens ? Kind of Bos.? For Residence? DOMESTICAL PROPERTY. APPENDING LYDING RESERVATION OF THE PROPERTY O

"You shut up, Jimmie Birdsong—it ain't your face!"

You know all righty, missy, why she

"Maw, he keeps fussin' with me! Jimmie, please don't.

"Aw, I ain't neither, maw. She's al-ways peckin' at me. I - I ain't mad at her; but I want her to wash that - that stuff off her face."
"Jimmie!"

Her lips quivered and she glanced toward the stranger, with her lids drooping over her eyes like curtains to her shame; and he amiled at her with eyes as soft as spring rain, and his voice a caress.

"Go, little lady. You're all tired out and too preity and too sweet not to wash your face and—cool it off."

"She's gotta go or I'll get her in a corner

and rob --- Honest, the minute we make up you begin pickin' a fuss aguin.

"Oh, my children!"

"Oh, there she goes off again! Why don't old man Gibbs come? Lay her down. Just she can't breathe that way. Look! Her hands are all blue like. Hold her up,

Her hands are all blue like. Hold her up, Joe; Oh, why don't old man Gibbs come? She's all shakin'—all shakin'!

"No, I ain't. What you cryin' there at the foot of the bed for, Essle? It ain't no time to cry now, darlin'. It's like it says on the crocheted lamp mat your papa's aunt did for us—God is Good! Where is that mat, Essle? I—I ain't seen it round for—so—long. God is good! God—is—good! Where is that mat, Essle?!

"It's round somewheres, maw. It's old

"It's round somewheres, maw. It's old and worn out in the ragbag, maybe."

We'll get it not, Emir. "Yes, maw

"Promise, Essie!"

Sure, maw; we'll get it out and keep it out.

"Oh, Joe, why did you keep us waitin' and waitin'? She's so little and pretty. Look at her dimples, Joe, even when she's cryin'. The prettiest girl in the notions, she was; and I - I been so scared for her. Joe.
Why did you keep us waitin' and waitin'?"

Me and the little girl was slow in getting here, maw; but we—we're here for good now—ain't we, little lady? Little lady with the hair just like maw's!"
"She gets it from me, Joe. Her papa based to say her hair was like the copper trim-

mings of his machines. Such machines he kept, Joe! His boss told me hisself they were just like looking-glasses. Essie, come

classer, darlin'.

"You won't forget the lamp mat, will you, darlin'—the lamp mat?"

"Oh no, maw. Oh, maw, you sin't mad at me? Please—please? Honest, maw, your little Essie didn't know!"

"Maw knows we didn't know, little lady.
She ain't mad at us. She's glad that everything's going to be all right now; and you
and her and Jimmie and me are ——"

"Oh, my children!" the sick water murmured. She smiled and slipped be fingers between her daughter's fan and the coverlet.

"Look up, Essie! I feel so light! [5eel so light! It's like it says on the lampman just like it says, Essie."

"Maw! Maw darlin', open your eye!"

"Maw!"

"Haw!"

"Here, Jimmie, lend a hand! Lenne hold her up—so! No: don't give he uty more of that black stuff, Jimmie, old ma-Wait till the doctor comes. Let be is quiet on my arm - just like that; and hatel me that ammonia bottle there, Essie, the a sweet little lady. See there! She's origing round all right. Who says she up't coming to? Now, maw—now!"

"Joe, don't leggo me!"

"Sure I won't, maw dearie."
She warmed to life slightly and the tears seeped through her closed eyes and sie fet of his supporting arm down the length of he

"Joe! Essie, that you?"
"Maw darlin', we're all here."
"Don't cry, little lady. See, she's coning out of it all right. Here, gimme a fit. Jimmie. See there! She's got her brank

all right again."

They laid her back on the pillow and de-

folded her hands lightly, ever so lightly, like lilies, one over the other. "Children! Children, I'm ready." "Ready for what, maw? Some more black medicine?"

"Just ready, Jimmie, my bey! Her. Joe; hold my hand. It's like his we.

Joe; hold my hand. It's like his we children—big and strong."
"Aw, maw! Come on! Perk up!"
"I am, Jimmie, my boy."
"Perk up for sure, I mean. Gee, no: there enough to perk about? Look n or and Eas—enough to give a fellow the William pipin" at each other like sugar'd met in their mouths!"

"My Jimmie's a great one for team he inter, Joe.

"And look at me, maw-sin't I going to take my dyname over to the Institute? And ain't the whole bunch of us right here ten at the whole butch of yet look, maw-look at the two of 'em turnin' to sugar rull this minute from lovin' each other! And the limit? Look at us, maw-all here are fine as silkworms?"

"Yes, yes, Jimmie; that's why I feel a light. I never felt so light before. It also it says on the lamp mat, Jimmie—judlie-

"Oh, maw—ready for eure, my darling."
"Oh, maw—ready for what? Look at us, maw dearie—all three of us standing here—ready for what, dearie?"
"You tell 'em, Joe; you—you're hig and attract."

strong."
"1—I don't know, maw. I don't that
I—I know for sure, dearie."

"Ready for what, maw? Tell us, darling She turned her face toward them, a smile printed on her lips.
"Just ready, children!"

Sense and Nonsense

Choosing a Head

IN THE early days printers in most news-paper offices supplied the headlines for the items they put in type. Heary Cary tells a story of a man in a Milwaukee composing room who had a paragraph he did not understand.

He went over to the foreman and showed him the item.

"How'll I bend this?" he asked.
"Oh." said the foreman, "head it appropriately. Don't bother me with such questions."

So the next morning the item appeared in the paper headed: Appropriately!

The Goat

A NEGRO order in Georgia borrowed the rame and insignis of a popular white lodge without asking permission. The white fraternity promptly went into court with a restraining order. The issue was extract on appeal to the bighest court of the state, where the attorney for the plaintiffs appeared to ask that the injunction be made permanent. He was addressing the

"Why, if your honors please," he stated citedly, "these negroes got our pass excitedly, words, our bailing signs, our secret work, our hadges, our emblems."

The chief justice leaned forward with I smile upon his face. "It would appear," he said, "that the also got your goat."

The Intelligent Newcomer

WE ARE credibly informed that Ex-lishmen are the greatest colonizer the world, the greatest sportsmen in the world, and the greatest outdoor people the world. Sometimes, out in the new parts of Canada, people are willing to are that. A Western hishop hired a new-corn Englishman to cook, as he was the only of in the party who could not cook, and ationed him to be sure to wash the me

It was an Englishman not yet across I water who wrote to find out about the proper outfit for Canada, and who inquire whether moccasins or snowshoes were garded as the warmer for lootwear.

It was an Englishman, on the Athabas River, who bored a hole in a floating low to let the water out. And yet anothe Englishman, when asked to set a water mark at night to determine whether at a the river was rising, carefully made a mare the water line on the side of a floating har-

On the whole, there seems to be a gree difference between colonizers and colors

BANTRY

(Concluded from Page 11)

Though the band was still playing in the distance, the loading of the service tents, side shows and cages had already begun. Before long the elephants arrived, and sure enough, as Stub had foretold, the big bulls refused to enter the new cars. Prods, commands, curses, tail-twisting were all in vain; the big brutes, squatting and waving their trunks, only squealed the louder, until finally lions, tigers, cockatoos and monkeys joined in the pandemonium, and Foster's hair fairly ruse.

Then out came the blocks and tackle. A team of horses was attached to one end of the rope; the other end was tied about an elephant's neck, and he was dragged up the incline like a bale of rags. This was exciting enough at first; but when the rope failed to break and none of the animals threw himself off the incline, Foster turned his attention

to the cows and calves.

These were drawn up in line like soldiers, some distance off, where they stood as motionless as statues, apparently asleep and quite content, even in the absence of a keeper, to let their husbands and fathers settle the row they had kicked up. Imme-diately in front of them was an old mill race and along the edge of this race ran a footpath.

and along the edge of this ruce ran a tootpath.

Now Foster, noting the absence of a keeper and still tasting his conquest of Maharajah, decided to walk down this path, which he did, passing within three feet of the big triangular heads and within easy reach, of course, of the trunks. He kept repeating: "No elephunt will hurt me! No elephunt will hurt me!" Nor did it. The goose flesh popped out on his budy. it. The goose flesh popped out on his hody, but nothing happened except, as he walked along, one wicked little eye after another slowly opened and stanted a gleam at him

and slowly closed again.

The last animal in the line was a corrugated old cow named Bantry. Foster had learned her name that morning, and now recognized her from a tattooed crescent on her left ear, which, according to Mukunda Das, was an insignia of Mohammedan royal rank. Mukunda had declared than Bantry knew more than most men, having had a century and a half in which to gather wisdom. She had been bought at an enermous price by the rajah of Mukunda's home province from a Sumatran sultan, and sold again by the rajab to Sellspaugh Brothers. The sultan had asked the enormous price, not only because of Bantry's intelligence, but also because of her remarkable attach ment to his little son, who had died at the age of ten. And Mukunda had added a sentence which thrilled Poster through and through: "Little sultan's little boy. "Little sahih looks much like

Now the mahout in addressing Bantry always used a word which sounded to Foster like "Bizzilla," and it never failed to ratch Bantry's attention. It was a fascinating word as it came histing from the swarthy man's lips. Foster had practiced it off and on all day until be had almost reached Mukunda's sibilant perfection; and at this instant, standing about five feet from Bantry, he was seized with an irre-sistible desire to try his pronunciation out

on her.

He glanced up the path. No one was

He glanced up the path. No one was coming. All the mahouts were still wreatling with the buils.

"Bizzilla, Bantry!" said he quickly, fairly whistling his z's.

His heart leaped as Bantry opened her eyes. But she, seeing only a boy and imagining, perhaps, that she had dreamed the words, sighed deeply and closed her eyes again. eyes again.

"Bizzilla, Bantry!" he repeated louder. This time the effect was startling. Bantry coiled her trunk underneath her mouth and advanced a step. Foster fell back three steps. She advanced three. More than this, every elephant in the line followed suit, executing a left-oblique as precisely as a rank of soldiers.

Dismayed but not frightened, and fearing only the circus man's wrath, Foster turned and walked rapidly away, expecting to close the incident. To his astonishment the elephants followed. Still cool, for he had no doubt of his ability to outfoot the clumsy beasts, if it came to that, he swung into a trot. Bantry did likewise. He let out a notch, but at the next street Bantry was padding along close behind him, and behind her was a line of ghostly forms, whose huge, columnar legs swung with incredible silence and swiftness.

Terror now winged his feet. He ran as he had never run before, not even on that memorable Halloween night when he had thrown a pumpkin against Crazy Sackett's door, and Crazy Sackett had suddenly risen up from behind a lilac bush with a bindgeon in his hand; or when Brockley's bull chased him across a pasture lot. Yet the stendy pluff-p'uff of Bantry's feet, like some one thumping a leather cushion with a feather duster, diminished not one whit in his straining ears.

He turned the corner, thinking his unwieldy pursuers might skid across the street weetry purious might said across the street and come to grief against a row of shade trees. But they one and all, down to the baby elephant in the extreme rear, made a beautiful turn; and it was now evident to him that Bantry, overlooking his resem-blance to the sultan's son, was bent on his

destruction.

The first refuge that occurred to him was home. But the awful image of those ten mountains of flesh being kurted against the parsonage, a frame building at that, quickly changed his mind. The same consideration deterred him from seeking safety in any other building, for he hadn't a doubt that the elephants would plow like a cyclone through even the First National Bank, which was built of stone und iron.

By this time he was flying down Malo Street. It had never seemed so wide ur so long. Lincoln's status in front of the courthouse looked a mile away, though only two blocks. A man the size of that statue, it flashed over him, could save him. But no man of any size was in sight, nor had be seen one since the beginning of his desperate

In the middle of the next block, however, he spied Hank Lovejay, the night watch-man, whom he recognized by his lantern. He knew that Hank carried a revolver, a huge one with a burrel like a gas-pipe, which, aimed at Hantry's forehead, would certainly close her mad career. Indeed, he remem-bered gransfully of hearing Hank speak of his weapon as an "elephant gan." Brenth was at too high a premium for him to call out fer help, but he swerved

him to call out fer help, but he swerved toward the aldewalk, relying upon Hank to perceive the necessities of his case. Hank, though a round-shouldered man, straightened like a ramrod, letting his lan-ters fall with a crash. But, also instead of drawing his elephant gun, he suddenly stooped, lifted a grating in the sidewalk and dove into the cellar beneath.

Foster darted into an alley. It was nar-row and paved with publications, which were usually damp and slippery—a good thing for an elephant to break a leg on. And if Hantry went down she would blockade the pussage against the others. But she did not go down; so halfway through the block. Foster wheeled into an intersecting alley, confident that this sharp turn, flanked with the corners of brick buildings, would prove

the undering of his foe.

But no crash of bricks, no thud of tenw of flesh, followed; nothing but the dreadful, regular pluff-pluff of all those pairs of cushloned feet, which he expected to hear until the day of his death. That, he feared, was not far off, either, for his heart was pound-ing fearfully and his lungs felt on fire. Then in a flash the way of deliverance

was made plain, which was to return to the yards and throw himself upon the mercy of the only men who could choke off the ele-phants. They would probably thrash him, to be sure, but their wrath was preferable to Bantry's.

He turned into Main Street again. His speed was falling off, and every mement he expected Bantry's anaky trunk to encircle his waist with an accompaniment of break-ing bones. But he reached the willows again, and with renewed hope mustered all

his strength for a final spurt.

Then he stuhbed his toe upon a root and fell! The end seemed at band. But Bus-try, squatting like a dog and throwing a shower of dirt as she plowed along on wide spread, stiffened legs, came to a stop with her great body looming above him like a balloon, and instead of trampling him to death, she reached between her forelegs with her trunk, picked him up and gently set him on his feet. Then she and all the others backed into line again, just as Poster had found them.

The next moment Mulcanda Das dropped out of a near-by tree, chattering like a monkey. Foster, suspecting that he was

swearing in Bengalese, made ready for a second flight. But the mahout flung him-self upon the ground and kissed the boy's "Little sahih! feet, murmuring: Little prince!"

"No elephunt will burt me," said Foster, simply because he was too astonished to think of anything else. He reached his room undetected; but

of course such an amuzing adventure could not be kept, even at the risk of punishment, and so he told his mother the rext morning. She grew fairly pale and kissed him. "What did Mukunda mean?" he asked.

She explained the doctrine of the trans-migration of souls, and said: "I suppose be thought the soul of the sultan's son had been reincarnated in you."

"Well, how do you know it ain't?" he demanded suddenly.

She started. "Why-1-1-it isn't necording to our religion."

She started. "Why—I—I—it isn't necording to our religion."

"But how do you know his religion ain't as good as ours!"

She let his "ain'ts" go unrebuked for coor. "My dear," said she, drawing him closer and smoothing his bronzy hair, "those are questions which even the wisset can't answer. Now we'll go and make a clean breast to father. I fear he will punish you."

"I don't care if he does," declared Foster boldly. "It was worth a whipping. And, mother, no man can ever make me cry

mother, no man can ever make me cry again when those elephunts couldn't."

Daylight After Dark

DAYLIGHT eyeglasses are now being perfected to enable the wearer to see the same color values by gas or electric light as those given by daylight. With such glasses an artist could continue painting after dusk, using artificial light entirely. Color matching is very unsatisfactory under artificial light, as every woman knows; but complete success in the development of these glasses will mean that stores will have such glasses for customers to wear when it is necessary to judge colors by gas or electric lamps.

From the cigar sorter to the diamond erchant, daylight color values are essential to a great many occupations. Scores of devices to obtain artificial daylight have been invented, many with much success, because there is a real demand in business for daylight. Almost all are designed to produce an artificial light as near like day light as possible, and then make the light more perfect by putting screens in front of the lamps to absorb from the light the color values not found in daylight.

So much light is absorbed by the screens, however, that the lighting value is reduced; consequently such artificial daylight outlits are usually inclosed in a cabinet or have only a limited amount of light—just enough for matching colors-and are not used for lighting a store, for instance. Recently some lighting equipments used in stores have been brought fairly close to daylight, but they hardly solve fully the colormatching problem.

The purpose of the daylight glasses is to rmit the use of ordinary gas or electric lighting and still give an opportunity for color matching. Instead of carrying pieces of goods to a window, the woman customer need only slip on the glasses to judge the colors. The method by which the glasses

do the work is the same as that of the arti-ficial daylight cabinets. The glasses have color acreens to absorb the light rays that are not found in daylight.

The fart that the screens are between the colors and the eyes, instead of between the light source and the colors, does not make

much difference. It is only necessary in both instances to have the light source include the light rays that make color visible in daylight. Mercury-vapor lamps are deficient in red rays, causing the green complexion effects that are so noticeable; so, with these glasses, it would not be possible to do the color matching under a mercury-vapor lamp.

These glasses have been developed in the research laboratories of an American lighting company. The examples they have produced use gelatin films to absorb surplus rays; but the effort has been made to manufacture glass that shall have the right absorbing qualities. These efforts have recently been announced to be suc-cessful; so, before long, artificial daylight glasses will probably be marketed.





First half top center to hold in place.



Always and to interco-dials standing, better mailing edges, Lise fine was being





Parent become the steps are put over relate of points



theretailes estape are a sirely are maint over the property of the property of

Well Built Walls and Ceilings

Sometime you expect to build or remodel. Then you ought to know about BEAVER BOARD and its 41 advantages over lath and plaster for buildings of every kind.

BEAVER BOARD is a purewood-fibre product-light, strong, clean and wholesome.

It isn't a mere covering for wallsit's the whole wall, except the timbers to which it is nailed.

BEAVER BOARD is quickly put up, winter or summer. It resists the passage of heat, cold, sound, and suits new and remodeled buildings of every kind.

Visitors to Buffalo and Niagara Falls are cordially invited to visit our Bullalo offices and get a first-hand acquaintance with BEAVER BOARD quality, beauty and cooperative service.

BEAVER BOARD is sold by 8000 builders' supply, lumber and hardware dealers, in sizes to meet all your needs.

Write for free booklet "BEAVER BOARD and its Uses," and painted sample. Also for details of the free service of our Department of Design and Decoration and our Builders' Service Department.

The Beaver Board Companies

United States: Canada: Great ficitation Speciality

284 Begyer Road, Buffale, N. V. 485 Wall St. Benverdale, Chicaya 4 Synthamicon Row, London, W. 7 369 Gencu St., Melbange, Victoria

BEAVER BOARD WALLS AND





The Victrola is the ideal ent

The Victrola not only delights the entire household, but makes it so easy to entertain.

An evening of grand opera or a varied program of musical entertainment—the Victrola presents it by an array of famous artists whose superb renditions every one will er And it's likely you'll want Victrola is at once transform orchestra to play all the lates with a tone and rhythm that

Every evening, every day, can be a time of infinite



ainer for the summer home

nce. The o a dance e music— erfection. su mmer, e with a

Victrola in your home.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victorla —\$10 to \$200.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles the combination. There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.









Heavy Roads

Beulevards

Every-day tests of your lubrication. Try them on nearby roads.

How soon does incorrect lubrication show up?

Often in one short run.

Consider three types of roads:

Hills. You come to a sharp grade. With one lubricant you must drop to a lower speed. With another lubricant you can climb the hill easily.

Why?

Because the first lubricant is wrong in body. Compression and explosion escape past the piston rings. Power is wasted. If the oil is low in quality, you must also overcome excessive friction.

Only oil correct in body and quality will give you full power for the hills,

Heavy Roads. The conditions are very similar to those in hill climbing.

Sand, mud or "rough going" brings heavy strains to the motor.

Where an oil correct in body and quality carries the car along easily, an incorrect oil brings power-waste and excessive friction-drag. Overbeating is apt to follow.

Boulevards. Along level roads loss of power is not so often noticed.

But, even on the smoothest roads, only the correct grade of oil will give you full power and full mileage from your gasoline.

To compare the efficiency of any oil with that of Gargoyle Mobiloil, make this test:

Test, Select a steep hill. See how far you can go up on high gear with the former oil. Then clean out your motor with kerosene. Fill your oiling system with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils. Be sure that operating conditions in both cases are identical. Use the same test. See how much farther you go up the hill.

Use the oil specified for your car in our Lubricating Chart, printed in part on the right. A copy of our complete Chart will be sent any motorist on request.

On request we will also mail a pamplder on the Construction, Operation and Lubri-cation of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

It is sufest to buy Gargoyle Mobilolis in original barrels, half-barrels and scaled five and one gallon care. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture, is on the container:

The various grades of Garpoyle Mubilistic purified to remove lice outlook are.

Cargoyle Mobiled "A"

Cargoyle Mobiled "B"

Cargoyle Mobiled "B"

Cargoyle Mobiled "Arctic"

They can be worted trust reliable garages. the supply homes, hardware come, and others who supply homes, hardware come, and others who supply believes. For intermediate, and is address my impury to our nearest office. The my address wall be sufficient.



Current Lubrication

ACCRECATE.	ONF.		916			98.5		min.		801	
TAKE	00000	Work	manage	White	Thistory	Widor	Shann	Wheel	Industri	Whom	
Libert Dennal Allert and Allert and Allert and Dental Co.	# J-44-12	511500	430000	41114	北 5 大小小田	white w	8/ 85 R	4111	10 日本日本	2 12 15	
Don Unit	45:50	4	Se 70	42.10	40 14	4	44 12	42 10	532	212	
Chies to	45.2	100	MACH.	F	64 63	Ě	100	10.0	Spier	Sea.	
Factors (Section 1)	A SOME	44.14	101965	Self (s)	8 45	1	B	A	D	NA SA	
Panelly S M D Walk	-1840	5.4	2 6 P.S	4	264.4	1111	Spann	14,111,6	WA 44	N 14	
Bertani Burtani Selesta di I	11.	10.0	44.	111	1 2 2	111	SA S	1111	104 4	185	
M. C. Pager	Bree	70.0	2 34	1 60	B4 ×	41.0	24 A 4	1 10	5-0	4.6	
Advertise Control of C	CHIE	N. I.	36 ×	1 4 1	339 8		350 0	T MILE	(Safe)	Server .	
Street For Loss	ille-4	100	G HAY	100	Deft D	11.544	1.304	1.144	Section 1	ALC: N	
And the second	154 00	000	De wes	1	14. 44.	15 m	Passil	The little	1 (SAS)	The Is	
Maryel U. Maryel I. Maryel I. Maryel I. Maryel I.	N 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	ad (S) as	A35. P	111	30 KK	788.76	35400	MERT	Links :	5777	
Book And	H 1994	March M.	1 1606	100		Sec. 1	100	Jan F	(Lally)	STATE	
Fulleys Bugst (about Bugst (about Bust dates Fulleys	1	A	The Car	100 10	1 10		(DOLL)	7m()	(SAN)	119611	
Fige Backed	6	Though !	Deser	STATE PROPERTY.	d Part	111	200	114719		111	
Serve Serve	A	THE DE	STAR >	100	115 m		1114 >	13 F S	20.00	Table of	
Marin.	13.5	97.7	4 64	ģ	100	PERM	400	100	0.00	10.0	
Bright Designation Designation of the Party		K so a	* 04		4	1118.3	A A LA		W. 1	10131	
No.	E	10-	3		É	3	6	-	i.	6	



VACUUM OIL CO., Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

DOMESTIC BRANCHES: Detroit Philadelphia

The Fakers

(Continued from Page 21)

deportment and who would stay as long as they possibly could. Every fashionable woman she chanced to meet gave Mrs. Lester added capital for her future enterprises, for she was extraordinarily skillful in weaving into her conversation, in a most impresive manner, accounts of her intimacies

and of her previous entertaining.

Harassed by a small income she was a marvel at getting the worth of her money.

She knew where the hest could be obtained for the least price. Her clothes were al-ways in the latest mode, but the few close women friends she had were at a loss to understand how she did it. Her secret was her own skill at dressmaking and her vast adaptability to the mode of the moment. She never threw anything away. Every gown she had was in her possession for years. She had one trunk that was filled with old waists, old skirts, pieces of lace and all the ephemera of woman's attire. From these, with a little new added material, she could supervise her sewing-woman's efforts until she was gowned to the minute and for every occasion.

Her economies in dress, in lingerie, in all her adorsments were the marvel of those few who knew of her private affairs; and only a few knew, for she maintained her pose of wealth and social standing and adequate resources even to her most intimate

Her hats were the envy of her acquaint-ences. She was a milliner as well as a dress-maker, and she could browbeat the haughty proprietor of a fashionable hatshop into taking her materials and using them with a latest Paris model hat body until she ap-peared in a creation that cost her little and looked as if it were direct from France. Both in Europe and in this country she had coade a study of the shops. She knew the best place and the cheapest to get gloves, shoes, stockings, even down to batpins and bairpins. She had cheap, but effective, scametresses and milliners in every capital in Europe and in New York. So, too, with every article of attire. Always she was per-fectly appointed, even to the latest mode in jewelry.

She never by any chance were real jew-elry, except a diamond ring or two, but her imitation pearls and her imitation ornaments of every kind were of the very best and were bargained for and secured at the lowest outlay.

She were plumes on her hats when plumes were the Isshion, that looked as if they were just imported, though they had been in her millinery reserve stock for years. She could make over a fancy waist half a dozen times, and each time it seemed to have come. fresh from a Fifth Avenue shop. She brought one or two new gowns each year and perhaps one new hat, and each investment was the subject of worry and trouble for the tailor or dressmaker or the milliner for days, for she knew what she wanted, made every penny of her money count, and had a manner that was irresistible of bluffing the tradespeople into her way of think-ing and into carrying out her desires. She had had gowns and hats from famous Paris houses, and she had carefully preserved the name labels from these and sewed them time and again into her American-made ciethes. She never had a gown or hat by any chance that did not have a Paris label

She was tall, slender, with an excellent figure and masses of black hair. Her teeth were even and good and her hair of sufficient quantity to obviate the necessity for artificial amplification, even at the time when puffs were in style. Her complexion was pale but clear, and her skill with rouge amounted to wizardry. Her only object in life, aside from being entertained at that the world not be object to see that the world not be object. so that she would not be obliged to spend money for board, was to enhance her attractiveness in order that she might gain greater admiration. She was entirely selfcentered, and cared nothing for men except as she might use them.

She had the air of one born to the purple and dislained any but the most select society. She was affected in her conversation, her gestures, her poses and her walk. She had a smattering of many accomplish-ments, but was accomplished in none, and was clever enough to make everybody believe she was accomplished in all. She faked her familiarity with the foreign languages, her knowledge of art, music, books Petatorys | and fashionable sport and society. She read book reviews so she might talk intell-gently of books to bookish people, but she never read a book or a poem through. No subject of ordinary conversation but was familiar to her, to hear her tell it, and she even went so far as to dip into politics a bit in order to make herself agreeable to men. She knew the patter of baseball and golf and pelo and hunting, and, when away from the ball park or the finks or the hun-ing field, was expert in each. She could dance wonderfully well, and took up each of the latest dancing crazes as it came

along.

She had made berself a family crest. She had made berself a family crest, skillfully combining the good parts of half a dozen crests she had copied from books on beraldry in a public library, and insisted on putting "de Mountfort" into her name after she was married, and, after her first visit to Paris, had changed the commouplace "Alice" to "Alys," which, as she told everybody, was pronounced "Alicece," When she played cards she talked constantly of her European triumphs and commented on each hand with snatches of French or Italian or German. She had visited in Russia, having been invited to St. Petersburg by a woman she met in Paris, and on special occasions she used a little Russian—all she knew, but more that anybody else knew.

anybody else knew. She regarded her husband as a harmies adjunct to her enterprises, and was deco-rously sorry when he died, taking con-solation in the thought that she would look extremely well in mourning. She draped herself in black, but it was black fashioned into the most median creations, and her affectation of public woe was so well done as to stamp her as an actress of extraor-dinary ability. At first she put on the desp-est black, unrelieved in any particular, and used a pencil to accentuate the circles about her eyes and a powder to increase the paller of her cheeks, in order to give the impre-sion of deep, pathetic and hopeless grid Presently, however, her mourning began to take on various little worldly quirks, and to take on various little worldly quirks, not was lightened here and there with white and lavender to relieve it. However, she was of the complexion and hair and eyes to look particularly well in black, and being reconomical perforce concluded to make black the basis of her robing, inasmuch as when a woman gets her clothes organized for black or any other predominating colorit is much cheaper to continue reasonably along those color lines.

Mrs. Lenter knew, too, that there is

Mrs. Lenter knew, too, that there is something alluring in Inshionable weeks worn by a widow when the widow is over her first grief and is observing things—and men—out of the corners of her eyes. In explanation of her continued use of black she frequently and pathetically told people that: "Black is such a protection to a woman alone in the world." She was a calm, collected and exceedingly attractive

Her husband left her twenty thousand dollars life insurance. She threw herself or his friends and demanded that they invest this for her or tell her how to get enough income from it; and they came to her rescue and doubled the sum for her in one way or another. Her capital was carefully put into good dividend-paying stocks and gilt-edged bonds, and in the processhe learned superficially enough financial phrases to enable her to talk understandingly of finance to areaseum, which the ingly of finance to amateurs, which the people she met usually were. She had as income of about twenty-five hundred dollars

After the death of her husband she had returned to Washington, because she considered Washington an admirable base for her operations, which were to consist of living as comfortably and fashionably as possible, by the aid of her friends and her talent for visiting, with as little expendture of her own money as she could may age. She went to Mrs. Lake's boarding house because that was a high-class place of its kind, much better for her purposes than one of the smaller hotels, which were the only hotels within reach of her purse. She had it in mind to make another marriage some time, a marriage that would provide her with money to a reasonable degree, and with the position necessary to enable ber to take the place she coveted in official society. To this end she assayed every eligible man she met coldly and shrewdly, considering all men who were

unattached as prospects and investigating them with her two standards in mindmoney and position.

HICKS was much disappointed because Mrs. Lester did not come down to breakfast next morning, and hurried back that evening to meet her. Soon after six o'clock she made another effective descent

o'dock she made another effective descent of the staircase in another effective gown. "I should think," aniffed a straight-up-and-down wife of a representative, "that she would get tired of those theatrical en-trances and exits of hers, but apparently the never does, even if we do." "My dear Mrs. Perkins," protested the stonished Hicks, "how can you talk like hat? She is the most natural and unaf-ected woman I ever met."

ected woman I ever met."
"Then," commented Mrs. Perkins bitegly, "you haven't met many women. I uppose it impresses you because you are oung and fresh from the West, but I for

ne am tired of her continual pose. Peraps, though"—and she concentrated a
aleful gaze on Hicks—"she is putting on
atra frills for your benefit. She has been a
idow long enough now, I fancy."
Hicks affected greatindignation, although
te thought made him glow within. "Precaterous!" he exclaimed. "Her grief is nore, I am sure, and she has no idea of

nything of the kind."
"Have you?" asked Mrs. Perkins, look-ig squarely at Hicks.
"Not in the least," he hastened to assure

"I am simply attracted by her culture id churm.

"Well, then, take the advice of another oman who knows something about her x, and do not be deluded too much by that

"Why, the idea!" protested Hicks mely; but that was the only retort he uld think of at the moment. His mind d his eyes were on Mrs. Lester.

d his eyes were on Mrs. Lester. He discoursed at length to Mrs. Lester at night, and asked her whether she caldn't like to go to the theater with him. "I'm sorry," she said sweetly, "but I am il in mourning, you know, and never go t publicly. Indeed, I remain in my room st of the time, only occasionally visiting a most intimate friends here." Thereon she proceeded to tell Hicks, in what med a most casual manner, that those ands were the real leaders of Washington sety and persons of influence and dissety and persons of influence and dis-

"It wouldn't burt any to go to the thea-would it?" urged Hicks, thinking he tht have her to himself for a few hours ay from the others in the boarding house. "Oh, la la, I suppose not; but don't you ak it would be much cozier to stay here nk it would be much cozier to stay here I that than to go to a stuffy theater and a mediocre play? Our American stage o much inferior to the English stage, it you think? And as for the stage in is—ah, the stage in Paris!" She made ther gesture and lifted her eyes ecstatly. "There is no comparison. Such the interpretation of the emotions! I re the stage of Paris."

I shouldn't want a lady I know to see tof the French plays I've heard about," Hicks virtuously.

Hicks virtuously.

he laughed a tinkling laugh. "Oh." exclaimed, "you Puritans, you Amer-Puritans! Why, you must not impute id motives to the French stage. It is exemplification of art, of life—the wit life of the dear French people." te asked Hicks if he had ever been to Counédie Française or to the Otion.

Comedie Française, or to the Odéon, told of the gruesome plays of the Grand mol. Hicks, much abashed, confessed ad never been abroad, but hastened to he intended to make a tour soon, and d the first opening be had to change subject to himself. Hicks was thorly at home when talking about himand was lavish with his commendation s talents, his future, discoursing elo-tly on the political honors that were

tably in store for him. shall win," he declaimed, "for the le are mighty and must prevail." cs. Lester listened with a rather dis-

tht air. Once or twice she yawned iy. Hicks did not notice the yawns, cept along with his self-praise. ce when he stopped for breath Mrs. r. assuming a most interested air, was belied by a twinkle in her eyes, with a pretty seriousness: "Oh, Mr. with a pretty seriousness: "Oh, Mr. , I love to bear you talk. You are so st, so sincere, and earnestness and ity are so rare in these days."

She sighed, as if this lack of earnestness

and sincerity were an added personal woe.

Whereupon the fatuous Hicks plunged into another oration, which had his own earnestness and sincerity for a theme. "I think I may say," he began pompously, "that

Mrs. Lester had been looking for u chance to escape. This conceited young man was beginning to bore her. She saw Mrs. Lake, and excusing herself on the pretext that there was a matter she must talk over with her landlady, she wished him good-night.

She held out her hand impulsively, as it seemed to Hicks, and he grasped it and pressed it ever so little. She quickly withdrew her hand and went to join Mrs. Lake.

Hicks went out and took a walk, recall-ing her every word and look. Certainly she was the most attractive woman he had ever met, and a future spent in her company rose before his mind. He went to bed in a

happy haze.

Mrs. Lester was not at dinner next day, and Hicks tried to learn why, but with no success. Mrs. Lake said she had gone out to disc. He ate his meal in moody silence and wandered about the parlors and hall, wondering whereshe was and bemoaning the said fate that kept him from seeing her. Mrs. Perkins was sitting by the fire, and Hicks in desperation sat down beside her.

Mrs. Perkins had little use for Mrs. Lester. She had repeatedly been snubbed by that lady when she had endeavored to make some discoveries about Mrs. Lester's per-sonal affairs. Hicks ventured a few com-monplaces. Mrs. Perkins, knowing what was on his mind, waited for her opening. It came when Hicks, in what he deemed was a most unconcerned manner, said: "1. didn't see Mrs. Lester at dinner to-night."

Mrs. Perkins' eyes gleamed malevo-leatly. "No." she replied, "I suppose she

was out dining with some of her high so-ciety friends, leaders of the enclusive set." "She has many friends among the most influential people, she tells me," observed

"That's what she tells everybody," snapped Mrs. Perkins; "but you mustn't believe all you hear, especially when a widow who is trying to keep up appearances is doing the telling."

Hicks paid little attention to what Mrs. Perkim said. He was thinking of Mrs. Laster. After a moment's silence he saked: How old do you suppose she is?"

"That is a matter of conjecture," Mrs.
Perkins answered. "Judging from the
amount of European traveling she has done,
and the length of time she has lived in the
rastles of the nobility, she must be seventy.
Leoking at her under the shaded lights of this room she seems about thirty. If you rould get a glimpse of her in the morning before she is rigged up she might seem older than that. She says she is tweety-six and was married when she was seventeen."
I should say," ventured Hirks, "that

twenty-six or twenty-seven is about right." Mrs. Perkins changed her attitude.

"Sonny," she said not unkindly, "you'd better run right back home. You may do something foolish if you stay here."

She rose and left Hicks staring into the fire. He arknowledged to himself that he

was strongly awayed by Mrs. Lester, and hoped she liked him; but up to this time it had not been brought home to him that he might, under the influence of his stirred emotions, go further than he expected to. He had no intention of getting married. even if we remote a contingency arese as Mrs. Lester's consent to marry him, which had not occurred to him concretely, albeit there had been vague notious on the sub-ject in his mind. He was entirely interested in the career he intended to make for himself, and he pundered the things Mrs. Perkins had said.

Hicks was not a woman's man. He was engrossed with himself and his ambitions, and up to this time had not been impressed particularly with any woman, although some women had appealed to him because of their beauty and attractiveness.

Pshaw!" he said as he rose to go to his room; "what's the use of my getting ex-cited about this woman? It'll be ten years before I want to get married, and probably I'll never see her again after I go home."

But he couldn't dismiss her from his mind, and the fetching pictures she had presented were engraved on his memory

On the advice of Senator Paxton, Hicks. devoted much of his time to making himself known to the Democratic leaders in the Senate and House. He called on all the big

This Man Keeps the "Gas" in Gasolene and "Velvet" in Oil

S. F. Bowser, the active head of the great S. F. Bowser concern of Fort Wayne, gave the world the first self-measuring oil pump. Today this concern makes over five hundred different oil handling devices that solve the problem of oil storage, safety, utility, economy.

These range from efficiency equipment for the small private garage, to Bowser Systems for the country's largest or smallest Factories and Power Plants.

See the following application of Bowser equipment. Consider the saving in money-in time-in space-in oil-the saving of life and limb-all the results of this great Bowser idea that has so revolutionized the handling of oils of all kinds. Do you come within one of these classifications?

> Public, Private and Commercial Garages, Foundries, Power Plants, Printing Establishments, Stores, Paint and Oil Trades, Factories, Railroads, Dry Cleaners Establishments, etc., etc.

Safe Oil Storage Systems



In Garages

In the garage a Bowser Out-fit keeps the gasalers out of the danger zone. Keeps it full-powered. Climatic changes can't reach it underground. Its temperature is about constant. Can't vaporize or weaken. The as a pumped and piped any distance to the garage-right into the muchine chan full budied gasolone with every original onner of "punch." Auto-statically measured. No loss, no waste, no spillage, no theft.



Always beyond the reach of explosion,
And the cost is small. All sizes. Easily and economically installed. A Bowser System saves its own cost in oil, efficiency, convenience.

Also portable units for the Public Garage—both gasolene

and lubricating oils. Various sines. Each a money saver,

Garage Equipment

In Factories

From simple Departmental units to Individual and Centralized Oil Filtering and Circulating Systems. Save the oil. Save men's time. Save the machinery. Save your space—your money. Measure oil. Keep is clean. Make every man automatically careful and responsible.

In Stores

Beweer Systems keep gasolene, kero-scoe, paint oils, varnishes, etc., out of sight yet always handy. No oil con-tanunated merchandise. No leaving the store to log in oil. No lost profits through lost oil. No fire hazard. Just convenience, comfort, salety. Everything from the anuall Bowser equipment for the little corner store to the big departmental.

The Bowser System For You

Whether you have a garage, a store or a factory there is just the Bowser oil-and-moneysuring equipment for you. Learn about it-of the added efficiency—the reduced oil expense. The way to learn about it is simply to mark and mail the attached coupon. No cost, No obligation. If you have an oil problem, However has undoubtedly already solved it. Thirty years "Od problem" experience is yours for the asking. Send the coupon today.

F. Bowser & Co.,

Inc. Engineers, Manufacturers and Original Patentiers of Oil Handling Devices 1114 Thomas Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana

S. F. BOWSER & CO., Inc. 1114 Thomas St., Fort Wayn	e, Ind.
Without express or obligation or send me particulars regarding a Be Storage Outfit for the partiess which indicated with an [X]	puner Of
Private Garage Power	
Public Garage Dry Cl	camera
Munufacturing 1 Stores	
Person when you make exercise;	haranti.
Name	
Street No.	
Town State	

Hot Weather Driving

-It simply takes the "starch" out of ordinary inner tubes. Don't trust to "luck" in selecting tubes and expect to get by without frequent punctures, pumpings and buyings.

Right now, of all times, your tires need the support of

firestone Red Tubes

You need the extra quality and quantity of rubber in Firestone Tubes.

You need the extra strength and heat resistance and "come back" of the Firestone special antimony cure.

You need the Firestone special building-layer by layer - greatest density of texture with maximum elasticity.

You need the lasting vitality that Firestone material and building insure. A Firestone Tube is always "fresh stock"-no deterioration on dealer's shelf or in your reserve kit.

So don't trust to luck when you can trust to Firestone-ride in care-free confidence and with the sure economy of

Most Miles per Dollar Sold by Leading Dealers Everywhere.

Firestone Tire & Rubber Company
"America": Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"
Ahron, Ohto-All Large Cities

Paramatic Tires, Truck Bress, Flourero Electric Tires, Carriage Tires, Cycle Tires, Fire Agustatus Tires, Ries, Tire Accessaries, etc.



"Acousticon" Covers 48 Degrees of EAFNESS

HEAR DISTINCTLY

Magnifies Sound 400%

Over 100,000 Users and the distance

NO MONEY In Advance

General Acoustic Company, 1329 Candler Building.

men, and was twice invited to luncheon in the Senate restaurant by Democratic set-ators to whom Senator Paxton had introduced him. He had met most of the hig Democrats by the time he was ready to go Paxton congratulated him on his ability for making friends.

"You are getting on, Tommie," said the senator to him, when Hicks came in to say good-by. "Hostetter was talking to me about you the other day. He said you seem to be a most intelligent young Demo-erat, and well versed in the principles of the party. Grantley mentioned you too." Hicks winced. He had been in the com-pany of Senator Hostetter for an bour, and

that garrulous statesman had talked con-tinuously and ramblingly about his own scheme for currency reform, which he assured Hicks was a paraces, and the only one proposed, for the relief of the financial situation. Senator Grantley's conversation had consisted of three stacrato inquiries of

"What did you say your name is? Hicks? Ah, yes, and where do you live? Rextown? Very good. How are Democratic prospects out there?"

Bicks tried to answer, but the senstor was busy with a best of crackers and milk and did not listen, and after a few spoonfuls had been hoisted into his capacious maw, looked up and asked exactly the same things over again, and without waiting for further reply dived into the crackers and milk once more. He did not hear a word Hicks mid. Still, Hicks reflected, unless Senator Paxton was joking him, it was something to have these distinguished Democrats remember him at all.

remember him at all.
"I gained much inspiration from my
conversation with those statesmen," he observed.

served.

Senator Paxian looked at him kwenty,
"Oh, did you?" be asked. "Well, there
is where you have something on the rest
of us, who achieve nothing but a sense of
utter weariness when they talk. However,
that is a good sign. You take it all seriously,
or say you do, which smounts to the same
thing; for if you keep on saying you do you
will eventually. Remain in that serious
frame of mind toward your politics. You
cannot be a successful protagonist for the
new freedom of the people unless you are
continuously as intense and consecrated as new freedom of the people unless you are continuously as intense and consecrated as a ben that has been berenved of her eggs and is sitting on a couple of doorknobs. Good-by and good luck to you. Keep me informed. I'm always at your service." Mrs. Lester spent the week-and with some friends and Hicks delayed his de-cepture for a day to see her again before he

parture for a day to see her again before he left. He had talked to her as frequently as she allowed him to and, though he held his feelings in check, he was still under the speil of her many inscinutions. He had in-quired of Mrs. Lake about her age, being upperry because of the instrustions of Mrs. Perkins that she was not so young as she appeared, and Mrs. Lake had assured him Mrs. Lenter was not a day over twenty-

On the night of her return from her week-end visit, Hicks, seated by her in the par-ior, told her he was leaving the following

"Are you?" she asked, with an assump-tion of great interest. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Hicks. I have enjoyed your company

Hicks blushed. "I am glad to have been an instrument for giving you even the slightest happiness," he declaimed. She devoted herself to him for an hour,

arging him to re-count his ambitions and his prospects, said a low skillful things about herself, including the dropping of a hint or two of her financial standing, and, as she gave him her hand at ten o clock, besought him in a most ingenuous manner not to dismiss her entirely from his mind when he was out in Rextown fighting the fight of the people.
"Forget you!" repeated Hicks with as

much sentiment in his voice as he deemed advisable. "Forget you? Why, Mrs. Lester, ory shall remain with me

and shall be my inspiration."

She smiled radiantly at him and ran up the stairs, turning when half way to the top

the stairs, turning when neil way to the top
to wave a pretty hand at him and say
softly: "And wiedersoles!"
"I suppose she is worth quite a lot of
money." Hicks observed to Mrs. Lake at
lessklust next marriag.
"I suppose so," Mrs. Lake replied in an

extremely non-committal manner.

Hicks took a train at mon. That after-mon Mrs. Lester, stopping in the hallway

to say a few words to Mrs. Lake, brough

up the subject of Hicks.
"Has Mr. Hicks gone?" she asked.

"Yes, he left at noon."
"A nice young man," she thought, as she went down the steps leading to the street.
"Perhaps he will do some of the things he says he will. I'll keep track of him."

HICKS stopped at Salestown to see his mother, and spent two boastful days among his boyhood friends, telling them of his success in Rextown. He wrote an article about himself for the Beacon, which Editor Grandison promised to publish, and which caused Colonel Seth Howard to grow numbe in the face when he read it become purple in the face when he read it, because of the appreciative way in which Hids re-ferred to himself as one of the leaders of the

of the appreciative way in which Hicks referred to himself as one of the leaders of the
Rextown bar and prominent in politics there.

Hicks took stock of himself on the train
for Rextown, after his mother had hade him
a fond and tearful farewell. It would be
two years in April since he first reached
Rextown. He had made in fees for collections and in various young-lawyer way
about two thousand dollars, and still had
some of his original capital in the First
National Bank. He had acquired many
acquaintances and some friends. He had
established himself as a young man of good
character, was regular in his attendance at
church, and felt sure Rollins liked him.

With Gudger he had fought the Rollins
Barkiss case through a seemingly endless
acries of negotiations and had finally forcel
a compromise with Chittlings, because of
Gudger's superior legal abilities, for nice
thousand dollars. This sum Hicks had poid
to Rallins, and for his services Rollins gave
him four hundred dollars, in addition to
his retainer of a hundred dollars. Otherwise Hicks had not advanced much in the
law, but he never expected to do much at
his profession.

Chittlings was friendly. Hicks found him

his profession.

Chittlings was friendly. Hicks found him to be a man of considerable rough ability. He was noisy, even blatant, and he had note the was noisy, even blatant, and he had note the was noisy. He was noisy, even blatant, and he had non-too many scruples, but he made friends and kept them. He was a good mixer, dabiled somewhat in politics, was always ready to buy a drink or a cigar, entertained; good deal at the Hotel Metropolis, be renged to the clubs, and was the Rextowr type of a good fellow. He was a Repub-lican, Hicks heard Chittlings had under ground connections with Ross, the loca boas, and with the corporations, and the he helped "put over" things in the board of aldernoen that were wanted by the or porations. Chittlings apparently had or ambition for office. He was looking to money, and he had an income of five or si-thousand dollars a year, which was excelthousand dollars a year, which was excellent for a man in his position in Rextowns

that time.

"Hello, Hicks," said Chittlings one day when they mot at the Hotel Metropole "how's every little thing?"

"If you mean my health, I am well Hicks answered. "If you mean my lead ness, it is satisfactory."

"Haven't seen you in court much."

Tommle squirmed at this, "No," he replied, "I have been much taken wit outside matters. However, I have som important cases in preparation."

"Glad to hear it," said Chittlings hear ity. "Come and have a drink. Oh, I for got, you don't drink. Drop in and see a some day soon. I want to have a talk wit you. So long."

Two days later Hicks had nothing to it.

you. So long."
Two days later Hicks had nothing to di
He had been his hand-shaking rounds in written every letter there was an excuse? writing, and he went down to Chitting

Chittlings was there. "Howdy, Hick, its shouted, after Tommie had sent in a card. "Sit down and make yourself at bom Still busy with those important cases, reckon."
"Yes," Tommie replied, "they are on

pying the most of my attention.

Chittlings lighted a cigar with unness sary care, Hicks thought, as he watched a operation. When the cigar was burn to his satisfaction, Chittlings turned in chair, looked hard at Hicks and said course, Hicks, I know you haven't a rai

of any consequence in your office."

Hicks flushed. He clenched his fiss 15

jumped to his feet.
"Do you mean to say I am a liar? asked excitedly. "No, no," soothed Chittlings, "sit or and be calm. I don't mean to say you?"

liar, but I do mean to say you are a the (Continued on Page 41)

(Continued from Page 38)

nd a presty darn good one, too, if anybody sould ask you."

"I don't understand," protested Hicks,
"Oh, yes, you do; sit down and cut out
te heroics. You know you haven't a case
orth while in your office—I know you
rren't and you know I know it."
"But

"But nothing! That's the fact. Now, sen, I've been watching you. Sit down; sere's nothing for you to get sore about, ve been watching you, and I have a proposition to make to you."
"What sort of a proposition?"
"A proposition to come into my office."
"On what basis?"
"As a partner with a small interest."

As a partner with a small interest." "How much of an interest?"

"That's a matter for future considera-n. How does the main plot strike you?" "I fail to see any advantage to myself in

"I fail to see any advantage to myself in the an arrangement."

"You do, do you? Well, listen to me de I'll put you wise as to several advantes. In the first place, you've got more than an insurance agent and you've is more self-confidence than a stock-mpany actor. You are moving round this vn and getting a good line of acquaintees, and you are playing an end of the ne that isn't in my organization."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean you have tied up with the

'I mean you have tied up with the irch people and I have taken the other to fit; you have joined the Democrats I I am a Republican; you are a good-ernment boy and I am in favor of bad ernment if there is anything in it for; you are on the reform lay and I am hithe gang; you are well calculated to applement and supplement the activities I. K. Chittlings, which is moved, and I.

saying, you are not much of a lawyer never will be. Now I ain't such a derful lawyer myself. But that doesn't ter any more with me than it does with. What I see in you is business-getting ity. I think with development you can good business-getter. You know how to a friends with people and keep friendly them, harring your conceit, for which

them, barring your conceit, for which ve you the palm over any youngster I met; and business is what this insti-

met; and business is what this instin needs."
But," said Hicks, "if neither of us is a
er, as you say," and he sneered in his
atyle, "what good will business be to
ven if I can get it?"
bittlings laughed uproariously.
My boy," he said, "there are many
gs you must learn, notwithstanding
firm idea you know it all. The sucof a law firm from a financial standiof a law firm, from a financial stand-t, doesn't depend on the amount of t knows. It depends on the amount of ousiness it can get. I can hire lawyers he platoon. I can get a dozen right in fown who know more law than you and ar will know, and get them for small too. They know the law, but they n't the faculty for getting the business, can't cash in on their knowledge. I levelop you into a business getter, and a show you how to hire lawyers, hire by the week for wages. There was time, for example, when you hired fer. Do you get me?" merely engaged Mr. Gudger because a busy with other affairs," Hicks pro-

ittlings laughed again. "Sure," he "but you hired him, didn't you, and lidn't fool Gudger and you didn't fool Still, in that transaction you showed tain nerve and a certain horse-sense made me look you over. Now, then, ru want to come in?"

in his mind while Chittlings talked. ould see advantages, but he didn't

se to be eager. 'Il have to think about it," he replied. h, all right; there's no hurry. Let me nt this angle to you, though: You are mocrat and I am a Republican. You church and I don't. You are taking

the people's end of it, or will when you know how, and I am for the money sale. Now, then, if we joid hands under my futelage you will develop into an asset in this business and we can play both each against the middle and get the morey. Had that occurred to you?"

"I must consider what you say:"
"No hurry. There's a good opening here.
Chitdings & Hicks. Sounds pretty lar, eb.

Hicks thought seriously of the proposition made by Chittlings. His first and most forcible objection was that Chittlings intended to call the firm Chittilings & Hicks. He could not justify that. In his apinion, any coalition must be known as Hicks & Chittlings, not only because it was more exphonings, but became he was the Hicks concerned. If he could get round that he decided the arrangement might have adventages: Although it pulsed him to admit it to himself he know his knowledge of the law was an alight as to he of no our in the straight-out practice of that profeslings' claim that lawyers can be hired by the week. He felt confident he could got business, by aid of his various civie and church connections, as well as by his sucknown cultivation of mon with business to bestow, and he decided it would be easier for this business to be carried through in a lawyerthe manner if Chittlings were there to look

Most of all be was interested in the hint by Chittlings that, one being a Democrar and the other a Republican, they muld realize two ways. There was something about that that appealed to him strongly-He didn't bother to analyze his own yo of such a proceeding, and it is doubtful if he could have analyzed it had be wried. Intrinsically the proposition appealed to Hicks. It suited his temperatures. It fitted his quality of mind and conscious. It was on all fours with his habitual practice. the second see quick and easy returns. He knew Chirtlings as a forceful/ellow, who stood resonably well in the constantly. More potent than all also, he figured that with Chirtlings to guide him he could attain quieter and better results. For after majors deliberation by decided he would not a first later than a fact that the could be small as a first later deliberation by decided he would not a first later than a fact that the could be small as a first later than puin Chittings, procided, of course, the firm's name was Hicks & Chittings. He must exact that tribute to his own impor-

He tailed with Resilies about Chirolings.
"What sort of a chap is ho?" be asked.
"All right, professionally and personally, for all I know," Resilies told him, "But he's a Republican.

"What difference does that make so lar-as his professional manding goes?" inquired

Hicks.
"None, Largonee" Rullins and: "not a bit. I recker, with the general public. But I bill you, Horks, there never was a Republican I would trust as for as I can throw a built by the tail. There's some thing in that treatmentate politics of their that makes me conjunious of the whole hit

and caboodle of them."
Histor jaughed. "Oh, Mr. Kollies," be

Hicks laughed. "Oh. Mr. Reillim," heraid, "Hear you are parting it too arrongly."

Not a left," represented Reillima. "Not a list. I'm nor helding up all Democrats as paragrons of parity, you understand, but I'd take my chances with one in a business deal somer them I would with now of those transform Republicate.

Hicks said: "I am considering a propastion to go you parents his with Mr. Chittlings.

"You're what?" shouted Holling.
"I say be has offered me a very layorable. business arrangement to join with him in the associated practice of the law." But he's a Republicat

"Certainly he is, but I fail to see how a business association with him will afford

my Demostary."
Rollinz shoot his head sadly. "You un't brunk pitch without being deti the stands.

"Oh, Mr. Holling, is isn't so had as that."
and Hirls talked for twenty minutes,
showing how it would be a good thing for the Democrate to have him in close touch with a Republican who was in turn in tourb

with a Republican who was minure in tower with Republican affairs.

"Well," and Holling finally, "maybe it's all right, but I have my doubte."

Hicke say Chittlings several times and they falled a little of the plan. "No horry," said Chittlings. "Trimb it over excelully It will be a good thing for you."

STO BE CONTINUED!

If yours is a one man office or a 300-stenographer concern-

THE YALE & TOWNE MFG. CO.

The several five Directions now self in handling out New York communities; were in-social after facilities man improve a thirdtakes auchies. We surly promised the distu-tion muchies are on hybrid and inepitable as it eliminated the deplection of work—robe actual framework is devilated processing.

to \$10.5 no accompand the retailer method di samun ma hime from all angles, er se greed to made the on one make. The order pass re-

Oriell never by Dongton result could.

Dischart is not offen have even a large would be to the own of the Despendence Diduction of the contract of the contra emid minimizely and a much larger

In military to this time, convenies seving, on bot that the convenience of the Demplem and the time and country it means to those districting

communication, with difficult to entirum by a minimum contain in if equal importance. Your anythin has been policiesty primps, temperature and efficient in the ever few acceptance. on have find to call trained. He find, your faciland the providing waters resoluted not all the reverse which left as to escalable on Years wary troth-

THE YALF & TOWNY MIC CO.



JOHN B. REIMER Anthracity and Bituminous Coal Master Painting Street, in

ORDER PARK, New York. Answering yours of May 28th. Ask-ing a man who has ence used the Disturbances to his opinion in regard to its grarticability and efficiency, is like asking a man's opinion of the tele-phone, the electric light; trolley cars as against lorse-cars; railroads as assingt stages; long-hand writing as against stages; long-hand writing as against stages; long-hand writing as analtal alamagraphy, etc. The answer that any further expression of opinion is aspertiones.

Ymen very truly, Pilenell JOHN & ERIMER





5 Towns Mfg. Company's offices The Most Popular in the Country REFERENCIA Special Shape for Vacation Season PREFERENCIA Epicures



HAVANA AMERICAN CO., N. V.



The New Regal is the Thoroughbred it Looks to Be

Has roomy comfort for five people; weighs less than 2400 pounds, fully equipped, with a motor that develops 39 h. p. on brake test



HE new Regal has that look of locomotive strength and higness and go-forwardness that you like in an automobile. It's a

from your own front porch this summer, standing in the shade out in front of your own house.

The design has European smartness. There is beauty in the whole car, and beauty in little things. For instance, you'll wonder at first how you put water into the radiator, and then you'll see how it cleans up the lines of the car to place the radiator-cap under the hood.

You'll like the absence of clutter on the sides, because the side lights have been eliminated. The front lights have been made immer, so they can be "turned down low" for city driving, or when the car is standing in the streets at night.

You have been waiting, perhaps, for a sensibly priced car that won't look overloaded. When you get a family of five into this new Regal, everybody looks comfortable—there's none of that crowded, jammed-together, afraidto-breathe appearance.

The rear seat is 48 inches wide, broad enough for three large persons wrapped up for a winter ride. The doors are almost two feet wide—23 inches.

There is no danger of torn garments in entering or leaving the car, even for stout people. In front, the driver can enter from either side with ease.

The front compartment has plenty of comfortable working room. A longlegged man can drive the Regal without getting his knees up like a bicycle rider. You sound the electric horn with a button in the middle of the steering wheel. One man in the rear seat of the Regal can put up the new-style top by himself, and he can adjust all the side curtains in a minute, without leaving the car.

The Regal Company has heretofore built both underslung and overhung types of cars. The new Regal is an overhung, and will be built in one chassis only two bodies—built by tens of thousands.

A lot of underslung advantages are retained in this new car. The road clearance is greater than that of many bigger overhung cars. But there's a special spring suspension that makes the center of gravity low.

This insures two things—exceptionally easy riding, and exceptional stability even under road conditions that might spell danger in an ordinary car.

The New Regal is from 300 to 500 the lighter than most cars around its price—because pressed steel and forgings have been used instead of castings wherever possible. This cuts down tire bills and gives the engine less dead load to carry.



A \$3,000,000 Company with Seven Years of Known Success

Ten acres of factory space devoted to the manufacture of one chassis at one price. Quick service to owners assured by a world-wide dealer organization

It's a joy the way the Regal takes long, hard hills. The motor has developed 39 horsepower on actual brake test—a big engine, considering the reduced weight of the car. The whole motor head can be removed—letting you into the heart of all the cylinders for cleaning and adjustment.

The electric starter acts directly on the flywheel. It has no intermediate gears, therefore cannot clash or burr when operating. The Regal starter has from 40 to 60 less parts than any starting device which is not direct in its action. This means, of course, much less possibility of trouble.

The Regal starter is included in the price—\$1085—built right in and sold right along with the car.

Regal brake drums are 12 inches almost big enough for a car twice the size of the Regal. That's because when you need brakes you're apt to need them badly—you want them reliable, powerful, smooth, and quick.

Young fellows, doctors, business men, will warm up to the Regal Roadster. It is long and swoopy, and looks ready for rough roads, or ready to run alongside the best of them on the boulevard. There

is a lid on the whole back end. Raise it, and you will find space enough to carry more than the contents of an average trunk.

There is a \$3,000,000 company behind this new Regal car—a factory with ten acres of floor space and a capacity for 20,000 cars a year. And there's a factory personnel that's imbued with the ideal of right workmanship, from F. W. Haines, the President and Chief of Design, down to the youngest shop apprentice.

The man who buys a Regal car, if he ever has any trouble, will be able to replace a part without fuss or delay. The Regal service department will come through promptly and pleasantly—without charge when it's our fault; with a reasonable charge when it's not.

We will send you a book about the two Regals, touring car and roadster, if you write us a card. It will show intimate pictures of many interesting features of the new Regal—and there will be good reading for anybody who ever rode in an automobile.

These new Regal models are now on display throughout the country, and you owe it to your general store of automobile knowledge to go and examine them closely.

What You Get

Direct Electric Starter Electric Lights, with "Dimmer" Electric Horn Simplified Electric Wiring Removable Motor Head Gasoline-Saver Valves Extra Size Brakes - 12 inches Hidden Radiator Cap Left-Side Drive Center Control 300 to 500 lbs. Less Weight 112-Inch Wheel Base Unusual Foreign Design 23-Inch Tonneau Doors 48-Inch Rear Seat Adjustable Wind Shield One-Man Top Inside Curtains

TO DEALERS: The Regal Company is bigger than ever, and we want new representatives in every town and county NOW. This advertisement is the first in a big advertising campaign, which will create a large demand for Regal cars this summer. We have prepared a big, illustrated circular which outlines our new sales plans and describes fully the two new \$1085 Regals—touring car and readster. If you think you can sell Regal cars, write us, regardless of where you are. On page 8 of our circular is an article of special interest: "How YOU Can Sell the New Regal."

Regal Motor Car Company

100 Piquette Ave., Detroit, Michigan Canadian Factory: Berlin, Ontario



SPLITDORF FORD SPECIAL

WATERPROOF HIGH-TENSION MAGNETOS

that are giving thousanderd the popular matters the response and flexibility of the highest-priced automobiled.

Every owner of a First assumabile axes it to himself to time uptly invofigure the SPLITBURE high-resion outputs that is revolutioning the coming of thousands of these remarkable cars.

Every or finoment may been more possessed to the SPL [TDDRF] controlled to make them are the positive and rebable as the dept. or decision controlled proming thousands nevertically six a word, they are fault by the male code and carry HE SPLITDORF CUAKANTEE.

Arriest allation of the discoughly regad SPLITDORF PORD SPE CIAL high-rension magnetia - dedispert and manufactured specially for Footpay, common in a welfac-pleasure will convince an owner of its absolute tracit to getting." the best out of the poorer.

With its installation in a lew inter-lty the asymmetric nucles, the re-pose of objects, only not bettered poses own and A HIGH TES GOS SYNTEM SECURED that gives trafe

Write for 1 feet These Fundament -- a booking glowing how say Fact owned one introde his maker photocopy to a Filting



PARTITION A

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY

ATTACES OF EXPENSES OF STREET CHIE ALA CHIE HUMATE BALLAN ATT Bearing Age of the Control of th PARTY CALL

建设设在企业的企业的企业的企业的企业的企业的企业的企业的企业的企业的企业。

AFE VIEW PRI MELPHAN

New Typewriter On Approval - Satisfaction Gaurenteed 25.000formers or could prove the allowed to be the same of the same of the parties. It is not the same of th Clear C. Pennen Transverser Co. 317 Cells/ St. Macrolines Pa.







DESIGNATION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PERSON OF

SIM'S SUDDEN SOTNESS

Continued from Page 23

"Behave!" whispered Lisbeth, smiling up at him. Very handsome and gallant Sim was looking. Rowens, dancing in the same set, thought so. His face glowing with animation, his brown eyes brimming with the spirit of mirth and his stalwart figure set off admirably by store clothes that mirarulously happened to fit him, he showed to unusual advantage. "Behave" was positively severe applied to such a cavalier. Yet Lisbeth might, unreproved, have said almost anything to anybody, looking as she did. Pink was the color of her frock, rose pink and white. Her dark hair was a triumph of fluffing and curling. hair was a triumph of fluffing and curling. Greatly daring, she had given her face and neck a touch of powder, and her full lips seemed of a richer crimson than usual. Then she were her mother's cameo brouch in its red coral setting, and two rings, and altogether she was the prettiest thing imaginable. Sim at the moment was clearly in that opinion.

He took her hand and pressed it, and ahn audaciously returned the pressure as they separated in the circling figure of the dance. Once and twice Sim touched hot, moist pairs and clinging fingers, hardly con-scious of the contact, and then a sort of electric thrill shot through him as he lelt the quick, firm clasp of Rewena's hand.

fle stooped to her car as she passed.
"I hate to let loose of you," he whispered.

And be meant it.
"Promenade all!" shouted Prothero,
and Sim had his partner on his arm again.
"Toyour seats!" He led Lisbeth, breathless "To your scats!" He led Lisbeth, breathless and blooming, to one of the chairs arranged along the wall and seated bloom! beside her, "You got over your mad at me, didn't you, Lisbeth!" he said tenderly.

"Shuch!" answered Lisbeth with a languishing side glance. "I wasn't mad with you. Sim."

"You wouldn't keer if I come over Sunday afternoon, would you!" asked Sim, pursuing his advantage.

"I'd like for you to come," said Lisbeth. "Your tie's slippin' down, Sim. Lemme fix it for you. It's a turn'ble pretty tie."
Sim brased forward and she drew the knot of it tighter and spread the ends. "That's

of it tighter and spread the suds. "That's better," she approved, surveying the result with her head on one side.
"Don't quit," begged Sim. "Mabbe you could do better yet.

A voice thick with hardly suppressed rage interrupted. "I rection you'll have to get along the way it is." Ben Fuster had come up and was sesseling at them bero-

"Next dance is mine," pursued Foster, addressing Lisbeth. His little eyes rolled fercely from one to the other, but Sim's attention had been distracted to the appusite side of the room where Rowens was

seased, for the research alone.

"Take this yer chair," said Sim, and before Fester could realize his rival's obliging offer Sim was at Rowens with a queer little smile. "Enjoyin' yourse'!?"

Sim made no immediate answer. His

eyes were bright with admiration as he looked at her. What hair she had! Not fused up, not a particle; but, Lordy, what a heap of it and what color there was in it.' And the little freckles trunched at the bridge of her rose; and the blue glints in her eyes like the flashes from dewdrops in the morning suo; and the blackeyed Smansthat were pinned at her breast; and the broome slippers that peoped out from her skirts! Talk about your pictures! "Cat got your tongue?"

"Yes, I'm enjoyin' of myse'l," replied im, "Particular well right now. Tain't no wonder I hain't been able to get near you fee the crowd. Rowens, I I reckon you never took a look at yourse'f in the glass this evenin', so you don't know how I'm feelin' this minute."

"No, I hain't no idea," said Rowena mischievounly. "Did Ben Foster scare you away from Lastech? You'd better watch out, Sim. Berkley Pendleton has got his eye on you now. Look!" Sim looked. Pendleton, splendidly at-

tiped, was standing near the door, pulling his long mustaches and frowning balefully.

"A jim dandy vest he's wearin'," Sim commercied indifferently. "Rowens, I've been thinkin' a beap of you since I seen you

"An' you've been thinkin' a heap of Lisbeth," mocked Rowena. "Don't blush,

Sim. I know you cain't he'p it no more'n I can he'p bein' red-haided. I don't like the way your necktie's fixed. Lemme tie it for you.

The evening was well along. Sim had danced three times with Rowena, three times with Lisbeth, and had just escorted Miss Hitty to a seat for which her late exertions in the Virginia Reel made her exertions.

especially grateful.

"Oh me! Oh my!" panted Miss Hitty,
mopping her perspiring brow. "Sim, for
mercy's sake get me a drink of water."

mercy's sake get me a drink of water,"
Sim obediently started for the kitchen, but at the door his path was barred by Berkley Pendleton. Berkley's expression was decidedly unamiable. There was a sinister gleam in his eye and red patches showed on his high checkbones. His words were fraught with deadly purpose and a perceptible odor of alcohol.

"I want to talk to you, Mr. Hoisington, sir," he said with severe dignity; "outside and now, sir."

Sim looked at him wonderingle. "Wall

Sim looked at him wonderingly. "Well,

wait until I get Aunt Hitty a drink," he said at last.

said at last.

Berkley awayed slightly and his frown deepened. "I've a partickler respect for Miss Hitty," said he, "and I'm a gentleman and know what's a lady's due; but in a case like this yer Miss Hitty's got to wait. You come along with me."

Sim hesitated, but Berkley took him by the arm and led him out of the bouse and into the barnyard. In the shadow of the barn he halted and released Sim's arm; then, backing a couple of paces, he suddenly jumped into the air and cracked his beels together.

Alighting, he snapped his fingers in Sim's face and took another backward step that

was almost a caper.

"I'm a rip-rourer," he announced impressively. "I'm cold p'isen an' red pepper.
I'm a cutter and a cyarver. I'm a tearer and a render!"

"Certainly," assented Sim. Then coasingly: "Le's us go take a dreach at the water trough, Berk. Freshen us up a right amart.

Mr. Pendleton disregarded the sugges-tion. "Bein' what I am, I aim to ask you a question," he went on. "Bein' what I am. I aim to have you arawer it. What may be your intentions with regards to Miss Processor College?" Rowens Gollop!"

It was evident to Sim that, whatever his potations, the man was in soler earnest. He meant to know. Sim considered, conscientiously considered, and found himself uncertain. After a pause he owned that he

"Dogged if I can tell you," he said.
"Sometimes.— No, I hain't made up
my mind as to intentions in no direction.
Mabbe.—"He pondered absently.
Berkley shook a long, bony forefinger at
him. "I'll tell you what your intentions
air," he snarled. "They're to keep away
from the lady I've mamed and stay kep'
away. I've got my intentions, which is
hon rable and sot, an' I warn you off. If
you cain't make up your mind to keep
away and stay kep' I aim to split you open
like a ripe melon." like a ripe melon.

He danced a step or two, and as for a moment be emerged from the shade of the bare, a knife flashed in his hand.
"I'm a rip-roarer," he chanted. "I'm a cutter and a cyarver! You made up your mind to keep away and stay kep??"
"I don't want no trouble with you, Berkley." Sim answered. "Don't act fooish." He eyed the grotesque, capering figure watchfully.
"You made up your mind."

"You made up your mind?"
"No," roared Sim. "Now, daggone you,
keep away from me or I'll hurt you."
Berkley jumped for him and Sim dodged.
Again the rip-roarer circled, and again
leared in with a virious swing of his know

leaped in with a vicious swing of his know that the young man barely avoided. "Try that again and I'll cuff you," Sim

warned him sharply.

Berkley tried it. There was an instant whirl of action, a sharp smacking sound and Berkley Pendleton toppled backward and Berkley Pendleton toppled backward fell with a thud in the dust and lay quit still. At the same moment there was a quick rustle of skirts, and a bulky form brushed by Sim and plumped down at the side of the prostrate man.

"I reckoned there was suthin' like the happenin'," said Aunt Hitty's voice in a tone of marked displeasure.

"You great big lummer, hittin' the pore man that-a-way! Ain't you —— Sim, I b'lieve he's daid!"

"I reckon not," drawled Sim, picking up the knife and tossing it away. "Some water's all he needs. He's stirrin' now." He went to the watering trough, where he found a pail which he filled and brought

"Now you clear right out," said his relative, dipping her handkerchief into the water and applying it tenderly to Pendleton's brow. "If anybody comes I'll fix up some story. No need o' you beln' here. What you say, Mr. Pendleton!" What you say, Mr. Pendleton?"
"I'll cut his heart out," mumbled

Berkley.
"Well," mused Sim as he walked away,
"it cert'nly does seem like I'm sort o'
fo'ced for to court Rowena now."

Just as he approached the house a man came out and advanced quickly to meet him. Stopping directly in Sim's path, with arms truculently akimbo and chin outthrust, this person spoke in a voice husky with emotion: "I've been a-lookin' for you, Sim Hoisington. You an' me has got to have a talk together."

nave a talk together."

Sim gaped at him. "What's pesterin' you, Ben?" he asked innocently.

"You air," Foster growled. He looked back over his shoulder. "Let's move over toward the barn," he proposed.

"I reckon if it's anythin' private we'd better go the other side of the house," Sim suggested. "It's right secluded in the orchard."

Sim suggested. "It's right secluded in the orchard."

In a few minutes the two came to an open space between the apple trees. There Foster whipped off his coat.

"You'll ketch cold," drawled Sim. "Cain't you talk just as well with your cost on?"

"I allow there hain't much to be said." Foster sneered. "You're almin' for to take my gal away from me, hain't you?"

"Lisbeth?" For the moment Sim's chiligation to Rowens was forgotten. He was not quite clear on the point. "Mabbe I am," he said, "and then again mabbe I hain't. I couldn't aznekly say, Ben."

"You'll quit shinin' up to her or you'll take a lickin right now," declared Foster. Again Sim reflected. "Why, as to that, I couldn't quit on no other fellow's say-so," he said slowly. "An' as for the lickin," he went on, "I don't keer to take that, Ben. I b'lieve I'd get right mad if you even started for to lick me."

Foster's reply to that was a swinging blow that took effect behind Sim's ear.

Foster's reply to that was a swinging blow that took effect behind Sim's ear, Sim staggered back, tripped on a root and went down. Instantly gathering himself together he dived at Foster's legs and heaved. Foster pitched over his adver-sary's shoulder and landed on his head, continuing the evolution in a partly involuntary somersault that gave him a chance to scramble to his feet. In the mean time Sim had regained his footing and, as he had predicted, lost his temper. The fight was too fierce to last long. It

was a pummeling match pure and simple—
"fist and skull," as the phrase went on
Little Tarkio. Evenly matched in strength
and activity as the two young men were,
the result was likely to be determined by their endurance rather than their skill, but in the end, when the two fell, Sim was uppermost and lost no time in taking advantage

of his position,
"Had enough?" he asked presently, suspending operations,

Foster wriggled feebly and gasped an

insult.
"I'll cert'nly give you all you want,"
Sim declared. He drew back his fist, but
beeitated before the helplesmess of his foe.
"Shucks! Get up, then, you crazy loon,"
he permitted, himself rising. "Want any

Foster, though tottering, was indomi-table. "I'm whipped now," he muttered through swellen lips, "but you keep away from Lisbeth or I'll wipe the ground with you first time I see you."

He picked up his coat and the two returned to the barnyard and the watering trough, where they laved the stains of conflict side by side. Presently Sim turned a bruised and serious face to his late

antagonist.
"Ben," said he, "I hate for to have trouble with you, but I reckon I'm sort of obliged now to keep right on with Lisbethkind o' fo'ced to.

Nevertheless it was not until Saturday, four days later, that Sim took any sort of action in the delicate situation. During that time affairs had become even more

complicated. Following the night of the dance Berkley Pendleton had called and taken Aunt Hitty to prayer meeting. He had met Sim and had made no hostile demonstration whatever during the uncomfortable quarter of an hour spent on the porch. The next day Aunt Hitty went to town and did some trading. That was Thursday. Sim and Abner, postponing the fencing, started haymaking that day, and from the field Abner pointed out the returning light wagon with Berkley Pendleton's saddle mule tied behind it and Berkley occupying a sest beside Aunt Hitty.

"Sort o' rushing things," commented Abner.

But at the yard gate Berkley resumed his mule and rode away.

Friday the hay claimed Sim's attention inexorably, but he was uneasily determined to do something. What? There was the rub! There came Saturday and the just.

"Herkley Pendiston is a comin" to Sec.

"Herkley Pendleton is a-comin" to Sun-day dinner, Sim, "announced Aunt Hitty after the noonday meal.

Her rather comely, entirely comfortable face was unaccountably flushed; her usual

breathlessness was increased so that her ample been heaved quite ternultuously.

ample besom heaved quite tigmultuously.

"I reckon I might as well tell you that Berkley and me aim to get married right soon, Sim. I hate to leave you, but I'm gettin' along to an age where I ought to get settled in life. I'll see about gettin' some-body to do for you though, Sim—if you cain't get no one yourse'l."

Sim went out to the barn and, after sending Abner to the field, sat down to think it over. What a world! What a puzzling, mixed-up mess! What did it all mean and who and what was right? Politics, religion, love—no straight, plain main road anywhere.

"Got to do somethio"."

He got up and began mechanically to

He got up and began mechanically to room and harness his sorrel driving mare. His mind still in chaos, he run his buggy out and backed the mare into the shafts.

In the same mental daze he got into the buggy and presently found himself on the road—to where?

He had told Lisheth that he would be up to see her and she would be looking for him. Also his manhood compelled defiance of Foster's threat. There was Pendleton's threat too. Under the circumstances it was unlikely that Berkley would make trouble now; still, the threat remained. Besides, he would have to pass Gollop's place—unless be turned off the road and made a wide circuit. Then he could stop at Rowena's on the way back.

So musing, he turned off the road—and within a mile he was on the point of turning back again. The mare decided the matter by speeding on, but not in the way Sim expected. She had covered another half mile when she shied at a blue sunbonnet that showed above the hedge, and by the time Sim had her under control Rowens Gollop was standing in the road swinging a pail half full of blackberries and laughing at them, "Travelin' or guin' somewhere, Sim?"

Rowens hailed him.

Sim beaved a sigh of pleasure and relief as he looked at her. "Jest a-travelin', Rowena," he replied, smiling wistfully. "Jest a-travelin'. I hain't never gain' nowbere.

She approached the buggy and lifted the pail to him. "Have some," she lovited. "They're right good. I'm a-gain' to make a pudden of them."

"I'd like for to taste the pudden," said Sim, as he helped himself to the fruit.

"I ain't goin' to give you no bid," she answered cruelly, and then went straight to the point as was her way. "So you was

the point as was her way. "So you was fightin' the other night at the dance, Sim? What was the trouble with you an' Berk Pendleton? Oh, don't hum an' haw! Tell

Sim looked at her. Her expression com-

elled a truthful answer.
"Well, Berk allowed he aimed to marry
"Well, Berk allowed he aimed to marry you and warned me off. He got kind o' rambunctious when I wouldn't agree for to stay away from you. 'Twan't nothin' ser'ous, Rowena." Sim pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his face.

"You didn't want for to stay away from me?" the girl asked softly.

"I cert'nly didn't," replied Sim with

particular emphasis.

"And you an' Ben Foster fout. What for was that, Sim!"

"Oh, shucks!" Sim ejaculated. He wiped his face again. "Twan't nothin." What for was that, Sim?"





If a good friend advised you often enough to try

Tee PUNCTURE-PROOF PROOF TIPES

you'd try them and suce yourself time, bother and momen, Yet your friend would only recommend the tires-lie would not guarantee them.

We do purantee them. Every Lee Puncture-Proof. Purchastic Tire is sold petty absolute assurance of

No Punctures-or Money Back

he brook to Price Bostonich and give this extra service. The processor, the major apparation that tracked it pro-ting the processor of the tracket and sold a new Pomphiet Kin life, at reason. While he is booked.

LEE TIRE AND RUBBER CO. CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

Lot Tree, Lot Postdort-Perod Programatic Tires, Lot "Zig-Zig" Non-Stide, and Lot Velant Tubes are such in every feeding sign. Look up "Lot Lora" is your above book.

"Smile at Miles"

dely purctures. Here is "the tire that put the sure

Note the montruction. Not. Net the innoverties National to the latest to be attached and an innoverties to be attached and a product and the statest to the product and the call of the call

2000 eited tilter imbedded suther the treat, in peerlepping layers, with balvic last to see to prevent friction and leading. No said our enterpy things by proctame no respensive replacement of laser titles.





The Howard Watch

THE predominance of the HOWARD Watch among yachting men illustrates some interesting conditions in American business and professional life.

There is in this country no exclusively yachting class, as such. Practically every American yachtsman is a man of affairs, who finds his greatest relaxation on the water, and who takes his HOWARD Watch. with him when he goes abourd.

The thing that makes him a yachtsman and an American disposes him to like the HOWARD Watch - with its fine traditions, its trim, racy lines, and its way of showing in clean American heels to the talent of the watch-making world:

The comberful character of the HOWARD Watch is that it meets were of so many different kinds and occupations no three own ground. Men in com-mence, in the sycholcal industries, in the professions, in official litr.

A Howann Watch is always worth what you pay for in

The price of each wards is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached from the 17-jewel (Justie reiter) in a Crewent Estra or Bon Estra gold-filled care at \$40, to the 21-freed in 18K gold care at \$170 and the Enware Howard musdel at \$350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to home.

Admiral Signbus has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U.S. Navy. You'll enjoy a. Deep is a post card, Dept. N., and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS BOSTON, MASS.

Canadian Wholesale Dypot: Lumeden Bidg., Toronto

We Want Your Boy

We desire to give him a chance to earn as much spending money as you are willing that he should have and at the same time get a lot of the sort of premiums which every boy wants. During some of his leisure time this summer he will have a splendid chance to earn his spending money and to get an experience which will be of inestimable value later in life. Thousands of other boys will do the same thing—in fact they are doing it now, selling The Saturday Evening Post and The Ludies' Home Journal. If he'll write to us, we'll tell him all about it.

We'd like to send to you a copy of a unique booklet entitled "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" It tells how a lot of parents have solved "the boy problem" and will give you an interesting half hour's reading if nothing more.

Sales Decision, Box 333

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Well, it—it was this-a-way," the young man stammered: "Ben took a notion I was shinin' up to Lisbeth Minnick an'—an' he warned me off."
"You didn't want for to stay away from

Lisbeth?" pursued the inquisitor relent-

Sim looked at her imploringly. She met his gaze and held it until he hent forward and took the hand that she had rested on the dashboard. Then a wave of color swept over her face, and for the first time Sim

saw her disconcerted.
"It's all scratched up with them briers,"
said Sim, and lifted the hand to his lips. 'I don't never want for to stay away from

"I don't never want for to stay away from
you. Rowers—but somehow—a fellow
don't sometimes just know—"
He stopped, for Rowers put a foot on
the step and leaped into the buggy. Her
face was rather pale than resy now and her
mouth was set. She clucked to the mare,
who started forward and set off at a
smanking trut.

spanking trot.
"Which-a-way we'd best go?" Sim
queried in a shaking voice, after a moment

or two of highly significant silence.
"Preacher Coles," Rowens asswered.
And at that Sim turned to her a face

"Mind your drivin"," cautioned Rowena.
"You know why I like you, Sim—well enough to let you run off with me this-a-way? In pose it's because your ideas are the way? Is posent a beendase your ideas are the same as mine. You're a hard-shell Baptist now and forevermore, and nothin' won't stir you the width of a rat's whisker. You're a rock-ribbed, dyed-in-the-wood Democrat, an' you don't scratch your ticket for Bud Watta nor pobody. You sold with a man makin' up his mind and stickin' right to it through thick an' thin an' whether or no-unless his wife sees some good reason to alter it. Is that right, Sinc, or "- Rowena's firm voice faltered a little here-"or would you like to let me

Sim's arm went round her and held her Sim's arm went round her and held her close as he urged the mare to greater speed, "You're right about everythin', Rowers," he said. "Gosh! I feel like a ton weight had been took off'n my shoulders. I want to whoop. Lordy, how I need you!" "Mind your drivin', Sim," cautioned Rowens, "Well, then, give me the reins."

THE MUTINEER OF THE MARY BLOUNT

(Cuntinued from Page 18)

affection for another. Then she saw Cran-

affection for another. Then she saw Crandle watching her from under hent brown, and she waved her hand to him.

Then she sent her soft trustful eyes upon little trips about and allow, as if to store her mind with pictures to look at during the long hours in the dull, eventless cabin.

Captain Haithway accompanied his wife below, and returned almost instantly dressed in his oilekins. He was no longer smiling, and he began to give orders that rang over the whole ship.

Till now only the major preparations for riding out a burricane had been taken. There was pienty of time, and the young

There was plenty of time, and the young man did not wish his wife to suspect the gravities and anxieties of the cituation. So a surgeon keeps concealed from the pa-tient's eyes the ghostly, clinking prepara-tions in the operating room. But now the Mary Blount became the scene of a hundred swift and eminous artivities. Life-lines legan to spread from point to point like a spider's web; everything movable went below; the pumps were tested. The nest of spare boats was swung between the main and fore marts, high enough to clear a strong man's bend, and strongly braced so that they could not swing amuric. What-ever might be expected to give under terrific strain was looked to and reinforced when

processary.

Of all the Mury Blount's great spread of canvas only one little patch was left standing. She lay broadside to the coming storm, rising to the tops of the rollers, and drapping with a sensel and squirting about of white water. Now and then she appeared as if she was nodding to herself, as much as to say: "This may be your first hurricane, but it isn't mine. I'm not afraid

So Hertor felt, waiting under the walls of for the vengeful Achilles. But in the everybody knows, tricked by the Deat here turned and ran. And the Mary Blount, a kind of

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Keeps After Opening

ROM the gathering, selecting and thoroughly washing of the red-ripe tomatoesthe slight cooking so that the true tomato taste is retained, accentuated by addition of pure, delicate spicesto the filling, corking and capping of the sterilized bottles, every step taken is with extreme care and under the strict surveillance of experts. All this tends towards making

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Delicious - Appetizing - Satisfying

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U.S. Government



In warm weather

(as easy to use as to say)

gives you a gratifying sense of personal wholesomeness by

neutralizing all odors of perspiration

A snow-white unscented cream easily applied -does not check perspiration-lasts from bath to bath.

25e at drug- and department-stores "Muss" Mig Co 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia



SUMMER BARGAINS

In Stylish Apparel

WE Pay all Mail or Express Charges



We Satisfy You or Refund Your Money

BELLAS HESS & @



EXTRAORDINARY OFFER-30 4451

WRITE TODAY of the second seco

MEAD CYCLE CO., DEPT. N-58, CHICAGO, HL. | head of the dead woman resting in his lap.

sigh running through her rigging, turned a little upon her keel and began to retreat. To the westward, from horizon to zenith,

the sky was one great amear of black ink; the sea was a field of snow.

And then, though it was still calm on deck for one long instant of time, the wind seized the Mary Blount by the upper spars and threw her hard on her side and began to drag her off. So in cave days your ancestor or mine may have seized his beloved by the hair, thrown her and dragged her off to his cuve.

From within the Mary Blount there came one prolonged cracking and smashing. She might have been a ship from the Orient deep in china and porceiain. Her one sail tore from its place with the noise of a cannon shot, and in a moment had disap-peared for to lesward, not in the sea but in the shot!

the sky!

And then, righting a little, the Mary Blount began to travel under her bare poles faster than she had ever traveled before.

It became dark as night. The yells and acreamings of the wind were as the voices of Lucifer's army sacking a city in heaven. of Luciler's army sucking a city in heaven. Of human sounds there were none. Even when one of the men—you cannot say at the wheel or the rodder, for the Mary Blount's steering gear was a Noah's Ars combination of both—had his whole aids stove in by an uncontrollable leap of the apparatus, the other man could not hear his cry of anguish.

Solid green water fell upon the deck in

long-drawn thunder. When this had slid back into the sea the hurt man was gone, and Crandle, his heard standing at right angles to his chin, had taken his place. No man on that ship knew when day

passed into night.

No man knew that in the captain's cabin, clinging to the leaping, plunging bed, a woman had ended her day of fear, and was entering all alone without help, without marry, as it seems, human or divine, upon her hours of agony.

It must have been early in the morning, ifferentiated only from the night by its greater blackness, that Captain Haithway went helpe. Only Crandle saw him gr, and only Crandle saw him crawl and stagger back to the deck. To Crandle for some time now it had seemed as if the main fury of the hurricane had passed.

It was rather a seeming, an intuition, than any setual phenomenon of physical diminution to which Crandle could have

He watched Captain Halthway drag him-self to the lee bulwarks, clinging to a life-line, and followed him with a bold, lawless glunce; for all night the seaman's imagination had been hanging upon the man who had been washed overheard. Having reached the mizzen-shrouds, Cap-

tain Haithway climbed slowly into them, and clinging tightly, looked down into the sen that now was distily far below his feet, and that now rose as if to strike him in the

You could have knocked Crandle over with a feather. Why a man in his senses should deliberately place himself in so suicidal a situation was utterly beyond him. It was with the idea of warning him of his peril that Crandle began to move warily across the deck; but it was with no such death the himself come presents to the idea that he himself came presently to the mizzen-shrours and began to look this way and that in the darkness to see if any one was watching him.

But each man on that ship was intent upon his own destiny. And in that dark-ness only the main shapes and motions of

things were perceptible.

A dozen men might be looking, and not he able to swear upon the book that the murder which they saw done was not an attempt at rescue.

Crandle looked up and could see his captain's face; could see it, could read the message of it like words in a book. It was the face of a man who asks for nothing but

The vessel rolled lower and lower; just as she glided into the first upthrust for recovery Captain Haithway merely let go with his hands.

Crandle had not touched him. Nay, the wicked man's hard heart had turned to milk, and those sounds which came from him, though no man could hear them in the howling of the wind, were dry solss of anguish.

After a little Crandle descended into the cabin. And there they found him at last, when the burricane had fallen to a gale, the



This is an unretouched photograph of an auto Top covered with NEVERLEEK. It has been in daily service for a year and a half. It has stood much of the time before the owner's factory, under rositing snows of Winter- ander blazing van of Sammer.

Note the amountment of the Top - not a with it create, despite constant folding and antidating. And true a slight being of the black, the second ways it leads in good takes as the day it would me. This is the head of second

TRADERANK



TOP MATERIAL

Georgestrad Without Limit

NEVERLEEK is guaranteed absolutely atergrowd under all conditions, without time limit. Your Top will be re-covered free if it ever leaks through the fabric.

NEVERLEEK is so "tight" that a steady hydraulic pressure of 200 pounds to the square inch failed to force water through it.

Yet it is an plichly that it scands seedless tolding without erarking or bilinering.

Many of the best cars include NKVER-LEEK TOP as regular equipment. Ask for NEVERLEEK on your DESCRIPTION.

H your old hap nonth re-covering, andy NEVERLEEK, Wrote to deat for normalism of new com-located and dult limiting which y no may beet for growpent.

F. S. CARR CO. 31 Brach Street





The TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO., Hartford, Conn.

Please and particulars regarding Arcident Insurance. By mane, address, accupation and date of birth are being

Tear of



Smile at Age

Good teeth rob age of half its terrors. They help to keep the face youthful, the digestion sound, and the health robust. Good teeth are kept good by

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

It is the sure protection against "acid mouth," which ruins more teeth than all other causes combined. You probably have "acid mouth." Dentists say nine out of ten people have it. Better make sure.

Send Today for Free Ten-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

If the blue paper turns pink in your mouth it shows the presence of enamel-destroying acid. Then use Pebeco and test again. And notice how much cleaner your mouth feels, too.

Pebeco originated in the hygienic laboratories of P. Briendorf & Co., Hambung, Germany, and is sold everywhere in extra large size takes. As any one-third of a brushful is used at a time, Pebero saves money as well as teath. For Free Samples and Acid Text Papers write to

LEHN & FINK, Manufacturing Chemists, 106 William St., New York Producers of Lahn & Fink's Riverts Talcom

A Free College Education

W.F. should like to know every young man and young woman in the United States who wants an education and who hasn't the means to satisfy his or her desires. We should like to tell them how to get it in college, musical conservatory, business college or agricultural school without a cent of expense. Let us tell you about it and what others have done.

Educational Division, Box 537

THU -

* EVENING POST, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.

and the little baby for whom she had given her gentle and blameless life asleep in his great tender arms.

THE gale fell to a brisk, pleasant wind; the mountains of water became hills and the sun shone with delightful brilliance. Of the difficulties left in the wake of the burricate there was only one which seemed insurmountable to the men of the Mary Bloust. Damages could be repaired in a trice. Already the body of Mrs. Haithway had been sewn in carries and committed to the deep; there being among the men but one pair of dry eyes—those of him alone to whom her death meant everlanting sorrow. Mr. Tuttle had watched them slide her into the sea with a peculiar and marked interest. the sea with a peculiar and marked interest.

And he wandered if he, too, would be so buried, and how soon. A very sick man when the harricane began to blow, he could hardly keep his feet now, hardly lift the little prayer book to read the words for those who are buried at sea. Even if Mr. Tuttle should die, the ship's difficulties might well be surmounted—all but the one. How can strong men stand about and see a little haby starve to death? There was no provision for labous abourd the Mary illouet, and already little Miss Haithway was giving signs of incipient appetite.

"She'll be all right on water for twenty-four hours," commented a father of more than one family, "in' then she'll want milk,"

"Is there nothing we can give her?" saied Crandle angrity.

The father of families ahrugged his shoulders.

"We can keep her alive for a few days on biscuits 'n' water 'n' treacle 'n' water."
"For a few days!" And he booked down into the little alsoping face, lifting a corner of the blanket in which he had wrapped her. He went the length of the deck and back, heavy with trouble. Then his reving sym-came to half open a whale best and flamed with sudden boxe.

with sudden hope.

Mr. Tuttle had just finished working out

the position of the ship.

The starts seems to have been circular, Craedle. We are actually nearer Honolulu than we were.

"That's good. Then we'll save her yet. I want leave to go on ahead with her in one of the bouts.

Mr. Tottle pulled a doubtful face.

Mr. Tottle pulled a doubtful face.
"I'm a dying man. Crusdle," be smiled wistfully. "What becames of the ship with you game and one gone?"
"The rose will be proud to take that chance for this baby, sir. And besides, that there Bowers can keep the ship to a course till I make shift to pick her up again."
"We must promote Bowers. It wouldn't be for our contracts."

do for our only surviving navigator to be the cable loy. But you seem to have adopted this haby, Crandle?" "Yes," said Crandle. "And God help

me to be a good man!"

He lifted a corner of the blanket, and the man who was dying and the man who had just begun to live smiled with great tender-

"Takes after her mether," said Mr. Tuttle. "Yes, you may go abead in one of the boats. Crandle. It's the only chance for the laby. Put her in good hands. If you are short I have a little money. You have no doubts of finding your way?"

Then the sooner you start the better."

"Then the sooner you start the better."
"I'll pick you up again somewhere between here and Honolalu, Mr. Tuttle."
"You won't wait for us?"
"No, sir; I'll start right back. If I don't pick you up in twenty-four bours or so, why I'll know we've passed each other and I'll run back to port."

On the eighth day anxious eyes beheld against the first amethystine premonitions of land a speck of sail. And the boy Rowers, handling the late Captain Huithway's telescope with as much knowingness as if he had invented telescopes, made her out to be the missing whale boat, returning from

Honolulu with Crandle at the steering our.
The boy Bowers stepped below and threw open the door of Mr. Tuttle's stateroom.
"Hawasi's in sight, Mr. Tuttle, and so's Crandle."

Mr. Tuttle shook his head a little and smiled, but said nothing. Then he turned quietly on his side and with a long sigh of relief died.

The boy Bowers went on derk looking very white and crying a little. "Poor Mr. Tuttle is dead," he said, and gave orders to luff ship and was very smartly obeyed.





Stuplet 64 IRVING PLACE NEW YORK

FRANK DAK, HUYLER, Pres.

Ask for white Cocon and dight Chocolate at your grocer's



(Wilson's Patents, formariy known as Wilson's Wobbles
The seriouslish of 1913. They said high wisers the had
New made in two styles, Florted and Wilsoned. Florted
for a longer seriously with the property of the said with the communities within Marie and the said met
for stitusers. William another Both styles floral ends met
flores with minus another Both styles floral within a
made on. Nickel platted backs. Beneathfully communities
said colors. Prov. (Secret seas to Anthroly communities
paties and colors they butte, and also, the Good land to Value Real and back the Good land to X
Turkle tolder with the carried Lines material that
HARTINGS medicates.

BASTINGS SPORYING GOODS WORKS, Sole Man.

As right as a full jeweled watch



Vest Pocket KODAK

with Kodak Anastigmat lens

vest pocket camera that will A really go in the vest picket comfortably. And not only does the Kodak itself go in the pocket, but it is self contained, carries within itself the films for eight exposures.

A lens that gives microscopic definition and has speed to space, a ball buring shatter that works silently, accurately, without jerk or jar.

In this camera Kodak simplicity and the utmost convenience are combined with an optical quality that perfectly meets the requirements of those who demand an instrument of the highest type.



Price, \$12.19

it lin't an Lauman, it ten't a Kudah.

Catalogue free of your dealer's, or he mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROURESTER, N.Y., The Kedah City.



Shirley Summer luxury for Monlders President Suspenders 50, "Satisfaction of money horse in section The C. A. Edgerton Mig. Co., Steine, HanTwenty minutes passed, and the whale boat was now visible in all detail to the naked eye.

Suddenly one of the men shouted: "He's

brought the baby back with him!"
Yes, he had brought the baby back, and
a sack full of island toys and a couple of
milch goats, and he had brought with him
Miss Bettle Paseua, from whose deep brown breast the baby was at that very moment drawing warm, delicious milk and a love, I daresay, of swimming and the sea.

"But ain't we going to have just one night sahore?"
"That's for you to say, boys. Now listen: If we visits Honolulu the owner's representative visits us. And we gets a new captain and a new mate. Do you want to risk that, after Captain Haithway and Mr. Tuttle?"

A night ushore still looked alluring.

"And," said Crandle, "he'd take the baby away from us. How about that?"

"What's a night ashore anyhow?" said Shattuck. "Only a headache."

"But," one of the men objected, "not taking the ship in to report kind o' smacks of mutiny."

of mutiny,"
Crandle bent his bushy brows.
"To me," he said, "the notion of losin'
my baby kind of smacks of hell. If we take this old bottom to the Indian Ocean where she's bound, and brings her back home brireful of oil, the sourcet owner in Hanley-town won't talk about mutiny—no, sir."

There were still murmurs in the men's voices and doubts in their eyes, when sud-denly there came from the stern of the ship the noises of a beby in a rapture of some sort or other.

"That settles it," said Shattuck, and laughter ran about the circle.

Then Crandle gave his orders.

"The baby and her nurse will have the captain satateroom and the run of the cable. You, Corning, as was raised on a farm, will have charge of the goats. One other thing: Miss Peasun has her faults, but she's left 'em all ashore. And the man that don't treat her like a lady will get treated like a doe!"

dog!"
"Beggin' your pardon for interruptin',"
said the man Corning: "but if I'm to have
charge of the goats I'd like to know what
I'm to give 'em to eat."
For once in his life Crandle looked very
foslish. And there rose at his charges so
great a rose of Homeric laughter that presently he was laughing too.

great a row of Homeric taughter that presently he was laughing too.

"Well," he said, "you can write home that, though you missed a night ashore, you all had fresh meat for dinner."

"Beggin' your pardon," said Corning.

"but how if anything was to happen Miss.

Passus and ne goats to fall back on?"

"How?" said Crandle. "I brought off snough preserved milk in the boat to raise a baby whale."

Three years later the old Mary Blount sailed into Hardeytown Harber with a record cargo of oil and a barrel of ambergris.

Mr. Bowers, late the "boy Bowers," finished writing the last entry in the log:

"Everybody excited about baby seeing America for the first time. The Mary Blount is heading for the Long Wharf. And as any one can see it plain as the nose on

as any one can see it plain as the nose on his face, nobody but a fool would take the trouble to work out the ship's position, and thank God for that. So ends this day. And all's well."

Did the owners of the Mary Blount have the law on Crandle formutiny? You should have seen their old Puritan faces peering into the barrel containing the ambergris!

(THE END)

Cheap Power

NATURAL steam coming up through the ground is a cheap power for run-ning an engine in the Northern Tuscany mountains. Lakes of het water in the vicinity of the steam holes contain much boracic acid, and a manufacturing com-pany uses the natural steam to run machinery for extracting the valuable boracic acid from the lake water.

The only difficulty in this pleasant state of affairs is that the steam itself is so highly charged with boracic acid that it would injure the blades of a turbine engine; so the steam is used to heat up an ordinary boiler, and the steam from the boiler is then used in the turbine. The steam is caused by volcanic action and comes up through blowholes at a considerable pressure.





The Motorcycle Tire that Won

Breaks All Records - Removes All Risks

In four short years Goodyear Motorcycle Tires have forged to the front. Today they are so far ahead that three-fourths of all motorcycles sold in 1914 will be Goodyear-equipped.

Men have come to know these motorcycle tires for what they are. Have come to realize their matchless value - shown by their longer life - their greater mileage - their utter serviceability under all road

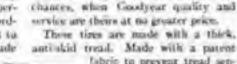
True Leadership

In this short time Goodyear Minorcycle Tires have won and held every road and track record. Such leadership can only come of master-quality -superservice. E. G. Haker's recent recordbreaking motorcycle trip, from coast to coast in 11 days and a half, was made on Goodyears.

Like Goodyear Automobile Tires

Since users have metered their mileage, Goodynac

leadership in the field of automobile tires has been all the more promounced. And the same inpate quality, the exclusive equipment, the expert knowledge all are



motorcycle world.

YEAR

service are theirs at no greater price. These tires are made with a thick, anti-skid tread. Made with a patent fabrio to prevent tread sep-

centered in these tiess that have won the

Cost No More

Men no longer have to take needless

arrayon. Made to anticipate ind neet every namual mad condition. Made to hold the place of leadership they have

There is a Goodyear dealer in your town. Ask him for our book, which tells how Greetvear Meturcycle Three are mode - or write to restay.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio London, England

Motorcycle Tires

(100D

Mexico City, Mexico Toronto, Canada Branches and Agencias in 182 Principal Cities. Danders Everywhere Weits Lie sie Augthing Tor Want in Rebi



Here is a piece of Goodynar Lawn Huse that was bent double and tied for nine months. When it was released it showed absolutely no stretch or stress at the broding point. This was because of its scientific construction, the correspondence and the six heavy rubber ribs that run its full length. These ribs also protect the bose against rough handling, prevent "kinking"; also add to the "glide" when lose is being yanked over the ground and around corners.

Five Separate Layers

of the highest grade rubber and outen. The five thirdnesses are "cored" to one solid or proof water. proof, wear-proof unit that gives years of unusual service.



Seamless

Goodyear Hose is absolutely searchest. The corrugations and title make it easy to buildle. The Goodyear "Wangloot" trademark is on every tool. Such hose saves you receive scassing after season.

Lawn Hose

Hose foot lengths: he inch. No. a loot; he inch. No. a loot; he inch. No. a foot We recommend the friench. You will find its size and weight best for wverner-(18-27)

diarely.

Buy This Way

ced as his name

prepaid. Price is 50

BUT CREEKY

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Lawn Hose Dept., Akran, O. Toronto, Canada London, England Maxico City, Mexico Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber

Business at Judi-CIAL DISCRETION

Concluded from Page 3)

against the industrial appression observed to be on the way. The oppression of the people by large combines in restraint of trade has been onerous and bitter. Small dealers have been driven out of business; huge industries have been joined; high prices have been maintained and a variety of oppressions have followed; and the con-dition of almost industrial slavery which the great judge saw on its way has arrived.

The wrongs that make this situation pos-

sible ought to be prevented by law. They are great wrongs and the laws against them ought to be drastic; but they must also be

These crimes against our commercial civilization ought to be catalogued and prohibited by specific acts; but when this course is proposed we are met by the suggestion that we have reached a point where the meaning of the law is generally under-stood by the rourts.

We are told that the wrongs against which the Sherman Law is directed cannot be suf-ficiently defined to enable them to be en-acted into prohibitory statutes, but that judicial interpretation has made it clear to the people what can and what cannot be

done under that general statute.

The argument does not seem convincing. If the decisions of the courts have now de-found the wrongs prohibited by this act; if they have defined them so that the judges now know what the offenses against the act are then surely these decisions have de-fined them so that we may catalogue them and prohibit them in terms of law. And if they are not sufficiently determined to enable us to prohibit them in terms in a statote, then they are not sufficiently defined for the courts to prohibit them in an administration of the statute as it stands.

Many Judges, Many Rulings

In other words, if the judges know precisely what acts are criminal under the gen-eral, vegus terms of the Sherman Law, then they can tell us what those acts are and we can put them into the law of the land,

Judicial explanation has not always made statute clearer to the common man. Learned opinions have sometimes reminded us of Lewis Carroll's exquisite example of

interpretation:
"Be what you would seem to be. Or, if you would like it put more simply, said the Duchess, 'never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been would have appeared to them to be attention."

As the law new stands, every case must be decided for itself according to the rule of reason as interpreted by the presiding judge. There will probably be as many decisions as there are cases, and as many variations of the role of reason as there are individuals on the beach. Moreover, the attorney-general will be clothed with a power of discretion greater than any ruler of any modern dispotion. He may be in every instance a great, incorruptible patriot, but the admin-istration be represents cannot escape the pressure of public opinion.

What is if that corrupts the electorate of a country? Is it not the belief of certain interests that they may obtain some advantage, either by the enacting of laws or the administration of them? If the atterney-general and the courts are to say what are good and what are Ind trusts; what busitiese interests shall be permitted the privileges of a restraint of trade; to which uses the rate of reason shall apply or not apply then it will be to the advantage of these seeking the great privileges under this indefinite law to see that un administration favorable to them is resurred and that odges and lawyers with economic favorable to their enterprises are elevated

The people of this country believe thernseives to be the source of all authority. They are not willing to permit the judges either to make the laws or to sit as boards of control to determine how the people are to conduct their legities affairs. To do so would neter the mry supreme, with over the conduct authority and it would of Jegoco de power than republic.





You can if you dictate to an Edison Dictating Machine. It shortens working hours and adds to recreation hours.

Send for breaklet, "Getting the Bulge on Summer"

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc. 235 Laborida Ave. Orange, N. J.





The argonauts

(Continued from Page 13)

and Susy knew their place. They went out, driving the hens before them. Mrs. Cassidy took the loaf out of the pot oven and set it on the table to cool. Then she sat down again on her stool and went on with

her story:
"Seemingly he was contented enough
and had given up the notion of America
when he seen that his aunt was against him going. It was well pleased we were, His father gave him a calf for his own and I took care that he didn't want for a shilling in his pocket, so as he wouldn't be ashamed before his comrades—and them maybe spending more or less in the town after a football kicking or the like.

"Well, for as much as six months there wasn't a word out of him about America, and we thought he was settled down for good. Then one day, all of a sudden, he walked in on us, the same as it might be you walking in this minute: 'I'm off to America to-morrow,' says he. 'I've sold the young bullock'—it was a young bullock the calf was by that time—'and I have my passage booked; and there's no use your talking, for my mind's made up.'

"I knew well enough it was no use talk-ing, for Sonny was always terrible stubborn once his mind was made up. He wouldn't change, not if the King of England was to go down on his knees to him. He went the

go down on his knees to him. He went the next morning, sure enough."

"He'll be back some day," I said feebly.

"He'll not be back," said Mrs. Cassidy;
"or If he is I won't be here to see him. I turied one boy and I've lost the other. Is it any wonder my heart is broke in pieces?"

A poet—Tennyson, I think—speaks of the words of the comforter as "Vacant chaff, well meant for grain." I felt the truth of this description when I tried to ralk to Mrs. Cassidy. She felt the same thing, I suppose, for she cut me short.

"Never a word did we hear of him or from him from that day to this," she said. "I made Norah Kate write a letter to his nunt out in

Norah Kate write a letter to his nunt out in Pittsburgh, to know if she'd seen the lad. It was a good letter and well written, though North Kate isn't the equal of Sonny for writing. But what use was it? He hadn't been near his sunt—nor she hadn't heard from him. All she said was that America's a big country and Michael Antony might be somewhere in it without her knowing. It was Michael Antony she said in her letter, not knowing that it was Sonny we always called him, though, of course, Michael Antony was his name."

I plodded home that evening along the muddy road and my heart in me was as sorrowful as the gray clouds which hung low above my head. Mrs. Cassidy's trag-edy is the tragedy of Ireland. Their names are many, though we call them all Sonny. They go from us to a land that is very far off and we are left to grow old alone.

It was on Christmas Eve that I saw Mrs. Tassidy again. I did not mean to go to see her; but I was passing along the road and Norah Kate was watching for me at the end of the lane, as her father had watched for me a month before.

"My mother says," she said, "will your

everence step up to the house for a minute he way she'll be able to speak to you? For here's something that she wants to say

here's something that she wants to say. It had rained steadily day and night ince the last time I visited the Cassidys' touse. The lane that led to it was like a unning river. I picked my way from one arge stone to another. I crawled along brough deep mud beside the wall. Norah cate, barefooted and therefore indifferent, plashed gayly beside me. Boots and rousers are a curse! If we had any sense we should wear kills, as our remote areas. re should wear kilts, as our remote ancesors did, and protect the soles of our feet, ith sandals.

The yard outside the house was incredply filthy. The manure heap and the ignty had-if the expression can be used of hem - overflowed their banks. The thatch f the house was sodden and stained green a great patches. I expected to see worse esolation Inside.

I was mistaken. Mrs. Cassidy met me at he door. She was bright-eyed and alert. he wore a clean apron. A bright turf fire urned on the hearth. There were sprigs f holly in the jugs on the shelves of the

resser. You've had news of Sonny!" I said. "Well, now, you're a wonderful man, so ou are!" said Mrs. Cassidy. "How did you know that, when it's no more than an

hour ago that the letter came?"

"It wasn't hard to guess," I said. "A merry Christmas to you, Mrs. Cassidy!"

"I was sitting by the side of the fire," she said, "after himself and the two little girleens had their breakfast ate, the same as I'd sat many's the day—God forgive me! I see now that I oughtn't ever to have given in the way I did. Well, I was sitting by the fire and himself was out about the place. and the two girleens was playing them-selves, when all of a sudden Susy ran in on

"It was me and not Susy!" said Norsh

Kate.

"What matter the which of you it was?" said Mrs. Cassidy. "My own belief is it was the two of ye together—and says she: "The postman's coming up the lane." 'He is not!" I said. 'He couldn't be, for the lane leads nowhers but to this house—and who'd be writing a letter to one of us!"

"That was what I said: but I knew well

That was what I said: but I knew well that the postman was coming - and I knew that it was a letter from Sonny he had for me. I knew it by the way my heart was beating so as I could hear the noise of it with my ears—till all of a sudden it stopped entirely and I had to take hold of the table with my two hands, so as I wouldn't fall. That's what made me know there was a letter from Sonny: but I wasn't fit to go to the door to get it - not if I'd been given the crown of the Queen of Spain I couldn't have moved. Norah Kate got the letter." "Me, and Susy along with me," said Norah Kate.

She is a fair-minded child. She objected to being deprived of her glory as the first bearer of the news; but she was jealeus for her sister's honor too. Norah Kate and Susy together had taken the letter from the

"I seen by the stamp on it," said Mrs. Cassidy, "that it was an American letter; and as some us I seem that, the night of my eyes went from me and I seen no more. It

was Norah Kate read the letter."
"I did." said Norah Kate.
"Norah Kate's a good scholar," said
Mrs. Cassidy: "and well she may be, for
we've kept her regular to school: but sure it's small credit to her to be able to read Sonny's letter, for he's a beautiful writer. Would you like now, your reverence, that she'd read it for you? Mrs. Cassidy furnished in the boson of

her dress and drew out a letter, already crumpled with much handling already, I think, stained with tears of joy. I spared Norsh Kate the task of reading it again.

Sonny's handwriting is really very legible.
"'Decreat Father and Mother,' he wrote: This comes hoping to find you as well as it leaves me presently. Within is an order for twenty dollars. It's what I'd like to have sent before, only I hadn't till nownor I wouldn't write so long as I'd nothing nor I wouldn't write so long as I is nothing to send; but I've fine earning now and I've made good, which is what they say out here. I'd like you'd get something for the Christmas, and a cake or the like of that for Norsh Kate and Susy. And you needn't be alraid of spending it—for there's plenty more where this comes from."

"My father and Susy is gone into the town," said Norsh Kate; "and there's a grand doll, with a pink dress on her, in Mary Finnegan's shop, and it's to be got for Susy

"What signifies the doll, or the money either?" said Mrs. Cassidy. "It's the letter I'm thinking of. Go on with it now, your reverence. I'd never be tired listening

'The place I'm in,' Sonny wrote, would strike you as mighty queer, not being like what you're accustomed to at home. How's father? And how's the polly cow? And, hoping that you're keeping your own health, "'Your loving SONNY.""

"It was Sonny we called him," said Mrs. asidy; "but his name was Michael Cussidy: Antony."

"'P. S., I read. 'I didn't go near Aunt Matilda, for fear she might think I was wanting something from her, which is what I wouldn't take if she offered it to me after the letter she wrote saying it would be better for me not to come out. Hut I'll take a run down to see her some day when I'm through with the job I'm at. I want nothing from her now - thanks he to God! But it might be some time before I get going, for







OU signers of checks, writers of letters, Y keepers of books and makers of records here is a new ink. Carter's lax are well known for their brilliancy, smoothness and permanency.

Carter's Pencraft

Combined Office and Fountain Peri Ink

a reposally beauting become it is requally

whated in fourthing perso and regular short perso. Personals lish wines a blue and dress in black. It will not gue a correction All the loss statements have it in various sizes or power from \$1,00 (quart) to 15s per leathe.

After all, on tak like Corne's

The Carter's Ink Company Buston, Mass.

New York Chicago Montreal Maniforhum of Writing Isles, Addisons, Francisco, History and Comm. Passes.

Scottissue How Large Buyers of Paper Towels Can Save Money Scot lissue lowels Are Chespeat by this Test

Pittsburgh's a long way from this-farther than you'd think.

"Sonny was always terrible statibors and independent," said Mrs. Cassidy. "Since ever he was in his cradle be'd do what he thought fit and do it the way he chose himself. He'd not be under a compliment to e'er

I next heard of Michael Antony Cassidy— whom his mother called Sonny—under circumstances that made the rain-ewept, desolate Connaught land seem like a halfforgotten dream. I was in the smoking room of one of the great liners, crossing the Atlantic for the first time in my life, and Atlantic for the first time in my life, and full of cursosity shout the land I was to visit. In one corner of the room was a group of men playing some eard game I did not understand. At other tables sat more men, talking in a lazy, desultory way. There is no use talking rapidly on shipboard. Why shoot remarks at your neighbor when you have all day long with nothing to do except hand them to him quietly?

All by thomselves in the farthest corner of the room sat the only two men who seemed to be in carnest about what they

seemed to be in carnest about what they were doing. They were playing chem. Their absorption in the game must have created a kind of atmosphere round them that their fellow voyagers found distasteful. They were isolated and reveral seats were vacant near them. I sat down beside them, not because I care much for chess-it is a game that hores me—or because I wested to be earnest; but because I like to have room to stretch my legs and to spread my

I suppose, however, that their atmosphere influenced me when I breathed it. I watched the game without knowing or suring such about it; but I observed the players with some interest. They were noth young new. They both had eagerly intelligent fame. The fact that they were ant drititing after beer or codes encylmost me that they were Americans. Chem-players of any other nation drink either near or coffee while they play. Americans and on drink my thing except lead water or cocktails and souther one nor other is a possible druck while playing chess.

I guessed they were university men-Then I guest degain, making up my mind that they were business men, with ample between for gold. They were certainly accustomed to use their brains. They certainly lived a good deal in the open air.

The game came to an end before I guessed and more. Upon of the players knocked the nation out of his pipe and declared that he was gaing to bed. The other disclaimed shapers and his a cigar. We began to talk and—at all solvinets in the world—bit on American police.

Now qualities is not, in my opinion, a fit object for conversation anywhere. If you talk your own politics—the politics of your major land—you are sure to lose your temper or size the other man will less his. If you hale the polities of another nation you were not anally go to sleep, because all formers politics, being quite incompre-buselile, are dell. American politics is to me the deliest of all, because I never get anywhere one noderstanding it. Neverthelms it as American politics my keeneyed champlayer talked.

I hazared and gained nothing free his desire action of one party or the other. I forgot now which it was that he denounced. At last I sales my question. I call it mine because I have lisked it eighteen times of before Americans and got eighteen dif-ferent asserts to it. Why is there no labor party in America—no labor party that runs manddates in frank opposition to Re-publicate and 1 smoorats alike, as the Engand lakest party of poses both Conservatives

This is, I think, an intelligent question. There are in arrows in America immerses numbers of them. It seems und that they about he maintained with either of the old-established parties. My new friend pondered the answer for a minute. Then he gave me his arower -a clear-cut, logically complete arower, which did not satisfy me in the least.

'America," he said, "is a land of free

opportunities for all. Any man, no matter flow is short, may become rich.

"Lob of mendo," I said. "Look at—and—" I memed two worthy millionalms who happened to be on board our

"Well," sold my friend, "if a man thinks he's going to be nich-and every laborer in America thinks that-he's not going to help the other laborers to combine against

capital, is he?"
I suppose my face showed that I did not regard this as a satisfactory explanation of the failure of American civilization to produce a labor party. My friend went on to justify his general statement by queting

"I'm an engineer," he said, "and I'm in charge of a hig job away out in what you'd call the wilds. That section isn't settled much—just a law farmers scattered about; and my crowd fixed up in a little wooden town the company built for them. There are a couple of thousand of them—and a pretty tough lot they are—Slavs mostly, with a sprinkling of Italians. Scum!" He spoke the last word with a venom that

surprised me in a citizen of the land of human equality—the land that fought to secure the negro his rights as a man and a brother.

"Some time ago," he went on, "we had trouble with them—not a strike; it doesn't come to that—just trouble over some agreement the company made the men sign,

ment the company made the men sign. I'm not saying it was quite a legal agreement, for it wasn't; but it was good enough and nobody lost by it. Well, the trouble wouldn't have smounted to much if it hadn't been for a big, busky Russian—a sulky devil of a man who started about knifing the company's officers, chiefly me.

"I knew what was going on, but I didn't see my way to step it. I just slept with a gan handy and kept my eyes open during the day. I watched that Russian pretty close. You can't hisme a Russian, of course, for wanting to knife people. Murder seems to be the only way of getting the necessary reforms in their country, and this fellow wasn't long out of it. All the same, I didn't want to be an innacent victim."

I think my engineer friend showed a nice spirit in making excusse for the Russian.

spirit in making excuses for the Russian. "Well, one day the whole conspiracy just got bursted. There was a little frishman-the only one we had in the whole crowd, for the Iriah are a bit above that kind of work now. The Russian was making a speech one evening and the rest of the men were cheering him. He was a hig imate, well over six feet high. I was a football player when I was in college, but I don't mind owning that I should have thought twice before engaging in a scrap with that Russian.

"My little Irishman didn't think more than once. He walked right up to the

"My little Irasiman district them more than once. He walked right up to the Russian, and when he was standing in front of him he didn't reach up beyond where the top button of the Russian's waistoost would have been if he'd had a waistoost. 'Listen to roe now; son!' said the Irishman: 'Just you can the talk about knives and tille.' It's any wanted here.' The Kussian killing. It's not wanted here.' The Hussian kind of collapsed, and that was the end of our labor trouble."

"It's an interesting story," I suld: "but I don't quite see what it has to do with the curious fact that there's no effective labor party in America."
"It's get this to do with it: Cassidy ex-

ports to be a capitalist some day—and he doesn't want any Russian coming round and kniding him when the time comes. See

I did not even try to see it. The matter had ceased, for the moment, to interest me. My attention was fixed on the Irishman's

"Yes. And if you look out you'll see that name on the list of first-class passengers on one of these boats protty soon. He'll be down as having engaged a suite of rooms on B Deck."

"Was he by any chance called Michael Antony?" I asked.
"The men called him Mick," said my friend; "last, of rourse, that's common with all Irishmen. Now I come to think of it, I believe it was Michael Antony he wrote when he signed on as overseer. I made him overseer after he'd laid out the

"That," I said, "was probably last

It was -sure. But how did you guess?" "It was—sure. But how did you guess?" I happened to hear asother part of the same story from his mother," I said. "It was Sonny she called him, but his real name was Michael Antony."
"Sonny or Micky," said my friend, "the name will be worth baying on the buttom of a check some day soon. That little

Irishman will make good! He's got grit!"

Editor's Note-This is the first of two sketches. by Grarge A. Binningham. The second will appeur in an early leaut.





PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Many in 3 feet parent or a feet backer, inventions on 1 set parent or no fee. Manufacturing is RIGHARD B.OWEN, 310wa mag. Washingto

ON WITH THE DANCE

Continued from Page 15

whirred off with a potent suggestion of down and switched on all the electric lights. pleasure ahead, while every one inside was

chattering at once.

"Oh, I never left any word for Preston in case he gets home before I do!" Elinor gasped once, to be reassured easily by Donald:

"If he's playing chess with Kelmer he won't be out until the last train anyway. We'll be bome before he is."

The ballroom, when they reached it, was brilliant with many-colored lights and bannered trophies round the walls; the floor was fine: the music caught you up and bore you away with it. In every corner, on the edge of the expertly whirling dancers, were

couples dauntlessly practicing steps.

Elinor had no lack of partners to encourage her pretty, graceful efforts; her little feet were untiring. If they did seem to flag for a moment the thought of how much Preston was enjoying his old chess lent fresh zest to the dance. She felt a growing strain of something a little hard in her—a consciousness of that beginning of separate interests when neither has any uniting sympathy with the elected pleasure of the other.

Rex Courtney, a very good-looking young man—at one time the bachelor pur excel-lence of the little married circle and back now for a visit after a long absence—com-plimented Eliner openly, with the privilege of an old friend.

"You just look sweet in this blue gown to-night. Mrs. Chandor: you haven't grown a day older since I saw you last! Let's have another turn. You'll be a great

little dancer if you keep on!"

She felt, as she caught a glimpse of herself in a mirror, that she did look well. Yet, underneath all her gayety and that little feeling of defiance and resentment against Preston, she had a sensation of loneliness at Rex Courtney's words. She was used to the background of Preston's deeper interest; she was used him to admire her. wanted him to admire her.

She longed for an impossible story-book adventure, in which, by some romantic happening, he should have been lured over here on the clubbouse floor also, and they should meet in delighted astonishment. But there was no story-book adventure-only the unpleasant one that when they left, much later than she wished, it was found that it had been snowing hard for some time.

The harrowing nature of that ride back blotted out all past enjoyment. The ma-chine clogged and stuck. The men, in dancing shoes and evening clothes under their long costs, worked to clear it, ankle-deep in snow; while the women inside shivered and lamented. Elinor a prey to

wild anxiety.

When Preston went into the sleeping, dimly lighted house and found her alsent he would not know what on earth to make of it! He hated her to do things without letting him know explicitly; he had at all times a masculine feeling of responsibility for her welfare, and he would be furious if he found that she had been stuck in the snew during this storm under what he would, of course, consider incompetent direction.

Oh, dear! This marriage was a stupid, disabling sort of thing when it came to the pass that, if you could not have any real enjoyment in the companionship of your husband, you could not enjoy yourself without him either.

It was half past two when the limousine got across the track by the railroad station, its lights dimly showing through the whirl-ing snow. The last train had come in over an hour ago. A few minutes more and she was on her own steps, propelled by Donald's aid. He turned the key in the lock for her and helped her brush off the snow in the vestibule before running off.

The house was as she had left it - the ight turned down low in the hall. Preston's rat and cout were not there. Was it possisle he had not come in yet? She went ipstairs with a beating heart, calling softly ven before she turned on the light.

"Preston! Preston! Are you here?" There was no answer. He was not there, the looked for a written message from Ellen, in case he had telephoned earlier; but there was none. After two o'clock and the not home yet! Had he gone out to look or her? But, of course, that was absurd.

She threw off her wraps, took off her vershoes and stood there irresolute, listenng. Perhaps after all he had fallen asleep n the sofa in the drawing room. She ran gazing about her fearfully in their brilliance.

The trains had been running all right-Rex Courtney had said so. As she stood here in her ball gown listening, with an eerie sensation, the color suddenly flamed into her face with relief - there was his step now, scrunching and slipping on the walk outside; and then here he was before her in his big overcoat, his dark eyes smiling

"Hello!" he said in what seemed pleased surprise. "This is nice; I thought you'd have been in hed long ago. How fine you look! What's up?'

"I've been over to the dance at the Ridge Clubhouse with the Bannards and the rest, in the Iversons' limousine. I thought you wouldn't mind."

"No; of course not," he answered.

"What makes you so late?"

"Why, to tell the truth, the evening passed so quickly that when I looked at my watch the last train had gone; so I come out by the tube and the trelley. Wait here a moment while I take a look at the furnace."

Elinor could hear him shaking and rat-

Elinor could hear him shaking and rat-tling away at it before coming up again to drop on the sofa beside her, his long legs stretched out before him. He was evi-dently tired, yet there was something un-usually alert in his expression, a light in the eyes he fixed on her that seemed to come from some pleased thought which gave a new outlook on the world. His wife, sitting there with her white neek and shoulders rising out of the blue chiffon folds, her round bare arms lying negligently in her round bare arms lying negligently in her lap, and the gauzy spangled ornament trembling in her brown hair, felt for him, in her turn, that suddenly quickening sense of admiration that puts new life into the apparent monotony of marriage; she had not seen him look so young for a long time.

"Did you win this evening?" she asked.

"Win what? Oh, we only played one game; it was a draw. Kelmer's cousin, Mrs. Anderson—I've met her before; she lives in an apartment near him—called him.

lives in an apartment near him-called him lives in an apartment near him—called him up about half past nine and saked him to bring some of his records over for her phonograph: so I went round there with him. They had some kind of an impromptu party on, we found when we got there. And whom do you think I met? I never got such a surprise in all my life!" He paused for emphasis. "Minnie Trip!"

"Minnie Trip? I don't seem to remember her." and Elipor blankly.

said Elinor blankly.

"Oh, yes, you do! She was a girl I went to school with when we lived near Minneapolis. I've spoken to you about her a hun-dred times. It must be twenty-five years since we've seen each other—she's been do-ing settlement work in Chicago. Well, she's just as little and rely-poly and red-haired and jolly as ever, with just the same dimples, and snap in her eyer hasn't changed an atom. I said: 'Well, Min, it's good to see you! Do you remember how you used to boss me round and make me carry your books? And she said indeed she did, and a lot of trouble I gave her too! Once she threw a rock at me and hit me in the eye because I tried to pull her curis. Oh, she was a case, I can tell you! Well, we had a good talk over old times. We were off in a corner by ourselves."

"That must have been very pleasant," said Elinor vaguely. It is difficult for even the most devoted wife to show real interest in her husband's schoolgirl friends, "Did you stay there the rest of the evening?"

Mr. Chander nodded. "Yes. They had some pretty good music a lot of catchy tunes, with plenty of spring to 'em. I took down the names of some. I told Mrs. Anderson when I first went in to count me out of the dancing. And then er and er and — Well! A smile of deeply interested reminiscence overspread his face. "Will you believe it? The first thing I knew, Min said:

"'Stand right up on the floor, Preston Chandor, and put your feet the way I show you. And before I could tell where I was she had megoing off down the room with her. It was a Hesitation something or other I don't know what you call it. There wasn't any hesitation about her, though! Min said I got it the first clip—so trouble at all! She kept me at it too."

"Did you try it with any one else?" asked Elinor in an even tone.

"Oh, I tried a few things with a couple of other women. There seemed to be a



Cool Comfort for \$9.00

For an amazingly low cost per year, you can enjoy, sommer after summer, the refreshing, zestful breezes of a Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fan. Can you think of anything for so small an outlay that will bring equal health and pleasure to the home—that will help you go through the sweltering summer months with so much natural vim and vigor? See the "STANDARD" dealer in your vity today.





You can estimated a "STANISARD" Fan with any electric light socket—move it from the most in room, wherever a broose is wanted. It asses less than half the current of an undinary electric light. Swift, allow, steady. Made in all styles—relling, desk, bracket, musillating, exhaust. Write for free Fan Booklet. It will help make selection easy.

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio REANCEES Now Tork, Change, Pulledrighte, Dt. Louis, Boutes, Cleveland, Distingue, Rechester, New Orleans, Agencies in All Principal Claim.

COLORADO

Is the Real Place for a Wonderful and Economical Vacation

Get away from the resorts nour home this year-

go to Colorado—spend an interesting, restful, re-freshing week or two in the world-famous Rockies. Board and resons \$7 to \$10 per week. Low force daily. Take the "Rocky Mountain Limited" and learn what real train service is. Finest, modern all-steel

Travel Bureaus in all important cities. Our representatives are travel expects, who will help plan a wonderful and an reonomical vacation, give you full information about horels, camps, boarding places, and look after every detail of your trip. Write teslay to L. M. Allen, Rock Island Lines, Room 720 LaSalle Street Station, Chicago, Illinois.

New Steeping Confee Look at the Heels and Toes

KNON-KNIT (IOS)FILV doesn't go on whole in the morning and come of heley at night. The reason has at each end of the four. Here is knill in a rem-Incoment of soft, yet hard fursted yars that stames a lot of shoe role. It tokes a good man indeed to walk himself out of a part of Knox-Knit Hosiery It wears and wears

Frequency article and all over the appropriate and all-tions of the profession of stating on the beauty of matter. Knowledges though artery facts to exclude at the make. Never bests the fact became to be product and type are assumed. Strong pair to a survey to the profession of the profession of the profession and the profession of the profession and the profession of the profession of

The tre made for new season, tuned and altifulations when we will be all common business. The libraries trained with dupole and processing to meet the growth of the first season of the libraries. E-year dealer house) corry Kart, Kart, and his one and \$1.00 to 42 pure, propale

FREE Wrote he enign now founds.

Knoxville Knitting Mills Co. Manufacture

Bopt, A. Konsville, Tennes





".... I've often wondered why some writer hasn't had the courage to put down on paper a true picture of a man. I don't mean a storybook man or the man the poets sing about, but just a plain, ordinary, everyday man-the sort women come to know in the first five years of their married life; the sort of man who ordinarily passes for 'good'; a man with all the weaknesses and meannesses and selfabrewes of a man. We have pictures enough of villams, but there isn't half the harm in a real villain there is in a lot of everyday men. The women know."

THE SIGN OF THE RED GERANIUM

is a remarkable story of a remarkable woman. It's a woman's story; but men will read it. It is written by William Carleton, whose One Way Out and other stories you have read in The Saturday Evening Post. The first installment is in this week's issue of

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.

\$1.55 che Year to Mail

THE CUPTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

pretty nice set of fellows there; one of them belongs to the Ivonia Yacht Club. But they're all dance-mad, every one of them! I told them that, after trying it for the evening pretty thoroughly, it certainly didn't get me; I essidn't see anything in it at all!"

"Oh, Preston!" His wile's fare, which had been spurkling, suddenly clouded over:

her blue eyes became moist. "Fact!" said Mr. Chandor. He pressed "Fact!" said Mr. Chander. He pressed her hand tenderly; and, with the luminous expression still in his eyes, he rose and went over to the phonograph. "I'm dog-tired; but I was just wondering whether we haven't one of these records here. Hello! I thought so. That sounds all right, doesn't it? Want to try this a little with me before we go upstairs, dear? I may as well get the hung of that Maxime however you pronounce (t—before I forget it. Walt untill push back the rug. Now!— What on earth's making you lough so?"

"Oh, Preston! You've got it at last!"
His face took on a reluctant, shamelaced

His face took on a reluctant, shamelaced grin as his arms, already round her, held her ewaying form upright. "Well, you certainly do look sweet to-night, Mrs. Chandor?" he said fondly.

The long-looked-for ball at the Watkins' home was in full progress. Everybody was, as usual, dancing differently to the same deliriously sweet strains: the long, loose-kneed Mr. Crandall and the elegant Mrs. Reberts seemed to be intermittently sink-ing to the floor, like Little Sally Waters; Donald Bannard, with little Miss Prankly swung lightly across one arm, cast off from his moorings and went with the tide; Pres-ton, linked to the saild yet aerial Mrs. Ban-try by a finger tip, pranced gracefully along toward her with the expression and mien of a turesdor as she whirled ever and anon-just ahead of him; while Elinor, under the expalse direction of Mr. Brentwood, forged answaveringly in a straight line down the onewaveringly in a straight line down the room. Occasionally the eyes of the husband and wife met in swift and bappy accord. Theirs was the next turn together—the best

Theirs was the next turn together—the best of all. Oh, there was joy in it!

"Greatest twosome ever invented," said Mr. Iverson, wiping his forehead under his white hair as he paused by kind, motherly Mrs. Brentwood, who never performed, but leved to see her bushand do so. "This danning craze scorns is get hold of us alleven me, who ought to knew better at my age. What do you suppose is the reason!" Mrs. Brentwood united.

"Dear me!" she remarked with apparent irrelevance. "How I longed to dance thirty years ago! And I didn't dare to acknowledge it because I was married and supposed to be beyond such frivolity. You see, so many times we grow old because

see, so many times we grow old because we're expected to do so. This, Mr. Iverson, is just the natural upspringing of that which never dies out in us while we are alive—and thut's youth!"

Planning for 2914

A THOUSAND-YEAR museum, designed to preserve exhibits so nearly perfect that they will not have changed in appear-ance when shown to Americans in 2014, is a recent addition to the American Museum of Natural History, in New York. Dust, light, insects and moisture are the constant cosmics of museum exhibits; so special atorage vaults have been built, which will keep all four under perfect control and in all probability preserve exhibits for one thousand years. The buildings are not ex-pected to last for anything like that length of time, but the system will do its work of preservation perfectly well until the time for rew vaults comes along. Dust and light can be kept under control by constant atten-tion; so the real problems of ideal preser-vation are measure and insects. The vaults save been built of concrete, with perfectly fitting air-tight metal doors, so that neither moisture nor insects can get in.

In the event, however, of insects getting when the vaults are visited, for instance provision is made to kill them off by filling the vaults with some deadly gas for a few hours occasionally.

Exhibits that are not very exciting now, but which will be genuine curiosities hundreds of years from now, are being storedmuch as Indian baskets, headdresses and scapors. Some of the buckskin articles may not last a thousand years, because the Indian tanners did not do sufficiently perfect work; but it is predicted that most of the relies will last that long in good shape.



"It Took Us 70 Years to Make It"

You have smoked many tobaccos original nated by the Pattersons. You have found them good. Now, won't you try "Whip,"

themgood. Now, won't you try "Whip," our latest blend—our masterpiece—the culmination of 70 years' experience in blending amoking tobaccos?

We believe "Whip' is the best amoking tobacco ever blended. Fifty years ago my father introduced the mellon liuriey leaf as a pipe tobacco. And it was we Pattersons that first produced smoking tobaccos without "the bite"—that first produced the resuly-rolled style of tobacco now so popular.

We believe that "Whip' is as notable as achievement as any ever scored by the

We believe that "Whip" is as nouble as achievement as any ever scored by the Patterson family.

"Whip" is milder than any tobecco you ever smoked—so mild that you can smoke it all day and night—so fragent and satisfying that you will want to keep your pipe going all the time—so bland and genile that there is never a bite it your tongue or a tickle of your throst, no matter how much you smoke.

Ask your dealer for a one-ounce can at "Whip" at 5c;, or a two-ounce can at 10c, and you can prove the wonderful smoking qualities of "Whip." It is also put up in handsome Pottery Patented Self-Moistening Pound Humidors.

Or you can place the burden of proof

Or you can place the burden of pool on me. Drop me a postcard, mention the name of your dealer and I'll send you as

OUNCE CAN FREE

It mak the Patiersons 70 years to produce a tobaye like "Whip." So year would named expect "Whip." to persons improved smoking quantiles. Try "Whip" and learn how entry able a pipe really is.



Patterson Bros. Tobacco Co., Dr., Richmond, Va.

Also realize of "Queent" the hig 2% or 10; the is fittle errorger than "White" and a square with their and a square



Bept A. Houston Trees

\$6.00

*Barracks and Beggar*s

(Continued from Page 4)

An Italian puts it this way: "Knowing how Austria ruled this country, would you want her back here? Would you want France setting up one government at Naples and another at Milan?"

Well, decidedly you wouldn't. You'd

well, decidedly you wouldn't. You'd muster the last pezsant into the ranks and sell his last shirt for gunpowder before you would suffer it. You'd embrace "bank-ruptcy armed to the teeth" with both arms. And when you cross the border you find exactly the same attitude, only looking in a

different direction. The president of a flourishing French bank mentioned casually that his eldest son was about to begin two years' active service

in the army.
"Is it literally true," I asked, "that your son serves his two years exactly as a day-laborer's son does?"
"Exactly," he declared with emphasis.

"There is no escape from military service, and everybody serves exactly alike."

and everybody serves exactly alike."

"But in the case of a man of means and influence," I persisted, "isn't there some way of getting his son off—hiring a substitute or something like that—or having him serve on easier conditions?"

"No, sir!" he declared with a touch of indignation. "Rich and poor, famous and unknown, they all serve exactly alike. If my son should evade his military service he would be disgraced. He couldn't belong to a decent club. He would be snubbed. Even a decent club. He would be snubbed. Even f be were rejected on account of some phys-ical defect it would be a humiliation to him. I served my time in the army, and I remember how nervous I was when I took the physical examination for fear they would find some flaw in me. If I had been rejected it would have been a lasting regret

Two years out of the life of a youth just

at college age must be something of a handi-cap," I suggested. "Can be continue his studies while serving?"

"No," said the banker. "They keep him pretty busy. He has little time for say-thing except his military duties. It makes him about two years late in entering wee

him about two years late in entering pro-lessional or business life."

Remembering that a novice's military duties consist largely in scrubbing up every-thing in sight, from the doorstep to the officers' boots, I ventured to ask: "And you don't resent that? You don't wish it changed?"

"It is inevitable," the banker regiled.

"It is inevitable," the banker replied. "Now the government has lengthened the term of active service to three years. I was in favor of that, and so, you will find, were a majority of Frenchmen. Look at what they are doing in Germany, with their new regiments and this extraordinary war tax. If they arm, we must arm. It is the price of our life. France could not endure another Sedan, Germany hates us as much as ever. To disarm would be to commit suicide. France would become a mere pawn in a

game played by the armed powers."

And—while in France—that looks rather convincing too. Only forty-three years ago the Prussians held Paris and exacted a war indemnity of a billion dollars.

Getting Acquainted in the Army

Nearly all Frenchmen talk the same way A great many of them, in fact, defend mili-A great many of them, in fact, defend min-tary service on its own account. The phys-ical training, they say, is very valuable, conducing materially to the nation's bealth and stamina. You can spot a man who has served in the army by his erect bearing, forward-looking eyes and firm step, they tell you. And if you go out to Versailles when they are breaking in recruits you will sen that they do get good bodily average. see that they do get good bodily exercise. But if your son, aged twenty, should announce that he proposed to devote the next two years of his life to physical exercise, you would probably yearn to engage in a few physical exercises yourself, with himself as the object thereof.

Military service is warmly defended also on social grounds. The head of a large French business, who has traveled in the United States, observed:

I can understand how the idea of having a son serve in the army would strike an American, for your army is wholly undemocratic, while our citizen armies are the most democratic institutions in the world. Every body goes into them on an equal footing. One result is that we Frenchmen know one another in a way that you Americans

and the English never do. In New York you see a roustabout, a cab driver, a street you see a roustabout, a cab driver, a street cleaner, and you really don't know that man at all. You don't know his points of view; how he thinks about things; what his experiences have been. If you had served two years in the army with him you would know him and he would know you. On the boulevards, not a great way from here, you may see a shabby man selling newspapers. I see him every now and then. That man and I served side by side years ago. I know him; he knows me."

The speaker was beaming with enthusi-

The speaker was beaming with enthusiasm by that time, and I acknowledged that to know one's fellow men is certainly a good thing. But I went away with some mental reservations. Thereafter I noticed particu-larly quite a number of shabby, middle-aged larly quite a number of shabby, middle-aged men who were selling papers on the houle-vards, and I wondered what particular advantage they might derive from "knowing" various well-placed, prosperous gentlemen like my acquaintance. I could easily imagine the advantage to the prosperous gentleman. Coming out of his office in correct clothes and polished boots, and stepping into a cah that was going to take him home to a good dinner, he might well derive a distinct pleasure from recognizing with an affahle nod and smile his former companion-in-arms. But as the former companion-in-arms shuffled off to his kennel to gnaw a crust, what particular advantage to gnaw a crust, what particular advantage was there to him? And as to mutual understanding—after many years during which the one has been going in cabe to good dinners and the other grawing crusts in a kennel—I was dubious about that also.

Military Service Popular in France

Finally military service is defended all over Europe on moral grounds. At least a dozon men, first and last, emphasized the point that it taught obedience to authority; or, as one of them more accurately put it. "It teaches people that some must com-mand and some must obey." Probably that is a grand lesson—and immensely im-portant from the point of view of those who are so fertunately situated that in the na-ture of the case they will be doing the com-manding rather than the obeying. I haven't the least doubt that this aspect of the case powerfully commends universal military service to the well-placed and well-to-do. That universal military service gives em-ployers a great leverage upon some classes of labor was well illustrated in France when the government crushed a railroad strike by summoning the strikers to serve as

From whatever motives, nearly everybody seems in favor of the military sys-tem—when it comes to a real test. At the last French elections, in April, the former premier, who was responsible for lengthening the term of active military service from two years to three, was returned to the Chamber by an overwhelming majority and the whole program of increased taxation was indorsed.

Taxes are not trifling now. On army and Taxes are not trifling now. On army and navy France spends nearly three hundred million dollars a year, while interest on the coloseal public debt—mainly a heritage of wars waged in the last hundred years—consumes two hundred and fifty million dollars more. In other words, with forty per cent of our population and about that proportion of our wealth, France has to spend more than half a billion dollars a year before she gets round to any really useful objects of expenditure.

But notody except the Socialists really

But noticely except the Socialists really objects. They say France must keep more than six hundred thousand men under arms at all times and maintain a fleet of thirty battleships and thirty-two cruisers in order to preserve her national existence; that to disarm would be to commit suicide. Just as Italy points to Austria and France as a compelling reason for bankrupting herself with armaments, so France points to Germany.

"If you want to know how the French people feel about it," a Parisian observed, just stroll over to the Place de la Concorde and glance at the statue of Strassburg.

Of course I had glanced at it. Round the splendid square are eight great statues in honor of important French cities. The Strassburg statue is half buried under garlands and mourning streamers, and has been ever since Prussia took the city away from France.



hang the cost." The advertising manager, in his expansive, free handed

way, was going to send out one hundred thousand form letters on our best, lithographed, 18c a pound stationery. After a few kind words from me, he found a splendid paper, firm and fine in texture, with a quality feel and rattle, that costs less than 9c a pound, east of the Mississippl. We didn't save any money for he sent out twice as many letters instead. That shows what I have to contend

with. The paper is Hammermill Bond and the form let-

ters are pulling fine.

Send for a valuable book, "The Signal System," and for big portions of samples in 12 colors, including forms, letterheads, etc., suited to your business. Please mention your business and position.

HAMMERMILL PAPER CO., ERIE, PA.



Swarthmore Preparatory School BOYS

HAMMERMILL

A uniquety efficient flower wheel, where the individual code of such her are under the consum tarts of reper-tion trackers, who has in all student intervals.

hern buildings, gymnession, we interest pand, while it.
Lieven trains from Philadelphia, in a residential
lings submitty, an ethodic of factories,
metaliae health record for twenty-me veges, the totartanke health record for twenty-me veges, the totartanke factories dismost break his requirement, and habitation \$300-\$500. Jonies House in smaller love,
ratakague and unionostion, address.

SWADYEMPER PA

add extra money to your salary! Men and weren Sell the nationally whereased truntley Prevenation Swapper-bit streams tie Sweeper Co., 6511 South State St., Chicago







"But why not stroll a little farther," I objected, "and glance at the Arc de Tri-omphe or the Vendôme Column, by which Napoleon commemorated the pleusant fact that he had licked the Prussians out of their

boots? Where are you going to stop?"
You find, in fact, that all this arming of nation against nation has its virile root in the hatreds begetten of past wars. France thirsts to avenge her defeat at the hands of the Prussians two score years ago. Just as reasonably Prussia, then, might have been thirsting to avenge her equally crushing de-feat at the hunds of the French three score years earlier. Italy must keep armed to the teeth lest Austria avenge her defeats of the middle of the nineteenth century; and if you go back a little way Austria owes a thrashing to every nation in Europe. In Berlin I was bidden to trot back to

Paris and take another look at that Strass-burg statue. Germans point to its peren-nial heap of garlands as proof of France's hatred for the Fatherland.

hatred for the Fatherland.

"Turn to the map and see our position," said a Berliner. "There is France on one side, Austria and Russia on another, and England across a hand's breadth of salt water which ber ships command—and all of them lemon-color with hatred of Germany. Do you think for an instant that we could disarm or dishand a single regiment?"

So I found it everywhere—always not only a convincing but an absolutely invincible reason for mastering in the last man and spending the last dollar. Comparatively lew Americans, I am satisfied, understand the feeling over there. To most of us

stand the feeling over there. To most of us their furious competition in armaments, adding regiment to regiment and piling tax so tax until peace has become far more costly than war formerly was, seems ridic-ulous or a bit insane. We are apt to think of it as something hatched in chancelleries and imposed upon reluctant people. But there is no doubt that a great part of the people themselves are in favor of it.

The only important opposition anywhere comes from the Socialists, and I doubt whether Socialist opposition gues much below the surface. For example, Germany last year had eight hundred thousand men under arms and a fleet second only to that of England, with forty-one battleships aftest or building and fifty-two cruisers, and was spending on army and navy about two hundred and fifty million dollars a year. The emperor then proposed to increase the peace footing of the army by a hundred and thirty-six thousand men, and to raise a special military contribution of two hundred

and forty million dollars.

Now anti-militarism is a cardinal tenet in the Socialist creed. The party has one hundred and ten granthers in the Relabstag out of a total of three tondred and sivery seven scarniers. The mentions had always vertex against taken for tellitary purposes. But we this proposal which one of the Secolar recoders the order as "the most momentum military all that a government ever dared offer a country," that voted outcommonly for the government.

The Zabern Incident

To be pure, they bested that the pro-posal to a system the army and the proposal to raise a longe hand to pay for they increase and for other mixtary purposes be put in squares bile. Essenting themselves, corre-body was in layer of its reading the stray, so that he proved with not their vote, Them they a med anunencessiv for the second will which made the first effective.

it a also that that they got the seeming to a death of that the burst on all contributions and tall countribution and tall countribution and tall countribution and tall countribution after the contribution and the countribution and the countribution and the countribution and tall countribution and argument was that the lace are in the army and the special feer more insing to passauguent, so the best practical thing they could be any to firew the maneral survivo ue also heatrestuccio

Day the same probably another and more company to some loss miller years, our the outsight memburnish had been from a real the strength comes from mumbers of the party sched out at as measing for acts and boungs it is the olles party in Germany. of sympathics who time-

whose sympathin mhous after small Dudismen, pro-n, circle and the like. There is ambility that the Sovialists report Kiner's proposal in defere ou to the imperts of these sympatomers, In com-

when it comes to a real test no party Germany stands unflinchingly aga militarism; and the action of the Socia on last summer's military bills is as goo indication of public opinion among the fortunate man of the propulation among fortunate mass of the people as anyt I know of.

I know of.

A few months later Germany was n agitated—for a fortnight—over the Zalincident. Military officers stationed in town of the conquered French provsuperseded civil authority and behaved very high-handed, not to say outrage manner toward some civilians. There a good deal of angry talk in the newspa about military despotism and saber. The Reichstag, by a decisive majo passed a vote of censure on the imperhanceller, which in England or Free would have brought an immediate dow of the ministry.

of the ministry. English and American newspapers as

English and American newspapers as discussed forthcoming changes of a per tous nature in the German constitution with the emperor reduced to a mere a leader, like the British king.

But the emperor simply shrugged shoulders. When I was in Berlin suffiction had elapsed for a sober second thou and every well-informed man with whe talked assured me that as a net result of Zabern incident the government where we have the Kaiser—was stronger than And a little later, when Russia ado measures that will work out an increaser peace strength by four hundred to sand men, the Kaiser could have had thing he wanted—that is, in the conting that there is anything he wants in the pleal way which he doesn't have now.

The German Income Tax

Those Russian proposals sent a through Germany which was percepeven to a foreigner. Men talked of not the way we talk of it here as somet very remote and conjectural, but as a of deadly imminence. Americans this war about twice in a decade, and then no very losen interest. In Europe think of it all the time. It is so much it air that Americans need live in any F pean country only a short time to get systems thoroughly impregnated wit. I talked with a good many American the have resided in Europe for some and found them, to a man, as much mitted to the militariat program as natives are—and always from the pointies of the country in which they are deciled. The American living in Londor the vital necessity to England of maining as many warnings as any other

ciled. The American living in London the vital necessity to England of maining as many warships as any other rations. Otherwise France and Russ Germany and Italy might shut off her supplies, starve her into submission month, and walk off with all her color The American in Paris sees that a disastrance would immediately sink to insignate among the nations, with a rolling and school of the American In Rome he sees that Atwoold reimpose her detestable rule the country, or Austria and France will in a norde of Cosacka across the test, indies the Kalser has a very validation of the Rome prepared for them, or Engelshing up German East Africa.

For each particular country there regent reason why it must not let up it reimpetition of regiments and dreadnout the people of that country believe vate for it and pay for it. Probably is no better test of a man's belief in a chan the cheerfulness with which he lay for it, and in that respect the Kacatraordinary military contribution brooff come interesting evidence.

Take in Germany were already by

Tare in Germany were already in The Frussian income tax, for example the with what would be considered a laborer's income in this country, with increased percentage as the income if a man's income is fifteen bundred to the property of the state tax on it is lars a year his state tax on it is the same that a married man wild thousand dollars a year would under our new Federal income-tax With an income of twenty-five bur With an income of twenty-five bur dollars the Prussian pays seventy-five as a year to the state. But the cities derive a substantial part of their reverse income tax, by levying a certain rest at the state tax. This city levy arm as the average to about one hundred sent of the state levy, so a Prussian in Continued on Page 551.

Continued on Page 651



Twice are seen the Union States with the sector as China at the contrast of the splinder of new place to the receiver and baret of new contrast and the receiver and baret of the last of the sector o WOLF'S-HEAD

OIL For Mutar Cara-for Motor Boots

Well's-Head has alteredy been transferred uniqued by the scaleng of ages 100 at the world's term annual. They be to the or disc-arghy as they are train. A read a year safe in accepting their decision?

Send for Book on Lubrication

of value to every var evener. It entitions enterescents these these modern territories Wolf will best follow mode to be her to see

Wolverine Lubricants Co. 78 Broad Street, New York

Bryene Anne Chinago, Philadelphia, Boston, Uslou, Fittsburgh, Datroit, Washington, Jocksonville

Distributors

Fisher & Yes The Control of the Control

The Control of the Control

The Control of the Control

this function there is a second of the secon



Fun and Health Before School!

Stully achard-round mon't hort the young sees who start—and end—the slay with a lang-full, Joyful, room is including this out on the boulewood. Ever miles In recently complete to hour's play New july for school-enumels for the relativehe maping about the limit - healthy, Vigorous bodes.

The Iyer Johnson, "Hery Score" and "Compline God" Broycler are in creed injuries the arms goals as for bery trees mudels. Some tubing, some benefits, some oplended concernancing and finished Prices, 470 to 475. Prices, \$20 to \$75.

IVER JOHNSON Boy Scout Bicycles

Send for \$2-same bresh whit lete le alone Buydes, Motorcyclin, Berolver and Ivo Johnson Champs in Storgeon. It's tree.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS 290 River Street, Fitchburg, Mars.

TIT Beld S. ha Franks 50 Chimbers St. New York



of twenty-five hundred dollars would pay a total income tax of about one hundred and fifty dollars.

Now the special military contribution in-cluded, not only a tax on principal, but a supertax on incomes above twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year. Calculating on income-tax returns and other data, the government estimated that the total contribution would reach two hundred and forty million dollars, and in order to induce patriotic citizens to disclose their full incomes the government announced that if any citizen's return for the extraordinary contribu-tion showed a larger income than he had been reporting for the normal income tax the discrepancy would be forgiven him; the government would neither prosecute him for having failed to disclose his full income not attempt to collect arrears.

The result was that the first installment of the extraordinary contribution, which was expected to yield only a third of the total, yielded nearly two-thirds as much as the government had calculated upon getting from all three installments. It is true that immunity was offered for tax-dodging sins of the past, yet the citizen who disclosed a larger income than he had been paying taxes upon certainly knew that he would be obliged in the future to pay the regular tax on the full income, so it stands as an example of the German's willingness to foot the military bill.

The German business man speaks of his war taxes as insurance—that is, he regards the tax receipt as a policy of insurance that for another twelve months no British cruiser will shoot the roof off his warehouse

As in every country where military service is universal and compulsory, its physi-cal benefits are much extelled.

But the death rate in Germany, France

and Italy, where military service is univer-sal, is considerably higher than in England, Wales, Scotland and the registration area of the United States, where, comparatively

spenking, there is no military service.

The alleged physical benefits, however, are one of the mainstays of the militarist system. This spring a large and distin-guished delegation waited upon the prime nunister of England to urge the adoption in that country of compulsory military services on the Continental plan. Here are some of the arguments presented, as reported in the London Times:

Militarism in England

A manufacturer: "As the senior working partner in a firm employing over nine thou-sand men and boys, he believed that univer-sal military training would not disorganize business, though it would of course entail reorganization. Any inconvenience during the period of reorganization would not last more than one or two years and would be amply and permanently compensated for by the improved physical condition and general well-being of the employees." Sir James Crichton-Browne: "National

service is now absolutely necessary to com-plets our educational system and to insure the freedom of the next generation from many crippling blemishes and defects. Military drill and discipline during adolescence would enlarge the mental caliber of the nation.'

The Dean of Durham: "While visiting America he had beard again and again that the young Englishman was conspicuous among immigrants for his helplessness before the novel and bewildering conditions of American life. He could not but runnect that fact with the significant circumstance that of all Europeans entering America

probably the young Englishman was the only one who had never passed through systematic military training."

It is not difficult to read between the lines here. Military service is necessary because of the physical henefits which will flow from it; also as a powerful deterrent to various social aberrations, such as strikes to various spend aberrations, such as strikes and unearned-increment taxes, which are naturally distressing to elderly gentlemen in possession of pleasant jobs and comfortable

This English case illuminates the whole subject. A few days after the delegation waited upon the prime minister the government's supplementary naval estimates were presented to the House of Commons. They brought the navy bill for the year up to two hundred and fifty million dollars. The bill has been rapidly increasing year by year. Great Britain now has seventy-two battleships and one hundred and thirty-two CHARLES DE LA CONTROL DE LA CO



Machine Commissioner in the kinds of the Phot St. Basis Veryment, B. C. Linder, mind made and is brasilist. Authors; W. T. Whiteway

Good Light Increases Business

Good Light attracts and increases patronage by making seeing eary; by homomicing with and cohancing the beauty of the surroundings, by increasing the comfort of your patrons and the efficiency of your employees. People visit aftener, stay longer and enjoy thomodyes better in well-lighted places.

Macbeth-Evans Lighting Equipment

Alba globes and shades on Macbeth-Evons fixtures convert the bacsh, dazzling light of modern illuminants into a soft, comfortable illumination, direct the light where it is needed and get more and better light from the same current.

How to get Knowl Light. You can get depths bein comply by adding After Glober and
Shales to your present equipment. But in order to the have of proving the
book right for your purpose, home or more of the following highs. icy Articles and for a Posttolio of Individual Suggestions for some nonlic



- Homes 3 - Hastmanning 5 - Order 5 - House 9 - Thursten - Department Science 8 - Stores 9 - Clubs 8 - Bridge 10 - Hospitals Macbeth-Evans Glass Co

the state of the s

STATES OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

Costs only Bigs for \$10 percel
ments my against partial as eatier has
me makeding fire, their or breakupe
weeport Rates
it of her beauty and provides
it of her

INSURANCE RATIO

Surprised Residual State State

Capital \$4,000,000 NORTH AMERICA Surplus \$4,000,000 234 Walnut St. Philadelphia

PATENTS SECTION OF THE SECTION OF TH Wanted New Ideas and report by Manthettres Main Office, 12' Structure, See York, 14'S Clottle E., Fl.

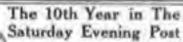
If you will have some leisure hours

this Summer we'll buy them from you. During the time when you would otherwise be "loafing" we should like to have you look after our local subscription work. We'll pay you a liberal commission and salary. Write for information to

Ban 529, Agency Distinion THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Philadelphia, Penna.







We have been advertising to \$100 hardaness. Even the for the first party short to

EMPIRE CANDY FLOSS MACHINE

many pool during that o



SHIR GAR

Ask year dealer - it have a series

SHIRT GARTER CO.

The Always Ready Auto Tow

Norming moves their taking on ground a new-horse work is Radino Aurowau Androng in a look notice do by Jope to slip-For in any dipoint for various. Assumption is about 25 from long to a linguist amount of them is bout partial and model to only 41 process. Special to the bout partial to the english bout to be read as special. the point of attachment to prevent matrice quanti-

Autroclar comment Volice Street declarate tops. There why are a tradestrate pather. All accounts of har some All comply deduces self-from the most execution of the pather and the self-from the some through the pather and the Price east of Bucky Munrain \$1.95

FREE And Assessment Assessment

Broderick & Bascom Rope Co.

851 N. Surred Street, St. Loois, Misson's New York Office, 10 Dt. Warren Street

Makers of Science Yellow Street, ages over

cruisers affect or building a ficet superior to those of any other two European powers. That has been the safety mark for Eng-land—a freet equal to any other two. But of late distinguished military men, headed by Lurd Roberts, have discovered that this great fleet is little better than a broken reed to lean upon unless it is complemented by a large, well-drilled standing army. Otherwise, what would happen? Why, in case of a war with Garmany the fleet might sink the Kaiser's dreadnoughts, but there England's military power would stop. She would be in the humiliating position of a dog that has breed a cut and can only sit at the foul of the tree and lurk,

So everywhere the military argument proceeds in a circle, or rather in an accend-ing spiral. The superor calls upon Germany to increme the peace footing by a bundred and therty thousand men and to ruse so extraordinary was fund of two hundred and forty million dellars by a supresent and sarry manner designs by a su-present effort, in order that the national existence of the Fatherland may be finally assured: Within a short time Russia brings forward plans to increase the peace footing by four bundred thousand men, involving an extraordinary expenditure of one hun-dred and dity-five million dollars, and France longthers the term of active military service by half. So Germany's relative position is what it was before the supreme effort was made.

There was no unional spectacle in Stock-icolm last February. Over curty thousand Smedish persons from all parts of the Smallsh passants from all parts of the singless test at the considers of the city, married through the streets to the royal palace and politicated the sing to increase the army. They were muchy all small farmers, some of them had traveled upward of seven bushed rolles; they were their best clothes and carried various emblance of their districts. They are the test, and much for the bill; yet this man is have been a voluntary, spontaneous demonstration truly reflecting the wish of the man of the people. of the mass of the people

The Ever-Ascending Spiral

And it is very easy to understand that And it a very easy to understand that was. The immunitation was inspired by that fluore had been massing troops in Francis direct within purchase of the Swearth border. Within a be-years those the search present have seen the fluor and the sample and bloody rate of the Cour extended like a prague over Fieldard, birding out every particle of rate and there. If I were a function the of political liberty. If I were a Swedish person in the verconstances I should at at and the hard man in the colors.

So an any particular reactify you can feel a convincing research for that country's monature a 4 year majority of the people of fattogs, enough on it from their own materials of a little of the second of the seco water had as larger to belies egg. No enlightened notice any larger can gain anything by computating attacher nation. It is in actually that may already civilized there is no enterprise at which every mittory in the surfid whose conquest by an sugnificant ration would repay the mat; because among all photon butions every centry be one to the temple and inhabit it.

Images that Germany had conquered tamets. When rould are do with it? There would be no contract to of private property. All the resources of the Dominion would are taking to the inhabitants, and an of present.

to having a borbur or government, not assume that to the conduct, but no estable of ration cor. The enlightened write the talely for purp national arrives and not for aggression. In time Joseph and althor Fres, pays a and a from a fee bare, while Robinis income to ASSOLUTION ACTOR n down his Drawer of the Ban I

about two to support avely employed. ward spiral.



THE strength of various types of spark plugs and likewise their weakness cannot be described in detail within this space, but for the careful motorists. those who demand the best in every detail of their cars. we have prepared

"Locating The Spark Plug"

It's a treatise on plugsso thorough, so detailed that the reader will acquire a complete spark plug knowledge-will know when poor motor performance can be laid to poor spark plug action - will know the remedy for that condition.

fact a fine on a pasteard will bring o Save "Sand run thin free hookles" Locating the Spark Plug," I shreve no

BOSCH MAGNETO CO., 253 W. 466 St. New York

100 horizon Stations to Street Black Deep





American Thermo Wave Ca., 16 Warren St., Supt. P. See Sub.

PATENTS WANTED

and height by Manufacturers, send 5 cents posture have illustrated paper Visible Results and Terms but I. S. S. B. Issery, Beyt T. Washington, D. C. Estat tell

If you will have some leisure time this summer we'd like to buy it from you. We want you to look after our local subscriptions and renewals and will pay salary and commission.

Box 536, Agency Division The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia Pa

THE SATUEDAY EVENIG FOST

An Illustrated Weekly Founded A. D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 27, 1914

5cts, THE COPY



The Gay and Festive Claverhouse-By Anne Warner



"HAT FREAM OF WHENT BUSE SHORE MAKE HIM GROW, MAKE, THE PROPERTY PROPERTY FOR AN EAST OF THE PROPERTY PROPERTY.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Independence Square Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D1 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and few at Britain

Entered of the Philadelphia Past Office an Second-Class Mutter

Entered as Second-Clees Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottown, Connds

Volume 186

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 27, 1914

Number 52

The Gay and Festive Claverhouse—An Extravaganza

LAVERHOUSE was just as wicked, and extravagant, and unprincipled. and good-looking, and altogether delightful as he could be. Everybody execrated and backguarded and loved him. He was a sort of reprehensible tot genial cyclone let loose in good society. He was all things that he shouldn't have been — at arce the joy and the curse of his stimates. Rich, handsome, two does from a title and unmarried. Black-haired, gray-eyed, large and a linguist. Idle, worthless and a popular parti. There you have our hero en silhouette, as the world in general knew him. As he knew himself was another matter. Very possibly very much another matter. Scientiate have not yet settled whether a man be more respontible for being than for having: more culpable as to stealing than se to curly hair; more praiseworthy as to postry than as to princely blood.

It happened-just acciden-tally fell out - that Claverhouse, the Honorable Ernest Claverhouse, to give him his full title, was born with no sense of respensibility toward anything or inybody. There lay the key to all his character. He never was shie to comprehend a social tandard that included the rights r pleasure of any other than invelf. Nothing in him made in try to attain to the possesion of such a comprehension, or it never struck him as in the stat needful. Successive nurses, overnesses, tutors and teachers shored hard to instil the missig quality, but they never suc-reded in the least. Neither the sot idea nor the soil necessary its growth existed. Their targe grew up just as he had 4 out, and lived for himself one, a creature as free from moral pullbacks as any wren elephant that was ever alive.

At thirty he had a goodly freer behind him and was still fite calm as to slashing along

thlessly. Then one fine day he fell fil, and was very fil. Fancy then if you can the clings of the famous specialist who artended him, when that same pompous and inderous practitioner decided that the only course open to him was to tell the good-impered—I said, did I not, that he was determiny good-impered—young reprobate at he must die!

They were in the luxurious quarters occupied by the young man, and the young man meelf was sitting up in bed, ghastly wolte, and with horrid stears live round his eyes d mouth. The room was well done in mahogany and yellow, and the specialist matched e room to a nicety. He sat on a chair and the nurse stead at the other side of the bed mand. Claverhouse's cosmopolitan vales, waited in the dressing morn beyond, and it is three o'clock in the afternoon of a late August day. The doctor was very quiet

By Amme Wormer

ILLUSTRATED BY ELABERTER P. VSDERWOOD

"I Might Just Laggers, Mirr. the Loading Out of a Cop of Fee to Four Mee, Watson."

and made the hard statement both kindly and carefully. He watched the effect with great attention.

Claverhouse didn't say anything at tirst, turning his hands up and scrutinising the pairos maticulously, and then arranging his sheet very county and precisely in one long, even fold across the bed.

"We all have to face many, hard facts in life," the destor added.

Claverhouse examined the radis of his pajaman and straightered the undergram seam of each above.

"Life is full of hard facts." went on the sitter at the bedside.

The invalid tipped his head round and looked at him. "You don't mean it really?" be said with great interest. "How did you ever find that out?"

The doctor did not color, but the outer end of one of his eyebrows just twitched a bit. In really be wanted to feel sympathy for an earl's nephers.

"And how soon may I expect my happy release?" the patient continued, evidently feeling that the burden of keeping up the conversation was now passed to him.

The ductor bit his lip.

"You don't expect one to be absolutely careless as to such a criding detail of my future, do you?" the young man went ou. "It will be conveniont for me to make a few plana. I usually go to Scotland for the shouting; but if I'm going to die first of course I'll give up going."

As this was latter August the farmers specialist felt quite sure as to the shooting, but he felt equally sure that the man sitting up to bed would not be on his feet to shoot.

"As to plane, if you take the greatest of care, the greatest of rare, observe," he said with precision of word and emphasis, "I

cision of word and emphasis, "I emproved and considered—"perhaps six months." It was in this way

that one of the greatest of modern medical man haped possibly to Inghton the gay and festive Claverhouse into a few stray hits of produces. He looked away as he spoke but having spoken be returned his eyes to the field of war, and was more than a little depressed to note that the decemed man was looking for his eigenste case. Abstinence from eigenvites was not of the chiefest of the modern of produce enjoined.

"Have con?" asked Chaverboose, swooping toward the case, which rested on a table by he aide. The swoop was also a part of the forbidden, and the medical man was subjected to further mental anguish in being forced to witness it.

"No, thanks," he responded briefly.

Claverhouse lit a rigarette and leaned back, puffing gently. "Six months, at marranged, as if striving to impress the fact on his momory. "Six months, or

August-September, October, and so forth, clear through to spring. If I take care?"
"That's where it is, you see."

"Hm!"

There was a silence. The nurse walked into the next room and returned with a vase of trailing vince which she placed on a cabinet in the corner. The cabinet looked Chippendale and was a cooler holding iced wines.

"Perhaps you'll have a drink?" the ill man asked suddenly. The doctor started slightly and shook his head. "Now I put it to you --- " posed Claverhouse, reaching for his monocle and applying it with great precision. "Now I put it to you, supposing I don't take care, eh?"

The doctor was quite prepared for that, considering as he did that such would be the likeliest course of both patient and malady.

"Any day," he said gravely. "Any day."

"Any day?" "Any day."

"And what," asked the man in bed, carefully folding his arms and grinning pleasantly, "what might you call taking care now?

This had all been explained, not once but several times; yet the doctor was patient. "Abstention from stimulants and excitement of all kinds," he repeated slowly.

Claverhouse nedded. "I quite understand. I quite understand." He dropped his chin and considered. Then he threw up his head, took the cigarette from between his lips, pitched the ash off upon the rug and smiled. "And so, if that's all, I think I needn't trouble you further. I mean, you know, you can go."

The famous specialist was totally unprepared for that; even though he did suppose that he, in common with all the rest of their little world, did know the man before him. But professional dignity is in itself a science, and his was well-grounded. He arose at once and his face expressed nothing.

"Shall I make a report to his lordship?" he asked. They both knew that he would have to so report, but he usked as

a matter of departing courtesy,
"What for?" snapped Claverhouse.

"It—it is customary."
"I don't come next," snarled the patient, replacing his cigarette between his lips and grabbing up the morning papers. "Report to Vivian Beck, if you feel so inclined.

"Do you desire that I make a report to any one else!" "I don't care what you do from now on," concluded Claverhouse, turning his back and opening a paper. "Suit

It may have been surmised that those about the Houorable Ernest must often have writhed in the effort to control their tempers.

The gentleman now leaving the room did not exactly writhe, but he had great difficulty in speaking quite calmiy when he came to the door.

"I trust," he said, pausing there, "that you will make every effort toward a temperate -

And then he was startled indeed. For Claverhouse, slamming over in bed, his eyes flashing, cried:
"Get out! Get out! Don't bore me any more!"

And then, flinging his arms across his eyes, he lay quite still and silent, while the doctor, offended mortally, stalked out.

WHEN he was gone and all doors had closed behind him, the man on the bed uncovered his eyes and said to the flushed nurse who stood now by the window, having returned from administering to the specialist such stray bits of attentiveness as she felt survive within her after the

last scene: "You leave the room, too, at once."

She went out again at that and Claverhouse called loudly for his valet, who came directly and stood by the bedside, smiling cheerfully.

"Conrad, you're the one joy of my existence."

"Yes, sir, Thank you, sir,"

"You heard all that old idiot said?"

"Yes, sir."

Slavonic devotion.

"All that tommyrot about my having to die?"

Claverhouse lifted up his eyes -lovely Scotch-Irish eyes they were, with long lashes striping their dangerous attractiveness - and gave a glance full of meaning into those other eyes meeting his, those good brown eyes of slavish and

"Conrad, my lad, we've no secrets from each other. I don't know whether I'm going to die or not; but so far as actually dying by itself is concerned, I don't give a damn. I've lived in lots of countries and I don't mind trying a new one any time. But"-he stopped, and then went on impressively - "there's one little matter that I want to set straight before I go, if I really must go, and that's a bit of work that will require a deal of planning. You'll have to help me; and the only way that you can help me is to do just what I've to do myself-launch out into the deep water and then go it blind and follow your own inclinations. I've been thinking for some time that something must be done, and since that old fool began talking I've been arranging what to do. You know me well, and you know



Would be Mis Junnesenr

the thought and care which I give to each detail of my life. I've given the same thought and care to this matter. I know just what I mean to do. I'd tell you the whole of it if I thought it would do any good; but it wouldn't. All that you need to know you'll know in good time, depend upon it. As for the rest, just remember that if I should let you into the whole secret you'd be bound to hash the game; and the game in this case is one that can't be hashed. It's one that at all odds must be put through successfully. Do you understand?"

The valet looked anything but understanding; but, as that was the look which his master liked to see him wearing and which he accordingly wore the most of the time, it

really didn't count for much.
"I'll do my best, sir," he pledged himself cheerfully;

and Claverhouse was satisfied.

"I'll warrant that you will," besaid, reaching for another of the forbidden eigarettes. "And now first of all I'll tell you what I want you to do. I want you to go and try to get hold of Captain Beck. I must see him as soon as I can. Do you think you can find him this afternoon and get him here?"

"I'll try very hard, sir."
"Good! And if you succeed, if he comes here, while he's here you'll take a taxi to Portland Place, to Wythe House. I'll have a note ready for Miss Wythe. I'll hand it to you when you show Beck in. If she's at home- and she will be, for we're all up in town for the same reason: to see whether I'm to live or die, you know - you'll give her the note, and she'll read it: and then I'm fairly certain that she and her maid will return here with you. You'll show them up. It's all part of my plan, and as I've always been a lucky dog I think that I can work the whole game through to a finish. I think so. Now go.

Conrad went.

Then the nurse came back into the room.

"I shan't need you for the rest of the afternoon," Claverhouse said in an incisive tone; "and I think that really I shall not need you at all any more. My man is much more useful to me. You can pack up and I'll write you a check for whatever I owe you. Fetch me my check-

The nurse, open-eyed and open-mouthed, shivered and obeyed. She was too glad to get away to cavil at being dismissed, however, as her main duty had been playing cards from midnight on when her patient couldn't sleep.

When the check was written Claverhouse smiled and looked about the room in an extremely pleasant manner.

"Now let me see if there's anything I want before you go! The doctor said that I must not drink; so put its whisky and soda by me. And-ah, yes-my portion I think that's all. Good-by!"

The nurse said good-by and went out. Of course in remained in the hall until she saw the valet returning, but Claverhouse did not know it.

He wrote his note; and then he smoked and real, we pleased with himself.

"I don't wonder that Madeleine worships me," be reflected, as he poured out a stiff drink. "I'm sun : change from the ordinary mortal. But she musta't love me any more." He finished the drink and poured out a second.

"No, no; she mustn't love me any more." He finished the second and poured out a third. "Curious creatures, girls," he observed, as he unfolisi another newspaper. "But then I'm curious too. The

thing is to -He ceased to think, becoming interested in his resting just there.

WHEN Conrad returned to say Captain Beck was coming immediately Claverhouse flung down in paper and looked really very well pleased.

"And here's the note," he said, shying it across the hed

III

"All written and ready and waiting, you see."
Conrad picked it up and asked if there was not some thing he could do for his master in preparation for the captain's visit.

"Oh, I don't know," said Claverhouse, reaching for the eternal cigarette. "Twist the chair round a bit perhaps-there, like that. I fancy there's nothing else. And now, a soon as he's here go on with that note at once. Don't low any time, for there won't be any time to lose." And then laughing in a good-looking, easy-going, riotous way that was all his own, he added: "I ought to have been a writer for the stage. I calculate my exits and entrances a prettily. 'Beck, left bedside front. Conrad, exit rear incr right." But I'll tell you one thing you can do before rosning along; and that is you might - I don't ask it, but you might-just fetch another bottle of whisky and a bulsiphon, for the doctor's prohibition has given me a most awful thirst."

Conrad looked a little bothered, but only a little and fetched the whisky.

"And do not ever forget or let me forget that I am to give up smoking," Claverhouse added, reaching for the matches now. "And, therefore, while you're out buy another dozen boxes of cigarettes."

Conrad bowed; and just at that instant Vivise Ber rapped at the door. The valet hastened to open to bin Then the cousin, who stood between Claverhouse and the gray-haired and tottering title of their uncle, the salstood also between him and his sitting-room door-a talhandsome, indignant and protesting image: for Vivia Beck bitterly hated the man who would be his success? he himself never had a son; hated him with all the intensity which may be postulated for a decent man who sees it a thorough-paced good-for-nothing the rival beloved of the girl whom he desires to marry. Vivian Beck loathed and despised his cousin as much as he hated him. He regarded him as unworthy the company of gentlemen. He promet him when he could avoid it; but he had come to-du. because the message had run that Claverhouse mut de and that he desired to see him.

He stood now halfway between the bed and the decmore than a little startled at the cigarette and the splea-

the smile and the gesture.
"You don't look as though you were dying," Weat Beck's face said for him; and Claverhouse, understanding perfectly, replied aloud with: "Too bad, isn't it?"

Captain Beck frowned and advanced a little.
"No, I won't shake hands," said Claverhouse, with auof his head forward; "for I abominate you worse the poison and know that you reciprocate. But sit!" is pointed to the conveniently placed chair and tossed in cigarette-case to that side of the bed.

"I didn't lancy coming," said Beck, standing wo straight and looking extremely forbidding: "but your >= put it up to me rather strongly. Said you were I repeated the doctor's opinion and all that."

You may as well sit down," Claverhouse into leaning back and arranging the sheet fold with his sertomed precision. "I won't kill you, you know," be on, lifting his brows whimsically. "Nor yet attack?" I prefer not to shake hands with you; but still I have at for you to do you a kindness. Won't you really sit de-You can go, Conrad."

Conrad left the room.

"I'll stand, if you don't mind," said Beck, folding arms. "I prefer standing."

"As you please," Claverhouse acceded. "Perbaought to stand, too, for I'm not overfond of you as already implied. But I can't stand unfortunately too beastly ill. So we'll meet on a half-and-half so Which reminds me: won't you have a whisky and will

"No, thanks," declined the captain. "But go on now. What do you want with me? You're seedy and have sent, and I want to know why."

Claverhouse, who never under any circumstances put himself out for any one, and whose main joy lay in the ingenuity with which he could torment, now poured himself out a glass of Scotch, diluted it from the siphon and drank it deliberately.

"Curious that she wouldn't have you," he said as he set the glass down; "isn't it now? Especially when you and I both know whom she would have and why she can't have him." Then he looked earnestly into his empty glass.

The blood mounted to Beck's face until his blond hair and mustaches appeared white against its crimson. The vains swelled high in his temples and the cords stood out in his neck. He was obviously furious. And his cousin was looking at him and noting every sign of his emotion.

"I'd like to love like that," Claverhouse commented

"I'd like to love like that," Claverhouse commented slowly; "but I never could. It isn't in me. I never felt anything take possession of me yet. I've never met anybody or anything that struck me as worth getting red about."

Beck said nothing, but bit his lip and slowly paied again. Clayerhouse reached for his cigarette case.

A wax match flamed, and he filled his lungs with the ragrant smoke of the rolled tobacco. "And now, Vyvie," easing back again and arranging the bedelothes about him arefully, "before I forget it let me ask you a question: Do rou remember the old place, Yewstones, that old, old nanor of our respected ancestors? The house where we used to have the larks when we were boys? How long since

ou've been there?"
Captain Beck said nothing.
"Is it empty or rented or what?"
Captain Beck shook his head.

"I've a reason for wanting to know. I've a goed reason. I've been thinking of the house this whole afternoon.

ou surely remember those walls not the paneled rooms. We used a drive the servants out of their eads, I recollect."

"Of course I remember the lace," the captain said then, it's closed years since, I fancy."

"Know nothing of its present ate?" "Nothing."

"Nothing whatever?"

Beck moved to the chair and it down. The conversation omised to be prolonged. "Yewstopes is vacant," he re-

"Yewstones is vacant," he reurned in an expressionless voice. It's been vacant for some time, believe that our uncle keeps a an and his wife in the lodge, to sen windows and build fires. I m't know that they do, however, d I know nothing else as to any

"You don't know whether it's bitable?"

"I said I knew nothing else, thing else whatever."

Claverhouse turned upon his llows.

"I'm going to give you ashock," said presently. "It will be etty difficult for you to hear it. s this: I've sent for Madeleine come here to see me. I have a ile scheme. It's quite a difficult atter, but I think it can be put rough. When she comes I want u to go in there and listen." pointed to the next room. hat's part of your work—to sit there."

'I'll do nothing of the kind," d Captain Beck indignantly, have no desire to play eavesopper."

Ie sounded unpleasantly

ighty and scornful.

"laverhouse poured himself out other peg. "You know you be pig-headed if you choose," said, stopping between swals to speak over the rim of his sa. "If I'd cut out drinking I smoking I could live long ugh to ruin all our lives. But k at me; I ruin no one. I am ag right on killing myself. It ildn't be playing the game for to live row."

Rot!" muttered Beck with

"Well, if you think so," said his cousin agreeably. "But don't speak in that tone again, for it goes near to making me angry. And if I fly into a rage I'm liable to drop dead. And if I drop dead, as things are now she'll worship me to the last day she lives. You know that as well as I do. Girls are like that."

Beck drew a very deep breath. "What do you want with her?" he asked sharply.

"I want to take her into my confidence," said Claverhouse, putting down his empty glass. "And I want to prove to you beyond the shadow of a doubt that I'm an upright and honorable man. The only way to make that clear is to let you hear Madeleine and me talk together. I give you the chance. You can take it or leave it, There's the room. Go in and listen; and maybe some time you will follow up the advantage it will give you by going in and winning.

"If you don't want to listen you can go out the other door at any minute. I'll never know how long you stayed. Suit yourself."

"Has Madeleine Wythe actually consented to come here to your rooms? or are you merely asking her to do so?" Vivian Back demanded.

"She is coming with her maid and my valet."

"You're a blackguard, Claverbouse, to let her do such a thing."

"The leopard can't change his spots," returned the ill man calmly enough; "but we won't argue. I know what I'm about."

There was a short, pregnant silence; and then the captain suddenly ruse and stalked through the door which Claverhouse had indicated.

"Hetter take some cigarettes with you," his cousin called after him; but the only response was a violently banged door.

Then Claverhouse shook the ash from his own cigarette and turned again to his newspapers. "That's one reason

why really decent fellows have such a hard time in this world," he observed cryptically to himself as he hunted for an article of interest: "they're made the way he is."

w

A FEW minutes later Conrad returned from his second voyage of good or evil omen.

"Well?" queried his master, looking over the paper.

"Miss Wythe and the housekeeper, Mrs. Wilson, are

"Miss Wythe and the housekeeper, Mrs. Wilson, ar here, sir."

Claverhouse smiled joyously. "Good. Bring Miss Wythe in at once and give Mrs. Wilson a chair in the sitting room where she can look out of the window. . . . And Conrad...."

"Yen, sir."

"Keep watch." Claverhouse indicated the inner room and raised his eyebrows. "Keep a good watch!"

"Yes, sir."

"But don't ever tell me what you see, unless I expressly ask. Mind that."

"Yes, sir." Conrad had approached the bed. Now he spoke very low. "Perhaps he's gone already, sir."

"Perhaps, but I don't want to know it if he has. I want to play my part naturally; and to do that I mustn't know too much."

"Very good, sir," replied the valet.

"And now hand me a hairbrush."

Conrad obeyed. Claverhouse brushed his hair most carefully, and again arranged his bed-sheet in one long, beautifully even fold.

"New you may fetch Miss Wythe, and stay within call." Conrad hastened to obey.

"Vivian," Claverhouse whispered to himself when alone, "you're a fool if you're not there. But it would be just like you to be a fool,"

Then he fixed his eyes expectantly on the door, which presently opened to allow Madeleine Wythe, tall, slender,

> lovely and thickly veiled, to be shown in by Conrad, who, having performed that service, instantly retreated and closed the door after him.

> "Well," said Claverhouse, extending his hand, "so you're here. Welcome!"

> She stood quite still, unwrapping herscarf. When it was all put back he saw that she was weeping.

> "It was very good of you to come," he said then quickly in a casual tone. "Sit down!" And he pointed to the chair which Beck had occupied.

But she did not sit down, going to the foot of the hed instead and standing there, her elbows upon the crossbar, staring hard at him.

"Oh, Ernest," she said at last,
"it can't be true what your letter
said. It can't be that the doctor
really knows. Persons do pull
through, even with the most awful
things."

"Sit down and we'll talk about it," said Claverhouse, speaking in a gentle, serious tone. "It's awfully good of you to come and you know how I appreciate it. Still, Madeleine dear, I'm afraid that all I wrote you is only too true. But . . . after all, what of that?"

The tears swiftly chased one another down the girl's checks.

"Ernest, Ernest --- " She could say no more.

Claverhouse looked troubled.

"Be a good girl and listen," he said kindly. "I shouldn't have sent for you if it hadn't been most awfully necessary, you know that; but now that you're here we mustn't waste precious time. You love me, don't you, and want to please me?"

She nodded, sobbing. "But can't the doctors do something? Can't you go somewhere and be helped? Can't——"

Claverhouse put his hand to his head. "Madeleine, I haven't much breath to talk and I never liked being interrupted. I've sent for you to speak to you very seriously. Will you stop crying and sit down in that chair and listen to me, or will you go away at once?

(Continued on Page 45)



"I Know a Girl Who Hax Professed to be Madly in Love With Me Far Ever and Ever Ju Long"

THE GENTLEMANLY THING

MR. ALBERT EDWARD HARTSHORNE was not a gentleman exactly, either by birth or education; but somehow he always felt that Nature had designed him for that state of being—so perhaps it is not to

he wondered at that this instinctive sense came to have an important bearing on his life. Still, he was not at all puffed up about it. He gave himself no airs; he wore no side on account of it—that is, in the days before the great adventure.

It began—this splendid and signal experience—during the first fortnight in September, at Sheercliffe-on-Sea. Almost as a matter of course Mr. Hartshorne spent the fourteen days' holiday, so kindly granted to him every year by the Palatial Insurance Company, at that fashionable watering place on the southeastern coast of Britain.

It was rather expensive, for everything was on a grand scale at Sheereliffe-on-Sea. including its prices. It was "a guinea a minute," in fact, as Mr. Hartshorne always said; but he stinted himself in cigarettes and picture palaces for fifty rather drab and uninspired weeks in order that he might enter his kingdom for one fortnight in the year.

And it was worth it every time to Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne, as he had confided more than once to his admiring friend and colleague, Mr. Percy Burrows, whose democratic soul was entisfied with unlimited straight-cut and bird's-eye, and the female

society of Margate.

"Fact is, Bert," said Mr. Burrows, as he accompanied his friend in a taxi to Liverposi Street on the Saturday afternson of Mr. Hartshorne's annual departure for Sheer-cliffe-on-Sea—"fact is, Bert, you are a born nut! It's something in you—it's something you can't account for; but, right enough, it's there! I should no more think of taking a taxi for Sheer-cliffe-on-Sea than I should think of setting out for the moon on a motor bleycle! But, as I say, it's something that's there!"

Mr. Hartshorne did not take a first-class return, though he hesitated about even that.

It was second-class this time; but, with a rise of half a crown a week in his salary, due on the first of the following May, he had hopes of being able to afford even that next year.

It was when he had settled himself, with his Gladstone bag, his lawn-tennis racket, and his favorite novelist in an excellent sevenpenny edition, on the cushions of his compartment, and had exhorted Mr. Burrows to be good while he was away, that Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne really began to live. As he moved out of the station a new aura enveloped his being. He inhabited a new heaven and a new earth.

After a very good tea at his boarding house—The Durdans, Rosebery Avenue—Mr. Hartshorne took his first constitutional that evening on the Marine Parade. In his new suit, so full of style and that indefinable quality called snap; in his well-polished brown abose, each displaying two inches of light green sock; in his new straw hat, with the ribbon of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers, whose colors were the same as I Zingari, except that they were worn the other way up; and twirling a small case with the abandon of one absolutely and completely happy—he was ready to welcome adventure with both hands.

This romantic feeling crystallized presently into an intense desire to speak to a girl. Mr. Hartshorne did not know a soul in Sheercliffe-on-Sea except his landlady, Mrs. Price, who had welcomed him as an old friend. And the longer he walked up and down the Marine Parade the more intense grew the craving for Jemale society that had so suddenly descended on him.

There was one girl in particular who had caught his eye. She was the real thing—that was the point to which the subtle laws of Mr. Hartshorne's being invariably began directing him—in her very plain but well-cut blue serge coat and skirt, and her very neat straw hat; with her Atalanta-like carriage—as his favorite novelist would have said—and her head held so proudly, with its air of smiling disdain. Yes; that girl, whoever she might be, was clearly, unmistakably it.

That was the kind of girl you seldom saw in Leadenhall Street, E. C. Romance was in the very salt of the atmosphere of this wonderful place. She looked so nice that he felt he must - he really must - risk it! As she passed him the third time she met his eye. He raised his new hat with By J. C. SNAITH



A Pair of Ciertaux Gray Ages Wont Literally Right Through Mr. Albert Edward Marthurne

its startling ribbon, a combination that in other glad and glorious fortnights at Sheercliffe-on-Sea had done remarkable things; he raised his hat with a studied grace of style and murmured:

"Nies evening-isn't it?"

And Mr. Hartsborne met with a rebuff. There was no doubt about it—a rebuff! A very firm and charmingly rounded chin came forward a little; a pair of really giorious gray eyes upened in a way that suggested a cobra unbooding itself, and they went literally right through Mr. Albert Edward Hartsborne. Yes; it was a rebuff—not a doubt about that.

Mr. Hartshorne sat down on the first seat he came to in order to collect himself a little. He must really be more careful. Every formight, as it came round, seemed to find him a little more ambitious. There was a kind of demon in him that urged him to fly at higher and higher game.

Two years ago he would never have risked such a fall!

He must not overdo it altogether; he must not lose entirely
his sense of proportion. Why, that girl was a regular outand-outer! Even the dash, the style, the address of an
Albert Edward Hartshorne—even the ribbon of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers might fail of impact on such unmistakable class.

Nay: it had been so undoubtedly. It had been one fair and square in the fare. Still, after all, a man of his experience should have known better than that. This was his fifth year at Sheercliffe-on-Sen—and be had behaved as poor Percy Burrows might have done, or any other mere Margate amateur. By Jove, he must remember where he was!

However, the band suddenly struck up on the Marine Parade. The Blue Bulgarian Banoukas, under the personal direction of Herr Stumer, the gifted chef d'orchestre, discoursed a really charming air from the latest musical comedy and Mr. Hartsborne at once began to feel good again. It would be easy to attach too much importance to the incident; and, after all, even a severe defeat at the beginning of a campaign does not necessarily mean an 1812.

11

MONDAY morning was the beginning of the great adventure. The incident of the girl in the blue serge coat and skirt was a mere produce to that immortal experience. And it began in the simplest way. Mr. Hartshorne had just had his morning dip and was feeling very good indeed. His hat was at its most dangerous angle; he was twirling his cane as Herr Stunetwirled the bow of his fiddle; he was ready to look the

whole world in the face and to bestow the glad eye on anything that wore a skirt—what he came straight on a dogfight.

In point of fact it was not a fight at all but it was fraught with such consequences at to aspire to that dignity on the pages of Mr. Hartshorne's history. An officious sort of terrier was bullying a harmless little Pekingese really doing it no hurt, but rolling it over a the sand and pretending to worry it, and so on. The little Pekingese was yelping a bit though it was not really being burt at all but the sight of heauty in distress was at any time enough to fire the chivalrous sould Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne.

"Get away, you brute!"

He promptly gave the terrier a cut with his came and sent it off about its business. "Thank you so much!"

A very clear voice, with a slight note of fatigue in it, came to Mr. Hartsborne's ex-It was from within the precincts of a folding chair about five yards away, which Mr. Hartsborne in the stress of his gallant action had not noticed.

The tone was so unmistakably a little his extra that Mr. Hartsborne's first thought before he had time to envisage the occupant of the folding chair, was that it must proceed from the divinity of Saturday evening, whom, since his rebuff, he had twice gard on from afar—once at church, which he had attended in the hope of seeing her and halbeen rewarded accordingly, and noce to the pier, looking more of an out-and-outer that ever.

Mr. Hartshorne was disappointed however. The occupant of the folding char was a very ordinary sort of girl, about twelly two, and so plain that you might almost two called her ugly—except that Mr. Hartshow never called any young woman ugly; has be teeth stuck out fearfully, and her chir west

back a goodish bit, and her complexion was certainly set of the best. No; she was plain enough, but her voce we a little bit extra.

Mr. Hartshorne raised his heribboned hat impromed the then made a dive for the Pekingese, which was sitted in the sand doing no harm to anybody, and here the triamphantly to his mistress.

The mistress of the Pekingese received her property with quite a commonplace remark.

She merely tickled the head of that mildly above member of the casine race and said:

"Pore old feller!"

Nevertheless the complete detachment of this your woman's manner, and particularly her odd pronuncial of the word "feller," appeared somehow to speak to the co. of Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne.

Involuntarily he lingered a moment beside the foliar chair. The occupant seemed suddenly to realize that is was standing there.

"Thank you so much!" she said, but with person a slightly greater suggestion of fatigue than when she had thanked him before.

In spite of this young woman's common place appears there was a subtle something in her manner that at a put Mr. Hartshorne on his mettle. A second time braised sloft the banner of the Bugsworth Free Wheeler this occasion with a suspicion of a flourish.

"Not at all!" he said. "Don't mention it. It so merely the gentlemanly thing."

Just as this young woman's mispronunciation of the King's English had roused the curiosity of Mr. Hartabe so his excess of modesty seemed to rouse hers. Very gare, she laid down the book she was reading.

Then she looked up at Mr. Hartshorne very intense and all at once her whole face, including those real unfortunate teeth, lit up in a slow but spreading and and unforgetable smile.

Yes, she was quite a commonplace girl, so far a went; and her clothes seemed to be designed to keep at tradition—very good and neat, and all that, but a really hardly any style at all. However, that smile and deep, so ardent, so searching, that it made quite at the on the young man. Moreover the possessor of the allowed so easy and so friendly that he was temperaforget his recent rebuilt.

Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne did not realize it then, but he was at the threshold of the great adventure.

"BEAUTIFUL weather—isn't it?" said Mr. Hartshorne, shooting his cuffs.

As a matter of fact Mr. Hartshorne was not wearing cuffs that morning, but had be been wearing them be would have shot them undoubtedly; so it is well perhaps to give him the full credit of his intentions, which were certainly of the best.

Her eyes were blue and they looked up at Mr. Hartshorne very quietly but very kindly, and that subtle smile was in them all the time.

"Yes: delightful!" she said. The voice was still a little fatigued, though not quite so much so as it had been. "But September is generally full of good weather."

"Yes, at Sheercliffe," said Mr. Hartshorne easily. Conversation was one of his gifts. "Do you come here every

"No," said the occupant of the folding chair. "I have

not been here before."

This is my fifth visit." Mr. Hartshorne threw off the words so casually that he wished his friend Burrows could have heard him. The artist in his soul accisimed it as the perfection of style.

Really!" The occupant of the folding chair laid down her book, which was a novel in French by an author of whom Mr. Hartshorne had not heard.

'Do you read much?" he said, his eye falling on the paper-covered volume.

Yes, a good deal." Her promptness and her directness were not only pleasant, they were encouraging.

"I'm always glad when I run up against people with literary tustes," said Mr. Hartshorne. "I've got them myself."

"How interesting!" The voice was certainly a little fatigued, but it undoubtedly meant what it said. Moreover that odd kind of smile appeared to deepen and spread. Who's your favorite author?"

"Ob, I don't know" yes, the smile was charming if only those unfortunate teeth were not so prominent. "It

"ther depends on one's mood, don't you think?"
"Do you think so?" A slight note of authority came nto Mr. Hartshorne's voice. It was not very marked, but still it was there. He was on his own ground now and he elt that he had maneuvered for position skillfully. "I'm a reat believer in having a favorite author. I'm all for resser myself."

"Who?"

"Prosser. Big man! But there's Thackeray, of course. still, he's a classic."

"Which is your favorite work of Thackeray's?" She sas a plain girl, but really that smile had a regular pictureauteard effect.

"Oh, give me Vanity Fair every time! What?"

"I haven't read it."

She went down with a slump. Even her smile could not ave her from Mr. Hartshorne's scorn.

"Oh, but I thought that everybody --- " Mr. Hartshorne tried his hardest to suppress the note of patronage, but it could not be done by flesh and blood. However, he was tactful; and Noblesse oblige! was instinctively Mr. Hartshorne's motto. "But really, you know, you ought to read Prosser. He's -he's immense!"

What has he written?"

"I've got one in my pocket." Mr. Hartshorne produced Prosser. "It's not one of his best, but it'll give you some idea of what he

"It looks interesting." The fatigue was really very alight.

"You can have it if you'd like to read it. I've quite done with it."

"No-really! But thank you very much." It was a very polite refusal, but it was very firm, very definite; and it left not a suspicion of a wound-it was all done so meely.

"Well, if you won't - But it's every man's and every woman's duty to read Presser,

Mr. Hartshorne was almost in danger of becoming a little rhetorical, as was sometimes the case when he discoursed of literature and the drama, and the wind was blowing from the head of the pier.

Still, for all Mr. Hartahorne's ferver and in spite of Promer's literary eminence, the occupant of the folding chair could only be induced to take a perfunctory interest in Prosser. This was disappointing. She looked like a rather intellectual girl; but as Mr. Hartshorne almost carelessly threw off the names of half a dozen of Promer's undoubted masterpieces - names that should have been household words among people of culture-the suggestion of fatigue

returned to her voice, and the smile in her eyes -- in her really nice eyes - died down a little. Therefore, very reluctantly. Mr. Hartshoros decided to let go of literature. And yet it was strange that a person who was almost illiterate should

be reading a novel in French.

He would try the drama. She might be better there. She might even belong to the stage her voice was so good. in spite of a curious little lisp there was in it; but somehow he did not think the stage was her line. For one thing she was not good-looking enough, and her clothes did not suggest it either.

Do you go much to the theater?"

"Ob, yes-fairly often when I am in London."

"What is your favorite play?"

"I don't know-I like so many." She was frank to nalveté-her taste was so very inclusive.

"I s'pose you've seen East Lynne?"

No; she had not seen East Lynne. That was a setback. Inclusive as was her taste, it almost seemed as though the drama was going to do no better than literature.

"Oh, but you ought. Everybody ought to see East Lynne." Mr. Hartsborne was suddenly submerged by his dramatic sense. The wind was undoubtedly blowing from

the Americal the Arrival of a Mart Enthuelmetic Admirer





the head of the pier this morning. "It's simply great-so true to life and so fruity. I know that some people go in for G. R. Sims and Ibsen; but give me East Lynne every time."

Inspite of all Mr. Hartshorne's efforts, however, the drama seemed to languish too, and the conversation became, as it were, more general. He was at The Dur-dans, Rosebery Avenue, which was where he always stayed - because you could depend on the cookingand where the prices, for Sheercliffe-on-Sea, were quite moderate. Where was she?

She was staying, it appeared, at the Hotel Majestic.

"Oh!"

There was a brief bull in the conversation, Somehow Mr.

Hartshorne was not quite prepared for the Majestic. Her easy directness of manner and the simplicity of her attire had not suggested it. The Majestic was so exclusively for "the nuts" that Mr. Hartshorne's artistic sense reproved him at once for having made that statement about the moderate charges of his boarding house. Still, she might not have heard it. At least she did not allow it to affect the general accessibility of her attitude toward him - which, after all, was the reflection of his.

Almost at once, now that the murder was out in regard to this really rather commonplace girl, certain subtle forces within the soul of Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne

took charge of him.

"Bert, my friend," they seemed to say, "it's up to you to put your best left first. You've got to rise to the Majestic." Immediately and quite automatically the Majestic wrought a change in Mr. Hartsborne's manner. His voice changed into a higher register; his aitches became a little more conspicuous; his vowels grew a little purer - somehow the streak of imagination in his soul was touched.

He was encouraged not obtrusively, but very kindly and gently and quite firmly to be autobiographical. Bagsworth was the home of his fathers. For the fraction of

> a moment he hesitated over this disclosure, having made one bad break already; but, after all, that pleasant suburb, less than twenty minutes from Waterloo, was nothing to be ashamed of though Park Lane, of course, would have had a better sound.

> Still, Bagsworth was not so had in its way. Yes; he lived there with his mother, who was a widow, and he was the eldest of five children. one of whom-his nister Helen-had died of messles at the early age of seven. His father was dead too - naturally, as his mother was a widow. His father had been an officer in the army. His own profession was the stock exchange; and his youngest brother, Harold, was reading for the bur.

> Mr. Hartshorne was quite simple and modest and pleasant about it all-just manly and unaffected, but a little stimulated perhaps by

"What regiment was your father in?"

"His regiment? Oh, I think it was the Guards."

Somehow the Guards seemed to come involuntarily. Prosser was always a great believer in the Guards.

The rather subtle blue eye gazed at him with its mild light. It was as if she would like him to be quite sure

'Yes, it was the Guards," he said with manly conviction. "I remember now."

"What was his rank?" The lisp grew a little more obvious in the very nice voice, but the fatigue seemed to be there no more. "His rank?" There was a moment's hesi-

tation at this rather superfluous question.

"Oh, I only know he wasn't a general." "He would have been had he lived perhaps?"



Mr. Bartsbarne Was Magnificently at Mis Lace

"Oh, yes, of course" - if habitues of the Majestic would be so very encouraging!-"I think he was a surt of a major or a colonel. Anyhow I do know "in a borst of candor-"I do know he wasn't a general.

In justice to the memory of Mr. Hartsburne piles it seems right to mention that before he had been gathered to his fathers his profession had lesen

that of a piano tuner. Therefore it was not to be wondered at that Albert Edward, blason, had suffered all his life from an effusion of the artistic sense. And it was impossible for one endowed with this inconvenient apparage not to feel that a piano tuner was a little out of the picture when It came to a matter of the Majestic. And he had no reason to doubt this agreeable young woman. She did not betray the Majestle on the surface. but to a trained observer there was undoubtedly a flavor of latent nuttiness about her. For example, she cut off all her g's. And anybody with even a superficial knowledge of Promer was aware that that was an almost infallible sign of blood.

"I s'pose you'll get some huntio" in the winter?" Mr. Hartshorne rnade quite a vicious cut with his cane at a perfectly harmless dragon fly that was performing some kind of autumn maneuvers in midair.

"Yes," she said quite modently: "I hope to get a little in the winter."

This was undoubtedly a she-nut per song- a nut-ess of the great breed, in fact. Really this thing promised to develop into something perilously like Presser in real life. The hidden forces in the soul of Mr. Hartshorne never stead to him as manfully as now, however,

"I s'pose" he made a second cut at the same harmless but irresponsible dragon fly "I s'pose you'll be goin' up to town for the royal weddin' at the beginnin' of October?"

He knew that for what it was - a real touch of genius. And how simply, how finely this nut of nuts from the Mujentle rose to it.

Ye-m," she said -"unfortunately. Will you?"

No; unfortunately Mr. Hartshorne would be there already. He was bound to return not later than Saturday week. Did he say he was in diplomacy?

No the stock exchange. The artistic sense was almost. tempted to forget the stock exchange now. Like the moderate charges at his boarding house, the stock exclusings was another had break.

After all" - as he made his third out at the still hevering dragon fly and for the third time missed it - "a regular five thousand a year don't you know! from vulgar commerce. Mr. Hartshorne was talking Presser without knowing it. in quite as good as fiddlin' with the peace of

The she-nut, her eyes round and starlike with entrancement, seemed to think pensively that it might be so.

MR. HARTSHORNE was to the midst of his social triumph when a rapidly advancing figure raught his eye. And very shining, very splendid it looked in Mr. Harishorne's sight as it moved in a dancing framework of green sea, golden smilight and yellow sand. A thrill of excitement passed through his being. It was the lady of the blue serge coat and skirt.

As she stopped so proudly and so daintily over the yellow usuals the Majestic was in every line of her. Yes, there rould be no mistake about that. In spite of the plainness of her attice, here was nottimes all compact.

Was it possible that this divinity would had the lady of the folding chair as a sister out? Indeed, it seemed most likely. Certainly she was coming straight and rather rapidly toward her, with a coat on her arm.

Mr. Hartshorne had quite a struggle to compose his fluttering heart. This was a wonderful moment in its history. The divinity was undoubtedly making a bee line for the folding chair.

A grave problem of the higher deportment was presented. o Mr. Hartsharps's mind. Should be draw himself up to his full beight and range abilt the burner of the Bageworth Free Wheelers, with a well-bred but slightly frome al air, as one of Promer's berow would have done undoubtedly by these commutic circumstances. Or would it be the more centlemanty thing us real life was in question - to ignore the incident of Saturday evening on the Marine Parade and appear and the inconscious of the fact that they bad Monther before? SVET COUNTY

or. Hartshorne's destiny never Part than in this emotional crisis. ses, but with one hand placed He



negligently on the top of the folding chair, as the divinity came up, clear-eyed, firm-chinned and haughty.

"Is this the cleak you meant, my lady?

The voice of the divinity was so astonishingly humble that Mr. Hartshorne could hardly believe his cars.

"Put it there, Wilkins. Thank you."

There was nothing more than that. The divinity was already returning whence she had come before Mr. Hartsborns could disrugage his faculties from the thrull and impact of the incident. And again she had taken no rognizance of Mr. Hartshorne's presence; but she had not lucked right through him this time. She had not looked at him at all.

It would be idle to deny that for a mement Mr. Hartsorne was a good deal shaken. The walls of his little world had fallen in, as Prosser would have expressed it.

Mr. Hartshorne felt that it would be wise to take his bearings a little before he went any further. So this commonplace nut-ess, with no complexion to speak of, and teeth that stuck out and a chin that went back a bit, was a title. Well, he was not altogether surprised. He had felt. that that eurious voice stood for something. But the divinity! She of the glorious eye, of which he had been dreaming ever since it had cut him dead, she was-she No; it couldn't possibly be so.

"Put it there, Wilkins. Thank you.

They were only six words altogether, but they were haunting him. Very nicely spoken too-no hauteur. But omehow the yellow sands seemed now to be slipping under Mr. Hartshoroe's feet. Already those six little words had emed to change his attitude to life.

It was a merciful thing the bancer of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers had not been raised aloft-even with a slightly ironical air.

All at once it occurred to Mr. Hartshorne that the hour had enme in which to draw out of action. He had borne himself with distinction, but somehow his conversational power had now deserted him in the oddest way. The polestar of his destiny, however, reenforced by recollections of Prosser, stood to him nobly, even in the order of his going.

"Well, I think I'll be gettin' a move on," he said, removing his left hand from the top of the folding chair with airy nonchalance. "Good marnin'! Very pleased to have met

Thereupon, in grim and deadly earnest, the banner of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers was literally flaunted in the sight of heaven and incidentally in that of the occupant of the folding chair. But Mr. Hartsharne was not allowed to escape so easily as all that.

By the way, do you mind telling me your mame? How nice the lisp was; and the smile, too, was very fascinating.

"Mr. Hartshorns." Even Presser would have approved the quiet dignity. "Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne-but no relation to the late king."

It was his only private little jest - by royal letters patent as it were just to put strangers at their case. It never failed of its effect, and long practice emploid it to be so well done as to be generally admired. In this instance it might have been a little superfluous to put the occupant of the folding chair at her twee- she was so much at her case

already; but, all the same, tin glamour of her eyes seemed readily to approve it.

"Mr. Hartshorne, do you care to come to ten at the Majestico Thursday at half-past four?

For a moment Mr. Hartshorns felt a little dizzy, but he had the presence of mind to murmur that be would be delighted.

"That will be so nice. Goodby!" The yellow-gloved hand was raised in a truly Prosserian manner: a firm, decisive shake; a flatteringly unmistakable leavetaking. "On Thursday, half-past four. Ask for Lady Mary Cardew. Goodby!"

The banner of the Bagsworth Free Wheelers almost described a parabola in the eestasy of departure. Mr. Albert Edward Hartihorne walked on air for two miles along the yellow sands.

DEAR SYBIL: Please come to D a freak tea here on Thursday, and bring Dorothy and Paulice. I have found something priceses. Yours, Mary.

THURSDAY came at last and at last came half-past four; and exactly on time by the clock in the lounge of the Majestic agorgoously upholstered gentleman announced Mr. Halbert 'Artshorne.

There were five ladies to meet him. Also there was a gentleman-a very soft-spoken and quite nice-looking young chap if his teeth had not stuck out quite so much and his chin had not gone back quite so far. Still, be made himself very agreeable. He was called Cardew and he was Lady Mary's brother. Mr. Hartshorne was introduced to him at once; but Lady Mary was so busy pouring out the tea that she forgot to introduce Mr. Hartshorne to the ladies. Mr. Hartshorne was a little disappointed at this They were none of them beauties; still, he would like to have known them by name - not, of course, that it maitered particularly; he had so many other things to think of

Cardew's eye fell on the ribbon of the hat in Mr. Hartehorne's hand. His own, by a coincidence, was also adorned with the ribbon of the Hagsworth Free Wheelers, except that their rather striking colors were worn the other way up

"Do you play cricket much, Mr. Hartshorne?" said Cardew.

"No, not much. Bicycling's my game."

"You do have sugar, Sylvia?"

Really that lisp of Lady Mary's was charming. But it seemed -sias - that poor Sylvia was choking, and she had to be soundly beaten on the back by two of her companions before she was able to say that she did not have sugar but she had cream.

Mr. Hartshorne was magnificently at his case. There was omething about the atmosphere of this informal gathering that seemed to call for ease. Everybody was so friendly, so awfully nice to talk to. Not for a moment did the convenution flag; and the cakes and the bread and butter and the tea, which he helped Cardew most assiduously to hand round, were all first-class.

Yes, these nuts were absolutely the pleasantest people Mr. Hartsborne had ever met. Somehow they seemed to speak to his higher nature. There was a great deal in being a gentleman. One could appreciate all the finesse of these people - their agreeable voices, their charming friendliness. their quaint and unexpected little turns of speech. Somehow they made the Palatial and poor old Percy seem very far away indeed.

For instance, this chap Cardew, who frankly admitted that he had not read Prosser, but was no ashamed of his ignorance that he wanted to know all about him-this chap Cardew was in the Guards. He did not look the less like the Guards as the Guards had been represented by Prosser, but still, as Cardew was Lady Mary's brother, he was bound to take his word for it, even against the word Presser - not, of course, that he could ever have confessed this disloyalty.

er's regiment, Mr. Hartshorne said the pleasantly conversational Cardew.

"Oh, the Guards," said Mr. Hartshorne inclusively. "Yes: but which regiment?"

That rather had break of Cardew's came, of course, Carden's not being up in his Prosser. According to Prosser. if you were in the Guards you were in the Guards, and theh was an end of the matter. Prosser seemed to conside rather superfluous to trouble about which regiment set trivial details of that kind. The Guards were the Guardaccording to Presser.

"Which regiment did you say, Mr. Hartshorne?"

"Oh, the Guards!" said Mr. Hartshorne; and then, after an instant's reflection as Cardew seemed inclined to pass his question: "The cavalry, of course."
"The Blues, I expect."
"Yes; the Blues," said Mr. Hartsborne with decision

mered by promptitude.

Had Cardew expected the Greens or the Browns, Mr. Hartshorne would have been equally prompt and decisive. Cardew was making a bit of an ass of himself - how could whilp it, poor fellow, with a chin of that kind! But it all and of his not having given his nights and days to Proser, The poor chap almost conveyed the impression of not ming in the Guards at all.

Cardew looked so inefficient and unmilitary that it was had to think of him as in any way connected with the Braish Army; but then he was a viscount, it seemed. Mr. Barnborne, being a man of large views, thought none the some of him for it. Yet it accounted, no doubt, for his silk Her and his light-gray spats, and his general air of having

mi up a little too early.

And it was a blow to Mr. Hartshorne's passion for repetition not to have discovered Cardow's romantic status sdare he had addressed him as Mister quite a number of ires. That was, of course, an unfortunate lapse; but it wa not allowed to make any difference to Mr. Hartshorne's ending in the charmed circle. And, after all, it was really bely Mary's fault. She sught to have pronounced the apprient word "viscount" more distinctly when she had mediced him; as it was, Mr. Hartshorne was almost resard to take his oath she had not pronounced it at all. HIL if he had had any some confound it! he ought to law remembered that to be the brother of a little you are sund to be a title yourself.

"The car is waiting, my lord," a footman had said. Bappily these were broadminded people. They treated on unfortunate "Misters" of his as a thing of mought. Indeed, the announcement that the car was waiting was really the prelude to Mr. Hartshorne's coming triumph.

"Can I give you a lift anywhere, Mr. Hartshorne?" said

It was such a moment as only curses to a man ones in his life; but Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne kept wonder-

Thanks," he said carelensly. "You can put me down, my lord, at the end of the pier.

Mr. Hartakorne was as calm as a church: yet somehow he knew that his whole being was raised just now to a higher power.

'Goodby, Mr. Hartshorne. It has been such a pleasure!" The shake of Lady Mary's hand was very definite, but altogether delightful; and the eyes, so full of merry lands, made him feel that she really meant what she said. But even this was not the end of the great adventure.

"Please give me your London address," she said. Mr. Hartshorne had not one of his own sards unfortunately. By a stroke of irony the only card he had in his pocket was that of the Pulatial Insurance Company, and he was constrained to write Number 6, Arcadia Villas, Bugrworth, on the back of that,

He apological very grantally for this makeshift, which was also treated as a thing of nought by those charming eople; and Ludy Mary's last words were that she hoped Mr. Hartshorne would find his way round to 1A, Grosvenor Square, some afternoon, when she would promise to be a little better acquainted with the works of Proser.

MR. HARTSHORNE turned up at the uffice on the Monday week in a pair of light-gray spats. Much needless comment was at once excited. The head of his department looked as if he wanted to kick him downstairs as soon as he saw them, and several of his peers suddenly

became quite aggressively witty and sereastic; but that is the worst of underbred people—they are so grievously facking in the true amenities of life.

Mr. Burrows, however, his faithful benchman and satellite, was not of these. He would not admit, in the presence of the most searching criticism, that the spats vere even an error of judgment.

They might be, Mr. Saunders, for you and me," said Mr. Burrows to one of equal standing in the Palatial as himself, over their midday sausage roll and ginger ale at the Bodega, at the corner of Throgmorton Street. "I'll admit that for you and me they might be going a bit far; but, you see, with Mr. Hartshorne it's different."

"Can't see it myself," said Mr. Saunders. "In my opinion

it's pure swank,"

"No, you are wrong there, Mr. Saunders," said Mr. Burrowa carnestly. "It's not swank at all in Bertie Hartshorns-It's something deeper than that,

"Don't believe it?" said Mr. Saunders, hiting rather cavagely at his causage roll. "I was at school with young Hartnborns, and he was always inclined to consider himself better than chaps just as good as himself. I know his mother lead once taught in a school, and all that; but I shall always maintain that spats are uncalled for in a chap like young Hartshorne."

However, Mr. Barrows still saw the matter in another

"No, Mr. Saunders," he said, "it's the wrong way of looking at it, to my mind. It's just a matter of what you happen to be bern. You may be a born musician, or a burn artist, or a born stamp collector. Well, in my opinion Bertie Hartsborne is a born swell."

During the next week Mr. Burniws' view gained ground in the office. A pair of light-gray spats were without precedent, except in the case of the submanager who, of

(Continued on Page #1)

A LILY OF THE FIELD

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY TRMA DEREMEAUX



"If You're Ent Afraid of Lating His Luce, Why Dan't Fox Jings Sim These Sitte?"

said not look the part. The units willing for them to be communial and parasitic, and telorm an overallonal spectacle Or him as he seen them from a leam Fifth Avenue going into sole enclusive place for tea, or on wavisages them at the mand opera through cheap ors glasses which make a organgle from his skyward sort to their hoxus. The woman who cannot afford to be like dem may or may not wish she and change places; but she, on, looks at there with admioffer, And every one knows Desire set must be a Field of to Clock of Gold; that their my real excuse for being is that at is a vehicle of conspicuous mamption-each advertises

THE American nation has afronk admiration for the

lim of the field, who tail

to, neither spin, and oclipse

deglary of Solomon. It is un-

more and that if they solled they

Themoral right of the golden d w the field to exist may be perfored, but not her finanal right. It is equally not to equestioned that the middlegirl, the daughter of pureuts romfortable circumstancesor elected term - has an right to be a llly of the field. Her

man's ability to pay.

fact is to be a working mate to her husband, who has no asso in his scheme of things for a parasite.

Marjory Martin was a middle-class girl, reared as a fily M the field but born to be some sensible and fragrant outh flower, like Sweet William or mignonette. Marjory's arents had themselves had the sort of training that should ave fitted them to become wise parents. Neither of them ad known an easy childhood; they had to earn their own thug by hard work. They had received some rather burn buffets from life, which they had taken pluckily.

They began their married life with the determination to he will within their means, carry a good life insurance, id ave enough yearly besides to puy for possible illnesses.

Their young married friends thought they did not spend enough money for fun; older critics called them sensible. After Marjory came they were not quite so sensible.

"I suppose I've been extravagant to get this for Marery," Mrs. Martin said once, abowing her husband a filmy little dress; "but I never had any protty clother when I was a child. I well remember a little girl saying to ros: I saw you wear that dress you have on last Sunday in church! Haven't you more than one dress ! I hadn't, and I well remember the humiliation I suffered. I am going to see that Marjory looks as well as other little girls.

Whenever Martin bought an expensive mechanical toy for Marjory he justified himself on the double score that it

would be educational for the child and that he himself had sever had anything to play with except blacks and cheap marbles and a broken jackknife. If the Martins had put their psychology into words it would have gune something like this:

"We have made the most of ourselves with almost no advantages. If we had been used to nice surroundings when we were children we should have teen farther along now. Our child must go beyond us; and she can do that only when we give her a good start.

So Martin, on two thousand a year, gave Marjory, while she was in the early grades of the grammar school, as good an appearance as though he had had four thousand. He was able to manage it because they lived in a five-room flat where Mrs. Martin did her own work, even the washing. Yet she was careful to look well berself, so that the mothers of nice little children, with whom she wished Marjory to play, might see that she also was keeping up with the procession of rising Americans. By the time Mar-jory was in the late grades of the grammar school Martin was getting thirty-five hundred a year, and his daughter was taking leasons in dancing, musle and French moveration

One night Martin came home to dinner jubilant. His salary had been raised to forty-five hundred dollars-a long jump and perhaps the last he should ever receive. He did not mean to tell his wife until after the meal. Marjory had to be called twice to the table; and when at last she arrived her eyes showed unmistalcable traces of tears,

"What's the matter, provious?" her father asked her

Marjary's very pretty face became convulsed with grief. "Why, that nice new girl, Carrie Jenkins, came to see use to-day," she sobbed, "and she said; "Why, Marjor," why do you live in this tiry little flat? Why, I then from your clothes you'd have a nice house somewing

"Don't say 'why' so much," murmured Mrs. Martin mechanically.

"And then," Marjory continued, "then she said: 'Why, does your mother do all her own work? Why, my mother has two maids!'"

"She was a very rude little girl to make such remarks about the home of her hostess," Mrs. Martin said.

"I suppose she might as well say them as think them," Marjory sighed.

"Come, come!" said Mr. Martin. "Aren't you satisfied with what father and mother can give you?"

Marjory fled to his knee.

"Oh, yes," she said; "only I thought maybe you could give me more."

The Martins smiled at each other rather painfully across Marjory's head. Doubtless one symptom of the ability to rise was this fashion of demanding more from parents. Later, when the child was doing her home work on the diningroom table, the elders went into the living room and talked over their new possibilities.

possibilities.

"We've come to a place of departure,"
Martin said. "We save between four
and five hundred dollars a year over our
living expenses and premiums. With my
new raise, that means we have a margin
of from fourteen to fifteen hundred.
Shall we blow it in? You look pretty
tired to me. Marjory doesn't give you
much help round the house, does she?"

"Of course I have her dust and make a bed now and then," Mrs. Martin said rather guiltily. "Later on I mean to teach her to cook. She does housework hadly—hinders rather than helps; but I mean to have her learn—only just now, with all her school work, she really hasn't time." "She's a nice child," Martin said; "but——"

"She has her faults, of course," Mrs. Martin said; "and I suppose it's natural for her to want the things other children have whose parents have a scale of expenditure higher than ours."

"I've always meant that some day you should have a girl to do the housework," Martin said; "or a maid, as Marjory puts it,"

"It would be nice for Marjory."

"It all comes back to Marjory, I suppose," Martin agreed dryly. "I guess we've come to the parting of the ways, Maggie. We can go on as we've been doing and save so much that by the time I'm laid on the shelf we'll be able to gratify all reasonable and many unreasonable wants, and leave Marjory a few thousands. Or we can live up to every cent of our income—paying the premiums, of course—and then, when I'm retired, you and I can acrape along modestly on the income from the endowment policies, leaving Marjory, in the end, very little."

leaving Marjory, in the end, very little."

"It means," Mrs. Martin translated, "giving Marjory an absolutely unfettered youth. It means she need never be hurt at being left out of things because her clothes aren't good enough or because her home isn't good enough. Oh, Henry, I can't bear to have her hurt when there isn't any need for it! She'll have troubles, no doubt, when she is older; we can't ward off grief forever from her, but I do want her to be able to look back and say that the early part of her life was perfect!"

Off to a Finishing School

"NOTHING very joyful ever came my way until I met you," Martin said. "Then I forgot say bad luck I'd had. But I've got no assurance as to how much good luck life is going to bring our child. I only know how much happiness we can bring her."

Somewhere up aloft there must have sat a colony of ironic spirits, grinning at the sensible Martins. No voice whispered to them:

"You are going to make personal sacrifices so that you, a forty-five-hundred-a-year man, may have your child associate with the children of ten-thousand-a-year men. You are inducing in her a subtle dishonesty, because you are keeping up appearances that don't belong to you. For every comfort your child has, she will see among these ten-thousand-a-year children a corresponding luxury she cannot have. You will inspire in her a spirit of envy and climbing, a spirit of snobbery and false values. She will judge other girls by their clothes and homes, and the amount of spending money they have. She will use whatever graces of personality she possesses to ingratiate berself, not with children who are intrinsically worth while but with children whose material possessions are worth while."

Their own experience should have suggested to them:

"You want to guard your child from a youth as starved and joyless as your own was. You remember your own deprivations and the hearthurnings you suffered because other children had what you wanted; and the slights and



"I'll Jose Jomekew and Make Up That Money You Had to Pay"

humiliations you suffered from those lucider children—the very slights and humiliations your own child is now about to bestow on others. You should realize that what you suffered strengthened your characters, hardened your nerves, and made you the stuff that conquers the world. Without those deprivations you never could have known the happiness you have had in each other, for you would have unconsciously expected too much of each other; a fortunate youth would have made you exacting of life, and now you ignore all that this discipline has done for you and are about to sup the moral vitality of the person you leve the most."

The Martins moved to an eight-room spartment, for which they paid a thousand dollars a year. Six hundred a year had to be set saide for the premiums. As maid, Mrs. Martin found a woman in late middle age, not especially strong, who was glad to come at four dollars a week. She did only about half the work, but she was most unexacting, being willing to wear a cap and never demanding a cleaning woman or a washerwoman to assist her.

Mrs. Martin berself still did the washing by rocans of a suction machine, which required only some muscular pounding for ten or fifteen minutes. It never occurred to her that Marjory might have developed her own arm muscles by swinging the washer, and it would have offended Marjory's young dignity if she had been asked to do the work. Mrs. Martin often said jubilantly to her family that she and Mary achieved the results of a washerwoman, cook and houseman. When she said that, she merely thought she was proving berself a good manager; it never occurred to her that she was developing the already well-marked tendency of Marjory toward keeping up false appearances.

There were twenty-seven hundred dollars a year remaining, for food, light, clothes, amusements and incidentals.
Mrs. Martin made the living of the plainest, except when
guests were expected. An undue proportion of the money
went for clothes and entertaining. The Martins scarcely
questioned the wisdom of their expenditures, because Marjory was so happy. She expanded under the sunshine of
her larger life. The apartment was full of her gayety and
that of her young friends.

Marjory was both pretty and popular. Every door at which she knocked in her high-school days opened welcomingly. Her parents were always receiving compliments about her from the parents of other young people. Her teachers spoke of her pleasantly—not as a good student, for she was merely average when she was not below the average in her marks, but as amicable and well-mannered, and a pleasure to behold.

Marjory was eighteen when she graduated from high school. Martin had assumed that she would go to college. He was not himself a college man, and for that reason perhaps he overrated the value of college training. Such a pretty girl as Marjory was likely to marry; but he intended her to be able to earn her own living in case she did not marry and wanted some occupation, or in case she married hadly and might be obliged some day to take care of herself.

He knew that a college education would fit her to be a teacher; but shortly after graduation Marjory began to talk about a finishing school in the East, to which three of her special friends were going. Martin found that a year in that school would not be the equivalent of a year in college—that, in short, the school would give Marjory very little except that intangible thing rain; polish and the continued society of he friends. Moreover, it was very expensive; but, as Marjory pointed out, failer and mother had always managed somehow.

"I suppose," Martin said to his vis.
"that I could sell a bond; butif Martin
isn't going to college I think she out!
to stay home with you and learn supthing about housekeeping."

"She does know something," Mr. Martin protested.

"Oh, yes—how to handle a rinky dish and make salad dressing and fancy cake; but she's got no organize knowledge."

"I haven't wanted to hurry her," Mrs. Martin said; "she's so happy an there's plenty of time."

They gave Marjory a year in the Eastern finishing school and the case back with a remodeled accent, while she handled in a convincing fashion and with a very sophisticated manner. So had also acquired extravagant take in clothes and flowers and the niceis of the toilet, for she had associated with the daughters of millionaires, whose whims were always satisfied.

Their expenditures were such a Marjory, in her high-school days would scurcely have looked on as rediffi-Their connection with her ended when she went home; for them it had been

only casual, because their relationships had been made from babyhood. She had gained from them nothing but the content with her parents' forty-five-hundred-dollar bone, which looked like eight thousand.

Marjory was secretly ashamed of wishing that her faire had fifty thousand a year; but she could not quite mired her belief that she was born to a higher sphere than the on she occupied. Perhaps she was also disappointed teraire no rich young brother of her schoolmates had appeare to carry her off to her deserved sphere. She was so pretty and attractive, and so much admired by young men, that it was pechaps matural for her to think that the ideal leverideal in fortune as well as in character—must surely appear.

Marjory Falls in Love

HER parents observed her discontent. It was that that Martin began to question whether he had been we be letting her associate with young people so much between financially than herself. He proposed that she he so it once to learning to keep house; but Marjory begod to go to college instead. Mrs. Martin said she thought housebeeping would be too dull for Marjory after what she had been accustomed to; and that, besides, if she attended college at once she would still be in classes with some of her old friends, and could pick up her old life about when the had dropped it. Martin agreed that his daughter needs more education; and so Marjory had her way.

The girl, after all, had good stuff in her. She could at have lived with her unselfish father and mother without having absorbed something of their apirit. For all the mistaken training, they dally set an example of cocoststion for each other and of appreciation of certain fire line which their worship of the god of false appearance and not wholly destroy. It was because Marjory was the not thing, after all, that in her second year at college, we she was twenty-one, she fell in love with young Greek was a young man whose father had rather less than the Martins. After working his way through lege he had graduated at twenty-two from the engineering course, got work with an electrical company at two dalless day, and when he was twenty-six was receiving eighted bundred a year. It was then he met Marjory at a father bundred a year.

Almost from the first her other lovers ceased to name to her. Because the core of her really was sound, after a began to be attracted to Grover it mattered nothing to that he was not rich and that he had never been in and the exclusive societies of high school or college. She was knew that he was her man. Not being able to lorge a conce her acquired worldliness she assumed that, poor the was, he would soon be making plenty of money and the could easily keep up with her expensive friends.

The day had been when Marjory had said to here? The she would not marry any man with less than ten them a year—that she meant to marry some one who would refinancially considerably beyond where her father less but love made her lose what little practical sense sit about money. When her mother pointed out that Grossalary of sighteen hundred dollars was relatively than that to which she had been accustomed. Make replied that it was much more than the salary with the parents had begun.

When Mrs. Martin replied that she had been a good manager Marjory said she would learn to be. Words of warning pattered off her mind like shot off a sloping roof. She simply did not hear what was said to her; she heard only Grover's voice and saw his face. She was quite steeped in love and Grover.

"I don't know what we're going to do!" mourned Mrs. Martin to her husband. "I was so sure she'd marry a man with money! We never said it out loud, but that was really why we brought her up in the way we did. She herself has often said that it was just as easy to marry a rich man as a poor one."

"I'm not so sure but that it's easier to marry a worthless fellow than it is to marry a good fellow." Martin replied rather grimly. "I'm thankful that she's got some one as fine as Grover. He'll get on too."

"But eighteen hundred -

"Put Marjory in the kitchen at once," advised Martin. "If I were you I'd give the maid a holiday and drop all the burdens on Marjory. You and I could suffer a while if it were for her good."

Mrs. Martin saw the wisdom of the advice, especially as the engagement was to be a short one. She suggested her

father's plan to Marjory.

"Oh, mother," protested Marjory, "there'd never be lime for that, with my clothes to see to and all the other things to do! Besides, cooking for all four of us would be nuch harder than cooking for John and myself. I suppose 'll have to do my own work at first; but anything I don't tnow I'll pick up as I go along. Housekeeping can't be so ard; look at the easy way you've always done it. Besides, know a lot already."

"All the same," Mrs. Martin said firmly, "you've got to egin to take lessons from me at once. I ought to have

hade you do it years ago."

They did begin some informal lessons; but then Marory's trouseeau began to occupy her time, and her friends a bombarded her with showers and teas and luncheons nd dinners that Grover said he felt as though he were ot engaged just to Marjory, but to the whole social game. farjory was so excited and so tired that Martin told his ife to let things swing on as they were going.

"We've made a mistake with the girl - that's plain," he ild. "Now she and Grover will have to work out their wn salvation. The thing has got beyond our control."

Grover was so much in love with farjory that he thought her a maryel of impetency as well as of charm and muty. He was sorry he had so little oney; however, he never doubted but at the two could live and save on his dary. He had not thought much about penditures, but he remembered having sard his father say that no one ought to ty out for rent more than twenty-five recent of his income; so he told Marjory at he thought they must get a flat costg not more than thirty-seven dollars d a half a month. Marjory delegated e flat hunting to her mother, stipulatgonly that it must be within a certain rritory, new and pretty, and not too rk or too small.

Marjory's Incompetence

FTER weeks of wearying search Mrs. Martin found something that would for forty dollars - that is, it was in a id neighborhood and in a good-looking artment building, where the other flats ited for sixty dollars. Marjory's flat s cheaper because it was squeezed in at angle, and because, of the five rooms. only adequately lighted ones were the ing room and the guest room. Marjory s starting her married life with the ne false front the Martins had been

wing for ten years.

Many wedding presents were put into little home and Marjory's parents led whatever furniture was needed. ere was a final furore of entertainment, retty wedding, a brief idyllic honey on, the expenses of which were paid Grover's firm; and then Marjory and husband came back to take up the iness of living. She went into her little ae to find it well stocked with proviis, which her mother had supplied rjory accepted this start as she always epted good things—gratefully, but just hough they were hers by divine right. he Grovers had never talked over the ter of a wife's housekeeping allowance. ver merely expected to pay whatever Marjory presented to him. Marjory found out on their honeymoon

various dishes that Grover liked and had made a list of them. She felt quite businesslike. She resolved to deal with the butcher and grocer who had always supplied the Martins, "because," as she said regally, "they will know what I like." They did indeed; and as Marjory, ordering over the telephone, never asked what anything cost they

charged her top prices.

During that first month Marjory's girlfriends were always running in for luncheon or tea, and Marjory begged her mother for the loan of Mary, her mother's maid, to help her. Several postnuptial affairs were given the couple, and Marjory arranged several little luncheons and dinners in order to pay off the antenuptial obligations. She felt that she was being very economical, because she let her mother and Mary do the work in the kitchen on these occasions instead of hiring a caterer. Grover, very busy and too much in love to be quite clear-syed, thought Marjory was doing most of the work, because he saw her getting toast and cereal and coffee for their breakfast. Marjory herself scarcely realized that Mary was carrying the responsibilities which should have been hers.

The first of the next month the bills came in. Marjory had not done any financial thinking, but she knew that their expenditures must not exceed one hundred and fifty dollars a month, for that was all Grover had. She was appalled at the number and size of the hills, and angry, not at herself for being extravagant but at the scheme of things that did not allow Grover more money. The grocer's bill was seventy dollars; the butcher's, twentyfive; the milkman's, six; the florist's, ten; the baker's, three; light and heat, five; the cleaner's, four; the department store's, twenty; and the rent was forty. That made

one hundred and eighty-three dollars.

Besides, Marjory had been spending money for a cleaning woman, for curfare, for an occasional matinée, and for other sundries. She was pretty sure that twenty dollars must have gone in such ways. She was afraid to show the bills to Grover; she took them to her mother, with the remark that her tradespeople must have been cheating her.

In that moment Mrs. Martin realized the futility of the many sacrifices she had made in order to produce the charming finished product who was Marjory. She saw herself in perspective in an andless line of American parents who are hurting their young by an unwise tenderness. She had seen in Marjory what she considered her own and her

husband's best characteristics, improved on, and she had secretly boped to see Marjory carry out dreams and ambitions that had proved too high for herself.

Her own disillusions had taught her that the world cannot be a Utopia, and yet she had made an illogical Utopia for Marjory. She realized now she had hoped that, after all, Marjory had sufficient instinctive judgment to make her fit to be a poor man's wife. She felt a fear for her child's future happiness and a passion to help her. She wanted to teach her, all at once, to be wise, though she knew it was a task like sweeping away the ocean with a broom.

"The tradespeople haven't cheated you, Marjory," Mrs. Martin said severely. "It's your own incompetence. If you want to keep John's love you've got to learn to be the wife of a poor man. Don't toss your head! He won't consider inefficiency charming. If you're not afraid of losing his love, or at least destroying something of his faith in you, why don't you show him these bills instead of bringing them to me with the expectation that I'll offer to pay them?

A flush of shame, so deep that it hurt, reddened Marjory's face. For the first time she realized she was no longer dependent on her parents, but on her husband.

"I'll pay these bills," Mrs. Martin said, "because I don't want John to find you out. Your father would say you ought to confess, and so you should; but I don't want John to lose faith in your ability yet. You go over these bills

with me and I'll point out your mistakes."

Marjory sat humbly by her mother's side.

"You shouldn't have spent anything for flowers," Mrs. Martin said, "except fifty cents for a begonia in a pot, which would have lasted the month. I don't care if you did have luncheons; you cannot now afford the sort I used to give you-indeed, you can't afford luncheons. As to the cleaning, you should have done it yourself with bengine; you can't afford to consider your hands. As to the milk bill, it shouldn't be more than half what it is; get one quart daily and use the top of the bottle for John's coffee and cereal. You've no right to have sweethreads and squahs and tenderloin steak in your butcher's bill. Your light and heat shouldn't be above three dollars; you must have a fireless cooker and you must turn off the electric lights when you're not using them. You needn't go to the baker's at all. With all those new clothes, why do you need anything at the department stores? As to the grocer's bill, it's outrageous! My own wasn't over fifty for four people. Why do

you have out-of-season vegetables and fruits? The trouble with you is that you've not gone to market and looked things over; you've taken whatever they've sent at their own prices."



MUCH more of the same sort Mrs. Martin said, which left Marjory in tears, chastened and really convinced

that semething was wrong with her, "You go home to John," Mrs. Martin said, "and ask him for an allowance. He pays for rent and life insurance, five hundred and forty dollars a year. For carfare, lunches, clothes and sundries, he ought to have two hundred and sixty or a bit over. You ask him for an allowance of eighty dollars a month."

"Just about what the grocer's bill this month was!" Marjory said drearily.

"Yes," Mrs. Martin said; "and remember that out of that you'll not only have to pay all the housekeeping bills but you'll have to dress yourself, too, when your trousseau wears out. You'd better try to save a little each month. I'll give you my cookbook, and you must come over here every day with a list of what you've got in your ice box; and I'll help

"Don't buy a thing without consulting me. I'll do my best to make up for spelling you in the past."

When Mrs. Martin dropped her severe manner, kissed Marjory and drew her a heavy check, Marjory felt better. She went home determined to learn how to live within her income, and still somewhat depressed by the fact that mere love could not teach people how to live wisely; that they needed common sense too.

That evening she talked over the allowance plan with Grover, who was so delighted with her suggestion and her businesslike attitude that she felt too cowardly to tell him the suggestion came from her mother. He at once wrote her a check for eighty dollars; and she thought, with relief, that it would all be a clear saving, and that she could apply

(Continued on Page 37)



Her Bande Were Sot In Well Kept, But Her Brain Was Kept Much Better

PINCH HITTING FOR

CUPID By Charles E. Van Loan LLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



ATHER than have an argument about it, I'll admit there is such a person as Cupid and that he wears nothing much but a bow and a fistful of arrows, and does considerable reckless shooting. I haven't a thing in the world against him, because if he ever took a shot at me it went in his error column; but I do claim that Cupid doesn't know how to place his hits where they'll do the most good. I've got an outfielder on my payroll with the same failing and he's about as useful to me as a box of corn salve would be to a mermaid.

I'm a bachelor by choice - I did the choosing, if anybody should ask you but there's no law against a single man keeping his eyes open. I've seen a lot of things that have sort of prejudiced me against romance. I'm not exactly sour on the subject of matrimony, but maybe I'm just the least little bit "turned," as my mother used to my about the

If you listen to the buseball players, I wouldn't marry the best woman on earth. I don't go so far as to say that. Most likely the competition would be too keen for me and I couldn't make much of a showing. I've got to the point where my belt measures the same as my chest, a perfect forty-four all the way down; and I like to take things easy.

I've been managing a big-league bull club for so long that the smart-Aleck reporters call me the Methuselah of the National Pastime; but, even so, I'm better preserved than the married men of my age. I've only had a buil team to worry about. Maybe, if it came right down to it, I could still get out there and do a pretty fair job of third-basing; but I'm thankful I don't have to try. Young men for war; wise men for counsel. That's me-and I like my slippers and my pipe in the evening.

Getting back to this true-love proposition, it's the change of pace that makes it so dangerous. A man may be able to dodge the violent sort that hits like forked lightning, but what is he going to do with the kind of love that takes hold easy and hangs on like a lingering fever?

Another thing is that you never can tell who Cupid will send up to pinch-hit for him. You wouldn't think a drunken shoe drummer from St. Louis and an old fellow like me could play the little god of love without make-up; but we did it.

When our team visits Chicago we always stop at a cer-tain hotel. We've done it for years. It's the sort of place that advertises a room and bath for two dollars a day. They've got that room, too, and they'll show it to you if you insist. The management caters to follor from Omaha and Chillicothe, and the lobby is full of palm trees and imitation rubber plants and genuine rubbernecies; but we get a good rate and we always go there.

When you give a hotel a steady play you get to know the people who work round the place. For instance, there was Mary McConnor. Mary can the eigar counter and the news stand, and I guess she was on speaking terms with more big-league ball players than any woman in America, because nearly all the other teams stopped at the same house when they were in Chicago.

The ball players liked Mary. She knew what a box score meant and in a fanning bee she could hold up her end with anybody. She didn't get to see many games, but the boys always told her about 'em afterward and she had the inside dope on everything that came off, from Boston to St. Louis. We figured on getting the freshest news when we got to Chicago. There's some sense to a girl like that. If anything makes me weary it's a woman who tries to talk baseball but doesn't know the difference between a bunt and a bat bag.

Mary was a good mixer too. I don't mean anything wrong by that. She was the sort that you could josh with if you wanted to josh, and then she could turn right round and be serious half a minute afterward. She'd been handing out eigare and newspapers for so long that she had a pretty good line on men in general. She knew the best and the worst about 'em, and nobody fooled her very much. You couldn't put anything over on Mary, and I'll bet nobody ever tried it a second time. Of course a girl behind a counter in a hig transient hotel has to stand for a lot, berause she meets all comers; but Mary knew how to handle the fifty-seven varieties and the man who crossed the line got a call that was worth remembering.

The ball players were her favorites. I don't know as I blame her. Take 'em all

round, professional ball players grade as high as young jobs depend on their keeping straight. Men who drink and gamble and stay out at night don't last long in the big league. There's another point in favor of the ball playerhe's always just out from under a shower bath. A man who is as clean as soap and water can make him is likely to be clean other ways too.

Of all the ball players, I think Mary liked us the best. The married men used to show her the pictures of their kids and the youngsters told her about their girls back home. If I tried a week I couldn't say anything better about Mary McConnor than just that.

IT WAS in the spring of 1905 that Jos Bancroft came to us from some little league out West. Dahney, the veteran second baseman, began to go had in 1904 and Joe was the pick of the recruits the scouts dug up for me.

Joe was rather old for a recruit—a serious, quiet sort of a chap, not at all handsome, but solid and manly looking. Baseball was strictly a business proposition with Joe and it didn't take him long to demonstrate that he was the man to fill the gap. He was a great fielder, a sweet, natural hitter, and a streak on the bases

He was a better listener than he was a talker and his idea of a riotous evening was to sit up till ten-thirty playing checkers with the night watchman. Because he didn't have much to say, people got the idea that he was slow; but he could think fast enough on the field. Joe had real baseball instinct. He wasn't the helpless sort of player that always looks toward the bench when in a tight place. Joe didn't need anybody to do his thinking for him. If the hall was hit in his direction we could depend on him to whip. It to the point where it would do the most good; and the tighter the pinch, the steadier he seemed to be.

We made Chicago on the first Western trip and Bancroft was the man they all wanted to see. Some folksparticularly the Chicago fans-had been hoping that, with Dabney gone to the minors, we'd have a hole at second base that a lot of games would leak through. It's always nip and tuck when we meet that Chicago team.

On the opening day of the series Bancroft played as though he had a borseshoe in his hip pocket. Everything broke exactly right for him. He pulled off four or five circus stunts, started two double plays, cut off a run at the plate, and in the seventh inning he whacked out the triple that won the game for us. Joe was the man of the hour, sure enough, and the evening papers said that unless he was playing faster than he knew how we'd never miss Dabney.

That evening I was sitting in the lobby, close to the cigar counter. Mary had come on watch at six o'clock and most of us had been over to shake hands and say bow glad we were to see her again.

"Well, Chief," says she, "your new man delivered the goods. I haven't seen him yet. What does he look like?"
"He's no chrome," says I. "He looks a lot better on the

field than off it. Watch for a man about twenty-seven, with a hig head of hair and an undershot jaw. That's Joe. Don't try to flirt with him, Mary. He's bashful."



I think I see myself!" says Mary with a self.

Not many of the boys were round the hotel that night Some theatrical press agent with a dead show on his bank had invited us to go and alt in the boxes as guests of the management, and most of the players fell for it. I add because it has been my experience that they never give away any seats they can sell. A stage box for nothing usually means a punk show.

Along about eight o'clock Joe Bancroft came wantering through the lobby. Big towns were new to him is the days and he couldn't seem to get used to living in a hour-He anchored himself against a marble pillar at the end of the cigar counter, and he was standing there with his inpulled down over his eyes when the shoe drummer be-St. Louis came wabbling in from the cafe. The drame had been treating his expense account unkindly and we pretty well illuminated.

I don't know what he said to Mary, but I could selly her face that she didn't like it. I was watching for the comeback when all at once Joe Bancroft stepped over, by all the world as though he knew this fellow and was good to speak to him. Joe put his hand on the back of the drummer's neck and shut down on it with a grip that male be knees knock together.

No fuss, no scene; it was done so quietly that if I halo; been watching I never would have known that anything out of the ordinary was happening.

"Now then," says Joe, "you can tell this lady that y= n ashamed of yourself."

I could see him digging his thumb in under the drame ear. There's nothing I know of that hurts any worse that The drummer said he was ashamed-he would have

said anything about that time—and Joe let go of him. went weaving back to the café, rubbing his neck and tale: to himself; and Joe turned on his heel and faded on its

I managed to need a smoke about that time. "Well, Mary," I says, "you are still batting a thouse."

with my ball club. Even the new man is for you."
"What do you mean—for me?" says she.
"Oh, nothing," I says; "but what was Joe Burns doing to that drunk?"

"Land of liberty, Chief!" says she. "You don't == to tell me that was Bancroft! I took him for an let farmer."

"Give us time, Mary, and we'll train him. We're so had him since the season opened. He still wears details cuffs and made-up neckties."

"So he's the new second baseman!" says Mary. "Ishis regular speed? Does he go round defending being women and choking folks, and all that sort of thing

Not so you could notice it," I says. "He won't talk to the married women with the club and a skirt san him worse than the Miner's bean ball. But maybe, and I, "he saw something about you that took his fact."
"Nonsense!" says Mary. "Why, he never even loss

at me!" "Don't be too sure of that. Bancroft has got a ray " noticing things with the back of his head. The different

Digitized by Google

tetween what he sees and what other people think he sees will make suckers of a lot of base runners this season."

"Is he as good as poor old Dabney used to be?" question was just like Mary. She wanted to get a line on

him straight from headquarters.

"As good?" says I. "Why, the best day Dabney ever say he couldn't beat this fellow! Bancroft's a marvel that's what he is, a marvel! He's the sweetest infielder I've seen since—since -

Since you quit, Chief," says Mary. Confound it! That girl can usually tell what you're thinking about.

"If he's as good as all that," she goes on, "I'll have to keep an eye on Mr. Bancroft. Thank him for me, Chief; but please tell him not to do it again. He might get me in but with the boss. The man that he choked is a shoe drumner from St. Louis and he spends a lot of money in the liquae.

The shoe drummer, pinch hitting for Cupid, got on not have and then pulled up lame, as you might say. More out of mischief than anything else, I went in to run for tim. It wasn't any of my business, but I dropped in on Bancroft just as he was getting ready for bed.

The lady at the cigar counter would like to meet you," may L.

Joe suddenly stopped undressing with his shirt half over his head.

"Huh? What lady? Are you trying to kid me?"

"Tell it to Sweeney!" says I. "I saw the little squeeze play you put over on the souse. Nice work, Joe!"

Bancroft pulled his shirt off and sat on the edge of the

ted for a while, thinking.
"Oh, that!" he says. "Maybe you think I was grandenading, Chief; but I wasn't-honest! I don't even know what that girl looks like, but it went against the grain to tave that drunken lobster call her 'Dearie.' If I'd only hid him out in an alley somewhere I could have handed it to him right. I-I don't like his kind of folks, Chief. I was brought up to treat women different."

"You needn't apologize to me, Joe. It was coming to tim and he got it. And, as it happens, that young woman s a particular friend of mine; in fact, she's the friend of all visiting ball players. They don't make 'em any finer than the is. That was Mary McConnor, Joe. You must have heard of herr."

"Nope," says Joe, beginning to yawn.
"Well," I says, "there's a young woman with gifts. She nows more inside and lowdown stuff about the workings of this league than the National Commission. If there stould be a row in the dressing room in Boston to-morrow Mary would know all about it by the end of the week. She's got a line on every new man that breaks in. I'll bet he's got your batting and fielding average figured down to the minute."

No!" says Joe. "Well, what do you think of that? Must be quite a fan, ch? . . . Did she—say anything,

Nothing but that I was to thank you and she'd keep be eye on you after this. She's all right, Mary is; and if it was me she wanted to meet -

"Good night, Chief!" says Joe. "I'm going to turn out. the lights and go to bed now."

He did it too; but there was an arrow planted in him a foot deep.

DON'T know where people get the notion that true love can't be the real thing unless it breaks all the apond records. Maybe it's from the short stories in the maguzines that a man can read in twenty minutes, and in those twenty minutes everything in the world happens. Two young people start out on the first page as total strangemand at the end of the fourth page they go into a clinch.
"I love you!" says Harold. "Re mine!"

"This is so sudden!" says Myrtle-and it is too. Zing! Just like that. On the fifth page you get the orange blossom finish and the life sentence at the church-

Now in real life it's different. Not many men try to knock the cover off the first ball the lady puts over the plate. They want to wait her out and see what they're getting; they want to study her curves and her snap throw to first. That's the sensible system; but there is such a thing as a man being too deliberate and getting a third strike called on him. In a regular story Joe would have been leaning up against that right counter at daylight, waiting for Mary to come to work; but

this isn't a regular story—it's the truth. It was in the spring of 1905 when Joe gave the drummer the squeeze play. Along in September be got up nerve enough to talk with Mary across the counter. The last Western trip we made he shook hands with her and said he hoped he'd see her again. That was a lot for Joe to say.

In 1906 be began to look like a big leaguer off the field. He had some clothes and skirts made to order, quit wearing tan socks with black shoes, and threw away his two-piece red flannels. He bought a diamond from a gambler who was broke and needed the money - four jewelers had to look at it first - but he never wore it. He carried it round in his pocketbook, wrapped up in tissue paper.

Joe warmed up to Mary considerable that season. Once he almost asked her to go to a show with him. He told her all about the quarter section he was buying out West, how much it would cost to get water on the land, and how many crops of alfalfa he figured it would yield. Whenever we were in Chicago, if he wasn't hanging round the cigar counter he was off in a corner somewhere, pretending to read the newspapers, but really watching every move Mary made.

I teased Mary about him a little hit, but I never got much of a rise out of her.

"You let him alone, Chief. It's a real treat to know one man who means everything he says."

Yes; but he never says anything."

"He says enough. By the way, have you noticed how much better he looks since he's been paying some attention to his clothes?

Mary needn't have taken the credit for that. We all had a hand in it. It's no boost for a big-league club to have



They Didn'r. Know the Jhow Was Door-and Didn's Care Either

a star player who might easily be mistaken for a farmer dressed up in his Sunday clothes. The boys had been instructing Joe-teaching him bow to tie four-in-hands, and all that sort of thing.

At the gait he was traveling Joe might have come to an understanding with Mary along about the year 1942; but Father Time and another man cut in on his play and balled

Everybody knows what happens to infielders. They last anywhere from three to seven years, according to how old they are when you get 'em, and then their speed begins to When they quit covering as much ground as they used to and sharp-hit balls get by 'em without even s how-de-do? and when they can't beat out their own infield taps, the manager begins to look round for new blood.

Joe had four good years with us and the fifth season he began to slip a little. He was thirty-two then, which is quite an age for an infielder; and altogether he'd been playing basefull for twelve years. He was due, as we say. His fielding took a slump, his batting feil off about thirty points, he dropped away in stolen bases, and the whole machinery of the infield felt his slowing up and suffered. He was a heady ball player; he knew more about the fine points of the game than ever in his life; but he was a fraction of a second slower than he used to be, and in the big league the fraction of a second makes all the difference in the world.

It's all in the game, I know, and only the fastest and best men can hope to stay at the top; but to me the gradual slowing up of a great hall player is a tragedy. At first he won't admit it, even to himself. He tries to believe that it's nothing more than a temporary slump-something that will leave him in a few days. He doesn't think the manager has noticed it, but for fear that he has he works harder-tries harder; but it's no use. The best he's got left isn't quite good enough. When he gets overanxious and takes to fighting the ball and swinging at bad ones he has reached the last stage.

Some day he overhears a snatch of conversation in the clubhouse-something it wasn't meant that he should hear-or he picks up a newspaper and there it is, with a red beadline on it. The poor devil basn't been fooling any one but himself. His next stop is the American Association or the International, and after that it's a question: "Where do you go from here?" Cold blooded? Maybe; but it's

That season we closed at home. After the last game, when the skylarking was over and most of the boys had left the clubhouse, Joe came in from the locker room. I remember he had a key ring in his hands, and all the time he was talking to me he kept taking off his locker key and putting it back on the ring again, as though it was some kid's puzzle be was working with. I knew he wanted to say something and didn't quite know how to go about it. I hadn't opened my mouth to him about the way he was slowing up, for I could see he knew it better than I

"Chief," said he, after we had talked about the and the World's Series, and a dozen other subject



you'd better take a look round and get another second

baseman. I've been going rotten lately."

Well, you could have knocked me down with a toothpick! Usually a man who is about through has forty alibis and he's always going to play the game of his life-next season. Joe put it up to me, cold turkey, and I didn't know what to say to him. That was Joe's style-telling you what he was thinking about without putting any frills on it. As a matter of fact I had already arranged to pick up a few promising recruit infielders, but I didn't want to tell

Joe so.

"Things have been breaking bad for you," says I, stalling him along. "Take a good rest this winter. You'll be all

right in the spring."
"I don't know," says Joe. "I've been playing ball a long time, Chief. Maybe I'm due."

"Shucks!" says L. "Don't let it bother you."
"Just as you say"—and he put the key ring back in his pocket—"Just as you say, Chief—only I thought it was up to me to tell you."

THE next spring at the training camp I picked up Tom Roche, a second baseman from the Southern Association. He wasn't a Bancroft by any manner of means, nor yet a Dabney; but he was young, fast, aggressive, and not entirely solid ivory above the ears. There's a chance for a kid if he can be taught that he doesn't know all the baseball there is, and Tom was willing to learn. Personally he didn't make much of a hit with me, but I found out a long time age that I couldn't build a winning ball club on my own likes and dislikes. I'd sign the meanest man in the country if I thought he could help us win a pennant,

I hoped I wouldn't need Roche, but I wanted to have him handy in case Joe got any worse. It looked like a close fight in the first division and I wanted Joe's baseball instinct in there behind the young pitchers, even if I had to sacrifice a little speed to get it. Joe knew what was going on, of course; and how that fellow did work! He took off weight that had been on him for ten years, and he had the rubber kneading and pounding his legs for an hour every night. If sweating and massaging could have given him back his speed Joe would have been a lightning flash

He didn't like Roche any better than I did, but he let the boy alone and gave him every chance to make good on his merits. Often the recruit who is being tried out for an old-timer's job has a pretty poor time of it. It's an unwritten law that a veteran has a right to hang on to his job tooth and toenail, as the saying is; and Roche knew this and expected trouble with Joe. Tom had a chip on

his shoulder all the while we were down South, but Iosimply ignored him and went on about his own business On the train bound North for the beginning of the season Joe spoke to me about Roche for the first time:

"I see you took my tip and got a second baseman."
"He might come in handy," I says.
"Well," says Joe, "if that fellow is a better ball player than I am he's welcome to the job." There was quite: silence after that remark and then Joe closed the incident "But he ain't!" says he.

We had warm weather for the opening of the learn cason, which was lucky for Joe, and he started off at a fairly fast clip. He wasn't the old Bancroft by quite i considerable, but he was plenty good enough to keep Ton Roche mumbling on the bench.

On the first Western trip I had a long confidential that with Mary. I had heard the Gamecocks were fighting among themselves and that some of the outfielders had even been accused of laying down behind certain pitches. and I know Mury would have the straight of it. While we were talking Joe Bancroft came along.

"Hello, Mary!" said be, "Gee, it's good to see you again! How have you been?"

"Just about the same, Joe. I don't change much. And (Continued on Page 53)

HOW PLAYS ARE BORN

O KNOW how plays are born rather than how plays are written is the quickest way of understanding that look on life which is indispensable to successful playwriting. Behind it always is the instinct expressed of old and still symbolized by the comic mask-to report the actions of men and women: but to do it in such a way that the world men itself whitewashed of its ugliness, and tired children-so-called men and women-get relief from real life.

Tons of words are annually written and spoken on How to Write a Play; but it is not the How-it is the What of playwriting that should be mastered first. The trouble with the average How is that it is no more than it pretends to be. It tells how to cook the rabbit after he is caught. Granted that it is important for the huntsman. to be rightly equipped with gun, ammunition and marksmanship, what he really wants to know is, where's the What?

Technic in playwriting is simply individuality. That is the reason why nobody can beach it and nobody can acquire it by rote. One man's technic is another man's poison. There

is no one and all-sufficient technic of the drama. That structure which is truest to the plot in hand, resulting in the least amount of waste between thought and expression, is the best technic.

To the practical playwright, writing and rewriting his material are the least of his labors. It is not necessary to warn him not to pad out an insufficient main plot by the introduction of a weaker subplot; to avoid stage asides, empty stages, superfluous butlers, dialogue that does not send the story forward; and to observe the necessity of conflict of characters or ideas, and similar laws.

It is the conception and birth of the basic idea of a play strives for. Once he gets his inspiration, the making of the play consists in thinking out its development from the fundamental idea. Pen may never be put to paper until the play has acted itself out in the playwright's mind. Then writing becomes the mere recording of a play already born.

Twelve years ago J. M. Barrie made an incident in Scottish life, which he had actually witnessed in Kirriemuir, into a one-art play. A young Scatsman was so ambitious for learning that every night he would break into the house of a parvenu neighbor and steal three hours' use of the books in the library. At the end of his studies each night be would leave the house- and the books - as he had found them. As a one-act play without a title that character sketch lay in Barrie's desk for six years. Then A. E. W. Mason, Barrie's friend, came up for Parliament.

By JOHN D. WILLIAMS



The Canr's Ballet Master Tanshing Girls the First Steps in the Cornearine Ballet of the Sthombra Theater

The playwright accompanied the novelist throughout the hustings—not as a speaker, but as a spectator. It was a novel experience for Barrie. He saw in action not only his friend Mason, but Lloyd George. At sight of the member for Merthyr Tydfil baranguing the multitude, with a Welshman's burr, the dramatist suddenly remembered the young Scotsman of his one-act play. The two figures began to blend. The nameless one-act play, six years after being laid away, began to write itself in his mind into a four-act comedy.

During the rest of the electioneering his dramatic instinct was not only seeing but playseeing; for the direct result of Barrie's little trips about the hustings is Lloyd George or, under another name, John Shand, Member of Parliament for Glasgow, in What Every Woman Knows,

To the scrupulously methodical Pinero such a haphazard method of playwriting would be unthinkable. Pinero gets his fundamental idea or incident, reflects on it for from six to eight months, and writes the play from beginning to end in two months. The pages of a Pinero manuscript, written in longhand, go direct from his desk to the printer. Proofs are made, and these are corrected for errors in spelling and punctuation. The play is then printed and bound in the form of a book for private circulation. Its text is never changed. The play may begin with an abstract idea. English middle-class hypocrisy. or, as in the following, a concrete incident.

One morning, during a-wall through the streets of residential London, Sir Arthur Pinere saw a woman, in evident deperation, rush out on the balow. of a flower-decked house in Mayfair. It was clearly her intention to throw berself to the street below; but she was stopped and saved from such a death by two men-one yours. the other middle-aged-who reached the balcony as quickly as the woman. The three figures soon returned into the house, disappearing from viewbut not from the playwright's thoughts. In that incident St Arthur Pinero eaw a new outcome of the eternal demestic triangle - a wife committing suicide to escape from the cruelty of a husband and the disloyalty of a paramour.

In London at that time then was a woman celebrated for her beauty and her success in breaking up homes. She has since become Robert Hickens' Bells Donna; but Sir Arthur first employed her to balance sixmatically the guilt of a hadard who would not forgive the same guilt in his wife-until, in deperation, she killed herself. The playwright even cast for to woman in the case an any

who strikingly resembled the woman in real life. With the much material assembled, Pinero followed his used method: Went in for from six to eight months of social is in London, devoting that period to the gathering of mayrial, to anything but playwriting-to club life, dinner balls, the usual society treadmill.

Then he suddenly disappeared from London, and for the rest of the year he was secluded in a remote village, out reach even of his immediate family; but before the year and up Mid-Channel, a play the story of which is the deal !! suicide of a repentant but unforgiven wife, was announced

Every organic play, like any simple sentence, must have subject and a predicate. This is only to say that rec rightly thought-out play is reducible to a single payosition. The chief figure or protagonist is to a play + wi the subject is to a sentence; the action is to a play what the predicate is to a sentence.

For example: in Disraeli, Louis Parker laid emphase the subject, the chief figure, Benjamin Disraeli; in Romary, on the predicate, the story; in Pomander Wall again on the predicate, the environment - because the germinal idea of the first was a character; of the state two, stories and scenes.

Had not the last-named play first taken root . M' Parker's mind entirely as a scene, it might just as well live been written with its emphasis put on the central characters. the old admiral, rather than on his environment; its

was in the following way that Pomander Walk first occurred to Louis Parker: In 1910 the playwright reached the locality of his home, Kensington, late one night, empty of pocket and very low in spirits. He was returning from the last of the celebrated pageants, some dozen of which he had organized and presented as open-air performances in various parts of historical England.

Great fame, but not even a shadow of financial fortune,

accrued to Parker from these pageants.

As he puts it: "What was made at the Warwick Pageant was lost at Bury Saint Edmunds."

Hence, after a long absence he had to return home and there plunge into fresh devices to get free from serious financial straits. His thought as he neared his house in Pembroke Road was: "I must write a play; I have a family awaiting me at home." But where to find the necessary material? How to make even a beginning?

"If I could look beneath the roofs of that row of houses standing before me," the playwright said to himself as he came within sight of Pembroke Road, "I am sure I should find dozens of plays." And on the heels of that thought came the idea: "Why not? Who knows those people better than I? I have been beneath every one of those roofs."

And, with that, Mr. Parker entered his house; hurried to his deak; wrote steadily for three hours, and the following moon delivered to Golding Bright, his play agent, a fifteen-page scenario of a play to be called Pomander Walk. Two days later George Tyler, the manager, then in London seeking plays, gave Mr. Parker, through Mr. Bright, a check for two thousand dollars for the accurate.

check for two thousand dollars for the scenario.

"Directly I knew it was to be produced," says Mr.
Parker, "the play practically wrote itself from my original scenario."

Where the greatest emphasis shall be laid, then, in the making of a play is also determined by the character of the dea from which it is born. The coming of that idea is all matter of chance.

Very likely Jave thought it an idea for a play when he lest felt Minerva springing from his brain.

Three Kinds of Plays

REPRESENTATIVE contemporary plays, traced to their origins, are divided into three groups;

1—Those that are born of a central figure—man or oman—which, in conflict with environment, reveal character and important social ideas, thus generating dramatic reomic situations; for example, Casar and Cleopatra, omance, Lady Windermere's Fan, and so on.

2—Those that are born of important social ideas or leals which, put into practice, generate dramatic or comile tuations and reveal character; like Man and Superman, ruth, As a Man Thinks, The Thief, and so on.

N.—Those that are born of dramatic or comic situations high, when developed, generate dramatic or comic action ad reveal character, but no special ideas or ideals: like risona, Secret Service. The Seven Keys to Buldpate, he Music Master, and so on.

In short, all sound plays are born of the development of character, an idea or a situation. This central character, as or situation comes of reflection—is found in the newspers and magazines, heard in chance conversation, or countered on the streets.

Augustus Thomas, who thrives on a healthy scorn of thric—his saying is: "The longer I live, the less regard ve I for the so-called technic of the drama"—but who a consummate master in building up in his own way dramatic or comic material of almost any origin, once gave me the following set of notes, briefly accounting for the origin of his best-known plays:

"When I started to write Arinona it was only with the main idea to produce a modern and sane melodrama on a Western subject. With personal letters from General Nelson A. Miles I went to the military poets, where I was made at home and was introduced to the neighboring ranchers, whose guest I subsequently became. I spent a couple of months in the district and was impressed by the juxtaposition of these two lives—that is, the ranchman and the soldier; also, by the points of contrast between them as well as those of contact. Most of the people were young and romantic; when not so they were middle-aged and vigorous.

"The character element was there plentifully—the story grew of itself. For some time after, I was at a loss for a sufficient reason to have the military active, as I needed them. One morning the papers reported the Maine as having been sunk in Havana Harbor: I promptly invented the Spanish War and raised a company of Arizona volunteers. The United States Government and General Leonard Wood stole my idea before I could get it into print; but that was the genesis of my piece.

"It is a theory of mine that one of the chief tasks of the dramatist is to know what will interest people a year from now—that is to say, when his proposed pluy shall be launched. Some three years ago I said a good play should be written on the relation of the Jew to the life about him is America. I had no intention then of writing such a play myself. Several plays with Jewish subjects followed; but it seemed to me they had failed to get the relation I had noted—to show the Jewa charitable, high-minded and ethically conscious, as I know them to be.

"These plays had also failed to note the connection of the early Jewish law with our own modern code. It was a wish to depict this social relation of the Jew, and to show the value of his early and persisting standard of morals, that made me write As a Man Thinks. The starting point there, as you note, was an idea and not a situation. The process was to select representative types—let them live together in one's mind and work out their own story, with such supervising hints as a dramatist would inevitably give.

"You ask me shout The Witching Hour. The sucleus of that was written in a one-act form twenty-two years ago, and after I had had some business relationship with Washington Irving Bishop, the thought reader, and some knowledge of his telepathic power. A. M. Palmer, for whom the play was written, felt that the public knew too little of the subject; and I guess he was right, because even after the four-act form of the play was produced, under the title of The Witching Hour, an authority so eminent as our materialistic friend, Professor Münsterberg, denied that any such thing as telepathy existed. The preponderance of testimony, however, was on the other side, having each advocates as William James, Sir Oliver Lodge, and others; and hesides, I had my own knowledge of the matter. There again an idea was the central thing."

Probably nine out of ten plays devoted principally to action owe their origins to the columns of newspapers. A Doll's House, for example, was born of a newspaper account of a wife who was arrested for forging a check in order to obtain money to repaper the walls of her sitting room.

William Gillette, bored to wearines from playing Sherlock Holmes season after season, one morning opened a copy of the New York Times and caught sight of a cabled dispatch from Russia. The item occupied exactly two inches on an inside page. It told of the escape of three spies from Siberia. The men had broken into a signal station, which stood alone by the railroad tracks. Two of the spies had chloroformed the telegrapher, while the third, himself a telegrapher, dispatched an order over the wires for a special locomotive. With its arrival all three, passing themselves off as linemen, rode away at top speed for the nearest boundary.

Now the one point in the item that fascinated Gillette was the fact that one of the spies, a prisoner in the enemy's country, was a telegrapher. In itself that was a dramatic nugget. At once there was a fresh interest in life for the playwright. A play was born and began to develop the moment be recognized the dramatic essences in that single situation.

Gillette went on a tour from New York to San Francisco, performing Sherlock Holmes in public; but by himself, during hours of secluded, silent reflection, it was the play with the telegraph scene that he was really acting.

June came, and not a line had yet been written of a play that had been constantly building itself in its author's mind since October. The tour ended and the company returned East, but without Gillette. Nothing was heard from him by anybody for seven weeks.

At the end of that period, however, he boarded a train in a suburb of Lee Angeles, carrying the completed manuscript of Secret Service. In less than two months of playwriting its author had recorded nine months of playthinking. That was a play beginning with a single concrete incident, out of which naturally developed rapid, logical and picturesque action.

Plots From the News Columns

THE news column of the daily papers is a rich field for such material; but the vein does not always develop gold. About six years ago the late Ciyde Fitch had three plays going in as many theaters on Broadway. They were called Truth, The Happy Marriage and The Woman in the Case. The last is worth mentioning as an example of what not

to do with a good plot found in a newspaper.

The Woman in the Case is the story of a wife's loyalty to her husband, who has been convicted of poisoning a friend, a member of his club, and is up for a second trial; but there was another figure, a woman of the half-world—The Woman in the Case. She had been loved by the murdered man. The accused had tried to undermine her influence over her lover. In revenge she became the star witness for the prosecution. She implied that the husband had been jealous. All circumstantial evidence pointed to the husband's guilt, but the wife was eloquent in her belief in his imposence. Her loyalty knew no bounds. Her presence at the Tombs was constant.

Of course The Woman in the Case was the Molineux trial, which was then filling the newspapers. The names of the principals were changed and the character of the husband was somewhat ennobled to allow for a happy ending; but he was acquitted in the theater, just as he subsequently was in court, and for the same reasons.

In short, a celebrated local case of absorbing interest to the public was transcribed by Fitch's pen until it fitted the limitations of the stage instead of being translated through his imagination and given an extra social significance by the stage. A real local event of tragic importance was

(Concluded on Page 30)





ment and become deline.

A Half-Dress Rehearsal

THE LAST ENTERPRISE

WHEN the San Francisco earthquake had ended its forty-eight seconds of diabolic dancing, "Judge" Harris, in one of the police-station cells of the City Hall's basement, peered out of the folded arms in which he had bidden his bald

had hidden his bald pate and saw before him a good breach in the wall. Without too much hesitation he walked through that breach to the sidewalk and stood free beneath the morning sky.

He had gotten into the cell through a long course of debauch alcoholic, begun many years before with a sorrow so old he could not remember it. This time even his legendary frock coat, his extraordinary beaver, and his reputation on the streets of Frisco as the last of the characters left by a departed romantic period had failed to save him. But the elements were with him. Years of gradual slipping had put him in; a few seconds of catuclyum had taken him out. He turned his blinking eyes and his inflamed nose to the rising sun in supreme inquiry.

The sun was rising strangely, as though

behind a pane of crucked glass. It danced; it turned; it was very red; it was dull and molten. Finally the judge diagnosed this behavior—the city was burning. He shuffled on downtown to see it burn.

He saw it burn for three days. He lingered on the edge of the fiery sea, backing tranquilly before its steady advance, removing before its tide his extraordinary frockroat, his incredible beaver, his contemplative stupor; and standing at a corner now and then, legs apart, epic, he answered the confingration's flaunting with the flame of his nose.

Then the fire ended. He found himself camped among ruins, by the trickle of an old waterpipe, and very happy; for his city now was different from the city it had been, was different from any city that ever had been. He had sensed the change even while it was still burning. Accesting then, with a muttered request, a man in an alley, he had been astonished to see the stranger empty the contents of his purse on his palm and count out to him exactly one-half—in this case one dollar and seventy-five cents. A little later, when he asked bread of a woman, she gave him precisely one-half of the loaf she bore under her arm.

This blessed condition was continuing; the city had become a city in which every one gave a maiety of what he had to every one else. Also, there were lines in which one took one's place; and, moving forward little step after little step, one came finally to an important individual with a red cross on his sleeve who gave one potatoes, bears, bacon, flour and pyramids of corned beef. Once, getting in the wrong line, the judge had even been offered a bouse.

It was a very little house and it carried with it the obligation of living in one of the organized refugee camps. The judge refused it; he preferred his own camp. This was in the ruins. A remnant of brick wall gave shade. Other bricks had fallen amiably into the shape of a very good fire trench. A broken pipe trickled like a spring; lush grass was already growing round it. Making his coffee and cooking his bacon and flapjacks, the judge felt long-gone efficiencies stir deliciously within him—floppings of pancakes, crispings of bacon, coaxings of biscuits to flaky embonpoint—and he was thrown back forty years to the time when, young, he "bached" it on the placers of Coyote Flat; to that time when something had happened—his old head could not quite remember what—which had sapped his fibers and had started him on the long downward path.

He was thus giving promise of ending his days in idyllic ease when an accident threw him back into the fields of endeavor. This accident was a small accident. The judge one morning again took a place in the wrong line. Arriving at its head he found himself facing, instead of the flour and bacon he needed, a huge heap of clothing. By James Hopper

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN



"You Jue, Steedsman, It Isn't the Custom. It Jan't Bone"

The judge's capacity for refusing was not large; he did not turn away. A kind, round lady was distributing. In a moment she put in his arms a very respectable said of black, with necktie and socks to match; but by this time his eyes were so very wistful on something else that she pivoted to see. The judge was looking hungrily and longingly at a shirt. She had been wondering earlier who could have sent in those shirts and what in the world she should do with them, for they were flanned shirts such as had won freedom and reconstruction for Italy, and many tender glances on the Fourth of July for the stalwart members of Exempt Company Number One, Sag Harbor. She did not know that forty years ago, on the placers of Coyote Flat, the judge had worn just such a red flannel shirt.

"Lady, please; may I have that shirt!"

"Why, certainly, my good man."

The good man, receiving the red shirt, returned the black coat.

"But you can have the coat, too, my good man."

"I don't want the coat. Just the shirt. Say, lady, may I have these overalls?"

"Certainly, my good man."

Now his mouth was open and the yearning in his eyes was far beyond that which the shirt had drawn. He had seen a mountain of boots—boots accordion-plaited at the ankle, with two unsabamed loop-straps at the sides.

"If I could have boots like that, madam!" He was given the boots. "Now a belt?" he murmured. "And a sombrero"—when he had obtained the belt.

He left, holding the garments in his arms with the gesture of a mother holding her halvy, and back in his camp, behind a ruined wall, put them on immediately. The shirt was open on the old rupy throat; the belt was tight about the sunken abdomen; the overalls were tucked within the boots, and there was a tilt to the sombrers. He stamped about weakly at first, then with what might have passed as rising strength. And with this act the vague fermentation that had been going on within him came to a clear result. He saw with shrupt vividness the placers of Coyote Flat, where he had mined forty years before, the pines, the swarm of men, the noisy camp with its Irail cabins, the booming floroes; and sitting down, his old head in his hands, he began to consider seriously a project that for years had been tormenting him dimly.

It was to him a perfectly simple and good plan, and one certain of success. When he had thought of it ten years before, his heart had almost knocked him down with its beating, and he had thought his fortune surely made. Yet he had never succeeded in interesting the necessary capital. It was generally in saloons that he tried to do this. To any one who had been a little kind to him, who had allowed him

to sneak into a general Come-boys-this-is-on-me image, the judge in gratitude would try to unfold the magnificent of his embryo enterprise. He would take him to the minithe bar and would mumble in his ear; but the chosen on

never listened to the

At a certainmone:
he always raised in
head abruptly, disctangled himself and
laughed loud. Tamb
ceased laughing pre
the judge a rurious
glance, and ever the
ward seemed just als:
afraid of him.

The judge, bead a hands, thought now!! these many rehufu

"What I need he grubstake," he man tered.

The next day is appeared before a committee of leading citizens which was deleg out loan funds to ne seeking rehabilitation. Being leading citizen they had never not the judge in the place where he had ucust capital, and one the experience of year caused him to be decreed.

He did not discouhis true intentions. Its asked more motor; for a stake that would enable him to start a

vegetable garden on the outskirts of the city. "A plus to grow cabbages and things," be described it.

That forty-eight-second dreadful dancing which he pend this committee had suffered a few weeks before tails them a little more indulgent and akeptic and huncry than they had ever been. They staked the judge at the cabbages. The next day he left the city on his way in his splendid enterprise.

It did not occur to him to take the train, for he was inthings as he would have done them forty years below. By embarked on an old river steamer, which began to day the waters with its wheel tail, slowly crossed the by it black profile against the setting sun, and entered a rive. Up this river, winding along interminable alough, " coughed all night. The judge, who to economize had non-no cable, lay wrapped in his blanket on the upper de-He did not sleep. The boat coughed, coughed, out in churned, churned, churned; sidled up to a low bush and sidled off again, its cargo increased by a sack of postor a crate of strawberries. And the judge remembered the days when such steamers came swiftly down the red splendid with lights, neisy with the clicking of chips with the loud exhilaration of men down from the placen vill gold dust in their pockets, gold dust to stream of the roulette tables, and gold dust in the purser's sale le longer orgy in Prison.

At sunrise the spires of a city appeared across the tale and an hour later the boat tied up at its very hear. In judge scrambled out, in haste to outfit. He were his look his shirt, his sembrero; his blanket lay across his had Early loulers viewed him with stupor.

His first search was among horse merchants and her stables, and it took him some time to accept the fart the what he was seeking to buy was no longer an object trade among men. Noon found him on the outskirts of town, following a bevy of small boys in search of a crist Bob, who "had one." Bob, when found, did have use an was willing to sell. And the judge bought a little tan-bor curly-haired donkey, with innocent eyes and a philical disposition.

This the judge led back to the center of the town to main street and the harness shop.

At the barness shop he bought a packsaddle, who forthwith girthed on the burro, two big saddlebap, the long cotton pack rope, with a hair cinch. The burro accountered, was then moved down the street to the grow where his bags were filled with provisions—flour, but coffee, baking powder, salt and sugar. At the dryot store a thick double blanket was thrown over the last stationing was before the hardware store. By her

ck the judge was ready. By five he was out of town, at hing sun-white road that stretched toward the blue the distant sierra.

The little donkey trotted behind him, vaguely like a tirtle beneath the carapace of its pack. From the knot of the faultiess diamond hitch, cooking utensils dangled; fore and aft in the crotch of the saddle a pick and a shovel rose high above a wide, shining white pan. And the farmers along the way watched, with open mouths, the old man pass, with his white beard, his boots, his red shirt, his sombrero, his little pack animal, with pick, shovel and pan; and at the sight they felt stirring within them old memories of past romance.

He camped, as night came on, near a farm. Small boys in ambush behind the willows watched him eat, silhouetted against the fire, his supper of flapjacks and crisped bacon; lster the farmer himself called, curious to engage him in talk; but, seized with a fear of betraying his precious plans, the judge answered only with ill-natured gruntings and in their presence rolled himself in his blanket to sleep.

He was off again early the next morning. For three days as trudged stubbornly across a plain in the glare of the sun. Then the ground rose under his feet to foothills. It was till early in the year; the grass was green; there were mall oaks, and brooks that ran clear. His purpose now eerned to fade at times, to leave him altogether. He pitered a good deal. Once he passed a whole day playing with polliwogs in a green pool. Another afternoon slipped way while he wasted all of his ammunition shooting with its big six-shooter at a tin against a tree. He would stretch in his back for hours, his cheek caressed by a blade of rass, his eyes on the sky. A second childhood was coming a hirn like a grace.

Then, frowning, he would remember, and would push on ith trembling energy; thus fitfully he rose into the heart of he hills. There came a long, steep grade, which wound him pward for a whole day; and when the road flattened gain it was stretching high through the pines, and a new igila nee had come upon him. The sun set, the moon rose. It went on with long strides, prodding the little burro eforce him, while his old black eyes searched to the right, then left, for faded recollections of old landmarks. The sad, a tollpike, had been little traveled so far this year; ut a fter a while he turned off from it into one still less equencted—one of which, in fact, the carpet of grass, the reacthing bramble and the absence of ruts told of long bandlonment.

He followed this indistinct way through the pines, the irro trotting before him. Then the pines ceased to be id he was on the edge of a wide and denuded flat. His art beatstrongly; he halted and stood looking, immobile. It was a ravaged stretch of land; the moon poured its cusuation upon it and made it livid. There was not a see and not a blade of grass. And not only was there it a aree and not a blade of grass, but there was no earth.

he marth had been ug, scratched, nuli cked away to its pet minute grain; it is as though over the te out this landscape ne monstrous and alo-us deity had ured vitriol, corrodt its fairness down the bone; and only g granite bedrock nained, this itself graved in miniature nons and frozen ves, sharp-crested. The judge closed his se; and instantly he v the land as it had in when he had been e, as it had been re than forty years ore. Over the flat, armed, dressed as he : bent at the waist, h pick and shove y attacked fiercely soil; their picks at up and down ftly; they were like

chanical toys.

Le opened his eyes

, however, and

ling them with his

d peered across

space anxiously,

ched for the first

e with a doubt as

the possibilities of

enterprise. And

he saw that for

which he was searching, that which was assurance of success. Over there in the dim opalescence of the moon rode something like a warship on waves of granite. A more fixed contemplation resolved it into a hillock with a flat top. It stood there in the center of the corroded devastation, an isle intact; a bit of the original landscape left there, spared through some mysterious captice of the bordes which, all about, with the thoroughness of anta and the violence of dynamite, had gutted the land for its gold.

The judge spoke aloud in the stillness. "It is still here," be said.

But his emotion demanded an audience. "It is still here, Nicodemus!" he repeated, addressing the little ass.

Nicodemus licked up a blade of grass, but otherwise was unmoved.

"Our fortune is made, Nicodemus!"

Nicodemus rubbed his pack pensively against the last small pine.

The judge clucked the little donkey on. He did not drive the animal toward the mess that had so interested him, however, but along the faint traces of the road skirting the flat to the right, leaving the mess, mysterious island in the liquidity of the moon, to the left.

"We're going to see how the old camp has stood it, Nicodemus."

The burro's small books drummed on the hard pan; the nails of his boot crunched on the granite. The noise they thus made stirred him with an uneasy sense of desceration; throwing long side glances he tried to walk on tiptoe and was glad when, with a little leap, the indistinct road came to fertile ground again. A minute later the way became the main street of a village.

It was a strange village. The street, long neglected, accoped by the rains, was a guirh. On both banks of the gulch the little houses rose. They were stilt, one to the left, another to the right, as though drunken or as if suddenly petrified in the middle of a mad dance; and some seemed to be bending toward the lone man passing and others to draw back in scandal.

From the yawning doors not a light came and not a sound; in the whole village there was not the bark of a dog or the passing of a cat.

"Coyote Flat, Nicodemua," said the judge with the tone of a cicerone.

He went on down the main street, pushing the little donkey abend, until he came to a cabin larger than the others and with a false front that made its one story look two. This he entered.

He could see the stars through a rent roof; and his feet were in a soft dust made of the earth that had been beneath the floor. The room was large, and to his right, massive and well-preserved inside that frail and ruined house, possessed of an indestructibility like that of an altar, a long piece of furniture stretched a few feet from the wall. He moved toward this sort of counter, leaned one elbow on it, turned toward the center of the room and, with a large, loose, amiable herding gesture of his left arm, shouted:

"Come on, everybody! It's on me this time!"
No one answered. He pounded the counter impatiently.
"Come! The poison is on me!"

Then the sound of his voice and the silence that answered frightened him abruptly. He stumbled toward the door,

out on the street again.
"Nicodemus, take off your hat! This is the Golden
Eagle Hotel and the Golden Eagle Hotel bar."

He went on a little farther and stopped by a cabin that was altogether down, a pile of loose boards and shakes on the ground.

"Nicodemus, here's firewood. We camp right here, Nicodemus."

When he had unpacked the burro and had lit his fire he went off with his pail behind the houses—the deserted camp was flat as cardboard scenery—slid out of sight, and a little later returned grunting, the pail full of cool, clear water. The burro was already at his meal, hopping about with bobbled ankles and cropping bunch grass between boards and shakes. The judge cooked, ate, rolled up by the fire and went to sleep.

He woke twice. The first time he remained motionless on his back, not daring to let his eyes roam. A great silence lay with the moon on the descried and rulned camp, and the mountain cold pressed on him as though it were a hand. A deep sigh coming from very near raised abruptly his dim dread to a passion of fear. Then that which had so hurt him now reassured him—little Nicodemus came sauntering by, munching, carelessly treading possible terrors under his small boofs. It was be who had sighed, waking half frazen.

And the second time the judge did not know whether he was really awake. The moon was sinking behind the trees and in the thickening darkness the ramp seemed repaired and restored. What had been down was up; holes in roofs and walls were filled. And what thus stood repaired seemed of another stuff, less material, than the more solid parts that had resisted time. The doors were all closed; the windows were all closed; the judge funcied he heard behind these closed doors and windows the measured breathing of hundreds of men. From the Golden Eagle Hotel came a cry

An owl flee by, velvety. Nicodemus shook himself hard by; and the judge, sitting up with prickling hair, saw the little animal hop right through one of the restored walls. As though this had been a signal, a respection of things as they are, suddenly all the holes became holes again, the patches in walls disappeared, the semimaterial ghostly fabric became air—and the camp was a ruin again.

When in the morning the judge woke he found the devastation about him more eloquent in that light. The shakes with which roofs and walls had been made had curled to the heat and cold of successive seasons, and in agonized con-

tortions had torn themselves from their nails; there were great holes in walls and roofs; many cabins were down altogether; one or two only were apparently intact.

The judge, with shufding steps as though all his late energy had gone out of him, as though this had been a last flare to be followed by the final torpor of age, pottered about the ruins. He seemed to have forgotten altogether his superb and urgent enterprise. He stood on piles of shuffled lumber, picked up now and then an old corroded pot, a pan; he entered cabins and, before some rude fireplace still sooted with lack, nodded with what might have been an old man's wisdom or an old man's weakness; he leaned on the bar of the Golden Eagle Hotel, that bar so humorously solid and permanent in the ruined flimsiness surrounding it, and seemed to ponder a long

His wanderings, though aimless in appearance, were in fact the following of a thin

time.



In the Chart Boor of the Vanished Cabin a Young Waman Stood

thread of memory which stretched before him like a spider's web, tenuous, elusive, visible only in cortain plays of light, lost altogether at times; then again before him. He zigzagged, turned, twisted, climbed mounds of lumber, went to the right, to the left. Once he thought he had found his old cabin. There was left only a piece of one wall; but against that piece his bunk still stood, the bunk he had occupied more than forty years before. Like a child playing a game he got into it and lay on his back, looking up through his old syelids at the sun. It was very quiet and peaceful here. "Good old bunk!"

He was discovering, however, that this was not the end of his search; that the dim urge within him stirred still unsatisfied; that it was still pushing him on, he knew not where—except that somehow it had to do with pink calico. Yes, pink calico—that was it. He rose and began his wandering again, following the impulpable spider thread. And then, suddenly, he had found?

He knew that he had found because of the peace that had come to him, as though forever an anchor had been dropped; but he did not know just what it was he had found. He was standing before a spot where a cahin had been; but of that cahin there remained only débris between the four corner posts, still standing upright, standing there upright as though they meant something.

Suddenly there came to the judge a vision at once precise and incomplete—a perfect picture, but detached from any ambience that might explain it. In the ghost door of the vanished cabin a young woman stood—a young woman of fresh, clean and buxem charm, flashing blue of eye and rose of cheek. Her dress was of pink calico; the sleeves of it were rolled up; and the bare arms were powdered with flour, as though a moment ago she had been kneading.

In her skirt a little girl hid, blue of eye and yellow of hair. The judge saw, but did not interpret. He saw without knowing just what he saw. This picture was a projection of something that had existed forty years before; but nothing that had been with it came to explain it. He puzzled; but his old brain refused to toil him. Then a sadness pinched his heart and he found himself weeping. Hot drups as of liquid lead were on his hand; he looked at them, astounded.

As though a curtain bud been rung down, the vision ceased. The judge went on pottering about the ruins simlessly.

In the morning, though, the judge woke tingling with renewed vigor. He dispatched his breakfast hastily, for a fear was now on him. He feared that his eyes had not seen aright on the night of his arrival; or that since then something disastrous had happened. It was with a shout that, debouching on the desolate flat, almost at a run behind trotting Nicodemus, he saw, affeut like an island in the morning light's liquid gold, the hillock in which lay his certitude of splendid wealth. It stood there intact in the center of a corroded devastation as though there bung above it a taboo, a curse, or a sanctity. All about it the land had been ravaged. Two generations of miners had passed here - the judge's own, the argonauts who, with pick and shovel, had scraped what they could; then that which, with terrible hydraulic streams, had washed away what remained as with acid. And both had spured that little half-acre which, as the level about it had descended to bedrock. gradually had risen a little toward heaven.

It was a small hillock now with a flat top, a diminutive of those messs one sees in the Arizona desert; and the judge viewed it with tenderness.

"She's there, Nicodemus - she's there! She hasn't budged!

"I shouldn't wonder if there were one like it in every old deserted camp of California, Nicodemus?



He Remembered Row - At. He Remembered!

"The Deserted Camp Exploration and Final Exploitation Company, Limited — how would that sound — eh, Nicodemus?

"Or shall we keep it all to ourselves?"

The burro not answering, he clucked it on toward the mesa. He observed it narrowly as he neared. It had not been touched. The walls were sheer with the exception of a little crumbling as though the miners, approaching like a surf from all sides, had been abruptly stapped by a word said up there at the top, or a gesture. When still nearer he scanned the geological structure cross-sectioned before him.

At the surface was a this layer of brown earth traversed by the roots of grass. Below was sand; then pebbles increasing in size to boulders at the bottom. And among these boulders, on the bedrock, was black sand. He nodded sagely, skirted the mess until he was on the side opposite that by which he had come, on the side bidden from the road that once had been, and, unpacking his implements, without hesitation be attacked its flanks with pick and shovel.

When he had thus secured a saddlebagful of the bluck sand he went down to the river that skirted the flat, taking along his pan. He was gone an hour. When he returned he placed beneath the nose of Nicodemus a small, open huckshin hag. Nicodemus, startled, breathed in noisily, and the old man broke out in a cackle:

"That's gold you have on your tree, Nicodemus! Gold dust! There's about ten thousand dollars' worth in that little hill. We can get half of it this summer."

He was silent, pensive, "And we'll come back next spring, Nicodemia, Our fortune is made. At last?

"The Deserted Cump Exploration and Final Exploitation Company, Limited," he added scientily after a silence.
They are titled in his bundle, he relied the nick at the and

Then, splitting in his hunds, he raised the pick at the end of his lean, trembling areas and brought it down against the side of the billock. It but weakly: from its point a little crumble of earth run down to his shows.

"We're off, Nicodemus!"

He worked until sundown; then with Nicodemus he returned to his camp among the ruined cabins, the boards and the shakes; and in the morning, with the ruing oun pricking his back, was egain at the mess with pick and shovel. When Saturday came he did not dig, but spent the day transferring the excavated sand and rubble, with the aid of Nicodemus, to the banks of the stream. And all Sunday he squatted by the water's edge and rocked and panned. When, Sunday night, he regained camp he held tight in his right hand a little buckskin bag full of gold dust. He was too tired to cook, and munched some cold biscuits; but immediately afterward he was up, searching about the ruined camp.

When he had found a cabin that was altogether down in a loose shuffle of lumber be lifted several boards, introduced his long arm beneath them, faid the little buckokin bag carefully on the ground and let the boards fall back on it. Then with a night he rolled up in his blanket: but in the middle of the night he was up again and, when he had found his carbe, lay long on his side, his arm, underneath

the boards, stretching to the little bag, his fages tight about it—until the cold had driven him but to his bed.

On Monday he was again picking at the mea. He blows were feeble, but he made this up by the patience of his industry. His mind, much of the time was a vacuity; but all the time in the center of the haze there burned, fixed, a kernel of purpose. And his pick censelessly rose and fell, rose and fell going up slowly and tremblingly at the end of his old, thin arms, descending loosely; it scratched and scratched and the loosened earth rose about his boots which beneath the frailty of his body, took on an appearance of great weight, size and solidity as though they had been of bronze. Early on Tuesday he was here again—and Wednesday. Toward the end of the west

here again—and Wednesday. Toward the end of the west he began to move what he had excavated to the bank of the stream. On Sunday he panned and rocked for thirteen hours and, when night had come, deposited in his carte beneath the boards of the fallen cabin a second fat little buckskin hag of precious dust.

The days now became the beads of a chaplet, slipping one by one. His undertaking possessed him altogether, is gave himself hardly time to sat and to sleep. At pep ald dawn be came running up with Nicodemus to the measurement of the dragged away at dark, full of regret. And his success was proving far beyond what he had dramed

Though his age and his weakness and the primitiveness of his methods were holding birn much behind his planning though he had so far merely scratched the sides of the hillock and saw that, instead of two summers, it would also him ten at the same rate to level it, yet he was taking ast in gold as much as though the mosa held merely what he had hoped and, a giant, he were demolishing it ten time as fast. It seemed as though the argonauts, who tak attacked the flat for gold, in setting out this small hallower had reserved unwittingly the richest spot. It may values beyond what the judge could remember of the ion claims forty years before.

"Why, it's a real pocket—a real pocket, Nicodemus There's hundreds of thousands in there, Nicodemus Well be sliding on velvet, Nic—on velvet!"

The work, with all its fascination, had its small amovances. At times in his digging he came on something that gave him pause. He hesitated a while; then using the pick very carefully he freed, little by little, buried object that looked like sticks of bleached, porous wood. He had then carefully together by his side and, gaining acceptonance and assurance by the very act, at length was stading upright reflectively, holding in his hands a round thing, in the peature of the Prince of Denmark in one of Shakaper's famous scenes. His undertaking lost its spiender; he shivered a little in sickish distaste.

This lasted but a moment. His pick, rising fell against bit into soil that he knew held much gold. The days passed one after the other, each full, tasting of duty will done; and in the cache under the planks of the ruines cabin the number of little bugs of gold increased, squatted in a line in the built-light, like rotund little Buddhas.

It was then that the fascination exercised on him by the top of the little mess began to put forth almost irresistive strength. When he worked it was right there above his head—the top of the mess—very near and yet invisite it beckened to him all the time, as though up there in the silence it held something to show him or a whisper for his ear. On the other hand, he could not hear the thought of dropping his pick for a moment or ceasing for a second the diligent scratching which was giving him a dignity long lot, which was rehabilitating him, which was siving him said.

which was rehabilitating him, which was giving him gold.

When he came hurrying is the morning he could see if, the top of the mesa, as long as distance made it indisting

Digitized by Good



THE FAKERS By Samuel G. Blythe

HITTLINGS went to South America on business for a client, and was gone for six months. He told Hicks they would take up the matter of a partnership when he returned. Hicks kept on at his acquaintance-making. securing some business which Gudger handled for him. He was constantly in the company of Rollins, who expressed great affection and respect for Hicks and selped him in every posdble way. Hicks particiosted in each movement or the betterment of Rextown, was active mough in church affairs a keep himself in good tanding, and essayed the part of prominent citizen. is wrote regularly to lenator Paxton, making ree comments on the own, the people, his plans nd his prospects. Every ime Hicks' name apeared in the papers he ent a clipping to Paxton. ince he spoke of the hittlings proposition.

"On the broad, general mary that two heads are etter than one, if each is swenably non-omeous," enator Paxton wrote in ply, "I should say the lan is a good one. As political move it has its crits, also, for it stands reason when a law m is composed of two

artners, and has a political alone to it, if one partner is a emocrat and the other is a Republican the harvest will much more complete and satisfactory than it would be both were reaping in the same field. I think you might all make the experiment, only nover trust any person, emmie, in a business deal except one, and do not be too ending with me. Get it all down in black and white and on't let the other man use you half so much as you mee other man. Everything, they may, is fair in love and ir, and that may be so. It also is true that everything by fair in polities, so keep your vye no your nonclass musantly, and remember that the only way to be presperous. the future is to have been discreet in the past.

Chittlings was detained and did not get back to Rextown til September. "Let it wait until the first of the year," said to Hicks, and Hicks was glad to do so, for he was tremely busy with politics. County conventions were to held, and Rollins insisted that the Democrats must put a full ticket, from county judge to road superintendent. ere were many conferences at the office of Rollina and eks took part in them all.

As usual it was difficult to get Democrate to take nominans, for the fight was hopeless.

I've got you slated for prosecuting attorney," Rollins d to Hicks.

'Prosecuting attorney!" Hicks exclaimed. "Isn't there udge to be named?"

'Yes," said Rollins, "but another man has been named that. You take the prosecuting attorney nomination. at will give you an opportunity to go out into the towns i get acquainted with the farmers. It's a county office, a know."

ficks reluctantly consented.

Ie was firmly of the opinion that his services to the mocracy of Rextown and the surrounding country ened him to nomination for the highest office within the gift he people at that time, but Rollins had picked an older yer with a war record for the place, and Hicks subsided, without much inward protest.

Inough delegates were rounded up to make a Demotic convention possible, and Rollins called the gathering order at the appointed time. The assemblage, which uded Democrats from all over the county, was a listless , for it faced certain and overwhelming defeat and knew Rollins had asked Hicks to get ready for a speech, and



"Paddy. That Old Grandstander, Rollins, is Making a Good Draf of a Kom Oner the Franchite Master."

after the furmalities attending the monimation of the ticket were burried through, Rollins addressed the delegator:

Follow Democrats and gentlemen of the convention?" in began. "I now take great pleasure in introducing to you a sterling young Democrat who has recently come to our rity, a man who believes in the ultimate triumph of Demcoratic principles, who holds Thomas Jefferson to be our greated American, and whom you have just numbrated for the important office of prosecuting afterney. Mr. T. Marmaduke Hieles, of Regiown, will now address you.

Tunmie had felt be should array houself in his frick coat and wear his high but, but Rollins told him not to. So he came in a sack coat and soft hat. As Rollins pronounced his name he stepped forward on the stage and bowed. There were a few scattering handelaps. Some of the men in the rear of the hall started to go out.

"Fellow Democrats," Tommie began; "I trust you will bear with me while I give to you my brief message. While these are times of dull despair for our party, I am one who has his face turned toward the morning and I can confidently assert to you that every cloud has a silver lining, that the night is darkest just before the dawn and that there is no lane without a turning. Fellow Democrats, truth is mighty and must prevail. As the poet has it: Truth forever on the scaffold and wrong forever on the throne'; and, as you all know, the minority is always right. These are times of stress. The very foundations of our country are threatened by the insidious underminings of the corrupt influences that have control of the Republican party."

That's the stuff!" abouted Rollins.

Hirks spoke for twenty minutes. He had schooled himself in his piece, had practiced it before his looking glass in his room and knew it by heart. He was full of confidence, threw in every gesture he had ever seen a platform orator use, and ran his voice up and down its register with amaging results. He stamped his foot, waved his clenched fists in the air, and walked from one side of the stage to the other. When he had finished sweat was dripping from his forehead, but his voice continued strong and his peroration could have been heard as far as the city hall.

Two bored reporters watched him with much amusement. As Hicks finished he looked anxiously at the reporters. He had noticed, as he was talking, that they were making no notes of his speech.

"Did you take it dawn?" he asked anxjously, learning over to the table where the reporters sat. "I can give you copies of it."

"We've got some of it," fibbed one of them graciously.

The convention adjourned and some of the country delegates congratulated Tommie. One old man said he was glad. in find there were still young men who had the courage to fight the forces of corruption in politics and faith to speak what was within them. The papers made only brief mention of the convention, gave the list of nominations and said T. Marmaduke Hicks addressed the delegates. Tommle was incensed when he saw no reports were made of his speech. "Dut," he consoled himself by thinking, "the time will come when they will print what I have to say on the front page,"

Figureed by Rollins, who gave him money for livery righ and for his meals at the country hotels, Tommie traveled all through the county, speaking at achoolhouses and wherever he could get a few people together. It was discouraging work. Most of those who came. to hear him were Republicans. They joered at him.

But he stack to his july, and by the time the campaign was over could make a resounding speech, full of allusions to the corruption of the Republicare and filled with promise for better days if the Democrats were put in power. He took up the condition of affairs under the Republicary prosecuting attorney, charged that official with despliction of duty, with grow favoritism, with grafting and with about everything else, and promised a clean, rapable, homest administration of the office and the relentless prosecution. of all eritainals, whether of high or low degree, if he were

Also be did his Arst house-to-house-or rather farm-tofarm-canvassing. He were his oldest suit of clothes, let his shoes remain unpolished, was hall-fellow-well-met with the farmers, ate with them when he could, was elaborately polite and flattering to the women, took part in prayer meetings in the churches, and descanted continuously on the necessity for getting back to the soil and the rugged honesty of the agriculturist as opposed to the scheming, contriving dishonesty of the city dweller.

He put in the last week of his campaign in the city, where he dressed with scrupulous care, making up as he thought a clean-cut, alert young prosecuting attorney should look. He spoke every night, sometimes on the street corners and once or twice at very small rallies. His opponents took no notice of him, and the papers joshed him a little and reported none of his speeches. The campaign was neither exciting nor interesting, and the outcome was never in doubt. Tommie ran a few votes ahead of the rest of the ticket, but was overwhelmingly beaten.

Rollins told him he had done well. Tommie thought so too. He had learned something about campaigning. Also he had spread the knowledge among the country men that be was a young man of correct deportment, a church member, and that he neither drank nor smoked. He never for a moment let down on his pose of being the friend of the people, and he considered he had sown good seed. Besides, it hadn't cost him anything. Rollins had furnished the money, and Tommie made Mrs. Hungerford deduct for the meals that he missed while he was speaking in the

He had attracted some attention among the lawyers. They talked about him. Chittlings was especially kind in his comment. "It's all right," he said; "if that is the game you are going to play you have got to start it that way. Keep at it and you may win out some day, if a pestilence blows along and kills a few thousand Republicans and passes by the Democrats."

A little law business came to him as the result of his campaign. He was one of the leading figures at a union Thanksgiving celebration, where the Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians joined in a service on the night before that festival at Tommie's church. He made an address on The Necessity of Brotherly Cooperation, which was pronounced very fine by those who heard it and was mentioned for a quarter of a column or so in the papers. He was active in the Christman celebration at his church, and a day or two before the end of the year was asked by Chittlings to come up and see him.

"You've had plenty of time to think that proposition over," said Chittlings. "How do you

feel about it?"

"But Mr. Chittlings," Hicks replied, "you never have made a definite proposition as yet."

"Well, I'll make one now. I'll take you into partnership, give you twenty-five per cent of the grosa receipts and charge no expense to you except rent for one office room; you to bring in all the business you can and I to de the same. I will look after the legal necessities, although you can make the necessary bluff, and you'll continue to play your Democratic game while I take the other end of the politics of the combination. How does that strike you for the first year?"

"I don't relish your continual reference to my playing a game. I am sincere in these matters, Mr. Chittings."

"So much the better. I always respect sin-cerity, especially when I find it in such large quantities. How does it hit you?

"What is to be the name and style of the firm?" Chittlings glanced at him in astonishment, "Chittlings & Hicks, of course," he replied.

Tommie looked Chittlings squarely in the eye. "I think Hicks & Chittlings would be more appropriate, provided I enter into this compact with

you," he said steadily.
"Wow!" exclaimed Chittlings. "Great arematic spirits of ammonis!" Then be reared with laughter. "Son," he gasped, "you'll do! You will absolutely do! I'll make that thirty per cent. Come up to-morrow and sign the papers

Hicks salved his wounded feelings with the extra five per cent offered by Chittlings, and signed a partnership arrangement for a term of one year, with a privilege of renewal or dissolution.

on notice by either partner at the end of the nigth mouth. He gave up his office and moved down to the suite occupied by Chittlings. The firm's name was put on the door as "Chittlings & Hicks, Attorneys-at-Law," and it was many a day before Hicks could look at it without feeling that by all the merits in the case it should read Hicks & Chittlings. Hicks was much elated over his new office surroundings. He had a good-sized room cut off by a ground-glass partition from the very large room formerly occupied by Chittlings. "Mr. Hicks" was chastely painted on his door. He thought the door should be labeled "Mr. T. Marmaduke Hicks," but Chittlings told him it was much better form to have it read just "Mr. Hicks" - it gave class, he explained. There was a stenographer, the first one Hicks ever had at his disposal, and he dictated reams of letters to that outraged person, many of them letters he never sent and never intended to send. He wanted to impress the stenographer; for no persons were too humble, in the opinion of Hicks, to have brought home to them by word or doed the transcendent abilities of T. Marmaduke Hicks.

THE municipal election to be held in Rextown that spring was unusually important. The street-car company, which operated all the cars in the city, was about to make an application for an extension of its franchise and a renewal on most favorable terms-favorable, that is, to the company. The Chronicle, inspired by Rollins, had opposed any extension unless there should be certain concessions. The Chronicle demanded universal transfers, better cars, improved service and a three-per-cent tax on gross earnings for the benefit of the city. Naturally the street-ear company was opposed to all this, vigorously and hitterly opposed.

The etreet-car company was close to the Republican organization. It controlled the board of aldermen, through Boss Rose' organization, for the aldermen were almost all Republicans. There had been an attempt to shove the franchise matter through the board that was to go out of

oril, but the Chronicle made such a row about it. et-car magnates and the Republican bees old be as well to wait until a new board was o do it then. They were sure they could elect a no matter what the issue was, and would then nchise through in an orderly manner and claim



that the people had spoken on the matter, and they were simply bowing to the will of the voters and taxpayers.

Rollins, who despite his fondness for political letterwriting and his dreaming was a ehrewd politician. new an opportunity here. He had no interest in the streetcar company and bated all the directors and managers thereof, for they were all Republicans. He knew that the people felt-us the people always do-that the street-car company was robbling them, depriving them of accommodations they were entitled to, and he further knew the three-per-cent tax to be paid into the city treasury was a strong indurament for yetse against aldermen who would be in-clined to grant the franchise extensions without that feature included in them. When it was intimated that the street-car company intended to jam the extended franchise through the old board of aldermen instead of waiting for the new, he promptly lex loom a broadside in the Chronicle mying he would go to the courts if they did, enjoin them, and fight.

them to the last, inasmuch as the franchise matter properly came within the jurisdiction of the new board, or Rollins held it did, which amounted to the same thing in the circumstances. He had strong popular support for this.

William P. Roscoe, president of the street-cur company, right Boss Paddy Ross, of the Republican organization. "Puddy," he said, "that old grandstander, Rollins, is making a good deal of a row over the franchise matter."

"It won't amount to nothin'," assured Hoss.
"I don't know about that. The people are all in line to oppose us at any time or place. I'm afraid we waited too long. We should have jammed it through the present

"Now, Roscoe," courneled Ross, "don't you get cold feet. I told you I will elect a board of aldermen and a mayor that will give you the right to make a powerhouse out of the city hall if you want to, and I'm going to do it. Just leave this to me.

"But there is a great deal of agitation."

"I know it, and there'll be a let more before there is any less, but it's the votes on election day that count and I'll have them, don't you worry. I'll pull you through this just as I always have. Let Rollins howl. I'll produce on election day, and I'll produce a set of highbinders for aldermee that will give you Main Street for a pleasure park if I say the word.

Roscoeleft. He was nervous. This nervousness increased as Rollins renewed his attacks, and the Chronicle kept pounding. He went to Rose again but was told to sit steady and attend to his street-car business, and all would

Rollins had talked with Hicks about the campaign he was making, and Hicks was enlisted in the fight. Chittlings advised Hicks to keep off for business reasons, but Hicks couldn't and wouldn't. He saw unlimited opportunities for speechmaking in which he could attack the street-car octopus - he had resolved to call it an octopus - and declaim sassiunately for the rights of the poor, down-trodden workingmen, who were defrauded by being deprived of universal transfers and who had poor service for their hard-earned nickels. He urged Rollins to demand a three-cent fare, but Rollins thought that too radical and refused.

"Hicks," said Rollins, "this is our chance. We have an opening now. If we put up good, clean men, as many of them Democrats as possible, but with a few independents

to give the ticket a non-partisan flavor, we can wie the whole shooting match, mayor and all."

"So I think," assented Hicks. "The people will raly to me as their candidate for mayor."

"As their candidate for what?" exclaimed Rolling

"Their candidate for mayor."

"But you're not going to be their candidate for maror" "Why not?" demanded Hicks. "In view of all me sacrifices for the party, I surely am entitled to this small recognition."

You are not," said Rollins firmly. "You are to be the candidate for alderman in the Seventh Ward."

" began Hicks.

"Oh," Rollins interrupted, "you can speak all over the city. It will be a good chance for you.

Hicks tried several times to convince Rollins he was the logical randidate for mayor. Rollins would not allow it, and when became he must take the nomination for aldernay of the Seventh Ward or nothing, Hicks sulkily commis-He announced his candidacy for alderman in an intervenin the Chronicle, bustening to the office to get it in pair

for fear Rollins might change his mind.

"Going into it, I see," said Chittlings after he had real
the Chronicle interview, in which Hicks had made very ous denunciations of the street-car octopus. Bick van quite clear as to what an octopus was, but none the less is accused the street-car company of being one, and of soming the lifeblood from the poor, downtrodden workingnal. Later he learned about octopi, and cut out the blood sucking feature, using that only when, for a clurge is referred to the company as a vampire, which creature to had been informed, is an artist at blood-sucking.
"I am," Hicks replied.

"Well, good luck; only keep your politics dear from the aw business and watch out you don't get your fages burned. Paddy Ross is a very capable citizen, you know."
I am not afraid of Paddy Ross and his benchmen when

have the people on my side," declaimed Hicks. You may have the people on your side," laughed Chitlings, "but you will have Paddy Ross on your seck, and that will be uncomfortable—for you."

The city conventions were held and Hicks was necimal.

as the Democratic-reform candidate for alderman from the Seventh Ward. The campaign, which had three veto to run, began immediately. The two afternoon paper as the Leader, a morning paper, upheld the regular Republicar ticket, which was favorable to the street-car company, and pointed out the great benefits that had come to Kestwa through the liberal, public-spirited policy of the conpay. how it had millions invested and how it had developed the suburbs by the extension of its lines. Statistic property by the company were printed, showing the small per cell of earnings compared with the expenses of operation. I'm ises were made of a liberal future policy if the trackies extensions were granted.

Rollins was in his element. For the first time he was fighting with a chance to win. The Chronickestoodsardly behind the Democratic-reform ticket, which was made to of excellent men, and the people - as usual - were in lavor of giving the street-car company nothing and of getting free rides if possible.

Hicks and Rollins organized a series of noonday notice in a vacant store on Main Street, and Hicks and other erators spuke every night in various parts of the city. Hideturned himself loose. He attacked the street-car company from every angle. He spoke eloquently of the was of the workingman. He pledged himself a hundred time och twenty-four hours to fight for the common people, shoul be be elected, and he plainly told the street-car company it need expect no favors at his hands. He was in favor municipal ownership for public utilities, and he draged a his three-cent-fare idea and was always applauded.

He had an apparent cornestness and sincerity that caught the crowd, and a flow of language that, thought had no argument in it, was denunciatory in the extrem-He called the street-car magnates wolves and pluteran with no other plan than to bloat their fortune with nine exterted from the poor, downtrodden workingman. It flayed Roscoe on every corner, and he tore into Pain Ross as the most notorious example extant of the comit political boss. He warned the people they need excit nothing but confiscation of their streets and an ultimis ten or fifteen cent fare if the Republicans won; and never failed to allude to himself as the gallant young or sader who would bring peace and plenty, three-cent faand universal transfers, a sent for every passenger, and cars for the rush hours, and special reduced rates for select children-if he were elected.

Toward the last his speeches fell into three parts Tr first was a denunciation of the street-car company; the ond was an assault on Roscoe; the third, and by lat !! longest section, consisted of promises of what he. T. Vimaduke Hicks, would do, with explanations at great showing how eminently he was fitted to carry on a promises, intellectually, morally and by reason of to integrity and his enormous desire to help the workers

Paddy Ross had many orators out campagning and kept busily at his inside work. At first he was out!

he would win. Then he discovered the people were much aroused, and the talk of Hicks and his fellows on the Democratic-reform ticket was having its effect, especially in the Fourth, the Ninth, the Tenth and the Sixteenth wards, where most of the workingmen lived who were employed in the big factories and mills on the lower side of the town. In Rextown the factories were on one side of the city along a small stream that local pride called a river, and the workingmen lived across town from them in the wards enumerated, went to their work in the street cars in the morning and returned to their homes at night, going across town again. The city was loosely built, and it took almost half an hour for the workingmen in these outside wards to get from their homes to the factories and mills, and another half hour to get home at night, for the car service was none too good. The consequence was that the early morning cars were crowded and the cars returning at six o'clock ammed.

"How does it look, Paddy?" Roscoe asked, at the beginning of the third and last week of the city campaign.

Not so good as it might. That young windjammer, Hicks, is making a lot of headway with these workingmen, and there are a good many votes against us in the middle of the town.

"But you can hold them, can't you?"

"I can hold the middle wards all right. I'm afraid of those wards where the workingmen live in numbers—the Fourth, Ninth, Tenth and Sixteenth."

"We've got a week before election. Can't we shove he franchise extension through the board at the meeting o-morrow night?"

"If we did," said Ross, "they'd tear us up by the roots. We've got to win this by votes. Don't werry. I'll have en all right. The only trouble is with those wards out on

he edge of town, and they've tot a grouch for fair."

Roscoe went away, much erturbed. He stopped in at me of the noonday meetings. and heard Hicks say things o an applauding crowd about loscor fattening on the nickels crung from the grimy hands f toil that made him feel like booting that young man. licks saw him and shouted:

There he is! There he is, his arrogant plutocrat who wis to debauch the electorte of this city by electing to he heard of aldermen servile. nd corrupt tools of Paddy loss to do his bidding and rob he poor workingman of the ard-earned fruits of his honat toil by extorting from him soney grudgingly paid to him others of his ilk-these lutocrats who ride in their slatial automobiles while the oor workingman must crowd to dirty, ill-smelling, antinated street cars, or walk ith weary limbs from his amble home to the factories, here they chain him to his ench in order that they may out and fatten on the results his honest industry."

Roscoe fled, followed by ers. He was much upset hen he reached his office. Jenkins," he said to the genal manager," have you heard e things that demagogue, icks, is saying about me?" "Yes," Jenkins replied.

"Well, what are we going to rabout it?"

"There's nothing we can do it trust to Paddy Ross, so r as I can see.

"It's terrible!" moaned oscoe. "Simply terrible! hy, I heard him to-day, and called me a vampire and a oodsucker and an actopus d I don't know what else." "Is that all he said?" asked ukins. "Evidently you In't hear him when he was good form!"

VHE excitement increased as the week progressed. ddy Ross was shaky in his n mind over the outcome,

and his shakiness increased when the results of his final poll began to come in on Wednesday. It looked like a close election with a ward or two to decide it. Paddy was sure of carrying seven wards and gave the opposition four sure, and that left five to fight for. He must have nine men to control the board. He had held a certain proportion of the voters in the outside wards and was working desperately in the wards in the center of the town, where the big business interests were arrayed for the street-car company and where the better classes of Republicans lived. He felt be must do something to pull back the Fourth, Ninth, Tenth and Sixteenth. If the opposition lost those they couldn't win. He sent money there, and put his strongest workers in the factories and mills to persuade the workingmen who lived in those wards to be ressonable. The street-car company put on many extra cars on the crosstown lines, and saw to it that every man had a seat. The workingmen were excited. Hicks and his allies had stirred them exceedingly. Rollins kept steadily pounding through the columns of the Chronicle, and had boys at the corners in these wards every morning, who gave each workingman a free copy of the Chronicle containing the Rollins broadsides.

Ress was worried. Roscoe was frantic. Rollins and Hicks were jubitant. On Wednesday, after his mounday meeting, when he had been especially inflammatory in his speech and had been loudly cheered. Hicks ate a sandwich and drank a glass of milk and went to his office to rest. The office was empty. The stenographer was out at lunch and so was the clerk. He was tired. The strain was beginning to tell on him, although the tonic of the applause, which he loved, braced him up during his public speaking. He removed his cost, locked the door of his room and leaned back in his chair. He was dozing when he heard Chittlings. come in, accompanied by another man.

"Nobody here," said Chittlings. "I suppose that young partner of mine is out stirring them up."

"He's a fine partner for you to have," said the other man. "How'd you come to pick him out."

Hicks could hear the talk; he listened for Chittlings'

"Oh, he's all right. I can use him in my business. He'll get over this, but he's raising merry hob at this juncture, isn't be?"

"I should say be is!" said the other man bitterly.

Chittlings spoke again. "Well, Jenkins Jenkins! The general manager of the street-car company! Hicks moved noiselessly over to the ground-glass partition between his room and that of Chittlings. He strained his ears to hear.

Well, Jenkins, you're in a mess, I'll say that for you. Unless you can pull something off in those outside wards you may get whipped."

"Pull something off?" replied Jenkins querulously. What can we pull off? We've done everything anybody has suggested and we've simply upholstered Paddy Ross with money, and he's scared stiff right now over the outlook. What do you want to talk to me about?"

"My dear Jenkirs," said Chittlings suavely, "I asked you to come in and confer with me because it appears to me that for the general manager of a great public-service corporation you display a lack of resources that is amazing."

What would you do, Mr. Wiseheimer?" asked Jenkins with a sower.

"Far be it from me to assume to instruct you in your business, Mr. Jenkins," continued Chittlings pleasantly. "Not for the world would I suggest such a possibility, not for the world. Only, if I were general manager of the street-car company, I know what I should do."

"What would you do?" asked Jenkins excitedly. "What would you do?"

'Softly, my dear Jenkins! Softly!" said Chittlings sooth-ingly. "Be calm. First and foremost, of course, I am under the rather preming recessity of inquiring what a plan such as I have in mind would be worth to your aggregation of octopuses, as my partner dubs you?"

"Any amount of money, if it works," Jenkins exclaimed.

"That is rather indefinite, don't you think, Jenkius, in these days of hard, precise commercial transactions? Any amount now might dwindle to a very insignificant amount after election. Besides"-and Chittlings' voice grew almost caressing-"I didn't ask you for money. You jumped at a wrong conclusion. But I suppose," he laughed, "you are so used to buying protection you think that is the only way you can get it.

"What do you want, then?" asked Jenkins suspiciously.

"Would it surprise you if I told you I have nothing but the best interests of the company at heart?" asked Chittlings.

"It would. It would surprise me very much," Jenkins answered barshly. "But get down to business. What do you want?"

"A very small return, Jenkins, a very small return. I own some of your stock - not much, but enough to qualify; and I want to be put on your board of directors, for the business and financial standing that it will give me. Also I want your promise to make me one of your attorneys—to make me, you understand, not

Hicks, listening on the other side of the glass partition, clenched his fists. His partner intended to leave him out of this arrangement.

"That's a good deal," said Jenkins.

"A good deal!" Chittlings' voice hardened, "A good deal when, if this thing goes (Continued on Page 49)



to Was Active Enough in Charch Affairs to Koop Himself in Good Standing

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A: D: 1728

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription \$1.36 the Year. Pive Cours the Copy of All Newsciseleys. To Conselv—By Subscription \$1.76 the Year (Escapt in Toronto, \$1.36), Muglia Goples, Five Cante.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, \$3.35. Remitteness to be Made by International Postal Muney Order

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 27, 1914

Bad Banking in Illinois

ILLINOIS law permits any penniless adventurer to call himself a bank, using whatever high-sounding title his fancy may dictate, and to flower a gullible public by accepting its money on deposit, then using the funds for any purpose he pleases.

Every year some of these bogus, uninspected, nonreporting, unregulated private banks fail. In the last twenty years confiding people in Chicago alone have been swindled out of immense sums. The discouragement of thrift, the injury to bonest banking and the shame to the state have been pointed out innumerable times; yet to this day the law stands blandly by, furthering the rubbery by refusing to lift a finger to prevent it.

The reason for this scandalous condition is found in the legislature. The outrage is of long standing. Everyhody knows it. Nearly everyhody condemns it. But a little coterie of interested persons, who find a private profit in perpetuating the scandal, has always been able to exert sufficient influence on the crowd of featherweights at Springfield to prevent a remody.

This year a patriotic body recommends that about a third of the present legislators be defeated, as plainly unfit; but, with a legislature comprising some two hundred members, at least a third will always be unfit. In a lawmaking body of one-tenth that size, character, ability and responsibility might be expected.

A Gleam of Sunshine

THE iron and steel industry is in a depressed state. Orders are scarce and prices are low. With the distinguished exception of Judge Gary, the industry appears to be even more depressed mentally then physically. Its immemorial bulwark—the tariff—has been whittled down to a point where it is scarcely perceptible to a jaundiced

Agile foreigners—we gather from some trade reports are flocking over it like grasshoppers descending on a field of young wheat; and the Government is pressing forward like a ruthless tortoise with its suit to dissolve the Steel Trust. Yet, for some weeks at this writing, the common stock of the Steel Trust has been selling above sixty dollars a share—considerably higher than it sold a year ago and within a few points of the highest mark of the last year and a half.

An industry one-half of the goodwill of which is worth three hundred million dollars in the market cannot have more than one foot in the grave.

Uncle Sam as a Banker

A DISTINGUISHED German banker points out something that Americans are apt to overlook amid discussions of the failings of our present banking system and the somewhat patchy and experimental character of the new banks that are in process of establishment—namely, that no such experiment in banking was ever before carried out in the world, because nowhere else in the world has there ever been a material change in a banking system which

was at all comparable to that of the United States in point of size. Our reporting banks have twenty-two and a half billion dollars of assets. Their deposits, at eighteen billions, are double those of the English banks and four times those of the German banks.

In 1890 Mulball calculated the banking power of the world at sixteen billion dollars, this country being credited with five billions. Our present banking power is nearly fifty per cent greater than that of the globe twenty-four years ago. In 1808 the Comptroller of the Currency calculated the banking power of all foreign countries at twenty-eight billions—but little over twenty per cent greater than the present banking power of this country alone.

To see how big the United States is one must go to Europe for comparisons.

Big Banking Alliances

A BIG German bank boasts that it is represented on the directorates of more than two bundred corporations, while a higger rival figuratively gathers about half of industrial and commercial Germany under its wing.

As to the corporate connections of eminent Wall Street bankers, one may refer to the Money Trust report. In Germany and the United States, at least, Big Business has deliberately—even eagerly—put itself in hock to big banks. The common explanation is that Big Business constantly needs fresh expital and ties itself up with certain powerful banks in order to get itself financed.

That is not the real reason, however. A sound railroad or industrial does not need to stand, hat in hand, in Morgan's anterporn or the anterworn of the Deutsche Bank to get capital. The real reason is to restrain competition. Big Business does not flock to big banks as a source of capital, but as a refuge from competition.

Undoubtedly the most important function of such institutions as Morgan & Company and the Deutsche Bank is to keep competition in hand. They are a sort of medieval fair, at which traders can meet and discuss and adjust their differences under bunds to keep the peace, and make plans for their mutual benefit without knifing one another.

Mellen's testimony pictures Morgan in a dominating position. An important reason for that position was that Morgan, taking it all round, could do more to suppress competition than anybody else. Naturally, therefore, business turned to him.

Timber Waste

WHEN we fell a tree, thirteen per cent of it is left to ret as stump, top and branches. At the sawmill forty-three per cent of it goes into sawdust, bark, slabs, and so on. Two per cent is lost in seasoning; three per cent in planing and finishing. Four per cent more goes into the kindling heap when a house is built. Only thirty-five per cent of the original tree emerges in the form of a building—and when the carpenters are careless the proportion is less than that. Then we drop a lighted match into the oil can, burn the house and collect the insurance.

Outside of cities our whole country is built of wood, while European countries use brick and stone. This involves an enormous consumption of lumber—relatively to population, many times that of England, France or Germany. Every foot used involves two feet that may be wasted. Part of the waste, of course, is inevitable; part may be utilized in by-products.

That the immense fire waste is largely preventable every one knows. A shingle roof, for example, may be so treated as greatly to reduce its inflammability. We usually deem it easier not to bother about that and let the insurance company pay the loss if a fire occurs. Insurance ought to penalize carelessness more heavily than it does.

How the Money is Divided

A CORRESPONDENT asks: "Of the total product of manufactures, what part goes to capital and what to labor?" We corredves should like to know. Something that points in the direction of an answer may perhaps be deduced from the census, the census figures bearing on the subject being roundly as follows:

Selling value at the factory of all products of manufactures in 1909 was—cutting off a row of ciphers—twenty dollars and sixty cents; materials consumed out twelve dollars; salaries took one dollar; miscellaneous expenses, including everything that can come under the bead of expenses except wages, interest and depreciation, took two dollars. That leaves five dollars and sixty cents to be divided between capital and above, excluding salaried labor. Wage labor got three dollars and ferty cents, leaving two dollars and twenty cents for capital.

Reducing it to other terms: of every dollar of the net residuum, capital got thirty-nine cents and wage labor sixty-one cents; but capital's thirty-nine cents is still chargeable with depreciation.

That is as far as census figures go in answering the question; but that twelve dollars-really twelve billion

dollars—of materials consumed was also a product of laber. Some of it was produced within the processes covered by incensus report—for example, the finished product of a blan furnace is the raw material of a billet mill; the finished product of a sawmill is the raw material of a furnish factory. Some of it was produced outside the processes the census classes as manufactures—for example, the iron or that goes to the blast furnace and the logs that go to the sawmill.

Out of a dollar of the gross value of products of manfactures, as reported by the census, the wage labor overed by the census report gets only sixteen and a half own. More significant than that, however, is the fact that the seventeen and a half cents ten years ago; and over a log period the proportion of the gross value going to wage labor has pretty steadily decreased, while the steam horse procemployed has rapidly increased. From 1904 to 1909 the gross value of products increased forty per cent, wage increased thirty-one per cent, and primary horse poor increased thirty-nine per cent.

There is nothing more discouraging, under this badis, than census figures, partly because they are only rough as more or less questionable approximations, and partly because they indicate no advance whatever in the region position of wage labor.

Handicaps on Foreign Trade

AT THE national conference on foreign trade more than one speaker pointed out that cooperation was seen sary. A few great exporters, such as the Oil Trust, the fact Trust and the Harvester Trust, maintain hig organization to look after their sales abroad. Only a huge concern to bear the expense of such an organization. Smaller concern must depend wholly on the Consular Service or cooperate must depend wholly on the Consular Service or cooperate out violating the antitrust laws and being rewarded by a term in prison?

Gentlemen learned in the law have debated this question arguing that a certain amount of cooperation would probably be lawful. That any effectual cooperation will be lawful after the antitrust legislation on which Problem Wilson now insists is enacted seems rather doubtful.

The president of the Amalgamated Copper Companion observed that foreign buyers were organized to a largestent and exerted a united force, "fixing the pricest which they will trade," and waiting patiently until, among overganized American sellers, some one came down to least level, which immediately established the market price that all other American sellers were bound to meet.

That cooperation is necessary for a vigorous extenses. I foreign trade seems hardly to be denied. The law may promit it. Then the question will arise: If cooperation may be beneficial in foreign trade, why must it be deemed always injurious in domestic trade?

A Long Step Forward

THE constructive thing in the President's trust program is the proposal to create an industrial commission with powers somewhat like those of the Interstate Commerce Commission. This will be one positive forward step in 1 field where, so far, we have merely marked time or take negative steps.

There are all sorts of combinations and all sorts is restraints of trade. Some of them are very bad; but some of them are very good. Indeed, some of the most important restraints are imposed by the Government bed. Attempting to deal with all of them along the line of a sweepingly prohibitive statute will never, in our opinion get the country very far toward any desirable goal.

Take two examples of our dependence on the Sherma-Law as the sole instrument for dealing with combination First, the old Standard Oil Company paid divideous of forty or fifty per cent a year. In 1913 the various orpanies into which the old concern was resolved by justice decree paid dividends equivalent to more than a busine per cent on the old stock. That is what mere dissolute comes to. Sessed, the Government is now eating to a solve the American Sugar Retining Company, and incompany very pertinently pleads a decision by the Supren-Court twenty years ago, holding that it was not a visite of the Sherman Law.

An industrial commission with power to require a quate reports, inspect books and examine officers will the course of time collect a body of trustworthy infortion about restraints and combinations, in the light which we may know better how to deal with them. It existence of such a body will be a valuable restraint unconscionable practices.

It would be impossible to deal satisfactorily with Troads through the slow-moving, circumscribed courts of dealing with railroads is simple in comparison to dealing with trade restraints and combinations, which promuch more various forms and differing conditions.

The spirit of the President's message is admirable commission with adequate powers animated by that at will be very valuable.

WHO'S WHO-AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



the New Chief of the My and Jahry Jailarmen

TP SPAKE the sailormen, the sly and salty sailormen, calling to Josephus, Lord of the Admiralty.

"Joey, old top," they said, quite casual-like, "who have you in mind for chief of the Bureau of Navigation?"

"And what," asked Josephus, recently transferred from tripod to the Navy Department trapeze-"and what is the Bureau of Navigation?"

"Hah!" responded the sallormen, the sly and salty sailormen. "It is merely one of your little bureaus, of not much consequence; but you've got to have a head for it, of course. Now what do you say to Jimmis Portsides? Fine chap, Jimmie; and will do you credit."

"I'll see about it," replied Josephus.

"Curses!" said the sailormen, the sly and salty sailormen, as they were piped out of the room by Civilian H. A. Banks, of North Carolina, the same being the private secretary brought up by Josephus when he left the Tarbeel State to be the Old Tar

the Administration. "Anxious, it seems to me!" commed Josephus with himself.

In came a friend wise to the ways of Washington. "What," asked Josephus, "is the chief of the Bureau of wigation?"

"You are an editor?" spoke the friend.

"I am; but what has that to do with it?"

"I seek a comparison that will penetrate your editorial derstanding. In naval terms you would be fogged. Let say, then, that the chief of the Bureau of Navigation he managing editor of the Navy Department. 'Aha!" exclaimed Josephus, which is as far as he allows

uself to go in the way of exclamation. "Aha! Aha-ha-ha!" Whereupon Josephus ched out on the deck one of our dreadful radnoughts and cked therefrom tor Blue, and made chief of the Bureau Navigation-Victor re-does not that nd like a name out i book?-who, as it. nced, was born in

Tarheels All

th Carolina himself.

JOW," spoke Jose-phus, "by all the on the tarry heels of **Farheelers**, including my cole ed and constiveson. mel Tom Pence, let n try to put over thing on this North olina combina-"-which, in sooth, ems has been reably hard to do, with th Carolina repreed in Josephus, In ks and in Victor -North Carolina uard.

The Bureau of Navigation looks out for the human equation in the navy. It has to do with the men who fight and the men who stoke and the men who tell the men how to fight and how to stoke. Congress, of course, regulates the number of men there shall be in the navy; but the Bureau of Navigation gets them, enlists them, regulates them, directs them, disciplines them, and is the boss of the human side.

Not only that - and when you read this you will understand the concern of the sly and salty sailormen-the Bureau of Navigation exercises the same functions toward the officers in the navy. It commissions them, examines them for premotion, assigns them to stations and ships, and makes them toe the disciplinary mark as set forth in the regulations, which, with the approval of the Secretary of the Navy, it promulgates and enforces.

Victor Blue's Exploits at Jantiago

NO MAN in the navy, from coal passer to the main laff on the bridge, but has personal dealings with the Bureau of Navigation at one time or another. It is the papa-in-ordinary to the whole outfit. It directs their movements and tells them what kind of uniform clothes they must wear. If, perchance, a fussy and dressy man should get to be chief of the Bureau of Navigation be would have it in his power to put the whole corps of officers in that arm. of the service in debt to the tailors.

This matter of clothes is an intensely vital problem. The expense of uniforms for an officer is so great that the older ones tell the ensigns and junior lieutenants to hold their horses when they clamor to get married, and wait until they get to be commanders before they hop into that delightful state, for fear some chief of navigation will order a new cut of coat and put them on the rocks.

Uniforms are necessary; and it takes a large book, seued by the Navy Department, to tell the officers just how many and what kinds they must have. The change of the style of a collar on an officer's coat is more vital to the officers than the change from two turrets to three in the building of a battleship. It means a new uniform coat, and uniform coats are expensive. If some surtorial chief of navigation should decree that the uniforms of the jackies should be of radically different out and style it would cost the Government the price of a submarine or a destroyer.

So you see why the sly and sulty sailormen had designs on that bureau. The chief of it is a most important person, and twice important when there is a prospect of active service, such as has recently occurred in Southern waters. When Josephus found out about it all, as I have stated, he named Victor Blue for the place; and now, in his espacity of rear-admiral and chief of the bureau, Victor Blue is the big force in the department.

They knew about Blue when his name came up in Congress for his new place. He had been there before.

Once, officially and by special act, Congress designated him a hero and gave him a special medal of honor. Being a modest man and devoted to the service, he took the designation and the medal and let it go at that. He did not try to use either his heroism or his medal as a political asset; nor did he do any lecturing or interstate osculation. He kept on at his trade, which is that of a sailor.

At the time of the Spanish War the Board of Strategy was quite certain it had located the Spanish fleet in Santiago Harbor; but there came so many stories that it was elsewhere, that it had escaped, and that it never had been in Santiago Harbor, that the Board of Strategy began to have doubts; and so did Rear-Admiral Sampson, who was in command down there. It seemed to all concerned that it really was important to know exactly where the Spanish fleet was. Sampson called his fleet officers into conference and asked for a volunteer to go ashore and find out. Victor Blue volunteered. So did many others, but they selected Blue because he had been long in those waters, had a Spanishy complexion, and spoke the lingo.

Blue was put ashore at Aserradero, which is west of Santiago. He came on a company of four Cubane and with them worked his way round the entire harbor, making notes of it and securing the first positive information that Cervera and his ships were therein. After waiting hopefully for two weeks for the Spanish fleet to come out, Sampson decided to make an attempt to force Cervera to accept his hospitality, inasmuch as Cervers would not heed polite invitations to come out and be slaughtered.

This forcing was to be done by an attack with the torpedo destroyers, and it required more detailed information as to the exact location and character of the Spanish ships. Blue went through the Spanish lines again, and brought out a complete naval map, showing where the ships were, their number and of what character, and all that was necessary to know. Before this attack was made Cervera made his dash for the open sea; and immediately thereafter the Sampson-Schley controversy began.

No Swivel-Chair Admiral

BLUE is forty-eight years old and was graduated from the Naval Academy in 1887. He began as an engineer. but was transferred to the line and worked his way up through the various grades. His service has been varied; but he has been in most of the fighting done by our ships and with many of the landing forces. He gave distinguished service in the Boxer troubles in China, where he was a staff equadron commander, and in numerous affairs in Southern waters where our ships have been used. Unlike some of his colleagues who have done their sailing in swivel chairs. Blue has been at sea a large portion of the time he has been in the navy and has had a wide experience,

He is a fighting man who does not boast of it, and a sailor who has a definite idea that sailors-even naval

> officers-would do well to go to sea from time to time; and he is sending many of the chair-warmers there. Likewise he is from North Carolina, but has been too busy at his trade to mix much in the intrigues and politics of the department-which does not hurt him in the eyes of his chief.

Whether the navy does no more than it has already done in Mexican waters or does a great deal more, Blue will be one of the main directing forces, as he has been came in.

As he is a quiet, cool, level-headed man, who knows his business, the navy will be adequately handled along the lines laid down by the secretary and Victor Bluenot, as might have happened, along the lines laid down by certain of the sly and salty sailormen.



AN AMERICAN VANDAL

Old Masters and Other Ruins—By Irvin S. Cobb

OF COURSE it is a fine thing for one, and gratifying, to acquire a thorough art education. Personally I do not in the least regret the time I gave and the study I devoted to acquiring mine. I regard those two weeks as having been well spent.

I shall not do it soon again, bowever, for now I know all about art. Let others who have not enjoyed my advantages take up this study. Let others scour the art galleries of Europe seeking masterpieces. All of them contain masterpleces and most of them need scouring. As for me and mine, we shall yo elsewhere. Hove my art, but I am not fanatical on the subject. There is another side of my nature to which an appeal may be made. I can take my Old Masters or I can leave them be. That is the way I am organized - I have selfcontrol.

I shall not deny that the earlier stages of my art education were fraught with agreeable little surprises. Not soon shall I forget

the flush of satisfaction which run through me on learning that this man Doré's name was pronounced like the first two notes in the music scale, instead of like a Cape Cod fishing boat. And, lingering in my mind as a fragrant memory, is the day when I first discovered that Spagnoletto was neither a musical instrument nor something to be served as gratin and cated with a fork. Such acquirements as these are very precious to me.

But for the time being I have had enough. At this hour of writing I feel that I am stacked up with enough of Bougtereau's correl ladies and Titian's chestnut ones and Rubens' bay ones and Velasquez's pintos to last me, at a conservative estimate, for about seventy-five years. I am too young as a theatergoer to recall much about Lydia Thompson's Blendes, but I have seen sufficient of Botticelli's to do me amply well for a spell. I am still willing to walk a good distance to gaze on one of Rembrandt's pertraits of one of his kinfolks, though I must say he certainly did have a lot of mighty homely relatives; and any time there is a first-rate Millet or Corot or Meissanier in the neighborhood I wish somebody would drop me a line, giving the address.

As for pictures by Tintoretto, showing Venetian Doges hobbobbing informally with members of the Holy Family, and Raphael's angels, and Michelangelo's lost souls, and Guidos, and Murillos, I have had enough to do me for months and months and months. Nor am I in the market for any of the dead fish of the Flemish School. Judging by what I have observed, the Flemish painters were devout churchmen and painted their pictures on Friday.

Worth a Million Without the Frame

THERE was just one drawback to my complete enjoyment of that part of our European travels we devoted to art. We would go to an art gallery, hire a guide and start through. Presently I would come to a picture that struck me as being distinctly worth while. To my untutored conceptions it possessed unlimited beauty. There was, it seemed to me, life in the figures, reality in the colors, grace in the grouping. And then, just when I was beginning really to enjoy it, the guide would come and snatch me away.

He would tell me the picture I thought I admired was of no account whatsoever -- that the artist who painted it had not yet been dead long enough to give his work any permanent value; and he would drag me off to look at a cracked and crumbling canvas depicting a collection of saints of lacquered complexions and hardwood expressions, with cast-iron trees standing up against cotton-batting clouds in the background, and a few extra halos floating round indiscriminately, like sun dogs on a showery day, and, upabove, the family entrance into heaven hospitably ajar; and he would command me to bask my soul in this magnificent example of real art and not waste time on incorpequential and trivial things. Guides have the same idea of an artist that a Chinaman entertains for an egg. A fresh ogg or a fresh artist will not do. It must have the perfume of antiquity behind it to make it attractive.



The is Not Going to Huy Anything - The it Merely that Shenping

At the Louvre, in Paris, on the first day of the two we spent there, we had for our guide a tall, educated Prussian, who had an air about him of being an ex-officer of the army. All over the Continent you are constantly running into men engaged in all manner of legitimate and dubious callings, who somehow impress you as having served in the army of some other country than the one in which you find them. After this man had been chapsumning us about for some hours and we had stopped to rest, he told a good story. It may not have been true—it has been my experience that very few good stories are true; but it served aptly to illustrate a certain type of American tourist numerously encountered abroad.

"There were two of them," he said in his excellent English, "a gentleman and his wife; and from what I saw of them I judged them to be very wealthy. They were interested in seeing only such things as had been recommended by the guidebook. The husband would sell me they desired to see such and such a picture or statue. I would excert them to it and they would glance at it indifferently, and the gentleman would take out his lead pentil and check off that particular object in the book; and then he would say: "All right—we've seen that; now let's field out what we want to look at next." We still serve a good many people like that—not so many as formerly, but still a good many.

"Finally I decided to try a little wheme of my own. I wanted to see whether I could really win their admiration for something. I picked out a medium-sized painting of no particular importance and, pointing to it, said impressively: 'Here, m'sieur, is a picture worth a million dollars—without the frame!'

"'What's that?' he demanded excitedly. Then he called to his wife, who had strayed ahead a few steps. 'Henrietta,' he said, 'come back here—you're missing something. There's a picture there that's worth a million dollars—and without the frame, too, mind you!'

"She came harrying back and for ten minutes they stood there drinking in that picture. Every second they discovered new and subtle beauties in it. I could hardly induce them to go on for the rest of the tour, and the next day they came back for another soul-feast in front of it."

Later along, that guide confided to me that in his opinion I had a keen appreciation of art, much keener than the average lay tourist. The compliment went straight to my head. It was seeking the point of least resistance, I suppose. I branched out and undertook to discuss art matters with him on a more familiar basis. It was a mistake; but before I realized that it was a mistake I was out in the undertow sixty yards from shore, going down for the third time, with a low, gurgling cry. He did not put out to save me, either; he left me to sink in the heaving and abysmal sea of my own fathomless ignorance. He just stood there and let me drown. It was a cruci thing, for which I can never forgive him!

In my own defense let me say, however, that this fatal indiscretion was committed before I had completed my art education. It was after we had gone from France into Germany, and from Germany into Austria, and from Austria into Italy, that I learned the prelesson about art—which is the whenever and wherever you me a picture that seems to you resonably lifelike it is sinctime in ten of no consequence whateever; and, unless you are villing to be regarded as a more ignramus, you should straighter leave it and go and find strancient picture of a group of clothing dummies managements

and stand believe that one and cury our regardless.

When in doubt look up a please of Saint Sebastian. You never apperience any difficulty in heart him—he is always represented a wearing very few clothes, but a such that clothes would not him anyway. Or else seek on Saint Laurence, who is invariable featured in connection with a gridiron; or Saint Bartholmos who, you remember, achieve canonization through a prome

of flaying, and is therefore shown with his skin folded seed and carried over his arm like an overcoat.

Following this routine you make no mistakes. Every body is bound to accept you as one possessing a depletowledge of art—and not mere surface art, either, but the innermost meanings and conceptions of art. Only seed times I did get to wishing that the Old Masters had be a little more to the imagination. They never withheld any the painful particulars. It seemed to me they resource the glorious end of those immortal fathers of the last it including the details of the martyrdom in every picture Still, I would not have that admission get out and object general circulation. It might be used against me is a argument that my artistic education was grounded as a false and beretical foundation.

Doing the Vaticon

IT WAS in Rome, while we were doing the Vadeas the pur guide furnished us with a night that, considered is human experience, was worth more to me than a pair of Old Masters and Young Messers. We had pushed our problistered feet—a dozen or more of us—past miles of pairings and sculptures and relics and art objects, and we were tired—ah, so tired!

Our eyes ached and our shoes hurt us; and the calver our legs quivered as we trailed along from gallety is corridor, and from corridor back to gallery.

We had visited the Sistine Chapel: and, such with a weariness, we had even declined to become excited by Michelangelo's great picture of the Last Judgment. I will disappointed, too, that he had omitted to include in it collection of damned souls a number of persons I had coldently and happily expected would be present. I say a one there even remotely resembling my conception of the person who first originated and promulgated the doctor that all small children should be told at the earliest power moment that there is no Santa Claus.

That was a very severe blow to me, because I had always believed that the descent to eternal perdition would be incomplete unless he had a front seat. And the man in first hit on the plan of employing child labor on night on the cotton factories—he was unaccountably absent of And likewise the original inventor of the toy pasts. I fact, the absences were entirely too numerous to sure angelo's Last Judgment—it was too large and too could cated to he reproduced successfully on a souvent peacetrd; and I think we should all he very grateful is the mercy anyway.

As I was saying, we had left the Sistine Chapel and so behind us and had dragged our exhausted frames of as an arched upper portion in a wing of the great are averlooking a paved courtyard inclosed at its faring by a side wall of Saint Peter's. We saw, in another particular to the one where we had halted and running particular, long rows of peasants, all kneeling and all with the faces turned in the same direction.

"Wait here a minute," said our guide. "I think you will see something not included in the regular itinerary of the day."

So we waited. In a minute or two the long lines of kneeling peasants raised a hymn; the sound of it came to us in quavering snatches. Through the aisle formed by their bodies a procession passed the length of the long portico and back to the starting point. First came Swiss Guards in their gay piebald uniforms, carrying strange-looking pikes and halberds; and behind them were churchly dignitaries, all bared of head; and last of all came a very old and very feeble man, dressed in red, with a wide-brimmed red hat and the red made a strong contrast for his white hair and his white face, which seemed drawn and worn, but very gentle and kindly and beneficent.

He held his right arm aloft, with the first two fingers extended in the gesture of the apostolic benediction. He was so far away from us that in perspective his profile was reduced to the miniature proportions of a head on a postage stamp; but, all the same, the lines of it stood out clear and distinct. It was His Holiness, Pope Pius the Tenth,

blessing a pilgrimage.

All the guides in Rome follow a regular routine with the tourist. First, of course, they steer you into certain shope in the hope that you will buy something and thereby enable them to carn commissions. Then, in turn, they carry you to an art gallery, to a church, and to a palace, with stope at other shope interspersed between; and invariably they wind up in the vicinity of some of the ruins. Ruins is a Roman guide's middle name; ruins are his one best bet. In Rome I saw ruins until I was one myself.

Romulus and His Circus

WE DEVOTED practically an entire day to ruins; that was the day we drove out the Appian Way, glorious in tegend and tale, but not quite so all-fired glorious when you are reeling over its rough and rutted pavement in an elderly and indisposed open carriage, behind a pair of half-broken

Roman-nosed horses which insist on walking on their hind legs whenever they tire of going on four. The Appian Way, as at present constituted, is a considerable disappointment. For long stretches it runs between high stone walls, broken at intervals by gateways, where votive lamps burn before small shrines, and by the tombs of such illustrious dead as Seneca and the Horstii and the Curiatii.

At more frequent intervals are small wine groggeries. Being built mainly of Italian marble, which is the most enduring and the most unyielding substance to be found in all Italy—except a linen collar that has been starched in an

Italian laundry—the tembs are in a pretty fair state of preservation; but the inns, without exception, stand most desperately in need of immediate repairing.

A cow in Italy is known by the company she keeps; she rambles about, in and out of the open parlor of the wayside inn, mingling freely with the patrons and the members of

the proprietor's household.

Along the Appian Way a cow never seems to care whom she runs with; and the same is true of the domestic fowls and the family donkey. A donkey will spend his day in the doorway of a wine shop when he might just as well be enjoying the more sanitary and less-crowded surroundings of a stable. It only goes to show what an ass a donkey is,

Anon, as the fancy writers say, we skirted one of the many wrecked aqueducts that go looping across the country to the distant hills, like great stone straddlebugs. In the vicinity of Rome you are rarely out of sight of one of these aqueducts. The ancient Roman rulers, you know, curried the favor of the populare by opening baths. A modern ruler could win undying popularity by closing up a few!

We slowed up at the Circus of Romulus and found it a very sad circus, as such things go—no elevated stage, no hippodrome truck, no centerpole, no trapeze, and only one ring. P. T. Barnum would have been ashamed

to own it. A broken wall, following the lines of an irregular oval; a cabbage patch where the arena had been; and various tumble-down farmsheds built into the shattered masonry—this was the Circus of Romulus. However, it was not the circus of the original Romulus, but of a degenerate successor of the same name who rose suddenly and fell abruptly after the Christian Era was well begun. Old John J. Romulus would not have stood for that circus a minute!

No ride on the Appian Way is regarded as complete without half an hour's stop at the Catacombs of Saint Calixtus; so we stopped. Guided by a brown Trappist, and all of us bearing twisted tapers in our bands, we descended by stone steps deep under the skin of the earth

SODA
WATER

WATE

the muldered bones of those early Christians from the vulgar gaze and prying fingers of every impious relic hunter who might come along.

The dispute rose higher and grew warmer until I offered to bet him fifty dollars that I was right and he was wrong. He took me up promptly—he had sporting instincts; I'll say that for him—and we shook hands on it then and there to bind the wager. I expect to win that bet.

We had turned off the Appian Way and were crossing the edge of that unutterably hideous stretch of tortured and distorted waste known as the Campagna, which goes tumbling away to the blue Alban Mountains, when we came on the scene of an accident. A two-wheeled mule cart, pro-

> ceeding along a crossroad, with the driver saleep in his canopied seat, had been hit by a speeding automobile and knocked galley-west. The automobile had sped on-so we were excitedly informed by some other tourists who had witnessed the collision-leaving the wreckage bottom side up in the ditch. The mule was on her back, all entangled in the twisted ruln of her gaudy gear, kicking out in that restrained and genteel fashion in which a mule always kicks when she is desirous of protesting against existing conditions, but is wishful not to damage herself while so doing.

> The tourists, aided by half a dozen peasants, had dragged

the driver out from beneath the heavy cart and had carried him to a pile of mucky straw under the eaves of a stable. He was etretched full length on his back, senseless and deathly pale under the smeared grime on his face. There was no blood; but inside his torn shirt his chest had a caved-in look, as though the ribs had been crushed flat, and he seemed not to breathe at all. Only his fingers moved.



and wandered through dim, dank underground passages, where thousands of early Christians had lived and hid, and held clandestine worship before rude stone altars, and had died and been buried—died in a highly unpleasant fashion, some of them.

The experience was impressive, but malarial. Coming away from there I had an argument with a fellow American. He said that if we had these Catacombe in America we should undoubtedly enlarge them and put in band-stands and lunch places, and make them altogether more attractive for picnic parties and Sunday excursionists.

I contended, on the other hand, that if they were in America the authorities would close them up and protect

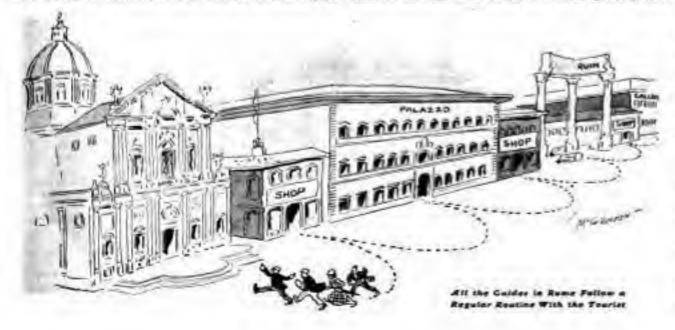
First Aid to the Injured Mule

THEY kept twitching, as though his life was running out of him through his finger ends. One felt that if he would but grip his hands he might stay its flight and hold it in.

Just as we jumped out of our carriage a young peasant worman, who had been bending over the injured man, set up a great outcry, which was instantly answered from behind us; and looking round we saw, running through the lare fields, a great, bulksome old woman, with her arms outspread and her face set in a tragic shape, shricking as she sped toward us in her ungainly wallowing course. She was the injured man's mother, we judged—or possibly his

There was nothing we could do for the human victim. Our guides, having questioned the assembled natives, told us there was no hospital to which he might be taken and that a neighborhood physician had already been sent for. So, having no desire to look on the grief of his mother—if she was his mother—a young Austrian and I turned our attention to the neglected mule. We felt that we could at least render a little first aid there. We had our pocket-knives out and were slashing away at the twisted maze of ropes and straps that bound the brute down between the shafts, when a particularly shrill chorus of shrieks checked us.

We stood up and faced about, figuring that the poor devil on the muck heap had died and that his people were bemoaning the death. That was not it at all. The entire group, including the fat old woman, were screaming at us





General Motors Truck Company is the hig manufacturer of commercial motor vehicles-building both gasoline and electric trucks for every business requirement.

The product of this big organization is branded GMC. It is the mark not only of a thoroughly good motor truck, but more important, it stands for a business stability and permanence that insures satisfaction to GMC Truck owners today and years hence.

In buying from a big manufacturer, GMC owners get the additional benefit of production economies which result from big volume and low overhead expense.



They are able to select trucks that absolutely must their near business needs at priess which represent metual Fruch value.

	Catherini	EURSAIRE
Cassline	Fig Trees.	NETHING.
Chamin	B. Time	6,000
C. Lamonton	Dis Time	0.00
	315 Tona	6.199
	5 Tame	27.50
	5 Tons	1000
Electric	(7000-10se	371074
Change	2000 Dec.	5,146
Laws Hollyry:	JUNE DU	1424
	4000 ffg-	Links
	8000-19m	THREE
	Moon like	21.00
	1.0000 No.	1.110
	Lambe Co-	Avenue.

In the openion of GAR, nature there is though to be asked by disping seen a reach appropriately building body another again teachers.

Just what these intrustages are and (but promble treath) in your bettermine man be beauted from our moures, distri-tion or by verting our factors doner

Correspondence invited with dealers of prometal responsibility.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUEN CO. Hart Colve Of the Linguist. Personal was 52 General Micros 95ba

Eduction of Beanches and Distributors

New York, Boston, Philadelphia. Derroit, Chines Konsas City, C. Lieus, Porthad Box Front o Scattle. Augeles, Pitratory, Minimuscol, Laky, Goldenon, New Orlean



and shaking their clenched fists at us, warning us not to damage that harness with our knives. Feeling ran high, and threatened to run higher.

So, having no desire to be mobbed on the spot, we desisted and put up our knives; and after a while we got back into our carringe and drove on, leaving the capsized mule still belly-up in the débris, lashing out carefully with her skinned legs at the trap-pings that bound her; and the driver was still prone on the dunghill, with his fingers twitching more feebly now, as though the life had almost entirely fled out of him-a grim little tragedy set in the midst of a wide and aching desolation! We never found out his name or learned how he fared whether he lived or died, and if he died how long be lived before he died. It is a puzzle which will always lie unanswered at the back of my mind, and I know that in odd moments it will return to torment me. I will bet one thing, though-nobudy else tried to cut that mule out of her harness!

In the chill late afternoon of a Roman day the guides brought us back to the city and took us down into the Roman Forum, which is in a hollow instead of being up on a hill as everybody imagines it to be until they go to Rome and see it; and we finished up the day at the Golden House of Nero, hard by the vast ruins of the Colosseum. We had already visited the Forum once, so this time we did not stay long - just long enough for some ambitious pickpocket to get a wallet out of my hip pocket while I was pushing forward with a flock of other human sheep for a better look at the ruleed portico wherein Mark Antony stood when he delivered his justiy popular funeral ora-tion over the budy of the murdered Casar. I never did admire the character of Mark Antony with any degree of extravagance, and since this experience I have felt actually

bitter toward him. The guidebooks say that no visitor to Rome should miss swing the Golden Heuse of Nero. When a guidebook trice to be humorous it only succeeds in being feelish. Practical jokes are out of place in a guidebook anyway. Imagine a large, oldfashioned brick smokehouse, which has been struck by lightning, burned to the roots and buried in the wreckage, and the site used as a pasture land for goats for a great many years; imagine the débris as having been dug out subsequently until a few of the foundation lines are visible; surround the whole with distressingly homely buildings of a modern aspect, and stir in a miscel-laneous sessoning of beggars and loafers and souvenir venders - and you have the Golden House where Nero meant to round out a life already replete with incident and abounding in romance, but was deterred from so doing by reason of being rut down in the midst of his activities at a comparatively early age.

In the Golden House

In the presence of the Golden House of Nero I did my level best to recreate before my mind's eye the scenes that had been enacted here once on a time. I tried to picture this moldy, know-high wall as a great glittering palace; and youder broken roadway as a splendid Roman highway; and those American-looking tenements on the surrounding hills as the marble dwellings of the emperors; and all the broken pillars and shattered portices in the distance as arches of triumph and temples of the gods. I tried to convert the clustering mendicants into barbarian prisoners clanking by, chained at wrist and neck and ankle; I sought to imagine the pestersome flower venders as being vestal virgins; the two frowsy policemen, who loafed near by, as centurions of the guard; the passing populace as grave senators in snewy togas; the flaunting underwear on the many clotheslines as silken banners and glided trappings. I could not make it. I tried until I was lame in both legs and my back was strained. It was no go.

If I had been a poet, or a historian, or a erson full of Chianti, I presume I might have done it; but I am no poet and I had not been drinking. All I could think of was that the guide on my left had eaten too much garlic and that the guide on my right had not eaten enough. So in self-defense I went away and are a few strands of garlicmyself; for I had learned the great fesson of the provertic

When in Rome be an aroma!

When we had reached Pompeli, though, the situation was different. I could conjure up an illusion there—the biggest, most

vivid illusion I have been privileged to harber since I was a small boy. It was worth spending four days in Naples for the sake of spending half a day in Pompeii; and if you know Naples you will readily understand what a high compliment that is for

To reach Pompell from Naples we followed a somewhat roundabout route; and that trip was distinctly worth while too. It provided a most pleasing foretaste of what was to come. Once we had cleared the packed and festering suburbs, we went climbing across a terminal vertebra of the mountain range that sprawls lengthwise of the land of Italy, like a great spiny-backed crucodile sunning itself, with its tail in the Tyrrhenian Sea and its sneut in the Piedmonts; and when we had done this we came out on a highway that skirted the bay.

There were gaps in the hills, through which we caught glimpses of the city, lying miles away in its natural amphitheater; and at that distance we could revel in its picturesqueous and forget its bouquet of weird stenches. We could even forget that the automobile we had hired for the excursion had one foot in the grave and several of its most important vital organs in the repair shop. I recken that was the first automo-bile built. No; I take that back. It never was a first—it must have been a second to start with.

I once owned a half interest in a sick It was one of those oldfashioned, late-Victorian automobiles, cut princesse style, with a placket in the back; and it looked like a cross between a flat-bed job press and a tailor's goose. It bruke down so easily and was towed in so often by more powerful machines that every time a big rar passed it on the road it stopped right where it was and nickered.

The Invalid Motor Car

Of a morning we would start out in that car, filled with high hopes and bright anticipations, but eventide would find us returning homeward close behind a higger automobile, in a relationship strongly suggestive of the one pictured in the well-known Nature group entitled: Mother Hippo, With Young. We refused an offer of four hun-dred dollars for that machine. It had more than four hundred dullars' worth of things the matter with it.

The our we chartered at Naples for our trip to Pompeli reminded me very strongly of that other car of which I was part owner. Between them there was a strong family resemblance, not alone in looks but in department also. For patient endurance of manifold life, for an inexhaustible capacity in developing new and distressing symptoms at critical moments, for cheerful willingness to play fool to some other car's dam, they might have been cults out of the same litter. Neverthelese, between intervals of breaking down and starting up again, and being helped along by friendly passer-by auto-mobiles, we enjoyed the ride from Naples.

We enjoyed every inch of it.

Part of the way we skirted the flanges of
the great witches caldron of Vocavius. On this day the resident demons must have been stirring their brew with special onthusiasm, for the smoky smudge which always wreathes its lips had increased to a great billowy plume that lay along the naked flanks of the devil mountain for miles and miles. Now we would go puffing and pant-ing through some small outlying environ of the city. Always the principal products of such a village seemed to be young habies, and macaroni drying in the sun. I am still reasonably fond of babies, but I date my oss of appetite for imported macaroni from that hour. Now we would emerge on a rocky headland and below us would be the sea, eternally young and dimpling like a nuclden's cheek; but the crags above were eternally old and they were all gushed with wrinkles and seamed with folds like the jowls of an arcient squaw. Then for a dis-tance we would run right along the face of the citf.

Directly beneath us we could see little stone buts of fishermen clinging to the rocks just above high watermark, like so many gray limpets; and then, looking up, we would catch a glimpse of the vineyards, tucked into man-made terraces along the upper cliffs, like bundled herbs on the pantry shelves of a thrifty housewife; and still higher up there would be orange groves and lemon groves and dusty-gray olive groves. Each succeeding picture was Byzantine in its coloring. Always the sea was molten blue ename! and the far-away villages seemed crafty inlays of mosaic work; and the sun was a disk of hammered Grecia

A man from San Francisco was sharing the car with us, and he came right out and said that if he were sure heaven would be as benutiful as the Bay of Naples he would change all his plans and arrange to go there. He said he might decide to go there anyhow, because heaven was a place he had always heard very highly spoken of. And I agreed with him.

The sun was slipping down the western sky and was laced with red like a bloodsto; eye, with a Jacob's ladder of rainbow shale streaming down from it to the water, when we turned inland; and after several seal minor stops while the automobile caught its breath and had the heaves and the asthma, we came to Pompeii over a read

built of volcanic rock. I have always been glad that we west there on a day when visitors were few. The very solitude of the place aided the mind is the task of repeopling the empty streets of that dead city by the sea with the life that was hers nearly two thousand years ago Herculaneum will always be buried, so the scientists say, for Herculaneum was souggled close up under Vesuvius, and the hissing-hot lava came down in waves; and first it slugged the doomed town to death and then slagged it over with impenetrable, flinthard deposits. Pompeil, though lay farther away, and was entombed in dust and ashes only; so that it has been romparatively easy to unearth it and make it whole again. Even so, after one hundred and mixty-odd years of more or less dessitory explorations, nearly a third of its supposed area is yet to be excavated.

It was in the year 1592 that an architect named Fontana, in cutting an aquedact which was to convey the waters of the Sarno to Torre dell'Annunziata, discovered the foundations of the Temple of las, which stood near the walls on the inner whand side of the ancient city. It was at first supposed that he had dug into an isolated villa of some rich Roman; and it was not until 1748 that prying archaeologists bit an the truth and induced the government to send a chain gang of convicts to dig away the accumulations of earth and tufa; but if it had been a modern Italian city that was buried no such mistake in preliminar diagnosis could have occurred. Any bal-would have known it instantly by the same I do not youth for the dates—I copied them out of the guidebook; but my experience with Italian cities qualifies me to steak with authority regarding the other matter

Thoughts on a Pompellan Bar

Afon we entered Pompeli by the restored Marine Gate, Our first stop within the walls was at the Museum, a comparatively modern building, but containing a fairly complete assortment of the relies that from time to time have been disinterred in violous quarters of the city. Here are wall rabinets filled with tools, ornaments utensils, jewelry, furniture—all the small things that fulfilled every-day functions to the first century of the Christian Era. Here is a kit of surgical implements, and some of the implements might well belong in a modern hospital.

From here we went on into the eny proper: and it was a whole city, set off to itself and not surrounded by those jarring modern incongruities that apoil the ruins Rome for the person who wishes to give his fancy a slack rein. It is all here, looking much as it must have looked when New and Caligula reigned; and much as it will still look hundreds of years hence, for the government owns it now and guards it and protects it from the hammer of the vandal and the greed of the casual collector. Here it is - all of it; the tragic theater and the comic theater; the basilica; the greater forum and the lesser one; the market place. the amphitheater for the games; the training school for the gladiators; the temples the baths; the villas of the rich; the note of the poor; the cubicles of the slaves; shepoffices; workrooms; brothels.

The roofs are gone, except in a few instances where they have been restored; but the walls stand and many of the detacted pillars stand too; and the pavements havendured well, so that the streets remain almost exactly as they were when this was city of live beings instead of a temb of deamemories, with deep groovings of characteristics in the flaggings, and at each crosses atepping stones dotting the roadbed in punctuation marks.

At the public fountain the well curbs are worn away where the women rested their water jugs while they swapped the gossip of the town; and at nearly every corner is a groggery, which in its appointments and fixtures is so amazingly like unto a family liquor store as we know it that, venturing into one, I caught myself looking about for the Business Men's Lunch, with a collection of greasy forks in a glass receptacle, a crock of pretzels on the counter, and a sign over the bar reading: No Checks Cushed - This Means You!

In the floors the mosaics are as fresh as though newly applied; and the ribald and libelous Latin, which disappointed liti-gants carved on the stones at the back of the law court, looks as though it might have been scored there last week - certainly not further back than the week before that. A great many of the wall paintings in the in-teriors of rich men's homes have been pre-served and some of them are fairly spicy as to subject and text. It would seem that in these matters the ancient Pompeilans were pretty nearly as broad-minded and liberal as the modern Parisians are.

Mrs. Belladonna Goes Shopping

The mural decorations I saw in certain rilias were almost suggestive enough to be acceptable matter for publication in a French comic paper—almost, but not quite. Mr. Anthony Comstock would be an unhappy man were he turned loose in Pompesi—unhappy for a spell, but after that averagingly home.

that exceedingly busy.

We lingered on, looking and marveling, and betweenwhiles wondering whether our automobile's backing cough had get any batter by resting, until the sun went down and the twilight came. Following the guide-book's advice we had seen the Colosseum in Rome by moonlight. There was a full moon on the night we went there. It came beaving up grandly, a great, round-faced, full-cream, curdy moon, rich with rennet and yellow with butter fata; but by the time we had worked our way south to Naples a greedy fortnight had bitten it quite away, until it had been reduced to a mere cheese rind of a moon, set up on end against the delft-blue platter of a perfect sky. We waited until it showed its thin rim in the heavens, and then, in the softened half-glow, with the purplish shadows deepening between the brown-gray walls of the dead city, I just naturally turned my imag-ination loose and let her soar.

Standing there, with the stage set and the light effects just right, in fancy I repop-ulated Pompell. I beheld it just as it was

on a fair, autumnal morning in 79 A. B. With my eyes half closed, I can see the

vision now.

At first the crowds are massed and mingled in confusion, but soon figures detach themselves from the rest and reveal themselves as prominent personages. Some of them I know at a glance. You tall, imposing man, with the genuine imitation sealskin collar on his toga, who strides along so ma-jestically, whicking his cane against his leg, can be no other than Gum Tragacanth, leading man of the Bon Ton Stock Com-pany, fresh from his metropolitan trumphs in Rome and at this moment the reigning matinée idol of the South. This week he is playing Claude Melnotte in The Lady of Lyons; next week he will be seen in his cele-brated characterization of Matthias in The Bells, with special scenery; and for the

regular Wednesday and Saturday bargain matiness Lady Audley's Secret will be given. Observe him closely. It is evident that he values his art. Yet about him there is no take ostentation. With what gracious condescension does he acknowledge the halftimid, half-daring smiles of all the little caramel-chewing Floras and Faunas who have made it a point to be on Main Street, at this hour! With what careless grace does he doff his laurel wreath, which is of the latest and most modish fall block, with the bow at the back, in response to the waved greeting of Mrs. Belladonna Capsicum, the acknowledged leader of the artistic and Bohemian set, as she sweeps by in her chariot bound for Blumberg Brothers' to do

a little shopping. She is not going to buy mything—she is merely out shopping. Than this fair patrician dame none is more prominent in the gay life of Pompeli. It was she who last senson smoked a cigarette in public, and there is a report now that she is seriously considering wearing an ankle bracelet; withal she is a perfect lady and belongs to one of the old Southern families. Her husband has been through

the bankruptcy courts twice and is thinking of going through again. At present he is engaged in promoting and a writing a little life insurance on the side. Now her equipage is lost in the throng

and the great actor continues on his way, making a mental note of the fact that he has promised to attend her next Sunday afternoon studio tea. Near his own stage door he bumps into Commodius Retunda, the stout comedian of the comic theater, and they pause to swap the latest Lambs Club repartee. This done, Commodius hauls out a press clipping and would read it, but the other remembers providentially that he has a rehenrial on and hurriedly departs. If there are any press clippings to be read he has a few of his own that will bear

Superior Maxillary, managing editor of the Pompelian Daily News-Courier, is also abroad, collecting items of interest and subscriptions for his paper, with preference given to the latter. He enters the Last Chance Saloon down at the foot of the street and in a minute or two is out again, wiping his mustache on the back of his hand. We may safely opine that he has been taking a

small ad out in trade.

At the door of the county courthouse, where he may intercept the taxpayers as they same and go, is stationed our old friend, Colonel Pro Bono Publico. The Colonel has been running for something or other ever since Heck was a pup. Today he is wearing his official campaign smile, for he has just been announced as a candidate for county judge, subject to the action of the tepublican party at the October primaries. He is also wearing all his lodge buttons and likewise his G. A. R. pin, for this year he figures on carrying the ald-soldier vote.

Nux Vomica's Lost Limerick

In front of the drug-store on the corner a core of young bloods, dressed in snappy togas for Varsity men, are skylarking. They are sepecially brilliant in their flash-ing interchanges of wit and humor, because the Mastadon Minstrels were here only last the Mastadon Minstreis were here only last week, with a new line of first-part jokes. Along the opposite side of the street passes. Nux Vomica, M. D., with a small black case in his hand, gravely intent on his pro-fessional duties. Being a young physician he wears a beard and large-rimmed syn-glasses. Young Ossius Dome sees him and glasses. Y

Ob, Doc!" he calls out. "Come over here a minute. I've got some brand-new limericki for you. Tertiary Tonsillitis got 'em from a traveling man he met day before yesterday when he was up in the city, laying in his stock of fall and winter armor.

The healer of ills crosses over; and as the group push themselves in toward a common center I hear the voice of the speaker; "Say, they're all bully; but this is the bullissimus one of the lot. It goes like this;

"There was a young maid of Sorrento,
Who said to her _____

I have regretted ever since that at this juncture I came to and so failed to get the rest of it. I will bet that was a peach of a limerick. It started off so promisingly.

And now it devolves on me as a painful et necessary duty to topple from its pedestal one of the most popular idols of legend-ary lore. I refer, I regret to say, to the widely famous Roman Sentry of old Pumpeii.

Personally I think there has been entirely too much of this sort of thing going on lately. Muckrakers, prying into the storied past, have destroyed many of the pet characters in history

Horatius never held the bridge: he just let the blamed thing go. The boy did not stand on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled; he was among the first in the lifehouts. That other buy—the Spartan youth—did not have his vitals grawed by a fox; the Spartan youth had been eating wild grapes and washing them down with spring water-hence that gnawing sensa-

tion of which so much mention is made. Even Barbara Frieschie is an exploded myth. She did not nail her country's flag to the window exament. Being a female. she could not oail a flag or anything else to a window. In the first place, she would have used a wad of chewing gum and a couple of hairpins. In the second place, had she recklessly undertaken to nail up a flag with a hammer and nails, she would never have been on hand at the psycho-logical moment to invite Stonewall Jackson to shoot her old gray head. When General Juckson passed the house she would have

been in the bathroom bathing her left

thumb in witch-hazel

Furthermore, she did not have any old gray head. At the time of the Confederate invasion of Maryland she was only seventeen years old some authorities say only seven-and a pronounced blonde. Also, she did not live in Frederick; and, even if she did live there, on the occasion when the troops went through she was in Baltimore visiting a school friend.

I repeat that there has been too much of this. If the cruze for smushing all our romantic fixtures persists, after a while we shall have no giorious traditions left with which to fire the youthful heart at high-school commencements. But in the inter-ests of truth, and also because I made the discovery myself. I feel it to be my solemn duty to expose the Roman Sentry, stationed at the gate of Pompeli, looking toward the sea, who died, we are told, because he would not quit his post without orders and had no orders to quit.

Those Ringing Lines of Laryngitis

Until now this party has stood the acid test of the centuries. Everybody who ever wrote about the fall of Pompell, from Plutarch and Pliny the Younger clear on down to Bulwer Lytton and Burton Holmes, had something to say about him. The lines on this subject by the Greek poet Laryngitis are familiar to all lovers of that great master

Suffice it to say that the Roman Sentry, perishing at his post, has ever been a favor-ite subject for historic and romantic writers. I myself often read of him-how on that dread day when the devil's stew rame to a boil and spewed over the sides of Vesuvius, and death and destruction poured down to blight the land, he, typifying forti-tude and discipline and unfaltering devo-tion, stood firm and stayed fast while all about him chaos reigned and fathers forgot their children and bushands forgot their wives, and vice versa, though probably not to the same extent; and how finally the drifting ashes and the choking dust fell thicker on him and mounted higher about him, until he died and in time turned to ashes bimself, leaving only a void in the solidified sing. I had always admired that soldier—out his judgment, which was faulty, but his heroism, which was immense.

To myself I used to say:

"That unknown common soldier, nameless though he was, deserves to live forever
in the memory of mankind. He lacked imagination, it is true, but he was game. It was a glorious death to die painful, yet splendid. Those four poor wretches who shalls were found in the prison down under the gladiators' school, with their ankles fast in the iron stocks - I know why they stayed. Their feet were too large for their own good. But no bonds except his dauntless will bound him at the portals of the doomed city. Duty was the only chain that held him. "And to think that centuries and cen-

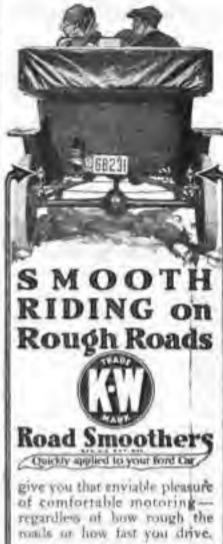
turies afterward they should find his monument—a varant, empty mold in the piled-up pumice! Had I been in his place I should have created my vacancy much coner-say, about thirty seconds after the first alarm went in. But he was one who chose rather that men should say, 'How natural he looks!' than 'Yonder he goes!' And he has my sincere admiration. When I go to Pempeli—if ever I do go there— I shall seek out the spot where he made the supremest sacrifice to authority that ever any man could make, and I shall tarry a

while in those hallowed precincts!"

That was what I said I would do and that was what I did do that afternoon at Pompell. I found the gate looking toward the sea and I found all the other gates, or the sites of them; but I did not find the Roman Sentry or any trace of him, or any authentic record of him. I questioned the guides and, through an interpreter, the curator of the Museum, and from them I learned the lamentably disillusioning facts in this case. There is no trace of him because he neglected to leave any trace.

Doubtless there was a sentry on guard at the gate when the volcano belched both, and the skin of the earth flinched and thivered and split asunder; but he did not re-main for the finish. He said to himself that this was no place for a minister's son; and so be girded up his loins and he went away from there. He went away burriedly - even as you and I.

Editor's Note-This is the tenth in a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb. The sleventh will appear in an early leave.



Lit's a combination of a belical spring to take up the shock, art sirchamber to check the relation and ann-side motion links that preyest side rocking and consequent akidding turning corners. No wearing parts means no Iricling - no oiling - no trouble.

C Taking the Bumps is the bards est kind of work. That is why in K-W Road Somothers are foundor cheap casings, but instead high grade drop forgings, electric smelted chrome Vanadium steel springs, the best of workmanning, and the K-W Quality that makes possible our broad guarantee.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

C There is only one Road Smoother-Don't Confine with infinity shock ab-miliary of anvillacy springs. Link for the mane K-W Road Smoother.

C West for horder, "Taking out the Budget"





Apply modern methods to your housekeeping problems. Let electricity, which is instantly available at every light socket in your home, be your willing servant. Do all of your ironing and much of your cooking the Holmit way—you'll find it a delightful change, saving you time, trouble and strength—a real economy. No special wiring—no bother—nothing to learn.



Cook it electrically - right at the table.

Breakfast: Perfect coffee made in Aluminum El Perco—with toast and eggs or potatoes and chops, or whatever you please, perfectly cooked and sizzling hot right from El Grillo. Or for a quick luncheon—prepare it on the porch if you choose; or a dainty after-theater snack.

Yes-"to boil it is to spoil it"

Simply put cold water into the pot, ground coffee into the basket, and insert the plug. In half a minute percolation begins and shortly you pour a perfect brew—none of the caffein bitterness. Because when made in Aluminum El Perco, the coffee is never boiled.

Aluminum El Perco is very handsome and light. No floats, valves or traps to get out of order. Extremely economical because the heating element is entirely surrounded by water. Heating Element guaranteed for five years. Price \$7.50. In Canada, \$9.75.

Glowing Electric Table Stove

The instant the switch plug is inserted, the El Grillo coils glow cherry red and cooking begins—any two operations at once, one above and one below the glowing coils.

A deep dish for broiling thick chops: a medium dish for eggs, etc., and a shallow dish for frying cakes, etc. El Grillo rests on a tray so that the finest finished furniture is not injured.

Made entirely of pressed steel, nickel plated, with mirror polish. Ebonite handles, always cool. Heating Element guaranteed for 5 years. Price \$5.00. In Canada, \$6.50.

Send for this free "Home Book of Electricity"

Can you go to your meter and tell how much electricity you have used this month? Well, it is just such practical things that are explained in our 32 page Home Book of Electricity. You will find something interesting on every page, and we will be glad to send you a copy free. Use the Coupon in the corner.

Here are some of the chapter headings: Electrical Terms You Should Know — Electrical Trackins Explained — How to Figure Costs — Funes — Evolution of Electrical Appliances — How to Regard Broken Cords — Electro Magnets — Dynamics and Makes — How to Read Your Meter — Core of Electrically Heated Appliances — Ele.



The Electric

SIMPLE—sturdy—strong is nickeled mirror surface, it is finish there is every provision Ten years ago we originated and apconstruction and sale of the second

Hot Point-Attached Stan

Year by year these have been refin



Any woman who does ironing the old way interests are not regarded; for the cost of ironing method. And remember—no more walking ing for the iron to heat up—no lifting it are

Here are some of the advantages of

The word "Asperial" means that the point of the immialways hat enough to do effective ironing because error current flaws to the nose of the iron. Just notice the skettle See how the heating coils come together in the point Remember that a cold point is what makes an iron drag—hard on the operator—hard on the goods.

Why lift a heavy iron onto a stand and back, every few all during the ironing? It is hard work—and scratches to the iron. You simply tip the Jacket and



the iron. You simply tip the Market make according stand attached at the rear. The iffirmly, ready to your hand, and it will not the most delicate fabrica. An asbesto significant the top keeps the heat down in the back creasing efficiency and keeping the hashes holder needed.





that has set ten years.

ne—and under this brilliant it serviceable and durable. In essential basic principles to the bly these important innovations:

ovable Plug—Guarantee

still retained, as is shown below.



ighted home has reason to feel that her way is less, in most homes, than by the old stove and back with the iron—no waitts onto the stand and back to the work.

ron -some of the "reasons why."

The Heating Element is guaranteed against humouts for 10 years. In case of humout it is easy to put a new one in place, which is provided free under the terms of the Guarantee Tag attached to the Iron. The heat of the Iron is equipped with a steel-clad switch plug, with cool fiber grip, that fits most of the Action Price, including cord and plug, \$3.50. Canada \$4.50.

wert your Models Iron into a very satisfactory little twith our Cooking Set, consisting of a less aluminum dish and cover. Invert he stand. The 10 year guarantee on Iron is not interfered with when it is we in this way.

king Set, \$2.00. Canada \$2.50.

All of our appliances are designed to yield maximum efficiency and satisfaction at lowest cost for current. They all possess a sturdy character, are handsome in design and are sold at popular prices.

Owing to these facts several million Holpoint appliances are in use all over the world. Every one guaranteed as to material, workmanship and life of element.



El Boilo (immersion heater) three styles.

Plunge El Boilo into any liquid, put in the plug and shortly your liquid boils—that is the whole idea. El Boilo is a long, slender cylinder enclosing a specially efficient heating element. When submerged, every unit of heat is utilized, hence it is economical, convenient and sanitary.

Straight & Boile, small

In the bedroom, nursery or anywhere there is an electric lightsocket available, you can instantly prepare a hot drink, or a quantity of hot water with the small size El Boilo.

Men find it a great convenience for heating shaving water. Heavily nickel plated, polished to mirrorfinish. Furnished with 6 feet of flexible cord and removable plug.

Guaranteed 2 years. Weight less than I lb. Price \$3.00. Canada \$4.00.

Thousands of Distributers

electrical supply dealers, hardware stores, department stores, lighting companies, drug stores, etc. There are several thousand scattered over this country and Canada, and most foreign countries. Look for the Hotpoint sign in the window.

Straight & Boile, large

Made the same as small El Boilo, but is 10 inches long, and weighs a little over one pound. It attaches to any lamp-socket.

Especially desirable to heat larger quantities of water and for simple boiling operations in the kitchen—also for boiling eggs at the table, or besting water for tea or chocolate. Gueranteed 2 years. Furnished with cord and plug complete. Price \$4.00. Canada \$5.00.



Crookneck & Boile

Large size El Boilo made crookneck form so that it will lie flat on the bottom of a dish. Especially adapted for sterilizing and similar uses in Hospitals. Used by doctors and dentists, etc.

El Boile lies clear to one side of the dish, giving access to the entire surface for the sterilizing operation. Guaranteed for 2 years. Furnished with cord and plug complete. Price \$5.00, Canada \$6.50.

We Fill Orders

If you are unable to find a distributer in your community, order direct, sending check to our nearest office and any of our appliances will be shipped prepaid at regular prices. We guarantee asfe delivery. Be sure to state voltage. Ask your Lighting Company.

Hotpoint Electric Heating Company

NEW YORK, 46 West Street

ONTARIO, California CHICAGO, 1001 Washington Blvd. LONDON, Albion House, 59 New Oxford Street

Canadian Hotpoint Electric Heating Co., Limited

TORONTO, 25 Brant Street VANCOUVER, 365 Cordova Street

Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of Electrically Heated Household Appliances in the World.



to measure a much sta Redudately is of Arit proportions

be a strong and product to the product of the produ liv de tremples HORN

CANADIAN IL W. AURIO MANOGER

COMPANY NA

(Finance) Territorio

multimogram bit and the property

Chrysled draws Phr L. (2004) No. 1 (1004) and Harry a restricted, hard supply to the control of come has med sold for in the horizon for

Other Johns-Manville Automobile Accessories

James Spendomente Easter Carborrow Armed Engley Venerge J- 5t Lone (Now Elimbay) Annald Chairne Hanting Place J. M. Massert Sout Front Spark Play "Nearly" Enclosed Family G. P. Modfore Con (Our J. M Day Bulleries. J-M You Estimation J. M Mubility Electric Lawrence

Write nearest Branch for booklets

H.W. JOHNS-MANY

HOW PLAYS ARE BORN

(Concluded from Page 15)

actualized on the stage instead of being realized from a larger point of view and so

added to by the stage.

The play did not succeed. The public concluded that it would not pay two dellars to see something that could be seen for nothing.

So much for plays born of the best plays but the best plays.

the newspapers; but some of the best plays

the newspapers; but some of the best plays over written have been born in the streets. Many who read this have, without knowing it, seen one that was born in a fog.

One blindingly foggy night in London, Haddon Chambers and Paul Arthur were trudging after an evening spent at a theater to Chambers' quarters. Suddenly out of the impenetrable fog that surrounded both playwrights loomed what Chambers still rails "a smear," "a stain on humanity," a typical London tramp. typical London tramp.
Chambers and the tramp collided; but

Chambers and the tramp collided; but the tramp was quick with apologies. He interested the dramatisi, who finally invited him home for a bite of supper, much to the disgust of his friend Arthur.

The man, whose name was Burns, accepted—"Thanking you kindly!" With no thought of play writing, Chambers sented his strange guest at a supper, to be served by Hogg, the playwright's valet; but, at the eight of "such an 'airy, hawful, in fact, 'orrible specimen of humanity." Hogg's sense of decreey was so outraged it was only after a sharp word or two from his master that the valet consents to serve the tramp. That flash of class distinction alone would have repaid Chambers for bringing flurus heroe; but the real reward came when Burns was, with great difficulty, feally persuaded to talk. "He was a Horatian without knowing it," Chambers says in teiling the story. in teiling the story.

A Play for an Overcoat

Asked whether he had ever worked, hurns, amazed at the thought, answered: "Certainly not! Work's for workmen!" Burns' only friends in life turned out to

be a caleman, called Nighty because he was at his stand all night, and other dictam and jeteam, male and female, who, like himself, were suntained by the charity of the Salvation Army,

The strange party ended finally by Burns.
"Thanking you all kindly!" politely bewing his way out and leaving the house with Paul Arthur's overcost, quietly but effectively taken from the hall rack.

tively taken from the hall rack.

What Burns left, however, was a play—Passers-By—which has since exreed the price of many an evercoat. The tramp's conversation had assembled in Chambers' quarters five unusually dramatic characters—a philosophic tramp; an eloquous cabman; an aristocratic valet; a woman of the street; and Chambers himself, who portrayed any young man fond of multiplying sensations with real life.

Chambers called his hero Waverton, from the name of the street where the playwright lives. And, with that, he had his characters and wrote his first act. He employed Burns by his real name; Nighty by his. His valet, florg, he renamed Pine, and the woman of the street he called Margaret Summers.

and the woman of the street he called Margaret Summers.

Then an extraordinary thing happened. He could not begin his second act! None of his characters would move. The love litterest he wanted to create was blocked at every turn. He had his young man and his young woman, but Margaret's character contralled any true love story. Six young contralled any true love story.

his young woman, but Margaret's character contradicted any true love story. Six years want by before he found a solution.

Mr. Chambers visits his dentist not always as a dentist, but frequently for what a playwright calls "the outside point of view."

It was during just such a visit that the dentist one day said to the playwright:

"How is it that nobody ever writes a play in which the modern Mary Magdalen, 'the lovely woman who stoors to folly.'

im, the lovely woman who stoops to folly, gains some of the Christian sympathy accorded her in the New Testament? always ultimate disaster when we know it is not so in real life?"

Done!" gried the play wright, "I shall redeem Margaret Summers. She shall not be a woman of the street, but a good woman, misled by her very goodness and yet triumphing because of it in the end. She shall marry my roung man. Waverton. "Wheredgon," as Mr. Chambers puts it, "Passers-By began to write itself."

25% of the power your motor generates is lost in the car through friction, and this in spite of the best plain greases and oils.

DIXON'S Graphite Lubricants

reduce friction to almost nil, give more miles, more power and save the

Equally good for motor

"Words of Wisdom from the Speed Kings' and the Dixon Lubricating Chart will give you valuable hints in preventing friction in your car. Write for them.

THE JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO. JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Se triansitied in 1821



For thin summer hose try Double Grip

PARIS GARTERS No metal can touch you

They will give you more comfort than you'll realize until you buy them.

The two grips hold the socks snug and smooth. They fit perfectly-"tailored to fit the leg."

25c - 50c

A. STEIN & COMPANY, Makers Chicago New York



THE LAST ENTERPRISE

Continued from Page 181

and vague; but when he was near enough to see better, then it had risen again tantalizingly above his head, out of the reach of his ingly above his head, out of the reach of his eyes. It called him in the morning light; it held something up there for him. But here at his feet was his pick; his undertaking; his enterprise; his gold. He grasped the pick; he dug; he sealed his ears and his

The insistence of the top of the mesa did not wane, though-it grew; it was con-stant. Now and then his petrified memory, stant. Now and then his petrilled memory, stirring as though galvanized, told him he should be up there. There was something for him up there—something long lost, to be gathered up and reentwined in the fibers of his existence.

And one bright Sunday morning, as he squatted on the bank of the river, racking the gold out of the black sand he had mined decine the week, he waddenly sprang up-

the gold out of the black sand he had mined during the week, he suddenly sprang up-right, dropped everything, and went speed-ing drunkenly on his old thin legs to the mess. When he reached it he did not stop; up the slope he had excavated, he scram-bled painfully to the top.

hed painfully to the top.

Now that he was up there, he did not know why he had come or for what he was searching. It was warm, for one thing, and very peaceful. There was grass all over, thick and high—it was just beginning to dry to the season's aridity; and a light hreeze, passing now and then, stretched it into long, silvery shimmerings.

A thread seemed to attach itself to his heart and to tug gently; but when, obeying, he began to walk, he found that the surface beneath the grass was not flat and smooth as the grass made it appear. His feet were passing over a series of rounded swellings, like smooth, solid waves. And now and then they kicked up a little plank—a little plank bolished white by the years and the weather.

There seemed to be many of these, lost

There seemed to be many of these, lost

There seemed to be many of these, lost at the bottom of the grass. A few stood opright and he stumbled over one.

The invisible thread continued tugging at him gently. He walked, stepping high, placing his feet in the depressions between the earth-swells; with head inclined toward one shoulder, he seemed to be listening intently—listening to the beheat of a memory which, though so old and faded it bearly was would not be him so. At hardly was, would not let him go. At leight he was in the center of the little plateau be had been so diligently demol-ishing. He stooped and parted the grass, and the movement revealed a stone there a river boulder that, long ago, had been smoothed and carved.

The indentation made by a rude but pa-tient chinel had long ago disappeared, but in the wound a lichen had taken hold—a lichen which, examined closely, was a tight tisue of hundreds of very small yellow flowers. And, written thus with these mimuscular flowers, on the stone an inscription spread:

ROSE WIFE OF TOM RAND, AND BABY RICHARD

The judge read. And now he knew why he was here. He saw sgain the vision he had had the first day in the deserted comp. He saw before a cabin again the young woman of sweet, buxom charm, with the little child in her skirts. But with that vision came others to complete it, to explain it. He remembered now—ah, he remembered! And dropping to one knee, like an empty scarecrow collapsed, he began to grimace in the horrible and piteous weeping of the very old.

Forty-five years before, in this camp of Coyote Flat, he had been the friend of Tom Rand. And he had loved Rose, the wife of Tom Rand.

It had not been a loud and red passion, but a gray, wistful and dreamy affliction of the innermost fibers of his heart, half ecstasy and half ache, rising at times exquisitely to a pang, of which he could not have told whether it was torture or whether it was heaven.

He was but in his early twenties then, yet for several years already he had knocked adventurously about the camps, very busy in concealing his real timidity beneath

externals of swaggering wildness.

She was a few years older than he; she had come, but a child-bride, with her husband across the plains in the heroic period;

and she was the glory, the pride, the treas-ure of the camp. All the men loved her, with the respectful chivalry of the time and the place. In that overwhelmingly male life she was the delicacy, she was the iridescence, she was the dream. The knowledge of her being lay there at the back of the heads of all, even at the most rageful moments of their toil for gold, a restfulness, a heavy happiness. It made them think sweetly of their return to camp, of the long Sunday at the end of the week; it was as though each had had a home. Fleet sensings of her passed over them like pleasant zephyra—her flower cheeks; her rose mouth; the pink of her calicoes; her firm, round arms, bare to the elbows; the fragrance of baking bread. Rose hanging against the sunset the long line of wash—even that, to

the camp, was an enchantment.

If they had been caressed by the radiance of her charm, he had been penetrated proof her charm, he had been penetrated pro-foundly. And now, weeping, senile, on the little mesa, at the foot of the stone that bore her name, he saw himself again as he had been nearly half a century ago. He saw himself lounging about her cahin in long hours of delicious, half-sad idlences, during which all his energy of life, all his plans, had lain still, had lost substance, had evaporated; and his young strength itself had seemed to swoon. had seemed to swoon.

The little girl, Bettle, gave him an excuse for long lingerings here. She was three years old, a miniature of her mother in her pink pinufores, with her yellow hair and her curiously maternal little air; he would play with her for hours before the cabin door. And the mother, going to and fro about her work, shed on him the moonlight of her charm, pierced him at times with a flashing blue smile.

hlue smile.

Just what she felt toward him he did not know, he had never known. Perhaps she had been unable to tear out of her heart a certain happiness at his devotion. But her husband was to her her husband—there was no doubt of that; to her so much bigger, possessed of such patent superiority, that possessed of such patent superiority, that near him other men were all somewhat like

Her arms, bare to the elbow, were often floury; and a sweet odor of baking bread came from the cahin.

She was amused with him -- that is how it was; a tender amusement that showed in her eyes. Once in a while the imp that is in all women sprang to the saddle, reined her to some small maneuver that almost killed

to some small maneuver that almost killed him with joy; but immediately her amuse-ment bedewed itself again with compassion. One day she had kissed him. In an explosion of mischief at the night of his long, long face, she had suddenly seized that long face between her hands, warm and wet with suds, and had pressed a king on his live. kias on his lips.

For many years it had remained with him, the sense of that healthy, firm and sane kiss. He could feel it there on his lips now-and the memory on his cheeks of her

warm, soupy hands.

And that had been all.

That had been all.

She had died one day—with the baby boy to whom she had striven to give life.

They had all stood there-the whole camp-one sunny morning on this little flat top. Tom, stiff and strange in black clothes, put on him earlier as though on a doll, seemed only dazed. The ground was a bit resonant here, as though hollow. The boots cried on the stones. Some one had read out of a book. It was very still and very hot. A woman he had never seen had little Bettie; the child cringed in the voman's skirt.

Plunk! A small shovelful of heavy soil had been abruptly dropped on his heart, his naked heart; and he had fainted. He had fainted right here on this little flat, before all those men, before the woman and the child. He had fainted right here forty-five years

before, before all the men. And yet afterward he had forgotten!

He had forgotten! And that was life!

He was now digging in this place for gold! The idea that he should be digging in this place for gold now raised in him an uncontrollable grief; and, stretching full length along the stone, he wept in gurgles and falsetto sobs until a little rabbit, autonished and curious, peered with mobile nose over the edge of the mesa, and remained



しりつい きつい ひわる パミシーハリシーハシリルモ レンシミし



Cussin' is jest grindin' of a feller's mental wheels. Grease the axle, I say, with a little oil o' human kindness. When I feel my dander gettin' up I jest lubricates with a pipe o' VELVET. Hev a tin o' VELVET handy in your pistol pocket and when y' see trouble Velvet for coming, you draw first.

NYBODY who understands human nature will A tell you that no man can be really downright, rearin' tearin' mad while he's smoking cool, slow burning VELVET, the Smoothest Smoking Tobacco.

The tobacco of which VELVET is made is the one tobacco which has all the full flavor and "body" and tobacco fragrance of a real man's pipe smoke, without the harshness found in many kinds. VELVET is made of Burley leaf which, owing to the most thorough cultivation, is the finest

and richest grown. By the time we Sc Bage 10e Tins have finished the long, slow One Pound Glass Humidors process of curing, all the natural qualities of this Kentucky Burley de Luxe have been brought out to the full and "fixed." There's an aged-in-the-wood mellowness in VELVET. Coupons of Value TOBACCO with VELVET Actual Size

Logalta Hyare Tobacco Co

Coperight years

with its two long ears petrified, watching seriously this heap of rags on the ground, from which came sounds so strange.

When, near sundown, the judge descended from the mesa, he was spent, like a child who had been through a tantrum; apwho had been through a tantrum; appeased his wee, and through his veins a pleasant peace was stealing. Nicodemus was down there, waiting for him. The judge's voice was low in the slanting light, distended, as was his whole being.

"Nicodemus, it's all off. It's all off, Nicodemus. Back to Frisco with us! And itself.

just a little poorer than we came! Don't you understand, Nicodemus? Why, it's so very simple! That mining scheme is off-do you understand? - all off. You see, Nicodemus, one can't do what we've been doing. It isn't the custom. It isn't

Noon of the next day saw the two already well on their way back to civilization. The road, between pines and carpeted with needles, looped downward toward the plain; needles, looped downward toward the plain; the pack was light, with much less provision than it had held coming up, and without shovel, pick and pan. Master and benstle tramped alacriously. Suddenly the judge broke out in loud laughter:

"Say, Nic, think of all that gold we two left up there! Can you see those fat little bags in a row under the boards? Looking at each other out of the corners of their

at each other out of the corners of their

eyes?

"Who'll get 'em? A rat, I guess. He'll rome gnawing at the burkaldn. The dust will get into his nose and he'll think it's snuff. Snuff, Nicodemus!

"Ah, well, Nicodemus!

"Ah, well, Nicodemus. I guess it's the Old Folks! Home for me now. Tisn't such a bad place, Nicodemus. I used to pass it once in a while in old Frisco. There's a bench in front, on the sonny side, and from it one can see the sen. it one can see the sen.

"And say, Nicodemus, you know, I didn't leave all the gold behind. You remember that little hag I was leginning to fill yester-day, just before I went up to the top of the mesa? Well, I've got that with me. Yes, Nicodes. It'll keep me in tohacon at the Old Folks' Home.

"I'll sit on that bench in the sun and I'll

I'll sit on that bench in the sun and I'll smoke my pips; and maybe in the amoke sometimes I'll see—you know what I'll see, Nicodemus.

"Well, we haven't made our fortune, little donk. No; we haven't made our fortune. You see, our acheme was wrong from the bottom. One can't do what we were doing. It isn't the custom. No. Nico-demus; one can't mine a cemetery. It isn't

done! Nope!
"Whoopee, Nicodemus! Let's trot. I'm
beginning to pine for that Old Folks'
Home!"

Hot Treatment

HEATING up an arm or a leg by elec-tricity—not heating it from the out-side, but equally all the way through—is one of the most recent uses at electricity in

In some forms of rheumatism, of neuritis and diseases of the joints, for instance, it has been found helpful to heat the diseased part of the body much above normal tem-perature; though, of course, this treatment is far from being a cure-all. It is like making an imitation of an electric stove or electric iron with a knee joint for a hot-plate, and is nothing like the old battery-shock treatments that gave one a pleasant

tingle.

The principle of an ordinary electric stove is very simple. If the right kind of current is sent through the right kind of iron plate, the current finds it hard to get through. The metal from one side to the other resists the current, and this resistance shows itself by heat. The entire plate becomes bot, inside and out, from the quarrel it is having with the electricity. It is in this way that disthermy, as the electric beauting of muscle and hope in electric heating of muscle and bone is called, operates.

A high-frequency current of considerable magnitude is sent through the leg, because this kind of current will meet with much resistance; and the consequence is that beat develops along the path of the current. The electricity is kept on only a few minutes at a time and may be regulated to give just the amount of heat desired. All beneficial effects come from the heat and not from the current itself. It is like hav-ing the benefit of a hot-water bottle inside of the joint as well as outside.



According To Your Income

YOU do not have to wait until you have accumulated enough money to have accumulated enough money to pay for standard securities in full. You was ment on the Partial Payment Plan.

If you impest money in stocks at current prices, corrent stockend rates well yield you an income remarkable for the high class of the securities.

You may buy 5 shares, 33 shares, or 102 shares-any amount to suit your individual inverse. You can buy Bonds, 100, on the Partial Per-ment Plan.

Send for Booklet 9-"Partial Payment Plan

John Muir & Co.

Odd Lots of Stock

Members of New York Stock Exchange MAIN OFFICE, 74 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Heanther:

42nd St. & B'way - Longacre Building, N. V.
123th St. & 7th Av. - Hotel Thetom, N. V.
Notional State Bank Building - Newark, N. J.



Gennine All Hand-Worm Unblocked PANAMA

Can be worn in this as dickin by Men, Warn and Children, Farl blockedinany style Lab Weight. Very durable brad ages. Bries put to be inches. Sent their wife in brad ages. Bries put to be inches. Sent their wife in the satisfact.

Wester is Wester Sayle Book - Free.

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 530 Brandway, New York University.

This little Blue-jay is removing a million corns a month.

It is doing that for hundreds of thousands who used to treat corns in old ways. And every one of those legions of people would gladly tell you this:

That Blue-jay relieves pair inentitly. That the corn comes out gynerally in 48 hours without my pain

That Blue-jay is applied in a lifty. And from that instant one longets the

That the corns never come back. New ames may come, but the old

Think of that, you who pure corns, no who use abletime methods. A lamens chemist, in the one right way, his salved the corn problem. And that way - Bluesing - is at every drop

dore waiting for your one.

Don't you think it time you tried it may that sixty suffice ended cornors their fate to Blue-Jay?

Blue-jay

For Corns 15 and 25 cents-at Druggists.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York Makers of Physicians' Supplies

I am the "Silent Dayton"

nutrace to hand parties, wind-nulls and water life.

will supply your easy flight perhan sink

t will sprinkly your know, warm the stock, out hoop your Justice

will light firm if necessity

Lam a willing server -s goardon to field it, comber and salery. A few years with proper for electricity as less strops of one

on a marrier of the Department

We have Issued a test hook on Water Equiple If you go as o'd forbloom hard pures of an usefulative wishing! In princip your water from well up control that up towns - get the bank, it tells of a brief way.

If you are using a report major to pure part halo water year are loved name; that they load will fell you tow to ture.

contractive agrees show any amount of Acid to for water Supply "and read pure 12 and 12

This Book Mailed on Request

tells have sed as who me a town or country home, office or a part ment buttone, or country cleb, greateness of incorporate separated with water mappin. Send Lor temper supply. Sent ton copy today, especially a just are planning building respressions.

The Dayton Pump and Hig. Co. 571 West Fifth N., Duyton, Olion



A LILY OF THE FIELD

(Continued from Page 11)

it on the bills of the next month in case she

was not able to carry out her determination to reduce expenses all at once.

Perhaps Marjory might have got along better during the next month, but one of her wealthy Eastern acquaintances came to visit her overnight; and, charmed with what she thought the simplicity of Marjory's way of living, she stayed a week. It seemed so quaint to her not to have a butler or a personal maid, and to live in dear, tiny personal maid, and to live in dear, tiny rooms; but Marjory felt obliged to give ber a dinner, a luncheon and a tea, and to take her once to the theater.

her once to the theater.

She was so busy during the guest's visit that she did not have time to go to her mother's house for lessons in cooking and managing; she did not even go to market, but continued to order over the telephone. She knew that the hills during the visitor's stay had risen enormously, but she thought she could cover them by her untouched eighty dollars. Her friends entertained her guest so lavishly that Grover grumbled at having to go out so much. That was his only complaint; but Marjory thought fearfully of the social obligations she was piling up and would somehow have to discharge. up and would somehow have to discharge.

The next month when the bills came she looked at them anxiously but hopefully, for she thought she had been doing the best she could. Exclusive of rent they rame to one hundred and thirty dollars. That was an improvement over the preceding month, of course, but a small one when she con-sidered that she had spent her allowance

and five-eighths over.

One evening while she was going over her accounts in her mind, wondering whether she really could have ordered this and that, Grover handed her another check for eighty dollars, remarking that the canceled check for the other eighty had not yet come back, "No," said Marjory absently; "I haven't

cashed it yet." "You haven't! Marjery, what does this mean, dear? You didn't let last month's bills run on?"

Marjory broke into tears.

"Oh, please don't bother me!" she said; and going to her room she locked the door after her and threw herself on the bed, telling herself miserably that she was a failure, but really expecting Grover to knock at the door and make her let him in that he might tell her she was not.

Grover's Uttimatum

Grover, however, took his hat and went over to his father-in-law's. At the end of two hours he came back, to find Marjory pale and wasted with tears because he had

pale and wasted with tears because he had been gone so long and so inexplicably.

"I've been having a talk with your father and mother," he began abruptly and without any endearments. "They've explained everything. I drew them a check for the money you begged of them last month. It took all the little surplus I had in the savings bank, Perhaps I did wrong to marry a girl like you, Marjory you should have taken some fellow with a big income; but my mother was a rich girl and learned to my mother was a rich girl and learned to be the wife of a poor man. I thought you, who had only been brought up as though you were rich, could surely do the same."

She began to protest that poverty did not matter when she loved him; but he held

up a hand, compelling her silence.

"I'm not talking now to the woman I love, but to a prospective business partner. You can do one of two things—go back to your parents and live as you always have, an unthinking charge on them, or you can an untrinking charge on Lean, upport you; stay with me and live as I can support you; in which case you cannot be an unthinking charge, but will have to use every ounce of brain you've got to help me.

Marjory complained that he was cruel to suggest sending her home just because she had been slow to learn. He heard her in silence and repeated his terms. Again she fell into tears. When the scene had been repeated several times Marjory realized that Grover would not pet and soothe ber, but was indeed trying to enter into negotiations

was indeed trying to enter into negotiations with his business partner.

"I am very much in earnest," Grover said again and again. "I am trying to be patient with you, because your parents have said that if you are useless as a work-aday woman it's their fault. Take all the time you like before deciding."



Bring Back Old College Days -at Home Around the Virtuolo

AET a Virtuelle Player Plane in your home, extrage or comp for the fall. curron evenings. Watch it make your house the centre of the inrighborhouse. See it all your home with the rhytim and sharm of the "light Feel the Joyoua spirit of youth's laughter and mog-Then hear prespett stogging, as you did to the days of yors t

> "Four Horowell, the convictible subiler throng, And wate blenings accorder that i'et."

"Here I to good ald Fale, Drink for Jown, dries her draw!"

"He'll all wants to shoul and ring Long 150 in old Nassua!

HALLET & DAVIS

THE INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

Are You Going to Have a Victuolo at Your Summer Home?

You should have a Virtuolo in your home, your cottage or eamp this summer. It woney tours one. A presentant payment on our Charge Anoman Plan

sends true inne at race The Virtualities within the occurred. all. Eight different STICKTION SAIDTN \$10,50, depending on the pisson wed. Les conhipyona Votouls are trial. We would rates have Transacti sulgury than tutes to every a'g contine know Furthe Victorial (pwill) rel melf to you

BRANCHES

ATLANTA

SYRACUSE.

BEST DEALERS

IN ALL CITIES

UTECA

Send for the Interesting Virtuals Book Free-Mail Coupon Today

Tells you how you plone your eyes, press good fragets on the Accolo buttrees and play by Instinct. Also gives you much valuable information about

PHONIC;

Virtuolos can beseen, Keard and played in nearly every town in the United States, Do not hop your player till you have heard Instinctive Playing on the Virtuolo,

Send this crupou for the Virtualn Book and teams of morett dealer. Fill it out tutor.



HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.

(Established 1839) HALLET & DAVIS BUILDING 745 Bark HALLET & DAVIS BUILDING 15 East 42nd St., New York

David Harage of the last State of the state



Even a "velvet" lawn is hard on hour. Constant vanting and togging is also trying. It all means were — and the bose without profit ling rubber ribs will seen play see.

Lieudyear Lawa there has not much beeny rise remains he half treath - besides inference positional consistence. These and to the engression of multiple Halfs the base to add even ground and file streat corners. Reduce treatment of per reat. But of all, may prevent "paveling" and kinking.



Lawn Hose

The Construction

Five thicknesses of last righter and teston braided testing and cover lasts on miles and

have princed working could not

Condyna Laun Hor has some rather than the average hor. This rather man to care, only or quickly determined however capacity to ordinary rough handling and the

Dock how assess real money. When you key it you key own and for all.

How to Get It

You are been thereof Low-Home by the Lamon Goodwale telescents on every look

If you have you have you have not you have n

We recommed the free-region field. Visit had still feel and so below here in the second secon

THE GOODVEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., Lawn Hose Dept., Akres, Ohio Toronto, Canada London, England.

Write Us on Anything You Word in Rubber

When Marjory had exhausted her emo-tions she lay quietly on her bed going over her situation. After a time she sat up and

said:
"I choose to stay with you, John, and to
be your helpful partner. I'll save somehow
and make up that money you had to pay
back to my people. There's only one thing
I'd like to suggest: I don't propose to
blame any one for the do-nothing sort of
creature I am, and I don't propose to sak
much help in learning to be different. What
I want to know is this: Will you back me
up in whatever form my attempt at econ-

I want to know is this: Will you back me up in whatever form my attempt at economy takes, even if it is hard on you?"
"I'm willing to pay whatever I have to while you're learning," Grover said; "for I'm guilty too."

Some days later Marjory proposed to Grover that they should rent their apartment, furnished, for nine months to a young mairried couple she knew, who lived in a hotel but wanted to try housekeeping. in a botel but wanted to try housekeeping.
She had been to see them and had proposed
to rent her flat for eixty dollars a month.
She suggested to Grover that abe and he
abould live in a flat in a model tenement in

ahould live in a flat in a model tenement in the poorer part of the city.

"I can subrent one, furnished, until the warm weather, for eighteen dollars a mouth," she said. "There are some nice people in the building—settlement workers and artista. We'll not be lonely. It may seen quinotic to you, but I want to get right down to fundamentals. I'd like to live in that quarter and see how poor women manage who do it so twelve dollars a week or loss. Bisides, if we live away from our friends we shall not have to entertain or be contextuined so much; and we can rome entertained so much; and we can come back to our home ready to form new habits."

Hard Lessons Worth Learning

Grover agreed; and so his lily of the field

Grover agreed; and so his lily of the field began to turn herself into something useful. She found her new life hard, for she did all the work herself—even the cleaning, though Grover objected to that. Marjory, however, wanted to work up from the beginning.

She learned from the Yiddish lotcher has to judge meat; and she saw, with surprise, the discrepancy between the prices she had formerly been charged for roasts and steaks and the prices she now publicate and steaks and the prices she now publicate of prices for staple foods. She learned to weigh, to a cent, the values of prices of various grades; and she grow to hate the lists of prices for staple foods. She learned to weigh, to a cent, the values of prices of various grades; and she grow to hate the lists of prices for staple foods. She learned to weigh to a pruce. She knew sixteen ways of serving potatoes, because, in her first fervor of making up what her extravagance had cost her bushated, she fed him almost bothing but stewed meat and potatoes. Grover never complained, for he saw that her mistakse were on the right side.

Marjory did not have to give up all her friends. She simply is aroad to discriminate between the few who cared for Marjory plus the conventional supensive things with which Marjory used to be sarrounded. She found, after her first disappointments and anotherings, that she was perfectly happy with those who isset the rounded to seek her

snuhbings, that she was perfectly happy with those who took the trouble to seek her out and were reedy to accept the simple

entertainment she offered.

When her nine months apprenticeship was over Marjory had lived on various allowances, ranging from forty dollars a month to eighty. She had put her mind on her work and was able to talk to her mother. almost as an equal in housekneping. Her hands were not so well kept, but her brain was kept much better. She went back to her hans with the feeling of a sinner who has worked out a well-deserved punishment. She almost felt as though the ought to give up the flat because it cost two dollars and a half a month more than Grover at first in-

half a month more than Grover at first intended to pay; but, after all, it was homeand it was likewise a good deal of trouble to
move. She did not want to be quisotic.
She used only sixty or sixty-five dollars
of her allowance of eighty, putting the
balance in a savings bank. This economy
she kept up for two years, despite the fact
that Grover's sulary had been increased to
twenty-two hundred dollars. Marjory,
however, said she was even happier when
saving than she had been while spending.
Then an event happened that promised

then an event happened that promised to increase their scale of expenditure some three hundred dollars a year. Prudent Marjory welcomed the expense and made no plans for chooseparing; but she did say, when the event was but ten minutes old; "John, of course she's benutiful; but does she look as though I could bring her

up to be useful?"



You Should Positively Have This Duff Book

—if you have any kind of lifting to do, from ¾ ton to 500 tons per unit,

144 pages of Duff expert jack information, with latest epocifications on jack for stream and electric ratheness, mining lamber, adapted and manufacturing constants business appropriate to the constant of the contract of the contract of the constant of the contract of the cont companies, bridge operations, constru-tion work, agricultural equipment, ac-mobiles, trucks, etc. It illustrates and describes over 200 types and sizes of the

GENUINE DUFF-BUILT

and many action Droft Build Jacks, such in High Theord Ball Bearring Server Jacks, Phylosopheteks, Treagen Brace Jacks, Oil Well Jacks, Testasanse Server Jacks, etc.

Droft is the largest manual acturer of larks in the world, and mentions the manual acturer of larks in the world, and mentions the manual acturer of larks in the world, and investigate and server of larks in the larks of the larks in the larks of the larks of the larks of the largest actually on the characters of the largest server of the largest actual physics the characters of the largest server of the largest actual physics of the characters of the largest actual physics of the characters of the largest actual physics of

THE DUFF MANUFACTURING CO. PITTABURGH, PA. See York: 10 Church Street Street: People's fan Building Established (1882)

Delivered YOU FREE on Approval and 30 days Trial



SEND NO MONEY WITH BERNE

BOYS. LOWEST PRICES derect to the Second Sec

PERFECT PENCILS

VENUS Every degree guaranteed arre ARTES.

VENUS A dauges for a

VENUS Weither down to the last inch.

VENUS Proper threte separtority by with 17 Julius Thompson, 2 panyling. Write fee out, medium or burn.

American Lead Peneil Co. WEW TON Also makers of VELVET Sc Pencils.

Shock Absorbers on Your Heels

Every wire a light one Every step a reference. See to plack abourbers unais ench foot - a best of light. ive simile telder, and the air famous up-pulous that said on the " thouse

tread. Saves effort—saves nerves. More than mem tubber notes. Vol. will not know utmost walking conflort until You west Conflora? "Winsfects."

Longer Wear

Outwest feather -dur's new seports. The slavir redtions are always bye

GOOD YEAR Wingfoot Rubber Heels

O pure duries below al.

married on lett been and such all place built load aut will bet Mod you and

forming Combine the first about the parties of the

Cost No More

The part of New York, All the control of the contro

Wingfoot Rubber Soles

When Amanda Washes haden who will be

HE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Alcron, Olio Taronto, Canada London, England Montan Write Us on Anything You West in Rubber Motion City, Mexico

THE GENTLEMANLY THING

course, belonged to another order of things; but in the case of a junior clerk a pair of light-gray spats was certainly going rather far. Still, when all the facts of Mr. Hartshorne's amazing triumphs at Sheercliffe-on-Sea had been adduced, the more impressionable members of the staff were inclined to feel that, after all, there might be something to be said in their favor. Nevertheless incredulity tempered by disrespect was the prevailing emotion. Indeed, before the week was out Mr. Hartshorne was christened Lady Mary.

Mr. Hartshorne was too much of a gentleman to show annoyance at such a crude form of wit. He was seated too firmly on his throne to fear the opinions of those dwellers in outer darkness who had never seen Sheercliffe-on-Sea-let alone having been to tea at the Majestic. Indeed, he was inclined to take his courtesy title in the light of a compliment; and at the in-credulity of his colleagues he could afford to smile.

Mr. Burrows, however, the ever stanch and faithful, lived in a kind of reflected glory. Was it not he who had driven in a taxi to Liverpool Street on that historic Saturday afternoon to see Mr. Hartshorne off by the 3:20? The taxi and the second-ciasa return to Sheercliffe-on-Sea could not be denied; so what reason was there to dis-credit the Hotel Majestic and Lady Mary

and Viscount Cardew?

Then there was Debrett. A freckled youth named Templeton, who wore pincenez and was the acknowledged descendant of an Anglican clergyman, and was singularly cynical and well-informed in consequence, offered to bet Mr. Burrows a shilling that the Cardews were not in Debrett.

Mr. Burrows took him up at once, with great gallantry, though it was the first time he had heard of Debrett. He did not let on, of course, to young Templeton that such was the case, but looked very contemptutually at that skeptical youth, booked the bet in his pocket diary, and promptly carried the terms of it to Mr. Hartshorns. "I say, Bertie, old man," he said breathessly, "what do you think of that conceited young ass, Templeton? He's had the cheek to bet me a shilling the Cardews are not in Debrett."

"Not in where?" said Mr. Hartshorne with a slight fatigue in his manner. Indeed, its admirers had noticed already how well slight air of fatigue went with a pair of ght-gray spats.
"In Debrett," said Mr. Burrows.

"I don't know about Debrett," said Mr. fartshorne, "but I do know they are in resevenor Square; and IA is their number."
The fact was, Mr. Hartshorne himself

ras not quite clear as to what Debrett might e; but he was far too much a man of the orld to confess his ignorance. He was uner the impression that it might be a house genta' list, but judicious inquiries that venting of a well-informed acquaintance t the Bagsworth Imperial Club gave him

truer insight into its nature.
"Oh, you mean the Snobs' Bible!" said
well-informed acquaintance, who was

the Press.
"Where can I see it?" asked Mr. Hartsirne carelessly, though he felt it was no
sigrace to sit at the fest of this Gamaliel.

"In the British Museum, I expect."
In the company of Mr. Burrows Mr. artshorne went to the British Museum on e following Saturday afternoon. They ould settle young Templeton's hash for m. He was the grandson of a parson, so said; but there was no youth in the city ore urgently in need of being taken down

At the British Museum there was a ficulty about admittance to the room in ich Debrett enjoyed its being, owing to ather stupid display of red tape on the rt of an official, who was unable to pass

'We only just wanted a glance at the obs' Bible, you know," said Mr. Hartsme with his slightly fatigued air, which . Burrows felt he had never heard to

ter advantage. Cannot belp that, sir," said the official. ou can tsee a Common Prayer book here hout a ticket.

Where can I get a ticket?"
At the office, I expect."
t the office, however, they wanted a meholder's reference and other absurd es of ritual, which struck Mr. Hartshorne as such a ridiculous display of red tape that he suddenly left the building in a huff, for all his fatigue, and vowed he would try the Free Library at Bagaworth.

At the Free Library at Bageworth they were more sensible; but they were too democratic to keep a Debrett. They thought, however, the Carnegie, at the end of the

road, might be able to meet the case.

Mr. Burrows won his shilling. Debrett, at the Carnegie, said: "Cardew—see St. Quentin." After tracking William Philip Ambrose, fifth earl, through several pages of most intrinste remifications they were most intricate ramifications they were rewarded by "Viscount Cardew, b. 1889; Pea-green Guards"—and so on; and "Lady Mary Evelyn Angelica, b. 1891." Mr. Burrows took pains to copy out these facts and claimed his money at quarter past ten on the following Monday.

It is no more than the due of young Templeton to say that he took his defeat like a sportsman and paid his shilling with

a grare that became his lineage.

The incident made rather a sensation in the office. Even the most virulent oppo-nents of the light-gray spats insensibly modified their attitude a little. Mr. Hartshorne's manner grew increasingly tatigued in consequence; but he was not really insufferable at least Mr. Burrows would never allow that he was. It was certainly true that he became still more exclusive at the Bodega. He had no longer that friendly lightness and grace in his intercourse with Tom, Dick and Harry. It was no longer safe to call him Bert; there were times when even Mr. Saunders, his old schoolfellow, hardly liked to venture it. He was a lonely, inaccessible spirit now. Mr. Hurrows alone in the office was admitted to his regard. And even he was far too full of tact ever to

And even he was far too full of tact ever to presume on it.

Yes; Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne was a changed man. He had entered his kingdom. He stuck to the light-gray spets so manfully that, with the aid of Debrett, in a surprisingly short space of time he had lived them down. He was not exactly popular, but he was admired. His voice was really very fatigued at times, and in moments of high inspiration a slight lisp was superimposed on it; but, as his faithful henchman, Mr. Burrows, said, if you were a born put you were justified.

"YOU haven't called yet, Bert," said Mr. Burrows tentatively as one day they walked along Leadenhall Street from the

Bodegn.
"No; but I shall," said Mr. Hartsherne
rather wearily, "as soon as my tailor fellow
rather wearily, "as soon as my tailor fellow has finished my new morning coat.

Had Mr. Burrows not been of the faithful this reference to a new morning coat might have been interpreted as swank, because Mr. Burrows was aware that his distinguished friend had yet to possess an old one; but in real greatness little weak-nesses are condoned—they strike such a human note. They give those on a higher plane of being a little in common with humanity at large; and it behooves humanity at large to be grateful accordingly—at least that was the view of Mr. Burrows.

"Will it have braid on it, Bert?" said the ever-faithful henchman. No one was by, so "Bert" did not matter.

"What do you think?"

The answer was jocular, but very urbane and Cardew-like in its case and charm; but Mr. Burrows somehow felt a tinge of shame. His plebeian question had been rebuked in

a gracefully patrician manner.

Life was not altogether a bed of roses for Mr. Burrows. His friend took a lot of living up to; for Mr. Burrows, with all his keen appreciation of nuttiness in others. vas far from heing a born nut himself. Nature had not designed him for the course and he was acutely conscious of the fact; but he did his best to conform in speech and manner to the ever-rising standard of his friend. He made howlers sometimes, and his cheek often burned in the watches of the night when he remembered he had made them. Still, if you are not a born out you cannot help committing little solecisms now and then.

Nevertheless Mr. Burrows did his best to live up to Lady Mary; and, making every allowance for an incurable absence of style, it was a very good and honest best, and Mr. Hartshorne, like the large-hearted and liberal-minded man he was, counted it to him for righteousness—though some-times in public be patronized him fearfully.

One day—to be precise, the day before the braided morning coat was due from the artistic tailer in the Strand to whom had fallen the honor of devising its being—Mr. Hartshorne sauntered—literally saun-tered—into the acting submanager's room at about quarter past eleven.

The acting submanager was a sour and satirical man, with a rather acid way of looking at life.

"Well, Mr. Hartsherne, what can I do for you?"

The acid way of looking at life remained just now with the acting submanager, who had not yet got over his spats. Indeed, he certainly looked as though he knew what he would like to do with Mr. Hartshorne.

"May I have next Thursday afternoon oil, sir?" said Mr. Hartshorne, with so much fatigue in his manner that, instead of asking a favor, he might have been conferring one.

"Want to call in Park Lane, I suppose? said the acting submanager with a con-siderable display of acerbity.

"Grosvenor Square, as a macter of fact," said Mr. Hartehorne in the way that Cardew himself would have said it. "Oh!"

Oh! was all the acting submanager said at the moment; but be stroked his chin—one of those square and aggressive china— rather thoughtfully.

He had heard the Lady Mary story from the lips of a thrilled subordinate; and, being a pensimist by nature, his longing at that moment to kick Mr. Hartsborne nearly overmastered him.

"What are you going to do there, Mr. Hartsborne? You have not taken a house there, have you?"
"No," said Mr. Hartsborne, quietly ignoring this banal piece of frony; "but I have an invitation from my friend Lady Mary Cardew to meet Proser?"
Who the devil is Proser?"

It was abundantly clear, of course, that the acting submanager was not acquainted with the works of the author in question, but he had no need to go out of his way to be vulgar when he confessed his ignorance.

"John Michael Prosser," said Mr. Hartshorne with patient impressiveness, "in the

relebrated novelist.

"Never heard of him," said the acting hmanager.

Mr. Hartsborne knew that. But in Mr. Hartsborne's opinion the time had come to administer the coup de grâce to the acting submanager. Accordingly he proceeded to do so. Very slowly he produced from his pocket a coroneted envelope and handed it or elence to that gentleman.
For a moment it almost seemed as if the

acting submanager were going to be actively ill. With an effort, however, he was able, and by the courtesy of that Providence which watches over acting submanagers, to over-come his nauses. And then he read:

"Saturday. 1A, Grosvenor Square, W.

"Dear Mr. Hartehorne: It will be so pleasant if you will come to tea on Thursday at five o'clock, to meet John Michael Presser. Do come if you can. He knows how you admire him.

"Yours sincerely. "MARY CARDEW."

The acting submanager folded Lady Mary's note, returned it to its coroneted envelope, and handed it, without a word, to Mr. Albert Edward Hartsborne; but such a look of yearning had entered the eyes of the acting submanager as to give them that quality of soul they might be said to lack as a rule.

t was reasonable to suppose that an acting submanager would have made some attempt to behave like a gentleman, even if he was not one at heart; but he merely tugged at his straggling gray mustache, which gave him such a look of commonness,

and glared from behind his spectacies.
"It really seems to me, Mr. Hartsborne, he said at last in his metallic voice that was so unpleasantly reminiscent of the prov-inces, "that the time has come when the Palatial will be well advised to dispense with your services. It is not the custom for its junior clerks to attend afternoon parties in Grosvenor Square."

"But this is an exceptional case," said Mr. Hartshorne quietly but firmly.







\$5,000 in CASH PRIZES TIRE MILEAGE CONTEST

FOR EMPLOYED CHAUFFEURS ONLY

GAIN we urge owners of cars, since there are impor-A rant benefits, to encourage their chauffeurs to enter the Second Ajax Tire Mileage Contest for employed drivers, now in progress. A good driver is inspired to become a better one, to conserve the mileage built into Ajax tires, to properly care for and keep tires inflated, to increase the life of tires in miles and to reduce the cost of motoring in dollars.

The interests of owners are protected in the Ajax written guarantee of 5,000 miles, while we reward with 208 important prizes, totaling \$5,000, highest mileages beyond this 5,000 mile figure. In case of ties, a prize identical with that tied for will be given each tying contestant.

Investigate! Know how much better are Ajax tires.

"While others are claiming Quality we are guarantieing it."

AJAX-GRIEB RUBBER COMPANY

1798 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Branches in 18 Leading Cities

Factories: Trenton, N. J.



YOU would like to sever college most full, all expenses paid by in, and like to rell you how it may be done.

Empriso Differin, Pag. (40) Tra Sari anno Lerrorso Pore, Pito Loncono.

PATENTS HOURS IN the larress PATENTS

Frame Was to brook and the Bree FREE
Wasterd New Ideas bearing and PATENT STREET
Wasterd New Ideas Main Otion, TITTOR 2 STATE & TR. Fermine, 2.0

DIGHT painting below sell your house when you with to will It beautifies and preserves the house while you live in it saves repairs and rebuilding. Dutch Boy White Load moved with Durch Boy limeed oil makes that high standard point will be gives satisfaction and low average cost. Use it white or time to out

Paint Advisor No. 610 Sept Free





"A very exceptional case, I should think," said the acting submanager.

The acting submanager, however, having no pretensions to be considered a gentleman, could hardly hope to appreciate the case's exceptionalness in all its aspects. He gave his vulgar mustache another tug and continued to glower.

"Look here, Mr. Hartshorne," he said at st; "you can have Thursday off on one condition. And the condition is that you accept a month's notice from to-day from the Palatial Insurance Company.

Mr. Hartshorne was completely taken hir. Hartshorne was completely taken aback for the moment. It was a blow in the face, and he feit he had done nothing to deserve it. However, the great soul that had conquered Lady Mary and had forced the portals of the Majestic did not desert him in this tragic hour.

"Sir." said Mr. Hartshorne, drawing himself up to his full height, "I accept your ultimatum."

It was pure Presser, and subennsciously the great soul of Albert Edward Hartshorne was rejoiced in that sublime fact. But the acting submanager was an underbred man who did not know his Prosser. His lip curled contemptuously. "Very well, Mr. Hartshorne," he said. "A mouth from to-day! But you are be-liaving like a fool. It will be a long while

before you get as good a situation as the Palatial with such opportunities for better-ing yourself. Your shorthand is not good

ing yourself. Your shorthand is not good enough."

His shorthand! In Mr. Hartshorne's opinion that was a sublime touch. Poor earthworm, burrowing in mire! How could any man speak of shorthand at such a moment as that!

"Sir, I accept your ultimatum," said Mr. Hartshorne again.

He howed to the acting submanager with along directly, burned on his gray-

with aloef dignity, turned on his gray-spatted hoels and withdrew Promer-like

"I HOPE he's coming, Mary," said Sybil de Gex, preparing to bite a large plece out of her cake. "I've given up a matinée on purpose, you know."

This was spoken to the hostess in a confidencial tons.

fidential tone. She raised her own a little

from the room.

fidential tone. She raised her own a little in reply.

"Of course he'll come, Sybil, I know nothing will induce him to miss John Michael Prosser."

John Michael Prosser sat very modestly in a corner of the immense drawing room, balancing a rather wabbly cup in a rather uncertain saucor on a rather nervous knee. John Michael Prosser was a funny little old lady in blus spectacles, and she beamed with anxious pleasure at Lady Mary's remark.

To Miss de Gex belonged the brilliant discovery that John Michael Prosser was in real life a certain Miss Agnita Shrubsole, a former governess of the Blenkinsops. The Blenkinsops, it seemed, were some rather quaint people who had come to live next door to the famille de Gex in Cadogan Gardees.

But the undefeated Sybil, having once scented her prey, tracked her through Pim-lico, through Bayswater, and finally to Wimbledon Heath, where, having run her to earth in that sylvan retreat, she brought

the poor old lady thence, small and sparrow-like, and rather anxiously smiling, to all the splender of 1A, Greevenor Square.

This is not the time or the place to dis-play the Odyssey of Miss Agnita Shrub-sole's heart as she sat pecking, without much of an appetite, at one of Mr. Rumpelmeyer's choicest cakes in a remote corner of this almost bewilderingly aristocratic interior.

She awaited the arrival of a most enthusiastic admirer, who, though not in the Guarda himself, had had a father who had commanded them, and who had been simply

thrilled to the marrow by John Michael Presser's wonderfully vivid and lifelile pictures of that too-little-known brand of

His Britannic Majesty's service.

The hour of five was told by a wooderfully melodious clock on the nearest of several chimneypieces that this great room could boast, which, however, was completely overshadowed by a Biblical subject from the brush of Titian.

from the brush of Titian.

"It must be so interesting, Miss Shrubsole, to be able to write," said Lady May
as she gave John Michael Prosser her this,
cup of tea, for all that she had not yet faished her first piece of cake. "It is so dever
of you to write as you do. I wish I could."

Lady Mary was lying quite agreeably in
the cause of conversation. She neither
thought it clover to be able to write its
John Michael Prosser, nor had she the
least wish to emulate the poor old thing is
the queer old bonnet perched on the top of
her absurd old head; but something had to
be said, and to be said very pleasantly. be said, and to be said very pleasurily because the proceedings were rather is-clined to drag a little in the absence of the Prince of Denmark.

John Michael Prosser, by herself, was us, showing much sport for the members of the coars are. She was too undercharded to

showing much sport for the members of he own sex. She was too undercharged and wary to give them much of a run for their money. Dorothy and Pauline were fraid; disappointed—they had counted on a Bonnie Edith at least; but poor, harmles John Michael was almost a lady.

"I shall be so disappointed," said Syst de Gex to her hostess at ten minutes part five, "If he leaves us in the lurch! I did! know that anything quite so priviless was in existence."

in existence.

Nevertheless the minutes passed sol Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne did so Mr. Albert Edward Hartshorne did sec appear. However, the totally unexpected arrival of Cardew at quarter-past five seemed to help matters a little. Cardew, it appeared, had quite definitely refused the invitation to be present at the meeting. Somehow he did not think it was quite going to be cricket. It was so like a man retty have a sense of humor.

Cardew came in looking a little duler than usual. He was carrying an eventu-paper. When he had had time to glass at John Michael Prosser, who as the misuse passed seemed to grow smaller and men-insignificant and less articulate in her or-ner by the Adam chimneypiece, Cardes shock his head rather solemnly at his siste. "No, Moll," he said in a solemn where: "I was afraid it wasn't quite going to be criciost."

"He hasn't come yet," said Lady Mary

hopefully. "He won't come now."

"Of course he'll come—unless he has been gathered to his fathers."
"Well, be has been, it appears. My rye fell on this at the club and I've brought it

to show you."
Cardew had opened the evening pare.
He pointed to a short paragraph, set in an inconspicuous place at the bottom of the pare.

A CLEEK'S TRAGIC DEATH

An inquest was held last evening of Albert Edward Hartshorne, twenty-firm of Areadia Villas, Bagsworth, a clerk in the service of the Palatial Insurance Company. Leadenhall Street, E. C., who lost his line in a gallant but vain attempt to reserve woman from drowning in the Thames. It woman from drowning in the Thames. It is jury returned a verdict of accidental death and, though highly commending yours. Hartshorne's conduct, added a rider to be effect that it was most unwise for person who were unable to swim to venture out it. who were unable to swim to venture out of their depth.

That fascinating smile of Lady Mary had something perhaps a trifle odd us = "That's solike a British jury," she said"no sense of romance! They don't sem is realize that, after all, it was the gentleman thing.



The gay and festive CLAVERHOUSE

(Continued from Page 5)

It's deadly to me to be agitated and bothered as you're ugitating and bothering me now." At this she drew her two hands across her two eyes, moved to the chair, seated herself and clasped her hands tightly. "I'm listening," she said, making what was clearly a fremendous effort at self-

control.

"Very well," said the man, "I'm speaking." He cleared his throat, folded his arms and closed his eyes. "I know a girl who has probessed to be madly in love with me for ever and ever so long." Then speaking slowly: "I know that I've never loved her, and I've told her so over and over again; but she won't believe it. She keeps declaring that she'll win me some day. She says that some time I'll be in bitter straits and turn to her. Then when I'm desperately in need she'll go through fire and water to save me. And after I'm saved I'll love her passionately, and we'll be happy thenceforth and forever. That's her view of love her passionately, and we'll be happy thenceforth and forever. That's her view of our case. I don't say what I've always thought myself, but Fate has stood by her enough to have it come to this—that I am in bitter straits, and seeing the way she feels I'm going to take her at her word and see what her word is really worth. She has only wanted a chance to prove how much she feels and how thoroughly she means what she says. And now I'm going to give her that chance."

He passed and Madeleine leaned for-

her that chance."

He pawed and Madeleine leaned forward, almost breathless.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

Claverhouse coughed. "Quiet and rest.

might do something for me; and it's just possible I might marry a woman who would keep me alive from day to day by administering it assetly and conscientiously. I don't say that I would; but I might." He paused acids.

don't say that I would; but I might." He paused again.

"Yes, yes," she whispered quickly.

"I've been inquiring into the matter," he went on, "and there's Yewatenes. The property of our untle. It's retired and suitable. I ask nothing, but your mether might negotiate with the agent and after you and she had taken it and were settled there, you might ask me to visit you and I might come. Of course there's no time to be lost, because I'm pretty for gone; but if you feel like taking the matter up this is my ultimatum. That's what I wanted to say. That's why I sent for you. Don't bother me with any '15' and 'anda,' but go straight home at once and are what you can straight home at once and see what you can do. I've put my life in your hands. Do as

do. I've put my life in your hands. Do as you please with it."

With a sudden fling of his head be turned. Irom her and lay quite still. She was staring intently toward blue.

"And my mother?" she said, very low.

He musle me answer. She areas then, standing motionless.

"I will go home and try." Her voice was very uncertain. "I will make every effort. Perhaps mamma will consent; but Lean'the. Very uncertain. "I will make every effort.
Perhaps mamma will consent; but I can't be
sure. Yewstones is in the north, but I can't be
"Quite se," he answered.
"If we cannot get it?"
"I won't go anywhere else."
"Our own place to Wilts is
"I won't go anywhere else."
"But if the

"I won't go anywhere else."
It might be lancied that melt speeches

It might be funcied that melt speeches would naturally tritate; but Madelens Wythe was absolutely mad with love for the man stretched there before her.

"Ernest!" she plended.

Claverhouse extended his hand, seized the whisky bettle that atood on the table and hurled it against the wall opposite. It banged and shattered with an architectural.

The valet rushed in at more. The valet rushed in at once.
"My nerves are in a fearful state," said

the invalid turning his head. "Clean up that mess, Connad."

Very quietly Madeleine turned and left

the room. The valet was sopping up the spirits with towels.

"See if they're gone," his master said presently. He went to see and reported in the affirmative.

"Wonder when Back went!" drawled

laverhouse

YEWSTONES! As this season!" The countess opened her eyes widely. Why of course you can have it. Nebody s ever there now. I believe the shooting is all let away, because of the ghost or the dump or something. People never liked it-We haven't been there ourselves in years. But why do you fancy doing such a weird

Mateleine Wythe's mother shock her head. "Idon't know exactly. My pirl mode quiet, and Vivian—I think it was Vivian—

quiet, and Vivian—I think it was Vivian—suggested Yewstones. He used to be there as a boy, I believe, didn't he!"

"Oh, yes"—the counters' tone was mildly indifferent—"Gregory used to send the boys there a lot. We were always hearing of some way in which the heir had been mained by Ernset at Yewstones. Still, if Vy went under Ernest came on; and we always rather loved Ernest, wretch that he was—and lo."

Lady Wythe moved uneasily. "He's so ill," she said quite softly,
"Dying, I thought," returned the countees brightly. "Sir William looked in after his diagnosis, his blood exemination and all that, to tell us the truth. Gregory was quite depressed.

But us to Yewquite depressed. . . But as to Yew-stones now, you know it'll be glustly lonely. You'll never step there more than a week. I'll wager. Rate, buts, walls ten fort thick. They used to drive the cattle into the chapel during the barder raids, I'm told. It's an

awful hole."
Lady Wythe, looking very ill at ease, dropped her eyes over her outspread fan and felt extremely unhappy.
"I must get off to some quiet pernet. The physicians feel that Medelelus is rather overdoing it."
"And I was just thinking how well she looked," the counters declared, staring across the ballroom. "How can you call her lagged? She's positively blooming to-night."
Lady Wythe lifted her eyes at that and glanced to where her daughter flimted up positie.

"It's her perves," she said in almost a whisper. "Nothing else."

"It it's her nerves they Il never conseright at Yewstones," neartest the rountess candidatily. Then suddenly she become really arison. "It's the worst old hole in the county, and I don't know what besides. I wouldn't sleep under its roof again for worlds myself. You'd hate it."

"But I want it," personned Lady Wythe. "Vivian has talked of it till Madeinte has set but heart on just that one place. I Cante will under that attracts her, I helieve. I really do want a."

Then the countem put up her beginned and housed at her friend with class attention. "There's something back," also said. "Either you're keeping is from ros, or ——" "I're keeping nothing from you," declared the other.

clared the other.

chared the other.

"Then they are isosping something from on. Gregory told me that Vivian was assing about it. What mystery is it? Are you taking Vyvie with you?"

"No," said Lady Wythe, "by no means. To tell you the whole truth, all I know is that Madeleise has begged me, as a personal favor to her, to take Yeuntones—no other house in England—and five there for six mouths. I do not know why, Madeleise confides very little in one If I thought that Vivian had much to do with the plan I should be only too happy." The mother could barely restrain her tears as she spake. ahe spake.

The countess modded wisely. "Depend upon it, he has something to do with it. Madeleine is plotting a bit, se girls love to do. Only some very serious and united thought could spring from Yewstones as a base. You shall have the place, my dear, and Gregory will get a line sent Shandy as to deaning it up and getting in freewood, and all that, You'll take your own servanta, of course?

"Naturally. "Then do not trouble as to other things. If we can help to bring Vivian's affair out smoothly we'll be only too happy. The poor fellow's been looking so knocked up lately. It's too bad of your girl, it really is, you know.

"It's not my facilt, dear."
"I know it's not. But possibly all's on the road to mending now. Let us hope so."

The countess rose and moved on to other guests; but Lady Wythe remained scated and thoughtful. She had much to trouble her in the behavior of her beautiful and



housewife should have, showing 110

ways of serving these oranges and

lemons. You are charged noth-

ing for it-just send this coupon or a postal. It will help you plan many a summer

03855

California

Exchange

Fruit Growers

Mail us this coupon and

we will send you our cotn-

plinettary 40 page recipe book, showing over 110 ways of using Sunkist Oranges and Lemous, You will also receive our illustrated premium book which tells

you how to trade Sunkist wrappens for

beautiful table silver. Send this compon

or call at the above address.



Georgia State Navinge Association, 176 Test St., Sevennik Co.

The "fast and clean" pencil

霳

BLAISDEUL

ARD

200

Your clerks can point Blaisdell paper peneils in 5 seconds and leave no whit-tlings behind them. No lead is whittled away. The saving in pencils alone will reduce your wooden peneil cost almost a thin

We'll prove it by deures (before you order) if you'll write and ask on

Blaisdell 7200 (hard or solf)-Indelible copying - one of our proudest achievements - makes simultaneous copies. Order by number from your stationer.

There are Blaisdell pencils or every kind for every purpose. Peacilis specially imprinted Includertising purposes.

Blais∂ell

Practical Electricity Steam Engineering School

Craffly up no report electronic manage. Our multiple leave to a popul, of business requires, furnished



TIRE FLUID

PATENT

Andening World

Find Gunces This 25 Cure has how tripled one tire

BUTTALL KY

Final - the one reads, the county properties, and for vigitaria years by the county and thousand

Reduces Expense

MEVENLEAK nemo int

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY EXAM. N. Y.

headstrong daughter-the daughter who

headstrong daugnter—the daugnter who would not accept a possible fiance with Captain Heck's prospects and who would persist in loving his reprobate county. "What does possess girin newadays?" she saled of herself tearfully, recollecting her own calm betrothal and most correct married life.

Later, going home in their brougham, the said to Madelsine: "I spoke to the counters about Yewstones."
"Is it to be sure, then?"
"I think so. The sarl will send word to his agent to have it put in order."
The lights of Gresvenor Square were making in bright succession want Made-

The lights of tarsevenor Square were finaling in bright succession past Made-icine's gaze. "I'm glad," she said briefly. "We can be there by the first, then?" "Pussibly; saon after anyway." There was a little passe, and then the daughter said: "Surely you know who will

visit on there?"

There was that in her words that sud-dealy from the mother's heart. "Made-leine!" she stammered. "He....."

"I know" — the daughter's voice was stilly calm..."I know that he is dying. Everybody believes it. Well, I have seen

"You have seen him!" cried the mother,

"You have seen him!" cried the mother, starting in her seat.
"I have seen him. There is just one chances for him to recover—a house life of love and care. I mean to give it him if it wrecks my whole future to do so. It is no use to discuss the matter with me. I mean to give him that charge."

Lady Wythe leaned back as one deprived of all means and strength.

Lady Wythe (eased back as one deprived of all seems and strength.

"Oh, Madeleine!" It was a moun.

"It is no use, mother, not the slightest use. I have never loved any one but Ernest and I server shall. If he does not live to custy use I shall never marry. Never!

Never!"

There was silence after that, and silence

after they reached bome.

But the next afternoon Lady Wythe went to see Claverhouse, and the call was prolonged. When later she met her daughter in her tecodoir, just before the dressing bell, ahe sald:

"I have been lo see Ernest and to ask him to stop with us, and he has accepted

my invitation."
It was then Madeleine's turn to start in

"And all is settled now as to Yewstones. We shall go down on the third," continued her mother. "He will come on the sixth. We shall need a day or so between to set his rooms in order,"

"Yes," all the arrangements are complete."

Madeletes seemed last in thought. "I hope that he will grow latter there," she said to berself,

Her mother said nothing. Within her wal she hoped to heaven that Claverhouse would die there, and that there would be an end of him. She and Beck and not a few others were united in their view of the Hourable Ernset. But Madeleine Wythe adored him.

IT IS one of the croclest facts in life that one who does a thing may never know what he does not like he does it. This is a fixed law and was promulgated on the day that becausity was turned losse to try in and a way to avoid it by pleading, not ignorance but considerance. On that day men and women began to laney that they smild know a fast they were desire before they did it. But the majestic might of any law is not to be altered. And so life moved on and track to ignore the unalterable truth. It followed that no woman who loved ever knew what she did until it was all over; but every woman, are, every girl of seventien, was quite positive that she knew, and acted accordingly. Also no man ever planted any thing whatever really open-species to the consequence, but every man, young or old, a positive of being himself the one and only emergion to the rate. We are T IS one of the cruciest facts in life that

all been blind, live blinded and the blindly. And we come of an ever admin it. Thus God has ordained. Allah has evidently willed and Satan has must certainly determined.
All of which tocontrovertible and philo-

states for the coming of Convertingly in the case of the coming of Convertings to Year stones. For the plot worked out a the plotter had placed and by same hither to be named back to health, if that were possible, by the sweet retired life of "deep-in-the-county," and the affectionate and





All jewelers and habenhalt-en. Booklet showing eyle and construction on request If not in stock at your deal-or's, and his name and you, and we will ship direct,

KREMENTZ & CO. 40 Chestnut St., Newark, N.J.



solicitous ministrations of one who really worshiped the ground he walked on.

But, to revert to the statement which opens this chapter, never did any one in this world of unforeseen developments do any-thing with less idea as to the actual finals than did Madeleine Wythe when she undertook to save Claverhouse's life, if such a

saving were possible. The whole affair, indeed, was bound to be unlike anything else that ever had hap-pened, simply because of the man whom it concerned; but how unlike was altogether unthinkable.

Neither Lady Wythe nor her daughter had ever had their cousin to stop with her before, for the simple reason that as soon as Madeleine fell in love, Claverhouse began to avoid her. He had not avoided her alternatives but he had decreased all altogether, but he had dropped all cous-inly intercourse. Lady Wythe disliked him, disapproved of him. It had all been most unfortunate. And now things were to be brought to a head.

But what a business it all was! In the But what a business it all was! In the first place it had been comparatively simple to give the invitation, receive the acceptance, and travel down to Yewstones. But Yewstones was, despite vigorous preparation, anything but the ideal country house into which to bring an invalid. It was a huge old place with window embrasares six and eight feet deep, and a stone arched entrance from which the drawbridge had been withdrawn for less than a cenhad been withdrawn for less than a cenhad been withdrawn for less than a cen-tury. It was all ups and downs, three steps here and seven there, with oak paneling; long, heavy, dark hangings; and stone floors that felt cold and hard through the thickest rugs. The pale September sun-shine could not possibly get within and at night the candles and lamps seemed smoth-ered by the overhanging darkness.

Under these circumstances it was but to be expected that the installing of a London

Under these circumstances it was but to be expected that the installing of a London environment should prove more than a little difficult. The time was very short and the work very arduous. It was like-wise natural that Lady Wythe should be much depressed by the gloom and chill of the place, and should feel anything but joyous as on the appointed day she awaited in the drawing room the arrival of her un-

welcome visitor.

She was trying to be trustful and courageous, but she had small faith in her hold on either of these virtues. Claverhouse had assured her of his good intentions, but no one believed anything that he said, for it was never possible to divine just what he meant when he uttered statements. Small wonder, therefore, that the mother sighed

as she waited.
Courad had wired the hour they were Conrad had wired the hour they were leaving in Claverbouse's touring car. If all went well they should arrive just before tea. It was quite four now. Madeleine was upstairs, giving some last personal touches to the suite set apart for the invalid, his nurse and his valet. This was in the opposite wing from the apartments occupied by her mother and herself, and consisted of large, stately, paneled chambers, as were all the rooms at Yewstones.

"I do hope he will be in time," said Lady Wythe to herself, looking at the clock. Nothing told her that he would be in time; for it was not at all certain that, having once started, he would keep on coming. Indeed there was no knowing what he would do. She, having married into the family, knew his disposition far better than

Madeleine. To marry into a family is far more enlightening than to be born into it. She sighed deeply. She was wretchedly worried and anxious.

Then Madeleine came in, her cheeks flushed and her head held extremely high.

"Is all quite right abovestairs?" her mother asked, turning her head.

"Quite right," she answered, a certain defiant coldness ringing clearly in her tone.

At that moment the whir of a motor spun in from outside.

exclaimed Lady Wyth starting to her feet and hastening first to-ward the window and then to the hall.

Madeleine had run quickly toward the remodeled entrance with its graded car-riage sweep. Her heart was bounding with joy over the thought that the tiresome drive was ended and the dear man safely at the door. It must be remembered that she had no more personal experience of Claverhouse than had her mother. Perhaps this fact accounted for a great deal, love rarely depending much on personal experience.

By the time Lady Wythe reached the portice the first amazement as to young

Claverhouse's behavior had become a set-tled fact. Lady Wythe, coming out upon the step, stopped as if turned to stone. And small wonder; for quite a striking tablesu had formed there.

Madeleine was down by the car and a group of house-servants was gathered close about it. The chauffeur and Conrad were among them. Every one seemed rather un-certain what to do. Her ladyship was at a loss to imagine what had happened, and her heart throbbed quickly as she ran down the steps. Then she learned the explana-tion, which was, like the explanation of most mysteries, extremely simple: Claverhouse was asleep in the ear!

"He must not be disturbed," said the new nurse, a meek, pale little woman, speaking softly over the side. "I will sit here beside him until he wakes. More rugs, please."

"But wouldn't it be better to awaken him and get him to his room?" said Lady Wythe, also softly. Conrad shook his head. "We shouldn't

dare undertake it, my lady. We never dis-turb him when he is asleep. I can carry up the luggage and unpack, and Mrs. Watson will sit here beside him. If you'll just sta-tion some one at the gate to see that no other car comes to make a noise, and tell the servants, please, my lady, not to make any noise induors either. His hearing is so acute." All this in a whisper. Lady Wythe gave the necessary orders

at once, of course, and the luggage was got out and carried in with infinite precautions. Madeleine went up to the rooms again to make sure that the fires were all right.

"If I might just suggest, Miss, the sending out of a cup of tes to poor Mrs. Watson," said Conrad, husy unbuckling and unstrapping.
"She'd appreciate the kindness ao."

"She'd appreciate the kindness so."
"Certainly." was Madeleine's reply. A cup of tea was sent out to the nurse, who did appreciate the kindness, but indicated by signs that still another rug should be provided with which to cover the sleeper. The butter undertook to have somebody totals one. fetch one.

"You haven't got anything like a little oil-stove, have you?" Claverhouse's valet asked him next. "To set on the windward side of the motor to hold off the chill, you

The butler thought there was one in the housemaids' room. But it was old, and possibly the wick -

"You get it out and we'll have a look at it," said Conrad. "Possibly I can fix it." The butler didn't seem altogether pleased at the prospect of spending the interim between tea and dinner cleaning an oil-stove, but he went away again and had a scullery maid bring the stove into the outer puntry.

There the two men took off their coats, and after working for an hour and a half did finally succeed in persuading the stove to burn gayly beside the car,

"We ought to put two or three screens round it," suggested Claverhouse's devoted attendant.

attendant.

The screens were accordingly brought from all over the bouse and arranged about

the car.
"I suppose you haven't any hangings hig enough to cover over the top?" whispered Mrs. Watson.

Mrs. Watson.

"Well, we can see," replied the now perspiring manservant, and went to consult her ladyship. Together they toured the house, measuring draperles by eye, and in the end the staircase curtains were unhung with a ladder belonging to the garden department. These were adjusted over the screens, secluding Claverhouse and his

nurse inside.
"But ain't it just wonderful how he sleeps!" observed the butler.
The reflections of the lady of the house

were much the same; but presently altered.
"I hope that no one will come to call this evening," she ejaculated, contemplating the nondescript gypsy tent from the doorway. w that no gravel had ever been so graced before. Madeleine, standing beside her mother, made no com-ment. She was thinking how different the arrival had been from anything which she

had planned.

They went indoors.

"If I might suggest, no dressing-bell,"
Conrad said later in the servants' hall.

"Of course not," returned the butter.
And then he hurried away to adjust that

little matter.

Dressing time came and dinner was served, and still Claverhouse slept on.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Aquitania A Very Swagger Model For Summer Wear

PICTURED here is a new Society Brand model of the season-The "Aquitania." Designed especially for young men who pride themselves on being just in advance of the mode.

A pos-button, 30-inch mat, closely curved to the figure, arching in at the sides. Sect-roll, low-out lapels; close-ripped thoulders, bottom sharply cut away in front; made with skeleton lining for warmwruther wear. Piped assum and pockets.

Five button waistrust with soft roll lupely, "whipped-in" waist, and wide bottom points. Trousers straight and carrow, with a trifle of taper over instep.

Made in Turtana, Glen Urquiserts, soft. Summer flamels in dark colors and stripes.

Ask your local Society Brand merchant to show it to you NOW and have the satinfaction of bring the style-lauder in your



Society Brand Clothes

MADE IN CHICAGO BY ALFRED DECKER IN COMN Made for Canadian trade, in Montreal, by Samuel Hert & Co.



HUDSON Six-40 For 1915



\$1,550

The Thoroughbred

The latest refinement in Sixes—one of the handsomest cars in the world—setting many new standards in high-grade cars, and another new record in quality price—the 1915 model of the car whose popularity compelled us in eight months to treble our output.

31 New Features

The HUDSON Six-40 came out last year to win a new field to Sixes. Our famous engineering corps — headed by Howard E. Coffin — had devoted three years to the model. It typed, in their opinion, the ultimate in Sixes, as denoted by modern trends.

In lightness, it set a new standard for cars of this capacity. It cut down old-time averages about 1,000 pounds. All this was saved, with no sacrifice of staunchness, by costlier materials and better engineering.

In economy, it lowered operative cost from 15 to 30 per cent under former like-powered cars. This by lightness, by employing six cylinders and by a new-type motor.

In beauty, design and equipment it excelled, in some respects, any other car of the year.

In price—then \$1,750—it set a new record among cars of comparable quality.

We knew that men wanted this type of car. They wanted lightness, modest size, economy. They rebelled against over-tax. Yet they wanted quality and they wanted beauty. And they wanted, above all, a Six.

But we did not dream how many men waited such a car. They flocked by the thousands to HUDSON dealers, and placed 3,000 orders more than we could fill. At the end of the season men were offering premiums — as high as \$200 — to obtain this light Six-40.

Now our 48 engineers have devoted another whole year to this car. They have brought the weight down to 2,900 pounds. They have added comfort, convenience, silence and beauty in 31 important ways.

In the HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 we offer you the best consensus of present-day ideals. Many men must buy cheaper cars. Some will always want the big and the costly. But most men will concede this new HUDSON Six-40 to be America's representative car.

Price \$200 Less

The HUDSON Six-40 demand has compelled us to treble our output for next year. Building three times as many, our cost per car will be lessened by \$200. So the price for 1915 has been fixed at \$1,550.

That accords with HUDSON policy. It is the latest of the thousand things we have done to bring the best within reach of the many.

Think of this ideal car—the very embodiment of all that's desirable—a HUDSON and a Six—selling for \$1,550. Only a little while back there was no Six sold for twice that.

The new HUDSON Six-40 is a thoroughbred Six. Its very lightness denotes the highest grade of materials and a masterpiece in designing. It is distinguished in lines and beauty. Its finish, its beauty and equipment all show our infinite pains. It seats up to seven, with the disappearing tonneau seats.

A year of use in thousands of hands has proved the faultless construction. And now this new model shows all the refinements which 48 men in four years have worked out.

Go to your Hudson dealer and see it. It is the finest example you will find this year of the progress made in motor car building.

Six-40 Phaeton, \$1,550 f. o. b. Detroit Six-40 Standard Roadster, same price

The HUDSON Six-54, built on the same lines, but with larger motor and 135-inch wheelbase, sells for \$2,350. It offers to men who want size and impressiveness the best that is possible, and at a modest price.

Hudson dealers everywhere now have these new cars on show. Our new catalog on request.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO. 8034 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

THE FAKERS

(Continued from Page 21)

against you you will have to spend, at the very least calculation, a hundred thou-sand dellars right off the bat for new equipment, for extension of your lines, and lose a lot of fares because of the universal trans-fers, besides the increased tax you must pay. It seems to me a very modest requirement."
"I can't put you on the board," parleyed

"Oh, yes, you can; or you can have Ros-coe put me on, with the aid of his proxies, at the next annual meeting, and you know it." "Maybe he won't do it." "He will if you ask him."

"And our attorneys ""Oh, quit four-flushing round like this!"
exclaimed Chittlings. "I'll take a chance,
if you will give me your word and call
floscoe in to make it good."

"Come on over and see Roscoe then, and explain it to him."

"Bring him here," insisted Chittlings,
"It's only a step from your offices and it's safer here."

"That partner of yours may be coming

in."
"No danger. He's off somewhere taking great pleasure in hearing himself rip the hides off you and Roscoe."
Hicks heard Jenkins say a very uncompilmentary and prefane thing about himself, and smiled. Jenkins called Roscoe on the telephone and urged him to come over. In few minutes Roscoe arrived. Chittlings was waiting outside for him and unhered him into his office. him into his office.
"What is it?" asked Roscoe brusquely.

"Mr. Chittlings has a plan whereby he says we can make sure to win the election next Tuesday."
"What is it?"
"But," continued Jenkins, "there are a

few conditions. He wants to go on our board and he desires a share of our legal business for himself."
"Let's hear the plan and we'll decide that later."
"Oh, no," said Chittlings. "Decide first

and make a memorandum to that effect, and then listen. You're in a bad way, Mr. Roscoe, and I can pull you out. Of caurae if I do not, nothing comes of the deal."
"All right," assented Roscoe; "it can be arranged."
"Write a line asking me to call at your

"Write a line asking me to call at your offices and saying you desire me to enter your employ as one of your legal representatives; say the question of a retainer can be arranged at our meeting. I shan't call until after election, and if you are beaten I'll never call. The board business can be arranged later."

Hicks heard the scratching of a pen. "There," said Roscoe, "is that satisfactory?"

"It is," Chittlings answered after a

"Well, what's the plan?"
"A simple thing," said Chittlings. "All you've got to do is to have some sort of a you've got to do is to have some sort of a lake accident at your powerhouse on the siternoon of election day and tie up your entire system. The men who do the bulk of the voting in the Fourth, Ninth, Tenth and Sixteenth wards are figuring on voting between six and seven at night. The polls close at seven. Paddy Ross has the machinery and he can see they are closed share. chinery and he can see they are closed sharp on the dot. Wrock a dynamo or do some-thing and shut down every car. They won't get on to it for ten or fifteen minutes after they come out to take the cars, and by the time they have walked across not enough of them can vote to carry those wards, for P. Ross will have his votes in early and his election officials in the booths will take good care that the votes of those who do get there are slowly taken. The polls will close at seven, and you can carry those wards and win. Almost childish, isn't it, Jenkins? Wonder you hadn't thought of it yourself; but like all business men you de your po-litical thinking by proxy, and I happen to be the proxy in the present instance."
"Good!" exclaimed Roscoe. "We can do that. It will work, too, if nobody known of it. Why didn't you think of it, Jenkins?"
"Hold on," broke in Jenkins, trying to justify himself. "Hold on a minute. Elecbut like all business men you do your po-

justify himself. "Hold on a minute. Elec-tion day is a holiday. The men won't be in the factories."

"For heaven's sake, Jenkins!"—Chitt-lings was brutal in his tone—"do you know any politics at all? This isn't a general election and a holiday by law. This is a municipal election, and no holiday at all,

unless individual employees want to make it so, and you can see to it that they do not."

The three went out. Hicks, standing against the ground-glass partition, thought hard. The plan would work. The main strength of the fusionists was in those four wards, and the men couldn't vote until after six o'clock. He knew the employers wouldn't shut down a minute before six o'clock, and the polls closed at seven. With-out a street-car service they couldn't get across town in time to vote is numbers enough to carry the wards.

His first impulse was to tell Rollins about the started, stopped with his hand on the doorknob, walked slowly back to his chair and sat down. Chittlings had exacted a price for the plan, a good price, and Hicks had been amazed at the eagerness with which Roscos and Jenkins had snatched at this stone. Evidently, they this straw. Evidently they were badly frightened over the outcome of the election. He sat for an hour and considered the sit-

uation. He knew he could make a sensation by exposing the plot, but that would mean nothing to him but a possible election to a place he didn't want, except for advertising purposes, and he had shout as much adver-tising as he could get anyhow. He weighed it all carefully in his mind. He saw the head-lines in the Chronicle, lauding him for exposing this last desperate expedient of the plutocrats, and he saw the headlines in the plutocrats, and he saw the headlines in the other papers calling it a roorback and him a fool. Of course, if he exposed the plot the street-car company wouldn't dare to put it through, and that might result is the election of his ticket; but he had no fancy for serving as an alderman. He wasn't concerned about the franchises for the company. He had heen talking to exploit Hicka, and here was a possible chance to get something concrete out of it—some money, perhaps. money, perhaps.

There were two courses of action open to him, as he viewed the matter—for the idea of making no use at all of the information he had secured by eavendropping never oc-curred to him. He could withhold the news of the plot, confiding in notody but Ralliza, until Monday, the day before election, when he could disclose it dramatically and sensationally at his last noonday meeting, and block the plan. Or he could do as Chittlings had done, realize on it from Roscoe for lings had done, realize on it from Roscos for his own profit and say nothing. There was glory and a possible election to a minor and laborious place in the first procedure; and there might be money in the second. He liked glory and he liked money. He had no scruples about trying to realize on his in-fermation, in a financial way, in case that seemed to be the best thing to do, for, ac-cording to his lights and political upbring-ings, corporations were legitimate prey for men in politics and money extorted from ings, corporations were legitimate prey for men in politics and money extorted from them was bonest graft. Corporations, he had been taught in Washington, were to be milked whenever possible, as a slight recom-pense to the politicians for the conferring on the corporations, through favorable legislation, of the milking privileges for the people. It seemed to him a smart, a thor-oughly political and not a reprehensible thing to do to shake down a corporation whenever possible, especially such a corpo-ration as this street-car company, which was ration as this street-car company, which was robbing the people every day and desired further legalized opportunities for greater robberies.

He debated with himself whether, in the long run, it would be more profitable to him to use his information to extert money from Roscoe, or some other perquisite of value or to make an exposure, run the danger of losing his law connection with Chittlings. with the great gain to come in advertising and public acclaim. He knew Rollins would be delighted, and could see in his mind's eye the way that earnest antagonist of the street-car company would display the news of this plot in the Chronici

Several times he decided to get what he could out of it from Roscoe, and each time his decision was reversed by the thought of the sensation he could make and the headlines in the paper, with himself as the cen-tral figure in the exposure and destruction of this startling conspiracy. His fingers itched for money and his vanity clamored for publicity. He worked himself into a fever between his doubt and his desire, and he remained locked in his office until five o'clock wrestling with the problem, without reaching a satisfactory conclusion. Finally he had an inspiration.





Ten show are better than eight when you are attached by more than our hopfurwhen you have to let go entered shan out of the window to call the policy —when the magain. Taking place is unknown, and you have to some hallow hilling and hanging to

Get a so-sout Saraps. Otherwise you may some day find awarely with a pisted in

You can toll at a glasse or enigh if the Sorige is leaded judio if cooked. No other turned purishagains the sill count "May's Know it our links!." You pull the tilp: per that or sleet - word for each ship. . go and cplin californ.

Sent rolly for booklet by Shenkin-fin 24 years head of New York Cay detersays-14 What to Divid You Hear w Burglin.

A Brand New Savage Rifle!

The 52 Tubuse Reports based the original Serges features - Lucamerlea, noise bure action, mild birech, sold top, side synthesy on. Price \$4 s. Sent for circular. SAVAGE ARMS COMPANY, 36 SAVAGE AVENUE, UTICA, N. V.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC



The New Kodak Jr.

With all the Kodak refinements

EASY to operate, and so thin and compact that it is pocketed without inconvenience. Equipped with new Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with cable release, for time and bulb exposures, and for speeds of & and & with No. 1, and for &, & and in of a second with No. 1A. New style back, easily removed for quick reloading. Choice of meniscus achromatic or Rapid Rectifinear lens; has automatic focusing lock; collapsible, reversible finder and two tripod sockets.

No. 1, size of pierces, 256 a 356 inches, menhinal automostic less		\$ 7.50
Date, with Rayle Rectificar long,		9,00
No. 1A, star of pictures, 116 a 414 tection, mension activation bets	K.	9,00
Dirtu, with Rayle Rectilinear lens,	-	1100

Extension from At these despires on the most.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., The Kidst Gig.



New Way to Build, - Saves 16% You can have the most house or healthing and will ease from 16% to 20%. Thouse constitutions deputy built by this see methor. The homeocond those builting shows here in ave-sous v. thus pris wear; suppose to hose publi-sest prepare her at our

PRINCIPLE PROPERTY OF STREET, STREET,

TRIPED LACKS OF TROCKSPROATS

What School? Book Free YOUR *****

The National Association of Accordited Commercial Schools

the control of the co

A \$4.25 Guaranteed \$9 Bicycle Tire for

you are still adved to the a \$12 Mg L quality beyond the formula are at a set of the formula are a set of t why This Low Print? GOOD YEAR

The this or make American for the width present the thirt plant of the formation the second to the s

Former's emigrat

ARROW DEED the states has brought the set from the in the set of a few and down foundation parts had been been been been dealers been dealers.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, Dept. 224, Akran, O'.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "I know what I'll do. I'll ask the senator." It was Wednesday afternoon. A letter sent on the night train would get to Wash-ington late on Friday. He could address it to the senator's house, put on a special delivery stamp, and be reasonably sure of receiving the telegraphic reply he would ask for by Saturday morning. That would give him all Saturday for operation on Rascoe. He went to his typewriter and wrote:

REXTOWN, April 15, 1902.

REXTOWN, April 15, 1902.

"My dear Sension: You have always been willing to advise with me heretofore, and I wast your counsel again. I am in a dilemma. Briefly, the facts are these:

"It has become known to me that the street-car company, against which we are fighting in the municipal campaign now going on, has a plot in mind that will distranchise the bulk of the voters in the four wards where the most of our strength is. This plan was of sufficient value to the corporation to induce it to pay hundromely poration to induce it to pay handsomely for it.

"Aside from the three principals, I am the only person in Rextown who known of this plot. Now, my dilemma is this: Shall I use this information to destroy the plot, and thereby help our side win and get a lot of publicity for myself out of it; or shall

of publicity for myest and of it; or stand I use it for the purpose of getting money for myself?

"The streat-car magnates are in desparate strains. We have them whipped. They probably can win if they put this thing through, and that makes it certain they will pay me to withhold my knowledge of their plan, for if they less they must immediately assent large amounts of money for improvespend large amounts of money for improve-ments, extensions, and so forth. "I know enough of what gass on in Wash-

"I know enough of what green on in Washington to know that exporations are considered legitimate subjects of attack in this manner, and that they usually pay for protection and political aid. I can aid this corporation by withholding my information, or I can hart it in a most vulcarable spot, its treasury, by telling what I know. Which would be best for me? I am ware I can get a good-sized sum for my

sure I can get a good-sized sum for my information.

"Please consider this sacredly confidential and advise me by telegram. In order that there may be no leak here, I suggest you send me a telegram reading like this: 'Your brother has arrived,' and sign it 'Charles Smith,' if you advise me to expuse the plot, or a telegram reading: 'Your money will be held subject to your directions, and sign it 'William Jones,' if you think I should negotiate with the corporation. I merely suggest these ciphers. Any telegram with the word 'brother' in it will mean to me that I am to pruceed with the exposure; and any telegram with the word 'money' in it will mean that I shall negotiate with the street-car company. ate with the street-car company.
"With kind regards and best wishes,

"Faithfully,

"T. MARMADUKE HICKS."

Hicks mailed his letter, taking it to the station himself to make sure it went on the easthound train. A telegram was waiting for him when he reached his office on Sat-orday morning. He tore it open and read: "Wassington, April 17, 1902.

"Т. МАКМАРИКВ НІСКА Care Chittlings & Hicks,

Rextown. "Your brother's money.
"Charles William Smith-Jones."

HICKS stared at the telegram in dismay. He read it again: "Your brother's

Went did it mean? Was the telegram a pone? If it was it was a croel one, for it left. nim is a most uncomfortable position with on plan formed. Your brother's money!"

Hicks sat at his deak and ranked his brain. Suddenly be jumped to his feet and

shouted: know! I know! He means to soth—get the money and make the expo-sure. That must be it." Hicks reproached himself for not think-

og of this himself, and for going to the senator with a problem which, now that it was solved for him, seemed so simple of solution. He instantly determined in get in the solution of Rosepe, see what could be and later to seek Italline

CUNCOR. nyelope on his desk, adthe heavy handwriting

of Chittlings. He tore it open and read, arrawled on a slip of paper:

"Dear Hicks: I'm going out to Grands-burg to spend Sunday. I'll be back on Manday afternoon, in sufficient time to vote against you on Tuesday. Yrs., J. E. C."

As Hicks sat with the note in his hand be had an idea. "Why certainly," he said. "That's the way to do it. Use Chittlings." He locked the outside door and called up

the offices of the street-car company.

"Hello," he said, talking as much like
Chittlings as he could, "This is Mr. Chittlings, the attorney, to talk to Mr. Rusene."

There was a pause.

There was a pause.

"Hello, Mr. Rosene, this is Chittlings—
J. K. Chittlings ... I'm very well, thank you ... Oh, yes, I am sure it will work ... Earsilent plan, don't you think, can be executed easily too ... My business with you ... I think it would be well if you came to see my partner, Mr. Hicks. Dun't say I mentioned the matter to you. He'll be at the office about nine-thirty ... Oh, no, I am not concerned. From some things I heard I fancy it would be to your advantage to talk to

and Jenkins carne in.

"Who do you wish to see?" asked Hicks.

"Mr. Hicks."

"I am Mr. Hicks. And you?"

"I am Mr. Jenkins, general manager of the street-car company."

"And what is your business with me?"

"I understand you desire to see me."

"For what purpose?"

"I understand you desire to see me."
"For what purpose?"
"I don't know. Mr. Roscoe said you wanted to see me. He said he was in touch with a person this morning who intimated you would talk with Mr. Roscoe."
"If that is so, why didn't Mr. Roscoe come himself, provided he wants to see me, although I cannot imagine what husiness he can have with me?"
"Hs thought I—"
"But, Mr. Jenkins, I have no possible business with you, nor am I in the liabit of talking to intermediaries. If Mr. Roscoe wants to see me I should suggest that Mr. Roscoe appear in person. Good morning."

Roscoe appear in person. Good morning."

Jenkins stared at the perfectly possessed

Ricks, whistled and went out. Half an hour later the door opened again and Reson

hour later the door opened again and Rosen came in.

"Mr. Hicks?" he asked in a much-strained voice.

"I am Mr. Hicks, sir."

"And I am Mr. Hoscoe."

"I recognized you instantly. And what can I do for you, Mr. Roscoe?"

Hicks waved Roscoe to a chair with a polite gesture. Roscoe sat down, dutching his derby hat in both hands. He was red in the face and breathing hard.

"It was intimated to me, Mr. Hicks, that

"It was intimated to me, Mr. Hicks, that you desire to see me."

you desire to see me."

"For what purpose, Mr. Roscoe!"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Nor have I."

"But"—Roscoe was much perplexed—"I was told to call on you, and I am here."

"I was told to call on you, and I am here."

"I am sure I arn very glad to see you, Mr. Roscoe," said Hicks suavely; "but uoiess this is a social call I know of no other reason why you should be here."

"A social call!" shorted Roscoe, "I like your nerve, young man! The idea of me calling on you socially. Good-day."

He rose and jammed his hat on his head. As he was passing out of the room Hick called: "Oh, by the way, Mr. Roscoe, now that your visit has refreshed my memory, there is a matter I might discuss with you."

Roscoe turned, "What is it?" he asket sharply.

sharply.
"It relates to that plan you have for a fake accident in your powerhouse on the afternoon of election day, and the constant post page." quent crippling of your system just before the polls close."

Roscoe's jaw drapped. He stared at Hicks. His face went from red to purple ded slowly back to red ag

He stammered, stuttered, gasped.
"You scoundrel!" he shouted. "Do you mean that you and your blackmailing partner are trying to collect twice on that Well, take it from me, you can't! I'll have you arrested first!"

"I do not know to whom you refer as my blackmailing partner, Mr. Roscoe," and Hicks steadily, his eyes narrowing as be or contrated them on the street-car magnifi-

Rosens flopped down in a chair. "What do you want?" he asked.

"Nothing, my dear sir, nothing. I merely sugested we might discuss this matter. Of ourse, you know, now that I am in full possession of the facts in the case, it is my duty to expose them, which I shall do at my noonday meeting to-day, and you will not be able to carry out your nefarious scheme."

"Do you intend to do that?" asked Ros-

coe, who was clearly hadly frightened.
"It is my duty," declaimed Hicks.
"Doesn't it appeal to you in that light?"
"What will you take to keep quiet?"

"What will you take to keep quiet?"
Roscoe's voice was husky. His tongue was dry. He gulped and choked over the words. He knew he was trapped.

"What will I take?" exclaimed Hicks.

"Why, my dear sir, I have no idea of keeping quiet! What will I take? Do you mean you are trying to bribe me to keep this nefarious plot a secret and allow you to defeat the will of the people? I am surprised at you, Mr. Roscoe!"

"What will you take to keep quiet?" dermanded Roscoe again.

"Why, really, Mr. Roscoe," continued Hicks, "the matter hadn't appealed to me in that light. I am at a loss to understand

in that light. I am at a loss to understand
you. Do you mean what compensation
would I exact to remain silent about this
whole affair?"
"Exactly that," Roscoe replied.
Hicks paced back and forth across the

"I hadn't considered that," he said, half
to himself. "Of course I could not think
of doing such a thing; but if I were so inclined, what would it be worth to you, Mr.
Roscoe?"

"I will give you a thousand dollars to say

nothing."
"A thousand dollars!" laughed Hicks.
"Why really, Mr. Roscoe, for a man of large affairs you have very primitive ideas

about money."
"How much then?" asked Roscoe, glaring at the laughing Hicks.
"Well, Mr. Roscoe, if I were to put a
valuation on this matter, which of course I
shall not do—inasmuch as I have no idea of not exposing you - except for the purpose

of not exposing you—except for the purpose of prolonging a most agreeable conversation, I should say that five thousand deliars would be barely adequate."

"Five thousand deliars!" screamed Rescoe. "Why, that is preposterous!"

"Oh, fie, fie, Mr. Roscoe, you are excited. Remember I am offering you nothing."

"Well," said Roscoe, "I'll give you five thousand deliars. I'll mail you a check."

"My dear Mr. Roscoe you will do nothing of the kind. I could not use a check."

"How do you want it then?" persisted Roscoe.

Roscoe.
"I have often noted the peculiar shade of yellow on the backs of one-hundred-dollar bills," said Hicks as if no one were present and he were talking aloud for his own amusement. "It certainly symbolizes the gold for which they are legal tender. I don't suppose a package of fifty of those bills would be bulky, would it, Mr. Boscoe?" He turned to Roscoe, who sat and glared

He turned to Roscoe, who sat and glared indignantly at him.

"I haven't got fifty hundred-dollar bills on me and you know it," growled Roscoe.

"Why should you have? I see no reason why a man, even of such great affairs as yours, should carry so much money with him. However, I understand the banks have them in large supply. Not going, are you? Well, I shall be glad to see you at any time. I shall be here until a quarter to twelve, when I have an address to make. It would be quite sensational, wouldn't it,
Mr. Roscoe, if I happened to mention this
rmatter of the proposed fake accident at the
powerhouse in that address? I am assured of
n large audience and the reporters generally
drop round." twelve, when I have an address to make.

Roscoe's face grew purple again. He rushed out.

Half an hour later Roscoe came back. He took a bundle of hills from his inside

coat pocket, "Here's your money," he said, holding

Hicks gazed steadily out of the window.
What money?" he asked. out the bills.

"Your five thousand dollars."
"Not mine, yours," insisted Hicks.
"How very kind of you to bring me these samples for my admiration! Fifty, did you say? Would you mind counting them one by one? It doesn't seem possible there are fifty there."

Roscoe, trembling with rage, counted the

bills one by one.

"Ah," said Hicks, after he had finished;
"there are fifty, are there not? Ours is a most compact currency.'

"Gr-r-r!" choked Roscoe, standing with the little package of bills in his hand. "I suppose you will give me what passes for your word that you will not mention this matter?"

"I have promised nothing, Mr. Roscoe. "Do you mean you sent me out to get this money and that you are going to give no return for it. What is this—just a plain hold-up?"

Roscoe by this time was almost beside himself. "Here is your rotten money," be shouted. "You and your gang have got me crazy. If you break faith with me I'll punish you if it takes a lifetime." He threw the money on the desk and

hurried out.

"Mr. Roscoe! Mr. Roscoe!" shouted Hicks. "You left something here." Hicks gathered up the money, counted it, caressed it, felt the texture of the bills, admired the engraving and the color. It was more money than he had ever seen at one time in his life, and it was his, if he wanted to keep it. He thought he would keep it, and was preparing to hide it somewhere until a favorable time came to deposit it in a bank, when his eye caught the

telegram from the senator.

"Your brother's money."

Hicks recalled men who had taken money to entrap bribers, and the notoriety they had attained by expening the bribe-givers.

He felt sure the senator meant to do that,

"This game is only half over," he said to

himself, and he telephoned to Rollins to come to his office after the noonday meeting that day, which Rollins promised to do. Hicks went across to the store where the noonday meetings were held and exceri-ated Roscoe and the other street-car mag-nates; but he said nothing about the plot. "What is it?" asked Rollins as he came into Hicks' office about one o'clock.

"Roscoe was here this morning."
"Roscoe!" repeated Rollins in amazement. "What did that pirate want of you?"

"He tried to bribe me.

"What for?" asked the incredulous Rol-us. "Why should be try to bribe you?" "What for?" asked the incredulous Rollins. "Why should be try to bribe you?"

"Because I know something he wantsno one cise to know. He left these," and
Hicks took the hundred-dollar bills out of
his pocket and spread them on the desk.

"How much?" asked Rollins, looking at
Hicks and then at the money. "How
much? What for? Did you take it?"

"Hold on," interrupted Hicks. "Don't
get excited. Of course I took it, for here it
is: but I didn't take it to keep. I took it to

get excited. Of course I took it, for here it is; but I didn't take it to keep. I took it to show at the meeting on Monday, when I will expose the whole affair."

"I don't understand." said Rollins. "What is it? What does he want? Why have you all this money if you don't intend to keep it? What is it all about?"

"Now keep quiet and listen," urged Hicks, "and I'll explain it all. I found out a plot they have to aton the care."

a plot they have to stop the cars—"Stop the cars!" broke in the excited Rollins. "When? Why? What for?"

Rollins. "When? Why? What for?"

"Wait a minute, please. I found out about a plot they have to stop the cars about closing time in the factories on Tuesday afternoon, and thus make it impossible for the majority of the mill men to get home in time to vote. Roscoe learned I knew of this and came here and offered me this money to say nothing about it."

"How are they going to stop the cars?"

"By a fake accident at the powerhouse that will put them out of commission just before air o'clock. The polls will close at seven sharp. The men won't know about

before aix o'clock. The polls will close at seven sharp. The men won't know about this and will hang round waiting for cars for ten or fifteen minutes. Then they will walk across town, but most of them won't get to their polling places in the four outlying wards until after it is too late to vote."

Rollins whistled. "Well," he said, "what shall we do about it?"

"Expose them," said Hicks. "Put a big advertisement in the Chronicle for Monday morning urging all the people in Restown

morning urging all the people in Rextown to come and hear my noonday address. Get up an extra edition of the Chronicle for circulation on Monday afternoon. Play it up all over the paper on Tuesday morn-ing, and they won't dare pull off any seci-dent. Besides, we can frighten the factory owners into shutting down for half a day if we go at it right."
"Fine!" shouted Rollins. "Fine! It'll

beat them. But what shall we do with this

money?" "I'll take care of that," replied Hicks. "I'll use it as proof in my speech, and then we can decide what use to make of it afterward."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"The Girard Smile" A.W. Brown

When you are smoking a cigar, and someone refers to your Girard Smile, you are to take it as a compliment. It testifies to your amiable appearance and to the excellence of your taste

GIRARD

are so fragrant and full flavored that they win a smile from the most exacting smoker; they are so mild that even after you have finished one you can keep on smiling.

Girard Cigars are made in 14 sizes from 3 for a quarter to 20c. straight.

> Antonio Roig & Langadorf Established 1871 Philadelphia



Treat Guests to Cooling Breezes!

The I was it the mod reference part of your loopitality. It's a certain each of ensuring social property when the essence to have social property when the essence to have social or seem when the essence to have social or stress and a property to have the thought of the loop that the lack "STANDARD" floates to show you the line.





5 "STANDARD" For can be attached in a jiffy to any electric light sucket. A map of the better and rust're receiving in the luxury of a brevia whose speed or enterp you can regulate at will "SPANDARD Fam sell from \$9 on. All styles, for all nie — direct or alternating—ceiling, ecc., bracket, oscillating, reliant. Write for our Five Book and which all out woured deliver

THE ROBBINS & MYERS COMPANY, Springfield, Ohio

SEASCHIE - New York, Change, Philadelpia, St. Lotin, Southe, Cle-Southerner, New Orleans. Appenier in 42 Principal Cri-



Here's Half the Pleasure of Owning your



This Stewart regular 60 mile diad - 10,000 mile dist - 10,000 miles of the control o glass tage in crosp jed lacquar with pulsahed bress from to meich your Furd car. he can with unplate equipment to only \$12.

Here's a genuine Magnetic Type Stewart peedometer, with special equipment to fit your Ford car. Here's apportunity to get out of your Furd car all the pleasure it can give, - a knowledge of exactly what it can do.

When you leave your garage note liew accurately the Stewart registers on your Ford starts to move. Slowly, steadily moves the speed dist with its big, plain, easily read figures—1 mile per lour—2—5—10—20; always on the dot-steady as a dis—indicates from first turn of wheel—no jumping of the figures—tells exactly just how fast you are going.

Look out! There's a motorcop, his eye is on you. Wotch your speeduracter—it will keep you within the speed limit set by law. Your Stewart Speedometer will some you from arrest, humiliation and a fine probably greater than

Out to the country roads. Now what is your Ford really doing! Open law up. Soon your Stewart Speedameter shows 25 miles—30 miles—35 miles—40 miles—more if you want it. Again your Stewart Speedameter is right on the dot, telling you exactly how fast you are going,—not guess work, but easel proul of what your Ford can do.

Gasoline, - how many miles per gallon are you getting out of your Ford? Dil, too? What a satisfaction to know, definitely, how cheaply you can run your Ford. Your Stewart Speedometer tells you exactly.

Bang! These goes a tire! What's this? Your Shewart Speedometer mileage record shows you that that fire has can only 3,000 miles. Perhaps it is guaranteed for 5,000 miles. Off to the tire dualer you go. Is he skeptical? Is be disagreeable? Not at all! He takes one look at your Stewart Speedometer's mileage record. which he never questions. He sees exactly how many miles that the less ron,—low far it has fallen short of the guarantee. You have got the proof and he's glad to accept it. And you get an allowance on the new tire equal to 2,000 miles.

Again you hit the country read. 31 miles-34 miles—that is all that you seem to be able to get with everything wide open. Something is the matter somewhere. You cannot get the speed you know your Ford has been giving. Needs fixing. Your Steamst Spendometer has

Off for a tour. New country-new roadsyou must depend upon a guide book. And to follow a guide book a directions you must have a Stewart Speedamater to show the miles and Institute you travel



emeler, and our will Welch your Stewart Speeds sever be serisited for ope



Your Street Speedometer will always and you



It is impossible to necessarily follow Head Miss will test a Stewart Specifornatur with the so

Stewart Speedomes

With Special Equipment For Ford Cars

It only costs \$12-a true and genuine Magnetic Type "Stewart." In materials, principle, workersmakip, the same as one Magnetic Type Speedameters, used an practically all the highest priced cars. 95% of all the automobiles built today carry our "Magnetic Type" Speedometers.

This Stewart Speedimeter for Firel care is a benetiful instrument. It is accurate for life because it is built on the well-known magnetic principle, which requires but one moving part.

Every Stewart Spendometer is backed by the world-wide chain of Stewart-Warner Service Stations. This is the most efficient, most universal, most worth-while "Service" in existence. Winverver your Ford takes you there you will find Stewart-Warner Service Stations or direct Factory Branches able and ready to give you the same service on your Stewart. Spendameter as though you went it in the factory.

Get this Stewart Specialmeter today. Don't drive your Ford another solitory mile without a "Stewart."

For sale by any Ford dealer—any garage—supply dealer—jobber—or any of our Branch Houses or Service Stations, (Installation will be made free if bought of any of our Factory

Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation

Executive Offices: 1910 Diversey Boulevard, Chicago

17 Branches. Socies Stations in all either and large france

30-Day Free Trul

Date the Sewart Speed treater Model (100 for your First or as a 20 days trial Any dealer's sotherized to return and money to ded within their days if the Space females and provide man provide inductors.

This is the Road Wheel Gear or driving sprocket that drives the Stewart Speedometer. It is a cost sprocket, not one that is simply stamped out of thin steel. Notice the broad food tooth, milled and perfectly cut, which matters the longest possible life for the review. The Swivel Joint (above) elimivetes short bends in the flexible shalf, and was first used im Stewart

and the wind can be purchased

The thin can be purchased, 42-

Speedimeters. The Stewart flexible shaft is the only shaft which, should it break, does not need an entirely new core. With the Stewart shaft all you need to do in case of breakage, is to simply book in a new link.

PINCH HITTING FOR CUPID

(Continued from Page 14)

short. "See you later."
"Don't forget the number," says Mary.
"I want to hear all about the ranch." She watched him as he crossed the lobby to the

elevator.
"Chief, is it true what they're saying about him?" she asked me.

"That depends on what they're saying."
"Billy Mason told me he'd be surprised
if Joe finished the season. Of course last

year was his bad year, but I was hoping he'd get going again. I see he's not hitting."
"Well, Mary," I says, "he may last the season and he may not. You know how it is with ball players. They don't last forever. Next to me, Joe's the oldest man on the pay roll."

the pay roll."
"Humph!" says Mary, "Do you call him old? Better look out, Chief! Joe and

me are the same age.

"He's old for a second baseman." I saw I should have to hedge that bet. "This is his twelfth season and naturally he's slowing up. There's three or four years of base-hall in him yet, but not of the big-league variety. He told me last fall I'd better look out for another man."

Right in the middle of our talk the other man came along. Tom bought a box of eigarettes and I had to introduce him to Mary. She knew he was warming the bench, waiting for Joe's job, and that was probably the reason why she was rather cool with him. That's a bud way to get rid of a fellow who is loaded to the ears with pride and good opinions of himself. Tom ran't get over the notion that strange women ought to like him on sight, and when I went away he had both shows on the showcase and was settling down to convince Mary that he was quite a fellow. He put in the whole evening at it. Joe passed through the lobby twice, but he didn't stop. The next day, in the dressing room at the

the lobby twice, but he didn't stop.

The next day, in the dressing room at the park, Tom brought about the first open clash with Joe. It might have been accident, but it had all the earmarks of design.

"People," says he, "that girl at the cigar counter in the hotel is all right. If she's got a night off this week I'm going to take her to the theater. I'll bet she'd go if I asked her."

Joe was over in a corner lacing up an ankle bandage. He walked over and stood in front of Roche. Some men get noisy when they're in earnest. Joe spoke just above a whisper.

when they're in earnest. Joe spoke just above a whisper.

"That'll do you!" says he, "Let your voice fall right there."

"What do you mean—let my voice fall?" seks Tom. "I didn't say anything wrong about the girl, did I?"

"There was nothing wrong with what you said and you may be thankful for that. You picked the wrong place to say it—that's all."

"It seems to me you're mighty particulation."

"It seems to me you're mighty particular," says Tom with a sneer.
"I am," says Joe.
They looked at each other for a few seconds. Joe's right hand hung at his hip, cocked and primed, ready if Tom made a move; and a nasty right hand it was too. Tom saw it hanging there and cast his vote for peace. He sat down.
"Oh, well, if that's the way you feel about it ——" says he.

says he.

After Joe had gone out on the field Tom

After Joe had gone out on the field Tom began to ask questions.

"Hancroft ain't no Chevaller Bayard that I can see," says he, "What license has be got to hop all over me like that?"

"Well," says Nat Beers, the catcher, Joe thinks pretty well of that lady himself."

"Oh, he does, does he? And what does he lady think?"

"Maybe you'd better ask her, "says Beers." I guess I will," says Tom.

By accident Roche had found a way to sedevil Joe, and he went to it with all the soor judgment of a kid and all the spite of a rown man. He hung round that cigar

rown man. He hung round that cigar ounter every minute he was in the hotel; nd of course Joe wouldn't come near while e was there. I'll bet Tom didn't enjoy it ny more than Mary did, but he was out to

ake Joe sore and he succeeded. Joe spent se rest of his evenings in his room and idn't get a chance for a quiet talk with

lary on that trip.
We finished up at St. Louis and started ast: and somewhere on the road Joe lost e fighting snap and the pepper that had en holding him in the line-up. When a an gets so that he doesn't kick on a called ird strike he's in a bad way. Joe began

"Oh, I'm all right, I guess, "says he, rather to play ball as though he didn't care; and the home papers started to roast him and demand a new second baseman. Two or three sporting writers can put their heads together and drive any baseball player in the country out of business if they hammer at him long enough; and the newspaper knocking was just an additional push down the tologgan for Joe. The fans chimed in, too, and it got so that the anvil chorus atruck up the minute Joe showed his head. Even at this time Joe's absolute fairness

did not desert him.

did not desert him.

"It's no use, Chief," says he. "I'm gone!"
There was only one thing I could do. I
benched Joe and put Roche at second; and
Tom, seeing that his chance had come at
last, played like a wild man. A week or ten
days afterward Joe came to me again.

"It's up to you to do something," says he.

"What do you want me to do, Joe?"

"Ask for waivers. Find out whether any
of these other teams want me. Even if I

of these other teams want me. Even if I was in shape to play, I couldn't stay here, with the papers knocking and the fans after me. I might finish the season with some other club, but I'm not going to finish it on the bench. I don't want to draw a salary that I can't earn.

I tried to talk him out of it, but it wasn't any use. Joe was in earnest and in the end I asked for waivers. None of the other managers wanted him; I hardly thought they would. This was the situation when we started West the second time and on the

train I had a long talk with Joe.

"They've all waived," says I. "I can trade or sell you to Toledo or Milwaukee. You'd get pretty good money in the American Association for a couple of years. What do you say?"

"It's all the same to me," says Joe.
"Well, you might be thinking it over and let me know. If you've got a preference

for either of those towns

"It don't make any difference," says Joe-Of course I could have gone ahead and made any arrangements that suited me. The baseball law is all on the manager's side and when a man is worn out you can sell him, trade him for a bat-bag, or give him away; but when a player has given me the best that's in him I believe that he is entitled to some consideration.

I HAD hoped that Tom Roche would for-get his foolishness; but the first thing he did when we got to Chicago was to ask when Mary would come on duty. He gave the cigar counter a strong play—and Joe, the chump, let him do it. After the opening game Tom anchored himself, with one elbow on the chewing-gum case, and Joe sat down across the lobby with a magazine in his

It was a three-handed game of freeze out, Mary playing against Tom and Tom play-ing against Joe. Joe lost. Tom stuck till eleven o'clock, when Mary shut down for the night, and then he escorted her as far

us the street door. Several times that evening I noticed that Mary glanced over at Joe as though she wanted to catch his eye. That started me to thinking. If Joe was ever going to have his heart-to-heart talk with Mary now was the time. I didn't know how things stood with them; but it seemed to me that after the shoe drummer had hit for Cupid, and I'd gone in to run for him, a score was in

danger of being left on the bases.

The next day I asked Mary whether she couldn't get off at eight o'clock and go to the theater. She said there wasn't a chance; it was her long day, from noon till eleven.
"That's too bad," says L. "I wanted to

give a party for you and me and Joe. "Maybe I can fix it," says Mary. "Yes; I can pay a woman to work in my place. Then I went after Joe. I found him in his room, getting ready to shave. His face

was all covered with lather.
"Anything doing tonight?" I says.

Joe shook his bead. "All right. You're going to a theater

party."
"Not on your life!" Joe didn't like

"But it's my party," I says. "I'm giving it. It is going to be very select. Mary will "And who else!" Joe shot that one at

me quick, without waiting to set himself. "Who else?"

"Why, just you-and me."

80,000 Women Released From Washboard Slavery

In eighty thousand homes this week the family washing is being done without the drodgery of washboard robbing and wringing by hand. The Gard Electric Washer has eliminated both of these back-breaking tasks. Three Cents Worth of Electricity does the washing and wringing. With a turn of the switch the cylinder revolves, washing clothes clean and white. In more a monates an entire family washing is familied.

The Improved Thor Electric Washer Silent, Chainless

A decided advance over any previous model. They's driver with a spiral bovel, not a worm, gear—absolutely noticless; all machinery enclosed, protecting bands and clother. Wranger guard makes accidents impanishe.

Try it in Your Home 15 Days Free

The will be used to your home for 15 days' Free Test by our dealer in your city. Pay nothing down. Dealers everywhere will the Gos on small weekly or recently payments. On request we will send you a hidey libu-

traring the beautiful, new, white enumeled dies.

The following ouqualified guarantee it given by every the stealer and backed by any "The Historic Washeria guaranteed against all mechanical malelretrical delects for five years It is built for bart a life-

Hurley Machine Company

today of en-th western ENDERFY THEFTER

Retail Discuss Salt Resaid way, Hart York States Street, Last Third St., Last August

VELOX PRINTS 4 Send segution for time



Sample of testing Sample Bicycle Tougher than a

Bull's Hide

You've got to get your money's worth these days. When you buy a bicycle, when you need new tirrs, you've got to have tires that mean.

to nave serie tract eacher.

Yitalic Tires give purt 100 cents' worth on the dollar—and then man.

Made of pure rubber foured so it's full of ritality; and of taught labels (with heat Sea Island Cotton us a base)—duties that will stand the strain, these Vitalic Tires could not be better. Remember the name and trade mark and drawed pur Mad Count Vitalic Tires. For Mud Goard

* FREE Book and Sample Send for Free sample and tire large. The Truck from Tube to Trust. VIESA/S Continental Rabber Works



Send & inc uniling expense on this 25c red Visalic Spinsber.



For Bicycles - Motorcycles

PATENTS That Protect and Pay BOOKS ADVICE and SEARCHES FREE
Waters E Coloman, Puter Laugue, Washington, D. C.







The Darlington Seminary For Girls. with resolvently defillings, in steat, necessary in Thispit per THE PRIME CO. Markley, Chair. Market Plant Charles Charles Co. Boatle, Co.

We'll buy some of this summer and pay you liberally for it. We your leisure time bring full details. Agency Decision, Box 341.

THE SATURDAY EVENING FOST, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.



Joe didn't say a word for a margie. Then be took a town and wiped the lather off his

"Trues I was 't shave till after the game,"

Because I've never done any courting myself it's no rinch that I'm entirely igno-rant of the game or the playing rules. There's many a man sitting out on the bleachers who knows as much baseball as I do. I

who knows as much lesseball as I do. I need and burted up a good, noisy manical comenty and I bought an upper bus. Get that? I bought it—gave up twenty great hig iron deflars for it!

Many looked as exceet as a peach that night. Up to now I've identected saying anything about her hair or her eyes; but to reake the averant readers first except I'll go so for as to make that Many wasn't at all hard to both ut, and this night day'd faced benefit to extra apsolid. It pretty pour took looks broath away when he may be.

Inc's breath away when he new her.

I'm no piler and when I start strything I do it right. We went to the abow shop in a test. Joe didn't have much to say; he was busy looking at Mary. At the door I pulled out the whote bunch of tickets and hended three to the mon. Carrying out the general idea I back one of the front scats,

right over the instlights.
'Mary," maye I, " you and Joe better oil back there a little, so you won't get the glare.

back there a star, so you wan a great a your syes.

"There's occase of room, you extravaguet man!" says Mary, "Don't you want to sit back tope too?"

"Not man!" says I, "I'd rather use the tope of their saids than their faces."

Didy meverall up on her the roof of a theater, with the ball fiddle anorting, the side are, with the ball fiddle anorting, the side are, with the ball fiddle anorting of the side are with the said fiddle anorting.

free-born sliding, the drams butting .500, a flow k of females in tights equaling on the sings, and try to hear what two people were saying behind year? It can't be done. I get an our in here and there in he quiet spens. I farmed that I had a right to index—and from the matches of the conversation I gathered that Joe was breaking the meen that he saws thougher the big longue. As if Mary didn't have that!

In the second set there was a place where

If, the second and there was a place where a hottle-laboral hady come out with a result hard had began to result in it. Must in the lights were chosen, and that was where I got the worth of my investy hards.

It makes a difference being a minor beauty. "Joe was word, "I had a lot of a 1-1 I guess they to up the displace on I've Minagaines of Tolorio for one, Mary."

"Wite," says Mary. "Minagaine is one of the about town is the country." I was

there turn and I've always teen cross to go

"Far a visit, maybe," tays Jun; "Inst yea wouldn't to sattered to live time inc a territori più practe.

"I'd love it?" says Mary: "Sometimes think I can't stand Change another

Well, these was one for files, square on the grave-band side and want highs but

for furnished it.

House, Mary! Way, it i thought

And there be dropped the buil. I hadieve he has the right plan, but he larged the this Will and the Wale treatment and the alterna and everything also intend loose all at time, and I had trained in the conversations exceptately, as I'll make know and you'll recent know whather Joo mode the play inuel or weather Mary a rould be given an

One changes retrieve the play was practe. I have their burels when I went for my had after the contain raused men. Joesend Mary were often properties in the hards of the hore, and by the look on their focus they didn't have the shore was over at that there was

a growy resemble as the modernial of the color of the col

her arms yound my rees and bland two. I resource a benefited would have proquestions. I have direct lead and let it go

the state of the s the second secon

Programme of supercent stands of an all. DOLP AND



land - every Studebaker, Metz and Maxwell - every single car produced by 48 other leading manufacturers. all are factory equipped with Champion Spark Pluga.

These makers have chisems "Champions" in order to give you a car whose imotor operates at topootch afficiency. Keep it operming so by re-equipping with "Clompions.

Your dealer will tell you which Champion I lag to get for your automobile, motor truck, untur-cycle, cycle car, motor bast, annplace or stationary mater. See kim.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY Languit Music finderers of Speed Plage in the World. B. A. Stenshan, Proc. F. D. Stenskan, Tree.

117 AVONDALE AVENUE, TOLEDO, ORIO **以外的一种的一种的一种的一种的一种的**



Just the Tools the Ford Owner Needs

Selected, because of their especial adaptability, from the well-known and Gregord Live.



Your hardware dealer carries this hit is can get it for you. Price that THE BILLINGS & SPENCER CO. Hartford



He won't bite iters kind and empty and street for

About Dogs This bulleable PREP to explain users, feeling to the control of those A part to the control of t Austin Day Bread & Annual for 237 Marginal St. China B

PATENTSWANT



-Your Protection-Our Responsibility

So much is expected of a Firestone Tire that nothing is left undone to make every tire worthy of our name and reputation.

There is always room at the top, but the position demands watchfulness.

That is why the makers of Firestone Tires are sleepless in maintaining that quality which means a full measure of comfort, security and economy.

Firestone Comfort can result only from the extra quantity and superior quality of rubber in Firestone Tires. Firestone Security springs from a design which is scientifically exact to hold against pressures and strains. Add to this the giant grip of the real Non-Skid tread design, and you have the reasons for the confidence of Firestone users.

Firestone Economy proves out in service because it is built in at the factory. An extra amount of finest rubber and fabric, given surpassing toughness by Firestone methods the better workmanship—the more rigid inspection—these are the things that assure Firestone users—Most Miles per Dollar.

Leading Dealers Everywhere Have All Sizes and All Types in Non-Skid and Smooth-Tread Firestone Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio-All Large Cities

"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Paramatic Tires, Truck Tires, Phrasure Electric Tires, Careinge Tires, Cycle Tires, Fire Apparatio Tires, Rims, Tire Americas, str.

ritestone non-skid tires



HE beauty about Ivory Soap is that you can use it satisfactorily under all conditions.

When the skin is irritated by sun or perspiration Ivory Soap gives a pleasant bath because it is as mild as soap can be made.

When your bathing is done in lake or stream you cannot find a handier soap because Ivory Soap floats.

When there is general cleaning to be done—dishwashing, laundry work, etc.—it is unnecessary to provide a laundry soap, for Ivory Soap not only is a mild, safe cleanser, but a thorough one.

For any purpose, in any place, at any time, Ivory Soap can be used to entire satisfaction, because it is pure, high grade and—floats.

MYNON SOAP



.... IT FLOATS



Compare the Old Way of Shaving with the Mennen Way

Use Mennen's Shaving Cream and it will take you but half as long to shave. You will be rid of all the sore, smarting after-effects, for Mennen's contains no free caustic to bite and burn your skin.

You will find it is the lather—not the razor—that has made shaving a torture. The full creamy lather of Mennen's Shaving Cream needs no "rubbing in" with the fingers. It instantly softens the stiffest heard and leaves the lace smooth, soft, cool and comfortable.

A user of Mennen's who says he is afflicted with an exceedingly tender face and a heavy, wiry heard, writes: "The first time I used Mennen's I attributed the good feeling to the condition of my razor — the second time I attributed the happy after-effect to the good condition of my face. The third day my scepticism biossomed into hope; but, to make

ture, I used another preparation on the fourth day, and — Mennen's had a convert. Mennen's is economical in every sense; it economizes time; it saves temper; it protects the skin against razor irritation; it contains no alkali to eat into your pores; it leaves your face refreshed, your temper equable."

Another says: "A little strip of the cream applied to the face—a few strokes with a wer brush to distribute the lather—and one's face is ready for shaving. It isn't necessary to work up a lather with the bristles as was the case when using soap and powder, and best of all, the lather generated with your cream lant. I

may frankly say that I have never used a lathering medium that produced as fluffy, creamy lather, which softens the beard, does not dry on the face, and leaves the skin as cool and fresh as does Mennen's Shaving Cream."

Mennen's Shaving Cream is put up in sanitary, airright tubes with handy, hexagon screw tops. No amount of advertising can make you realize what a difference there is between it and other shaving preparations. You must try it—then you will know.

At all dealers—25c. Send 10c for a demonstrator tube containing enough for 50 shares. Gerhard Mennen Co., Newwork, N. J. Makers of the celebrated Mennen's Borosed and Field Tallium Toilet Poruders and Mennen's Gream Dentifrice.

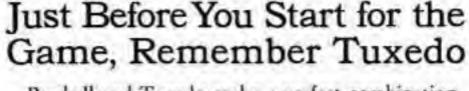
Mennen's Shaving Cream





NAPOLEON LAJOIE peerless second baseman of the Cleveland American tram, says:

"Tuxedo and I have been friends for years, and the longer I use it the better I like its mild, soothing effect."



Baseball and Tuxedo make a perfect combination. The perfect sport and the perfect smoke. In pipe or cigarette—Tuxedo is always ideal.

The fellows you see out there on the diamond know this; and after the game and the shower and the rub-down, their first bit of relaxation is a refreshing smoke of Tuxedo.



Tuxedo is mild, healthful, wholesome, beneficial. If it wasn't, these ball players wouldn't continue to smoke it.

All sorts of famous athletes, opera singers, golfers, airmen, trapshooters-men who have to be right at the top notch of physical fitness all the time-use Tuxedo steadily.

There isn't a speck of irritation, scorch, sting or bite in a pound of Tuxedo. All that is removed by the famous original "Tuxedo Process"—a process that has had imitations galore—but the original "Tuxedo Process" is still the best.

Tuxedo is the best tobacco - made of rich, mellow, perfectly aged Kentucky Burley. None better can be bought, because none better is grown.



with moisture-proof paper . . . 5c

THE AMERICAN TORACCO COMPANY

Room 1197, 121 Fifth Assessed

Famous green tin, with gold 10c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c



PREPARATION DE PROPARATION DE PROPA

farmma abort stop and manager of Chicago Federal B. B. Tram, says a game is the most restful smoke I can find." "A pipeful of Tuxedo after



HMMY ARCHER of the Chicago Cubs, well-known exteler and "300" latter, mysz

"Tuxedo is my idea of a good ske in every way - cools mildness, purity. Taxedo is a





CHRISTY MATHEWSON famous pitcher of the New York Giants, a great favorite with the "has" all over the country, says:

"Tuxedo gets la me in a natural, pleasant way. It's what I call good, honest, companionable tobacco—the kind to stick to."



JOHN J. McGRAW famous manager of the New York Ulisats, champions of the National

"Tuxedo gives to my pipe smoking a keen enjoyment that I have experienced with no other tobacco. Supreme in mildness and fragrance is Tuxedo,"

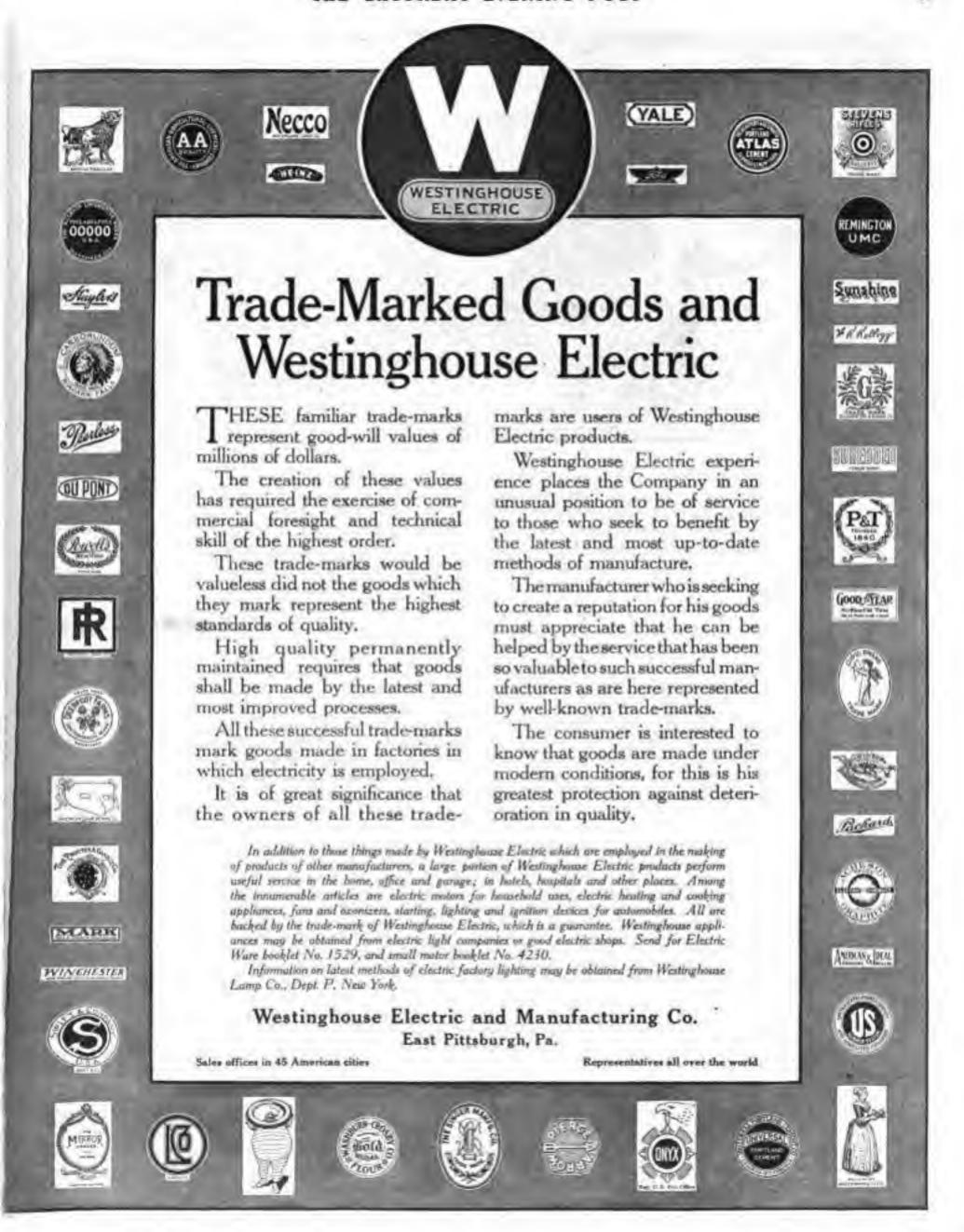


JACK MelNNIS star first baseman of the Philadelphia Athletics, says:

"Tuxedo gives a cool, mild oke, and never affects the wind. Tuxedo is a tobacco that's always good."

9-L M: 2

리라라라





Federal Pure Para funer Tubes are Heavy, Seamless and ALWAYS FLAWLESS.

The Cost of Tires

No-Rim-Cut Prices—Since 1909—Have Been Cut in Two. Last Year Alone They Dropped 28 Per Cent. Now These Tires—Once the Extra-Priced—Undersell 16 Other Makes

A curious thing has happened.

Once we had to explain why No-Rim-Cut tires cost more than other makes. Now men are asking why they cost them less. Did we over-charge you formerly, or do we undercharge you now?

Why They Cost More

They cost you more than others once, because they cost us more. And they cost us more today.

No-Rim-Cuts are the only tires which embody our coatly, efficient way to put an end to rimcutting.

They are the only tires which get an "On-Air" cure. That is, we final-cure on air-filled tubes, under actual road conditions. We save in this way all the countless blow-outs due to winkled fabric. This one extra process—used by us alone—costs us \$450,000 per year.

They are the only tires in which hundreds of large rubber rivets are formed to combat tread separation.

They are the only tires which have our

double-thick All-Weather tread. The anti-skid as smooth-riding as a plain tread, but with deep, resistless, sharp-edged grips.

Why They Cost Less

Of course, raw rubber has come down; but not more for us than for others.

Our overhead, since the days of small output, has dropped 24 per cent.

Our labor cost, through multiplied production, has dropped 25 per cent.

Our selling cost has dropped.

And our profits were pared until last year they averaged 6½ per cent.

We have new buildings—new equipment new efficiency methods. We often make in one day as many motor tires as we made in a month five years ago. Not another plant in the world has such an output.

Tire Users Did It

Our present prices are largely due to the men

who get them. They have bought these tires by the millions. And this year they are buying 55 per cent more than they ever bought before. We have used our multiplied sales to save all that we could for you. And we have given you more than we saved.

Extra Quality Can Anybody Give It?

Of course, the claim for extra price is extra quality. That's too indefinite to argue. We spend \$100,000 yearly to find ways to better tires. That others excel us is simply unthinkable. More men have adopted Goodyears than any other tire in the world. It can't be supposed that so many men are mistaken.

We've told you four ways where Goodyear tires excel. They deal with the four greatest factors in upkeep. No man can think that we give those things and then skimp quality.

The truth is, Goodyear prices buy the utmost in a tire. Why pay for three tires what we charge for four? Any dealer will supply you Goodyears if you say that you prefer them.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Toronto, Canada

London, England

Mexico City, Mexico

Dealers Everywhere

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

Write Us on Anything You Went in Rubber



(0556)



The Jeffery Car is the Car You'd Build

If you had all the money you needed. If you had a big motor car plant—and you knew how. If you had the knowledge and experience of all the best engineers in the world, and you built a motor car, what would it be like?

First, it would be driven by a light, high speed, high efficiency motor. The bulky, slow speed motor is a thing of the past. Europe has proven that economy and highest efficiency are secured through the light, high speed motor. The trade papers are full of editorials and articles by the best known engineers endorsing the idea.

Then you would build your springs, axles and drive shafts of vanadium steel. All the highest priced cars use it. It costs 17 56 cents a pound as against 8 cents for the ordinary steel; but you are building a

car to go at least 50,000 miles.

Imported annular ball bearings would claim your choice because, like Swiss watches and scientific instruments, they bear an enviable reputation for fineness and efficiency. You would buy the best and therefore the highest priced starting and lighting system.

A four speed transmission would be used, Bosch duplex ignition, the best type of some highest grade carburetor like the Rayfield, Spicer universals, full floating rear axles, Daimler leather couplings and Warner speedometer.

Then your equipment would be the best you could buy.

Now we say that you would incorporate these units in the car you built because the best engineers and the most experienced and successful builders are incorporating some or all of them in the highest priced cars on the market. It is no mere coincidence that the Jeffery is built from these high grade materials.

Jeffery brought the light, high speed, high efficiency motor idea, as an accepted and proven principle, from Europe last Fall. That made

possible a wonderfully economical car.

Then he spent a million dollars for quality alone which he might have saved had he been satisfied to build an ordinary car, in putting that superquality into the car which we have said you would put into the car you built.

So Jeffery has built for you the very car that you would build yourself had you the facilities. In finish and style it delights the eye.

The man who buys a Jeffery now will have the satisfaction of being

thoroughly up to date next season.

The early announcements of many of the big manufacturers show that the light, high speed, economical type of motor will be the dominant one next season.



\$1550

It's Economy Year and Jeffery Made It So

The nearest Jeffery dealer will show you the car that you would have built yourself. A car of quality. A beautiful car of exclusive design. An economical car.

The Thomas B. Jeffery Company
Main Office and Works, Kenosha, Wisconsin

The comfortable way on a summer's day



Do good, quick, clean Ironing

You can iron in any room in the house—or on the porch with a G-E Electric Iron. Attach it to any light socket, turn the switch and the G-E Iron is ready in a moment.

Aside from these conveniences, think of the time, money and steps a G-E Iron saves. Think of the lessened wear and tear on the family linen.

With a G-E Electric Iron you get "Even Heat"



No spot too hot; it is no hotter at the point than at the heel—at the edges than in the center. This safeguards against scorches—makes the ironing go quicker and easier; saves time, which means saving electricity; in fact

An average family ironing costs only 15c for electricity

Specially arranged air chambers in the G-E Iron hold the heat down directly to the ironing

surface. Using the heat this way also permits you to do considerable ironing with the electricity turned off.

The G-E trademark on this iron stands for quality it assures you a lifetime of satisfactory service.

The G-E Iron recommended for all round family use is the 6 lb. iron. Get it from the nearest store selling electrical goods. Price, with heel stand complete, including cord and attaching plug, \$3.50.

Banish hot-weather Discomfort

Turn the switch and command the faintest zephyr, or a sweeping breeze—as you please—and it shall be yours—in home, office, bedroom, ballroom or workshop. A simple device places the speed entirely within your control.

Twenty years of laboratory study and factory application are concentrated in the smooth-running, noiseless mechanism of the G-E Electric Fan.

Its oscillating motion

silently stirring the air-like the breeze flow of nature-is only one of the many practical features of this fan.

Its sturdiness of construction, the perfect integrity of its materials and parts, its delicacy of balance throughout which prevents vibration and wear, all assure you a lifetime of satisfactory service.

As to Economy, sufficient to say that the G-E Fan, depending on the size, can be run

Three or four hours for one cent

-less than the cost of burning a single ordinary incandescent light.

G-E Fans are made in many sizes and styles for use in homes, stores, offices, hotels, restaurants and factories. Any desired finish to match surroundings may be ordered.

Look always for the big G-E trademark on the face of the fan. The nearest electrical dealer or your lighting company will show you the particular type of G-E Fan appropriate for your needs.

4943

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

less Offices in all large Cities The largest Electrical Manufacturer in the world

Agencies Everywhere





The Extravagant Way to do Business is to Use the Methods of Yesterday

ROM a business standpoint the motor truck is probably the greatest economic factor ever introduced.

It has proved its economy, its productiveness and its downright efficiency over the horse in every possible respect.

Yet, in spite of this, some business men still prefer to be backward by continuing to use, and lose money on, the out-of-date methods of yesterday.

What does it cost you to do business with horses?

Ten to one you cannot answer!

But-

Whatever your answer might be to the above, how can you reply to the following:

The Peninsular Wet Wash Company of Portland, Oregon, replaced three teams (6 horses) with one Willys Utility Truck. And in addition to greatly reducing their hauling investment they cut delivery operating expenses \$250 a month or \$3000 a year. Bear in mind that one Willys Utility Truck alone effected this enormous saving.

Now what about your horses?

And this is but one of scores of similar cases!

Yet economy is not the greatest asset of this truck. Increased business is what makes for increased profits, and there is where the real value of this truck comes in.

With one of these trucks you do infinitely more work than you can do with three or four teams. You can cover more territory, get at more customers, develop more business—in short make more money.

Understand this is not a theoretical statement. Willys Utility Trucks are accomplishing this for hundreds of others. They can do precisely the same for you. Their adoption will increase your business and decrease the cost of getting and handling it.

We have the facts and figures in connection with your business to prove this. We will be glad to present them at any time you appoint.

Write us direct for literature, special body book, complete details and data. All gratis. Address Dept. 151.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Three Quarter Ton Capacity-\$1350

Price includes thesees and driver's sees. Body as shown \$150 error. Prices f.v. h. foctory.

NOW LET'S APPLY THAT to an automobile motor—in actual use. The average cur in hands of the average driver—and especially the expert demonstrator -- is never driven to its limit for long at one time. A spurt, a stunt-then a good long rest—inspection and the necessary adjustments.

And most any motor will stand up under that.

OR: IF THE OWNER DRIVES carefully alwaysnever forgets-a motor of mediocre quality will stand up for quite some time.

BUT IF, ONE DAY, he and the car happen to be feeling good and a friend tries to pass him on a clear straight road, he is liable, being human, to step on the accelerator and cut her loose for a few miles.

THEN -GONE IS THE SILENT CAR; gone the sweetness that tempted him to buy. Gone the power of which he was so proud. Gone - and gone for good.

PERHAPS HE DOESN'T NOTICE IT just at the time. But a few days later his our catches a lot of sounds that were not there before.

real work."

AND THE NEXT DAY when you go out with the family for a quiet, restful drive, you'll find that wonderful car in the same mood—page of the creaks and squeaks and noises you'd find in a carof lesser quality.

BUT," YOU MAY SAY, "I am not a speed maniac." All right. Nevertheless you do want to get there and back-regardless of weather or road conditions. Don't you?

VERY WELL, THEN. YOU KNOW that, so





What You Get In This FOUR That You Do Not Get In Others

A greater proportion of manufactured parts.

A chain of quality-producing processes not equalled in the construction of any car at any price.

247 drop forgings produced in the greatest. A starting and lighting drop forge plant in the automobile industry.

Smilebaker steel stampings in the rear axle housing and other parts in which others use custings of iron or alaminum.

The highest priced steels made to our own special formulæ.

Every seed shipment analysed and tested; and, if accepted, subjected to two to four heat treatments. Studebaker steels used in this FOUR are thus doubled and trebled in strength.

Full Boating rear axie. with hear treated driving shaft which, in a special machine, is rapable of heing twisted seven times on itself before breaking

A front axle built to stand the same tremendous torsion test.

Springs that will withstand 200,000 complete oscillations in a muchine built to break down sorings.

Timben hearings protecting every point assceptible to strain and

is Timken-equipped even to the wheel hubs

system without con-

scantly-moving

chains or

friction. The only FOUR at the price which

fly-wheel gearing-two units perfeedy balanced, an certain in action that they approach infallibility.

A body finish produced by no less than 24 distinct operationsmoney can't buy a better or more lactory foresh,

A car in which quantity production is acientifically directed to the creation of the highest possible. quality at the lowest possible price.

STUDEBAKER

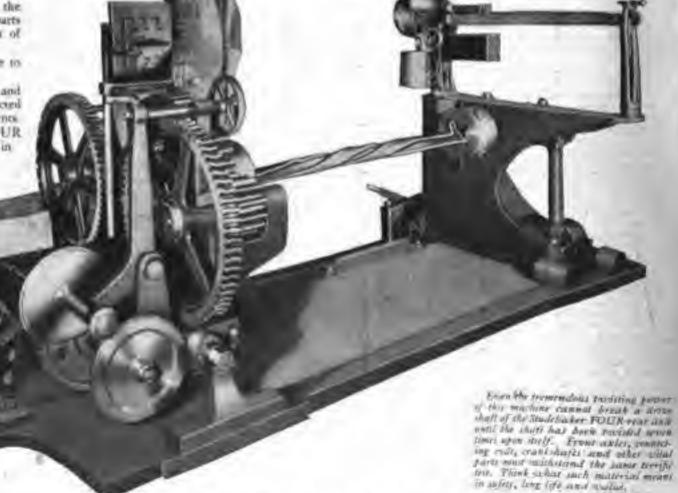
The Full Floating Roar Axla Full Timben Bearing Equipment 24 Bady Finishing Operations Electrically Lighted and Started Completely Equipped

F. O. B. Detroit

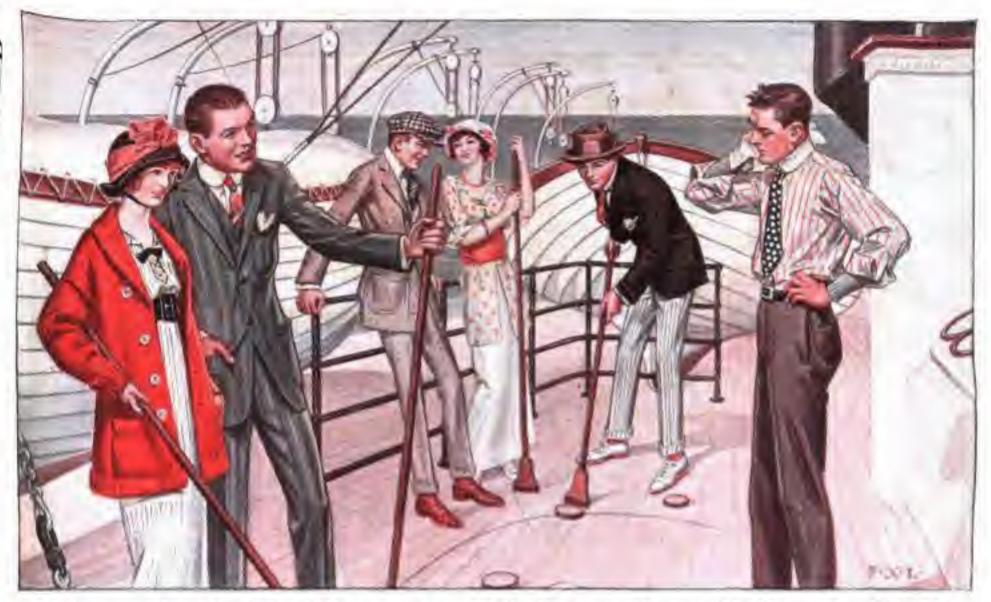
		- 0	_	-		_	77	~		
MIK	74.V	MI	Ιú	0	M.	٧.			-	ALIGH
NIA	1 111	rind	16	M)		M	w	-2	1	4399
NIS.	Auru	ing-	M	md	im	30	4	-	6	1800
1135	ANN	ĸ.	-		540	M	80	59	-80	7250

F. O. B. W	4	llo	OF S	νáH	
TOTAL THRITIS CHI	v	10	6	40	36771
ICK Footing Car.	11		œ	-	25975
M.Y. Lambing Broad trees	V.		190	4.1	2111
TEX THEAT	-	10	ж.	. * 1	- 299

Canadian Factory: Walkerville, this.



"Quantity Production of Quality Cars"



There's "An Ocean Of Comfort" In B. V. D.

You wear a coat and a smile with B. V. D. On land or sea, in city or country, outdoors or in the office, B. V. D. takes the bite out of the "dog-days". It keeps you cool. Being loose-fitting, it lets invigorating air at your pores. Being light-woven, you hardly feel that you have it on. If you dance, B. V. D. leaves you arm, leg and body-free. Remember that all "Athletic" Underwear is not B. V. D.



For your own welfare, fix the B.V. D. Red Woven Label in your mind and make the salesman show it to you. If he can't or won't, walk vul! On every B. V. D. Undergarment is sewed

> This Rid Wives Label MADE FOR THE

B. V. D. Coar Cut Undershirts and Kinee

Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., \$1.00 aml

B. V. D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07) \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00 the Suit

The B.V. D. Company,

NEW YORK.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

Copyrights U.S.A 1914 by The B V.D. Compens





Digitized by G







